

LIFE OF
W. K. PENDLETON



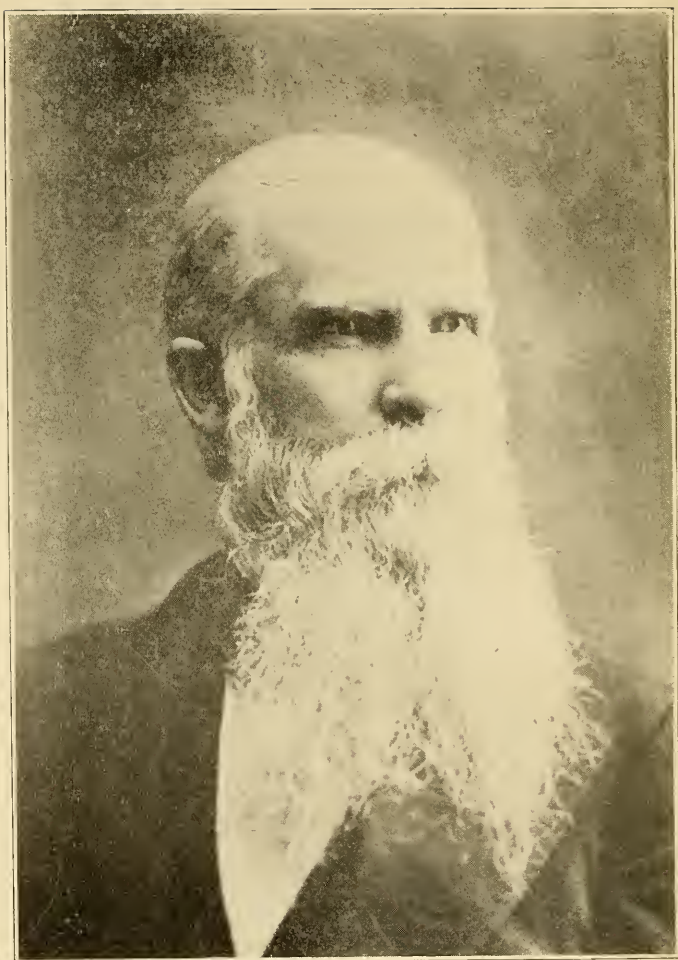
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W. K. Pennington, Pres.


LIFE OF
WILLIAM KIMBROUGH PENDLETON, LL. D.

President of Bethany College.

BY

FREDERICK D. POWER

*Juvat integros accedere
fontes atque haurire.*

—Lucretius.

ST. LOUIS
CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1902

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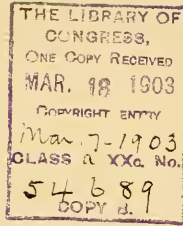
FREDERICK D. POWER

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TO THE OLD STUDENTS OF BETHANY:

TO ALL LOVERS OF A NOBLE SOUL,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED.

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FOREWORD

BEST, most instructive, and most fascinating of all studies in the realm of human knowledge is the study of a man. It is a science that embraces all sciences. "The true Shekinah is man," said Chrysostom. "In nature God is hid; in man is revealed," said Liddon. "There is but one temple in the world, and that temple is the body of man," said Novalis. "Man is an unutterable mystery of mysteries," said Carlyle. "Every human being is a volume worthy to be studied," said Channing. "Each particular man is the short and sad story of mankind, written by his own dear experience," said Quarles. Man is a microcosm. Man is the sum total of all the animals. Man, according to the Scriptures, is "the offspring of God"; the Father of Spirits is his Father. "We are all the work of Thy hand, we are the clay and Thou the potter." "Thy hand hath made me and fashioned me." Made a little lower than the angels; created in the image of God; a being of great dignity, placed at the head of Creation; the handiwork of God, the masterpiece of God, is man.

Biography then becomes of immense value. The lives of men, of great and useful men, furnish one of the noblest inheritances of our race. To treasure

up memorials of the wise, the learned, and the virtuous is to fulfill an exalted duty to mankind. What a debt the race owes Plutarch! What an obligation we are under to Boswell! How the world grieves over the meager details of Shakespeare's life! What inspiration for millions in the story of Washington or Lincoln or Garfield or Gladstone! What a pillar of fire on the world's horizon is Paul! How the four brief biographies of Jesus have moved the ages!

Examples mean more than precepts. The virtuous example is virtue animated, alive and in motion, exhibiting all its graces before us. Mathematicians demonstrate their theorems by diagram; orators back their arguments with inductions; philosophers urge the practice of Socrates or Plato in support of their doctrine; inventors describe models, architects use buildings, artists illustrate with paintings; the ancient Romans placed the busts of distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses to continually remind them of their noble deeds and move the living members of their households to the imitation of their virtues. Life is too often wasted in the study of matters of secondary importance. Two old men, amateur naturalists, who had devoted their whole lives, one to ferns and the other to orchids, traveled together for many hours. At the end of their journey he who had cultivated ferns said to his companion, with a sigh, "I have wasted my life; if I had it to live over again, I should devote it to orchids." He who had cultivated orchids exclaimed, "I have wasted my life; if I had it to live over again, I should devote it to ferns."

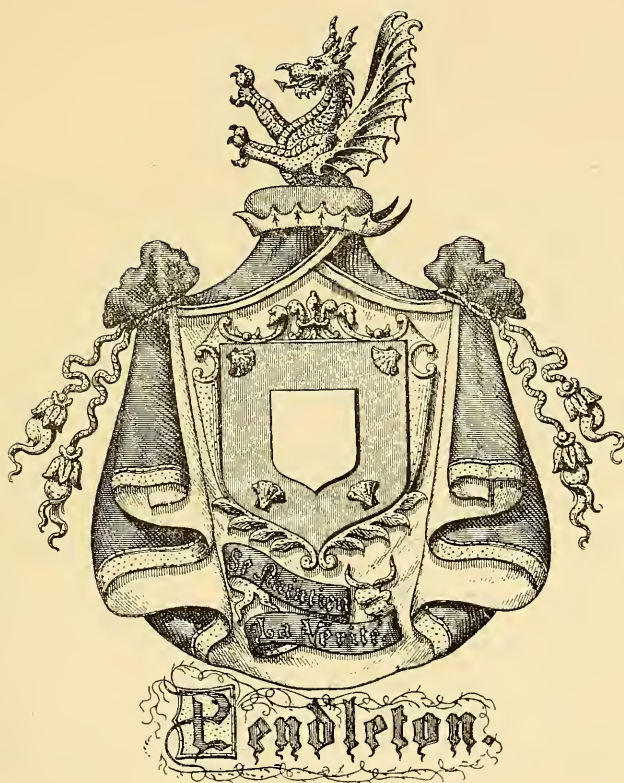
FOREWORD

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Study men. Among noble characters none is worthier than the one presented in these pages. The writer, with deep sense of the imperfections of this portrait, unveils it.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1902.

LIFE OF W. K. PENDLETON



COAT OF ARMS.

LIFE OF WILLIAM KIMBROUGH PENDLETON

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

THE study of origins has always been a fascinating one. Whether the beginnings of life or of races, of governments or of religions, or of families, it is a matter of profound interest. The making of a man is an extended and marvelous process. When should the education of a child begin? Twenty-five years before he is born, with the training of his mother, we say. But farther back than a quarter of a century are its sources. What biography describes as the influence of parents, biology would speak of as heredity. Garfield used to say, "The product which we call character is the result of two great forces: the initial force which the Creator gave it when he called the man into being, and the force of all the external influences and culture which mould and modify in the development of a life." In contemplating the first of these elements, no power of analysis can exhibit all the latent forces enfolded in the spirit of a new-born child, which derive their origin from the thoughts and deeds of remote ancestors, and, enveloped in the awful mystery of life,

have been transmitted from generation to generation across forgotten centuries. Each new life is thus the heir of all the ages."

Every man has his Sepher-Toledoth, his "Book of Generations." The Bible is an example of the wisdom of preserving such records. The sacred writings contain genealogies extending back thirty-five hundred years. Through more than four thousand years the genealogy of Christ is deduced from Adam, Matthew giving the line through Joseph, and Luke through Mary. "Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future," said Daniel Webster, "do not perform their duty to the world."

William Kimbrough Pendleton was the son of Edmund Pendleton and Unity Yancey Kimbrough, and was born in Yanceyville, Louisa County, Virginia, September 8, 1817. Edmund Pendleton, his father, born October 14, 1786, was a son of Henry Pendleton and Alice Ann Winston. The grandmother of Edmund Pendleton, on the paternal side, was Sarah Madison, a cousin of President Madison, and his grandfather, John Pendleton, a brother of Judge Edmund Pendleton, was presiding magistrate of the county in which he lived, and a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. On the maternal line, his grandfather was Captain John Winston of the Continental Army, 1778-1781, and Alice Bickerton. Unity Yancey Kimbrough, born November 28, 1787, was a daughter of Joseph Kimbrough and Elizabeth Yancey. Her father was universally loved, and notably esteemed for his many virtues, and her mother, a gracious woman, was a sister of

Colonel Robert Yancey, founder and sole proprietor of Yanceyville. Her ancestors came from Wales, 1642.

The name Pendleton signifies the summit of the hill: Gaelic, Pendel, summit, and Dun, hill. Pendal-ton is the town at the head of the valley. The Pendletons were good English stock. In 1674 there came from Norwich, England, to Virginia, two brothers; Nathaniel Pendleton, a minister of the established church, and Philip, a schoolmaster. The former died without issue, the latter is the ancestor of all the Pendletons. He had three sons and four daughters, and from these came numerous descendants. His eldest son, Henry, married, at the age of eighteen, Mary Taylor, who was but thirteen. Their sons were James, John, Philip, Nathaniel and Edmund. The last was president of the Court of Appeals. These sons all married and left children, except Edmund, the judge, who was married twice, but left no child. The descendants of the grandchildren of the first Pendleton intermarried with the Taylors, Pollards, Roys, Gaineses, Lewises, Pages, Nelsons, Harts, Richards, Taliaferros, Turners, Shepherds, Carters, Kemps, Palmers, Dandridges, Cooks, and now number thousands in Virginia and elsewhere. Edmund Pendleton, born in Caroline County, Virginia, 1721, was a noted patriot, the associate of such men as Peyton Randolph, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington and Benjamin Harrison. He served as member of the House of Burgesses and of the first Continental Congress, and until his death was judge and president of the Court of Appeals of Virginia. In

his autobiography he says, "Without any classical education, without patrimony, without what is called the influence of family connection, and without solicitation, I have attained the highest offices of my country. I have often contemplated it as a rare and extraordinary incident, and pathetically exclaimed, 'Not unto me, not unto me, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the praise!'" He wrote of himself, in 1801, "I have never had curiosity, or more properly pride, enough, to search the Herald's Office or otherwise inquire into the antiquity of my family in England, though I have always supposed the two brothers who came here were what they called there, of a good family—fallen to decay—since they were well educated, and came, the one as a minister, the other as a schoolmaster; however, I have had pleasure in hearing uniformly that my grandfather and his immediate descendants were very respectable for their piety and moral virtue—the character preserved in the family to a degree scarcely to be expected in one so numerous. My mother was among the best of women, and her family highly respectable."

Judge Pendleton was one of a committee in 1764 to memorialize the King, and declared, in 1766, the Stamp Act was "void, and did not bind the people of Virginia." In company with George Washington, he attended the session of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, 1774. He presided over the Virginia Convention in 1776, and drew up the celebrated resolutions, instructing the delegates from Virginia to propose a declaration of independence in Congress, using the words incorporated almost ver-

batim in the Declaration, "that the delegation be instructed to propose to declare the United Colonies free and independent states, absolved from all allegiance or dependence upon the crown or Parliament of Great Britain." He was made Speaker of the House on the organization of the State Government, and was appointed with Thomas Jefferson and George Wythe to revise the Colonial Laws, and on the establishment of the Court of Appeals, 1779, he became President and held that office till his death. He presided also over the state convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States. "Taken all in all," said Jefferson, "he was the ablest man in debate I ever met with," and Washington Irving said of him, "He was schooled in public life, a veteran in council, with native force of intellect, and habits of deep reflection."

William Wirt said of Edmund Pendleton: "He had in a great measure overcome the disadvantages of an extremely defective education, and by force of good company and the study of correct authors, had attained to great accuracy and perspicuity of style. His manners were elevated, graceful and insinuating. His person was spare, but well proportioned, and his countenance one of the finest in the world; serene, contemplative, benignant; with that expression of unclouded intelligence and extensive reach which seemed to denote him capable of anything that could be effected by the powers of the human mind. His mind itself was of a very fine order. It was clear, comprehensive, sagacious and correct; with a most acute and subtle faculty of discrimination; a fertility of expedient which never could be

exhausted; a dexterity of address which never lost an advantage and never gave one; and a capacity for continued and unremitting application which was perfectly invincible. As a lawyer and a statesman he had few equals, and no superiors. For parliamentary management, he was without a rival. With all these advantages of person, manners, address and intellect, he was also a speaker of distinguished eminence. He had that silver voice of which Cicero makes such frequent and honorable mention; an articulation uncommonly distinct; a perennial stream of transparent, cool and sweet elocution; and the power of presenting his arguments with great simplicity and striking effect. He was always graceful, argumentative, persuasive; never vehement, rapid or abrupt. He could instruct and delight; but he had no pretensions to those high powers which are calculated 'to shake the human soul.' "

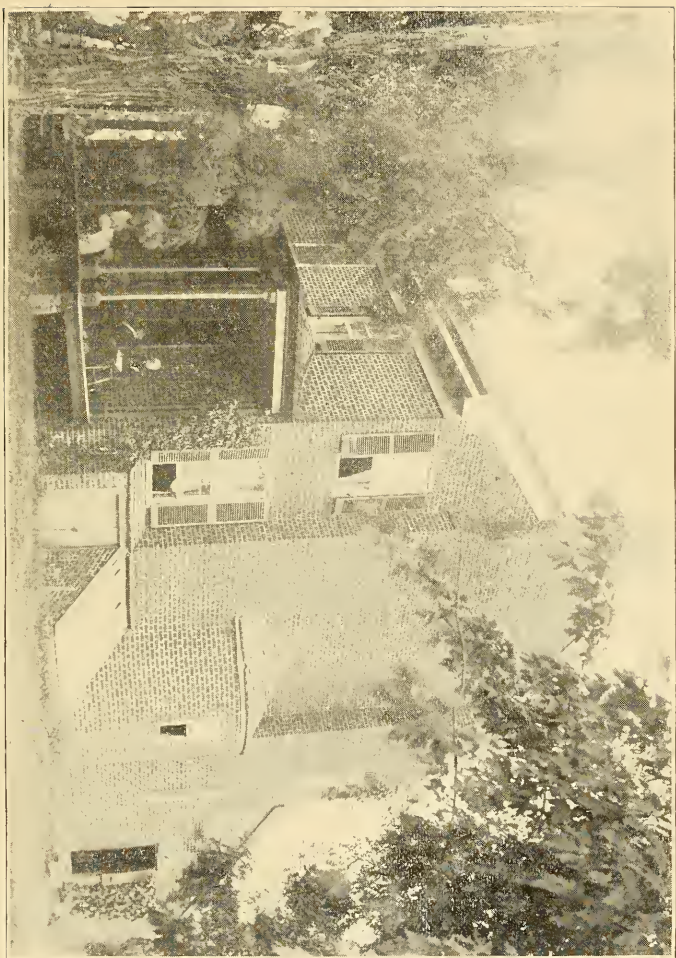
Hugh Blair Grigsby, in an account of the Convention of 1776, in which were assembled such men as Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, James Madison, Thomas Nelson and many of their illustrious contemporaries, writes of Pendleton as being "in an intellectual point of view, one of the accomplished speakers in the House." "Nor were his physical at all inferior to his intellectual powers," continues this writer. "He was fully six feet in height, and was in the vigor of life, having reached his fifty-fifth year. His face was so comely as to have won for its possessor the reputation of being the handsomest man in the Colony; his noble form, lithe and graceful in all its movements, his manners polished by

all the intercourse of a quarter of a century with the most refined circle of the metropolis and the Colony; his voice clear and ringing, so that its lowest note was distinctly heard throughout the hall; and a self-possession so supreme as to sustain him in the fiercest collisions of debate as if in a state of repose."

It is remarkable in how many particulars these descriptions would fit the President of Bethany College. Of him we may well say, *Decori decus addit avito.*

Beginning life in poverty, Judge Pendleton acquired a large property, and built a handsome house, Edmundsbury, Caroline County, Va., where he lived during his short intervals of leisure, and where his widow resided for many years. Henry Pendleton, his nephew, in 1818, built the home in Louisa County known as Cuckoo. Colonel Edmund Pendleton, the father of W. K. Pendleton, who, under the old county court system, then in vogue, was presiding justice in the county court of Louisa,—a place of no small honor in those good old conservative days,—was widely known in his county and far beyond it. His striking characteristics, still well remembered, were a clear head and an inborn judicial mind, with an individuality peculiarly his own, a strong and inflexible will, and a large measure of plain, common sense, most essential requisites in one called to dispense justice. Unity Yancey Kimbrough, mother of W. K. Pendleton, was a woman of culture and refinement, noted for her great amiability, gentleness and pre-eminent piety. While their son William was an infant, they removed from Yanceyville to the home built by his great-grandfather, Henry

Pendleton. Here, amid scenes of unusual rural beauty and social surroundings of exceptional culture and refinement and moral and religious tone, the subject of our memoir spent his childhood.



CUCKOO HOUSE.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE

THE year 1817 was an interesting one in the history of the United States. James Monroe, the fifth president, came to the White House. It was two years after Waterloo. The lighting of cities by gas had just been introduced into the United States in the City of Baltimore, Md. Two years must elapse before the first trip across the Atlantic was made by steamer. New York City had then only one hundred and fifteen thousand people, and it required but the modest sum of twenty millions a year to meet all expenses of the Government. It was the "Era of Good Feeling," when a lull came after the storm of war with the Mother Country, and the land settled down to vocations of peace, with revived commerce, specie payments, and vast extensions of territory. Mississippi, the twentieth state, was admitted to the Union that year, and soon after Illinois, then Florida was purchased, then Alabama and Maine came in, and later Missouri. John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and William Wirt, Attorney-General. It is the administration that witnessed the war with the Seminole Indians, the visit of La Fayette, and the awakening of the controversy over the rival economical policies of protection and free trade, and the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, or the assertion of national guardianship by the

United States over the New World, and of freedom from entangling alliances with the Old World.

A study of social and religious conditions in Virginia at this time is full of interest. The people lived well, were moderately industrious and enterprising, had their amusements and festivities, and political and local gossip during the week, and went religiously to church on Sunday, were quite content without daily newspapers, railroads, telegraph and electric lights, wireless telegraphy and the automobile, made history, served their generation, and got, if anything, more solid comfort out of life than their more favored descendants of the twentieth century.

John Esten Cooke in his *History of Virginia*, speaking of the amusements of the period, 1737, tells how in "the old field near Captain Bickerton's, in Hanover, there are to be grand diversions. First, a horse race, a hat to be cudged for, twenty fiddlers to contend for a new fiddle—all to play together, and each a different tune, twelve boys to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings, a pair of silver buckles to be wrestled for, the prettiest girl on the ground to have a pair of handsome silk stockings of one pistole's value; and all this mirth is designed to be purely innocent."

This Captain Bickerton was the great, great-grandfather of W. K. Pendleton, and his descendants in the adjoining county a hundred years later seem to have amused themselves in much the same way. There used to be a saying that you could tell a Pendleton "because he had blue eyes, was fond of coffee, and played a fiddle." W. K. Pendleton's father was a colonel of militia, and their

annual grand musters were occasions of great festivity. Old people can still point out the site of the cockpit, and the dancing master was one of the institutions of the county. He went from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from house to house, and one of the young Pendletons, now known and beloved in all that region as "Dr. Phil," was so proficient in the art of tripping the light fantastic toe that this functionary would send for him from quite a distance to exhibit his grace and skill at the soirees he gave. Another of the Pendletons, however, was so far behind in this accomplishment that he habitually danced with a barrel hoop around his legs to correct a tendency to bow-leggedness. Fox hunting was a favorite sport with the gentry of this early time. Great hunts were organized at Cuckoo as a center, when a pack of twenty to forty hounds were gathered, and a score or more of horsemen, and start made before daylight in search of Reynard. W. K. Pendleton used to tell of these festive occasions, and how he begged at one time so hard to be allowed to go with the huntsmen that his mother consented and entrusted him to a neighbor, behind whom he rode all through the hunt, and was "in at the death." He recalled just where the fox was caught, and went over the place in one of his last visits to the old home to verify his recollection. In that same neighborhood and in the same homes, the same families now regard a protracted meeting as the most enjoyable occasion of the year.

Louisa County, formed from Hanover, 1742, first sent Patrick Henry as a delegate to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765, and again elected him

in 1776 and 1777. Tarleton with his cavalry passed through the county in 1781 on his expedition into Albemarle; and when LaFayette had united with Wayne at Raccoon Ford on the Rapid Ann and turned to pursue the British general, he made a forced and rapid march across the county, the road which he opened for the purpose being long known as the "Marquis's Road." In May of that year, when Cornwallis invaded Virginia, the Legislature adjourned from Richmond to Charlottesville. Tarleton followed them in June with two hundred and fifty cavalry, having orders to surprise the General Assembly, and seize Jefferson, who was then Governor of the State. Having learned Tarleton's object, by means of a fleet horse and a nearer road a young American trooper named Jouett was able to give two hours' notice of his approach. All the members of the Assembly, but seven, effected their escape, and reassembled in Staunton, forty miles away. Jefferson got the news of Tarleton's coming about sunrise, had Mrs. Jefferson and their three children hurried off in a carriage, and he followed on horseback, and had not left the house ten minutes before Tarleton entered it. Tarleton took possession of Charlottesville on the fourth of June, and on the next day joined Lord Cornwallis.

The Cuckoo House occupied the site of a former inn or "ordinary," where, as the story goes, some of Tarleton's men were drinking when Jouett overheard their plans to ride to Charlottesville and capture the Governor and the Legislature. He made a rapid ride through the country and warned Jefferson and the Legislature in time to break up hastily and

take to the woods. Out of the associations of a tavern of the olden time, the Cuckoo House became a center of Christian influence that has been felt far and wide, and from the traditions of a cross-roads settlement where the people gathered for militia musters, fox hunts, and other gay festivities, a quiet village has been evolved, noted for the culture and the elevated religious spirit of its people.

The educational system of Virginia at this time was limited for the most part to the "Old Field" school and the classical academy. In most of the strictly rural districts of Virginia, the school houses were rude structures built of pine poles, with benches made of a single plank and without backs, and here, from sun to sun, the scholars, many of them very small, were required to sit and pore over hard lessons in close study, rather in close confinement, nine or ten hours a day, for five days in the week, and nine months in the year; and it hardly seems strange that on cloudy mornings it was the practice of many a small boy or girl to pray earnestly for a rainy day, that the holidays for one week at Christmas were welcomed with great hilarity, and that the pent-up mischief and suppressed play of these little ones should break out in the practical jokes they played on each other and on the teacher in the way of sticking pins in a boy at close study and close range, placing bent pins, at recess and on the sly, in the seat of the teacher, or cutting dexterously his long switch—long enough to reach any boy without rising—half in two in many places, to make sure of its breaking at the first vigorous application.

Flogging was a remedy applied on all occasions

and for all offenses. It was, like the doctor's prescription, "To be well shaken and then taken, internally, externally and eternally." One trained under one of these old-time teachers who had presided over the young idea shooting of three generations, declared, when a man of sixty years of age, that he never met the old schoolmaster without feeling the stroke of the birch come over him afresh. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sensation. It was the custom in these primitive schools for the teacher, on the first day of the school session, to post conspicuously his Rules and Regulations, forbidding any laughing, talking, whispering, etc., in school time, and requiring close study and good lessons on the part of all, and for flagrant infraction of these rules, flogging would be the penalty, not so cruelly laid on perhaps, but not wholly unlike that of the Irish schoolmaster of the old song:

"Old Teddy O'Rooke kept a bit of a school,
At a place called Flaherty, where he made it a rule,
If the mind didn't mark, faith, he'd soon mark the back,
And give them their own with a terrible crack."

At the age of thirteen, W. K. Pendleton and a younger brother were entered in the school of Jeremiah C. Harris, the prince of pedagogues, who had at all times an unlimited supply of big words, and rather gloried in his pedantry. He was a man famous in his day as a teacher of English, who, while not a professional lecturer, did a vast deal of talking by way of explanation and beating English into the heads of his classes. He was fond of arguing, and when apparently driven to the wall in an

argument, like Dr. Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster,

"He could argue still
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

It is worthy of mention that this faithful old schoolmaster, who was at all times reverent and devout, during the prevalence of a thunderstorm was ever ready to gather all his school around him and set them all to singing some old familiar hymn, such as the good old song of praise, more sung then than now—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

It was in his first session under Jeremiah Harris that W. K. Pendleton, a boy proverbially gentle, genial and full of innocent fun, but who, it is fair to say, would stand up for his rights when forced to do so, was insulted by a boy taller than himself, and resented the insult by a good blow quickly struck at his antagonist, and, a fight ensuing, the two combatants were parted by the bigger boys. On the next morning it so happened that the Pendleton boy brought to school, concealed in his pocket, a very rusty old flintlock pistol with a small package of powder, and had two of the boys to load the pistol, saying he knew the boy who had insulted him was a coward, and he wanted to see him run. The pistol was loaded by the boys, and at recess all the

school was invited into the woods to play, when the quarrel was renewed, and the pistol fired over the head of the offending youth. Immediately he took to his heels, outrunning all the other boys, and crying as he ran, "I am shot! I am shot!" He fell into the arms of the teacher, still crying, "I am shot!" "Where are you shot? where are you shot, my son?" exclaimed the teacher. But just then one of the boys who had loaded the pistol came up, and, answering the teacher's question, said, "He is not shot at all. William Pendleton put nothing in his old flintlock but powder, and that was fired over his head, as Pendleton said he only wanted to see him run, and he did run like the patter-rollers were after him." With this explanation the teacher seemed satisfied, but the next morning in large display letters on his bulletin board was posted this addendum to his rules and regulations: "*All the boys are positively forbidden from bringing firearms to this school.*"

Colonel Pendleton told his boys if he ever knew of their taking an insult from a bigger boy, he would himself give them a flogging when they came home. Few days passed, Mr. Pendleton said, in which he did not have at least one fight, but this was generally provoked by the conduct of some other boy toward another and smaller one, rarely on his own account. He was naturally of a quick temper, but as he grew older he controlled it. Phrenologists gave combativeness as the largest bump on his head, yet his life was one of peace-loving and peace-making, only he fought tirelessly with tongue and pen when wrong or error was to be combated.

At the end of the second session under Harris, young Pendleton passed all his examinations and was awarded by his faithful instructor a certificate of highest merit in all his studies, especially in English. From this school he passed to the classical academy of W. G. Nelson, the famous teacher of Latin and Greek. After several sessions here, he entered the school of David Richardson, a thorough teacher of mathematics and astronomy, famous for fifty years as the author of Richardson's almanac—known and read of all men throughout Virginia and North Carolina, and extolled by many an old farmer for "its remarkable forecasts of the weather." From the Richardson school young Pendleton passed to the University of Virginia, where he entered upon the full academic course.

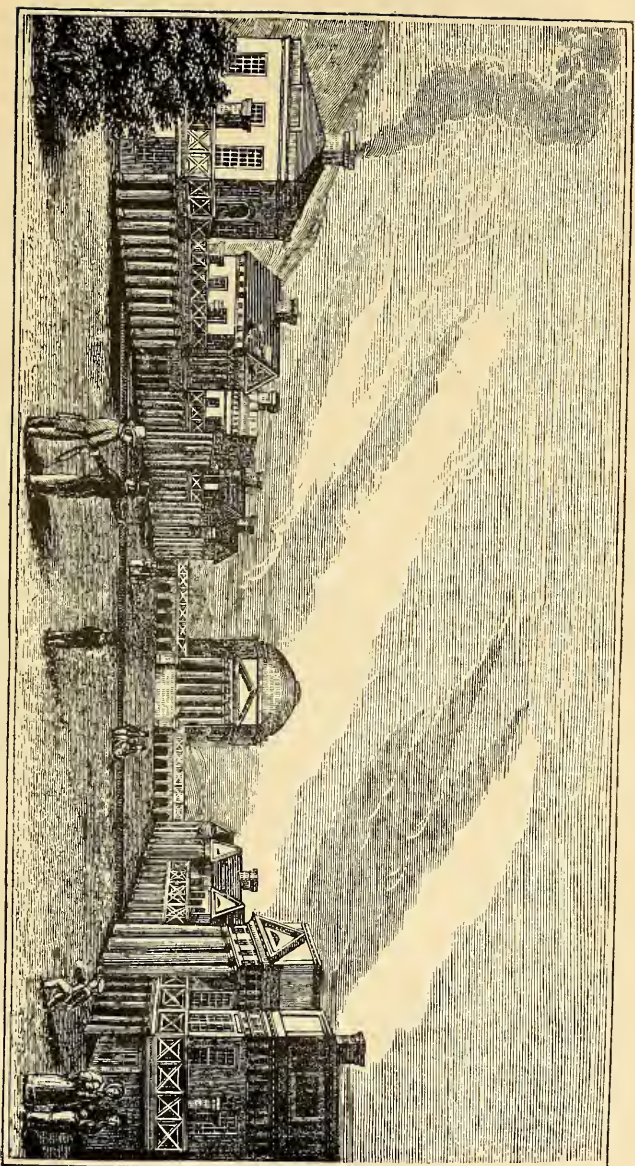
CHAPTER III

AT THE UNIVERSITY

THE University of Virginia is an old institution, beautiful for situation, placid, solid, evangelical and thorough in culture. It has been noted, since its establishment, for the excellent learning of its instructors and the high character of its students. It has given to the Senate and House of Representatives a greater number of graduates than Yale and Harvard combined, owing to the large patronage of the institution by Southern men. It has proven an inspired Castalian fountain, worthy of the name of its great founder.

Thomas Jefferson has not received the credit due him for his interest in the religious tone of the university. In his scheme submitted to the State Legislature in 1818, relative to its founding, he proposed that there should be left on the grounds room for a building to be erected for "religious worship," and on another occasion he wished to have two rooms in the main building set apart for this purpose. The motto of the university may be read in Greek on the front of one of its stateliest buildings: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Nothing is more interesting than the story of this famous school. As early as 1779, Jefferson sought to incorporate into the legal code of the infant state a general system of education, satisfying the needs



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA 1838.

of all classes of the community. The plan contemplated three orders of seminaries: elementary schools maintained at public charge and free to all; general schools corresponding to academies and colleges, supported chiefly by the fees of pupils and designed to embrace a course of general instruction in languages, natural sciences and philosophy; and the university, in which should be taught, in the highest degree, every branch of knowledge. The general division of subjects for university instruction was as follows: the Fine Arts, Applied Science, Law and Theology, the last to be taught so far, and so far only, as it might not tend to sectarianism.

On Mr. Jefferson's retirement from the presidency in 1809, he set his plan in operation. In 1818 the State decided to appropriate fifteen thousand dollars a year to endow and support the University. It was organized by Jefferson with a "rector and visitors," having power to appoint professors, prescribe their duties and regulate the government and discipline of students. There is no president, but a Chairman of the Faculty, chosen annually, thus making each professor a constituent element in the governing body, with his share of influence in shaping its policy and fortunes. The professors were paid one thousand dollars each by salary, and in part by fees of tuition. At present, each receives the modest sum of three thousand and a house.

The University is really a collection of schools, each with one or more instructors devoted to a special subject, but under a common government; organized with eight, it now has nineteen: twelve academic and seven professional. Students attend

as many as they see fit, no one being allowed to take less than three. There is no theological department. This omission was not prompted by hostility to religion, as has been thought, but was made necessary by the policy of the commonwealth to divorce the state from the church, and embodied in the act of 1785, "Establishing Religious Freedom."

Not insensible to the Christian sentiment of Virginia, however, Mr. Jefferson procured an enactment declaring that if any religious denomination should establish its theological seminary near the University, its students should be admitted upon the same terms as its own pupils. Jefferson died July 4th, 1826, the year the University opened, exactly half a century after signing the Declaration of Independence. Adams passed away the same day, just after Jefferson, and as he breathed his last, exclaimed, "Thomas Jefferson still lives!" Dr. Robley Dunglison, one of the first professors of the University, and afterward a celebrated medical author and professor in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, was Jefferson's physician, and describes his last moments. He evidently wished to die on the anniversary of the Nation's birth. "In the course of the day and night of the second of July he was afflicted with stupor, with intervals of wakefulness and consciousness, but on the third the stupor became almost permanent. About seven o'clock in the evening of that day he awoke, and seeing me standing at his bedside, exclaimed, 'Ah, Doctor, are you still there?' in a voice, however, that was husky and indistinct. He then asked, 'Is it the Fourth?' to which I replied, 'It soon will be.' Those were

the last words I heard him utter. He died at 12:50 P. M. July 4th, having remained all that day unconscious."

It will be impossible to estimate the work of this famous seat of learning or mention the illustrious names of its teachers and students. Its first rectors were Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, and its most famous alumnus Edgar A. Poe. Its alumni are numbered by thousands, its literature has been rich and abundant, its influence reaches everywhere. It has rendered its great service to mankind on a slight foundation, so far as money is concerned, having received less than one million in gifts. The University presents a scene of idyllic beauty. Here is the noble quadrangle with its one-story dormitories and continuous pillared arcades like the cloisters of a monastery, broken here and there by professors' dwellings, and with the stately Pantheon or rotunda at the end. Below is the town of Charlottesville, and beyond, Monticello, where rests the illustrious statesman. Far away stretches the Rapid Ann, where there is good angling for the patient knights of the rod, and where every bend and bridge and ford tells of historic scenes of the Civil War. On every side are the blue hills in whose coves grow the famous pippins which alone grace the tables of Windsor Castle, and fertile fields and gardens. And here is a society, hospitable, refined and charming, such as the Old Dominion can so well furnish. In such an atmosphere, among such scenes and traditions, young Pendleton found his fine tastes and noble ambitions fully met.

He entered the University for the session of 1836-

1837, and that session studied ancient languages under Dr. Gessner Harrison, mathematics under Prof. Charles Bonnycastle, and natural philosophy under Dr. William Rodgers. During the session of 1837-8, he had ancient languages and mathematics again, and law under Prof. J. A. G. Davis. In 1838-9 he studied law only.

Chapman Johnson was rector of the Board of Visitors during these years, and the chairman of the faculty was Prof. J. A. G. Davis for the first session and Dr. Gessner Harrison for the other two. In view of Mr. Pendleton's subsequent career it is interesting to note that the chaplains during his stay here were Reverend Septimus Tustin, Presbyterian, afterwards chaplain of the United States Senate; Reverend B. P. B. Wilmer, afterward Bishop of Louisiana, and Reverend Daniel S. Doggett, afterward Bishop in the M. E. Church South. The chaplains were chosen in turn at that time from the four leading denominations, the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian. Alexander Campbell, on his first visit to Charlottesville, speaking of this regulation, says: "A new sort of quadrangular orthodoxy got into the institution. The chaplain must belong to some one of the four angles of a parallelogram. He must be an Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist. There are but four ways to Heaven from the University of Virginia," and he wants to know, "By what chapter and verse of the Book of Kings, or by what statute of the Commonwealth of Virginia, or by what suggestion of Thomas Jefferson are the four elect sects placed over the

religious and moral culture of all the Virginia youth who frequent the state institution?"

There were two hundred and sixty-five students in the University the year Mr. Pendleton entered. Among the Board of Visitors were James M. Mason, William C. Rives, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Joseph C. Cabell, and other prominent Virginians. Among the faculty, in addition to those named, were such well remembered instructors as George W. Blaetterman, who filled the chair of Modern Languages, John P. Emmet, Professor of Chemistry, Alfred T. Magill, Professor of Medicine, and George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy. The list of his fellow-students shows many names of men afterward prominent in the church, in the state, in the department of education, in the army and navy, and other fields of service. Such men as John B. Baldwin, Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, John Critcher, Member of Congress, Lafayette McLaws, Major-General C. S. A., Alexander Walker, Author and Journalist, Thomas H. Watts, Attorney-General in Jefferson Davis' Cabinet and Governor of Alabama, Carnot Posey, Brigadier-General, C. S. A., William M. Merrick, United States Judge, M. C., and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, D. C., and others of equal eminence.

The method of teaching then, as now, was by text books and lectures, with rigid examinations. The courses in the schools of Ancient Languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Law were exceedingly thorough, and the teachers in those schools were the most eminent men in the University. There were three honorary distinctions con-

ferred by the institution: a Certificate of Proficiency, that of Graduate in any School, and that of Master of Arts in the University of Virginia. No particular period of study was prescribed for the acquisition of these honors. The student obtained them whenever he could undergo the severe examinations to which the candidates for them were subjected. The total expenses of a student were two hundred and thirty-eight dollars, exclusive of "books and stationery, clothing and pocket money." Among the items of expense was twenty dollars "on account of fuel and candles, and ten dollars to cover contingent charges and assessments against him for injuries to buildings, etc." Clothing is estimated at a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars during the session, and pocket money, forty dollars. Students were required "to wear the uniform prescribed by the enactments, consisting of cloth of a dark gray mixture at a price not exceeding six dollars a yard."

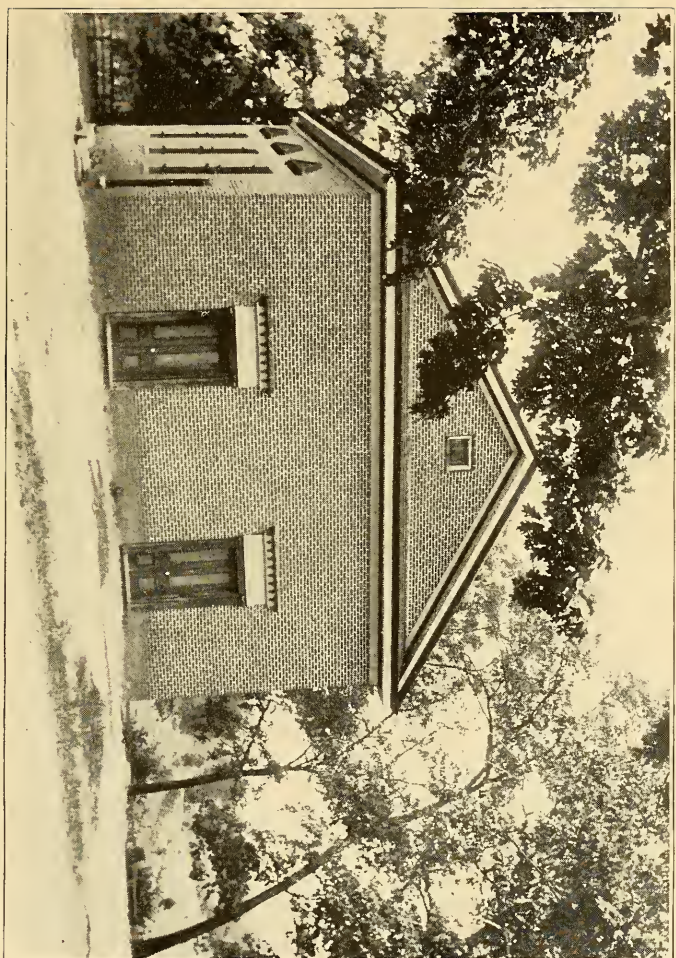
Little is recorded of this formative period in the life of Mr. Pendleton. The entry on the Matriculation Book reads: "William K. Pendleton, September 8, 1817—Colonel Edmund Pendleton—Cuckoo-ville, Louisa County, Va." He does not seem to have been an enthusiast in pure mathematics. He passed with distinction in natural philosophy, and must have had great delight in the brilliant lectures of Dr. Rodgers in that department. It is doubtful if to the law he gave his whole interest. Those familiar with his teaching and accomplishments in later life would naturally draw this inference.

One of his chums at the University was Johnson Barbour, only son of ex-Governor James Barbour,

and nephew of Philip Pendleton Barbour, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. While there, with young Barbour, Shelton F. Leake, of Charlottesville, afterward a famous lawyer and member of Congress, John Goss, brother of James W. Goss, and others, he assisted in the organization of one of the debating societies of the University. Goss and Pendleton were warm friends. The first time the latter tried to speak, he was so frightened that he lost all command of his faculties and made a melancholy failure. Mr. Goss, following him, took the opportunity to ridicule him mercilessly. This made him so indignantly angry that he forgot everything else, and in his rejoinder made his argument without hesitation, with clear, telling force, and won for his side of the discussion. As soon as the meeting adjourned, he went to Mr. Goss, and in the name of their friendship began to upbraid him bitterly for his unkind personalities. "Why," said the latter, "don't you understand now? I saw that you were going to make a complete failure, if I could not make you forget yourself, and I knew that to arouse your indignation would be the sure way to do this."

In his choice of a profession, Mr. Pendleton departed from the recognized family calling. There were four brothers; two of them entered the law and two the medical profession. How the lawyers exercised the necessary self-control not to become doctors has ever been a problem, as the most pronounced predilection toward medicine runs in the family. During the Civil War a Federal officer overtook a lonely horseman, who excused himself

from arrest on the ground that he was a Dr. Pendleton going his rounds. The officer asked, "Well, what Dr. Pendleton are you?—Dr. William, Dr. Joe, Dr. Matt., Dr. Lewis, Dr. John, or Dr. Edmund?" There were seven of the name practicing the art of healing. Prepared by thorough study and mastery of the principles of the highest of the sciences for active work, Mr. Pendleton went back to his old home in Louisa County, and in 1840 was formally admitted to the bar, under a license granted on a searching and protracted examination by three of Virginia's most eminent judges.



GILBOA.

CHAPTER IV

THE TURNING POINT

ABOUT the year 1834, Colonel Edmund Pendleton and his wife, Mrs. Unity Yancey Pendleton, who had been religiously trained in the Episcopal faith but had become interested in the early writings of Alexander Campbell, were so seriously impressed with the simplicity of the gospel as expounded by him, that both gladly received the word, and on a confession of their faith were duly baptized. Dr. Madison Pendleton, their oldest son, and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Barret Pendleton, having a short while before, on a like confession, received baptism—these, with a few others, enrolled as charter members of the Christian Church, worshipping at the old Gilboa Meeting House, near Cuckoo.

It was at the house of Colonel Pendleton that President Madison passed his well known judgment upon Alexander Campbell. Mr. Campbell was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829, a body of famous Virginians, numbering among its members James Madison and James Monroe, ex-presidents of the United States, Chief Justice Marshall, John Randolph of Roanoke, Philip Dodridge, Littleton W. Tazewell, Judge Abel P. Upshur, Chapman Johnson, Benjamin Watkins Leigh and Philip P. Barbour. Mr. Campbell served on the Committee on Judiciary, and took an active part in the debates. As ex-President Madison was returning to his home at Montpelier, he stopped the

first night with his relative, Col. Pendleton. Early the next morning, as they were walking on the porch of the Cuckoo House, Col. Pendleton asked his distinguished guest what he thought of Alexander Campbell. Mr. Madison, in reply, spoke in very high terms of the ability shown by him in the convention. "But," said he, "it is as a theologian that Mr. Campbell must be known. It was my pleasure to hear him very often as a preacher of the gospel, and I regard him as the ablest and most original expounder of the Scriptures I have ever heard." The distinguished and delightfully reminiscent octogenarian who now presides at the historic Cuckoo House, youngest brother of Bethany's late president, recalls vividly the appearance of Mr. Madison on that visit, "wearing all the time a close-fitting black silk skull cap for rheumatism of the scalp," as he said. He also remembers a similar visit from Henry Clay, passing in a stage coach from Washington City, who dined with his father—"a most entertaining talker, his most conspicuous feature being a very big, limber and expansive mouth."

Uriah Higgason and James Bagby were the early preachers in the County of Louisa. In the *Millennial Harbinger* for 1837, is a testimonial under date May 14th, commending "Uriah Higgason and William B. Sims and their amiable families," removed to the State of Missouri. Of the former it is said, "As a teacher of the Christian religion and a proclaimer of the ancient gospel, he has labored amongst us for many years with great ability and unflinching firmness and with considerable success, considering the unparalleled prejudice and unrelent-

ing opposition he had to encounter." Mr. Sims was a deacon in the Gilboa Church who had borne himself "with so much propriety as to have purchased for himself an excellent degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." This statement is made from "Mount Gilboa, Louisa County," and signed by Madison Pendleton, Peter S. Barret, William D. Hunter, Francis Johnson, Thomas G. Noel, Richard Sims, Joseph Sims, Joseph Coates, Jr., Nelson Walton, Andrew G. Walton and E. Pendleton.

In June, 1840, Alexander Campbell attended a general meeting of churches which convened at Charlottesville. Fifty-six congregations were represented. It was on this occasion the distinguished reformer addressed the Charlottesville Lyceum, and also the Jeffersonian Society of the University of Virginia. During these tours in the State, Mr. Campbell's daughter, Lavinia, sometimes accompanied him, and the meeting of W. K. Pendleton and Lavinia Campbell was the turning point in the young lawyer's career. In October, 1840, they were married. The same year Bethany College was projected, and Mr. Pendleton became its first Professor of Natural Philosophy in 1841.

The charter of the new institution was procured by John C. Campbell from the Virginia Legislature in the winter of 1840, erecting and establishing "at or near Bethany, in the County of Brooke, in this Commonwealth, a seminary of learning for the instruction of youth in the various branches of science and literature, the useful arts, agriculture, and the learned and foreign languages." The trustees ap-

pointed by this act were Alexander Campbell, Albert G. Ewing, Samuel Church, Henry Langly, James T. McVey, Robert Y. Henley, Samuel Grafton, William Stewart, Josiah Crumbacker, Adamson Bentley, Robert Nicholls, Campbell Tarr, Matthew McKeever, John Andrews, Robert H. Forrester, Thomas Campbell, Robert Richardson and John C. Campbell. The first subscription—\$1,000—was from Philip B. Pendleton, of Virginia.

The trustees held their first meeting at Bethany, Monday, May 11, 1840. Thomas Campbell was called to the chair, and W. F. M. Army was chosen Secretary of the Board. Alexander Campbell was appointed Treasurer of Bethany College, and a building committee consisting of William Stewart, Robert Richardson, Matthew McKeever and Alexander Campbell was selected. The next meeting was on Friday, September 18, when Alexander Campbell presented a bond for a deed of ten acres of land for the use and benefit of Bethany College. The building committee was authorized to erect such buildings as they deemed necessary, and the board proceeded to the election of the President of the College. Alexander Campbell was unanimously chosen, and on his motion the following additional trustees were appointed: Reuben L. Coleman, J. Johnson, Buckner H. Payne, Henry Ewing, Joseph W. Clay, William Dabney, Charles Somner and L. A. Sandidge.

Monday, May 10th, 1841, the Board of Trustees convened in their second annual meeting. Subscriptions toward the new college were reported aggregating \$11,045, of which \$1,405 was cash. At this

meeting the President nominated four professors as necessary to the commencement of the institution—one for Ancient Languages, one for Mathematics, and two for Sciences. Two of these are named as Robert Richardson, M. D., and W. K. Pendleton, Esq., a graduate of the University of Virginia, for the departments of the Physical Sciences. The other teachers were Charles Stewart and Andrew F. Ross, who were appointed to the chairs of Ancient Languages and Mathematics. It was resolved to open the College the 21st of October, at which time the Steward's Inn would be ready for the occupancy of students. Edwin W. Bakewell was appointed steward, and it was resolved unanimously "that the boarding, lodging, washing and tuition of a student at Bethany College shall be one hundred and fifty dollars for the collegiate year from September 1 to July 4, year by year"; and that the "bill of fare for the Steward's Inn shall be the same as that of the University of Virginia." It will be noted that the washing of a student was among the items of expense. In a catalogue of one of the most prominent universities in the country, in recent years, the President reported as one of the virtues of its students "their invisibility on the streets."

In setting forth the prospects of the new college, Mr. Campbell says: "Testimonials of a very fair moral reputation in all students over ten years old are required. Doubtless none will incur the expense and mortification of having their sons or wards sent home to them because of insubordination to the necessary moral and prudential restraint of an institution in which all things are to be subject to the

supremacy of morality and social virtues. The cast of this literary and moral institution is of no ordinary dimensions. It comprehends in its designs, Preparatory and Elementary Schools for lads from seven to fourteen years old; an Academy of Arts and Sciences for lads from fourteen and upward who are prepared for it, designed for agriculturists, mechanics, manufacturers and merchants whose education, besides what is elementary, ought to be much more scientific and extensive than is usually allowed; a college proper for a very liberal education, both literary and scientific; and a Normal School for the training and accomplishing of teachers for the various departments of both popular and liberal education. These four departments are all indispensable to the present wants of society. In each and all of them, physical and moral education must keep pace with the intellectual, and no young gentleman be allowed to devote all his energies to the mere improvement of intellect, at the expense or hazard of his moral and physical constitution. These too-much-neglected departments in many schools and colleges must have a real and manifest conspicuity in this establishment." He speaks of the excellent location, asks for one hundred thousand dollars "for buildings, library, apparatus, endowment and everything else," and guarantees for that sum accommodations for five hundred students and more. He wonders at the tardiness and hesitancy with which many persons approach to aid such an undertaking, persons of ample means. "Simpleton that I was, I expected some hundred or two sons of consolation, real philanthropists, to step

forward and subscribe each his one thousand dollars and say, 'Go on with this great system of human improvement, and if this is not enough, call on us again. We will not suffer a few individuals to do all; nor a scheme fraught with so much promise to fail; nor will we send you to the poor to raise means to educate and ameliorate the condition of the rich.' I say, friends, countrymen, philanthropists, send us your names, your donations, your subscriptions."

In August Mr. Campbell announced that the professors appointed at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees had all accepted the chairs allotted them, and that the Faculty of Bethany College consisted of the following: "Mr. A. F. Ross, late Professor of New Athens College, Ohio, Professor of Ancient Languages and Ancient History; Mr. Charles Stewart, of Kentucky, Professor of Algebra and General Mathematics; Dr. Robert Richardson, Professor of Chemistry, Geology and the kindred sciences; Mr. W. K. Pendleton, of the University of Virginia, Professor of Natural Philosophy and such of the natural sciences that come not in the course of Dr. R. Richardson. Besides a general superintendency of the institution, to the President there will be assigned Mental Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity, Moral and Political Economy." A Professor of English Literature, to whom should be assigned Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Elements of Criticism, etc., was yet to be appointed, and such tutors as the exigencies of the institution might require. He speaks of the Faculty as mostly young men under thirty years of age, of highly respectable attainments, of much force of character, of exemplary morals and of

ardent devotion to science, literature and the advancement of education, and states that they will deliver their introductory lectures on the second and third days of November, when the institution, fully organized, will commence its operations.

In outlining his plans for "a new institution," October 18, 1839, the President calls it "a literary, moral and religious school, or the union of four institutions in one—the combination of the family, the primary school, the college, and the church in one great system of education." "In the establishment and supervision of it," he says, "it is probable, if the Lord will, I shall close all my earthly projects. In the first place, the location must be entirely rural—in the country, detached from all external society, not convenient to any town or place of rendezvous—in the midst of forests, fields and gardens—salubrious air, pure water—diversified scenery, of hills and valleys, limpid brooks and meandering streams of rapid flowing water. Such is the spot which I have selected. The buildings essential to the completion of this institution are the steward's inn and dormitories, the family house, three mansions for professors, primary school rooms, college proper and the church edifice. The steward's inn is designed for the boarding and lodging of the students in attendance not members of the family house, and for the entertainment of visitors and strangers. The family house is designed for a model family in which children from seven to fourteen shall be admitted and constituted into a family, under an experienced and competent paternal and maternal government of the highest moral excel-

lence. The professors' houses would be private dwellings. The primary school rooms would be detached from the college proper, and arranged with a reference to the classes through which children from seven to fourteen would necessarily pass as preparatory to a college or church course. The college proper would not materially differ from similar institutions, being a collection of rooms for recitation, for philosophical apparatus, for libraries, etc. The church institution will need more explanation than any other. Jewish and Christian history, chronology, ancient geography, ancient manners and customs, idioms, ecclesiastical affairs, etc., must therefore become a regular course of lectures and studies. We want no scholastic or traditional theology. We desire, however, a much more intimate, critical and thorough knowledge of the Bible, the whole Bible as the Book of God, the Book of Life and of human destiny than is usually, or, indeed, can be, obtained in what are called theological schools. As we make the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible our creed, our standard of religion, and of all moral science, we have no hesitation in saying that this institution, from the nursery class upward to the church classes, shall make that volume a constant study. All science, all literature, all nature, all art, all attainments shall be made tributary to the Bible, and man's ultimate temporal and eternal destiny."

"The church institution," he declares, "shall, in one cardinal point of view, resemble the West Point Military School. There it is not the theory alone, but military camp, the practice, the daily discipline

of the god of war. In this institution it will not be the theory of a church—of Bible reading, Bible criticism, Bible lectures, sermons, church order, Christian discipline—but the daily practice of these. This church will be in session seven days every week. The superintendent of this institution, or the professor in attendance, will be bishop *pro tempore* of the church. The young men in all readings, questions and answers and exercises shall rise and speak and act as though they were, as in truth they are, members of a particular church met for edification and worship. Immoral and disorderly actions, should they ever occur, will be treated here as in Christian discipline they ought to be in the house of the Lord. Thus will the members of this institution be trained for filling any stations in the church of their ultimate location to which they may be called by the brethren. In one word, the objects of this liberal and comprehensive institution will be to model families, schools, colleges and churches, according to the Divine pattern shown to us in the oracles of reason, of sound philosophy and of Divine truth, and to raise up a host of accomplished fathers, teachers of schools, teachers of colleges, teachers of churches, preachers of the Gospel, and good and useful citizens, or whatever the church or the state may afterward choose to make of them.”

Such were some of Mr. Campbell’s ideals of Christian education. The institution opened favorably at the time announced, with five professors in the Faculty, and a student body of 102 young men, representing nine States and Canada. Mr. Pendleton had fairly begun his life work.

CHAPTER V

BETHANY

GIVING directions concerning the routes to Bethany College from different points in the Union, President Campbell says: "Those south of us in Eastern Virginia and the Carolinas, either via Baltimore or Winchester, will seek the National Road which leads to Wheeling; thence sixteen miles up the river to Wellsburg, where they will find a conveyance seven miles out to the college. Those anywhere in the valley of the Mississippi, or on the borders of the Ohio, up or down, will find no difficulty in arriving at Wellsburg on the bank of the Ohio. Those north and east will, either by Lake Erie, seek Cleveland, about one hundred and twenty miles from Bethany, via New Lisbon and Wellsville, or by Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The National Road and the Ohio River are the two great thoroughfares which at two points are about equidistant from Bethany College." This was before the day of railroads. By stage over the National Pike, or by boat on the Ohio, the student reached the little Virginia town. By the same means of conveyance that year, William Henry Harrison crossed the Alleghanies to his inauguration as the ninth President of the United States, and John J. Crittenden came up from Kentucky to be his Attorney-General; John Bell, from Tennessee, to be Secretary of War; Thomas Ewing, from Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury;

and Benton, of Missouri, and Clay, of Kentucky, and the other great commoners, traveled over the same great National Road to the capital of the nation. It will appear, therefore, that Bethany, so far from being inaccessible in that day, was right on the great national highways, east and west, and north and south. Its situation was at the hub of the universe.

Brooke County, West Virginia, is in the narrow neck of land lying between Pennsylvania and the Ohio River, called the Panhandle. In 1841 there was not a licensed liquor saloon in the county. Its population was 7,948, and there were but ninety-one slaves. Wheeling then had but 7,885 people. Wellsburg, the county-seat of Brooke, is beautifully situated on the Ohio River sixteen miles above Wheeling. It was laid out in 1789 by Charles Prather, and originally named Charleston, but afterwards called Wellsburg, from Alexander Wells, who built a flour warehouse at the point, the first ever erected on the Ohio. The first settlers came before the Revolution, three brothers, Isaac, George and Friend Cox, who built a fort, as a protection against the Indians, about a mile above the village. Samuel Brady, the famous Indian fighter, was one of its citizens. Philip Doddridge, a member of Congress, who died in Washington in 1832, and who was scarcely less famous for his eloquence and great talent in Western than Patrick Henry in Eastern Virginia, was from Wellsburg. Dr. Joseph Doddridge, his brother, an Episcopal clergyman, who wrote a work on the Indian Wars from 1763 to 1783, also lived here. Twelve or fifteen miles from Wellsburg,

on Buffalo Creek, not far from Bethany, was Rice's Fort, made of cabins, and a small block house, which was held successfully by six white men against one hundred picked Indian warriors in September, 1782. The Mingo Indians frequented this region, and in sight of Bethany was Logan's Hollow, where the celebrated Indian chief was said to have had his cabin.

Bethany is in the county of Brooke, sixteen miles from Wheeling, seven from Wellsburg, and about thirty-eight from Pittsburg. Describing the location, Mr. Campbell said: "There is no exaggeration in saying that a healthier soil or a purer air is not within the United States. Our rich, calcareous hills, sometimes precipitous, acuminate and acclivous, occasionally also orbicular, oval and pyramidal; at one time gently sloping by gradual undulations, or rising into bold and craggy prominences, clothed with lofty forest timber of great variety and stateliness, give to our country not only the most delightful scenery, but afford us the most genial currents of the purest air and streams and fountains of the most pellucid and delicious water. The soil, too, is prone to verdure and the finest pasture, as it is favorable to all the grains and fruits that strengthen and solace man; always promises milk and honey, as well as bread and meat, to all that cultivate it. And if in winter a surly blast from the Boreal regions of cold Canada and the American lakes should make the leafless forests quail, our hills, in benevolent anticipation of the fierce invader, have richly stored themselves with mineral coal, as was the wooden horse with the Greeks, that

when carried into our houses gives us the cheerful hearth and scatters cold and darkness away."

He believes there is not a more moral county in America than the county of Brooke. "The county-seat," he says, "has been a whole year without a scene of native intemperance. But two or three vagrants in twenty-five years have been sent to the penitentiary. While in a slave State, we are almost literally without slaves. In all these points of view, which indeed are the all-essential points in the location of a great literary and moral institution, we could not imagine a more favorable site. It has been to me, indeed, often a source of wonder why a country so inviting to persons of taste, and so favorable to all the objects of life as this is, at the congress of the great arteries of this immense Union—whither national roads, canals, railways, rivers and mineral wealth have tended or are tending, should have been so much and so long overlooked as it has been."

No one who has ever visited Bethany will question for a moment the justice of Mr. Campbell's description of its natural beauty and advantages. Every old student will recall vividly and with enthusiastic delight the approach from the ancient county-seat of Wellsburg. Crossing the river in a wheezy little ferry-boat, and climbing the river-bank, the stage awaits the passenger, and soon he is whirled out of the staid old town and along the pike toward this Castalian fountain hid away among the hills. The Buffalo winds for twenty-one miles its sinuous course from Bethany to Wellsburg, and the pike crosses it four times in seven miles. The stage soon passes

the first bridge, an old, covered wooden structure, made without a bit of iron; then a second, where an up-to-date iron thing, not half so interesting as its predecessor, in recent years has been thrown across the stream; then a third bridge, and Waugh's Mill, and the first tunnel through the hill, and then the dam and the fourth bridge; then along a magnificent valley, and through the second tunnel; then through charming meadows, beside the Buffalo, and over the hills, until the first "Narrows" is reached, with its perils of precipices and its perfect views of green undulating ridges, stretching away for miles, and fertile fields, and everywhere the meandering and beautiful Buffalo; and then the second "Narrows," passing the West Liberty road, and swinging round through the old toll-gate, with Point Breeze on the right, and the majestic college buildings are in full view, and the blessed memories of other years come flooding the mind and heart with their benediction.

It is a ride that is never forgotten. No seven miles of roadway in America can show greater beauty and variety of scenery; no prospect in Saxon Switzerland, or among the Scotch lakes, has a rarer charm for the visitor. Whether in winter, behind merry sleigh-bells, when the Buffalo is chained by the frost; or in spring, when the trees are budding on the hillside, and the old creek sings its sweetest song; or in summer, when meadows are covered with their wealth of bluegrass and growing corn, hills verdure-clad, and the glens are fair as some Arcadian dell, all shadow, coolness, and the rush of streams, save where the sprinkled blaze of noonday falls; or in autumn, when the wooded hills are all ablaze with

gorgeous color, the ripe corn, red apples, and yellow pumpkins in the meadows tell of the fruitful soil, and the Buffalo sweeps more solemnly in its course toward the Ohio and Mississippi, and on to the Gulf—whenever the ride is taken the traveler is filled with admiration and delight at the picturesque, varied and charming landscapes that greet and delight the eye at every point of view. Scarcely less memorable is the ride from Wheeling up the old National Road and over the hills by way of West Liberty.

Bethany village is not different from the ordinary little town among the hills, whose inhabitants use soft coal, and are quite content with the ways of their fathers. Its main street runs east and west from the foot of the college hill to the creek about half a mile in distance. The Buffalo winds round one side of the bridge, and one street on the south side of the town runs parallel with Main street along the creek, and another on the north side skirts the base of Pendleton Heights. Four streets cross these at right angles, and cottages are built at intervals, with ample grounds. Crossing the Buffalo at the foot of Main street, the road runs to the old mansion so long the home of Alexander Campbell, and on toward Washington, Pa. Bethany has always been the same. There is the same Buffalo, the same everlasting hills, the same stately pile of buildings, the same consecrated teachers and plodding students and kindly townspeople, the same college spirit to welcome the old student whenever he comes. It does not change with the centuries. The song seems to fit it well,

“On the banks of the old Buffalo, my boys,
Where old Bethany evermore shall stand;
For has she not stood since the days of the flood
On the banks of the old Buffalo?”

Who may measure the power of natural surroundings in the shaping of character? There is a religion in nature, a voice of the great Spirit, that speaks to man in earth and air and sky, and there are teachers in forests and brooks and hills that must be taken into account when summing up the educational influences that have entered into any life. The physical features of the earth have fixed the history of whole nations. Contrast the Swiss among their beloved Alps, with the Dutch in their homes, snatched from the angry sea; the Laps among their snows, with the South Sea Islanders in the eternal glow of tropical suns. “The air is full of sounds,” says Emerson, “the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.” What a distinction between the student trained in a city school, and one educated in such an atmosphere as that of Bethany! Change the circumstances of the men, and the men are changed. Had Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison been born in Savannah, with an inheritance of one hundred slaves apiece, and Robert Toombs and Alexander Stephens, grown up under the shadow of Bunker Hill, who would have been the abolitionists, and who the advocates of slavery? Had Alexander Campbell established his institution in New York, or in Cincinnati, instead of the little Virginia town on the Buffalo, what would have been the result upon the spirit and success of his religious movement?

However obscure and insignificant may seem this modest little town, which has no place upon the map, it has been a center of great things. It is safe to say that Alexander Campbell's work among the hills of Brooke County, W. Va., will ultimately receive the grateful acknowledgments of the world. Strange it seems, indeed, that from so quiet a corner an influence should go forth that to-day touches the religious life of the whole nation; but out of a street riot in Boston grew the nation's political freedom, and trivial instances have many times in history been pregnant with momentous consequences. Bethany was the home of a man with an idea. The little country printing-press of the great reformer caught up between its teeth his masterful thoughts, and its leaves were thickly sown to all the four winds of heaven. He had a message and proclaimed it. He was a sort of John the Baptist, preparing the way for a united Christendom, a voice crying in the wilderness of sectarian confusion and division. The world heard, and the voice has been multiplied a thousand-fold, until to-day it resounds from sea to sea. The debt our twentieth century Christianity owes to the movement, begun thus unpretentiously and obscurely, can never be estimated.

It was not the gigantic figure of Campbell alone, however, that made Bethany, nor his modest press that shook the world of religious thought. The college founded by him, and the multiplication of that single voice by a thousand voices, pleading the return of God's people to the ancient and apostolic order of things, have moved society as no single person, however great, could move it. Evangelists,

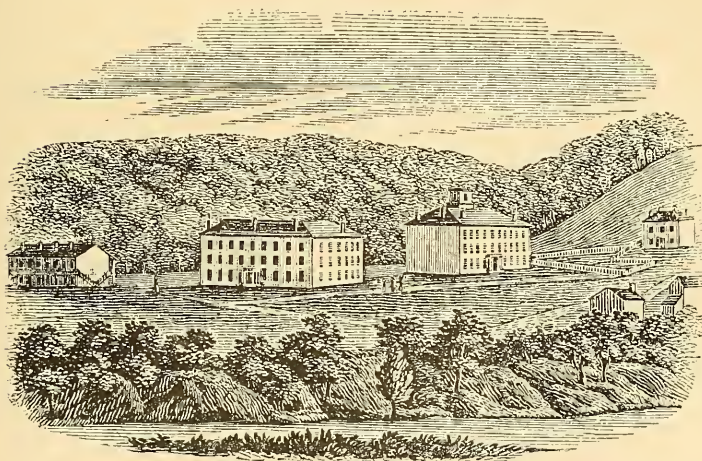
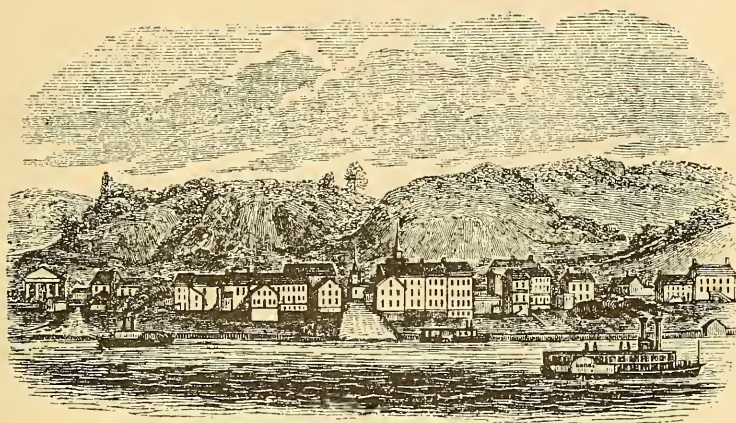
apostles, missionaries and teachers have gone out from this fountain-head, establishing churches and missions and schools and colleges, and printing-presses, and these in turn have become centers of light and leading, molding the thought, and moving the lives of hundreds of thousands. Eliminate Bethany from the history and work of the movement of Mr. Campbell, and what would it be? How the streams would narrow and dry up! The great and good man to whom, more than to any other in the wonderful nineteenth century, where God placed him, the whole world of Christendom owes a debt, was far-sighted when he laid the foundations of an institution of learning among the Virginia hills. He knew how mightily it would increase the power of his plea. He was not mistaken.

And in all the great work of this school of the prophets, W. K. Pendleton's genius was felt from the beginning. His accurate scholarship, his clear and logical thinking, his polished oratory, his grace and elegance as a writer, his gifts as a teacher and administrator, his character as an ideal gentleman and Christian, have left an impress upon Bethany and Bethany's sons which must endure for all time. Of all its history and of all its product, he might say, as Virgil makes Æneas say to Dido of the Siege of Troy: "*Et quorum pars magna fui.*"

CHAPTER VI

FIRST THINGS

THE history of an educational institution presents a fascinating page. Take Oxford or Cambridge in England, Harvard or William and Mary in America. The story of one of these institutions is largely the story of the land in which it has lived. Cambridge, for example, began with four monks teaching sciences in a hired barn to such as came to learn. There are now thirty-two colleges, with thousands of students, and its oldest college, Peterhouse, celebrated its sixth hundredth anniversary in 1884. There is little doubt that students resorted to the banks of the Cam as early as the seventh century, for St. Augustine founded schools, or places of retirement and leisure for study, as indicated by the word *scholæ*, leisure, at a very early period at York and Canterbury. So, from the beginning of the English speaking race, this great center of educational spirit and power has molded English thought and purpose. In the early times the colleges were more like modern schools, and the students were mainly boys. In the chambers the masters and seniors had "standing beds," under which the "trundle beds" of the undergraduates were pushed for the day. Students were required to converse in Hebrew, Latin and Greek. As early as five in the morning they assembled in chapel, heard lectures at six, and at seven in the evening in the col-



WELLSBURG AND BETHANY IN THE 40's.

lege hall, in the presence of all the students, punishment was administered for all offenses—and their number in the good old days was legion—the punishment being applied with sticks, sacredly kept for the purpose. Chaucer, Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Bentley, Dryden, Coke, Barrow, Byron, Porson, Macaulay, Milton, Tennyson, Lightfoot, Thackeray, Ben Jonson, Jeremy Taylor, Wilberforce, Wordsworth, Rowland Hill, Lord Palmerston, William Pitt and Oliver Cromwell are a few of the illustrious names of Cambridge men. Cambridge has graduated the great poets; Oxford, the great statesmen of England, though the last three named were all alumni of Cambridge. Such has been the influence of this great school in the insignificant agricultural town on the banks of the Cam, a stream by no means equal to the classic Buffalo.

In like manner, William and Mary, the second oldest institution in the United States, in the obscure little village of Williamsburg, Va., exerted a vast influence in laying the foundation and in the building up of this nation. Forth from its halls went signers of the Declaration of Independence, Presidents, Justices of the Supreme Court, Diplomats, Senators and Representatives. George Washington was its Chancellor, and such men as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, Chief Justice Marshall, Peyton Randolph, John Randolph of Roanoke, and Winfield Scott were among its alumni. "What course is taken about instructing the people within your government in the Christian religion, and what provision is there made for the paying of your ministry?" was the question put to Sir William

Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, by the Lords' Commissioners of the Foreign Plantations in 1670. "The same course," answered the sturdy old Royalist, "that is taken in England out of the towns—every man according to his ability instructing his children. We have forty-eight parishes, and our ministry are well paid, and by my consent should be better if they would pray oftener and preach less. But of all other commodities so of this. The worst are sent us, and we had few that we could boast of since the persecution in Cromwell's tyranny drove divers worthy men hither. But I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against best government. God keep us from both."

However, the Virginians persevered until they got the "colledge." The charter was granted 1693, the only American college that ever received its charter from the crown under seal of the Privy Council, and the only college, English or American, that ever received a grant of arms from the Herald's College. "For promoting the study of true philosophy, languages and other good arts and sciences," the charter read, "and for propagating the pure gospel of Christ, our only Mediator, to the praise and honor of Almighty God." It had six professors and an average of sixty students; a school of divinity, one of philosophy, which included mathematics, a grammar school for instruction in ancient languages, and an Indian school. It was established in a little inland town which, at its best days, never had over

two hundred houses. But what did it give the nation? Four signers of the Declaration of Independence, Harrison, Braxton, Nelson and Wythe; three Presidents, Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler; seven cabinet officers, fifteen United States Senators, twenty members of Congress, seventeen Governors of States, the president of the first Congress, and the man who drafted the Constitution of the United States, thirty-seven judges, and among them the great Chief Justice, leaders in the army and navy, in colleges and schools, divines, lawyers, physicians—a great host. It is a noble chapter in the nation's life. Virginia has been called the Mother of States and of Presidents, but the college of William and Mary, the Alma Mater of Statesmen, is only another name for Virginia.

Bethany's beginnings were very modest. November, 1841, the institution entered upon its work. Twenty classes were formed, the first meeting at 6:30 in the morning, Mr. Campbell walking from his home three-quarters of a mile before daylight every morning to lecture on sacred history. He speaks of the students as diligent and orderly, one-third of them being professors of religion. The faculty at the opening announced a series of by-laws, some of which are interesting. "College hall shall be open every Lord's day morning for religious worship and instruction, to be performed by respectable ministers of various denominations. Pious young men preparing for the ministry in any of the religious denominations shall be permitted to attend college without charge of tuition. No student shall introduce, keep or use within the precincts of the

college, weapons or arms of any kind, or gun-powder, or keep a servant, horse or dog. No student shall permit any disturbing noises in his room, or introduce, keep or use any spirituous or vinous liquors, or any cards, dice or implements of gaming. Smoking cigars, or any other use of tobacco, is at all times strictly forbidden within the college precincts. The use of musical instruments is interdicted before dinner, after ten o'clock at night, and on Lord's days. The bells shall be rung every morning throughout the collegiate year at dawn. The students shall rise at this signal. The dress of the students shall be uniform and plain, a dark gray or black color, at a price not exceeding six dollars a yard. It is recommended by the trustees that Kentucky jeans be selected as the cloth for common wearing apparel. Punishments shall be reproof by a professor, or by the president, privately, or in the presence of the class, or of the whole school, rustication, dismissal, and expulsion. Rustication shall be a suspension of college privileges and removal from the precincts to some retired place for a term of not less than one nor more than four weeks. Dismissal shall be discharge and removal from the college and entire severance of all college rights and privileges for the session. Expulsion shall be the canceling of all college honors, rights and privileges forever. The steward is charged with responsibility for the cleanliness of the inn and grounds, and the practice of keeping or raising hogs within the precincts is forbidden. The steward shall not furnish luxurious fare to the students, but the fare shall be plentiful, plain, served neatly and well dressed, of

good and wholesome viands. He shall furnish one candle for every two students till bed hour; clean sheets and pillow-cases at least once a fortnight, and clean towels at least twice a week, and the clothes to be washed for each student shall not exceed nine pieces in winter and twelve in summer per week."

The president declares later, for the accomplishment of the purposes of the institution, three things of primary importance were sought: a "rural location; enlightened, energetic and moral professors, and youth as uncontaminated as the times would afford." He confesses some disappointment. "Some, it would seem, have either wholly mistaken the character of their sons," he writes, "or the character and intentions of our institution. They seem to have regarded it as a sort of penitentiary institution, to which youth of either doubtful or desperate character may be sent in the hope of reformation. We have already had some cases of severe discipline in our infant institution. Two have been recently expelled, some dismissed for the present session, and several rusticated for violation of its by-laws and ordinances." In July, 1842, Mr. Campbell announces subscriptions of \$17,688 toward the college, of which \$7,923 had been paid, and says: "It is but two years since the first brick was molded for the erection of Bethany College. During this time the college proper, four stories, 83 by 45, a steward's inn, 107 feet by 36 feet, four stories, have been completed, and one wing of a mansion house, 73 feet by 24 feet, two stories, will be completed by September 21st." Accommodations will be ready for 150 students by the opening of the next session.

Two literary societies have been formed. The buildings erected and furnished, together with those in progress, will cost \$23,000. Some changes are made in the Board of Trustees: John Mendel, John Atkinson, Basil Wells, Samuel Nuckols and Joseph Wasson being added, and it was resolved: "That W. K. Pendleton is hereby appointed bursar and collector of the tuition, boarding and matriculation fee of the students, and bursar of the private funds of the students," and is required to file a bond in the penalty of \$5,000, conditioned for the faithful performance of the duties of his said office.

The catalogue for the second session announces 156 matriculates, representing eleven States. Dr. Robert Richardson is appointed by the faculty to frame a device for the college seal, and submits his conclusions. "I have found some difficulty," he says, "in selecting emblems. Upon the whole I propose that a tripod be represented supporting the two volumes, Truth and Science; and upon these be placed a quiver of arrows and a bow with the motto above, '*Pharetram veritas, sed arcum scientia donat.*' The two volumes representing Truth and Science, in which divine power, wisdom and goodness are equally displayed, may fitly rest upon the tripod which indicates that they are divine oracles, and is also suitable because used by the ancients as an emblem of steadiness and constancy. It is a familiar and beautiful figure to represent Truth as employing arrows to pierce her enemies and extend her triumphs; but as arrows are useless without a bow, just as truths are without language to utter them, or science to guide them, Science may be truly said to

furnish the bow by which the arrows of truth are directed and impelled. The motto above will clearly explain the emblems, but should it be regarded as rendering the meaning too obvious, it may be omitted, simply placing in lieu of it upon the volumes respectively, '*Veritas et scientia.*' I should like to have a palm tree upon one side overshadowing the whole. The palm is the emblem of victory as well as of physical and mental vigor, and has also an etymological relation to the word Bethany, which by some is rendered 'the house of dates'—the fruit of the palm."

The college commencement, July 4, 1843, the second anniversary, is attended by fifteen hundred people. It begins with prayer and music at 9:30, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and the regular exercises "continued for five hours without intermission, in which time there were delivered seven speeches, among them a valedictory by the president, and a Latin and a Greek ode." The addresses are highly commended. The audience through the protracted session is described as "attentive and delighted." No degrees were conferred, but there were a few graduates in the different schools: Robert B. Beasley, Robert T. Bryan, John A. Dearborn, James S. Fall, Henry F. McKenney, William W. McKenney, James Clifton Stone, Samuel W. Clark, David King, Flavius J. Robinson, Robert D. Woods, W. H. C. Hagan, and H. J. Vivion. Messrs. Stone, Fall, Dearborn and William Ferrell received the degree of B. A. the following year, and constituted the first fruits of Bethany College. Philip S. Fall, of Kentucky, was at this sec-

ond anniversary added to the Board of Trustees, and "Joseph Bryant and his lady appointed patron and matron of the family mansion."

Mr. Campbell's address to this first graduating class is entitled "Valedictory Address to the Students of Bethany College." He emphasizes three points: First, there are no holidays in the School of Virtue. All her days are *holy* days, and there is no vacation in her school. Her sessions are not for months nor years, but for life. On her altars the fire forever burns. Her discipline must be habitual. Second, no man can excel in earth or heaven, in time or to eternity, without industry. Talent and industry are the two main pillars of all human greatness. A thousand become great and good by industry for one who is either great or good by genius or natural birth. There are no drones in Virtue's hive. Neither loungers nor loafers are found in the porticoes of literature, science or virtue. Industry, however, is not pre-eminently worthy of regard and cultivation because of its indispensability to the acquisition of learning, wealth or fame, but because no man can be strictly moral without it, or eminently honorable, useful and happy but in the continued practice of it. Third, remember, wherever you go, that you have been students of Bethany College. If not the first fruits, you are either the buds or blossoms of her future hope. She is struggling into life; and as she is ambitious to be distinguished not merely for her literary and scientific standing amongst the American colleges, but for her supreme regard to moral culture and moral eminence, you will be inspected with a jealous eye by her friends,

and also by her enemies, if any such she has. Honor her by your virtue.

Trustees and faculty were alike determined to raise a high moral standard for Bethany, and no less than thirteen students were dismissed during this second session, and nearly the same number proscribed from returning. Of the latter some were dealt with "for the simple sin of indolence and idleness." September 1, 1843, the college entered upon its third session under most favorable auspices.

The early history of Bethany is thus dwelt upon at some length to indicate the foundations upon which President Pendleton afterward built so faithfully. His great work was achieved here, and no sketch of him would be complete without some account of the beginnings of the school of learning over which he presided so long and with such marked ability. The man and the institution are inseparably associated.

CHAPTER VII

1840-1846

THIS is the period of Mr. Pendleton's first married life. He met Lavinia Campbell in Charlottesville when a student in the University in 1838, as she accompanied her father on his tours through Virginia that year. When a student he made his home with his aunt, Mrs. Lucy Pendleton Vowles. While fond of books he also took great pleasure in the society of young ladies, and was a general favorite. Lavinia Campbell was a young woman of rare personal beauty, charming manners and brilliant conversational gifts. Devoted to her father, she showed unusual skill in discussing Bible subjects and in defending the doctrinal positions held by Mr. Campbell. At the time of her visit to Charlottesville, Mr. Pendleton had been ill, and was, as yet, unable to leave the house. His friends among the students, dropping in to see him from time to time, brought glowing accounts of the beautiful Miss Campbell, and condoled with him on his enforced absence from the places where they had the privilege of meeting her. "Never mind," was his reply, "I shall soon be well, and I will cut you all out yet," which he did as soon as he entered the field. October 14, 1840, they were married. The marriage took place in the old family sitting room in the old part of the Bethany mansion—the room which afterwards became the sleeping room in

which Alexander Campbell died. Warwick Martin performed the ceremony. The bridal trip was to Cuckoo, Va.

From the time of his marriage Mr. Campbell earnestly and strongly urged Mr. Pendleton to join him in the founding of Bethany College. Before him, no doubt, was a brilliant career at the bar. Had he remained in Virginia and applied himself to his chosen profession he might have become one of the foremost men of the nation. With an aptness for statecraft and commanding ability as a leader, together with the noblest graces of the born and cultured gentleman, and the sagacity and caution of the most accomplished diplomat, he would have honored the Senate or graced the Court of St. James. Nor was he without a taste for politics. Fowler, the phrenologist, said to him on the occasion of a visit to his office in New York, "You are in politics?" "No," was the answer. "Well, it is pretty hard for you to keep out of it," was the comment. That he had at all times a keen interest in the public good is evident throughout his life, but although he did love the science of government and its practical workings, he never expressed a regret at his choice, nor is it likely that he ever indulged one. He entered the field of education and of religion, and to this calling bent all his energies.

Mrs. Pendleton was next to the youngest of Mr. Campbell's five daughters. Her father married the second time when she was ten years of age. The second Mrs. Campbell always spoke of her with warmest affection. Her remarkable intellectual and

physical endowments attracted equally men and women, old and young. Thoroughly in sympathy with her father's work, she accompanied him in his extended tours, and aided him in many ways. In person, she was a little above medium height. Her hair was dark chestnut, and worn, as was the fashion of that period, in long ringlets, falling straight to the neck on either side of the face. Her forehead was broad, the eyebrows delicately penciled, and eyes large and full of varying expression, in color a warm, soft gray; a clear brunette complexion. Her intellectual and spiritual graces, however, were her chief charms. When the young professor and his wife took up their abode at Bethany they occupied rooms in the old inn until the home was built on the hill. A daughter was born to them at the Bethany Mansion, September 2, 1841, and called Campbellina. This was the beloved Miss Cammie—the present gracious and gifted professor of modern languages in Bethany College. Mrs. Pendleton had the genius of home, of hospitality. She was thoroughly womanly. When the opportunities of wife and mother came these sufficed. A few of her letters, written when the child came into the home, are full of its baby history.

The Pendleton home was built in a wheat field now known as "Pendleton Heights." Originally the place was known as the "Hill of Flowers." Mr. Pendleton was very fond of flowers. In one of his letters to his mother after his wife's death, he says, "You see I have named my place after her, Mount Lavinium." His letters before this are dated simply Bethany. In a letter to his mother, May 18,

1848, he tells her he has a magnificent flower garden under way, fifty feet square, in which he has planted nearly a hundred varieties of flower seed. His love of nature was the rarest blending of an equal interest in the works of the Creator, both for that in them which appeals to our sense of the sublime or beautiful, and for their scientific aspect, that is, the laws under which they have their being. He could never encounter the smallest plant with which he did not already have an intimate acquaintance that he did not bring it to the house, and at the earliest moment of leisure analyze it, ever afterwards recognizing it as a familiar little friend known by name. Charles Darwin said toward the close of his life that he had devoted himself so exclusively to scientific investigations, to the neglect of all other possibilities of intellectual development in himself, that he had finally lost his capacity to read even the highest in literature. He could find absolutely no pleasure in Shakespeare. And he bewailed this pass to which he had come, and uttered a warning to other younger workers who might be tempted to drift toward such a desert shore. We would not claim for Mr. Pendleton the kind of knowledge that is alone possible from such consecration as Darwin's to investigation in one set of things; but that he knew his environment, geological, mineral, botanical, agricultural, etc., in a way that may properly be called thorough.

The Pendleton house was large in the beginning; square, with a wide hall through the center, and double parlors on the left of the front entrance. On the right was the sitting room. A cross hall divided

this sitting room from the family sleeping room. Near this room door was the landing of the stairway which led down to the basement, in which were dining room, kitchen, pantries, servant's room, laundry, etc. The dining room was very large, probably twenty feet square, two doors opening toward the college were of glass, and opened upon a broad flagstone area, from which at the south corner steps led up to the level of the yard. Often in early days the dining room was used as the family sitting room on winter evenings. It was the scene of many delightful social functions. From the beginning the Pendleton home was the center of a boundless welcoming of equally the home friends and strangers, and to the college student it was always a seat of wide-open hospitality. The stone area before the dining room was a delicious place on summer mornings. The house shaded it when the trees were not yet tall enough, and here the family gathered for the supreme delight of listening to the reading of some favorite book. To listen or read aloud was Mr. Pendleton's relaxation. Few visitors at the Pendleton house will ever forget this delightful feature of its entertainment. As these words are written, the voice of its accomplished host falls upon the ear, reading for the first time, Hale's "Man Without a Country." Mr. Pendleton read aloud with fine effect, and listened with magnetic appreciation to the reading of another. In this remote country place, shut out in a measure by the difficulty of reaching it from what is called the world, the means of entertaining the guests, of which the college attracted so many, was chiefly social reading,

and it is fair to say no one, even though he may have chanced to come with a good rampart of indifference to literature, ever left the Pendleton home after a short sojourn without having been aroused to genuine interest in some writer, to know whom is worth while. There was always some reading going on in that house. The audience came and went, but the book continued. Sometimes Mr. Pendleton would begin to read with a room full, and finish to an audience quite as large, but entirely different. One at a time they would rise and go out to attend to various matters; perhaps they would return, or perhaps others would take their places, but the reading went on. Only once in the memory of the family did they observe his patience ruffled at the liberties they took with him. It was not that they were not interested, but they looked upon the reading as men do on the sunshine and air—blessings so abundant they can afford to neglect them. This habit of reading, and of always reading the best books, was not only cultivated by Mr. Pendleton, but encouraged in others, and the children in his home remember with great pride when first permitted to sit up and listen to such works as *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.

Mr. Pendleton persuaded his wife to attend, with her father and sister Clarinda, the Rice debate in 1843. Margaret Campbell, afterward wife of John O. Ewing, also came with P. S. Fall from Nashville, where she was attending school. She was the first daughter of the second Mrs. Campbell. Mr. Campbell writes from Lexington, Kentucky, November 13, "Lavinia is very homesick. I think it

will be very hard for her to get along to the end of the debate. Clarinda is also homesick. I never saw such a set of homesick children as I have got." In a letter, December 18, of the same year, from Clarinda at Bethany to Margaret, returned to school in Nashville, she said at the close, "Mr. Pendleton left yesterday for Cincinnati to be gone three weeks. Some one was obliged to go down or the debate would never be published, and no one so suitable as Brother William could be found. Sister Lavinia is in great distress, of course, and I have come over to stay during his absence. She is now writing to him, although he only left yesterday."

Old students greatly admired Mrs. Pendleton for her beauty, vivacity, her kindness and winning manner, and speak of her with warm-hearted admiration. One of the first class recalls a habit of the young men at that time of carrying very slender canes which they handled most delicately, and she was asked what she thought of the practice. "I always think the cane indicates weakness, either of the body or the head," was her answer, and from that hour the canes disappeared. Mrs. Pendleton was a skilled horsewoman, graceful and fearless, and with one foot in the stirrup would leap without assistance into the saddle. She was fond of the Vandyke collar then in vogue, and wore a riding habit of dark green broadcloth with Vandyke collar of black velvet. Her temperament was sunny. She loved life. She had a taste for rich and pretty clothes, and warm colors. Mr. Pendleton's taste was like hers. Having an artist's eye for harmony in tints, he often did the shopping, and never se-

lected a color or combination of colors that was not becoming to the particular complexion that it was to be worn with. Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton went to Niagara in the summer of 1845, taking Campbellina with them. This place is the daughter's first distinct recollection. She can not recall her mother's personal appearance, though the tones of her voice seem to come to her when she remembers, as she can distinctly, her tender, loving words and caresses.

May 29, 1846, Mrs. Pendleton passed to the higher and eternal life. She died of a lingering form of consumption. Her health was delicate from the time of her marriage, but she had a bouyancy of spirit and equanimity of mind that kept her from seeming anything that is suggested by the word "invalid," until near the close of her life. Shortly before her death she said to her mother, as she sat by her bedside, drawing back her sleeve from her worn white arm, "Mother, did you ever think that I would come to this, and yet be resigned?" She had loved life, she had been too much a part of the joy of life for others not to have felt that it was worth clinging to; but on the other hand, the glory and beauty and love of the life eternal had been as real to her vision as to that of her father, and in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace she rested.

Mr. Campbell writes this brief obituary in the June Harbinger: "Lavinia, wife of Professor W. K. Pendleton, and fourth daughter of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, born at Bethany, Va., January 17, 1818, baptized in her eleventh year, and mar-

ried in her twenty-third, departed this life in the hope of a blissful immortality on the 29th of May last, in her twenty-ninth year. She, in common with her deceased sisters, inherited from an excellent mother a highly intellectual and moral, though a very delicate physical, constitution. Being much and long afflicted, her mind and Christian experience were greatly enlarged. She attained a ripeness of faith, and a fullness of experience to which few of her years attain. With great patience and resignation she waited for the hour of her release, which she met with great composure and a joyful acquiescence. She has left a devoted husband and only daughter and many relations and friends to sympathize with each other in their common bereavement, but to rejoice that while to them her death has been a temporary loss, to her it has been an everlasting gain."

A touching tribute also appears in the August issue of the Harbinger, signed W. K. P., under the caption "The Dead Sometimes Speak to the Living." "Our kind readers," he writes, "will excuse the intermission in our labors, which, for the last month, we have taken, and forgive me if while borne down by the heaviest of all earthly afflictions I have not been able to do my duty. The hand of the Lord has indeed been heavy upon me, and death has despoiled me of a 'husband's crown.' 'Twere useless to tell others what she was to me, or in this paragraph to linger over the loved worth that to me seemed perfection. Yet I could wish that all who, as she was, may be wife or mother, could know her life that they might imitate her example. . . .

“This is a valuable lesson, and right dearly have I learned it. Little did I think how much I needed it. We fancy ourselves too often ready to submit to the will of our God when we are not. 'Tis only when the strongest ties of the soul are rent, and the heart is left bleeding and desolate—too much torn to feel the promises of hope or too much disconcerted to have them—when in an unexpected moment we are made to halt upon the unguarded castle of the mind and feel its foundation tremble, that we can realize what it is to bend our will to His, and merge in the calm resignation of contented faith, the more turbulent passions of aspiring hope. It is the lot of all, perhaps, at some period in life to experience this trial, and to me that period is past. The strongest hopes of my life have been swept from me, and if, in the first experience of the bitter privation, the feeling of regret got the better of my sense of duty, I trust it is so no more. She is gone, and with her the fond hopes that were bound up in her life; but as a guardian angel we still may commune with her and love her, rejoice that her doom is over, and be happy in the faith that her pure spirit is in a more congenial sphere.

“We have long since learned to condemn the extravagant eulogies heaped upon the dead; and will not, therefore, trust ourselves to speak of one to whose faults, if she had any, we were always so blind, and whose virtues, if we would, we could not find adequate words to praise. Still, if Paul could array before the Hebrews the bright retinue of those who all died in the faith, and recall their example for the imitation of the living, it could not be otherwise

than useful for those she has left behind her, professing the same hope which animated her, even when the dew of the grave was damp on her brow, to tell them some of the triumphs of her faith, and show them how the lessons of the father and the mother, given from the good text book of God, taught her both to feel and to act as well in life as in death. But this again, is no privilege to me. I should be too partial a witness, and the really too feeble power of any language I could command would seem the natural, but strained and extravagant effort of a bereaved heart. In the memory of her friends then, numerous and dear as ever cherished affection, let her virtues live. In Jesus she hid all her fear and covered all her unworthiness before God, and from Him shall she receive the reward of her untrembling faith."

On a simple slab over her remains in the Campbell burying ground are these words: "Beautiful in person, pure in heart, warm in her affections, ardent in her mind and ever ready to do good, her friends might well have prayed the good Lord to lend her a little longer to soothe and lighten the sorrows of earth; but He has taken her where there is fullness of joy, and though we raise this stone to her memory, we know she sleeps not here, but rejoices as an angel in the presence of God."



BETHANY CHURCH AND CAMPBELL'S STUDY.

CHAPTER VIII

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

At a meeting of the Trustees of Bethany August 13, 1845, it was resolved, "That for the ensuing year it is expedient that there should be added to the offices of the institution a Vice-Presidency—the duties of the incumbent of which shall be to aid the President in the general duties of a superintendent of the institution, and in his absence to attend to all such duties in person, without any additional salary." Whereupon Prof. Pendleton was appointed Vice-President for the ensuing year. This was the beginning of his long service as the immediate associate of President Campbell in his educational labors. Necessarily the President was absent from the college for extended periods often, in his preaching tours through the States, in his missionary services, holding his great debates, in meeting incessant demands upon him for lectures and addresses. At such times the responsibility of conducting the institution devolved upon Mr. Pendleton. He was filling the chair of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Intellectual Philosophy, Political Economy, Geology and Zoology, and would also share with the rest of the faculty in filling Mr. Campbell's place in teaching Sacred History, Moral Philosophy, Natural Religion and the Evidences of Christianity. His task was by no means an easy one. The college was largely attended and doing

splendid service, and its foundations, broad and deep and strong, were being laid for all coming time.

At the same meeting of the Trustees, Prof. Stewart resigned the chair of Mathematics, and James P. Mason was chosen to fill the vacancy. The session of this year registered 123 from fourteen States. In the number, respectability and general moral standing of the students, the institution was steadily advancing. At the fourth commencement, July 4, 1845, the B. A. degree was conferred on ten young men, among them William Baxter, Hiram Christopher and T. C. McKeever, and the honorary degree of A. M. on Prof. Mason. First and second honors are announced in the various schools and classes. Mr. Pendleton writes in the Harbinger: "The cause of education, like almost every other important cause, needs to be long and laboriously plead before its claims shall be fully appreciated or even partially listened to. It is to the Church and to the benevolence of individuals that we are indebted for almost every efficient provision we have for elevating and pressing forward the standard of education. Count up our colleges, and trace their origin, and in nine cases out of ten you will find some religious denomination has, either by legislation, enactment or otherwise, founded and sustained them. The prop and support of the whole fabric of education is the Church, not always as an organized representative body, acting by levies and contributions laid by synodical or associated action, but through its individual members, those pure and noble spirits whose generosity has been quickened by fire from the altar of eternal life, and whose consciousness of responsi-

bility has been enlarged by the apprehension of the gospel.

“To such Bethany College has made her appeals, and though occasionally receiving a helping hand from others, it has been mainly by such that she has been able to spring into life, and buffet successfully the winds and waves of four successive sessions. Without endowment, patronage, attractions of splendid edifices, or the allurements of a popular and much frequented location, she has resolutely stepped forth upon the theater of collegial emulation, and invited a trial of her powers and skill to be useful. With many difficulties to contend against—with poverty within and opposition from without—she has steadily held her course onward in the full confidence that in order to win she had but to deserve the patronage of the public. Nor in this has she been disappointed. The report of her friends everywhere is that the public are pleased, and its manifestations are seen in the growing number of matriculates. Still, she is not in all respects as she should be, and the same liberality which sustained her in infancy is looked to with confidence for the means of her future strength. It is believed that Bethany College has yet friends who feel it their duty to lend a helping hand to her whenever they shall be convinced of her ability to effect the great end of human improvement in accordance with a sound, rational and moral system, and that they have only been waiting till they could feel satisfied that a scheme so plausible and beautiful in theory could be made really efficient in practice; in other words, that the experiment of a college located in

the country, with no claims but those of literature and science to fascinate students, and based upon a system of the most rigid and uncompromising morality, could be sustained and supported in a community where the whims and caprices of the students are too often consulted by the parent more than his true interest, and the untaught and blinded judgment of boys taken as the rule and standard for the action of men. To all such we now with confidence appeal, and with the history of four years in our hands challenge their patronage."

He thinks "the most timid and cautious philanthropist can no longer doubt the ability of Bethany College to sustain herself." He speaks of the "unrequited and almost gratuitous labors of her faculty." He declares "suitable buildings, costly but necessary apparatus, and a large and well-selected library are essential to a great institution." He recites what Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois and other States have done—"In the true spirit of a broad philanthropy, looking to our capacities for good and not to our geographical or territorial position." He concludes: "We look with confidence for other expressions of public good will, and appeal to the patrons of education everywhere to allow Bethany College to be the humble, though faithful, agent in promoting the best ends of human life—a preparation thorough and perfect, in consonance and harmony with the genius and destiny of our race, of the sons or wards they may have to educate for the discharge of the duties soon to devolve upon them as citizens, responsible to society, and creatures amenable to God."

This was the first of many dignified and earnest

appeals in behalf of Bethany by this earnest lover of the great cause of education.

Mr. Campbell had announced during the previous year the total amount of subscriptions to the college as \$25,370, of which \$11,681 had been paid. Of this sum \$11,362 came from Virginia, \$10,499 from Kentucky, \$3,110 from Ohio, and smaller sums from different States; \$1,000 from Mr. Campbell himself. Three times this sum was all that was asked, and it was thought in a population of two hundred thousand, "possessed of just as much wealth as any other two hundred thousand professors in any denomination in the country—possessed of as much faith, piety and humanity, too," equal liberality should be expected. The number who had espoused the principles advocated by Mr. Campbell was estimated at this time as two hundred thousand.

In a report of the financial matters of the college the year after Mr. Pendleton was called to the Vice-Presidency, 1846, the whole amount subscribed to Bethany is \$39,574, on which \$24,154 had been collected. \$28,717 of this sum had been expended in the erection of buildings and improving the grounds of the college. Mr. Campbell is treasurer, and Mr. Pendleton Vice-President and bursar; 128 students are catalogued, and the session is recorded "as the most agreeable and prosperous yet experienced in our infant institution." The students are commended as "orderly, circumspect and industrious," and were assembled from fifteen States. There were sixteen graduates, among them Charles Louis Loos, of Ohio, who afterward was to become such a tower of strength to the college as well as to the general

cause of education and of foreign missions among the Disciples of Christ. Mr. Loos had as a subject "Civil and Religious Freedom." There was a salutatory address in the Greek language, and one also in Latin. Of the Greek oration, which was by James R. Saltonstall, of Illinois, we are told, "in the judgment of all who heard it and understood the language, it was the best delivered address in that language they had ever heard, both as respecting a distinct and forcible pronunciation, and a judiciously varied and corresponding action." Mr. Campbell speaks of all the addresses as "of a very respectable character, and a sound moral discrimination."

Up to this time Bethany had thirty-one graduates, and twenty-four had become professors of religion. The union of intellectual and moral education sought by its founders seemed to be realized. "There is not a college in Christendom known to us," says Mr. Campbell, "which gives the same attention to religious and moral instruction given here, and without any sectarian bias whatever. The Bible is an every-day classic, publicly read by every student in rotation, accompanied with lectures and examinations on sacred history, chronology, geography, ancient manners and customs, and the literature of the Bible with its bearing upon men as individuals and upon society in all its development and destiny. These subjects receive one hour's attention in six working days in every week."

About this time Mr. Pendleton was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia. It had become a chronic trouble with him. At the beginning of the vacation in '46 he went to Philadelphia to consult a

specialist, who advised him to try an ocean voyage. This he did, sailing from Halifax July 20th on the steamer "Britannia" for a brief respite from his labors among the scenes of old England. He gives only the story of his voyage, and later explains that, "while he had intended traveling with the readers of the Harbinger over the memorable scenes of his tour through Great Britain, Mr. Campbell would visit the same places under more favorable circumstances, and would not only look with more experienced eye, but sketch with more masterly hand," and he withdraws from a task which will be performed so much more acceptably. His study of the sea, however, is full of interest, and will seem as fresh to-day as when written by his gifted pen more than half a century ago.

Clarinda Campbell, and Mr. and Mrs. Semple, of Pittsburg, were his companions on this voyage, which was during the summer following his wife's death. They visited in England a number of the friends of Mr. Campbell, among them James Wallace, of Nottingham. When he went to the counting-house of Mr. Wallace, and handed him his letter of introduction, the latter leaped over his counter and took Mr. Pendleton in his arms. Their stay with that household was a most delightful one.

An incident occurred during this trip which he simply refers to in his printed account. Many have heard him relate the story of the ship's striking a rock and springing a leak. The leak was such that all the male passengers had to take turns at the pumps. The captain was panic-stricken, and completely lost his head. There was a young man on

board, a passenger, who had called down on himself a good deal of belittling criticism from many of the rest because of his rather self-satisfied air and apparent indolent indifference to his environment, and the fact of his being somewhat dandified in his personal adornment, but he proved that he had some seafaring training, and at once rose to the occasion. All signs of lethargy gone, he became the soul and system of the effort to save the passengers and crew. With surprising knowledge of nautical affairs and a skill of command over the excited crowd, helpless with terror, which was thoroughly out of keeping with his previous bearing, he was of great assistance in bringing order out of confusion. This was at 3:30 in the afternoon, July 18th, off Halifax. The ship was repaired at Halifax, but many of the passengers were too frightened to trust her again, and took other routes. There can be little doubt in this emergency that Mr. Pendleton proved an able second to the young man's efforts to get control of the terrified company. When in New York, and the original O. S. Fowler was in the height of his fame, Mr. Pendleton stepped into his office, and one of the observations he made was, "If you were on a ship in a storm, you'd want to be at the helm."

CHAPTER IX

OCEAN VOYAGE

EVERY traveller it seems is expected to tell something of the sights he has seen—to keep a journal or diary and note down, with chronological accuracy, the happening of every event, whether commonplace or strange, which may transpire on his way. The time one rises, breakfasts, dines, sups, and retires, are all matters of moment, and the tourist who has not regularly tabulated these topics is scarcely a traveller, is ignorant of the true threads of discourse and gives irrefutable evidence that he has not studied the canons of the good and erudite Dr. Kitchiner. But we humbly trust we may not be tried by so time-serving a rule. Indeed, the sick have a right to claim exemption from regular duty, and for some half dozen days after we loosed cable at Halifax, who can deny that we were in a condition peculiarly and emphatically sick. The busy tools of seven or eight carpenters, in the course of twenty-four hours, had repaired the damage of the *Britannia* occasioned by the accident before alluded to, and on the morning of the 20th of July, we found ourselves making to sea most gallantly. Gradually, and one by one sunk the blue hills in our horizon, top after top going down as beneath another flood, till we stood in the midst of the mighty waters, a solitary speck upon the great expanse. Far as the eye could reach the white

caps were curling, and even beyond our horizon imagination would stretch out their circles till it was lost in the depths of the infinite space, and finding no resting place, returned, as the dove, to its little ark to await the dawn of another day, when verdure which may never fade shall spring, and new heavens and a new earth open fountains of contemplation and thought from which we may drink to fulness forever.

On, on we glided, farther and farther into the heaving ocean, gazing into its beautiful green depths, and watching the white spray as it played its dallying eddies about us, when lo! in an instant, round—round go the vessel, the sea, the heavens—everything above, around, beneath, whirling, and bowing, and dancing like the personæ of an opera;—companions turn pale, then blue, then green—bowsprit bows to ocean, mizzen mast courtesies to the sky, and the very vessel seems sinking into the bosom of the waters, till, O misery! up comes, heaving and whooping, the genius of the change, and staggering and retching, clinging here to a railing and there to a rope, we tumble on to our berth, and plunging head foremost into bed, hug the phantom of despair and give up forever. Ah, but this sickness! who that has ever had real, genuine, unsophisticated sea-sickness, will shrink to grapple with tartar emetic or presume to call *lobelia inflata* deadly! The bursting of boilers, the howling of storms, the portentous visions of a watery grave, all are thoughts of consolation and relief; yea, pitching overboard comes as the prescription of an anodyne, in the dull, dreadful, death-like despair of this direst dose.

But extremes work their own cure, and so with the over-dose of this never-to-be-forgotten prescription. We cannot tell the hour nor the day when, but so it was, we got better, got out of bed, got up on deck, and once more looked around us, a free-seeming denizen of the wave.

Our company consisted of a few over a hundred passengers, besides the crew, in all about eighty more, and though made up of strangers from almost every nation, we found much pleasant society among them. Along, were several ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one Lutheran, all of whom we found pleasant gentlemen and pious Christians. They were wending their way to the great World's Convention, or Evangelical Alliance, and some of them, I see, were conspicuous in the discussion of the slavery test proposed to be adopted by Elder Hinton, and seconded by Mr. Himes, the Millerite, of Boston. Garrison, too, the fanatical leader of the most ultra and disorganizing portion of the abolition agitators, was one among us, though scarcely one of us. He seemed to have no sympathy with anybody on board, but in gloomy retirement, meditated upon his schemes of revolution and chaos, as the only food adapted to the cormorant appetite of his depraved and misguided ambition. Our ministers, all, I believe, anti-slavery men, avoided him as unworthy the noble benevolence of emancipation, and it was not till near the end of our voyage that we had an opportunity of hearing from his own lips some of the absurd and infidel principles upon which his system is based. Insulting, dogmatical and coarse, he seems to have discarded the author-

ity of the Bible, except as a collection of apt adages with which to illustrate and enforce reason, the assumed basis of his fabric, and to have exalted nature (of the true definition of which he showed himself utterly ignorant) as the only true and rightful potentate of earth. The clergy, the mercenary and time-serving clergy, and the blood-thirsty, man-stealing, throat-cutting slaveholder, are the unwitting butts of his ferocious, not satire, but grimace, whilst union of every kind, political and domestic, is to be disrupted and torn, ground into powder and suspended in a rational solution, that the affinities of nature may have unresisted sway and the great elements of society recombine, according to his newly discovered law of political proportions. We looked keenly for the test by which we like to judge abolitionists, that is some evidence of a really kind and benevolent heart, but in vain. The very elements of his nature are gall and wormwood—and combined, as they are, with a scheming, but little and bigoted mind, they make him the most unfit of men to minister about the altar of benevolence, or co-operate in anything involving the high gifts of an exalted moral nature.

There is no place, perhaps, a more perfect platform of equality than aboard a steamship. All distinctions are merged into the common fare and mutual danger, and whilst, of course, kindred spirits will, out of fellow-feeling, group together and form little companies of greater intimacy, there is ever a free and unrestrained intercommunication between all. It is a little society, or rather a large family confined to the house for some two weeks or more,

composed not of brothers and sisters, but strangers and foreigners;—and as it might be difficult for so large a collection of human beings all of one ancestry, to sojourn so pent up so long without some disagreeable collision, it is not to be marvelled at, that in so mixed an assemblage, on some occasions national and sometimes personal prejudices and misunderstandings arise to break, at the same time, the monotony and peace of the voyage. Indeed, it is scarcely prudent to coop up in so small a compass for the period of a passage, men and women so diverse in their education, standing, and habits, and reduce them all at once to the common level which necessarily obtains on board a steamship. Hence, we learn it is by no means uncommon to encounter not only the raging of the sea, but the fiercer fury of the human passion aroused to conflict and to strife. We were so fortunate, however, in our passage over, as to escape everything of so unpleasant a character, and though we were debarred the privilege of religious exercises on the Lord's day, by the instructions under which our captain professed to act, we enjoyed much in the society of Christian friends, and in meditating upon the magnificence and wonders of the mysterious deep. Especially do we remember the pious intercommunion we had with the most amiable and trustful Mrs. Semple, of Pittsburg, whose unfaltering faith was made known to us in her conduct when we struck, and whose piety was manifested in all she did.

But the Christian need never be alone. If he is a lover of nature—and every Christian is—he has

always about him silent but eloquent tongues, speaking in strains sweet as heavenly harmony of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, and lifting the spirit by their mysterious power to admire and praise the author of so much loveliness and beauty. What a store-house of blessings is the ocean!—No man can comprehend, much less count its purposes in the deep economy of our mundane system.—But we may admire even when we cannot explain, and enjoy the visible, external displays even of unsolved mysteries.

The monotony of a sea voyage, especially on board a steam ship, is nothing like equal to what one would likely anticipate. The company is so large, the variety of their character and disposition so multiplied, and the ever-recurring wonders of the deep so curious, that one is furnished with incessant objects for observation and reflection. The ocean itself, whether in calm or in storm, by night or day, teeming with her wonderful life or sleeping in tenantless solitude, is a study, beautiful, mysterious, and sublime enough for the highest occupation of either poet or philosopher. In the low, deep, and wailing moan of its sleeping but unresting bosom, we seem to hear the murmurings of imprisoned but unsubdued spirits, borne in the fierce shock of the tempest to her fathomless and remorseless abyss, and complaining that she doth torment them before their time; whilst in the mountain wave of her wrath, when she lifts her proud crest to the heavens and comes pouring along in the might of her strength, as if to sweep from her indignant bosom the presumptuous bark that but now floated

so softly upon it, we stand appalled at the fierce thunder of her anger, and feel ourselves humbled into nothingness, yet cheered by our confidence in Him "who stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of the waves, and the tumults of the people."

We were gliding silently over our way, when the sudden cry, "A whale! A whale!" called all eyes to the windward; and there in his native element was sporting leviathan—sometimes rolling his huge trunk more than half into sight and anon burying it again beneath the surface of the waves. Still we could track him by the torrent of water he would occasionally spout up perpendicularly for many feet in the heavens—and the huge, dark outline of his scaly back, just skimming the surface enough to be visible. This is the largest animal in nature, being sometimes found one hundred and sixty feet in length, and seventy or eighty in circumference. It is a valuable article of commerce, and both in the northern and southern seas hundreds of vessels are constantly braving all the inclemency of climate and dangers of the sea, in its capture. They are valuable for the train oil, spermaceti, and whalebone, which they yield in great quantities, and which contribute so much to the comforts and necessities of society. The demand for the two former, however, science is supplying by other means and from other sources; and since the good old times of our grandmothers, when rigid stays and expanded hoops were thought to give ease and grace to the form, even whalebone is in less requisition. It is curious to see, even in the grave acts of wise legislators a few centuries ago, how ignorant the

most learned were of natural history. Everybody now knows that whalebone is but the thin laminae or horny substance adhering to the upper jaw of the animal; yet Blackstone tells us, it was an old feudal law, that the tail of every whale belonged, as a perquisite, to the Queen, to furnish her Majesty's wardrobe with whalebone. To what extremes ignorance will lead us!

We saw but few whales during our voyage, but shoals of porpoises were frequent, and served, in no small degree, to relieve the solemn sameness of the rolling deep. Sometimes they seemed to be racing with our bounding steamer, and would roll and tumble their great bodies through the water, like so many immense hogs struggling with the waves for life, and keeping by our side for miles—again they would be seen for a few moments only, apparently crossing our path, or else avoiding our observation by diving beneath the surface and burying themselves deep in the waves. There is a beautiful evidence of design on the part of the great Creator, in the structure of this animal, as well as the whale, adapted to the habit of breathing on the surface, but of devouring their food under water. It is in the structure of the larynx, whereby a perfect communication may be kept up between the lungs and the mouth. In land animals, the upper part of the windpipe is kept closely shut by a valve, which closes tightly over its orifice whilst food is passing from the mouth to the stomach, thus preventing it from entering the lungs, and fulfilling the intention of making the same opening of the throat and mouth serve the double purpose of a conduit both for food

to the stomach and air to the lungs. But in the whale and the porpoise this arrangement would not answer, and accordingly we find that by a most simple and easy modification, the allwise Father has provided against the difficulty and adapted their structure to their necessities. Again, in the head of the porpoise, observes Lord Brougham, "we find its cavities capable of great distension, and such that he can fill them at pleasure with air or water, according as he would mount, float, or sink. By closing the blow-hole, he shuts out the water; by letting in the water, he can sink; by blowing from the lungs against the cavities, he can force out the water and fill the hollows with air, in order to rise. No one can doubt that such facts afford direct evidence of an apt contrivance toward a specific object; and adapted by some power thoroughly acquainted with the laws of hydrostatics, as well as perfect skill in workmanship."

Night, as well as day, has its wonders. It is then that the beautiful phenomenon of phosphorescence may be seen in all its brilliancy. Sometimes the cap of every wave, as it lifts its splashing crest aloft and sinks curling back to its bed, seems like a flashing beacon light, and the whole sea looks like a mighty encampment, sleeping in the midst of its flickering watchfires. The wake of the vessel glows like a sheet of burnished gold; and in the whirling eddies that play around the wheel-house, balls of light, larger and more brilliant than stars, radiate, burn, and go out, with a lustre, intensity, and rapidity of succession, beautiful as the meteors of autumn. The explanation of this phenomenon has occupied

the minds of our most acute philosophers, from Newton down; whilst it may be true, as Geo. Isaac has suggested, that many causes concur, there can be no question now, that it is mainly produced by the presence of animalculæ in the water. They have been observed in innumerable shoals, and may be seen by the naked eye, even when removed from the water. When violently agitated they give forth their light in greater brilliancy, and hence illumine more brightly those portions of the sea that are in greatest commotion.

It was on the morning of the 30th of July that the spires of Liverpool first came into view. We had been for more than twenty-four hours wading through the British Channel, with the rugged and dangerous coast of Ireland, for the most part, in view; and now we had entered the Mersey and were bearing fast upon the mother both of merchantmen and men-of-war. Wales had been left behind us on the right, and we were already almost in the bosom of England. The banks of the Mersey looked green and cheerful in the bright sun, with which we were almost miraculously favored, and the hand of cultivation and art showed itself everywhere in the beautiful embellishments of the coast. All our company were up on deck, arrayed in their best holiday suits, as if to be in keeping with the neatness and freshness ashore; and many, like ourselves, looking with the curiosity of a first sight upon everything connected with this our much heard of, but never before seen, mother. Small steamers were plying hither and thither, in every direction, crowded with living masses of human beings, and

dashing athwart each other's paths with a lightness and ease scarcely to be fancied, whilst all alongside and before us, stretched in one dense and leafless forest, lay the vessels of every clime and nation on earth, with their sails all motionless and furled, and their colors flapping lazily in the sleepy breeze that just lifted them from their fastenings. The deep and deafening tones of welcoming cannon thundered in our ears, trembled upon the wave, and then rolling back over the merry plains of England, were lost in the more cheering shouts of the multitudes around. Salute after salute, shout after shout, from shore to vessel and vessel to shore again, rose and died upon the air, till nearer and nearer familiar hands were clasping, long separated hearts embracing, and our vessel was in port.

Many of our company had acquaintances waiting to greet them, and those who had not, soon found entertainment in the officers of custom, who hung with greedy watchfulness upon portmanteaus, trunks, and what not, that might give cloak for a smuggle. Stript of all our earthly goods, save what we bore on our persons, we procured a cab and directed to drive to the Adelphi House, one of the finest hotels in England. We passed through an extensive part of this, the second city in Great Britain, and were much disappointed in the appearance presented. The houses were neither so tall (being generally only three low stories) nor so elegant as I had anticipated. They are mostly of brick, and from age as well as original coarseness, have a very dark, rough, and unfinished aspect. Everything looked old. Certainly the cities of England cannot

compare with those of the United States in neatness and elegance. Neither can this, in the case of Liverpool especially, be owing to its greater age. In the last half century it has quintupled its population, and of course erected a correspondent proportion of its buildings.

No city in the world, perhaps, has profited so much as Liverpool by the congenerous businesses of the slave trade and privateering. That most inhuman and brutal of occupations that ever ministered to the avarice of human fiends—the slave trade—was here carried on to an extent and systematic cruelty unequaled by any other port ever polluted by the traffic. In 1723 it began, and down to 1806, when it was abolished, for nearly one full century did she, with the eagerness of the bloodhound, prosecute the traffic; and when the hearts of England at length opened to the cry that enslaved thousands were sending up daily to their ears, and the general voice proclaimed it should no longer be, Liverpool had no less than one hundred and eleven vessels, with a tonnage of nearly twenty-six thousand, actually afloat upon the sea, either in pursuit or in possession of human cargo. The fruits of this barbarism are still enjoyed by many a living descendant, and much of the wealth and magnificence of the city may yet be traced back to the lucky adventures in this nefarious traffic. The population of Liverpool is about equal to that of New York; and, like most every other large and opulent city, she can boast of many magnificent public buildings, useful and well sustained literary establishments, some well conducted schools and

charitable institutions, many commodious churches, chapels and cemeteries—places of amusement, etc.—with a commerce amounting in the aggregate to perhaps two hundred millions of dollars per annum. The accomplished historian, Roscoe, author of the lives of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo X, was a native and citizen of Liverpool. But the greatest wonder of this city is found in her magnificent and almost limitless docks. No less than one hundred and ten acres of surface have been walled off from the river and are now occupied as docks for the safe reception of vessels, and present a quayspace of nearly seven and a fourth miles in length.

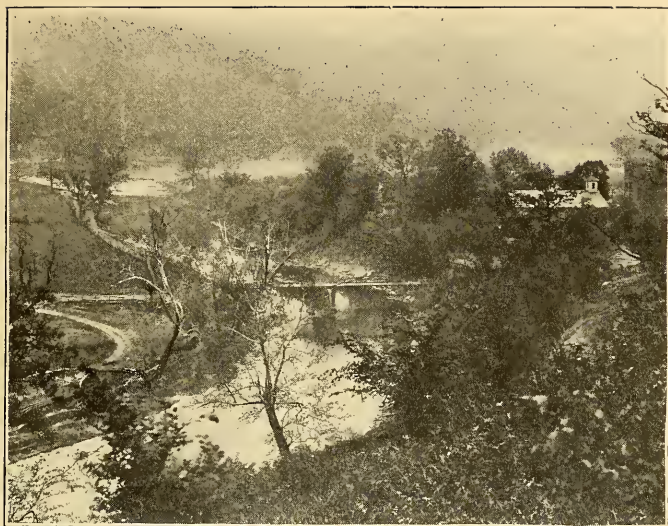
In the Adelphi House, as in every other public house in England, we found the arrangements all novel. One must bring his company with him, or else live in solitary and lonely seclusion. There is no common table or meal hour, or public parlor, in the best houses; but every party, whether of one or more, has its own suite of rooms, its own table, furnished at whatever hour and with whatever viands it may order, and keeps its own company. In this fashion, making a company of four, we ate our first dinner in England, cooked to our order, and served upon plate once the property of George III—no inappropriate compliment to heirs and lineal descendants of revolutionary fathers.

CHAPTER X

CALLED TO BE CO-EDITOR

WITH the issue for January, 1846, the title page of the Harbinger reads for the first time, "The Millennial Harbinger, conducted by A. Campbell and W. K. Pendleton." Thus the great reformer makes another move to associate more closely with himself his gifted son-in-law. Tokens of his confidence in Mr. Pendleton's ability are substantial and abundant at every step. Speaking of the future of the journal, and the increased responsibilities the cause of reform imposed, he says in the preface of this volume: "With reference to these, and especially to the perfecting of some new works on hand, we have enlarged this work and called in the aid of an assistant editor. We desire to give to the work something more of the character of a family magazine to interest and instruct the young members of our churches and the youth of those families into which we make our monthly visits. This province we shall principally assign to Brother W. K. Pendleton, Assistant Editor, who will no doubt combine the useful with the entertaining, and make the work peculiarly acceptable to the rising generation."

As is usual with knights of the quill on assuming an editorial tripod, Mr. Pendleton writes an "Address to the Readers of the Harbinger." He says for several years past it has been his high privilege to hold communion with the "Courteous Reader," but



VIEWS OF THE BUFFALO.

as a stranger who almost feared to be recognized, "and under the mantle of fictitious names." A change in the editorial relations of the Harbinger, and an enlargement of its volume, render it proper to lay aside the disguise he would even yet most willingly wear, and "throw off the covering of our weakness to which, more than the mantle of public charity, we have trusted hitherto for the hiding of our faults." He thinks co-laborers for good are never the censors of one another. "The benevolence which will pour its sympathies over the errors of an enemy and bend like a Niobe over the fallen and fated wreck of a strange humanity, will surely feel more tenderly and fraternally towards their fellow-soldier in their warfare for good, and rather than deride when he stumbles, or scoff should he fall, lift up their voice as in Rama and weep. Still, if in the faithful discharge of the part which has been assigned us there should be found any who shall deem it pleasurable to themselves or their readers rudely to find fault, or uncharitably to censure, we trust ever to be ready to meet them, not indeed with the vials of wrath or thunderbolts of war, but with a cupful of kindness and conversation seasoned with salt."

He discusses the conditions of society and the need of the gospel. All development that leads not men toward the kingdom of Christ is transient as the glow of the sunset. The true glory and dignity of man is in his connection with Christ. "When the king and the captain shall lie weltering by the side of the common soldier, and the grandees roll their rich purple and fine linen in the clotted gore

of their slaughtered hosts, the vulture and the eagle and the beast of prey shall know no difference in rank, and the jaws of Hades will open as greedy for the great and the proud as the slave and the serf. Their passwords of earthly honor will fail them here, and none but they who have been enrolled in the Lamb's book of life can triumph over death."

He proposes a series of papers on the earth, the World, and to unfold the true relation of the Christian to man, to society and to the world. First the earth, the physical creation on which we live, and from the earth by easy transition to pass into the world of its busy beings, and enter upon a cursory view of its many-tongued tribes who make up the mighty mass of its responsible agents. The idea is to make the paper more popular in style and matter, "a family instructor, not only in religion, but in general, useful, popular education." Then such topics as may render the Harbinger more interesting to the general reader, and combine with its heretofore more restricted religious aspect others which, though less important, are nevertheless of much utility and great general interest. Current ecclesiastical history of the day and, so far as they may have a moral or religious bearing, the more prominent changes which may be effected in the great political relations of the nations of the earth, will be legitimate subjects of notice. Much that is passing in the rapid development and widespread prevalence of the present reformation should also be noted and preserved. "Miscellaneous copy can never be anticipated in detail, and therefore can only be promised miscellaneously. The arts and sciences, however,

we may specify as particularly worthy of notice, as well perhaps as an occasional glance at the merits and demerits of such works as may come within the purview of our chart. All else must be anticipated on trust."

In conclusion, he promises the most unwavering faithfulness. "We shall do our best, and do it in all affection and all honesty—so that, come what may, we can be able to turn in upon ourselves without reproach and without remorse."

It will be seen our editor lays out for himself a wide field of service. In a sense the world is his parish, and it is the earth he is after. With so vast an horizon it is not likely he will ever be in the position of the country editor who was perplexed for a line and a half. It was during the dead season, and being much distressed for matter he ransacked every hole and corner for intelligence, and after having, as he thought, completed his task, he sat down to dinner—to such dinner as he had and with what appetite he might. In the middle of it he was interrupted by the entrance of his familiar, *alias* the devil, demanding more copy. "The vexing fellow! More copy! Why, have you put in the story of the tremendous mushroom found in Mrs. Jones' field?" "Yes, sir." "And the account of the prodigious apples gathered from Mr. Sims' tree?" "Yes, sir." "And about Mr. Thompson's kitten being suckled by a hedgehog?" "Yes, sir." "And Mr. Smith's dreadful accident with his one-horse shay as he passed down Holburn hill?" "Yes, sir." "And about the men who stole the corn out of the stacks in the farmyard?" "Yes, sir, it is all up, but there

is still a line and a half wanted." "Then add," said the editor, with the utmost dignity, "*that they most audaciously took and thrashed it out on the premises!*"

It is needless to say with what commendable industry and unvarying success Mr. Pendleton addressed himself to his task. For some time before the public announcement of his association with Mr. Campbell, he had been a regular contributor to the Harbinger, though under an assumed title. Few pens were ever more ready and graceful than his. Examples of the purest, clearest English are his frequent contributions to the pages of Mr. Campbell's monthly. Even his brief notices and comments on passing events are expressed in the same chaste and attractive style which characterizes his more extended and elaborate articles. His very penmanship had a peculiar charm. Correct, according to the most approved standard, its lines of beauty and character would at once delight the eye and indicate the man. There is a strange phrase connected with the art of the calligrapher found in all modern languages—"to write like an angel." Penmanship is not generally thought of as a celestial accomplishment, and this phrase had a very human origin. Among the Greeks was one Angelo Vergecio, whose beautiful calligraphy excited the admiration of the learned. He emigrated to France, and the French king, Francis I., had a Greek font cast modeled by his writing. His name became synonymous for beautiful penmanship, and gave birth to the proverb, "*To write like an angel.*"

Mr. Pendleton's writing might pass for copper-

plate, and was as clear and careful as his thinking. He wrote deliberately, and seldom changed a word. "I am intimately acquainted," says Disraeli, "with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired, among Scottish advocates, a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all the finished neatness which polished his verses, while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure." The last of these might represent Mr. Pendleton's autograph. He never used, as some men, a spider for an amanuensis, dipping his legs in an ink bottle, and then suffering him to crawl over the sheet. His manuscript was always neat and perfectly legible, and his thoughts expressed in the same elegant and painstaking manner. As a mine of pure gold, the pages of the Harbinger will reward any student who delights in Addisonian English as well as gospel truth.

The plan outlined in Mr. Pendleton's address to his readers is faithfully carried out. First, came the promised series on the World. One would think them rather heavy for popular reading, but the Harbinger is not a weekly religious newspaper; it is a monthly magazine. The first of his papers is on

Man, his history and classification, and he shows how physiological research has verified the teaching of prophecy; in the second he treats the variety and different languages of the earth; in the third the religions of the race are taken up under three heads, Idolatry, Judaism and Christianity. In addition to these essays, Mr. Pendleton has a number of less noteworthy compositions in this volume. One of these on Thanksgiving Days shows the attitude of the Church at that time toward "the comparatively modern fashion of secular government appointing great and national thanksgivings, and marshaling the Church, as though they were its head, in the solemn and imposing duty of returning gratitude to the Father of mercies for his continued and unwearied kindness to men." In view of the generally accepted theory of to-day the article is interesting reading.

It is not often that Mr. Pendleton ever indulges in illustrations, or yields to the temptation of storytelling, in his dignified and learned contributions to the Harbinger, but here he departs from his usual course. He discusses England's wars in India, and the awful destruction of the Sikhs in a recent battle at Suttlej, "and for this victory," he says, "Queen Victoria has ordered thanksgiving to be offered in all the English churches, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has been employed to compose a suitable prayer for the occasion. Now we doubt not the wisdom of the latter precaution, for we make no question but that it will take all the learning and fully as little as the piety of an archbishop to compose a prayer at all suitable for such an occasion.

Yea, we think it probable that the Archbishop himself will be a little like the old Scotch divine who, at the close of our Revolution, was called upon among others by the general order of King George to engage in the task of a thanksgiving sermon. Being very naturally at a loss to know for what the king wished him to give thanks, he sought his Majesty and inquired. 'Shall it be,' said he, 'that your Majesty has lost thirteen flourishing provinces?' 'No, no, mun; not for that!' 'Shall it be, then, that one hundred thousand of your Majesty's brave and faithful soldiers have fallen in battle?' No,, mun, no; not for that either!' 'Will your Majesty have us give thanks that the war has entailed upon our country a debt of one hundred millions of pounds?' 'Tut, tut, mun, no; for none of these things!' 'For what, then, may it please your Majesty, shall we give thanks?' 'Why,' said the king, 'give thanks, to be sure, that things are no worse with us!' "

In 1847 Mr. Pendleton has virtually the whole responsibility of the magazine. Mr. Campbell, from May to October, is in Europe, and writes his letters to his daughter Clarinda which form such a splendid feature of that and of the next volume. There are twenty-six of these communications, and they are full of interest, even at this late day. He crossed on the packet ship Siddons, and was more than three weeks making the journey to Liverpool.

The session is a very successful one in the history of the college. The whole amount subscribed to the institution to July 18, 1847, is given as forty thousand, nine hundred and seventy-nine dollars, of

which twenty-nine thousand and sixty-seven dollars had been collected. The degree of B. A. is conferred upon thirteen graduates, among them T. N. Arnold, Allen R. Benton and Robert Graham. The literary exercises are reported as highly creditable to the talents and rhetorical attainments of the speakers. Vice-President Pendleton, after a brief and eloquent baccalaureate, read to the graduating class a lengthy address of Mr. Campbell, written on shipboard, which covers twelve pages of the *Harbinger*—"the parting precepts of a mind richly stored with oracular lessons of wisdom and adorned with the well-won trophies of a life of lore." A scheme of scholarships, 2,500 in number, to be sold at fifty dollars each, is launched by the Board of Trustees in order to increase the funds of the institution, to sustain and retain a faculty competent to its moral government, and to impart in best style a thorough education in all the sciences and learning of the age, ancient and modern, that it may always stand in the front rank of American colleges. "Already," says Mr. Campbell, in announcing this plan, "more than half the United States have been represented in Bethany in a single year. Under the new arrangements we shall expect to have a collegiate congress of the whole United States. We shall expect to see the east and west, the north and south, mutually embracing each other, while acquiring learning and science, and cultivating amity, virtue and patriotism within the same walls."

What lofty ideals inspired this noble mind! What visions of a great future for this fountain of light, life and blessing, opened among the Virginia hills!

What a holy trust he has left to his brethren! What a monument it ought to be, reared in enduring and grateful affection, and preserved in generous and constant service to his revered memory! If one hundredth part of the people who have been enriched by the benefactions of his life and teaching were to bestow even a modest tribute in return in the endowment of the school of learning which was so precious in his sight, Bethany would to-day rank among the best sustained institutions in the land. The world is slow to remember its greatest benefactors, nor is it discriminating in the choice of its saints. Men have been canonized who should have been cannonaded, and men cannonaded who should have been canonized. The Lord will reward his own.

On the Harbinger Mr. Pendleton's work this year is increasingly effective. He contributes his articles on the World—dealing with religions, chiefly Buddhism and Mohammedism. He writes a series of very practical, kindly and scriptural papers on Discipline. His reference to Lloyd Garrison, in his account of his voyage across the Atlantic, has called forth a remonstrance from an "abolition friend in Ohio," and to this also he makes a vigorous reply, a charge of "infidelity" against Mr. Garrison being investigated. The scheme of scholarships for Bethany's endowment receives full attention from his pen, and he discusses the Baptism of the Holy Spirit with some correspondent. The sad death, by drowning, of Wyckliff Ewing Campbell, second son of Alexander Campbell, a boy of ten years, while swimming in the Buffalo with Henry Ewing and

Thomas M. Henley, two of Mr. Campbell's grandsons, is also recorded tenderly by him. Mr. Campbell's absence in Great Britain added to the peculiarly distressing circumstances that attended this affliction.

At this period of his life, Mr. Pendleton's growth is easily marked. The teacher is a more diligent and painstaking student than any of those under his instruction. He finds study indeed *Scientia scientiarum, omni melle dulcior, omni pane suavior, omni vino hilarior*. "If you devote your time to study," says Seneca, "you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others." To be an efficient teacher one must be an example of devotion to study as well as a thorough instructor in the things he would impart to others. Perhaps no man has lived in America more indefatigable in this respect than Dr. Charles Anthon, whose books were so well thought of at Bethany. Fourteen hours out of twenty-four he was working at his books, and writing, writing, writing. He thought nothing of turning out four classical books with copious notes in a year, and would throw in a drama and a classical dictionary for good measure. A pale, worn, thin, haggard anatomy, too fragile to cast a shadow, adorned with spectacles, and armed with scratch book? Oh, no; author and editor of works too numerous to mention, except in the catalogue of the Bodleian, Dr. Anthon was a hale, hearty, wholesome, thick-set, stout bachelor of forty, a frank, cheerful countenance, unwrinkled

brow and rubicund visage, as if, instead of musty folios, those joyous sisters, air and exercise, had been his lifetime companions. Consuming midnight oil? Oh, no; going to bed at nine and rising at two A. M. Rare sport of a winter's morning, the mercury at zero, with two alarm clocks in his dormitory, operating half an hour apart, so if one does not arouse him, the other shall; lighting his own fire, lamp trimmed and burning, studies and writes, and writes and studies, till breakfast, and then till the ringing of the grammar school bell that calls him to his professional duties.

Prof. Pendleton had this spirit. Study was his delight. He made one mistake. If the Columbia professor wrote too many books, the Bethany professor fell short of his opportunity in failing to give the results of his mature thinking and patient investigation to the care of the art preservative of all arts.

CHAPTER XI

1848-1851

AFTER the death of his first wife, Mr. Pendleton felt he could not stay in Bethany and carry on his work, and at the close of the college session he offered his resignation. This is embodied in the general report that he made, as was the custom on the part of the members of the faculty, and will give an idea of the scope of his work. It is dated July 3, 1846:

To the Honorable the Board of Trustees of Bethany College the undersigned respectfully reports:

That he has, during the collegiate year now past, conducted a class of about thirty students through the regular course of Natural Philosophy, embracing all the branches heretofore taught by him except Mechanics, which, together with Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, was assigned by your body at your last annual session to the Professor of Mathematics. The two latter departments, however, at the request of Prof. Mason, were retained by me and formed a part of the course of my instruction above alluded to.

In connection with this school, the undersigned would respectfully suggest the importance of providing the Professor with means for procuring additional apparatus.

The undersigned has also conducted a class through the several branches of political economy, moral science, and intellectual philosophy.

Under the new apportionment of duties adopted at your last meeting, the Professor was required to teach Zoology, and accordingly a very respectable class was formed, and, so far as practicable, in the absence of fossil and other specimens, was introduced to this useful and interesting study. The Board will pardon me for suggesting to them on this subject the absolute importance of providing means for procuring a cabinet of geolog-

Of the Guides of Life -
The Beautiful & the Sublime.

"How gentle are these, from thy birth through every life to guide thee;
Oh! happy when, united both, they stand to aid, & guide thee,
With gentle May, to cheer the path; the one comes blithely with beauty -
And light, leaning on her arm, the other and ~~the~~ duty.
With just and sweet discipline, she goes into the rock sublime,
When hells above the eternal sea, the thundering child of time.
The other here, meek and mute, and lowly, cackles there,
And here thou in her quiet arms among the peaceful sea.
Fear abroad the one alone! Fear not the gentle guide
Thy lover - nor unto the storm thy happiness confide!"

ical specimens. The class in Astronomy, also assigned to my care, has been conducted through the interesting treatise of Dr. Herschel, and assisted by such lectures and illustrations as were deemed useful to its progress and proficiency. In addition to these—the regular duties assigned to my chair, I have, in the office of Vice-President with which your body honored me for the year now past, attended, as far as my limited abilities enabled me, to the duties of the President during his absence. For the honor conferred on me by the Board in placing me in this most responsible position, I beg leave to take this the first opportunity which has presented itself of tendering them my earnest thanks, and at the same time confessing my conscious inability to fill as I could wish the expectations which must have led to my appointment.

In conclusion, I feel that I owe to the Board and to my fellow-professors an apology for some loss of time and a temporary relaxation of that energy in the prosecution of my labors which their example and your authority both claimed of me. The reason is known to you, and I doubt not the excuse already made. I could not help it. Candor perhaps requires that I should express to you the fear which I entertain of being able for some time to come to feel the same interest in my labors that I have heretofore felt, or to discharge them with equal profit to the interests of the institution and my fellow-professors. The common interest of the faculty gives each a claim upon the energetic co-operation of the others which even the afflictions of Providence cannot cancel, and it is but due to them and to your honorable body who are intrusted with the general welfare of the college, in the uncertainty which I feel concerning my own health and ability, to express to you, however reluctantly, my entire readiness to retire from my position and give place to another. I feel as deep an interest in the college as I am capable of feeling in anything of the kind, and nothing but a sense of justice to others influences me in the tender which I now respectfully make to you of my chair, to dispose of it as your wisdom may decide best.

Very respectfully,

W. K. PENDLETON,
Professor of Natural Philosophy.

His resignation was not accepted and he went on with his work. He lived alone. He gave himself

to his books and his pen. During this time his famous ghost story had its origin. It was on this wise: He was always a light sleeper, usually slept five hours, not more, at a time, then wake and read, and when he was older he dozed during the day—a moment at a time. During the period referred to he was very much occupied with his studies, and sat up very late at night. One night he heard a step on the landing outside his door, slowly and cautiously descending the stairs. His room opened on a landing, and opposite it was another room, seldom used. From these a dark stairway ran down between two walls. As he heard the step he went out upon the landing with a lamp. No one in sight. He listened—no sound. He tried the door opposite. It was locked. Then he went downstairs and examined the house—all securely closed. He went back to his room, and presently the step was heard again. He went out on the landing, but saw nothing, and concluded that his imagination was unduly aroused by late hours, and went to bed. After a few nights the sound occurred again. He listened, and again a slow, distinct step going down the stairs. He went out on the landing—nothing there, examined the house as before, and was satisfied that no one had entered it. After some time the sound occurred again, but when he went out there was nothing there. At intervals of days, perhaps, he would hear the step, and he made a study of it. He knew how many steps were in the flight of stairs (of course he did!) and he counted. The step went to the bottom, and then stopped. Since he could see nothing, he went out in the dark and stood listen-

ing silently on the landing. After some time, the steps began again. He followed, noiselessly, and waited, and heard them pass him in the darkness. He stretched out his arms and swept the walls with his hands, but they encountered nothing. But he did not relax his investigations. He had a scientific cast of mind, and had no superstitions, and finally he carried his searches to the little room opening on the landing, where some winter vegetables were stored, and there found the ghost. There was a pile of sweet potatoes rapidly diminishing. A mouse had gnawed a hole through the door large enough to allow the passage of a potato, and with the string end in his mouth he would jump from step to step, pulling the potato after him. At the appearance of a light, or any sound, he would crouch in the corner in the shadow of the steps, and he and his potatoes were overlooked by an observer who expected to see something more portentous. Mr. Pendleton knew how to tell this story.

In July, 1848, Mr. Pendleton married Clarinda, the last daughter of Alexander Campbell by his first marriage. Mrs. Lee, the gifted daughter of General William Nelson Pendleton, and author of his memoirs, says, "Early and repeated marriages was a Pendleton habit."

Clarinda Campbell, while younger, was as near as a twin sister to the former Mrs. Pendleton. She was universally admired for her amiability and loveliness. She was very different in her personality from her sister Lavinia, while having in common the refinement, love of literature, and the deeply religious nature which they shared.

In person she was a little below medium height, and had a well-rounded figure. Her hair was nearly black, the brows and lashes dark, and eyes of pure, deep blue; the skin was fair, and the cheeks usually showed a rich color. In disposition she was of a more quiet, sober, thoughtful habit than her sister. Like some sweet young woman described in stories of the early Methodists, it was a matter of conscience with her not to wear expensive clothing. Especially painful to her was the thought that she might be seen at church wearing something that some other there might wish and could not have. But there was nothing austere about her. In person she was exquisitely dainty. She was fond of the color called buff, and Mr. Pendleton liked to see her wear it, because it was becoming. In warm weather she wore it in lawns, and with a white lace shoulder cape that was then the fashion. Thus robed, with her shiny hair, the rose-bloom on her cheek and the love-light in her eyes, she had all the beauty and the sweetness of a lovely flower. Her life was one of thoughtful care for all within her reach, whether they were in need of food or raiment, or in any kind of sorrow. Persons who knew her, in speaking of her, touched upon her beauty, but left the subject quickly to dwell upon her loveliness of character, her angelic nearness to heaven. Her rule in the home was very firm, but the essence of tenderness. The little Campbellina, who by Lavinia Pendleton had been left to her sister Clarinda, until eight years of age, when her step-mother died, had never read any book but the Bible on Sunday. In the home Mr. Pendleton on Sunday afternoon often

read aloud, according to his habit, from religious literature. Both were fond of the sermons of Robert Hall, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie, and others. There was almost no magazine literature at the time. Mr. Pendleton was a subscriber to Blackwood, the Edinburgh Review, and the North British, Quarterly and Westminster, but these were tabooed on the Lord's day.

Sunday afternoon at Cuckoo was an animated time. There was a big dinner and a gracious hospitality after the manner of old Virginia. The married sons and their wives came from church to dine and spend the rest of the day. Usually the preacher was there, and other guests; "Dr. Joe" came over from the adjoining farm, and sometimes others of the large family connection; and when the clan gathered, and the abundant meal had been disposed of, the gentlemen seated themselves on the capacious porch, or grassy lawn under the locusts, with pipes and cigars and ample twists of home-made Louisa leaf, and too often, after some discussion of the sermon and services and personnel of the morning assembly, strictly secular conversation prevailed with the men, politics being given the predominant note. It is related of Mrs. Pendleton, when a guest at Cuckoo, how she would quietly slip away from this group and read the Bible in her room until time to join the rest when about to disperse for their homes. She shared her reading often with the child in a way which to her was in every sense delightful, taught her Bible stories, and helped her to memorize the Scriptures, and rarely ever needed the book in her hand to do this. In a letter when away

from home, she described a trip up the Ohio by boat with her father, in which she speaks of the weather as so cold that she had to leave her stateroom, and adds: "I took my Bible and seated myself before a good fire in a very comfortable rocking-chair, and read an hour or two, and then Brother Burnet came in and talked with me a long time. I read and talked to him and father all day."

The hospitality of the Pendleton home at this period, as well as under its first mistress, cannot be too strongly praised. It was Cuckoo transferred from the pines of Louisa to the banks of the Buffalo. Abundant and gracious it always was, a New Testament virtue, which was cultivated as assiduously as any other in the catalogue. Men and women who take into their counsels and fellowship such examples as Abraham and Lot, and the Shunamite woman, Mary and Martha, and Priscilla and Aquila, cannot fail to be imbued with this grace. God, who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works, is our great pattern. His sun shines and his rain falls on the evil as well as on the good. His very enemies share his bounty. He gives liberally to all men, and upbraids not. His Divine hospitality should keep all hearts from being selfish, parsimonious and inhospitable. The Pendleton home was a model in the exercise of this virtue, which has ever been one of the charms of all Bethany life.

Another of the domestic graces which was always illustrated in this home was kindness to the poor. Needy students and needy villagers alike have occasion to remember this in a thousand instances. In

modern as in ancient Bethany the Master's words apply, "The poor ye have always with you." Every man who enjoys God's bounty is commissioned to be almoner of that bounty. God is the giver, life is a partnership, humanity a brotherhood. No man understood this better than Mr. Pendleton. The weak, helpless, sick, suffering, unfortunate of every class, always found in him a benefactor. An incident illustrates, though oddly, Mr. Pendleton's place in the confidence of the poor. A man, a day laborer, whose weapons were the spade and mattock, honest and industrious, and who had a wife and several children, and had frequently worked for him, one day came to him in all seriousness and asked to sell himself to him. It was on the ground that he often had a hard time to make a living for himself and family, and that if Mr. Pendleton owned him, he could then know that he and they would always be taken care of in sickness or in health. He had come with a mind made up, after mature deliberation, and argued persistently a good while against the Professor's effort to show him that such a thing could not be.

The confidence and affection of the poor he always commanded. Soon after his last marriage his wife gave a children's party, and had a gift for all the children named for him. She found the woods full of them, and this before the gift was mentioned. At one house an old woman told her that she had named her son William after Mr. Pendleton, and as she did not know what the K stood for, she just took a good Bible name and called him "William Kamaliel"!

When the attempt was last made, in 1880, to set fire to the college, in which the incendiaries succeeded in burning the end which contained the society halls, a poor man in the village was suspected, and feeling against him ran so high that a warrant was issued for his arrest. He came to Mr. Pendleton—the President of the college—and asked him to go on his bond! And Mr. Pendleton did. The man was exonerated later. No man was ever consulted by more and different people, and upon more and different matters, and he had a patient hearing for every one, and went religiously into their affairs, as he did into everything he undertook.

The second Mrs. Pendleton had two children, William Campbell Pendleton, and an infant, Lavinia, who survived her but twelve days. This lovely spirit traveled out of the body January 10th, 1851. Mr. Campbell said of her: "So far as my recollections extend, she never merited nor received from me a frown or a reproof. From the day of her baptism to the day of her death she seemed to have but one supreme aim in all that she designed and in all that she undertook, and that was to honor her Redeemer in her station and relations in life, in the discharge of every personal and social duty." Samuel Church wrote of her: "She lived for heaven, and has gone there; she loved the Lord, and now enjoys him; she delighted in his worship here, and in the society of saints, and now unites with spirits of the just made perfect in their unceasing and rapturous ascriptions of praise to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb." James Wallace writes Mr. Pendleton from Nottingham, England,

of her beautiful character, her presence, manner, spirit and conversation, and the delight they had in her visit there. Mr. Pendleton's words are beautiful and inexpressibly tender. He feels that her father's Letters from Europe addressed to her in the Harbinger had made her widely known, and the public, with her large circle of personal friends, would wish to know of her, and, while shrinking from any obtrusion of his grief upon others, he would meet this desire. He quotes from Cicero on friendship that "no man who possesses a proper firmness of mind will suffer his misfortunes, how heavily soever they may press on his heart, to interrupt his duties of any kind," and declared he has sometimes felt almost forced to yield to the pressure of his afflictions.

"It is a blessed thing," he says, "to be born with a virtuous soul—a soul in harmony with all truth, attuned to all excellence, and in sympathy with everything that is beautiful, lovely and good. It moves through the world like a life-giving light, and throws its joy upon everything in its way. It loves the truth from an innate congeniality, and delights in goodness, because its nature is peace. It turns from the noisy haunts of human dissipation, and pauses in the hovel of want, over the bed of suffering, or by the side of affliction. Its tears refresh the arid wastes of despair, and paint a rainbow for hope. The accidents of fortune or of fame are alike indifferent to it. It looks beyond the form to the essence, and, in love only with the true and the good, finds in their immutability no disappointment. Stayed upon these, which change not, it is an house

built upon a rock—the storms may come and beat upon it, but it falls not. Such is a virtuous soul; such was Clarinda's. As such she lives in the admiration of her companions, in the gratitude of the afflicted, and in the imitation of all.

“Her filial feelings were so mingled with veneration that they assumed rather the form of piety than a mere natural affection. Few daughters have lived to her age of whom a father could truthfully say, ‘She never merited nor received from me a frown or a reproof.’ Her obedience sprang from admiration and love, and in it she was happy. The offices of duty under the warmth of her affection quickened into life, and became a delight and a joy. The youngest and last of five sisters, fair and lovely as herself, she strove to embalm their loveliness in her admiring heart, and out of its abundance were ever acted or uttered deeds or words graceful and gracious as they were benevolent and kind. Their examples seemed ever before her, pictured to the mind like present spirits, with whom she might commune through the sense of faith as with the living. And are they not around us, in our waking and sleeping thoughts, as the lightning in the cloud, moving and guiding it, yet invisible till the crash in which it mingles and is one? So she believed, and her faith became as knowledge, shaping the current of her life and sweetening its sorrows. Of her love for me it is scarcely fitting that I should speak. To say that it was single, true, deep, superior to all opinion, and pure as virtue's essence, would be saying much, yet how little towards the full expression of my heart's whole estimation! A love like hers can only

be understood by one who has enjoyed and lost it; it cannot be pictured in words. I knew its power—enjoyed its triumphs, but, alas, now no more save in memory! I must utter my gratitude and suffer my loss. God give me strength!

“Her religion was older than mine. She never knew the time when she did not feel herself a child of her father’s and her mother’s God. If it was not natural, it was her second and her stronger nature, ere she knew or thought or felt otherwise. No cloud of disbelief ever darkened her soul; no vacuum of unbelief ever opened it to the invasion of doubt, but, seeing all things through parental eyes, heaven and God and Christ were a reality to her faith before the meaning of the terms was half apprehended by her reason. From a child she knew the Scriptures; knew not only the words, but the things they symbolized, by a faith which actualized every precept and substantialized every hope. It has been my good fortune to know many pious Christians, but I have known none in whom there was more to satisfy the mind of the certain indwelling presence of the Spirit of God. It was seen in her countenance, heard in her conversation, and manifested in her good works, so that others, seeing her, were led to glorify God.

“I said her religion was older than mine. ’Twas more perennial, too, for her soul had not upon it the impress of early impiety as mine had; and thus, while the thoughts of other days would sometimes come luring across my mind, and old ambitions wake, as from slumber, to tempt me back to the world, before her vision there always beamed the

steady light of celestial scenes, and honors unfading in the heavens. Ought I not to acknowledge with gratitude the sustaining aid which her faith ever gave to mine?

“‘And pray, lest the stroke which has torn us apart,
From the faith of a Christian may sever my heart.’

“I may not prolong these grateful memories. It would be a pleasing theme for me to tell how,

“‘From infancy through childhood, up to youth,
And thence to prime of womanhood she pass’d—blest
With all the sweet and sacred ties of life:
The prayerful love of parents, pride of friends,
Prosperity and health and ease; the aids
Of learning, social converse with the good
And gifted, and her heart all lit with love
Like the rolling sea with living light;
Hopeful and generous and earnest; rich
In commune with high spirits, loving truth
And wisdom for their own divinest selves;
Conning the words of wisdom, heaven-inspired,
As on the soul, in pure, effectual ray,
The bright, transparent atoms, thought by thought,
Fall fixed forevermore; how thus her days
Through sunny noon, or mooned eve, or night,
Star-armed, shining through the deathless air,
All radiantly elapsed, in good or joy.’

“But I must pause, to feel she is no more! no more to me in time! to look upon her as now with another, whose love, with mine, she shared on earth, and still enjoys in heaven. They are gone—both of them gone from me—but that they feel an interest in me still, I will bind as a buckler round my faith, and cherish with my life.”

On the simple stone, now gray with time, which marks the last earthly resting place of this lovely Christian woman, are these words: “If it were not

that the praise of monuments is regarded as little more than the soothing flattery of friends, we would be wanting in words to express all that should justly be inscribed upon this stone; for there is no grace of person or of heart that she did not wear as a birth-right. But we need not engrave her praise here: in the gratitude of the poor whom she blessed; in the memory of the Christian friends—to whom she was a model; in the cherished affection of those whom, in the more intimate relation of sister, daughter, mother, wife, she cheered by her word and encouraged by her example,—in these is her memorial written and the treasure of her worth preserved.”

The death of Mr. Pendleton's wife was to him a sore experience. This sorrow, together with his unusual labors in connection with the college, seriously affected his health. He was taken ill and threatened with consumption. His case was given up as hopeless; he had several hemorrhages and was put to bed. His brother, Dr. Philip B. Pendleton, visited him. A consultation of physicians was held, and Dr. Phil was advised to tell him that they saw no hope of his recovery. Dr. Phil accordingly told him their conclusion, but also said he had observed, from all the doctors had told him of the history of the case, that he had been allowed to lie all the time upon one side, and he thought the symptoms which they regarded as indicating a fatal termination, were probably or possibly due to solidification of blood from this cause; that to get up and move about was the only chance for life—supposing his diagnosis to be correct—but that he considered the experiment by all means worth making. For

Mr. Pendleton to be told this from a source in which he had so much confidence, was for him to determine on making the effort, at whatever risk or pain. The first day he fainted from weakness. His most devoted friends and nurses protested against his course, but he persisted. Finally he got as far as his sleigh and took a ride. After a time he started south, went to New Orleans, and in the spring followed the strawberries northward by way of Cuckoo, to his home.

Mr. Pendleton's cure was accomplished by his own indomitable energy. His pluck saved him. Thousands, at such a time, give up and die. Will-power works wonders when all medicines fail. When Sunset Cox, the gifted Commoner, was ill in Washington with typhoid fever, he said the sight of a picture on the wall representing life-savers fighting breakers in a life-boat to rescue the crew of a wrecked vessel, helped him to pull through the crisis of the disease. The story of the two frogs, the optimist and pessimist amphibian, is well in point. They fall into the can of milk. The pessimist gives up at once and goes to the bottom, wrong side up. The optimist kicks and struggles for existence, and morning finds him safely landed on the print of new-made butter, which he has churned into form by his strenuous effort. This persistency all through Mr. Pendleton's life was a marked characteristic. Some have quoted, in reference to him, Cicero's phrase, "*Cum dignitate otium.*" He no doubt enjoyed such leisure, but never was there a more indefatigable worker. He had immense will power, and no man was more tenacious and determined when he

once set his mind on the accomplishment of any worthy object.

How wide the application of this thought! "An ounce of pluck," said Garfield, "is worth a pound of luck." "The elect," said Beecher, "are whosoever will; the non-elect are whosoever won't." Whatever you wish, that you are. Every man stamps his value on himself—is made great or little by his own will. The world always makes way for a man with a determined purpose in him. Resolution, determination, decision, are elements of character of the highest order. Where there is energy, there is life; where it is not, there is feebleness, helplessness, despondency, irremedial failure. Impossible is a blockhead's word. Fail is not good English. Determination to attain is often attainment itself. Stonewall Jackson, Lee's greatest lieutenant, was at West Point remarkable simply for indefatigable application, persistence, pluck. When a task was set him, he never left it until he mastered it. Again and again, when called upon to answer questions in recitation, he would reply, "I have not yet looked at it—been engaged in mastering the recitation of yesterday." The result was, he graduated seventeen in a class of seventy. In the whole class not a boy to whom Jackson, at the outset, was not inferior in knowledge and attainment; at the end of the race only sixteen ahead of him. He had outstripped fifty-three, and if the course had been five years instead of four, he would, no doubt, have distanced them all. It is the soul that has staying qualities that wins. Blessed is the man that gets up and keeps moving.

CHAPTER XII

FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION

THE most important event in the history of the Disciples, next to the founding of Bethany College, was the organization of the American Christian Missionary Society. This was in the city of Cincinnati, October 24th, 1849. Mr. Campbell was elected president. Mr. Pendleton attended this convention, was chosen one of the vice-presidents, and reported its proceedings for the Harbinger. "We met," he says, "not for the purpose of enacting ecclesiastical laws nor to interfere with the true and scriptural independence of the churches, but to consult about the best ways for giving efficiency to our power and to devise such methods of co-operation in the great work of converting and sanctifying the world as our combined counsels, under the guidance of Providence, might suggest and approve. More than one hundred and fifty names were enrolled, and nearly or quite as many churches were represented. It was an interesting occasion, and the spirit-felt earnestness, which pervaded the body during the long sessions of four successive days, showed that it was regarded as a solemn convocation on the great and sublime concerns of the Christian kingdom." The primary object, he says, was "to devise some scheme for a more effectual proclamation of the Gospel in destitute places, both at home and abroad."

Mr. Pendleton in his report gives the constitution

in full, which declares, "The object of the Society shall be to promote the spread of the Gospel in destitute places of our own and foreign lands." The plan of organization is with Life Directors, Life Members and Annual Delegates, the basis being one hundred dollars, twenty dollars, and ten dollars respectively. A President, twenty Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and Recording Secretary are provided for, twenty-five Managers, together with the Officers and Life Directors, constituting the Executive Board. This instrument was adopted amid great enthusiasm. "In a few minutes, when opportunity was given for persons to become members under the constitution," says Mr. Pendleton, "fifty-two were entered as Life Members and eleven as Life Directors, making \$2,140 subscribed in one evening by members of the Convention alone to this most benevolent and laudable enterprise."

While the constitution was under discussion, Mr. Pendleton offered this resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "Resolved: That the Missionary Society contemplated by this action be presented to the brethren as the chief object of importance among our benevolent enterprises." The Committee who reported the constitution were John O'Kane, J. T. Johnson, H. D. Palmer, Walter Scott, John T. Powell and Dr. L. L. Pinkerton. The instrument has twelve articles, and the name of the new organization was fixed as The American Christian Missionary Society.

The personnel of this important gathering was a distinguished one. Besides those already mentioned,

such names appear in the report as D. S. Burnet, T. M. Allen, Talbot Fanning, Dr. Daniel Hooke, Dr. E. Parinly, Francis Dungan, Richard Hawley, Dr. James T. Barclay, J. J. Moss, M. Mobley, William Rouzee, James Challen, Thurston Crane, James and Andrew Leslie, C. A. Gould, Samuel Church, R. L. Coleman, William Morton, P. S. Fall, Elijah Goodwin, Carroll Kendrick, L. H. Jamison, J. B. New, A. D. Fillmore, W. H. Hopson, C. L. Loos, George Campbell, R. C. Rice, Dr. John Shackleford—a glorious apostolic company.

A select Committee to report resolutions on matters of general importance to the church, was appointed as follows: D. S. Burnet, John Young, S. Ayers, H. D. Palmer, J. T. Johnson, C. Kendrick, W. K. Pendleton, Walter Scott, J. T. Barclay and John O'Kane. After a liberal use of the term "whereas," the report read: "Resolved: That we respectfully recommend to the churches the propriety of forming among themselves, State and District meetings to be held annually and quarterly, in such a way as may seem expedient; and that the churches in their primary assemblies, be requested to send to their annual meetings by their messengers the number of members in their respective congregations, with the names of the post-offices.

"Resolved: That we strongly recommend to the churches the duty and importance of organizing and establishing Sunday-schools in every congregation.

"Resolved: That a committee of five be appointed to make out and to publish a catalogue of such books as would be suitable for present use."

The Committee ordered in the last resolution, con-

sisted of D. S. Burnet, J. J. Moss, C. Kendrick, Walter Scott and W. K. Pendleton.

Having just returned, greatly fatigued, from his European tour and being sorely afflicted in the death of his son, Wyckliff, which occurred during his absence, Mr. Campbell was ill at the time the convention was organized and unable to be present. He sent for Mr. Pendleton and told him he wished him to go and represent him. Mr. Pendleton demurred, suggesting that other leaders in the movement would probably be little disposed to listen to one so much younger than themselves, and whom they would regard as so little entitled by his record, to be heard in their deliberations. Mr. Campbell insisted, expressing all confidence in his being able to convey his messages with all needed force to the convention. And so he went. This was how he became a charter member. He found many prepared to push some wild scheme or another, involving publications, etc., such as some already well-established organization might afford to carry on. He seems to have been the clear-headed, cool-headed one, to check the exuberant and speculative, and prove helpful on the side of the more practical; to have been the wise and careful one in counsel, and strong and safe in argument, favoring the adoption of feasible propositions.

It will be seen that Mr. Pendleton had an important part in this memorable assembly, which laid the foundations of all our organized missionary work. With this great purpose he was ever in most loyal accord. No man for half a century was more potent in the missionary councils of the brotherhood; no face and form more strikingly noted in the great

missionary conventions; no voice more ready and eloquent in appeal for this high and holy cause; no counsel more wise and wholesome, or more cheerfully heeded by his brethren; no hand more generous in giving. His presence in any missionary assembly was always felt to be a benediction.

The years from 1848 to 1851 were full of activity both in the College and on the editorial staff. In the *Harbinger* for '48, his first contribution is on "Christmas Day," in which he discusses the history and the rational method of observing this institution. He contributes every month his able series on "Discipline," in which he treats the whole matter of church organization, and church order and worship, from the New Testament standpoint. Time is taken also to write up the scheme of scholarships for Bethany. The annual commencement of the College is reported as unusually successful. An alumnus, with no sympathy "with unmeaning processions of militia," seeks "the rural retreats of Bethany College and the higher enjoyments of that rich, moral and intellectual feast always presented in its annual commencements." He speaks of the addresses as "elegant and chaste in composition, comprehensive and noble in thought, and breathing the loftiest strains of morality and religion." The original salutarities in Greek and Latin, he thinks, give high proof, both of the fine classic attainments of their authors and the thoroughness of instruction afforded by the College; and he cannot withhold the opinion that Bethany College is destined to rise still above its already high reputation; and as it becomes better known, be also more and more appreciated for

the combined excellencies of its location, discipline and instruction. No place could be more healthy or free from all demoralizing influences; no discipline could be more parental and efficient; and the course of instruction, scientific, literary, moral and religious, is without exception.

Alexander Procter is one of the twelve graduates in the class of '48, and delivers the valedictory. A chair of Sacred History as "A perpetual chair in this Seminary" is suggested, a movement set on foot to raise \$20,000 for its endowment, and Mr. Campbell urges it upon the attention of the friends of the institution.

Bethany's eighth session is also a very prosperous one and its graduates some of the most eminent men that have gone out from its halls. There were a hundred and twenty-nine students representing half of the States, and England, Scotland and Ireland, as well. Mr. Campbell thinks it an advantage to young men in their college course, to form acquaintance with their "juvenile contemporaries" from various sections of the country and "hand in hand to clamber up the steep of Mount Helicon, breathe its pure air, drink its sweet waters, and bathe in the pure fountains of the Muses: and side by side to visit the Acropolis, the capital of Attica, the Palatine Hill, the battlefields of Salamis, Platea, and Micala, pay homage to the Alexandrian Geometrician, to the Sages of Greece and Rome, and hie away to the Holy Land, the capital of Judah's kings, make their visits to Mount Sinai, and Mount Zion and listen to the Jewish lawgiver and the Oracles of the Christian King." "Boarding, wash-

ing, fire, candles, and education" are still listed at one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

This session, we first hear of the connection of Professor Loos with the faculty. The President says, "The Primary Department under the tuition of Mr. Loos, was well conducted the last year, and much instruction imparted, and well imparted, to the youth there." So far the subscriptions and donations to the College are \$41,634.68 and \$33,202.80 has been collected. The graduating class has but seven in it, but among them are J. H. Neville, J. D. Pickett, Charles Carleton, and Moses E. Lard. Mr. Neville delivers the Latin salutatory, and Mr. Lard, the valedictory address. "A Looker-On" who reports the commencement exercises says of the latter: "The valedictory, we think, was quite out of keeping with the title. The speaker, however, admonished his hearers, at the outset, that he should deviate from the hackneyed themes of such occasions, and accordingly treated his audience to no small amount of playful humor; and his fellow-students, from whom he was about to part, with many valuable suggestions upon the homely, but useful topics of obligation and duty." "Long may Bethany College live," concludes this writer, "to give the bow of science to truth and train the native genius of our country to wing its arrows against the hydra forms of error, ignorance and vice!"

As an illustration of the great kindness of Bethany's faculty to the large number of students that are poor in respect to worldly goods, the experience of the most noted graduate of this session may be mentioned. Moses E. Lard makes public acknowl-

edgment of the gratitude he feels to Mr. Campbell and others of his benefactors. "Four years and four months ago, strange, homeless, penniless and untaught, I landed a stranger at Bethany College. It was my fixed purpose, though encumbered with the responsibilities of a family, to qualify myself for more extended and enlightened usefulness. This object, the first and nearest to my heart, I wanted the means to accomplish." He tells of Mr. Campbell's letter which brought him to Bethany. "For which, and for the disinterested and cordial manner in which you have so often aided me when want bore heavy on me, I owe you feelings of gratitude which I have no power to express." He continues: "To my tried friends and brethren in Christ, W. K. Pendleton and J. O. Ewing, I am under the strongest obligations. Friends they proved themselves to me when I needed friends. They have untied their purse-strings and tendered me their gentlemanly aid at times and in ways of which I cannot think without the tear of grateful remembrance starting in my eye."

Again and again this story might be repeated, and no man is more affectionately and gratefully remembered by scores whose position was similar to that of Mr. Lard than W. K. Pendleton. Never was any man more considerate of the boy who came, green, awkward and plainly clad, unlettered and unkempt, to place himself under the care of this alma mater. In Mr. Pendleton he was certain to find sympathy and a helpful hand. This has always been true of Bethany's teachers and of all the mem-

bers of her faculty. It was pre-eminently so of her late honored and lamented President.

During this session of 1849, Mr. Pendleton continued his articles on "Discipline" in the Harbinger, furnishing one each month, and closing with the seventeenth paper. Some of his positions are questioned by J. H. Chinn, and he enters into a somewhat lengthy discussion with that brother. At the same time a practical case of discipline comes up in the Bethany church, involving W. F. M. Army and Alexander Hall, and incidentally Mr. Campbell himself, and the chief responsibility of its settlement devolves upon "W. K. Pendleton, an elder of the church at Bethany."

The year 1850 finds the Harbinger enlarging its circulation, not only in the United States, but in Great Britain and Australia, and W. K. Pendleton, R. Richardson and A. W. Campbell are its co-editors. Mr. Pendleton writes ably on many fruitful themes, the Genealogy of Christ, Destructionism, Rebaptism, Prayer, and seven more articles on Discipline. He discusses the question, "Is Satan yet alive?" This last is a playful skit. Jacob Creath, Jr., writes that in his travels he finds persons who doubt the existence of the devil, and says: "If you have heard of his death, or his annihilation, or of his disappearance from the dominions of God, please inform us through your periodical when and where the old gentleman died, and *where he is buried*. But if you have not heard of his death, please give us your reasons for believing he is still alive, and where he lives."

After referring to the views of Zadoc, the Saddu-

cees and Faustus Socinus, Mr. Pendleton says: "In speculating upon this subject and analyzing the syllogism of rational inference by which the non-existence of the devil is proved, a syllogism occurs to me by which I am strengthened in my conviction that this story has most likely originated with the devil himself. Nor do I think in laying down the premises I assume half as much as they do who would prove that there is not in fact now nor ever was any such being as Satan. The syllogism is this:

" 'The devil is the father of all lies;
The report that he does not exist is a lie;
Therefore the devil is the father of this report.'

"And this syllogism suggests to me an analogy drawn from natural history which renders my conclusion at least natural. It is drawn from the well-known artifice of the cat. When this cunning animal has exhausted every other expedient to catch the mice, and failed, it will feign to be dead, stretch itself at full length, relax its muscles, close its eyes and suppress its breathing, till even wiser ones than mice will be deceived. It gives forth thus that it is dead. The trembling and guilty little mice, eager to believe the story and anxious to gratify their predatory cravings, trip forth from their holes and, in full confidence that Tabby is dead, rush headlong across his very remains, and perish in the delusion. So we fear it will turn out in the case before us."

To an old Bethanyite nothing sounds more natural than this syllogism. If there was anything the President relished it was syllogism. What was endless bother to the neophyte in the school of logic was

meat and drink to him. Major premise, minor premise, middle term, monosyllogism, and polysyllogism, syllogisms, categorical and hypothetical, sorites, dilemma, fallacy—these to the befuddled youth might be torment and distraction, but they were “nuts” to the President. The old problem among the stoics, “When a man says ‘I lie,’ does he lie or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies,” might have caused Chrysippus the trouble of writing his six books and sent Philetus to his grave, but Mr. Pendleton reveled in it. Aristotle’s dilemma, in reply to Protagoras, who maintained that all is illusion, and that there is no such thing as truth, saying, “Your proposition is true or false; if it is false, then you are answered; if true, then there is something true, and your proposition fails,” was to him an endless delight. He could relish better than a dinner at Delmonico’s the discussion before King James at Cambridge, whether brutes had reason and could make syllogisms, and Mr. Preston’s argument for the affirmative, for which he got his annuity of fifty pounds a year: “A hound, when he comes to a place where three ways meet, tries one, and then another, but finding no scent, runs down the third with full cry, concluding that, as the hare had not taken either of the first two, she must necessarily have taken the third.”

The ninth commencement of Bethany College occurred July 4th, 1850. The catalogue presented a larger number of students than ever before—one hundred and forty. Among those receiving the B. A. degree were J. W. McGarvey and Thomas Mun-

uell, and among the M. A.'s was Charles L. Loos, of Wellsburg, West Virginia. Professor Mason resigned the chair of mathematics. G. F. Saltonstall, T. M. Allen, Daniel Monroe, Francis D. Dungan, William Morton, J. W. Parish, John Curd, William Hayden and S. B. Markle were added to the Board of Trustees. Among the curiosities of the session is this action of the Board: "Resolved, that a fine of five cents shall be exacted from every student for every time he is absent from class without a satisfactory excuse, and that said fine be appropriated to the purchase of premiums for merit on examination, and that each Professor shall collect the fines imposed on his class."

Mr. Pendleton's sorrow in the death of his second wife comes at the opening of the year 1851. His first article in the *Harbinger* is no doubt inspired by this affliction; it is on "The Life of Faith." He writes also on "Rebaptism," "Septenary Institutions and the Westminster Review," the "Jerusalem Mission," "The Two Comforters, Fido and Logos; or Faith and Reason," and the "Law of Liberty." There is also published an address by him on "Self-Culture," delivered in Wellsburg, Virginia, at the request of the Wellsburg Lyceum, covering some twenty pages in the *Harbinger*. The college this year has a hundred and forty-one students. George Plattenberg, Kirkland Baxter, A. G. Thomas and John C. New are some of the graduates. For Mr. Pendleton this year had its griefs and its labors.

CHAPTER XIII.

CRESCITE ET MULTIPLICAMINI.

From '52 to '56 Mr. Pendleton writes little for the Harbinger. In the year 1852 he seems never to have used his quill. His service to the College during this period is constant and the growth of the Institution marked. In addition to his duties as Vice-President and Professor, he has been filling the office of Bursar, until 1855, when he is made Treasurer to succeed Mr. Campbell. In '52, the Preparatory Department is abolished. At the annual commencement that year, J. C. Palmer, A. E. Myers, R. Faurot, J. T. T. Hundley, and A. Campbell, Jr., are among the twenty-four graduated, Mr. Palmer delivering the Latin salutatory, and Mr. Hundley the valedictory of the class. There were a hundred and fifty-one students. The annual Co-operation Meeting of the Churches in the District to which Brooke County belonged is held in October at Bethany, and W. K. Pendleton is made President. He is also appointed chairman of a Central Committee on Evangelizing.

In the volume of the Harbinger for '53, he is more active as co-editor, and contributes articles on "Nature and Spirit," and the question "What is a Good Conscience?" He is metaphysical and shows the influence of one of his favorite authors, Coleridge, "whose genius had thrown its sunlight ray into every deep and dark recess of the soul." In



FACULTY IN THE 50's.

the paper on "Conscience" after showing the ideas of immortality, of freewill, and of God are the most abiding realities of the spiritual universe, and the relations of reason, conscience and revelation, he closes with the words, "O how sacred the obligation resting upon us all to fill our souls with the light which cometh from above, and to meditate day and night on the law of the Lord—the only perfect standard of rectitude, that we may thus fit our hearts for the indwelling of the Spirit, who is the only Universal Guide into all truth! Preach the word, then, men of God!—Fill the minds and hearts of the people with the light and love of the Gospel, that thus they may have not only a good but a right conscience, and your own work, in the day of fiery trial, prove not hay nor stubble, but abide as the pure gold upon the everlasting foundation, which is Jesus Christ."

The work of the College is steadily growing. The scholarship scheme is abandoned. Mr. Campbell tells us it had not been seized with the avidity and forwardness that had been expected. It seemed to many to be rather cheapening a college education and likely at last to overcrowd the College. The endowment of chairs was a plan more practical and permanent in its advantages. Different states were invited to endow chairs to be named after them, as the Kentucky Chair of Sacred History, the Missouri Chair of Natural Philosophy, the Illinois Chair of Chemistry, the Indiana Chair of Ancient Languages, and the Virginia and Ohio Chair of Mathematics. These five Chairs, says Mr. Campbell, are the essentials of a college education in its more common

acceptation. As soon as these are endowed, a Chair of Oriental Literature, Hebrew and Chaldean, and one of French, German, Spanish and Italian, are to be established. There were fifteen graduates, Hanson Boring and W. S. Giltner being among them. The President feels again called upon to defend the location of the College, and for the first time we hear of a B. & O. R. R. "connecting us with Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia and New York," and the Pittsburg and Cleveland Railroad to Wellsville thirty miles away, a proposed road to Wellsburg, and the Hempfield and Wheeling road under construction. "Thus Bethany College is in a year or two to be surrounded with railroads—almost at the focus of Eastern and Western and Northern and Southern Railways." He would not be so explicit, he declares, "had not a very fluent brother in Kentucky, who frequently goes off at half cock, and when on foot and his imagination on wing, has visions and inspirations over which he has no control, as an inducement to concentrate the brotherhood of Kentucky, in behalf of Bacon College, in speaking of Bethany said that 'as for Bethany, it was out of the question—it was so out of the way that one could scarcely find it out, and that anyhow, its years were numbered with the years of my life.' "

"As to the perpetuity of Bethany College," declares Mr. Campbell, "it is dependent on no one man living, or to live hereafter."

With the opening of the year '54, Mr. Pendleton takes up his pen more vigorously. He discusses in the February Harbinger "A Right Conscience," and gives an account of the conversion of "Dr. P.

B. Mosblech, a protesting priest." This gentleman was by birth a German, educated at Mayence and Bonn and at one time Professor of Languages in the Royal College at Cologne. He came to America in 1850 and was priest for a German congregation at Wheeling. Some one put in his hand a copy of Mr. Campbell's "Christian System," in which he became greatly interested. Mr. Pendleton met him and invited him to Bethany, and after a short visit there, he renounced the Roman Catholic system, was baptized by Mr. Campbell and became Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in the College. Mr. Pendleton also writes a very delightful article on the "Book of Job." He discusses the Christian Publishing Society and for the first time, undertakes a "Talk with Children," which he does so well, one wonders why he never wrote again in the same strain.

The College this year adds greatly to its strength by securing Professor Robert Milligan for the Chair of Mathematics, made vacant by the resignation of Professor Hooke. He had been for years a Professor in Washington College, Pa., and later, in the Indiana University at Bloomington. Professor Pendleton presided at the annual commencement in July, and degrees were conferred on seventeen young men, among them O. A. Burgess, J. S. Lamar, John Shackelford, John F. Rowe, and William M. Thrasher. The thirteenth session was a great one. In speaking of the graduates the honored Vice-President says, "In solid attainments, in literature and science, in energy of character, in moral worth and Christian integrity, few classes of graduates can be compared with them."

After the commencement of the College, Mr. Pendleton went for his vacation to Virginia. The summer was without parallel for heat. It was the season of protracted meetings, however, and he visited a number of the churches in the State. His journey was by B. & O. Railroad to Washington. He calls the Capital a busy city of corruption and intrigue, of national glory and disgrace. He visited first the famous school conducted by James W. Goss, near Gordonsville, known as "Piedmont Female Seminary," and, with Mr. Goss, attended a protracted meeting at Stony Point Church, where A. B. Walthall and John G. Parish were preaching. From Stony Point he went to Gilboa, where the first congregation of Disciples on the principles of primitive apostolic Christianity was gathered by Higginson and Bagby, two noble men ostracized under the Dover decrees for holding "the heresy of Campbellism." Here he found R. L. Coleman and J. M. Bagby conducting a series of meetings. From Gilboa he went to Salem in the same county, and participated in a similar effort with McChesney and Flippo. At Louisa C. H. also, there is a revival, with Walthall, Parish and Goss as evangelists. He speaks of the great ability and zeal of these men, who stood as towers of strength to the cause of Christ in the Old Dominion. He writes of the discordant elements which had tried greatly the brethren and of "the vulgar ignorance of Thomasonian Materialism," and declares that these crudities in philosophy were laughed at by the better classes of the Greek heathen before Christianity was born.

In company with R. L. Coleman, he attends the

Southeast Co-operation in Lunenburg, where he meets such men as Hugart, Doswell, and "our venerable and devoted old Brother Shelburne." He returns to Richmond; here the cholera was raging, business was dull, streets were deserted, and a gloomy awe brooded like a spirit of fear over the city. The next day found him again in Louisa "seated in the genial circles of my kindred according to the flesh, and enjoying the richest blessings of a favoring Providence—health, abundance, and genial society, Christian converse and brotherly love"; and a few days later he takes part in another protracted meeting at Garrett's, Louisa, with Coleman and Goss. He closes his account of this trip as follows: "A night's rest under my mother's roof, a few words of parting with friends, kindred, and my dear little boy, and I was once more on the cars for Bethany. My brother, Dr. P. B. Pendleton, and his lady, and my daughter Campbellina accompanied me to Washington city, and thence to Baltimore, where we parted—they on board the Bay steamer for Old Point Comfort, and I for the cars of the B. & O. R. R. In twenty-four hours I was among the green and fertile hills of Buffalo at my own quiet home, preserved under the ever watchful and unwearied loving kindness of our Father in Heaven, to mingle my voice again with that of His servants at Bethany in praising and thanking Him for His goodness and care in keeping me through so many dangers and perils of travel and disease, and giving me yet time and opportunity to do His will on earth as it is done in Heaven. Grace, mercy and peace

unto all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and wait His coming."

In company with Dr. Richardson, Mr. Pendleton attended also the annual meeting of the Disciples of Cuyahoga County at Bedford, Ohio, in September. The meetings were held in a tent seating 4,000 people, and great multitudes came to hear. Dr. J. P. Robison presided, and Bentley was there and the Haydens, Moss, Green, Errett, Lanphear, Church, Jones and others who did valiant service for the King in those days. The meetings continued four days and nights, saints were comforted, edified and cheered, and sinners converted to Christ. Isaac Errett did the baptizing. On the Lord's day, 1,500 Disciples sat down to celebrate the Lord's death. It was an impressive scene—no levity, no haste, no confusion, no oversight, the deepest solemnity pervaded the vast assembly. It was indeed "a joint communion and participation of the body and blood of Christ to the profit of a self-examining people." Errett made an appeal for missions, and \$1,000 was pledged. "What State in this favored Union," Mr. Pendleton asks, "is doing like Ohio? From all that we can learn, she will expend not less than \$10,000 this year in this work of general State Missions." This was in 1854.

In October the missionary anniversaries were held in Cincinnati. Mr. Pendleton was present. The sessions were held in the Walnut Street Chapel for four days. He expresses himself as greatly disappointed at the attendance. With the exception of James Challen, of Philadelphia, three brethren from Illinois, and himself, only Ohio and the bordering

States of Kentucky and Indiana were represented, and at no time were the pews of the chapel more than half occupied. The first day was given to the sessions of the American Christian Bible Society. The receipts for the year were \$1,286.43; \$889.80 was paid over to the Bible Union, \$70 for the purchase of the Revised Version, and \$30 to colporters, expenses \$296.63. It does not appear from the report that any Bibles were distributed, and when we consider that nearly the whole benevolent operation of this Society is in the amount paid over to the Bible Union, and this has been done at an expense of about 28 per cent. of the collections, Mr. Pendleton questions whether it would not be better to leave this field entirely to the Bible Union and its agents. It was resolved to continue the Society and its agents, and that the funds contributed among the "Christian Disciples" for this purpose should pass through the hands of the Society in order that they might appear in the report "a more full exponent of the liberality of our brethren in sustaining the cause." Mr. Pendleton opposed this action vigorously, characterized the latter part of it as "too narrow and sectarian for the great heart of Christianity," and said it looked as if we were determined to let our right hand know what our left hand was doing.

D. S. Burnet was President of the Society, and devoted his address to the discussion of the importance and necessity of a revised version of the Scriptures, confirming his hearers in the conviction that this was the present great work of the church.

The second day's session of the Convention was

devoted to the business of the A. C. M. S. The Treasurer reported balance in the treasury last year \$3,445.40, collections for the year \$3,403.57, making \$6,848.97; of which were expended during the year for foreign missions \$1,709.77; home missions, \$515, and expenses \$1,527.16; in all \$3,751.93 for both home and foreign work, at an expense of 45 per cent. Mr. Pendleton thinks the expenses of these operations heavy, yet unavoidable, while the brethren require so much begging for so small a return of liberality. The Corresponding Secretary of this organization is D. S. Burnet, who reported the Society as doing little or nothing in mission fields. The Jerusalem Mission is suspended, the work in Liberia, by the death of Cross, had failed, and no regular system of domestic missions is sustained; the destitution on the field at home was great, and letters were read from Memphis, Tenn., from Ohio, and from Washington Territory, as samples of appeals received by the Secretary.

It was the age of the Resolutions of the Apostles so far as missions were concerned. Mr. Pendleton reports a number of these interesting forms of words which were acted upon with great unanimity. On motion of E. Goodwin: "Resolved, that we commend the Liberia Mission to the favorable consideration of the Board of this Society, and request said Board to endeavor to secure an efficient missionary for that field as soon as possible." On motion of D. S. Burnet: "Resolved, that we commend to the attention of the Board the establishment of a mission in Germany as soon as possible." On motion of James Challen: "Resolved, that we commend to

the Board the establishment of a mission in France, and that Brother Charles Louis Loos be corresponded with in regard to taking charge of the same." On motion of Isaac Errett: "Resolved, that the Corresponding Secretary be requested to make inquiry into the expediency of establishing a mission in China, and report at the next annual meeting." On motion of W. K. Pendleton: "Resolved, that the Board be instructed to establish as speedily as practicable as full and efficient a corps of missionary laborers in the various fields of the Society's operations as the funds of the Society will allow."

It will be seen that this Convention was full of most excellent resolutions; and when it is remembered that these men were only laying foundations, that the people they represented had so recently sprung into being as a distinct body, that they were in many cases even without houses of worship, that their hands were full to overflowing with the local demands upon their means and ministry, it is not to be wondered at that they could do little more than resolve and pave the way for such glorious gatherings and harvest homes as the memorable Jubilee in Cincinnati in 1899. Walter Scott delivered the anniversary address on this occasion, and Mr. Pendleton writes that he performed his task in a manner truly worthy of the catholic greatness of his Christian head and heart.

The third and fourth days of the meeting were given to the affairs of the much-discussed Publication Society. Says Mr. Pendleton: "Our estimate of its claims upon the support and encouragement of the brethren was in no degree enhanced by what we

witnessed during its anniversary." Five members were appointed to investigate certain charges against its management, but their report was unsatisfactory. He dismisses it with the declaration: "Should this Society succeed in its purposes, perhaps we shall be more inclined to consider its deserts when we begin to be saddled with a creed in the form of an authorized literature and feel ourselves trammelled in our religious freedom by the formulæ of the Publication Society 'Theology.'" Besides this report of the anniversary meetings, Mr. Pendleton has but one article in the Harbinger for '55, and that the first of his series on "The Church."

Bethany's fourteenth commencement was a very successful one. Eighteen young men were graduated, among them Joseph King, I. N. Carman, R. L. Ware and J. W. Horner. The first named delivered the Latin address, and the last was valedictorian. Dr. J. P. Robison, Isaac Errett and R. L. Coleman were present. The reports of the college work for the session are full of encouragement. It is announced, among other things, that as facilities for reaching Bethany are now almost entirely independent of the stage of water in the Ohio River, students will be expected on the premises promptly at the opening on the first Monday in October. Professor Pendleton is made treasurer of the college to succeed Mr. Campbell. In December he writes: "The unusual accession of students to Bethany College this session for a time overflowed our accommodations. The faculty were compelled to fit up new apartments. These are now ready, and we can accommodate some eighteen or twenty more students."

With the opening of the fifteenth session, there is some disturbance in the college over the slavery question, and ten young men left the institution. The faculty acted with great promptness and firmness, and no serious results occurred. Mr. Campbell announces at the opening of the year 1856, "The college was never in a more healthy and prosperous condition." In November he visits the Virginia State Convention in Richmond, and delivers an address on Education, and receives subscriptions equal to \$1,300 toward the Virginia Chair, for which the Virginia churches had resolved to raise \$15,000.

He stops in Louisa County on this trip, and writes: "At Cuckoo we had a very refreshing repose of two days among our friends and connections, the Pendletons of Louisa. Mother Pendleton, now some seventy years old, yet lives in good health of mind and body at the old homestead in the county with her son, Dr. Philip B. Pendleton, and family. There we had a very social meeting of the whole family of Pendletons, which reminded me of the clans of good auld Scotland. We also spent a very pleasant day with Dr. Joseph Pendleton, in her immediate vicinity. On departing we were accompanied by Dr. Philip B. Pendleton to Tolersville." On this tour in Eastern Virginia, which was of two months' duration, Mr. Campbell also visits, among other places, Yorktown, where he tells us he was met by Dr. Frederick W. Power, and taken to Grafton meeting-house, some six miles from the river. He describes the battlefield where the British lion crouched to the American eagle, with only two or three decaying Lombardy poplars marking the spot

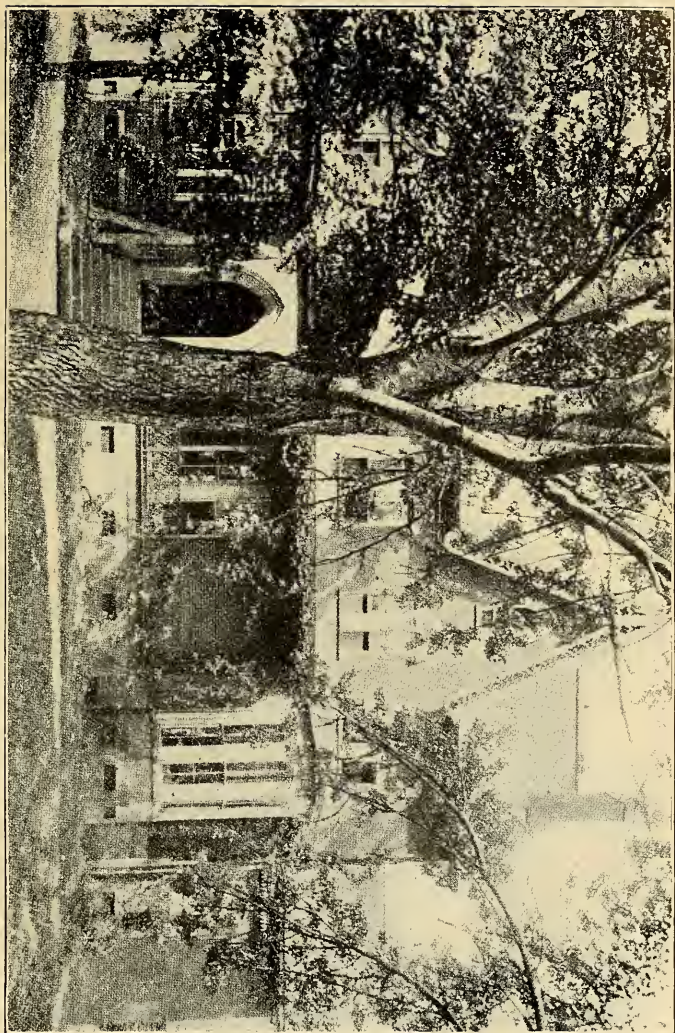
of Cornwallis's surrender to the hero of the Revolution, and tells of his address at Grafton on Paul's Letter to Titus. "After meeting," he says, "we dined with our brother, Dr. Robert H. Power, who lives a short distance from the Grafton meeting-house, and on the next day enjoyed the hospitalities of Dr. Frederick Power in his home, one of the venerable edifices built more than a century since by the English before the Revolution, of materials imported from British soil. We met here the sister of Dr. Power, the widow of my son in the faith, the much-beloved and esteemed Henry F. McKenney, a graduate of Bethany College, and a devoted laborer in the Lord's vineyard. We received a generous sum at Grafton for Bethany, among the subscriptions \$100 from our very energetic brother, J. B. Cary, of Hampton, formerly a teacher in Bethany College."

Mr. Pendleton acts as President of the College during this extended absence of Mr. Campbell. He delivers a very able and learned address before the Bible Revision Association at Louisville, Ky., the 10th of April, which is published in full in the Harbinger. He contributes articles on "Religion," on the "Second Epistle of Peter," on the "American Bible Union," on "Self-Government," and writes the most stirring words on "Missions" that can be found in the early history of the organized missionary work of the Disciples. Commenting on the action of the Ohio State Convention in discontinuing the American Bible Society, he makes this proposition: "That a general convention of the brethren throughout the Union assemble at Cincinnati

at the next anniversary of our Society to consider the propriety of so remodeling their entire operations as to reduce them to the single work of home and foreign missions, with a general recommendation to the brethren to co-operate directly in all matters connected with the publication and circulation of the Bible, with the American Bible Union." "It is high time," he declares, "that we were doing something, both at home and abroad, in this mighty field of heathenish darkness. Brother Barclay and his missionary family have come home from Jerusalem and the solitary shepherd, Brother Dennis, whom he left to look after the little flock he had gathered, is suffering from neglect and want; emigration, like a mighty gulf stream, is pouring its floods into the fertile prairie lands of our expanding Republic and no heralds of the Gospel are sent along to raise the torch of eternal life over the moral wastes of these fast filling empires. Our Missionary Society is practically dead—we say it with tears, it is practically *dead!* and shall we not revive it, shake off the grave cerements that hold it in a temporary but impotent entombment, and call it forth in beautiful garments as the beloved of the church? Yes, brethren, let us awake to our duty."

The fifteenth session of the college closed under the most favorable auspices. Never before had there been so large an attendance of students, and never such an interesting reunion of alumni from all over the country. Encouraged by the prosperous condition of the institution, the Trustees determined to constitute an additional professorship, and formally establish a Chair of Modern Languages. Among

the twenty-seven young men who received the graduating honors, such names appear as A. M. Lay, John A. Brooks, B. W. Johnson, James Atkins, and W. S. Russell. The work of the year was most gratifying; the prospect for the future most flattering; the growth of alma mater in all its departments is an occasion of pride and thankfulness.



PENDLETON HEIGHTS.

CHAPTER XIV

1855

A Bethany student, through the kind recommendation of President Pendleton, for a time served during his senior year as Pastor of the Christian Church in Washington, Pa. It was a distance of twenty miles East from the college, and he was in the habit of riding this distance on horseback Saturday evening and returning on Sunday afternoon. By the roadside over which he passed, about midway between Bethany and Washington, was a home which had evidently once been beautiful, but was then in a state of decay. Buildings were crumbling, yard and garden were all overgrown with weeds, vineyard and orchard were neglected and gone down. Curious to learn the history of the place, the student made inquiry, and was told a young man had lived there who had been virtuous and respected by every one. He was a preacher of the Gospel, married a happy, loving wife, and called his home "Paradise." But the serpent entered the garden; he had fallen into habits of dissipation, gone down to the gutter, and then to the grave; and the place was now known as "Paradise Lost." Along the same road, driving homeward, with a friend, on the afternoon of a cold December Lord's day, the horses took fright on the mountain-side, and ran, throwing both occupants of the vehicle to the stony roadway with severe injuries. Good Samaritans cared for the

young men with tender hands, and after the work of the surgeons was done, and they were striving to compose their aching limbs to rest, the old farmer, under whose roof they were sheltered, took down the Bible, and as his wife and boys gathered about the fireplace, opened the Sacred Volume at the twelfth of Ecclesiastes and read the beautiful lesson of the wise preacher; and then knelt and prayed, and asked a blessing upon the young strangers, thrown injured into their midst. A lesson of the peace and of the comfort of prayer was learned never to be forgotten. It seemed as if Christ were there—the Christ that loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus—and had He come, He would have found all that family in the ark, father, mother, brothers and sisters. That was “Paradise Regained.” The next day President Pendleton came in person, with a surgeon and a comfortable vehicle, and these boys were placed on a mattress in the bed of a spring wagon and tenderly borne to the College, the President himself directing the removal over the sixteen miles of rough roadway. They were taken by him to his own home and cared for during the weeks of confinement that followed, and he and his good wife were father and mother to the sufferers. It was a haven of rest to the boys. To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is Paradise.

This incident occurred while the present Mrs. Pendleton presided on Pendleton Heights. September 19, 1855, Mr. Pendleton was married to his third wife, Miss Catherine Huntington King, daughter of Judge Leicester King and Mrs. Julia Hunt-

ington King, of Warren, Ohio. The ceremony took place at Bloomfield, near Cleveland, at the home of the bride's sister, Julia, Mrs. Charles Brown. Mr. Pendleton was thirty-eight years of age, still a young man. For nearly five years he had been a widower and lived alone at his home in Bethany. He met his wife first at one of the college commencements which she attended in company with her sister Helen, afterwards Mrs. James Atkins. They came together for the occasion and were guests at the Campbell home. Her parents were from Connecticut, but had moved to Warren, where she was born and reared. Her mother's maiden name was Huntington, and through her she was connected with some of the oldest families in New England, the Kents, Dwights, Lymans, and others. Her father was eminent in business and in politics, especially as a pioneer leader in the Anti-slavery movement, being the nominee of the Liberty Party for Governor of Ohio in 1842, and for Vice-President of the United States in 1847. His theory was a gradual emancipation and the compensation of the owners for their slaves. He was not a member of the church during his wife's lifetime, but he went from her burial to be buried with Christ in baptism.

Mrs. Pendleton's mother had been a Presbyterian. The congregation of Disciples in Warren was then a very small, insignificant body, and was generally regarded with the contempt common to those times by the older and more prominent churches. Shortly before she identified herself with the Disciples, a Convention had been held in the Presbyterian Church, and a number of the delegates had been en-

tertained at her home. Among her servants was a girl who belonged to the little "sect everywhere spoken against," and when soon afterward a similar meeting was held by the Disciples, she said to the girl, "You were very attentive and helpful during our Convention, and now I shall be very glad to entertain some of your delegates for you." The girl informed her pastor, and Walter Scott and Alexander Campbell were assigned to the King mansion. Mrs. King, sharing to the full extent the common ignorance and prejudice, expected to find, at best, a pair of religious cranks, but was much too intelligent herself not to recognize at once that she had been at least so far mistaken. When bedtime came, she placed a Bible on the stand beside Mr. Campbell, and asked him to conduct family worship. "This is *my Bible*," she said, fearing he would use his own. "Brother Scott, you please read," said Mr. Campbell. Without opening the book, Mr. Scott laid one hand upon it, and, closing his eyes, filling the room with the music of his noble voice, he repeated the nineteenth Psalm. Mrs. King was so impressed by this time that when they rose from their knees she began voluntarily to question him, touching his faith and teaching; they talked until three in the morning, and the outcome was she united with the church.

Students of more than a quarter of a century have reason to remember with gratitude Mrs. Pendleton. It would be difficult to describe her. With very dark auburn hair, eyes perfectly black, yet soft, a brunette complexion, and with a brightness of mind and buoyancy of temperament that made her in her

happier moments the embodiment of sparkling gaiety; with quick sympathies that made her ever as ready to weep with those who weep as to laugh with those who laugh; a cultured and beautiful woman, she brought to the college an influence which was felt in all its social, intellectual and religious life. She gracefully sustained her husband in dispensing a most delightful and abundant hospitality. There were always visitors; she delighted to gather young people about her, and little social functions were constantly being planned to relieve the monotony of student life. She had a charming sympathy always for a love affair, and was usually the confidante. The sick and the poor and the sorrowing, whether in the village or among the students, received her thoughtful and kindly consideration. If a student fell seriously ill, he was usually taken to Mr. Pendleton's house, if practicable, and she was unremitting in her personal care. She had a very remarkable faculty of discrimination with respect to the promise of a student, to detect latent possibilities, and was quick to give encouragement and sympathy. She was untiring in her efforts to do good through the many channels open for this ministry in a college community. In the multitude of cares which came to Mr. Pendleton connected with the management of the institution and his work as teacher, preacher and editor, she was an able and devoted helper. Upon her good taste and judgment he greatly relied. With an increasing household and the care and culture of her children, her life was one of constant and happy service. Their first child was born in

August, 1856, Clarinda Huntington, now Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar.

The Pendleton home was an ideal one; the relation of parents and children was one of closest fellowship. Mr. Pendleton always shared in their little joys and sorrows. In his busiest moments, if one came to his writing-table with a little heart breaking over a broken toy, he would lay down his pen, take up his penknife, if need be find a string, and make the trouble happiness again. He was always handy with his hands. A man once said he believed Mr. Pendleton could "build a house with a jack-knife, if he had no better tools." Of course the little ones felt that he knew everything, and he inspired absolute confidence. His eldest daughter, when as a child living at the Bethany mansion, met with a severe accident by being thrown out of a buggy. It was the day Professor Loos was married, and some of the family had been in the buggy to attend the wedding. While the horse was being unhitched, after their return, she climbed into the buggy. The horse became frightened and dashed down the hill. She was violently thrown to the ground and her face fearfully lacerated. Mr. Pendleton was immediately sent for. The child was the center of a frightened group in the hall, and when she caught sight of him in the doorway, her first and frantic appeal was that he would have her let alone. Three doctors were finally assembled, and she was in a paroxysm of nervous dread at their approach, but became quiet, with a sublime faith in her father that he would in no case hurt her more than he said he would, and under the direction of

the surgeons he performed the necessary operation. There was no anesthetic amelioration in those days, and surgery was primitive. Several gentlemen present contributed the gold pins from their scarfs, and these were passed at intervals through the opposite edges of the wound, and the latter held together by wrapping their ends in and out with silk thread. She was a long time getting well, and still carries the scar.

One of the children illustrates his close comradeship with this story: "My earliest recollections are of sitting on his lap and listening, with each individual hair in my head erect, to the thrilling and bloodcurdling story of 'Dando, Uno and Nobery,' a story that I have never seen or heard anywhere else. He had it from his father, and his father from his father, and so on. They were three dogs, whose master locked them up in an outhouse and went hunting. He was pursued by a bear, and ran up a tree, and the bear began to gnaw it down, and was fast succeeding, when the dramatic part began. The man began to shout at the top of his voice, 'Dando! Uno! Nobery! Come, my good dogs,' etc., a most heartrending appeal; and, miles away, the dogs heard an echo, faint and dim: 'Dando! Uno! Nobery! Come, my good dogs, save your master!'

"They begin to howl and cry, and all that is given with proper elocutionary emphasis. Presently they begin to scratch—they stop and listen; faintly they hear it, 'Dando, Uno and Nobery, the ole b'ar will get your master!'

"In the end—at the very last edge of the last moment, while the tree is tottering to its fall, they suc-

ceed in scratching their way out, and, guided by the sound—growing dramatically louder and louder, they reach the spot, attack the bear, and the man is saved. Oh, the relief of that moment!"

He had the reputation in his family of knowing everything that went on. It was useless to hide anything from him. He never spied on the children, never asked others to tell on them. He just knew; or, if he did not, he soon would. Once the boys went seining at night at a time when the law forbade that diversion. They brought a string of fish for breakfast. Mrs. Pendleton was away, and Miss Birdie, as Mrs. Lamar was called when a girl, was housekeeper. She warned them that if the fish appeared, her father would know how they got them. "How can he?" they asked. "Just tell him we went fishing."

So far so good. The fish appeared, and Mr. Pendleton enjoyed them. Presently he turned to her with the question, "Where did you get these fish?" "The boys went fishing yesterday and caught them." "Oh, did they?" Then, turning to the boys, in the most casual tone, "Boys, did you catch them with hook and line?" An ominous silence; finally, "No, sir." "Oh, yes, I suppose you just stood on the bank and persuaded them to come out"; and that was the last they ever heard of it, though they stood in terror of their lives for days.

This anecdote illustrates the power he had over them. He never punished them, though sometimes—especially when he was frightened for fear of results—his rebukes were severe. But often he did not rebuke, and that very fact filled them with ap-

prehension. He knew all about their misdoings, and there was no telling what might happen when he did make up his mind to act!

He had somewhat the same method in dealing with students. He knew when to keep silent, and the wisdom of not seeing too much, or enforcing rules too religiously, and when a bit of humor or sarcasm would serve the purpose. Some young men, for example, had put up the sign, "Lunatic Asylum," over the college door. He called attention to it, and remarked quietly that he was glad they were so well acquainted with themselves. Of course the sign disappeared without more ado. Sometimes, during his absence, the students and faculty would be in hot water all the time, but on his return things seemed to settle themselves without any official interference.

Mr. Pendleton's relations to those who served in his household were of the same kindly nature. In its dealing with the question of help in the home, society could be amazingly advanced. That odious term, "servantgalism," could only originate in a low, barbaric state of civilization. The mistress of a domestic in New York celebrated the jubilee of her maid, and it is thought worthy of Associated Press dispatches the world over. The solution of this problem, discussed perennially in every circle of twentieth century women, is easy. Let such service be ennobled. More than one housekeeper, like a creaking door, needs to be oiled. When your servants do well, praise them; when they make mistakes, don't always grumble. Lord Chesterfield is taken as the model gentleman. He left by his will

legacies to all his menial servants equal to two years' wages each, considering them "*as his unfortunate friends*, equal by birth and only inferior by fortune."

One of Mr. Pendleton's domestics was a light-colored man named Lewis. Every old student remembers him. An artist of infinite variety, he was never known to arrange the napkins on the table twice in the same fashion. Lewis had been brought up and trained by Mr. Pendleton's mother. Mr. Pendleton had always been a great favorite with him, and he had often said that he was coming out to live with "Marse William when ole Mistress was gone." After Lee's surrender, Dr. Phil Pendleton gave him an indorsement that secured him a place at once in the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, but he stayed there only long enough to save money enough to go to Bethany. He reached Wheeling with only twenty-five cents in his pocket, walked from there, sixteen miles, and arrived at Pendleton Heights wholly unexpected, but with restful certainty that his cares were all ended.

He was a most welcome addition to the household. His devotion to Mr. Pendleton was only equaled by his pride in him. He was with him sixteen years, and the circumstances of his leaving had a comical element. He was a widower, and altogether the favored beau—indeed the recognized aristocrat—among the young ladies of the limited colored population of the village. The time came when he could not see quite as well as in his youth; there was an occasional oversight where things had formerly been so immaculate. At length Mrs. Pendleton pleas-

antly suggested spectacles. But this met with the passionate protest that he could not think of such a thing; that people would imagine he was getting old, and, in short, the young girls would have nothing more to do with him. The trouble with his eyesight grew, though slowly, and finally a change seemed wise. But the parting was with cordial good will on both sides. A Mr. Beall, of Baltimore, wanted a body servant. It was an easier position for Lewis, and Mr. Pendleton secured it for him. He continued with him for some time, but had bought, while at Bethany, a piece of land in the Cuckoo neighborhood, and later built upon it a comfortable home, retiring there to end his days.

The year after Mr. Pendleton's third marriage came the burning of the college. Mr. Campbell was aroused, and came over to witness the scene. Standing quietly, he watched the destruction of the building into which he had put so much of labor and so many hopes. As Mr. Pendleton was in the thick of the effort to save wherever rescue might be possible, and students were helping him with a will in heroic attempt to get some of the philosophical apparatus through the windows of his lecture room, and only succeeded in breaking it, he said, pleasantly, "Never mind, gentlemen, it is too late; we may as well allow it to burn up in good order."

Later, when the December night was far spent, the crowds about the fire had gone home, and the rest of the household retired to rest, as he stood alone at his front window watching the fitful light and smoke from the ruins, his wife came near and laid her hand on his shoulder. "What will you do

now that the building is gone?" she asked. Turning his face to her with the light of cheerful courage, that all who ever saw him in hard places must remember, he answered calmly, "With God's help, build a better one."

From that moment he bent all his splendid powers to this achievement. With Mr. Campbell he made the tour of Kentucky and the East. "We generally in all places preached twice or thrice, Mr. Pendleton and myself in turn," writes Mr. Campbell. "Mr. Pendleton enjoys good health, and saves me much labor in speaking. He preaches for the College, and I for the Church."

CHAPTER XV

ILIAS MALORUM

WITH Mr. Pendleton 1857 was a very busy year. His labors on the Harbinger were unusually abundant. He contributed monthly his short sermons on "Second Peter." He wrote on "God's Part in the Work of Human Redemption," and had time, not only to urge the claims of Bethany College, but to speak a good word for Bacon College, Ky., for the Christian University at Canton, Mo., and for John B. Cary's work at Hampton, Va. His articles on missions are notable. "How stands the cause of missions among us?" is a question he deals with most vigorously. The brethren were talking. *Dum Roma deliberat, Saguntum perit.* Benjamin Franklin is Corresponding Secretary. Mr. Pendleton's appeal to the churches to rally to his support is a trumpet-blast: "Brethren, do we feel our mission? How many of us realize that there is a necessity laid upon us to preach the Gospel? There can be no true Christianity without the missionary spirit. We will defend this thesis against any odds and before any tribunal that acknowledges the Divine authority of the New Testament: *there can be no true Christianity without the missionary spirit.* You may talk about expediency, and higggle about North and South co-operating, and stumble at the proper man for the missionary, and theorize about prerogatives of something which you vaguely call the church—

all this you may do till doom's day—but if these miserable subterfuges only cover up your parsimony and furnish a cloak for your godless indifference about the salvation of the lost, you are not of the spirit of Christ at all, and we have no controversy with you. We don't expect your co-operation. It is to preach the Gospel, not politics nor humanity simply, but the salvation of the souls of men, to which Christ calls us. Alas for those who hamper the Gospel in the little hand-baskets with which they go about, hawking their narrow conceits about the rights of men!"

He meets the objections of those who have conscientious scruples about a distinct missionary organization separate from the church, and begs these brethren to ask themselves, their own heads and hearts, "Is our missionary society distinct from the church?" "Beware," he says, "of ambiguous terms. The church, in the wide sense of the New Testament, has no organization presented to us in the Scriptures." He names Fanning and Oliphant "our geographical extremes," asks that "the heart may have a fair chance with the head, and the love of souls a little space to wrestle with the stony theories on which the Gospel must ever wither without fruit," and cries, "Pocket the controversy, brethren, and pray for the cause of missions instead. Give us the aid of your wisdom, not the discouragement of your opposition. Cheer us with the hope of a cordial co-operation in this noble cause, even though it be under a protest against the wisdom of the plan."

The war of religious newspapers was already on. The "geographical extremes" were the Gospel

Banner of Canada West, and the Gospel Advocate of Tennessee. Mr. Pendleton appeals for unity and co-operation, and urges the claims of the two missions, Jerusalem and Jamaica. "We are not tenacious about the plan," he declares, "provided that we can feel sure that somehow the work will be done. We will modify the technicalities and forms, change or abolish them altogether, if you will show us a better way, but the Gospel must be sent and preached to all possible people and lands, for this necessity is laid upon the Lord's people, and woe unto them if they do not do it!"

Thus as far back as '57 the discussion of plans had begun. Men were agitating the question of the Scripturalness of an organization for missionary operation. The first mutterings of what has proven an Iliad of woes could be heard in the land.

In August of this year, Mr. Pendleton makes some interesting replies in the Harbinger to a host of knotty queries that are thrown at him, some of which have been answered, right or wrong, many a time before, and some of which never have been, and perhaps never can be, answered. A brother wants to know if it is a violation of First Timothy, chapter ii., and First Peter iii., for Christians to wear gold. The editor in reply quotes First Peter iii:4, and says if this be the daily aim and effort of Christian women, he has little fear they will dress to their hurt; but if these be wanting, though the garb be humble as a beggar's, they are of no worth in the sight of the Judge. Vanity may strut in rags and humility be arrayed in purple and fine linen. In this connection he also quotes that rich utterance

of Seneca: "Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware." The inquisitive brother also desires to know, "Have sisters a right to vote in the selection of church officers?" "Yes," says Mr. Pendleton, "sisters have just as much right to say yes or no in the selection of the men who are to rule over them in the intimate spiritual relations of the Christian Church, as they have in selecting their husbands. The general rule is Galatians iii:28."

Then comes that interrogatory which has added another to our Iliad of miseries, and which here for the second time in the whole history of the Harbinger is touched upon: "Is it in accordance with the Holy Scriptures and Christian harmony for a Christian church to have an organ to assist in church music?" Mr. Pendleton replies wisely: "The question concerning the use of instrumental music in the public worship of the Christian Church is not one to be settled by Scriptural authority. It is a question to be determined by general principles and the light of experience. If it could be clearly shown that an organ tends to promote the spirit of devotion and heighten the ardor of praise and worship in the congregation, as a whole, then it would follow that organs should be employed. If, on the other hand, they silence the melody of the heart in the greater number, or destroy or sensualize the spiritual praise of the Lord's people, then away with them! Now either of these results may follow the use of an organ in the conduct of the church music, according to the musical taste and cultivation of the congregation,

and the choice might be made accordingly." He thinks all things should be done in love and with a gentle respect to the feelings, tastes and even prejudices of one another, and this would be sweeter praise to Him who sits amidst the symphonies of angels and seraphim than the swelling harmonies of the best trained organs and choirs.

The eighth anniversary of the American Bible Union is held this year in New York, and Mr. Pendleton attends its sessions and delivers the annual address. He speaks of it as a great convocation of the Lord's people. "We have never witnessed," he says, "so large an assembly of representative men from all sections of our widespread country in whose proceedings there was so little display of personal ambition and selfish aim, and so much unity of spirit and singleness of purpose and harmony of sentiment as prevailed in this convention and distinguished its proceedings, protracted as they were through two full days of most interesting and animated sessions. The brotherly love that united the hearts of this large assemblage of Christians was very beautiful. It was enough to repay one for the trouble and expense of attending simply to enjoy the pleasure of so sweet and so pure a reunion." He contrasts the scenes of Wall Street where, amid the drowning sounds of onrushing commerce, the Moloch money was dragging to the sacrifice many a sad and reluctant human victim, and turning to ashes the earthly hopes of rich and poor, proud and humble, alike, with the swelling strains of peaceful joy and heavenly hope which fill the hearts and tune the voices of the throngs of grateful, happy people who

are passing in and out of the stately old temple on Broom Street, praising God and taking sweet counsel together concerning his Word. He gives a full account of the work of the Union, and his own report as chairman of the committee on English Scriptures, and speaks of the anniversary meetings where these voices of counsel, encouragement and praise are heard above the din of commerce as the Oratorio of the Faithful Translation of God's Blessed Word. His splendid address delivered at this meeting is well worthy of careful reading by all lovers of the Bible.

Mr. Pendleton also attended the State Missionary Convention of Pennsylvania which met in Allegheny in September, and is mentioned as one of those who "contributed much to the interest and edification of the brethren by their lucid and spirit-stirring addresses."

The college during this period was growing in favor and in the number and character of its students. Prof. A. S. Ross resigned the Chair of Languages, and James S. Fall, of Kentucky, was chosen to succeed him. Mrs. Emily Tubman, of Georgia, subscribed \$16,000 to the endowment of the Tubman Chair, and Prof. Joseph Desha Pickett was appointed to fill it. The faculty advanced greatly the standard of scholarship necessary to the B. A. degree. Mr. Pendleton tells us of the list of graduates in July, twenty-six in number, the average age is twenty-two years, showing the students of Bethany were not boys, but young men capable of receiving and required to attain a high degree of scholarship. L. A. Cutler, I. B. Grubbs and E. B. Challener were

among those receiving degrees. The seventeenth session opened with every indication of prosperity. "We have never had a finer opening," says Mr. Pendleton; "the number of students is unusually large, and from all sections of our American Union. The difficulty of access has been overcome, and students may come by rail to La Grange, within seven miles of the college. No institution known to us affords such and so ample facilities and aids for a thorough and first-class education upon terms so moderate. We have all the fullness and thoroughness in our literary and scientific course of the oldest and most renowned universities of our country, with charges scarcely differing from those of academies. Our endowment scheme is still going on, and the Lord is opening the hearts of his people to help us still farther in this work."

In the midst of all this prosperity, December 10th, 1857, comes dire disaster—the college is burned to the ground. About two o'clock in the morning the building was discovered to be on fire. A ruddy light flashing into the sleeping apartments of some of the students at the steward's inn aroused them. So rapid was the progress of the flames that nothing could be saved. Assembled students, villagers and faculty stood by helplessly while the halls, the libraries of the institution, and of the three literary societies, together with all the chemical and philosophical apparatus, valuable manuscripts and other things of interest, were destroyed. It was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. There was no insurance on the property. Thus, in a few hours, the work of years and accumulations of hard labor and sacrifice

on the part of many devoted men and women were reduced to a heap of senseless ashes. It was indeed a calamity. To this young, aspiring and rapidly growing institution it seemed well-nigh irreparable. Notwithstanding the appalling nature of the misfortune, however, the faculty made immediate arrangements to prosecute the regular business of the college, and fit up rooms for the different classes, so that the recitations were interrupted *for only one day*. Four-fifths of the students remained. The Trustees met at once, determined that Bethany College should be immediately rebuilt, and took the following action: "Ordered, that the President and Prof. Pendleton be and are hereby appointed to solicit in person funds for the re-erection of the college, and for the purchase of library, apparatus, etc., and that they are earnestly solicited to spare no effort and lose no time in the effort to procure the requisite funds upon the best practicable terms as to early payment, and not less in amount than \$50,000."

Prof. Pendleton was also appointed, with President Campbell and Dr. Richardson, to issue an address to the friends of Bethany College and to the friends of education, soliciting their immediate aid to re-erect upon a suitable scale the college building, and was selected as one of a committee to prepare plans and specifications for the new structure. Prompt action was also taken by the Society of the Alumni. Churches in different sections, receiving news of this great loss by telegraph, in many cases at once took subscriptions for the college, one congregation in Ohio, which learned on Saturday of the

disaster, pledging the next day \$500. Said Mr. Campbell, now an aged and venerable man, "Brethren, once more must I plead the claims of Bethany College, a vital part of the instrumentalities necessary for carrying on our great and glorious work of religious reformation. A heavy blow has fallen upon us: our college building is in ruins, our library and apparatus are destroyed. We come to you for help."

President Campbell and Vice-President Pendleton entered the field at once. Twelve days after the disaster they are in Washington City by invitation of Judge J. S. Black, of Pennsylvania, then Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Campbell preached in the First Baptist Church, and addressed a large audience, the President, several members of the cabinet and many distinguished members of Congress being among his hearers. Mr. Pendleton's description of an interview between Mr. Campbell and President Buchanan is interesting: "On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and their daughters, Virginia and Decima, to the White House. Judge Black and his pious and devoted Christian lady, with their accomplished daughter, gave us a welcome introduction, and it was no ordinary pleasure to me, who had never seen Mr. Buchanan before, to sit and listen to the free and animated conversation which at once grew up between these venerable patriarchs—the one in the stormy and uncertain strifes of political life, where honors fall by accident and merit often sinks neglected to the grave; the other in the certain warfare of the Cross, in which

all true soldiers shall surely conquer and the humblest deed of service meet an eternal reward.

“The most noticeable peculiarity in Mr. Buchanan’s personal appearance is in a quick, jerking sort of retraction that he gives to one of his shoulders when he first salutes one, accompanied by a correspondent adjustment of his head and eyes as though he might be preparing to level a musket at you. This is said to be owing to an unequal convexity in the lenses of his eyes, one of which is short-sighted, and the other natural, or long-sighted. It is necessary, therefore, to adjust them at different distances from their object. A professor of the science of optics, like myself, may, I presume, be allowed to say, without the charge of irreverence, that this is truly a scientific curiosity. The President’s friends, however, see in it only an outward index of the character of his mind which, they say, is both microscopic and telescopic; that is, I suppose, he examines with minute care all the details of his subject by close and individual inspection of each fact, and careful regard to every principle, and then placing himself at a commanding distance, takes a general and comprehensive survey of the whole. This is certainly high praise, for it gives Mr. Buchanan that rare combination of powers which, when possessed in high degree, always place the stamp of greatness upon a man. We find many gifted with the power of analysis, the microscopic power of the mind, and not infrequently high powers of generalization, the telescopic power—but it is among the rarest products of nature that these are combined in high degree in the same person, and

never does she send us such a gift but for rare and signal service to humanity."

He describes the manner of the President as exceedingly cordial, and concludes that he is sincerely laboring in his high and responsible position for the greatest good of the greatest number by rigid faithfulness to the Constitution, and an enlarged and conservative policy on the stormy question of sectional difference. He is impressed with the elegant American ease and simplicity with which Miss Lane, the President's niece, presides at the White House. "She seems to be so cheerful, so full of American welcome, so democratic in her grace, and so aristocratic in her good manners, that one can readily imagine himself on a visit to the hall of his ancestors, and greeted by a noble daughter of the line as a respected kinsman on a welcome pilgrimage to the ancestral home." He meets here "Brother Carpenter and lady, Brother Johnson and lady," and D. S. Burnet, who had been for some days laboring in the city as usual in behalf of the Lord's people, "cherishing no small hope that he could succeed in effecting a union between our brethren of Washington City and the members of Dr. Teasdale's Baptist congregation." He visits the Smithsonian Institution, the National greenhouse, and the splendid halls of the National Capitol. He tells of an interview with Prof. Henry, who "received Mr. Campbell with great respect, and entered at once into a very succinct but satisfactory recital of the objects and designs of the institution, closing, by way of illustration, with a brief survey of his map of meteorological stations, and a clear and very interesting sketch

of the 'Storm Theory,' which he hopes fully to make out and to apply to the explanation of the weather changes that take place apparently so capriciously in our country."

He is specially taken up with the aquarium. From the greenhouse he sends to his wife, to whom this letter is written, a beautiful bud which he plucked with his own fingers, in memoriam, and a leaf of the cinnamon tree, "for whose exquisite fragrance you must thank Brother Burnet." The Capitol building greatly impresses him. For beauty of proportion, grandeur of outline and magnificent dimensions, he thinks the world affords no parallel, but expresses a doubt whether a refined taste will not ultimately decide the decorations of the hall of the House of Representatives too gaudy, too elaborate in ornament, and too glittering with tinsel and gilt for the country and people whom they represent.

On this tour Mr. Pendleton spends Christmas in Baltimore with G. W. Morling. Christmas eve he met with the Disciples in their prayer-meeting. G. W. Elley has just closed his year's service as their minister. Romanism he thinks a terrible power in Baltimore, and speaks of the floral decorations, incense, music and mummary displayed at the Cathedral. He visited here the manufacturers of philosophical instruments, and found a very superior set of apparatus, purchased by a wealthy amateur for his own private use, and offered by his executors for sale, which he secured for Bethany College. On the Lord's day he preached for the brethren, and then went on to Philadelphia. Here he is with Dr. Barclay and William Rouzee, and on the eve of the

new year he leaves for New York, and is for several days the guest of Dr. E. Parmley in Bond Street.

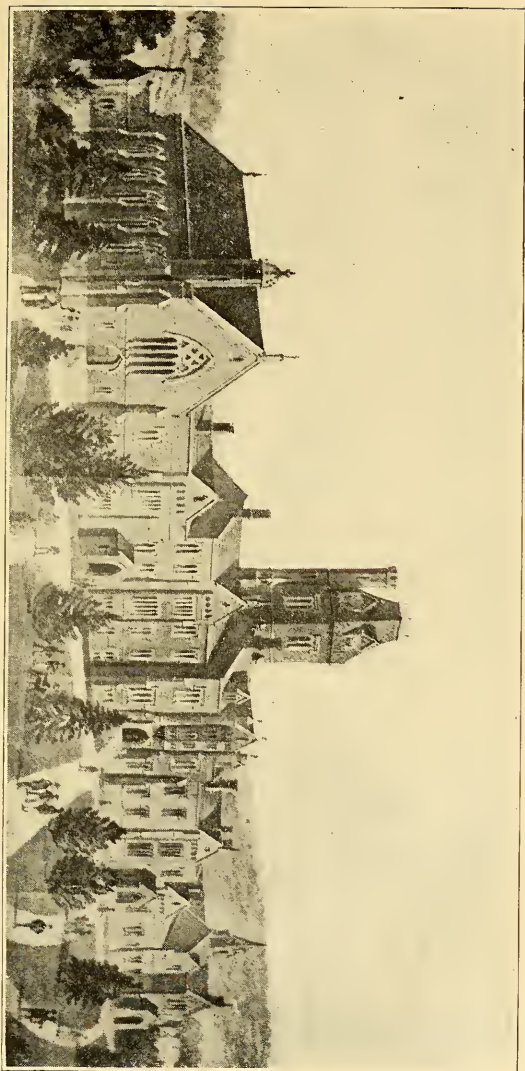
In New York Mr. Pendleton makes his first new year's call. He visits the Museum of Art, and describes Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair and Denizens of the Highlands; he thinks of her in the department of the Fine Arts as Shakespeare among the dramatists. He attends the Sunday-school anniversary of the church on Seventeenth Street, and speaks to the children. Special note he makes during his stay in the city of any such edifices as might suggest anything useful towards the model of a new college building for Bethany. The claims of the college are urged during this visit to the Eastern cities, and substantial aid is secured for the institution.

In July the corner-stone of the new building is laid, Mr. Campbell delivering the address, beginning with the words, "Circles have their centers, squares their rectangles, and all terrestrial edifices their corner-stone." He announces that through the liberality of the people "we have now going up a beautiful building which will be ready for use next session. This building, however, is designed for society halls and library, and will only be used for college purposes until we can complete our main college edifice. We have spared no pains to project everything upon the most improved models of architectural taste and convenience. The Gothic has been adopted as the style most fitly expressive of the inspiring nature of the Christian's aims and hopes. During a few months of labor given last winter to the task of raising means over \$30,000 were promised." July 2d the seventeenth commencement was

held in Bethany Church. There are twenty-four graduates, and such names appear in the list as W. T. Moore, Jephtha Hobbs, J. C. Miller, H. S. Earl and J. Z. Taylor.

Mr. Pendleton attends the fall anniversary of the A. C. M. S. in Cincinnati, Ohio, and delivers one of the addresses. He gives a most interesting account of the personnel and deliberations of the convention. John Smith, Walter Scott, John Rodgers, James Henshall, James Challen, John Longley, Harrison Jones, Elijah Goodwin, Pettigrew, Fall, Arnold, Dearborn, Procter, Myers, Munnell, Pinkerton and Brooks were some of the men present. He is domiciled with the Mayor, R. M. Bishop. "Given to hospitality," he says, "seems written over No. 95, corner of College and Seventh. I find our brother a Bishop by name, almost a bishop of the church, and the President Bishop of the city over whose council he presides with efficiency and respect—a man whose integrity and Napoleon energy and Christian devotion make him the people's choice as a public servant—a prince among merchants, as a man of business and a pillar in the church, as a benevolent and consistent Christian."

Isaac Errett, Corresponding Secretary, reports at this meeting \$7,000 in cash collections, and as much more pledged, the Jerusalem Mission fully provided for, the Jamaica Mission liberally sustained, and several home missions projected and partly established. "Kansas Territory" was specially recommended to the attention of the churches as a field of great promise.



THE NEW COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XVI

ALMA MATER REDIDIVA

THE year 1859 saw the new college building rise out of the ashes of its predecessor. Walter & Wilson, of Cincinnati, were the architects employed, but the plans and the elevation were all carried out under Mr. Pendleton's supervision, and, practically, the whole was the creation of his own mind. He almost literally watched every brick go into it, much of the work being done in the summer vacation. He chose the style, collegiate Gothic, and risked the long, low building—the length to give the corridor—because he knew that both would be effective on the brow of the college hill. The corridor he intended for just what it has become—a place of two-fold advantage—where the brain may be rested, animated by a breath of fresh air as the student passes from one recitation to another, and where the whole student body might congregate in hours of recreation to walk and talk and sing. No doubt for the old student its length is trod by more and sweeter memories than any other place connected with his Bethany life. The tramp and the voices as the boys pour out of the class rooms he can hear. The cheers and hilarity and boisterous good humor of the happy crowd when the bell rang at the closing hour of morning and the announcement of dinner still sound in his ears. The moonlight promenade and the sweet college songs they loved to sing he can

vividly recall. The animated scenes on the evenings of special "performances," or during the festivities of commencement week, continue to pass before him, and even the memory of tenderer things in the shadow of the pillars, or in the fitful moonlight between them, may yet delightfully come before his mental vision.

Among his many accomplishments, Mr. Pendleton had a practical knowledge of the architect's calling. His eye for straight lines is recalled to-day by men who as boys worked under him. One of these, when quite a boy, was helping his father, Mr. James Wells, in the building of an addition to the Pendleton house. The Professor, quickly observing an unusual natural aptitude which showed itself even in the simple work that he was doing, said, "You ought to go to college and fit yourself for something better than you are doing. You have the talent." "I wish you would make father think so," was the quick answer. Mr. Pendleton soon persuaded Mr. Wells to give Edgar this chance. The boy spent a short time in college studying chiefly mathematics; later he became the leading architect in Wheeling, and at his death, some ten years ago, the press notices of his life said that he had given Wheeling, which he found a severely ugly manufacturing town, the first of its pretty homes. Mr. Pendleton could draw the working plans of a building and superintend the builders in all their departments. He drew the plans for his own home, both for the original structure and when it was remodeled to its present condition. Old citizens, craftsmen of the village and farmers of the neighborhood, in loving reminis-

cence, delight to tell how he understood their business, and none are so prompt to be disgusted with the man of books who has read a little about their calling and assumes to tell them how they ought to pursue it. The beautiful little church at Eustis, Florida, was his last piece of work. The contractor, Mr. Ross, a citizen of the town, grew to love him with tenderest affection, and after the completion of the structure, through Mr. Pendleton's influence united with the church.

A good description of the new college building appears in the Cincinnati Gazette in May of this year: "One of the most imposing college buildings in the United States is in progress of erection for the use of Bethany College, Brooke County, Va. The architects, Messrs. Walter & Wilson, of this city, have shown us drawings of the buildings in detail, and although it is not to be extravagantly expensive, yet it will be a magnificent edifice. The exterior design is calculated to make it show to the best advantage, and the interior arrangement embraces some new and desirable features. The structure, when finished, will present a continuous front of 420 feet; 192 feet of the center of the building will be two stories high, and in the rear of the central or main entrance there will be a tower 22 feet square and 96 feet high, surmounted by a spire 122 feet from the ground. At the extreme right of the building is a wing occupying about sixty feet of the front, extending back 80 feet, and two stories high. This portion of the building is already up, and each story is divided into two society halls and two libraries. The second story is finished with an open

timbered roof and frescoed. At the left end of the structure is to be the chapel, measuring 43 feet on the front and extending back 112 feet. In the rear of the first story of the main building there will be an open corridor 14 feet wide, and extending 308 feet from the chapel to the right wing. This hall is to be 14 feet high in the clear, supported by buttresses and flagged with stone. There are to be five front entrances: the central one opens into a hall 19 feet wide and extending through across the long corridor to the main staircase. On either side of this hall is a room 18 by 26 feet; one is the reception room, and the other the President's room, which is provided with a small adjoining room, containing a fire-proof safe or vault. On either side of the main staircase is a students' room, each 18 by 20 feet. The balance of the first story is divided into two lecture rooms, each 22 by 38 feet, two class rooms, each 27 by 30 feet, professors' rooms, apparatus rooms, etc. The second story is divided into two class rooms, each 26 by 30 feet, a library room, 41 by 58 feet, a museum, 25 by 41 feet, curator's room, 25 by 41 feet, and four professors' and tutors' rooms. In the basement is a large laboratory, the janitor's residence, fuel rooms, etc. The style of the art is collegiate Gothic, and the irregular outline, with the tower and finials, gives a very pleasing effect. The walls are to be of brick, and roofs covered with the best description of Pennsylvania slate. Doors and window-sills, lintels and hoods, steps, flagging, cornices, wall and tower coping, roof crotchets, finials, gargoyle blocks, and all outside molded and ornamental work are to be of freestone. The in-

terior woodwork is to be of white pine, and all the carpenter work, as well as every other department, is to be done in the best manner."

Mr. Pendleton says at the close of the college session: "We congratulate the friends of the college on the rapid progress we are making in our new edifice. More than 150 feet front of this beautiful and majestic pile will be ready for our next session. Nearly one hundred workmen are steadily plying the chisel, the trowel and the plane, and pinnacle, tower and spire are rising rapidly toward the heavens. It will be a source of pleasure in after years to every good man to feel that he has contributed something to this noble monument of Christian gratitude and benevolence. So far the enterprise has been generously aided by a very large class of brethren. We shall regret if any portion of our brotherhood suffers the work to go on to its completion without participating in the honor of its erection. We shall need the co-operation of the liberal and good; 176 feet front we have yet to provide for. Let the new buildings of Bethany College rise as a monument to the zeal, faithfulness and public-spirited Christian generosity and benevolence of the three hundred thousand Christians which it represents, and her libraries, apparatus, museums and general endowment bespeak the large and comprehensive interest in true learning which characterizes us as a people! When we look at the rapidly expanding proportions of the new building as it rises daily before our eyes, and think of the very small period of time since the same site was covered with a shapeless pile of gloomy ruins, the remains of

the old college, we feel that it is the doing of a wise and gracious Providence, and should therefore excite the warmest gratitude and liveliest hopes of his people. To his honor and glory, in the good of his cause and church, be it ever dedicated, and the labors of the good and generous who have co-operated in its completion will be more than requited. To God and his saints we commend the care and keeping of Bethany College now, henceforth and forever!"

In a short talk to the students one Monday morning of the summer that he died, Mr. Pendleton said, referring to the college building, that it had been intended to be a monument to Alexander Campbell, not only in its usefulness, but in its beauty. It was, when built, no doubt the most beautiful college building in the country. Indeed, it was often said by visitors to be the only college edifice in the land with any claim to architectural beauty. When Professor A. E. Dolbear, a man who had traveled much and was well versed in such matters, came to be Professor of Natural Sciences at the college, and was delivering his inaugural address after the morning chapel service, he held a catalogue in his hand, having opened it at the picture of the buildings, and, holding the face to the audience said, "There is not such a college building as that in the United States!"

"To God and his saints we commend the care and keeping of Bethany College now, henceforth and forever!" How these words should ring in our ears to-day! How sacred is the heritage of the Disciples of Christ in this honored institution of learning!

How immeasurable the debt of the advocates of this nineteenth century movement for the restoration of primitive Christianity and the union of God's people to Bethany College! How precious the traditions and memories, and how inspiring the history and genius of this quiet spot among the everlasting hills! How the noble names of Campbell and Pendleton should be forever memorialized in the liberal, enlarged and permanent endowment of this ancient school of the prophets!

The closing scenes of the eighteenth session of Bethany College were perhaps the most interesting and encouraging the institution had ever witnessed. The exercises of the occasion were held in the Church, and throughout were attended by large and attentive audiences. The societies vied with each other in the variety and excellence of their "performances," marshaling their most gifted and cultivated members, and giving such exhibitions of scholarship and eloquence as were most creditable to the institution and satisfactory to the public. A more devoted band of students never attended the school. Alma mater to them meant no unmeaning expression of formal and unfelt relationship, but a real title of an honored literary and scientific nursing mother, whose fostering care they were ready to requite with generous gratitude, and whose misfortunes, with a liberality and munificence worthy of themselves and of her, they were anxious and eager promptly to repair. They nobly co-operated with trustees and faculty in replacing her losses and rebuilding on a larger and broader scale the foundations of her usefulness and fame. For elegance and

good taste in furniture, and completeness and fitness in all appointments, the society halls were not equaled probably by any others in the Union, and this was the work of the students. Over two thousand volumes of the choicest works of home and European authorship were purchased as the nuclei of their library. The graduating class was the largest in the history of the institution. Thirty-two received the Bachelor's Degree, among them M. B. McKeever, Robert Moffett, B. H. Smith and Hiram Warriner. Addresses were delivered in Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Spanish, as well as the English tongue. Professors Milligan and Richardson retired from the faculty. To fill vacancies in the Board of Trustees, T. W. Caskey, R. M. Bishop, James W. Goss, C. W. Russell, J. S. Lamar and Albert Allen were selected. Prof. J. D. Pickett was elected to the chair of Rhetoric and English, Prof. Charles J. Kemper to the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy, Dr. Hiram Christopher to the chair of Natural History and Physiology, and Dr. P. W. Mosblech to the department of Modern and Oriental Languages. The faculty was full and complete, composed of seven professors, besides an adjunct corps of assistant tutors in the various schools requiring extra labor.

Mr. Pendleton attended a number of conventions this year. He accompanied Mr. Campbell in his tour through Kentucky in November, '58, and writes most entertainingly in the Harbinger of '59 of their experiences. They entered the State at Covington, then a city of 25,000, with its first suspension bridge to the Queen City in process of erection. They visited Petersburg, and Burlington, where

Thomas Campbell had taught school many years before, and then by rail went to Evansville, Indiana, and by boat to Henderson. From this point they had to go by private conveyance to Hopkinsville, "distance seventy-five miles by line, but about sixty hours by time." "It is a time-honored adage, 'Speak nothing but good of the dead,' " writes Mr. Pendleton, "and in the spirit of it I forbear to say a word of this road, this interval of peril between Henderson on the Ohio River, and Hopkinsville in the center of southwestern Kentucky. We had a team that the spirit of Jehu could not have quickened; a carriage open to 'a' the airts the wind can blow," and a driver that seemed to have been brought up on the proverb that a merciful man is merciful to his beast, and we made only twenty-two miles the first day." They finally reached their destination in good time for the convention. He speaks of meeting many Bethany students here and some of the old Virginia friends and neighbors of other days. "It made me feel quite a boy again, for it threw me back into the relations of thirty years ago. I always feel so when I stand up to speak in the church of my boyhood's fathers. The sense of their presence and of all around me threw me back into the days of pupilage, and I cannot divest myself of the impression that I am assuming to be a teacher when I ought to stand as a learner." The feast of reason and flow of soul, the goodly fellowship and good work of the convention are detailed with interest.

The State meeting in Missouri in September was also attended by him. Jacob Creath presided over

this convention, and among those who participated in its deliberations were John Smith, D. S. Burnet, J. W. McGarvey, Alexander Procter, T. M. Allen, L. B. Wilkes and J. K. Rogers. The conventions of these days seem to have been largely mass meetings in which preaching and general discussion consumed the larger part of the time. There were reports of treasurer and sundry standing committees, and then the brethren considered "the propriety of employing one or more State Evangelists, the recommendation of some weekly religious newspaper for general circulation, and the educational interests of the brotherhood." The treasurer at this meeting, A. Procter, reported receipts for the year \$318.75. There seemed to be no general plan of co-operation. One of the first actions taken was the appointment of a committee on publication, with instructions to print 3,000 copies of the minutes of the convention. The usual resolution was passed announcing the presence of Brother W. K. Pendleton, and inviting him to participate in the exercises of the meeting. A report on female orphan school was presented, appointing trustees for such an institution. Pledges were taken for general work amounting to \$234, and an appeal made for money to educate two young men for the ministry. The report on religious newspaper recommended The American Christian Review, published by Benjamin Franklin. The brother who would be one of a hundred to raise \$50,000 for a benevolent fund came to the front. Resolutions were passed indorsing Bethany College and expressing sympathy with its venerable President and its faculty in the calamity which had befallen

the institution, and urging the brotherhood throughout the State to aid in the re-erection of the college edifice. In fact, many resolutions were offered, and all are reported as "carried." There seems to have been little business done, but these brethren were, after all, laying the foundations for the noble edifice whose imposing proportions may now be seen far and wide, and which will be not the least notable of the wonders of the great International Exposition in honor of the Louisiana Purchase.

As usual Mr. Pendleton is present at the annual meeting of the A. C. M. S. in October. Mr. Campbell is absent, and William P. Stratton presides. W. K. Pendleton, D. S. Burnet and James Challen are appointed a committee on business, and they report, appointing Burnet to preach the first evening, and Procter and Lard the second evening, and fixing the business hours of the convention. Isaac Errett makes his annual statement as corresponding secretary, showing receipts for the year \$8,500. He has received pledges in two years of \$22,000. The Jerusalem and Jamaica Missions, and home work in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in Maine and Michigan, are the matters discussed in the report, and the great and growing West, neglected East, and China, Japan and Africa, receive the usual share of attention. The salary of the corresponding secretary in these primitive times was \$1,200; Jerusalem received \$2,000, and Jamaica \$1,200, and \$1,185 went for the home field. Mr. Pendleton was made chairman of the committee on "Established Missions" in this convention, and also continued as one of the Board of Managers. In his report for the

committee he dwells upon the importance of the work of Dr. Barclay, and says: "As the eye of the Hebrew mother lingered about the spot where the infant Moses lay amidst the perils of the Nile, so with the nurturing fondness of a true mother's heart does the Church of Christ look to this tender child of hope, as the agent under God in whom Israel shall yet find deliverance, and the walls of Zion once more arise in the beauty of holiness." He thinks the work of Mr. Beardsley in Jamaica should be sustained generously, "as the missionary college for the future demands of the gradually opening fields in the great circle of the tropics." He declares, "We have no established home mission," and while specifying no particular fields that the committee would recommend to the executive board, says: "Do not neglect the East. The wave that is rolling on over the West has its rising in the East. Whilst we would scatter with a broad and liberal hand over the stream, let us also drop precious seeds into the fountain." G. W. Elley and Benjamin Franklin are his associates on this committee. This was, as yet, the greatest anniversary of the society, in attendance, liberality of contributions and unanimity of spirit. Such men as John Smith, Walter Scott, Samuel and John Rodgers, D. S. Burnet, R. C. Ricketts, James Challen, A. S. Hayden, J. Harrison Jones and Dr. W. E. Belding were there. Mr. Pendleton tells of the presence of several brethren of great and deserved prominence "who have hitherto not felt fully reconciled to the basis upon which the co-operation was formed. They saw and felt that, whatever they had feared, this work is all of the Lord and pre-emi-

nently suited to carry on the great labor of converting the world." "For the first time since the organization of the society," he says, "we had the pleasure of welcoming to its deliberations Brother T. Fanning, President of Franklin College, Tennessee. We trust that his co-operation will henceforth be as cordial and unqualified as his bearing in this meeting was conciliatory and courteous. With the future concurrence of Brother Fanning and the hearty and unreserved support of such men as Brethren Ricketts and Elley, we feel the friends of the society have much reason to hope for a greatly increased prosperity in its affairs. We fervently pray that the time may speedily come when the brethren will all be of one heart and one speech on the subject of missions. This indeed is the great commission of the church: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature.' What a glorious and wide call is this to the latent energies of three hundred thousand heralds of the cross! And now that we are beginning to stir ourselves mightily for a gigantic effort, who can feel it in his heart to hold back or whisper a word of discouragement to those that are toiling in the whitening fields of this world-wide labor?"

This was ever the spirit of W. K. Pendleton. While full of zeal for all the advanced and organized efforts of his brethren in the cause of missions, he was always considerate and just in dealing with those who could not lend their approval and offerings to the missionary societies. He held in high esteem Benjamin Franklin, of the Review, whom he regarded as a strong man, though in some respects a

narrow one. On one occasion he entertained him at his home for a lengthy visit, and with all their differences on the questions then agitating the church, they were brethren.

Mr. Pendleton contributes the usual quota of able articles to the Harbinger for this year. "Socinianism" is one of his topics; "Revival in Great Britain" is another, and many shorter articles, among them a tender sketch of "Little Jimmy," a child of Prof. Pickett, "a heavenly-eyed boy of budding hope." "His little world of thought seemed ensphered in the conscious presence of God, and so he died, dropping from the arms of his parents into the embrace of his Savior. Sweet boy! If Lazarus was borne on the wings of angels to Abraham's bosom, our faith may fondly follow thee in thy glad ascent amid echoes of welcoming harmonies to thy peaceful home."

The volume closes with a lengthy and comprehensive statement from his pen, clear and strong as a trumpet-note, covering all the work of the Disciples in the great fields of education, benevolence, missions and literature, entitled "Our Progress and Prospects."

CHAPTER XVII

STORM AND STRESS

THE year 1860 marked the opening of a never-to-be-forgotten period in the nation's history. Rumbblings of a great upheaval could be distinctly heard. In April and May the great party conventions were held to nominate candidates for president and vice-president. Lincoln was elected in November, and on the 20th of December South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession. The country was drifting into the most terrible civil war in all time. Every section felt the premonition of the coming conflict. Even such quiet and remote communities, peculiarly devoted to the cultivation of the arts of peace, as the little village of Bethany, could not fail to share in the common anxiety. But one does not learn from the *Millennial Harbinger* that its peaceful waters are stirred. That journal had always studiously avoided political discussions. A single note comes to us to show how intense is the feeling everywhere. A reference to Mr. Pendleton's article on *Our Progress and Prospects*, which expresses the fear that some institution is "too much tinctured with the fanatical sectionalism of politico-religious abolitionism" calls forth protests, and Mr. Pendleton replies. "Hitherto," he declares, "our brethren have successfully withstood every effort to divide them into exclusive fellowships on the unscriptural basis of North and South. I trust that the great

principles of union for which we have so long stood in unbroken column will never be abandoned for the shifting sand-waste of opinion as to political or social institutions of any kind. Let us remember that anti-Christ is the power in the church ever rising up against the church, and beware of those who seek to divide us. I hold politics apart from Christianity. The principles of fellowship and co-operation of the two are generically different, so that we may be divided in the one and united in the other. Miserable and lame indeed is that Christianity which halts in its sublime mission of converting the world before the paltry and ephemeral distinction of republican and democrat. The morality of the Bible must become the moving power in the polity of the land, but Christianity is not secular. Her ministers cannot, with propriety, embroil themselves with the conflict of party politics. They must not bring politics into the pulpit, nor must they allow politics to bring them upon the stump."

During the current year he gives much attention to Messrs. Russell and Carman, who had been "bottling moonshine" on the question of the operation of the Holy Spirit, a subject which Mr. Pendleton always handled with great clearness and force. A protracted meeting at Bethany he reports conducted "by our zealous and laborious brother, Benjamin Franklin, editor of the Christian Review," and speaks of his earnest and instructive treatment of great questions. This was in May. Forty souls were added, twenty-two of them students of the college. Seventy-two of the students of that year are professing Christians. He mentions especially the

piety and influence of the Adelphean Society.

The college, during this notable year, had a prosperous session. Mr. Campbell reports liberal donations. Twenty-two young men received diplomas. In the groves of the academy there was no note of discord.

Mr. Pendleton spends the vacation in Virginia, preaching and presenting the claims of the college. He rests awhile at Cuckoo, where his venerable mother still lives, now seventy-three years old, and still sound and vigorous in mind and body. He visits a number of churches and conventions, mentions Coleman, Goss, Walthall, Parrish, McChesney, Cutler, and other leaders of the day. A part of the time is spent with James W. Goss at Piedmont Seminary, and he attends the Baptist Association near by. His comments on Dr. Sampson, of Columbia College, John A. Broadus and James B. Taylor, whom he met here, are striking. He also visits Charlottesville, the University, and Monticello. Few relics of Jefferson are left. A bust in plaster of the statesman in one corner of the great hall, and another in the dining room of the brilliant but shameless Voltaire, he mentions. "Looking upon the faces of these two men," he says, "it is difficult to conceive how they could in any way have assimilated. The calm, benignant, far-seeing, philosophic face of the American statesman, one would think, would have been a perpetual reproach to the narrow, cynical, sardonic grin which lends its light only to expose more fully the native ugliness of the mean-minded Frenchman. It is only because on religious subjects they think alike, and in their way

stand almost alone in the realm of gifted minds. Even the fellowship of folly and the brotherhood of infidelity have their bonds of union. The noble Jefferson and the ignoble Voltaire send greetings through a common spite, and the philosopher smiles with the chuckling cynic over the imaginary wounds inflicted upon Christianity."

He attended the general co-operation meeting in Virginia in September, which assembled at Bowling Green, in Caroline County, held its sessions in the Episcopal church, and pledged that year \$3,000 for general work.

He is also present at the anniversary of the A. C. M. S., October 23-25, in Cincinnati, and speaks of it as the largest gathering the society had known. "It was feared," he says, "that the unusual political excitement everywhere prevailing would interfere alike with the size and spirit of the convention, but such fears were disappointed. Brethren from fifteen different states and territories assembled, deliberated, acted, worshiped, wept and rejoiced together in a common cause in most perfect harmony. Not one discordant note was heard." The receipts of the year were \$15,836.15, nearly double those of the year before; twenty-four new congregations were organized by the missionaries, and twelve thousand added to the church. The pledges for the coming year were twice as large as those of former years. Campbell, Milligan and Pettigrew were the speakers, who addressed great audiences in the Sixth Street Church, which, "with tears, prayers and pious ejaculations responded to every acceptable utterance of the speakers. Our brethren, young and

old, were all baptized in one spirit and were all overflowing with tenderness and love." This was the general convention, let it be remembered, when the nation was trembling on the verge of war between the states; and while every religious body in the land was torn asunder by the awful passions of the hour, the Disciples of Christ were never divided.

Mr. Pendleton's faithfulness to the conventions of the brotherhood is worthy of emphasis. To the last he loved the fellowship and work of these assemblies, and never neglected them. His example and counsel on this score were always beneficial. No man can disregard the conventions of the church and not find himself the loser. "Brethren who have never attended one of these conventions," he declares, "can not know how much they miss. It relieves the dreary marches of our pilgrimage to sit down together around these gushing springs in the desert and sing the songs of Zion. It is good for the veteran, because, while recounting the trials of the way, he can also rejoice in the triumphs which have been achieved. It is good for the young soldier of the cross, for amid illustrious examples of heroic men, he will catch the spirit that bore them patiently and successfully through their toils, and go forth a purer and a nobler man."

The year 1861 opened with the whole country ablaze. Perhaps no year in the world's history has been so pregnant of events meaning much in the story of human progress. Lincoln came to the White House in March. Fort Sumter was bombarded in April. Big Bethel was fought in June, and Bull Run in July. Grim visaged war had the

nation by the throat. Mr. Pendleton has a noble article in the Harbinger entitled "A Plea for Peace." "What," he asks, "is the business of war? It is to kill human beings. This is the deliberate calculation. To this end look all the preparations. The rifle and the musket, the bayonet and the sword, the bowie knife and the revolver, the cannon, the cartridge, the practice and drill of the soldier—all these are ingeniously contrived and elaborately executed to do well and surely this one end and aim of the battle. Is not this a serious business? Is not this an awful business? Prima facie, is it not a horribly wicked business? Without some high absolving reason, can it be right? Is it anything less than wanton, wholesale murder that will cry unto heaven in the day of judgment against the soul that is guilty of it?"

The trustees of the college hold their annual meeting in July, but there are few from a distance. Only four graduates receive degrees. Among the honorary list is J. A. Garfield, on whom is conferred the degree of Master of Arts. The impression having gone out that the college would suspend the next session, the Board gives the rumor a prompt and decisive correction. "They have no idea," says Mr. Campbell, "of allowing the college to be suspended. They are compelled to make some changes in the corps of instructors because of the reduction of patronage during the present disturbances of the country, but the work will go on. Professors Pendleton, Loos and Mosblech have been retained, and no part of the land is more peaceful and retired from the angry contentions that are now distracting peo-

ple than Bethany." Mr. Pendleton discusses the ordination of elders, church discipline and other irenic themes in the Harbinger.

With the opening of '62 he announces that Bethany College is "still working." "Our class," he says, "is not so large as usual, but in all other respects full of promise and hope. Bethany is truly an asylum of letters and peace to which all may come who desire to escape from the perils of the civil strife which is now raging over the land, and to devote the precious hours to the preparation of their heads and hearts for the future and bloodless victories of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ. To all who have promised us money to complete the college building we beg leave to say we are in debt for the work done upon the building, and we must pay. If they have promised even a single dollar, we entreat them to send it forward." Mr. Campbell writes: "We at Bethany, in common with all the colleges in Virginia, and indeed in all the south, are almost reduced to a shadow compared with by-gone days and years. Martial glory and military splendor have usurped the throne of literature, science and religion."

In July there are five graduates, among them John L. Hunt and T. T. Holton. The whole of the magnificent college edifice, except the great hall, is under roof and enclosed. Throughout the sad and distressing agitations and perils of the country, the college has had the fullest exemption from disturbance or annoyance of any kind, and the prospect for the future presents no fear of interruption to the present peace and social harmony. Easy of access,

healthy and free from civil and military strife, the student can here give his head and heart to the labors and delights of literature and science without distraction. As usual, Mr. Pendleton attends the A. C. M. S. which met in Cincinnati in October. The attendance is not so large as at former meetings, but harmony and good feeling prevail. "The love of many waxes cold," he says, "and the spirit of the world is overshadowing the church to a degree that alarms the stoutest faith. Surely our faith is not vain; the Lord does rule." His pen deals with such themes in the Harbinger as "Ordination," "Communion with the Sects," "A New Translation of Matthew," and "Church Discipline." There is little reference to the awful conflict then raging.

In the opening number of his journal for '63, Mr. Campbell says: "The question is frequently asked, Will the Harbinger be continued for another year? Indeed, we learn that in many places it is supposed that both the Harbinger and Bethany College have been suspended. To these we would say, despite all the drawbacks and hindrances of these gloomy and heart-sickening times, which have fallen so heavily upon all the enterprises of Christian benevolence and hope, we are still, though cast down, not utterly forsaken, but laboring on without, it is true, the encouragement and support of many who, in former years of toil and trial, stood so nobly by us, yet with the sustaining power of an unfaltering faith in the help and the blessing of Him whose Spirit has so long been our comforter and support, and whose service still calls us to the duties of the foremost ranks in the army of his kingdom. Professor W.

K. Pendleton, so long identified with us in all the interests and trusts committed to us by the confidence and liberality of a generous brotherhood, whether in relation to the Harbinger or the college, will continue, as heretofore, to be my constant co-operant and fellow servant to the public, and though, like myself, with no hope of pecuniary reward, will take upon himself the labor and responsibility of my only co-editor."

Early in the year, Mr. Pendleton visits Detroit and assists at the dedication of the new church opened through the liberality of Richard Hawley and Colin Campbell, and together with Eli Regal and R. M. Bishop, he ordained these brethren as deacons and Isaac Errett as pastor of the church. He writes vigorously in the different issues of the Harbinger on the "Jewish Sabbath," on the timely topic, "Praying for Our Enemies," on "True Immersion," and on "The Qualification of Preachers," and reviews the life of John T. Johnson and Campbell's "Lectures and Addresses." The college commencement came in regular order. There were four graduated with the B. A. degree.

With the year 1864, Mr. Campbell's name appears for the last time as editor of the Millennial Harbinger. The preface to this volume is his last. The sunset of life, with its mystical lore of foreseeing, has come. For forty-one years he has been editor. He feels the demand of multiplied years for some respite from the wide and varied calls of his responsible position. He would be free from worldly cares, from relations for which he feels a growing distaste and give himself only to such exercises as befit his

years and declining powers. "I have not only written much and endured much contradiction of sinners, but in travels, in speaking and thinking, in feeling and in suffering for the interests of our noble cause, I may say with the great Apostle, my life has in no small degree, 'superabounded.' The Harbinger, henceforth, will be conducted and published by my long and well-approved associate and co-laborer in many works, Professor W. K. Pendleton. I need not say that I have the fullest confidence in his fidelity and ability. He has been my co-editor for twenty years, and it is needless for me to say anything in special commendation of his scholarship, his enlarged Christian knowledge, his sound judgment, his great prudence, his temperate disposition, his firmness and fixedness of principle, his lifelong devotion to the broadest and most permanent interests of our cause, and his high moral courage in proclaiming and defending the principles of apostolic Christianity. He has been my reliable counsellor in much of the labor of my life and my constant and unswerving co-operant in all the great interests of the cause for which we plead. It is with peculiar gratification that I find him thus prepared and willing to go on with the work from which I feel that it is time for me to retire; and it is my earnest prayer that a generous and confiding brotherhood will hold up his hands and give him courage and confidence to persevere to the end."

"This communication from our venerable and beloved Father Campbell," says Mr. Pendleton, "cannot be read by any one who has felt the magic power of his pen, without a sense of sorrow and sadness.

It is some alleviation that he does not take final leave of his mighty labors, and still more that his plea for retirement is reasonable and just. Like the Greeks before Troy, our venerable Nestor is still among us, and if need be, can still hurl the lance or sway the council as war or wisdom may call for his aid." He has an almost painful responsibility in assuming his new task, but believes the Great Master has laid it upon him and trusts to His help and guidance and throws himself upon the generous encouragement and support of a brotherhood to which he has never appealed in vain. He takes the Harbinger at a discouraging time: "The mighty army of readers that once stood in unbroken ranks about it, have most of them straggled or deserted. We succeed to shattered columns, but it is not without hope that they will rally to the old signal." The subjects treated by Mr. Pendleton's pen during the year are many and varied. "McGarvey on Acts," "Type-Teaching," "Pew-Renting and Organ Music," "Shall Women Exhort in Public?" "Godliness," "The A. C. M. Society," "The Tree of Life," "The Parable of the Ten Virgins," are some of his themes.

An interesting sketch he gives of Archbishop Whateley, who died about this time. He was a warm admirer of this great and singularly gifted man. Two anecdotes he relates of the distinguished author and prelate that are worth remembering. Whateley was quite a punster, and about six months before his death happened to sit beside Dr. John Gregg, Bishop of Cork, at a dinner party, and called upon the Bishop to pass the wine, saying, "Though

you are John Cork, you mustn't stop the bottle!" Bishops signed the name of the diocese instead of their surnames; thus Dr. Whateley's style was, Richard, *Dublin*. But as the Bishop of Cork happened to be a teetotaler, the joke was all the better. Again, not long before his death, in passing along one of the streets of Dublin, he met a friend riding on horseback, to whom he said, "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Speare; have you become an equestrian?" "Yes," replied the other, "I have been ill and the doctor has advised me to ride, saying that the tossing about on horseback will do me good." "All right, all right," said the Archbishop. "I say," he continued, "have you named your horse yet, Speare?" "No, I have not." "Well, then," cried the Doctor, "call him *Shakespeare!*" Mr. Pendleton is not surprised at this side of the character of the author of "Historical Doubts of the Existence of Napoleon Bonaparte."

He is present at the meeting of the O. C. M. S. at Bellefontaine, Ohio, in May, and delivers an address on "The Demand for an Elevated Christian Literature," which is published in the Harbinger. He is also in the second annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Missionary Society at Pittsburg in August. He attends the nineteenth anniversary of the A. C. M. S. in Cincinnati, in October, and delivers one of the principal addresses. The convention in '63 was one of but few of these general conventions that was missed by him. The fortunes of the society had been under a cloud. The society that year "violated her constitution in introducing and forcing to a wilful vote a set of political resolu-

tions." This, Mr. Pendleton and others thought an error. Many thought of abandoning the society. Mr. Pendleton urged that this should not be done; that it was human to err, divine to forgive, and wise to reform. "Let us forget the errors of the past, only to profit by them for the future," he writes, "and, returning to the old ways, take up our society upon the liberal arms of our catholic missionary spirit, and push her usefulness and power to greater heights than ever before. We should not be discouraged because a single stone of stumbling and rock of offence has been thrown in our path. Doubtless many who followed in this ill-advised political zeal were as honest and sincere in their action as any who oppose them could be. Many are the extravagances of a time like this which a large Christian charity must cover over, forgive and forget. Great Christian schemes must not be abandoned in sudden fits of excitement. We must feel that we are entrusted with mighty interests and called to carry them safe through every trial and over all seas, rough or smooth, calm or stormy, peaceful or booming with the tumult of battle. The Saviour plants his kingdom in the hearts of men, not on the territories or states of earth. These may be united or divided, rise and flourish in glory and renown, or sink in fragments and ruin into forgetfulness, but the kingdom which hath foundations will stand, and the Lord will keep his people. Is there this faith in the church?" It was thus this noble man of God plead in these troublous times for peace and unity and righteousness and the noblest interests of the church of Christ.

The college this year catalogues fifty students, and has a graduating class of six. The trustees announce that notwithstanding the general financial revolution through which the country has passed, Bethany College has not lost one dollar of her collected endowment. Through the watchful care and foresight of her treasurer, all has been saved. On endowment \$72,057.92 has been collected, and on college building, \$44,889.15. B. W. Johnson, late president of Eureka College, is called to the Chair of Mathematics. Virginia has become almost identified in the association of the public mind with the thought of terrific battles and mighty battlefields. Her hills and valleys and plains have trembled beneath a shock of arms that has been known to no other land or age, and the immortality that belongs to the scenes of such deeds shall be hers. Bethany has been free from disturbance and peril. Though danger has been on the right hand and on the left, it has never been permitted to come nigh Bethany. Not even a squad of either army has ever passed along her streets. No guerrillas have ever visited her borders. In the midst of martial movements that appall the imagination even by their magnitude, her people have never heard the cry of the wounded, been startled by the roar of artillery, or snuffed the smoke of battle. A merciful Providence has ever lifted upon them the light of His countenance and given them peace. On this account Bethany College, above most all others, is a place for the resort of all who, remote from the excitements of war and the temptations to strife, may desire a tranquil refuge for study and preparation for the coming calls of a time of peace.



UNITY YANCEY PENDLETON.

CHAPTER XVIII

INTER FONTES SACROS

A MAN'S letters reveal his character possibly as nothing else. Here we move indeed among the sacred fountains. "*Epistola non erubescit*," said Cicero. A letter does not blush; it is not self-conscious; it is unreserved; it unveils the hidden man of the heart, as the treasures Cicero has left us afford one of the best illustrations.

A few selections taken at random from Mr. Pendleton's letters will let in a light upon his inner life as well as upon other matters of interest to the reader of these records.

Here is a tender letter, written February 9, 1842, to his brother Joseph, in which he speaks very seriously of the need of preparation for the world to come, and alludes to the "almost universal excitement pervading the land upon the subject of the personal and glorious advent of the Lord this year. It is growing stronger and stronger daily, and the great zeal and confidence of its chief advocate, Mr. Miller, seem well calculated still to heighten it. We are all examining the whole subject of prophecies at this time in Bethany. We meet every Sunday night and have a familiar conversation upon certain parts selected in order and agreed upon a week beforehand in order to give time for examination. The great learning and ability of some of the participants and the lively interest of all serve to

render them intensely interesting to those who can at all realize the grand and imposing events which are the subject of inquiry and examination." Thomas Campbell, Alexander Campbell, Robert Richardson, James T. Barclay, W. K. Pendleton and others probably constituted this group.

Again, in January, 1844, to his brother Joseph he writes, appealing to him to become a Christian: "The consideration of a happy union on earth so naturally leads to the desire for its continuance in heaven that I was led involuntarily into the expression of the wish that the grave might not forever sunder that which has so blessed the family at Cuckoo. I love much to think of home and all its hallowing influences, and I often employ the few leisure moments that I can spare to reflection, in thinking of the various causes that have contributed to direct into such pleasant channels the currents of our lives. These, however, all resolve themselves into two—father and mother. Faithfulness, wisdom and the tenderest affection were to us as household divinities, and, oh, how richly they have abounded in fruits to all! The young and thoughtless value but lightly the weight of precept and example, but how often to us, who have known some little of what it is to act for one's self in the world—how often to us come up from the clouded memories of the past, laden with wisdom and instruction, the lessons of one whose voice is now still forever on earth, and whose face we shall never again look upon, except in that better land, to which we fondly hope his spirit has already taken its flight. I remember to have heard him, when he lay upon his bed from

which his spirit spread its wings for eternity, say that his children had been blessed with signal opportunities for knowing their duty, and if they did it not they must themselves confess the justice of their condemnation."

To his mother, whom he has just visited September 1, 1847: "My house is most desolate, and I feel altogether lonely after the continued company of my many dear and affectionate relatives for so many days in old Virginia. I shall soon forget my loneliness, however, in the unavoidable company of returning cares, and deaden if not soothe the complaints of memory by the clamorous calls of business. I must not live for myself alone, but in part for others, and it were both ungrateful and unmanly to yield to the pressure of my own sorrows or griefs when so many high objects call me to bear up and to work. I could not think well of myself were I to cease from doing good, or at least trying, and sure I am I could not be blessed with the approbation of God. Still I feel an unwillingness to enter upon my labors which I do not remember to have felt before. I should rather perhaps say an irresoluteness, for unwilling I am not, yet do I shrink as at the presence of some overpowering difficulty. My mind does not easily despair, nor do difficulties generally either exhaust or appall it, but it has spent its energies upon itself. I have been too long and too fully blessed with domestic joys to give them up without a struggle. To return to my house after so pleasant a communion with my relations, who are nearest to me on earth, and be reawakened to its desolation, with no present prospect of enjoying, in justice to

her tender and forming mind, the constant company even of my child, is what many another has done and borne, and what I do not murmur at because it is His will, but still it is a privation I may and do feel with something more than common bitterness, and which I know you will pardon me for expressing. It is a relief to have some one to bear our sorrows. Christ has borne them in their eternal consequences, but there are those we may feel and share with each other, and thus lighten. Mine have been with myself. No ear but the listening one of night has heard them, and if a voice of consolation has sometimes come to me, it has been from the spirit land. I do not speak this in complaint, though with tears, for it has been my choosing to feel in secret, and therefore thus in secret to suffer. I would not write thus to one less dear to me, who could not understand me as merely giving relief to my feelings by telling them to one who can regard them as unaffected. I cherish not one unkind feeling towards a creature that liveth, but, striving always to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man, I pray equally to forgive and be forgiven."

May, 1848, he writes to his mother a newsy story of himself and Campbellina, and of the college and the Campbells. He has been much out of doors, and he and the little girl are "as coppery as Indians"; he speaks of himself as well, save "a feeble and often imperfect digestion." He describes his flower garden, with a hundred varieties of flowers. Mr. Campbell has gone to Pittsburg to marry a son of Walter Scott to a daughter of Samuel Church. "My duties are very multiform and arduous," he

says, "and I am kept thin with the toil." He is engaged in planning and drafting bridges for the road to Wheeling. He has twelve acres in corn, and eight in wheat. He mentions three students who have joined the church recently, young men of the very first promise in usefulness, one of whom is McGarvey. He speaks of old Grandfather Campbell as afflicted with bad eyesight, but his mind "as yet quite active and discriminating."

To his mother, August 25, 1854, he writes from Bethany of his trial in again leaving her and his children who are at Cuckoo, and of his parting with "Phil" and sister "Jane" and "Campbellina" in Baltimore. "I hope Campbellina may in some measure requite your kindness by her grateful affection; she may not appreciate it now as she ought to do, but she is quite young and will feel more fully as she advances in that knowledge which only experience and reflection can ever give us." He has great comfort in his children. "When I have been with them, noticing the germs of their future characters gradually expanding so much in harmony with my hopes, it affords me food for many a dream that might be darker were it otherwise. I hope they will both in time feel that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Mr. Campbell and Virginia," he says, "think you look as much like the late Mr. Thomas Campbell as if you were his sister. This is certainly so, at least if we are any judges of the likeness of human faces." This letter closes, "Good-bye, my dear, dear and honored mother, and believe me sincerely and truly your affectionate son, William."

To Mr. Alvan Lathrope, of New York, who had visited "Bethany House," and writes Mr. Campbell, Mr. Pendleton replies at request of "Mother Campbell," as Mr. Campbell is absent:

"Mr. Campbell has been in Baltimore now for more than a week. We have heard that his lectures on the great and sublime themes of Redemption have attracted thousands who have been compelled reluctantly to go away ungratified. No house can hold the people that crowd to hear him. I regret that you did not have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, and also that you were denied the pleasure of hearing him speak. Party prejudice has done Mr. Campbell much injustice, and it is only a few noble spirits out of our own nominal connection that can rise so far superior to its ungenerous judgments as to appreciate either his genius or his labors of benevolence and love. Through the influence of these few, however, a more just impression is being gradually made even upon the obdurate spirit of prejudice itself, and if it please not the Father of all mercies to prolong his life till he shall experience the latter days to be more blessed than the former, I doubt not that his name will be associated by the generations of the good to come with those of the purest and brightest spirits that have adorned the annals of the church.

"This is Saturday night; to-morrow Mr. Campbell addresses, at the invitation of both Houses of Congress, the representatives of our nation in the National Hall at Washington City, and to-morrow, the Lord willing, we shall meet in our humble temple to praise and invoke our common Father. We

talked when you were here of pulling it down and building a new and larger one, but it yet stands upon the grassy bank of the Buffalo—a monument of more primitive times that has outlived many a bright spirit who once worshiped under its roof. You will doubtless sometimes recall this simple structure, and, it may be, a few of those who met with you there. Should he who now addresses you chance to be among that number, he would ask no more than to be remembered in your prayers.

“Our venerable and aged grandfather still enjoys his wonted health. His eyesight is almost totally gone; the privation to him is indeed great. Still, he feeds upon the sincere milk of the Word. His favorite enjoyment in his blindness is to repeat over to some friends the numerous spiritual songs with which his memory was stored before his eyes had failed and knowledge from this entrance was quite shut out. He truly hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and the great Teacher hath said, ‘Blessed are such, for they shall be filled.’ ”

To Mrs. Pendleton from Cincinnati, October, 1856, he writes of the Missionary Convention: “We have quite a thin representation of the churches. Yesterday the Bible Society was disposed of and its funds applied to the Missionary Society. Brother Pickett is here, and has made many kindly inquiries after you and the baby. Brother Pettigrew is also here, and we had mutual congratulations on the ‘little blessings.’ Speak many kind words to our dear Willie for me. He promised me to be a good and obedient boy during my absence, and I trust you will be able to tell me that he has kept his

promise. Our baby greet with a wee kiss, and be sure she suffers not from *the whiskers*—the frightful things! I know nothing more alarming than Grandma's spectacles—only to think how the little thing made up its mouth and cried at them."

To Mrs. Pendleton, in Wheeling for medical treatment in 1857, after speaking of his loneliness on account of her absence: "You may rest assured I saunter about more than ever among my garden beauties. I think I shall soon have an individual acquaintance with each particular daisy. I much fear your fine *macrophilla* is gone—poor thing! It looks like a bereaved heart. You will miss its modest roselets more than anything else in the garden. From the garden to the kitchen is a natural transition, but now by no means an agreeable one. We are poor in the good things of the larder; have had no meat since you left. Still, we pillage the hens' nests and get along. Virgin says the living is first-rate. She and Nellie get along very happily with Fred and Lewis to help them. The four went horseback riding this afternoon. . . . Our good and hopeful *twa* dogs, Sprightly and Bob, killed a black hen to-day, for which I thrashed them soundly. I don't think they will repeat the deed again. Kiss our dear baby. Love to cousin Joe, M. and the children. Bridget, Rosanna and the whole family join in love to you and the little duck."

To Mrs. Pendleton, at the Bath Alum Springs, July 17th, 1857: "Mr. Campbell came up and took dinner with us to-day. He went into the parlor and heard Cammie play the 'Carnival of Venice.' He was pleased to express much admiration both of the

piece and of the performance. He took a peep, too, at the dear baby, and patted it on the head with the kindness of a patriarchal blessing. I took her in my arms this evening after tea, and walked all over the yard with her and through the flower garden. She never seemed happier, but I could not but think her a little pensive. Perhaps it was 'a softness of the hour creeping o'er her heart like dew along the flower,' but I thought it might be the shadowed image of a deep privation, which in Scripture is used as the most eloquent symbol of human woe and helplessness, and the most potent to move the divine sympathy and compassion of the great Father of the fatherless—the privation of an orphaned heart! I fancied her little soul was struggling with the mystery of the want which it could not express, but which the absence of the sweet touches of a mother's hand I know must occasion in the dim depths of her undeveloped consciousness. But, dear creature, she is sleeping now, and, if thinking at all, dreaming of better things than life can ever give her.

"I went out this evening to see if there were any new flowers out to greet you in your mountain seclusion, but I found none, only the old ones looked sweeter than ever. It is so, I said to myself, of all true beauty, material or spiritual. It is a joy forever if the heart that looks upon it be in sympathy with its loveliness. It is especially so, I said, with the one we love. Memory is like a sweet twilight, throwing its rosy colors over everything we look at in her, and blending light and shade so deftly that both are lost in the beauty they kindle around *her*.

"I have no news, dear Kate. I feel that all my

feelings towards you are neither *new* nor *old*. Immortals, you know, have neither youth nor age—the same yesterday, to-day and forever—they seem never to have been born, but only to have awakened from ‘a sleep and a forgetting’ to revive affections which are and have been eternal. You will perhaps say this is metaphysical, but you will know by the responses of your own heart that it is most delightfully true. God bless us all.

“P. S.—I have been translating some of the fine old eloquence of the Hebrew of Job, and can bury myself in the sorrows of that great man of Uz so completely that time moves unnoticed, save by its loss.”

From a letter to Mrs. Pendleton, July 19th, 1857: “Willie expressed a strong desire to write to you this morning, but he is now at the Society. He was big to bursting nigh with a speech, and went down some hours in advance of the hour for fear he would be fined. The chief item he wished to communicate was that he had torn his pantaloons or bursted his knee through three times to-day, notwithstanding the oft-repeated stitches and stitchings of his sister. We have just had a tremendous thunder-storm. The wind blew for about three minutes a perfect gust, but it stopped suddenly, and then we had a gentle and refreshing shower. I had just got round our verbena beds. They were clean and very thirsty, and since the shower are very beautiful. I look at our garden many times a day for you, dear Kate, and think of every flower what you would think could you see it. The baby—for she and the flowers and you are inseparable—seems determined to surprise everybody

by her goodness and personal independence of any and everybody who chooses to desert her. She is spunky, as you know she has a good right to be, and is determined not to let on, no matter how much she misses you. She is asleep now, or perhaps she would send her uncle a dignified recognition for his kindness in taking you away to the Springs.

"I received a note from Adams Express Office last mail informing me that a package was in their office at Wheeling awaiting my order, valued at \$6,000! I was, of course, no little surprised until I opened another letter, which I found to be from Mrs. Tubman, informing me that she had remitted me six railroad bonds of \$1,000 each, to complete now her endowment of \$16,000. This is noble, to promise well and to do better. . . . Best love to Hez from all, not including the baby, whose mind on that subject I am not sure about."

He is with Mr. Campbell on a soliciting tour after the burning of the college, and writes to his wife from Washington of his visit to the White House with Judge Black and others to call on the President and Miss Lane: "We stayed about an hour, and found ourselves very agreeably entertained in an unostentatious, free, democratic sort of way. Miss Lane is about as good-looking as so plain a face could well be. There is nothing brilliant either in her mind or face, but at the same time there is nothing to object to positively in either. You have seen such very good faces and hearts that you could not particularly find fault with anything about them. Just such is Miss Lane, the niece of the President,

and at present mistress of the White House. When I say we stayed an hour, I must tell you that part of the time was given to the President, who is a man of the highest order of statesmanly qualities. I was very much pleased with him, and feel more and more assured of a safe, prudent, firm and enlarged policy in the administration of our national affairs." He closes this letter: "Speak of me to our little angel baby, and commend us all to Him who alone can preserve and bless us."

Again, on the same trip he writes from New York, and is anxious lest the baby is not sufficiently "exercised out of doors." "You know what a craving she has for the free, open skies, and how, like a tranquil dream, she will lie in her carriage and look up into the quiet heavens as though she felt a sympathy with its deep and eternal beauty. A little more of this medicine will do her good, body and soul. There is nothing that so deepens our nature as to live early and lovingly under the canopying colors of the deep blue sky. Celestial influences brood over us in these still moments and quicken to orderly life the chaotic powers of the soul, and these energize into healthful motion the animal spirits, and thus the body grows fitted to the mind and responsive to its nobler emotions."

He arranges to read with Mrs. Pendleton some Scripture lesson daily, and in a letter from Lexington, Kentucky, June 24, 1858, he says: "I think this will reach you next Thursday, and that night I shall think of you as beginning to read with me the sweet psalms of the sweet singer of Israel—thus, first, 1, 2 and 3; second, 4, 5 and 6; third, 7 and 8;

fourth, 9 and 10; fifth, 11, 12 and 13; sixth, 14, 15, 16 and 17; seventh, 18; eighth, 19 and 20; ninth, 21 and 22. This will serve to direct us nine evenings. Before the time lapses I will designate still farther our course. I thank you much from my inmost heart for this pious suggestion of your love. It will be a sweet termination to each day for me thus to meet you over the sublime poetry of this man after God's own heart."

In this journey he writes constantly of Mr. Campbell's great addresses, of the hospitality of friends everywhere, and of difficulties in the way of securing funds. "It is a hard road to travel," he says; "our mission is no holiday sport. I trust it may never be my duty to travel on another such mission. The plan we are adopting is the only one by which we can raise the money. Everybody says the college must be rebuilt; at the same time they seem to think that everybody ought to help to do it, and of course we must visit this multitudinous and almost ubiquitous Mr. Everybody. Would that we had them all, every mother's son of them, in one vast amphitheater, that, with the voice of a Stentor, we might break open their purse-strings and shake out fifty thousand at a single shock of our imploring eloquence!"

Again, the same year he is traveling in Missouri for the college, and on a steamer in the Missouri River, which is "backing and advancing, sounding and sticking in the mud." He is much disgusted with it all, and has been studying people in the cabin: "I belive the fashionables are thinking of introducing fruits for head ornaments instead of

flowers, and I would suggest that for many persons leeks and onions be the principal commodity! A few sweet potatoes would set off some noses, and if you will notice in traveling you will be surprised to see how many people are onion-eyed. Upon the whole, I wish I were well out of this boat."

From Bethany he writes to Mrs. Pendleton at Bloomfield, Ohio, October, 1858: "This is Saturday evening, and the weather seems to be hanging upon the clouds, and these upon doubt. Upon slightest provocation they would spit snow in your face, and look coldly down upon you afterwards as much as to say, 'Take that, or you will get worse'; but I feel as if I should be very apt to say, 'Do that again, if you dare!' To-night, Donati's comet was to have made her most gracious sweep to the earth, but we shall not see her. She is truly coy to shake her crinoline at so respectful a distance as fifty-two millions of miles, and then curve away again as if she would have us follow her into some retired haunts of the outer void. But our good mother is not given to running after loose company. She is a staid old matron, walking her household rounds very composedly, and dressing herself according to the season with very considerable chasteness, and we think in great good taste. Just now she is getting on her fall wrappings, and methinks they were never more beautiful. But, then, she is under so bad a light this evening that she does not show to advantage, and I have just in sheer politeness turned away from looking at her.

"Truly the earth and the heavens are filled with glory. Blended crimson and gold and green are

smiling on the hilltops and glancing their tremulous tints from every sunny slope, and the college bell is swinging in sacred harmony in the new chapel spire, and the hum of busy, bustling students is abroad once more, and joy itself seems out on holiday. Nature is a great teacher. A sweeter singer than David is she to many a soul-sick Saul, if they would but listen to her harmony. Night before last we read that while the Lord sat upon a throne, high and lifted up, and filled the temple with his train, one seraph cried unto another, and said, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory!' and the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. I never saw this sublime vision in the light in which it recurs to me to-day. That seraph voice seems pealing through the wide temple of the universe, and His glory in trailing clouds is filling everything. A haze of Indian summer and the trembling air, standing like posts to the portals of the distant sky, echo the sound, and nature's temple is full of praise. The pious heart strives to join, and sighs for the touch of the live coal from the altar that its lips may be hallowed for the chorus."

October 1, 1860, to Mrs. Pendleton he writes, inclosing a little piece of Latin verse, which very greatly pleased him, both for its sentiment and music, and which he renders in some words of his own and begs her to enjoy:

"THE APOSTLE JOHN.

"Volat avis sine meta,
Quo nec vates, nec propheta
Evolavit altius.

Tam implenda, quam impleta,
Nunquam vidit tot secreta
Purus homo purius.'

" 'Without a bound, a bird he flies,
Than whom nor bard, nor prophet wise,
Higher hath spread his pinion.
Of mysteries past, or yet to rise,
None e'er beneath the circling skies
Hath had so full a vision.'

"I always make a poor hand with the joys of the past, but the present and the future I can fill with some homely pleasures that fill my own heart and run over in free measures to the hearts of others.

"It is a kind world, after all, and God forbid that I should ever croak about its inhumanity. I think the heart must itself first become very loving before it can see the love that is all around it. My eyes fill with tears, sweet tears of gratitude, when I think of how many people, for no merit of mine, love me, as I have reason to believe they do. God bless them for it with a double blessing."

From Washington City to Mrs. Pendleton, July 7, 1862: "I see nothing here to make me happy. The nation is in travail. Its councils are divided and the rulers are at their wits' end. *Entre nous*, I can see there is a want of brains—great, grasping brains—that can sweep the mighty area of this present game of war, and with thoughts lifted up sublimely to God, see over and under and through it the rosy dawn of a great Providence adjusting the past in storm and providing for the future in sunshine and love, only to be felt by the heart humble in prayer, and seen by the eye washed by the purifying tears of contrition. I heard the noble old Crit-

tenden asked this afternoon if he saw any hope, and he said, with quivering lip and faltering voice, 'Honestly and candidly—none!' Another, a senator, in his place on the floor, said that if the fight was for vengeance, he warned his compeers that it would be in vain. Not only did Revelation say, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' but the truth was a truth of nature written upon all the pages of history. And so it is. When the precept cannot control and guide, God teaches by experience. But, oh, how sad, sad, how very sad, is this lesson already! God in his mercy make it very short!"

Now come the sad letters of the war-time. September 10, 1862, he writes: "Mrs. Loos has heard of the death of Prof. Loos's brother-in-law. He fell in some of the numerous battles between Cedar Mountain and Washington—shot through the head. Our dear nephew, Adjutant-General William B. Pendleton, lost a leg in the battle of Cedar Mountain. Alas, alas! Poor, dear sister Betty—John dead, and William, her pride—her noblest—maimed for life! Her most beautiful flower of all the five, and at scarcely twenty-three, so high in rank, where rank is a measure of merit—how can she bear it!"

He says: "King looks brighter than a button, and threw himself forward at once to come to me. I think from what they say of his fondness for Irish potatoes that there must have been some son or daughter of Erin in our remote ancestry, yours or mine, or perhaps both."

He speaks of Birdie: "Her tongue is nearer to perpetual motion than the screw of Archimedes, and her thoughts as flitting as butterflies in spring."

Here is an illustration of the kindness of heart and readiness of resource of the Bethany professor: "This morning, just as I was starting to my lecture on Matthew, a little boy came, panting and out of breath, for me to run down to Mr. Steel's, that the 'old man had fallen down on his head with the apology,' and they wanted me. I thought I would go down and attend to my class, and then call and see him, but upon second thought it occurred to me that there might be no doctor in town, and I ran into the house and got my lancet and hastened down. I found a great crowd assembled, and the old man very nearly gone. I immediately bled him in both arms, and with this and other surface appliances, in about ten minutes he came to himself, and I trust now he will get up. In about an hour they had two doctors, and they concluded that I had done all that the case required, and left." The average professor would have waited until after the lecture, in the first place, and in the second, would be ignorant of the lancet.

"The dogs are busy barking at the echo of their own voices, and there seems to be something offensive to them in the night air, they howl and carry on so wildly. Did you ever notice how much more the dogs bark some nights than others? There are more things in the heavens to them than to us, I guess! How little we know of the dog's knowledge! May they not have a sense we know not of to spy the invisible and bark at it?"

To Mrs. Pendleton, September 21, 1864: "Our dear little Phil misses you very much, looks quite sad and forsaken, but is very quietly resigned. The

nurse announced the first tooth to-day. No one, I think, has seen it, but she says she can feel it with her thimble! It ought to be sharp and have an eye to it! Cammie, I think, is improving. She rides about gracefully upon Dolly, who she thinks does better under the saddle than in a buggy, even. Happy delusion!"

When off for the college: "There is no part of my public life that I have so great a distaste for as this of asking people to give us money. I get down to it with pain and travail, and out of it with a sigh of relief. But I know it must be done or the great and good work to which my life is given must be in a measure a failure. Were it not for Brother Allen and his taste and gift for the work, I should despair. I can help to plan and devise ways and means, but it is his forte to push them upon the generosity and conscience of the people." Hopeful, however, he is always. "I am full of confidence and hope as to our great work. I perceive that Bethany has a deep and abiding place in the confidence and affections of our brethren. The Lord is with us, I am assured, and if we are true to our mission he will abundantly bless us."

Very sympathetically he always writes his wife about the garden and the flowers. In June, 1866, he writes: "Do not forget my orders about your garden genuflections. I would like for you to realize your dream of a sweet yard. You do so much to please my heart that I am always more than anxious to have you also do all that you like to please your own eyes. Our home is sweet to me always, and its quiet beauty never seems dearer to me than when I

think of it as the scene also of your happiness. I could not love it if I did not see in it the reflection of your own appreciative eyes. I am never so charmed with it as when I contemplate it as an expression of your own heart and taste. It is a picture all the lovelier because of the loved artist that has given it its beauty. I sometimes wish for a moment, only for a moment, because it is puerile to indulge in idle wishes, but I sometimes wish that I could afford to realize to you the full measure of your own beautiful fancies in the decoration of our earthly home, and this always points me to the heavenly home, and what it must be and will be to you and to me to be there. Our love of the beautiful will be a part of our fitness to enjoy together the paradise of the skies. Thus true love ever lifts to heaven as the scene of its fullest bliss, and thus cultivation of a pure and grateful taste is the true nurture of piety."

CHAPTER XIX

EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER

IN January, 1865, the title page of the Bethany Magazine reads for the first time, The Millennial Harbinger, conducted by W. K. Pendleton; co-editor, C. L. Loos. The introduction to the volume is written in Mr. Pendleton's best vein. He is full of faith and hope. "Many brethren," he says, "are discouraged. The wrinkled front of war alarms them. But do they forget it is theirs to smooth this wrinkled front of war—to persuade men to beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks? To lift up their sword against their fellows no longer and to learn war no more? O that the church, which is not of the world, could rise to the glory of working only for the kingdom of peace!"

In outlining his program for the Journal, he proposes to give special attention to The Elements of Christianity, Church Organization and Discipline, Expositions of Scripture, Christian Antiquities, the Natural History of the Bible, Notices of Translations, Notes and Criticisms on Current Religious Literature, Present Phases of Infidelity, Biographical Sketches, Christian Benevolence, Religious Intelligence—Home and Foreign, Affairs Among the Brotherhood, and Words to Little Ones.

The discussion of instrumental music in the churches is now on. "We notice a growing heat

under the discussion of this subject," Mr. Pendleton writes, "but let us keep cool. We will commit less sin against logic and music both, and be much surer of victory. A man can make heresy out of any subject and almost any side of it by sinful violence in his advocacy of it. I do not think the organ is likely to be a siren of much mischief among us at present. Controversy ought to be against 'melodeons,' as it is this cheap form of musical instrument that for the most part satisfies the present instrumental extravagance of our musical amateurs. It is a smaller sin measured in cubical feet, and not so noisy; but then if there be merit in a musical instrument as a means of praise, let us give the Lord the best. It is a shame to make his entertainments so cheap and feeble as they must be from the little foot-bellows of a melodeon." This controversy is curious reading in the light of to-day.

In a series of papers on skeptical difficulties, the editor treats, among other questions, the authorship of the Pentateuch, which is instructive in view of more modern positions on this subject. "Unquestionably," he says, "Moses was the author of these books. First, our Savior ascribes them to Moses. 'Did not Moses give you the law?' he asks; and again, 'Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.' Now, let it be remembered that at the time our Savior spoke, the expression 'the law,' meant the five books of the Pentateuch, and Moses meant their author. Philip said to Nathanael, 'We have found him of whom Moses in the law and all the prophets did write.' Here now

is clear, positive and direct authority in proof of the proposition, and we may say it is as strong as the evidence on which we believe on Christ."

Pastors and Teachers, Denominational Aspects, the Conversion of Paul, Church Organization, Foreknowledge and Free Will, Theological Schools and the Missouri Test Oath, are some of his leaders for the year, but perhaps the most striking and opportune is on the Death of the President. It will be read to-day with interest.

"Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, is dead! Suddenly and without a moment's warning, he has fallen by the hand of an assassin! The morning of the 14th of April, 1865, rose upon him full of hope; and all that anxious day his head and his heart were busy and strong in what he fondly thought would bring speedy peace and rest to our disturbed and weary people; and the evening found him amid the gay and joyous throng of hearts beating free with a sense of mighty national agonies endured and ended, and lending the welcome of his presence to the happy signs of returning peace. But in a moment how all is changed! The deadly bullet enters the brain, so busy with the future fate of this mighty nation, and it is paralyzed forever! Soon the heart grows still, and the man of all eyes—for whose words thirty millions of people were waiting in hushed breath and with fondest hope—whose single mind held the secrets that nations were trembling to hear, and upon whose fiat the fortunes of agriculture and manufactures and commerce and even civil liberty seem to hang,—he from whose lips we were waiting to hear the potent

spell of peace sound over the troubled waves of our stormy sea, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lies dead, and powerless to speak to us for good or for ill—as though he had never been. He is dead and another ruleth in his stead. If there be any events in which Providence seems to challenge the world to serious and awful consideration, surely this is one of them. For the last four years, who can have occupied so much of public attention as the man who, as President of the United States, stood forth, the representative of the mightiest military power on earth, in a storm of revolutionary conflict that seemed at times destined not only to drift the Christian world into war, but to engulf in irremediable ruin the very temple of our political liberty. And now, just as this long and anxious struggle seemed about to terminate, and we were looking for the answer of light and peace upon the face of this oracle of all the national wisdom in the cabinet and victory in the field, to see it suddenly grow dark under the bloody hand of the assassin, and veiled forever in the night of a violent and untimely death,—the heads of nations must shudder under the shock of the awful disappointment,—and turn in their perplexity to God for wisdom and strength to read and bear the calamity of His providence aright.

“Murder is a dark and damning crime, no matter upon what committed. If I maliciously or even wantonly take the life of the merest slaving idiot that barely vegetates in the light of life, I deserve to die for it; but to murder a people’s President!—this is to stab the nation’s heart,—to trample under

foot 'the awe and majesty' wherewith God has clothed the 'temporal power,' and count the people's choice an unholy thing. The crime is not to be measured by human punishment. It outweighs the wrath of man. We can but vindicate the law and leave it to Him who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.' Yet we know that for such there is reserved the fire that is not quenched and the worm that never dies.

"We are prone, under a great national blow like this, to ask why God permitted it, and are apt, perhaps, to venture too boldly to anticipate its destined effects in the future. But we do not allow ourselves to enter upon the field of political conjecture. Let us rather look into our own hearts and see in this terrible national affliction a solemn warning to humble ourselves before the Great Ruler, and implore more fervently and truly his guidance and protection. The Lord hath not smitten this people so heavily and thus in the moment of exulting hope, without reason. We need a purification before the land can be fully blest. Let us inquire wherein we have come short and sinned before our God, and with true repentance fall down in the dust before him, and he will surely lift upon us the light of his countenance and give us peace."

The Ohio State Missionary Society held its fourteenth anniversary in May, at Ashland, and Professor Pendleton was present and delivered one of the principal addresses. Gould, Rowe, Myers, Parmley, Gilbert, Burgess, Green, Goodwin, Moffett, Hayden, Haley, Fillmore and Robison are some of the men he mentions. "J. H. Jones, of Cleveland,"

he tells us, "led off with one of his electric displays that threw a charm over the whole body." Benjamin Franklin, of the Review, he describes as "strong, earnest, practical and driving always at his purpose," and declares, "his address will be long and profitably remembered." R. M. Bishop was president, and R. R. Sloan corresponding secretary. The meeting was held in the Methodist house of worship, and people of all parties and no party received them with open arms. Mr. Pendleton closes his report with the words, "May the Lord bless all his people and hasten the day when they shall be united in the bonds of a true and scriptural fellowship."

The address of Mr. Pendleton before this convention is published in the Harbinger, and covers eighteen pages. It abounds in references to the great struggle and the needs of the churches growing out of the war. Pastors and evangelists to carry on the work are a special necessity which he emphasizes. He appeals to mothers to consecrate the Timothys, and a beautiful passage, with tender reference to his own mother, will seem in place here.

"O mothers, great is your mission among men! We never forget your early lessons. They are our heart's heart. They come, like your yearning reminiscence of lost Eden's bloom, to throw their fragrance and their purity over the arid and poisoned ways of our rugged life; they steal upon us in the hour of our temptations like gentle whisperings from the spirit land; they come to refresh us like the wells and palm trees of Elim when we are ready to perish in the desert; and when, on the stormy

battle-field, death strikes us down with his red hand of blood, they are sweeter to us than the shout of victory and holy as the prayer in which they taught us to commit ourselves to the love and the mercy of God. O mother mine, from whose gentle eyes these have been shut out for now four dreary years by the lurid cloud of war, if through all its agonies thy firm but tender heart is yet unbroken, to thee let me render this tribute due to thy surpassing love, and lay at thy feet the gratitude I owe for what, through the grace of God, I am enabled this day to do or say for the glory and honor of his name!"

The twenty-fourth annual commencement of Bethany College was held as usual on the fourth of July. There was a large audience and the exercises were interesting. Five young men were presented with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Jabez Hall, J. L. Pinkerton and W. C. Dawson were of this class. New trustees were added to the Board as follows: C. A. Buckbee, Ross Forward, Bateman Goe, James McGrew, Thomas W. Phillips, L. P. Streator, A. W. Campbell, Jr., Dr. R. Richardson, H. K. Reynolds, James Darsie, Z. F. Smith and John M. Lea. At this meeting it was decided to change the time of holding the commencement to the last Thursday in June. The faculty, as announced for the twenty-fifth session, consists of A. Campbell, President, W. K. Pendleton, Vice-President and Professor of Mental, Moral and Physical Philosophy and Belles-Lettres, Charles Louis Loos, Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature, B. W. Johnson, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and Robert Mason, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and

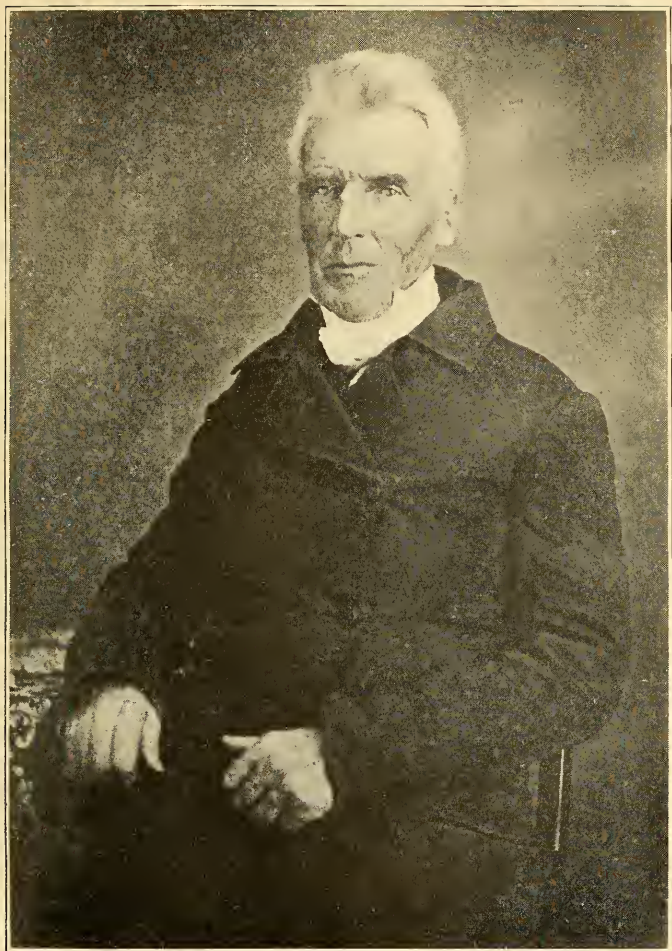
Natural History. Albert Allen announces the sum of \$63,442 subscribed toward the endowment of Bethany, \$53,000 of which is from the Phillips Brothers, Newcastle, Pa. The deadly nimbus of war rolled back, and after four years of terrific strife men saw again the fair blue skies of peace. *Post nubila, jubila; post nubila, Phœbus.*

Thus this beloved institution passed through the war period and kept its colors flying. How much this was due to the wisdom and prudence and heroic and self-sacrificing service of Mr. Pendleton can never be estimated. Mr. Campbell was in his decline. "During the continuance of the war," his biographer tells us, "he continued to act as president, and for a time meet as usual his morning class, as well as to deliver the annual baccalaureate address. As these duties, however, which he endeavored to fulfill from his strong desire to labor to the last, were evidently too great a burden at his advanced age, he was induced at length to relinquish them to the vice-president, who, with the remaining members of the faculty, continued to preserve the order and conduct the business of the college, reserving merely to the president the duty of conferring the degrees and preparing the address of the annual commencement. He still visited the college, and sometimes, through force of habit, would prepare to go over to deliver his morning lecture, until reminded that he had been relieved from duty." His work on the Harbinger also had gradually closed. In January, 1865, he relinquished the editorship, and in November of the same year his last essay appears in the Journal, to which he had

so largely contributed for five and thirty consecutive years. Fitly enough, his theme is the gospel. After some remarks on preaching, he says: "We shall now propound or declare the seven facts which constitute the whole gospel. They are: 1. The birth of Christ; God being his Father and the Virgin Mary his mother. 2. The life of Christ; as the oracle of God and the beau ideal of human perfection. 3. The death of Christ; as a satisfactory sacrifice for the sin of the world. 4. The burial of Christ as a prisoner of the grave. 5. The resurrection of Christ; 'Oh, grave, I will be thy destruction.' 6. The ascension of Christ; 'He ascended far above all heavens that he might possess all things.' 7. The coronation of Christ as Lord of the universe; God, his Father, constituting him the absolute sovereign of all creation."

Closing he declares: "The present material universe yet unrevealed in all its area, in all its tenantries, in all its riches, beauty and grandeur, will be wholly regenerated. Of this fact we have full assurance, since He that now sits upon the throne of the universe has pledged His word for it, saying, 'Behold, I will create all things new!'—consequently, new heavens, new earth—consequently, new tenantries, new employments, new pleasures, new joys, new ecstasies. Theirs is a fullness of joy, a fullness of glory, a fullness of blessedness, of which no living man, however enlightened, however enlarged, however gifted, ever formed or entertained one adequate conception." These are Mr. Campbell's last words as a religious writer—the closing testimony of a hand which had penned sixty volumes.

Editor of the Harbinger and virtually head of the college, Mr. Pendleton's responsibilities and labors were indeed onerous. In the active ministry of the gospel also, and the advocacy of the great cause of missions, he was unremitting in diligence and devotion. The anniversary of the Missionary Society in Cincinnati found him present as usual, and he spends several weeks abroad in the interest of the college before this October meeting. The days of Reconstruction for the church and college were not less serious than for the nation.



ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XX

PATER ET FILIUS

DR. PHILIP SCHAFF, writing on the friendship of Calvin and Melanchthon, gives us this striking passage: "When God has a great work to do in his kingdom, he trains and associates congenial agents of different gifts, but of one spirit and aim, to carry out his purposes. They supplement and encourage one another, and accomplish much more in unison than they could in isolation. Moses and Aaron, David and Jonathan in the history of Israel; Paul and Barnabas, Peter and Mark in apostolic times; Pamphilius and Eusebius, Basil and Gregory Nazianzen among the fathers; Luther and Melanchthon, Zwingli, Occolampadius and Bullinger, Calvin, Farel, Viret and Beza, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley among the reformers; the two Wesleys and Whitefield in the Methodist revival; Pusey, Newman and Keble in the Anglo-Catholic movement of our days, will readily occur to the memory as illustrious examples of co-operative friendship for the advancement of God's kingdom. Such friendships, based upon mutual respect and affection, cemented by the love of Christ, the Lord and Savior, and devoted to a holy cause, have left a deep impress upon the pages of history, and their memory is an inspiration to succeeding generations."

In American church history, Campbell and Pendleton are two names that after the same manner

must be forever associated. Unlike those named by the great church historian, this friendship was never clouded by human infirmity. Paul and Barnabas fell out on the question of Mark, and Paul and Peter on the deeper question of Circumcision and the recognition of Gentile converts, and Luther and Melanchthon came near to a break on the subject of the Real Presence, but the relations of Campbell and Pendleton were never marred by a serious difference on any subject. Mr. Campbell was just twenty-nine years Mr. Pendleton's senior, and they lived and worked together as father and son in the great undertakings to whose common service they had been providentially called. Unlike in many respects, in nationality, in tastes, in culture, in disposition, in methods of work, in views on minor points of doctrine and practice—they were one in a great, overmastering purpose, and each fitted harmoniously in the plan of the other's life. From the day that Bethany College was founded, Mr. Pendleton was the nearest personal friend and counselor of Mr. Campbell, a trusted as well as beloved son, on whom he leaned for support in everything. No other man among his associates in reform stood so close to the great leader. Many conspicuous figures tower about him—Scott, Burnet, Richardson, Rodgers, Allen, Hayden—but ranking them all is his gifted son-in-law. With the others he met in convention and occasional tours through the States; with Mr. Pendleton he was in constant touch in the Harbinger office, in the college, in the church and in the homes of Bethany. Together they arranged the matter for the monthly issue of the journal; together

they shaped the policy of the institution; together they discussed the great questions constantly referred to Bethany for solution; together they mingled in the social intercourse of the faculty and village life; together they worshiped and together served.

From the beginning almost, the entire management and responsibility of the college devolved daily upon Mr. Pendleton, in addition to his duties as instructor. Mr. Campbell was absorbed in other things. He was away from home much of the time. When at home, he was crowded with correspondence and other writing. His debates, his books, his labors in the pulpit and on the platform, the care of all the churches, made ceaseless demand upon his time, and while with Mr. Pendleton he exercised a general superintendency of the college, its practical workings were largely in the hands of his chief lieutenant. The same was true of the Harbinger. Although his name appears for the first time on the editorial staff in '46, from its beginning Mr. Pendleton shared in its management, wrote for it under an assumed name because he thought he was too young for his name to carry sufficient weight, read proof for Mr. Campbell, saved him labor in every way possible. He was Mr. Campbell's faithful adviser and helper. He stood next to him; he was to him in counsel what Melancthon was to Luther; in action what Lafayette was to Washington.

And he was fitted for this high service. He was a gifted scholar, broad and many-sided in his make-up. He had the philosophical temper. On questions of law, language, theology, philosophy, art

and science, history and government, ethics, architecture, education, agriculture, church management, he was an authority. A strictly symmetrical man, and up to date he always was; a student familiar with the latest and best literature, with a discriminating taste and a clear vision. Well versed in belles-lettres literature, he was able to be of great service to Mr. Campbell. The latter knew Homer, Pollok's *Course of Time*, Young's *Night Thoughts*; he was steeped in Milton. It was grand music to hear his noble voice, his rich brogue—just enough of it—and the meaning he gave to what imagination had made so thoroughly his own, as he recited long excerpts from *Paradise Lost*. The finest passages in Greek and Roman, French and English literature, both in poetry and prose, were committed to memory. His writings everywhere show the influence of these authors, but with his vast labors and the special calls which claimed him incessantly, he could not keep so well abreast with current thought. Mr. Pendleton supplemented him here. He had been, for example, a disciple of Locke, but relaxed his hold upon that system in so far as he saw it would not bear him out in his own perception of truth. As a young Scot, born near the close of the eighteenth century, the philosophy of Locke received his unquestioned adherence, and he had little time to study metaphysics in the midst of the fierce combat for Scripture truth he was waging. In council with his son-in-law, Mr. Pendleton would take down books of the newer philosophers and read to him or talk with him of the ideas advanced in the newer schools; not that he assumed to teach him,

but only in this imperceptible way he was seeking to attract to and set to work upon these ideas a great mind that would easily deal with them for itself, but that was too lost in the crowding of other questions to be likely to come across them, and yet that might, sooner or later, be at a disadvantage without them.

His gifts as a linguist were equally helpful. He read Latin as he read English, and wrote it, too, with ease; and at a time when Greek texts were fiercely contested by the best scholars, he was in the front. In logic, which he taught so many years, in all its methods and in all its tricks and turns, he was thoroughly at home. Political economy and all the schools of mental and moral philosophy, were as familiar to him as A, B, C. On these lines of thought Mr. Campbell relied upon him, and even in matters of every-day business, trusted to his judgment. Their friendship was close and cordial. Mr. Campbell was a father to him, and he a devoted son in the most comprehensive sense of the word; a right arm, a staff on which the reformer leaned; and the son sunk his personal ambitions in every way whenever they would have led him into any path in which he would not have been walking side by side with Mr. Campbell in the great work to which he was consecrated. With what reverence does he ever regard him! With what affection does he ever cherish him!

March 4th, '66, fifteen minutes before midnight, and just at the close of the first Lord's day of the month, Mr. Campbell entered into his well-earned rest. In the Harbinger for that year Mr. Pendleton

has a noble eulogy on this eminent man and his great services to the cause of righteousness and truth. After sketching his wonderful career from childhood through nearly fourscore years, he gives a touching account of his westering days and the sunset.

“He was the most persistent man in the religious instruction of his family that I ever knew. Morning and evening worship were as regular as the daily meals. Never in any family were the Scriptures more copiously recited by the children, or elaborately explained by the parent. No matter what had been the fatigue and labors of the day, he always found strength and time enough for this cardinal feature in his household economy. He had but little confidence in a piety that was not nourished and instructed by the daily study of the Word of God and a perpetual habit of prayer. So he taught and thus he practiced. How did it fit him to die?

“His last days were as the effulgence of the sun, when it sinks gloriously through gorgeous drapery of rifted cloud. He went to his rest through fitful gleamings of a sublime intellect, but with a faith that never faltered. He suffered as the strong only *can* suffer. His iron frame gradually gave way. He seemed conscious that the convulsive grasp of death was upon it—that the long empire of his imperious will was invaded, and he would struggle at times with the energy of an unconquered giant to shake it off. We watched him as we never watched the dying before, and it seemed that the idea of immortality was struggling with the agonies of death.

Relaxing from the struggle of physical pain, a placid smile would play over his countenance, and then he would murmur as if in soliloquy: 'I will ransom them from the hand of the grave; I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction; repentance shall be hid far from mine eyes.' He would frequently exclaim, 'What shall I do, what shall I do! Whither shall I fly but to Thee?' The soul was struggling with the clay tenement and panting to be free, but refusing to die. The Scriptures proved his unfailing consolation. He quoted them with great point when he seemed to know or notice but little else. A few days before his death, upon some allusion to the creation, he quoted the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis in Hebrew, and then the first verse of the first chapter of John in the Greek. His mind delighted to dwell upon the glorious character of Christ. He would look around upon the friends about his bedside and ask, 'What think ye of Christ—his divine nature, his glorious mission, his kingly office—the Sovereign Ruler of the heavens and of the earth, the Fountain of universal being!' Rousing up from apparent reverie he would say, 'God speaking to man, and man speaking in response to God. Praise to his name!' At times the idea of going home would take possession of his mind, and he would give orders for starting. Again he would say, 'It seems a great distance, but it is very short—but a step from the cradle to the grave, from earth to heaven, from time to eternity. A few days to lie in the earth, and then—the glorious resurrection.'

“And then he would break out with sublime quotations descriptive of the future life. ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that love him.’ ‘Everlasting life—endless duration—the—’

“ ‘When I’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
I’ve no less days to sing his praise
Than when I first begun.’

“The sublime words of the Psalms were constantly in his mind, and he quoted with remarkable accuracy and propriety from the old metrical version of the Scotch Psalmody which he memorized in his youth, such as spoke the comfort he needed or the praise he felt.

“Through all his weakness and suffering, his politeness and gratitude were among the most conspicuous expressions of his heart. He was thankful for the courtesies of his friends, anxious lest they would not be properly attended to and cared for, and grateful for the slightest office of kindness. Sometimes the room would be nearly filled with visitors and he would think they had assembled to hear him preach, and ask if it was not time to begin the services, and, when reminded that they were only friends calling to see him, he would request some one to thank them for him, and then turning to those nearest, he would quote:

“ ‘Society, friendship and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man;
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I join ye again.
“ ‘My sorrows——’

And his voice would fail him, and with a graceful wave of his hand, he would close his eyes and relapse into silence.

“One of the remarkable qualities of his mind was its great power of relative suggestion. It was quick to the last; sometimes playing upon words, but always with a deep meaning in his thought. We were urging him to take some nourishment. He drank a draught of it, and paused for breath. We asked him if it was not palatable. He replied, ‘Yes, and I presume *whole*-some. But,’ said he, turning his face with its familiar smile of humor full upon us, ‘the *whole* need not a physician.’ Four days before his death, the weather was sunny and pleasant. I called his attention to the fact, and remarked that it was the *first* day of March. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘comes in like a lamb, goes out like a lion.’ A day or two before, the sun was pouring its setting beams in through the window opposite the foot of his bed. His eye rested inquiringly upon the quiet glory, and he was told it was the setting sun. ‘Yes,’ he repeated, ‘the *setting* sun! It will soon go down. But unto *them* that fear *His* name, shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings!’ But time would fail us to cite the many memorable death-bed sayings of this great and noble man of God. His thoughts were all of God, of Christ and of heaven. Literally did he

“ ‘Speak the honors of his name
With his last laboring breath,
And, dying, triumphed in the Cross,
The antidote of death.’

“When his voice had almost entirely left him,

and he was struggling for breath, his wife said to him, 'The blessed Savior will go with you through the valley of the shadow of death.' He looked earnestly into her face for a moment, and then, with a great effort, said emphatically, 'That He will! that He will!' And this was about the last intelligent and pointed expression of his deathless confidence that we can now recall.

"Sunday, the 4th of March, we had been with him nearly all day. Night came on, and it became manifest that with it was also the coming for him of the night of death. It drew towards midnight; we stood beside him, his hand in ours, noting the beating of his pulse. We felt it going and said to a patient female watcher, 'If it revive not, he must soon be gone.' She glided away to wake the doctor. The pulse quivered and stopped—a sudden and convulsive drawing back of the breath startled us—and in a few moments the voice of lamentation rose over the lifeless form of him whom distant generations will rank among the greatest of the many God-given that have blessed our earth."

The tender relation between these two men is very beautiful. Like the friendship between Achilles and Patroclus, like the historic instances of Burke and Dr. Johnston, Goethe and Schiller, or Maurice and Kingsley, it is an attractive page in the story of humanity. Each had his elements of strength; each his limitations. Whatever may be the estimate placed upon their attainments as compared one with the other, it must appear that they were providentially associated in a common service. There is one book Mr. Pendleton should have writ-

ten. Without it the world is poorer. He should have left us his Personal Recollections of Alexander Campbell.

The month after Mr. Campbell's death, April 24-27, occurred the celebrated conference in Richmond, Va., between the Baptists and the Disciples, in which Mr. Pendleton was a prominent actor. It was a meeting of great importance. Dr. William A. Broadus and James W. Goss were the prime movers in it. As it was not a representative body, but a voluntary assemblage for purposes of conference as to the propriety of recommending union between these closely allied Christian households, it sat with closed doors, and its minutes were never published. Dr. Broadus presided, and the deliberations lasted for four days. An address to the churches was afterward given out, signed by Broadus and Goss, stating the purposes of the meeting, the Christian courtesy and brotherly kindness which characterized the sessions, and how the conclusion had been reached, deliberately but reluctantly, that the time had not yet come "when the Baptists and the Disciples were on both sides prepared, with the prospect of perfect harmony, to commit themselves to any degree of co-operation beyond such courtesies and personal Christian kindnesses as members of churches of different denominations may individually choose to engage in." Mr. Pendleton's account of this conference and his description of the Baptist leaders, Broadus, Jeter, Burrows, etc., furnished an interesting contribution to history.

"We regard it as a high honor to have been one of the thirty-two members who constituted this conven-

tion. It was certainly a great pleasure also to share in its high-toned Christian courtesies and frank and unreserved interchange of sentiments on the great themes which were considered. We shall never forget, nor, we trust, fail to reciprocate, the kindly bearing of the good men who, on the Baptist side, sought with us to effect a union between the two religious organizations of Baptists and Disciples. These Christian ministers are my brethren in the Lord by right of a common adoption, and as I hope to stand with them at last approved and accepted by the Father, so I am unwilling to look upon them as aliens from the commonwealth of Israel while here on the earth. They will suffer me, I am sure, and my brethren with me in the convention, to hold them in our fellowship of labor and love in the kingdom of Christ, and, however much we may yet differ on some points, deem them as neither a bar to our union with Christ, nor essentially, if ecclesiastically, with one another. They are my brethren, even should some of them not be able to discern the relationship. May the Father who knoweth his children, make us also to know and acknowledge one another.

“For one, we were not surprised at the degree of harmony which was developed by these comparisons of views. We knew full well before we met that on all that ought to be demanded for Christian fellowship, we, and a great part of the Baptist denomination—that portion of it which was more largely represented in this body—were substantially at one. I knew that we agreed on the inspiration of the Scriptures; on the divinity, unity and personality of

Father, Son and Holy Spirit; on the sacrificial work of Christ; generally, on the fall and depravity of man; on faith; on repentance; on immersion; on the necessity, reality and cause of regeneration, justification and sanctification; on the membership and organization of the church; on the duty of missionary work; on the sacred obligation of the Lord's day; on the resurrection and the future judgment. These items of themselves constitute mighty reasons why we should be one. I should tremble before God if I felt myself responsible, under such circumstances, for the perpetuation of a hostile and proscriptive spirit of non-fellowship between two people who hold so much in common.

"There are differences—differences which, I am free to say, while they should not bar fellowship, ought, nevertheless, not to be compromised, because they are conscientiously held by members of both bodies and deemed by them respectively as important to the successful proclamation of the truth. What is my liberty in these respects, should be my brother's toleration. If he will not allow me to see what he does not see, and to attempt, in Christian love, to show it to him, and if I exercise a similar proscription towards him, then neither of us can ever learn anything in the divine science or make any progress in the heavenly life. There is a bar to all improvement and growth in knowledge. The free and discursive mind must turn from the inviting field of divine truth and seek its pleasures and its discoveries in other departments of knowledge. The boundless ocean of revelation has a hitherto, set by some narrow and bigoted creed-maker, perhaps, and be-

yond it the ever restless waves of its mighty depths must not go. Between us and the Baptists these differences may, it seems, be narrowed down to questions about regeneration, justification, sanctification and the design of baptism. On these subjects, doubtless, we do differ, but then neither of the bodies denies the substance of these articles. No intelligent Disciple believes in any Christian life or state that does not include them all, and though we have different ways of explaining the how and the when, we are nevertheless agreed in demanding alike the change and the obedience. The Baptists themselves believe in regeneration: so do we. The Baptists rest in a divine justification through faith in the blood of Christ: so do we. The Baptists contend for a state of sanctification into which the sinner is brought, and wherein he is progressively advanced: so do we. And the Baptists demand of the penitent believer immersion in water before they will admit him into the fellowship of the Church: and so do we. Agreeing then in the essence, why should we be divided because we cannot at once see the divine teachings alike, as to the significance and place of all these things in the divine mind? Those of us who propose a union, alike claim that we have attained to these blessings. We both have confidence that we are regenerated, justified and sanctified, and have been alike immersed into Christ; and yet we must not recognize one another as Christians by the simple act of eating together the emblems of the Savior's death! We cannot believe that the Lord will suffer this state of things long to continue between those that love His name more than the

name of a party, and respect His earnest prayer for the unity of His people more than their own speculations concerning things which are confessedly hard to be understood."

The editorial contributions to the Harbinger this year are upon many themes: "Parable of the Tares," "Sectarian Prejudice," "Revelation," "Endowment of Bethany College," "A Proposition of Union," "The Promise of Miracles," "Election of Elders," "The Church of the New Testament," "Testamentary Benevolence," and a warm-hearted appeal for help for "Our Cause in the South."

Bethany holds its annual commencement in June. There are thirteen graduates, and speeches are delivered in Latin, Hebrew, French and English. Prominent among those attending the convention are three Baptist ministers, Wyckoff and Buckbee, of New York, and Dickinson, of Pittsburg, and these dwelt on the question of union between the Baptists and Disciples. James A. Garfield and Constant Lake, of Ohio, and H. A. Gleaves, of Tennessee, are added to the Board of Visitors. The alumni up to this date are 331, of which 15 are physicians, 34 teachers, 35 lawyers, 50 planters and farmers, and 118 ministers, and of the latter 38 are engaged in educational work, two presidents of colleges, 13 professors and 15 principals of seminaries of learning. D. S. Burnet attends the commencement, delivers a memorial address on A. Campbell, and holds a meeting at Bethany with 30 converts.

Mr. Pendleton's missionary labors this year are abundant. With Mrs. Pendleton, who always accompanied him on such occasions, he attended the

Indiana State Missionary Convention at Indianapolis, and writes of Burgess, Jamison, Goodwin, Pinkerton, Henderson, Errett, New and Benton. He speaks before the convention and to the students of the university, and preaches on the Lord's day. His comments on some of the speakers are striking. Pinkerton speaks "in the spirit of the old prophets." Henderson "fascinates his audience by his exuberant electricity. His power is in his presence. It goes out from him like an aura. He holds one as a magnet holds a needle." For his brethren Mr. Pendleton always has generous words.

He attended the eighteenth anniversary of the A. C. M. S., and delivered the annual address—a splendid contribution to missionary literature, which is published in full in the Harbinger. He said, in closing: "We want more unity. Congregationalism does not express the unity of the Church. Congregationalism does not comprehend the full idea of the Church, and cannot in its isolated action accomplish the full mission of the Church. Congregationalism does not reveal to the heart the grand and glorious nature and power of the Church universal. It must go forth from its isolation into the wide fellowship of national reunion; it must come out from the synagogue and go up to the temple; it must leave the cantons and join the procession that is majestically sweeping by for the city of the King. Congregationalism all over the land is like the sweet, fresh fountains that spring forth from rock and crevice, and spot the earth with verdure and beauty, but the fountains well up and flow over and murmur for the sea. They run for a little while alone and adorn

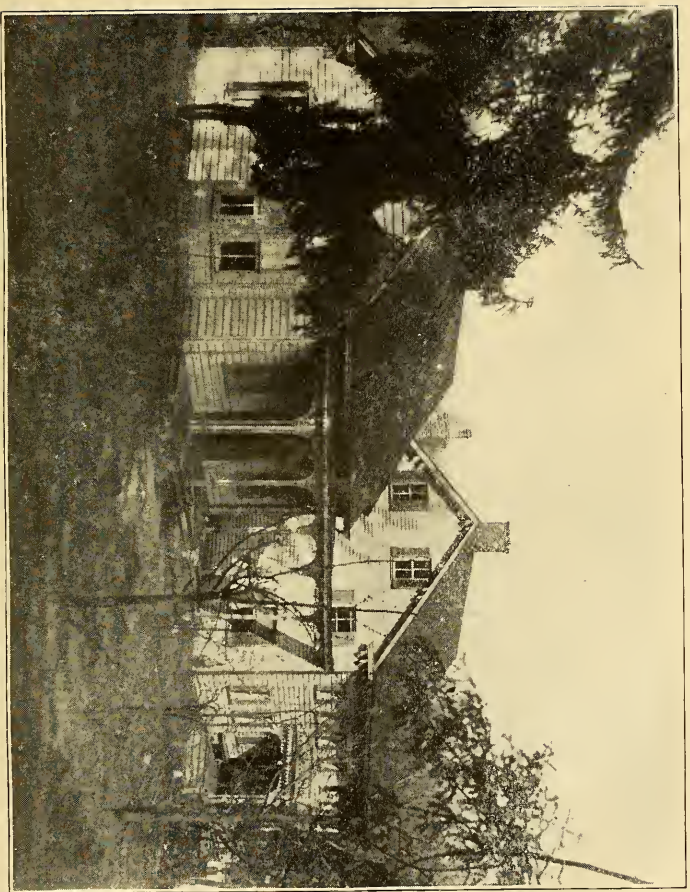
with happy life, and sweeten with more than angelic music, the humble valleys through which they pass, but soon, as if moved by some divine instinct or sympathy of attraction, they begin to flow together—first a rill, then a rivulet, anon a river—swollen into glorious unity, and surging with majestic swell to the call of the eternal ocean. The rill is sparkling and bright, the rivulet fresh and strong, but the river is the voice of many waters, the harmony of many tones, the strength of many torrents, all gathering and concentrating and moving to swell the music and the might of the shoreless sea. It is meetings like these that give us this mighty sense of our unity, and inspire us with the true grandeur of our mission as the Church of the living God. It is here that we are made to feel that we are members of the congregation, the innumerable congregation, of the first-born, whose names are enrolled in heaven. Let us swell the gatherings, then, from year to year, put our hearts closer and closer to the great heart of the Church universal, and bring them to beat more and more in unison with the will and the Word of the King eternal, immortal and invisible, to whom be honor and glory forever and ever.”

CHAPTER XXI

PRESIDENT OF BETHANY COLLEGE

At a meeting of the Trustees, June 18, 1866, on motion of Dr. J. B. Robison, seconded by P. S. Fall, Prof. W. K. Pendleton was unanimously elected President of Bethany College. In his announcement of the 26th session, his first announcement as President of the institution, he says: "We are gratified to state that the chair of Physical Science will be occupied by Dr. J. T. Barclay, so long our missionary to Jerusalem; Dr. Richardson will labor with us as lecturer in the Biblical Institute; Prof. C. L. Loos continues at the head of the School of Languages, and all the other schools will be ably and efficiently conducted." This is the beginning of a long and honored service as the head of the institution with which he had been so closely connected already for a quarter of a century.

With the opening of the new year Mr. Pendleton announces that, in harmony with the plan of Biblical instruction proposed in Bethany College, a course of free lectures for ministers will be inaugurated. They are to be popular in style and arranged to cover all the most practical wants of the preacher: Sacred History, Biblical Literature, Church History, Christology and Homiletics. The course will extend through two months, and embrace two hundred lectures, with regular practical training in the art of preparing and delivering sermons. More specific-



BETHANY MANSION--THE CAMPBELLS' HOME

ally, the subjects treated will be: The People of God and Their Land; The Book of God, its Origin, History and Interpretation; The Christ, His Divinity, Humanity, Life, Sacrifice, Resurrection, Doctrine, Government and Second Coming; The Church, its Origin, Growth, Conflicts, Corruptions, Reformation, Missionary Spirit and Ultimate Destiny; The Preacher, his Work and Duty in reference to all these—what he must do and how he must do it. It is to be a free-will offering of the faculty of Bethany College for promoting the efficiency of the ministry. Dr. R. Richardson, Dr. J. T. Barclay, Prof. C. L. Loos and W. K. Pendleton are announced as the regular and responsible lecturers in this course, and partial assurance of aid from Isaac Errett and P. S. Fall as lecturers on special topics.

The 26th session, the first of Mr. Pendleton's presidency, is in every way a prosperous one. For studiousness and general good behavior the students are specially commended. Financially, the institution was rising in prosperity. Every year was adding to the endowment fund. Means was yet wanted to complete the building, but this was coming in with encouraging promptness and liberality. The closing scenes of the session were unusually interesting and profitable. Eight young men received the graduating honors, among them H. McDiarmid, who afterward became President of the college. There were eighty students in attendance during the session. Among the visitors at the commencement were R. M. Bishop, J. A. Garfield, James Darsie, Joseph King, J. P. Robison, J. H. Jones, Wesley Lanphear, D. R. Gans, Constant Lake and a host of

others. John F. Rowe was alumni lecturer, and represents the alumni dinner as "bordering much on the gastronomic; the literary performances opening and closing with a serious *Rowe*, the poet being *Non est*, and the orator *in swampum up stumpum*." The Trustees passed unanimously a resolution that the sons of preachers of all Protestant denominations should be educated at Bethany College free of all cost of tuition. From the beginning the college offered its advantages gratuitously to young men preparing for the ministry, and it annually educated, on the average, one-fourth of its students free of tuition, and never turned away a worthy young man under any circumstances because he could not pay his tuition. The faculty, as announced for the 27th session, includes H. W. Harding, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and B. T. Jones, Tutor.

President Pendleton spends the summer vacation in Virginia. The country still shows the ravages of war. He passes Bull Run and other battlefields. For many miles the land is yet a waste; fences are gone, houses are gone, people are gone, fields growing up in underbrush, the clay about the great encampments and bloody battlefields is still seen, and long lines of fortifications streak the green fields with their ridges; at intervals the remains of blockhouses, stockades, breastworks and other barriers to bullets. He went to Cuckoo to attend a funeral service in honor of his mother. The discourse was preached by James W. Goss. "I did not see her die," he writes. "Her last blessing to me was while she was yet the venerable, living mother in Israel, white with her near eighty winters, but

still in the full ripeness of piety and faith. She did not think we would meet again on earth, and looking back upon that moment, I seem to see her standing upon the threshold of her new life, bidding me adieu until I should join her in the better land. There was the tear of parting and hope of meeting—the dew of earth and the sunshine of heaven, the cloud and the bow—and thus I left her to see her no more on earth. My mind does not think of her as in the grave; but as I saw her there upon the threshold of the new life, so now I follow her within the gates, and think of her as with others who have left us and who are awaiting our coming beyond the river, and so I sorrow not as those who are without hope. Heaven is brought nearer to us as it is filled with so many that we love.”

While in Virginia Mr. Pendleton visited Mr. Goss at Piedmont. Then he attends a meeting at Macedonia, Orange County, where he meets Dr. W. H. Hopson. From Orange he goes to Richmond to fill Dr. Hopson’s pulpit, and while there is the guest of W. J. Pettigrew, and meets his old friend and scholarly brother, John B. Cary, then a commission merchant of the city. He mentions Spence, Fife, Magruder and others. He writes of the sorrow in so many homes; the sad stories that hang “like funeral badges about the knockers of many a door.” Mr. Pettigrew’s home is situated just outside the first line of fortifications across the famous Williamsburg turnpike, and a little beyond he sees in the distance the gleam of the busy spades of the burial corps consigning to honored graves the remains of the thousands who fell upon the many battlefields around

Richmond. The government is gathering them into the National Cemetery. He describes Hollywood and Oakwood, where 14,000 men sleep their last sleep. Richmond does not seem to him as it once did. A sort of lethargy appeared to hang about it. There was not the same air of gay and bouyant life. People were not so much in the streets, and the stream of joyous life had retired from the public places. Men looked thoughtful, women veiled and sad. There is a deep and abiding discontent among the people. The substitution of "The First Military District" for old Virginia tells the story.

From Richmond Mr. Pendleton goes to Louisa C. H., and joins Dr.^a Hopson in another protracted meeting. He describes the Doctor as supremely gifted as a preacher. His manner and style and method and matter are all his own. He is lucid as a sunbeam, and no one with common intelligence can fail to understand him. He is not only the unrivaled favorite with the people, but is universally respected and beloved by the preachers, because, with a manly frankness that knows no disguises, he is the soul of honor and model of courtesy in all his relations to his co-laborers in the ministry of the Word.

Here he meets L. A. Cutler also, "a graduate of Bethany, and one of the most effective preachers in the state; full of zeal, and of a most exemplary piety, held everywhere in high esteem and affectionate regard, both by the Church and the world." He goes to Salem to another meeting. He meets T. A. Crenshaw and R. L. Coleman also. He says the negroes still meet in the churches with the whites.

At some of the meetings their attendance was fully as large as in former times, but there is manifestly a growing distance between the two races which he regrets to see. It is a new problem in politics whether they can live together equally free, and yet socially and politically isolated and antagonistic, without animosities and collisions which will ultimately ripen into violence and civil tumult. He expresses all confidence in the strong practical sense and wise patriotism of the American people, and an abiding faith in the good purposes of God toward this favored land and all her people.

Another tour in the interest of the college is through Pennsylvania. A district meeting is attended at Lock Haven. With N. J. Mitchell, James Darsie, L. B. Hyatt, R. H. Johnson and many others, he enjoys rich fellowship. He is entertained by A. H. Best, one of the pillars of the Church, with whom he finds "a happy resting place." From Lock Haven he goes to Newcastle, and is with John, Thomas and Charles Phillips. He preaches in the Baptist Church and is much pleased with the fraternal bearing of the pastor, William Cowden. A good old sister is somewhat painfully shocked by his "Campbellism," but he hopes the pastor will reconcile her to the truth and show her the way of the Lord more perfectly. Mr. Cowden afterward himself found this so-called "Campbellism" a very acceptable gospel.

Mr. Pendleton, in addition to his correspondence, discusses in the Harbinger this year Repentance, Baptism and Forgiveness, Missionary Societies,

Difficulties in Discipline, Born of Water, Visions and Experimental Religion, etc.

An incident of this first year of his presidency is the burning of the steward's inn. On the morning of the 13th of December, it was wholly destroyed by fire. No one was injured and private property was all saved. "We had \$10,000 insurance," says Mr. Pendleton, "and the inconvenience can soon be remedied."

The 27th session of Bethany opened in September, 1868, with a larger attendance of students than at any time since before the Civil War. "As a class," says the president; "they have never been surpassed for morality, intellectual development and devotion to study. More than one-third of them are expecting to engage in the public labors of the Church, and three-fourths of them are consistent members of the Church. The students are in the finest heart. We have never known so much interest taken in the societies. The Neotrophan and A. L. Institute, the two literary societies, are of about equal numbers, and whilst the most stirring emulation exists between them, there is a high and honorable bearing from each to the other, and the most cordial reciprocity of all proper and becoming courtesies. Their meetings are conducted with a dignity and strictness of parliamentary order that would be no unprofitable example to the grave and reverend seigniors who constitute our national and state legislatures. Their exercises are of the most improving kind. The students here learn to be producers. The highest end of intellectual education is to develop the thinking and artistic power; the

supreme object in moral education is to exalt the conscience under the light of divine law into the regulative power of all greatness. These high aims cannot be reached by simply explaining the processes or stating the rules. Practice is the necessary trainer, and nothing in common with the college so meets this need as well conducted societies for reading, exercises in original composition, declamations and debates.

“The Adelphian Society is also largely attended, and with the happiest results. This is the society for the young preachers, though it often has pious young men in its membership who are not, as yet, determined on the gospel ministry. It is an admirable school for the training which young preachers need, and promises to turn out from its present class some able and eloquent proclaimers of the gospel.”

He makes a plea for more preachers. “Will not the friends of Bethany consider her great work as an educator in the past, and send us an increase of material to prepare for still greater usefulness? The Church is growing faster than the ministry. Let us be wise and provide for the wants of the congregations in time. The message of God should be delivered by responsible messengers. Even in apostolic times the greatest preacher was a chosen scholar. Fitness to preach and success in preaching did not depend upon simple inspiration. Among the original apostles, Peter only was eminent. Only a few were writers. Barnabas and Silas and Philip and Apollos were not of the twelve, and yet they stand out upon the page of inspiration as chosen orators for the Cross. Natural gifts and acquired

fitness were looked to by the great Head of the Church. When a man was to be chosen to carry the truth to the Gentiles, Paul was selected,—a man of exquisite culture,—brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, that he might be qualified to dispute with the Jews, and a citizen of Tarsus, born free, and read in Greek literature, that he might argue with philosophers, and enchain with his eloquence the courts of emperors and the judges of the Areopagus. He did not *use words of man's wisdom*, but still, they were words of wisdom,—God's wisdom,—and wisely used. As a writer, too, Paul and John and Peter are the mighty men,—Paul mightiest of them all. 'Things hard to be understood,' he had to write about; and look at his eloquence, his logic, his dialectics! Study his style—perspicuity, energy, elegance,—all the grand essentials of a great and accomplished writer shine and burn and glitter through his immortal sentences. He bears you on like a mighty river,—deep, yet pellucid to its bottom,—resistless in its strength and beautiful in every turn and ripple of its current.

"We want such men now. We want them in our pulpits, and in our printing offices—or the places that lie back of the printing offices, where our literature is born. When the great spirit of Alexander Campbell was among us, he was learning and logic enough for most men. The echo of his great blows is still coming and going in many a little debate of pioneer polemics. What infinite dishes of hash have been chopped up and stewed out of them! How many a male Minerva has sprung forth full armed from his Jovian brain! From Great Britain

to all the other isles and all over the civilized part of our own great continent, one who knows the ring of his battle axe and the metal of his armor can recognize them, pigmies likely enough in themselves, but still with Saul's armor on, and thus, and therefore too, head and shoulders above other men! But this cannot last. The day of the great man is over, and the monument that should rise over the tomb of his learning and eloquence is an army of preachers, educated as he was to carry on the great work which the Lord began by his hands.

"Bethany College was founded by Alexander Campbell for this high purpose,—and we rejoice to record that it is fulfilling its high design nobly."

The commencement, June 16, was never more largely attended, and the president reported an increase of students over the previous session of over fifty per cent. The college was recovering rapidly from its setback of the war, and promised to far surpass in point of patronage its best days. Sixteen were honored with the degree of A. B. Among them were B. L. Coleman, George Darsie, B. T. Jones, George T. Oliver and W. H. Schell. Announcement is made by Mr. Pendleton of a thorough course in Practical Chemistry under the instruction of Prof. A. E. Dolbear, late laboratory instructor in Michigan University; the course to embrace Qualitative Analysis and Determinative Mineralogy.

Mr. Pendleton's pen is very busy this year. He contributes articles for the Harbinger on Confession unto Salvation, Visions and Experimental Religion, Strife and Division, Faith, The Duty of Baptism, Secret Societies, Baptism and the Lord's Supper,

Unto Remission of Sins, Principle or Expediency, and other themes. The Christian Quarterly is projected, and he accepts the position of associate editor on that magazine. In this additional labor he engages with reluctance, chiefly because he already thinks he has more to do than he can find time to do well.

His labors in the cause of missions are unremitting. The fight against organized missionary work had been a hot one, and by voice and pen he plead with his brethren to support this holy cause. "We have done all that we could," he declares, "to induce a better state of feeling and a more general contribution to the work. The zeal of many who have so long stood up for the society is to a considerable degree abating. They have retired before the waves of opposition, and have scarce faith enough left to incite them to a renewed effort. This is the general result of disappointed enthusiasm. Many thought that all Disciples would unite in the heaven-ordained work of missions—they could see nothing more plainly than the duty to preach the Gospel to every creature; they expected hearty, generous and universal co-operation; but they found that some, deemed wise and good, looked with hard eyes upon the noble enterprise; they frowned at it as a thing of strange birth, an exotic in the garden of the Lord, a plant of upas-shadow, beneath which apostolic Christianity might grow sick and perish, and naturally enough the love of peace, unwillingness to go on in a general work with a divided brotherhood, and the sense of inability to do by part what demanded the co-operation and the strength of all—

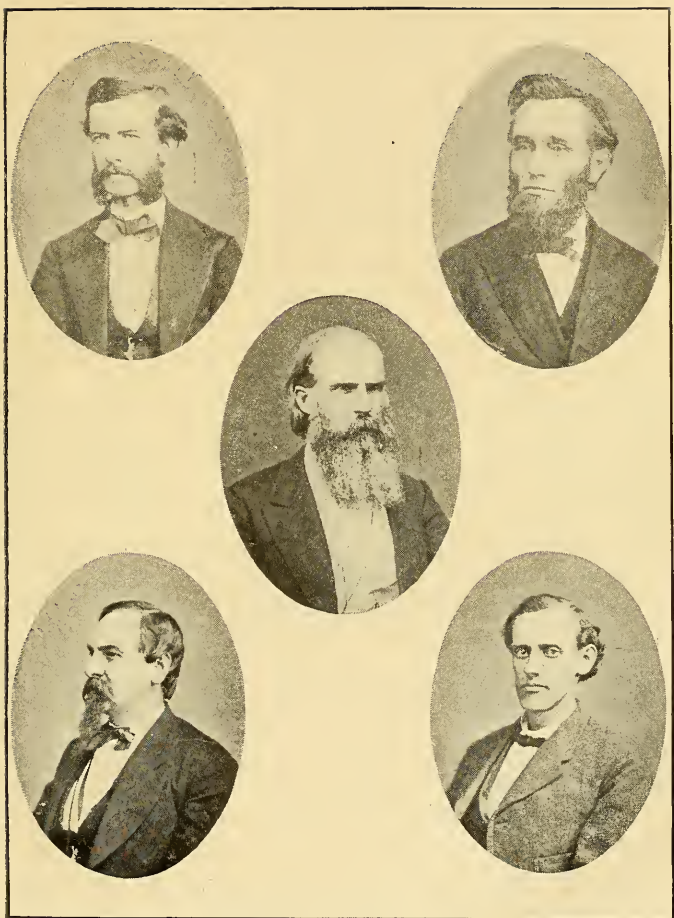
these and other causes induced some of the most zealous and hopeful to feel like withdrawing from the work altogether and leaving it to the tender mercies of those who sought its death.

“But we think there are cheering evidences of a generous reaction. Perhaps much of the power that rose up against us was spurious—the fungus growth of a malarious atmosphere that the returning breath of peace has blown away. Strange fire upon the altar will sour the incense of the offering. Missions are born of love and flourish only through faith and hope. These are mighty powers, and while they abide there need be no despair. Men of God, waiting and watching, see the returning tide and rise up to meet it at its flow. We have never had such a missionary meeting as that of October last. More than five hundred delegates were enrolled. Our noblest men—not all, by any means, but very many—were there. Men of different views, almost antagonistic views, came up with one heart and went away with one mind. They all wanted the Gospel proclaimed to the whole world; in this they were of one heart and for this they were willing to sacrifice differences of opinion, and so they became also of one mind.

“Brethren everywhere, one and all, we lay before you the wisdom and the charity of wise heads and great hearts. Will you accept it? We beseech you by your love for the cause, by your sense of duty to the Author of the Great Commission, by your respect for the general judgment of a great representative convention, by your love of harmony, by your own prayers for the conversion of the world, rise up

to the help of the Lord, and pour your contributions into the treasury of the Church for this too long neglected work of missions."

One of the most striking elements of this man's character is his noble, unfailing optimism: a serene faith, an unshaken courage, an abiding hopefulness, which is of infinite value to the Church in times of grave emergency. There is never a note of discouragement in the darkest hour. His spirit is that of Cromwell's Ironsides, whose watchword was, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." "Saul owed his defeat," says Dr. Guthrie, "more to the malign influence of the witch of Endor than to the arms of the Philistines. When she buried hope in his brave heart, she dug his grave; victory vanished with the mantled phantom; and when Saul, pale, haggard, his spirits depressed, his courage sunken as his eye, went to fight, he had no chance. The battle of Gilboa was lost before it was begun." Several years after he became totally blind, John Milton composed his Treatise on Christian Doctrine, which required constant reference to the sacred volume. A still more extraordinary enterprise was his Latin Dictionary, a work which might easily wear out a sound pair of eyes. Well might the old poet who after five years of blindness had the courage to undertake these two vast works, along with "Paradise Lost," declare that he did "not bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bore up and steered *uphillward*." Mr. Pendleton's life-text was Hebrews 10:35.



FACULTY IN LATER 60's.

CHAPTER XXII

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT

COLLEGE life is always *sui generis*. In different institutions it differs, but the general features of this period in every student's experience and every such nursery of youth are substantially the same. A picture of Bethany life in the later sixties would be a picture which every alumnus would recognize. The building on the hill had not been marred by fire. The society halls in the north wing were intact, and beautiful halls they were with open roof, well carpeted floors, photographic groups of graduating classes of successive years hung on the walls, long lines of chairs on either side for the members—the President's seat at one end of the room on a raised platform, and the rostrum for speakers at the other, while the table and seats of the critics were midway the hall. Boys were said to be on "performance" when on the program, and the exercises consisted of readings, recitations, original essays, orations and debates, each in turn being gravely and learnedly criticised by the two men chosen for this important function, who also passed upon the merits of the discussion.

There were four of these halls, three of them used by the American Literary Institute, the Neotrophian and Adelpian societies, and the fourth as the college chapel. Back of this part of the building a little way was a long, low, ramshackle

structure, euphemistically styled the "gymnasium." The new commencement hall in the south wing was in process of erection, and was first used by the class of '71. The corridor and tower were the great features of the splendid architectural pile, the one for songs and tramps, and the other for its imposing beauty and the music of its bell. The town was a veritable Sleepy Hollow, sombre and still, save when incarnadined and made vocal by the college boys. The town folk were the kindly sort that have always made Bethany. Curtis and Kerr, and Lauck and Davis, and Campbell and Hawkins, and Stewart and Lewis, and Lockhart and Rogers, and Ulrick and Gibson, were some of the familiar names.

Scattered over the place everywhere students boarded or roomed singly or in clubs. Perhaps the most famous of the latter class was the Kit-Kat, which had rooms under the college building. No institution connected with Bethany, it is safe to say, ever achieved so distinctive a place, or lingers more fragrantly and flagrantly in the halls of memory. Its bill of fare was not equal to that of the Waldorf-Astoria, nor its table talk quite up to that of the great Kit-Kat of the eighteenth century when Steele and Addison, Congreve and Dryden, Walpole and Stepney, sat about the board of Christopher Catt and ate his mutton pies, but it was a noble institution in its way, and the portraits of its members would have done honor to Sir Godfrey Kneller's canvas. Another club was the Virginia, whose bill of fare was printed in Latin, *ab ova ad mala*, and whose members lived in the back rooms of the Curtis store building; and a club by the same name

that kept house in the first building on the left at the foot of the college hill as one entered the town.

Those were days of plain living and high thinking. Bethany beef was noted for its toughness of fibre, and Bethany treacle for its delicacy of flavor. Mush and milk were a famous confection; potatoes and apple sauce were regarded as a sumptuous meal. Cove oysters and sardines and crackers, apple butter, eggs and apples helped to make late hours in students' rooms endurable. Appetites were enormous. One boy thought nothing of eating a dozen hard-boiled eggs at a sitting after devouring everything in sight at the club. Another kept a frying pan on hand, and at midnight often would prepare a dish fit for Prince Henry, with a quarter of a peck of potatoes and a dash of garlic, and consume it as a sedative before retiring. The same boy on one occasion, when he got a fair show at a city restaurant, ate ninety cents' worth of farinaceous tubers of the Early Rose variety when they were selling at twenty-five cents a bushel on the street, and boasted of the achievement! Half a dozen Virginia boys, brought up on hot bread, gathered one night about a huge pan of fresh biscuits just from the oven, and entered upon a competitive eating match. One declared he could eat as many as his friend, the potato fiend, but he consumed only six, while the other Lucullus easily disposed of nine, and was still ahungered.

Bethany society at this time was very delightful. Such homes as those of Dr. Richardson, Col. A. Campbell, Albert Allen, Prof. Loos and President Pendleton welcomed the students. Three of the

faculty were bachelors, and could not contribute in this large way to the social life of the institution, but were exceptionally gracious and friendly in all their intercourse with the boys. Many of the village people contributed to make the student's life home-like, and Wellsburg, and even Wheeling, had some share in this ministry. "Biz" was brisk. The girls of Bethany—who can ever forget them! Some had been the girls of Bethany since the foundation of the college, and had rejoiced in the triumphs and wept over the valedictories of class after class. Some, it may be, had penned little perfumed notes and dispatched them by the Bethany small boy to more than one favorite, served as "steady company" for them at prayer-meetings and society performances, crowned them with blossoms on commencement day, even entered into tender relations with them, and then—found others more agreeable to their coy and inconstant fancy; yet many a boy came to know at Bethany the best woman that ever lived. The girls of Bethany—they are staid matrons now, but they stayed for many commencements before they became matrons!

Diversions were few. An occasional ride to Wheeling or Pittsburg to hear such men as Gough or Wendell Phillips was a red letter event, and a visit to Wellsburg was even a matter of record, but many of the students never stirred beyond the limits of the little town. Books and the societies absorbed them. Baseball was a favorite outdoor game. Winter always brought fine skating on the creek, and sledding on the hillside, and when the season of mud was not with us there were splendid walks

along the pike or over the hills. The banks of the Buffalo afforded charming strolls for the reflective youth, and Three-State Hill, Logan's Hollow, the Lone Grave, the Camp Ground, the Falls and Bethany Mansion were some of the attractive spots. Now and then a peripatetic lecturer came around, but the evening amusements were mostly provided by the college talent. Holidays at Bethany were like angels' visits. President Pendleton had the University of Virginia idea, and Thanksgiving day, the week of Christmas and the twenty-second of February were the only let-ups in the college year.

Hazing was never carried to any extreme in those good days. Certain fellows of the baser sort would, at rare intervals, indulge in "snipe shooting" when the unsuspecting plebe was conducted to some recess among the hills out of sight of the college, and set to watch while his companions set out to explore the coves for the birds. Left alone to his meditations, he would come to himself after a time and have to find his way home as best he could. The process of "smoking out" was also resorted to once in a while. A handful of red pepper on a layer of ashes covering some live coals in a scuttle and placed in the hallway, soon sent the young man, struggling for breath, to a window, which, like as not, he would find securely fastened. The Kangaroo Court was an ancient fraud which sat in a barn or some other out-of-the-way temple of justice, and some smart Aleck or clownish freshman would be summoned to appear before it. Judge and jury, lawyers and witnesses were all in regular session, grave and absurd charges made, the case

argued as for life or death, and sentence imposed in due and solemn form.

Greek fraternities were a popular feature of Bethany life: the Delta Tau Delta, the Phi Kappa Psi, the Beta Theta Pi, and other fraternities, were well represented here, and added much to the social pleasure and the formation of close friendships. Great secrecy attended the meetings, and a general air of mystery gathered about their doings, but they had their place in the college program.

The religious atmosphere of Bethany was always wholesome. The church and its services had an exalted place. Prof. Loos was the preacher at this time, and his pulpit work was admirable. In every respect he was a factor in the development of student character. His sermons were always instructive and forceful, and his life an illustration of what he taught. He "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." As Chaucer says:

"Christ's lore and his apostles twelve
He taught and first he followed it himself."

President Pendleton usually presided at the Lord's table, and his beautiful and appropriate remarks always made that ordinance a most holy season. What a rare devotional volume those communion talks would have made;—an anthology indeed, which would have richly adorned our Church literature. Now and then Dr. Richardson or Elder A. W. Campbell would break the loaf. Occasionally a student was invited to preach in the evening. This was a supreme honor, and the boys were his most appreciative hearers. The prayer-meetings had

also a worthy place. Many of the students had fine voices and the singing was full of inspiration. There was no instrument, and serious consequences might have followed its introduction among the anti-organists. Many of the young men were practiced speakers, and there were few pauses. The women took no part. Generally Prof. Loos led, and had only to give the meeting a slight impulse—it ran itself. Few of the students ever neglected this mid-week service.

A number of the young men were preachers, and practiced on the churches near Bethany. One remembers delivering an alleged sermon at Dutch Fork on his nineteenth birthday. He took a chum along with him. He failed on the sermon and his chum on the Lord's Prayer, and they did not go again. The same young theologian wrote a sermon of great length and profundity, practiced it for a week in Logan's Hollow, and got it off on the Independence congregation. He preached an hour and a quarter and they slept the sleep of the just. He was not called to serve that church. Later he preached at West Liberty and was for a time preacher, Sunday-school superintendent, Bible-class teacher and sexton at six dollars a Sunday. Finally, he was for a brief period the pulpit supply at "Little Washington," where they paid him ten dollars a week, and when they asked him if that was enough he said, "Yes, it's more than the sermons are worth." This practicing was great for the preachers, but hard on the churches.

The faculty of the college was not large at this time, but strong. Five as faithful men and as gifted

teachers as the land could afford filled the chairs. President Pendleton was the father of us all, and "Billy K." was the title by which he was affectionately and proudly known among the boys. Charles Louis Loos was professor of Languages, an intense and laborious man, who impressed himself profoundly on every student. His characteristic sayings and anecdotes were more quoted and commented upon than those of any man in the faculty. His peculiar walk, his bearing in the class room, his strenuous way of driving ideas into the dullest cranium, his thorough earnestness and genuineness, and robustiousness of character and teaching, could not be forgotten. We knew him simply as "Prof Loos."

H. Wilson Harding was in the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy. He came to Bethany in the fall of '66, and left in '72, when he went to Lehigh University and was head of the Electric Engineering department until 1896. A handsome man, tall and a trifle deaf, of highest mental and moral type, dignified, courtly and gracious, an exceptionally fine educator—the boys knew him as "Wilse Harding." He was a brother of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and an uncle of Richard Harding Davis.

A. Emerson Dolbear taught the Natural Sciences, and was thorough in his specialty. He came from Ann Arbor in '67 and left in '74 for Tufts College, Boston, and has been there ever since. A plain, blunt, matter-of-fact, yet most kindly gentleman; of strict integrity, with about everything that one ever needs to know of physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, geology and such like bother, stored away in his

peculiarly formed head, and with excellent skill in imparting it to others—the boys, as a unique specimen, labeled him just “Dolbear.”

Since leaving Bethany, Prof. Dolbear has forged his way to the front as one of the leading electricians of this age of electricity. His achievements all had their beginnings, however, on Bethany soil. There is a tradition that the first telephone ever heard of was stretched by him, and used successfully on the college corridor, and John Lauck, who lived in the second house from the corner of Main and College Streets, under the professor's directions, stretched the second from his office to his livery stable one hundred feet, and used it regularly and successfully, receiver and transmitter being tin cans! Prof. Dolbear is the inventor of what is called the Bell telephone, the air-space cable, the ammeter and wireless telegraphy. His first experiments leading to the invention of the telephone were made at Bethany. While there he published a paper on the Convertibility of Sound into Electricity, and on the Vibrations of a Membrane when Vibrated by the Voice. One of his inventions was bought by the Western Union Telegraph Company for ten thousand dollars, and he learned afterwards that the company had already voted a hundred thousand for it, and he was thus swindled out of the difference. His first patent on wireless telegraphy was refused by the Patent Office on the ground that it was contrary to science and would not work. It was issued to him in 1886, but was badly managed by the company to which it was assigned, and nothing came of it for the inventor. Over-enthusiastic believers in

the genuineness and adequacy of the suddenly suspended "test" of wireless signaling across the Atlantic, persist in writing and talking about Marconi as the original discoverer of wireless telegraphy, and as he has succeeded in getting his name associated in the public mind with everything relating to that system of communication, probably it is a waste of time to restate the fact that Marconi obtained his knowledge of the subject from the Russian Professor Popoff, whose system has been in use in the Russian navy for some years. Marconi's instruments, upon which he obtained patents in this country, are copied from Popoff's, and the basic art of his system is Dolbear's discovery. He adopted Dolbear's system and adapted the coherer to it. Marconi is neither the discoverer nor the pioneer of wireless telegraphy, but to Prof. Dolbear belongs that distinction.

The professor has written a number of books: *The Art of Projecting*, written at Bethany; *The Speaking Telephone*; *Matter, Ether and Motion*; *The Modes of Motion*, and a textbook on *Physics*. He still enjoys life, and is actively connected with Tufts College. He says, "I wish I could meet at Bethany all the students who were there in those old days of thirty years ago. We would talk, and laugh, and cry, and separate with hopes and regrets, as we did before, but not with the buoyancy we felt then. Thirty years is a long time in one's life, though short in history."

Another member of Bethany's faculty at this time was Benjamin T. Jones, adjunct professor of Languages. Thin-limbed, but big-brained; breakfast-

ing, dining and supping on Greek verbs and such like diet; a man honored and beloved by all, despite his rigorous training as plain "Ben Jones." After a few years at Bethany, he filled a chair at Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, and was successively superintendent of schools at Millersburg, Ashland and Bel-laire, Ohio. He is now a professor in the Cleveland high school. There never was a better drill master in the Greek or Latin grammar in any institution, nor a more genial gentleman.

Prof. Robert Kidd, teacher of elocution, is also remembered. He came around every year, formed classes, and instructed them in this art; gave his entertainment in which "Roger and I" and similar subjects figured, and finally died at a ripe old age. Mark Fowler, the college janitor, should not be omitted here—in many respects the most important functionary of all.

President Pendleton at this time was at his best. Who can forget his morning lectures on the Bible, delivered before the chapel class! In political economy, what lively times were sometimes enjoyed when the question of free trade versus protection was under consideration! The class is in logic—hear him: "Let me caution you, gentlemen, against trusting too much to dictionaries when you would distinguish nicely and correctly between words that differ. A dictionary gives you all the uses of all writers of almost all ages. The scholar, the thought-builder, the regulative and creative mind wants the essence, the abstract power of the word, and that is simple and one, not mixed or many. When he uses it he knows what he is about,

and there is no confusion in what he says. Nineteenths of the wars among minds grow out of this: the combatants don't understand one another's words—don't for the most part understand their own words. It is a word-war—more learnedly, a logomachy. Grant me ambiguity in the terms, and I can prove anything. For example:

*One cat has one more tail than no-cat,
But no-cat has two tails;
Ergo, one cat has three tails.*

Crack this logical nut, and you will discover the force of what I have said about ambiguity in the terms by which and on which we reason."

How clear and conclusive always his own statements! What a charm he could throw over the hard, cold, dull pages of that text-book on logic! Its most stupid facts became under his touch as interesting and luminous as the old sorites of Themistocles about his infant son commanding the whole world: "My infant son rules his mother. His mother rules me. I rule the Athenians. The Athenians rule the Greeks. The Greeks rule Europe. Europe rules the world."

But it was metaphysics which proved a veritable ecstasy to the student under Mr. Pendleton. When himself a student in the university, he had shown a special aptitude for this great branch of philosophy which deals with the conceptions or principles at the basis of all phenomena, and in a famous will case in which Garfield, Black and others figured, when Mr. Pendleton was under examination by Judge Black, and the discussion drifted into the realm of meta-

physics, a distinguished lawyer of Virginia, Judge Robertson of the Supreme Court of the state, who was present, said that never in all his life had he been so highly entertained or so impressed with the ability of any man as he was with the president of Bethany College.

Sir William Hamilton was quite equal to the Wizard of the North when interpreted by this master hand. All the hardest things in those three great subdivisions of philosophy—Psychology, or the Science of the Phenomena of Mind; Nomology, or the Science of its Laws, and Ontology, or the Science of Results and Inferences—were made easy and even fascinating under the president. They seem far away now and somewhat misty through the vista of years, but the old boys will remember how really entertaining he made the most abstruse and bewildering discussions. His department was regarded as furnishing the capstone of the course. As a teacher he is remembered, but most reverently and affectionately as a man. If the question were asked of those who were under his instruction, "What did you think of the president?" it is probable that with one voice would come the answer, "He was the noblest gentleman I ever knew."

And what could be better? "What is it to be a gentleman?" asks Thackeray. "It is to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow citizens and the love of your fireside. To bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil and good to maintain the truth always. Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and

him we will salute as a gentleman, whatever his rank in life may be." As thorough a gentleman as ever dwelt in the courts of kings, was the miracle of a man that looked into the face of Jesus Christ on the road to Damascus. His apology to Ananias, the High Priest; his greeting to Agrippa; his words to his persecutors: "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness"; "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am save these bonds"; his address on Mars' Hill: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that you are very devout"; his precepts: "Bear ye one another's burdens"; "In honor preferring one another"; "Honor all men"—all show the high Christian courtesy of the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

It was said by an English poet of the Master himself:

"The best of men
That ever wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST DAYS OF THE HARBINGER

WITH the year 1869 the Harbinger entered upon its fortieth volume. Mr. Pendleton writes on Humanity and Progress, In the Name, The Great Want of the Colored People, Work the Problem Out, Piety More than Orthodoxy, John iii:8, The Want of Preachers, The Bible in the Common Schools, Inspiration of Scripture, and other themes. His pen and voice are busy constantly. He has the labors of the college, and is unusually active in the missionary conventions.

It was in the days when the A. C. M. S. had a semi-annual meeting in May. This convocation was held in St. Louis, and sat for three days. R. M. Bishop presided. Such men as Allen, Palmer, Steele and Jones, of the fathers, were there. Regular addresses were made by A. I. Hobbs and G. W. Longan. A. B. Jones, W. T. Moore and J. S. Sweeney were also appointed to speak during the sessions. It was the first time he ever heard Sweeney, and he is greatly impressed with his style. "I imagine he does not read very much, but that he thinks a good deal," says Mr. Pendleton. "This gives him originality, and in this there is always interest." Ten-minute speeches seemed a part of the program, and he mentions Procter, Parsons, Pettigrew, Bartholomew, Risk, Haley, Reynolds, Butler, Rice, Long, Mountjoy, Tyler, Sloan and Caskey.

They had "the ring of the true metal," gave "no uncertain sound." One beautiful feature in the management he specially commends. At the last session twelve or fifteen young preachers, whose reverence for older ones had kept them in commendable silence, were specially called out by name, and without a failure or apology, promptly responded. As was said of Aaron, when nominated for Moses' mouthpiece, they spoke well. He is complimented when he thinks that nearly all the speakers were graduates of Bethany College. "Noble fellows in this noblest fellowship—the fellowship of the Christian ministry."

The chief business item of this convention is introduced in a vigorous appeal by Thomas Munnell, Corresponding Secretary, for a more effective financial policy, and after much speaking the whole matter is referred to a committee of twenty to report at the next annual meeting at Louisville, Ky., in October. This was the beginning of the famous "Louisville plan," and the committee consists of Moore, Pendleton, Procter, Errett, Franklin, Enos Campbell, Lard, King, Belding, Longan, Graham, Sloan, Burgess, Hobbs, Loos, Sweeney, Caskey, Lamar, Karnes and Reynolds. The duty of the committee was to report a practical, scriptural plan of co-operation which should unite the whole brotherhood of Disciples in uniform measures for raising money and spreading the Gospel.

Mr. Pendleton is the guest here of Dr. Hiram Christopher. He writes of Shaw's Garden and Franklin Park, with its statue of Thomas H. Benton, which he thinks in face lacks the qualities of

the hard-money statesman. "It is the face of a philanthropist rather than that of an American senator in the stern days of the Republic. The face is turned to the West. The right hand holds a scroll inscribed with a map of North America, and on the pedestal are cut these almost prophetic words, when pointing towards the West he exclaimed, 'There is the East!' Did he foresee that in so few years the way to the gates of the Orient would be by rail across the Rocky Mountains?"

In company with R. M. Bishop and W. S. Dickinson, he goes to Cincinnati and spends Sunday with the Walnut Street Church. "On Sunday morning," he says, "we had a delightful interview with the Sunday-school, after which we preached for the congregation." From Cincinnati he went to the Ohio State meeting at Alliance, and here again he met "masses of brethren all alive to the great work of spreading the Gospel." Timothy Coop is here, and his wife, from Southport, England. R. R. Sloan makes a fine report of the missionary labors of the year. The Society has raised for missionary purposes \$6,800, and had 878 additions to the churches under its missionaries. There are 340 churches in the State, and the estimated membership 28,000. Moffett, Garfield, Shepard and Burgess are among the speakers here.

Another prominent meeting attended this year is the Preachers' Institute of Illinois, which met at Eureka. Mr. Pendleton delivered a series of lectures here on the History of Christian Doctrine. Other lecturers are Thomas Munnell, F. M. Bruner, H. W. Everest, A. S. Hayden and A. J. Thompson.

The meeting lasted ten days. He gives the names of all the preachers present, over sixty in number, and mentions many brethren whose hospitality he enjoyed. "The blessing and the peace of God rest upon them all." He is delighted with the college, with the church, with the meeting, with the fellowship of the preachers and people, with the country about Eureka. Nothing gave him greater happiness than these gatherings. Eureka is beautifully situated in the midst of an extensive grove, which sits like an island in a sea of prairie. Around it are magnificent farms, and a population virtuous and intelligent. H. W. Everest is president of the college, A. S. Hayden, pastor of the church, G. W. Minier presides over the institute. There are fifty lectures, five each day, preaching every evening, and an hour or two of general discussion, and the general sentiment is that they never spent a ten days more profitably.

What powers of endurance these good men must have had! Where could a body of preachers be found to-day who would be able to live through ten whole days of such a feast of reason and flow of soul! Now a congress or convention of three days gets many of its delegates on the second day's session, and loses many others on the day before adjournment. We are not the better for it. Hurry is the bane of our time. A Chicago lawyer in this year of grace, 1902, held a Pennsylvania court for thirty-five hours, speaking three hundred thousand words, while the whole Bible has only seven hundred and seventy-three thousand words; and Thomas W. Phillips' Industrial Commission has nineteen octavo vol-

umes of eighteen millions of words! Why should not a religious convention and the reports of Christian progress and sermons and lectures have some space as well?

The General Convention in Louisville is attended as usual, and the Committee of Twenty reports its plan. It is a sort of blanket scheme to cover the whole territory of the Church, organizing district, State and national boards, and arranging for a division of the contribution of the churches for missions—half to be under the control of district boards, and half to go to the work of the State and general board. Mr. Pendleton reports the convention which adopted it as one of unparalleled interest. The committee had been enlarged to thirty, and spent many days in perfecting its report. Every item and word in it were subjected to exhaustive criticism, and when it went before the convention, while it was fully and minutely discussed, it was adopted by this large and representative body with scarcely the change of a word and with but one dissenting voice. Isaac Errett said of the plan: "It has the unifying elements of an ecclesiasticism, but at the same time leaves the churches perfectly independent. It is simply co-operation without legislation; a beautiful working system with no power to interfere with the faith of any. Should the churches generally adopt it, and we have every confidence that they will, it will not be long before we see a new interest among our people in missionary work." Benjamin Franklin said: "In our estimation it is the most simple, natural and wise arrangement ever made, and we believe that it will commend itself to all who

desire to do anything beyond their own immediate vicinities for the spread of the Gospel. We have never seen anything proposed that came near meeting with the same approbation in a convention. Nor have we seen anything that could give such an unequivocal approval. We hope now that every friend of evangelizing will put his hand to the work and push the work, and let us hear no more about plans and societies, but work. We can work and live, or refuse to work and die. Work or die is the rule." These are the voices of the rival oracles, the "Standard" and "Christian Review."

"I trust," says Mr. Pendleton in the Harbinger, "that the current year may prove to be one of unparalleled activity in this great cause, and that this system which rests upon the basis of the churches and makes its appeal primarily and directly to their free and independent co-operation, will become at once uniformly adopted and thoroughly carried out." The plan never had a practical application. It is one of the curiosities of the missionary history of the Disciples.

In his announcement for 1870, the editor intimates the suspension of the Harbinger. "We know there are thousands of the best hearts among us who would regret to have the publication of the Harbinger discontinued. We are free to say that its publication is not with us a matter of pecuniary interest. Were this the consideration we should at once abandon it. We have a higher purpose."

The college is in excellent condition. The number of students is one hundred and eighteen, representing sixteen states, and also England, Canada

and Prince Edward Island. There are seventeen graduates, among them W. P. Aylesworth, B. S. Dean, and W. K. McAllister. A scientific course with the degree of B. S. is established, and a Biblical Institute announced, with Isaac Errett as one of the professors.

January, 1870, the Harbinger begins its closing volume. The editor writes on Deacons, Christology, Life, Education, Union with the Baptists, and publishes two lectures on the Doctrine of the Trinity and the Doctrine of the Existence of God. Knowles Shaw holds a meeting in February at Wellsburg, and Mr. Pendleton writes of the noted evangelist in a very appreciative way. "We have just had the pleasure of spending a part of the day with our earnest and devoted brother, Knowles Shaw, of Rushville, Ind. He is holding a protracted meeting for our neighbors at Wellsburg. It has been two weeks in progress, and up to the present time over one hundred have been added to the church, nearly all of them by baptism. He began the meeting in December, but was summoned home by the illness of a beloved daughter, a noble and lovely Christian girl, which it pleased the Father soon after to take home to himself. We have never before been so strongly impressed with the power of the Christian's faith to lighten these heavy crosses as when hearing Brother Shaw speak of his bereavement. There is infinitely more than resignation: the door of the Heavenly mansions seems opened to his view, and the radiance from within spans even the dark river. Returning to Wellsburg, he has been preaching every evening to

crowded houses, and with continually increasing interest on the part of his hearers. A prominent feature in the character of Brother Shaw is his earnestness, and God is blessing it as he ever delights to do. He is a man of his own sort and works in a way all his own. His heart is full of the love of souls, faith in the gospel, and a sense of dependence upon the divine blessing for success, and in this spirit he works day and night, from house to house, on the streets, in the offices of business, and in all places where men do congregate. His success is a fine illustration of the power of love to win the prejudiced and to unite the divided. All classes and denominations throng to hear him. They feel that he loves them and the truth, and will sacrifice anything lawful to save them."

The college this year does not enroll so large a number of young men. There are ninety-one in attendance, and fourteen graduates at the June commencement, among them W. S. Atkinson, W. C. Lyne, H. N. Mertz and A. B. Wells. John F. Rowe, William J. Barbee and A. Campbell are added to the Board of Trustees. The financial agent, Albert Allen, reports twenty-five thousand dollars added to the college fund during the year.

In October Mr. Pendleton announces that the Harbinger will be discontinued at the end of the year. "Other work has so grown upon our hands that we must either neglect it for the Harbinger, or the Harbinger for it. Between the two it is thought by nearest friends best that we should prefer the former, and in this judgment we are constrained reluctantly to concur. The Harbinger is now near

the close of the forty-first volume. For nearly thirty years of its career we have been connected with its publication, and for seven years its proprietor. We consent to its termination with feelings of sadness. It seems like the breaking up of the long communion, the parting of friends with whom we have walked about the porch of Zion in sweet counsel for many years; the sundering of cords of loving fellowships that shall be renewed on earth no more forever. It is not from fickleness that we take this step; this is not my nature; nor is it from the desire of respite from labor; this, the position which I hold as president of Bethany College, and the increasing demands for literary work in other fields, forbid me to expect. It is a question of relative duty—only this and nothing more.”

In closing the volume he writes this valedictory:

“With this number of the Harbinger, we close our editorial labors. We take no formal leave of our readers, however, for we do not expect to withdraw from all intercourse with them. In many ways we hope to commune with them, and we trust with no diminished interest or profit. We cannot write this last page, however, without grateful acknowledgment to the many friends who have expressed regrets at the cessation of the Harbinger. We are not insensible to the kindness of their approval of our poor labors, and accept it with regret that we have not been more deserving of it.

“I thought, at one time, to indulge in some review of the past, to write a sketchy biography of an old friend,—the Millennial Harbinger,—and take the younger readers back with me over the years of

its life which were passed in conflict for the truth, before they had entered the sacred service, but I could not do it without saying many things which would require more space to explain than one number could afford, and so I preferred to make a quiet bow and leave the past to such as like to live in it. Doubtless there are many things which I might have done better, and also some which it were better that I had not done at all. But regrets are vain, and time and opportunity too precious to be wasted in fruitless repining. My comfort is in the consciousness that in all things I have *intended* the best for the interests of the Church. To this, I can, without any reservation, turn with assurance, even where success has been the poorest.

“The office of religious teacher we have felt to be the highest and most sacred that can be laid upon us. Fidelity to truth, unselfish devotion to the interests of the Church, large charity for the errors and prejudices of men, forbearance in dealing with differences of opinion, wise foresight for the growing wants and difficulties of growth and development, and a readiness to sink ambition, personal aggrandizement in fortune or in fame, and even conscious superiority of light and knowledge for the peace and edification of the body—all these are needed qualifications in the public religious teacher, and how rare is the combination of gifts! Yet, the virtue that enables one to see and acknowledge that he does not possess them is almost as rare as is the possession of the gifts, hence so many of us are ready to usurp the divine prerogative, and, with no higher call than our own ambition, or avarice, or

vanity, to assume to be not only magnates in the realm of mind but also to become the licensed teachers of men.

“Personally, I am indebted beyond what I can ever hope to repay, in fraternal regard, in public respect for what we are conscious we have so defectively done, in editorial courtesy, in encouraging appreciation of the past in the public service of the Church, and, above all, in the prayerful fervor with which our readers have so continually borne me up, when I was ready to faint. We can only thank God that he has permitted me to know so much in the great heart of the brotherhood, to increase my confidence in the divine nobility of humanity, and make me love and trust them with increasing strength and assurance. The Church is not the world, it is far more, a society of purity, of brotherly love, of wise philanthropy, of social ordinances and heavenly hopes, and its holy bond is love of God. The more we experience her fellowship, the more we feel the power of her divine life. Beautiful are her tabernacles, and sweet the communion of her children! The closer we bind to our hearts the children whom we have seen, the nearer do we draw to the Father whom we have not seen.

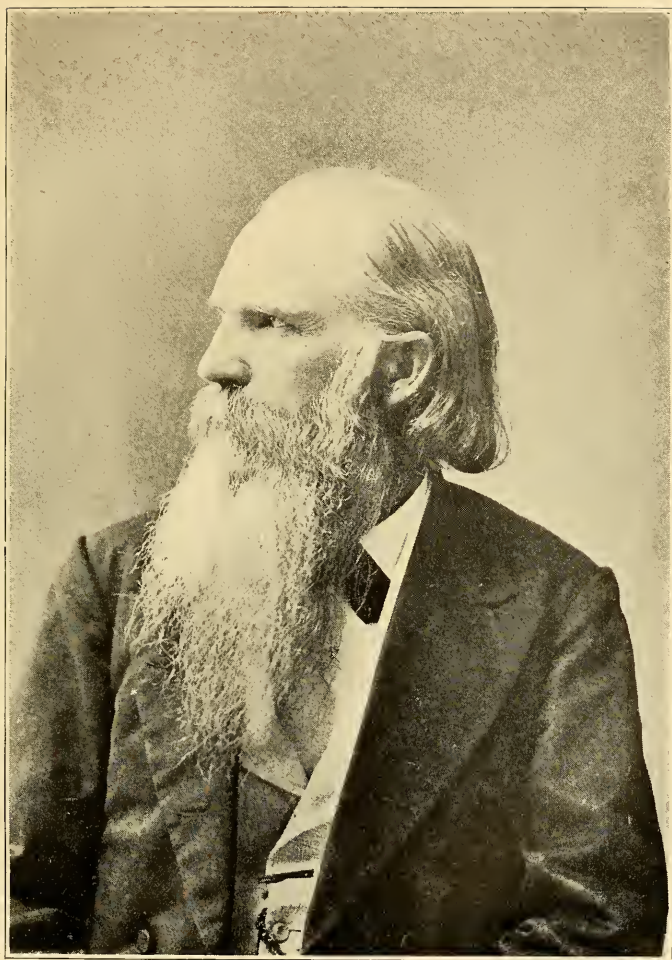
“Great progress has been made towards this simple and apostolic basis of union and co-operation—and to it we must come, or Christianity will fail of its power over the masses and lose its efficacy and blessing as the Gospel for the poor.

“To this end, with more or less clearness of object and steadiness of aim, the Reformation has been laboring now for half a century, and there are

not a few who see of the fruits of its labor and rejoice. Let us persevere, and as we grow stronger in numbers and power let us also become free of sectarian unity and exclusiveness, that our work may still tend to the union of the saints and the restoration of the old landmarks of the apostolic age.

“At the call of the voice of wise brethren, we turn our pen now to another line of service, but we work to the same end, and shall labor in the assurance that as in the past, so in the future, the brethren will open their hearts to all that is good and noble, and for the edification of the body.

“We ask to be held up on the hands of many prayers, and, renewing our obligation of continued service, pass from the pages of the Harbinger to more permanent and connected lines of labor and thought, in the hope and faith that the blessing of God will ever go with us in his service.”



THE PREACHER-STATESMAN.

CHAPTER XXIV

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

It is doubtful if any character in our complicated civilization fills so large a place as the educator—if in any sphere of service one touches humanity at so many points. The well-known talismanic sentence, “The schoolmaster is abroad,” has a vast meaning. In his great speech on the elevation of Wellington, “a mere military chieftain,” to the premiership after the death of Canning, Lord Brougham said: “Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, may take the army, he may take the navy, he may take the great seal, he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the Constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that the soldier was abroad. It will not be so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a personage less imposing—in the eyes of some perhaps insignificant. *The schoolmaster is abroad*, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array,” “The schoolmaster and the Bible are the hope of this country,” said Garfield when President of the United States.

Not only in the class room, however, training boys and girls in the rudiments of learning, nor in

the lecture room, molding the thought and the character of the young men and women of the nation, has the educator had his place and power. He has been the most potent factor in the edification of the republic and the promotion of all good citizenship. Who can measure the influence of such men as Blair, Hopkins, Angell, Dwight, Woolsey, Eliot? When Dr. Busby was asked how he kept the head mastership of Westminster through the successive and turbulent reigns of Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II. and James, he answered, "The fathers govern the nation, the mothers govern the fathers, the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys." Lord Brougham hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon, and Cobbett said, "It will be much more to the purpose if his lordship could use his influence to see that every man in the kingdom could *eat* bacon." The schoolmaster's work includes both, and the schoolmaster has gone beyond the schoolroom and made himself directly felt in all the social and political life of the nation. He is an all-around man among men. He is a citizen as well as a trainer of citizens.

In all the general interests of the community in which he lived, and the larger interests of the nation of which that community was a part, Mr. Pendleton felt a deep concern and took an active share. It was his inheritance. By force of character and ability his people had taken prominent places in the history of the old commonwealth of Virginia. In all the early chronicles, as well as in the later records of the old State, the vigor of the stock asserts itself.

Running through many collateral branches of the family as well as the direct line, it helped to mold the character of what some one has termed "a peculiar, ancient provincialism, self-respecting, God-fearing, home-loving, gallant to women, exacting to men, brave, generous, bookish and hospitable." The writer might have added, "liberty loving, public spirited and patriotic." There are many passages in the history of the Old Dominion that illustrate the characteristic quality of the family. One of them went off with Governor Spottswood in 1716 to discover a passage over the mountains and the unexplored regions of the northwest. The chronicle says the whole company consisted of about fifty persons, and that they had a number of riding and pack horses, an abundant supply of provisions, and an extraordinary supply of liquors. They were obliged to provide a great quantity of horseshoes, things seldom used in the eastern portion of the colony where there were no stones, upon which account, the historian adds, the Governor presented each of his companions on their return with a miniature golden horseshoe, set with jewels, and inscribed on the reverse, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes,*" to be worn by them as evidence of their fellowship in this expedition and of their admission into an order of knighthood created and dubbed by him "Knights of the Horseshoe." The cost of this chivalrous conceit of the gallant old Governor was duly certified to the home government, but, the chronicler adds, greatly to the Governor's disgust, they penuriously refused its payment.

Another descendant of Philip Pendleton, John

Pendleton, the great grandfather of President Pendleton, was appointed a commissioner during the interregnum which followed Governor Dunmore's expulsion, to arrange for paying the militia, and was instructed to sign fifty thousand treasury notes in the name of the commonwealth. His brother, Edmund, at the same time was employed, together with Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe, George Mason and Thomas Ludwell Lee, to revise its laws. Edmund Pendleton's history is a glorious chapter in the life of the Old Dominion and of the nation as well. A second Edmund Pendleton, father of W. K. Pendleton, served the people in a judicial office of great usefulness and dignity. It seemed natural that the college professor and president should be moved to a lively recognition of those larger duties commonly grouped under the good word citizenship.

When the young lawyer came to the bar in 1840, the country was ablaze with the great presidential contest of that year. He was an ardent Whig, and the memorable canvass of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," which stirred the nation possibly as it has never been stirred before or since that election, enlisted his time and attention. He was chosen as a delegate to the Young Men's National Ratification Convention which met in Baltimore, closely following the Whig Convention, to indorse the nomination of Harrison and Tyler, and his enthusiasm was heightened there by the presence of Clay and Webster and the other great Whig leaders who attended its sittings. With his heart full of the movement, he went back to Virginia to give an account of his stewardship as a delegate and to aid in the election

of the Whig candidates on the stump and hustings, the power of which, as molders of public opinion, had not then been lessened by the decay of oratory and the increase of the public press. It is not unlikely that he would have permanently joined the great army of Virginia lawyers who talked law and practiced politics, but for the change in his domestic relations which occurred at this period.

In every way Mr. Pendleton was ever persistent and progressive in seeking the public good. He had much to do with the improvement of the roads and the introduction of better means of transportation in his section of the State of West Virginia. The route to Wellsburg from Bethany, for example, now so attractive and substantial, was formerly over the hills around whose sides the "Narrows" now run, and this road in winter was indescribable for the wear and tear of vehicles, the discomfort and absolute dangers to travelers and the time and good nature consumed in making the journey. In his effort to have it built as it runs to-day, Mr. Pendleton for the first time came in contact with the representative farmers of Brooke County. They were intensely conservative—they are still. When he reasoned with the road commissioners, demonstrated the saving to horses and wagons by explaining the philosophy of pulling, pointed out the possibilities as well as advantages, and showed them the survey of the route which had been made, they smiled kindly, but firmly said it sounded well, looked well on paper, and naturally commended itself to a young college professor without practical experience, but was not to be thought of. Fortunately, there was

one of the commissioners who lent an attentive ear and finally said, "I believe the Professor is right I should like to see his ideas tried." This man stood by him, and the beautiful driveway over which the visitor reaches Bethany to-day through the tunnels and along the Narrows was constructed. At a later period, when the most convenient way to reach the railroad was to drive sixteen miles over the hills to Wheeling, or cross the river at Wellsburg, often a perilous undertaking in time of flood or ice, Mr. Pendleton set to work for a railroad on the east side of the Ohio. Naturally it was a painstaking, protracted effort to educate the people to the advantages of such an enterprise—a conservative people, seeing as they did only the first cost. A large subscription was finally voted, but the money gave out too soon, and an additional fifteen thousand was asked for. Voters at once took the attitude of "I told you so," and Mr. Pendleton pleaded with tongue and pen, wrote for the papers, stumped the county, demonstrating with figures what must, in the nature of things, be the earnings of the road at the start, and when nothing more could be done went on to Philadelphia to see the great railroad magnate, Tom Scott, and presented in practical detail the desirability of the line as a possession of the Pennsylvania. He was well received, and came away with the encouragement to hope for the ultimate completion of the road. It came in good time, and the estimates made by him in urging it upon the community proved exactly correct.

Busy with journalism, preaching and teaching, he yet found time to take an active interest in the

political affairs of the State and country. He never believed that any man's profession or occupation should seclude him from the active discharge of his duty as a good citizen, and in 1850, when asked to stand as a candidate for membership in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of that year, he consented and undertook the canvass of the district in company with other candidates. It was to him, at least, a pleasant and profitable canvass, though he failed at an election. The district was a large one, taking in the present counties of Marion and Monongalia, as well as the present four counties of the northern Panhandle, and the candidates journeyed over it in company, each one presenting his views as to proposed changes in, and additions to, the organic law of the State. There were seven or eight candidates, but only four to be chosen, and when the votes were counted Mr. Pendleton's name stood fifth upon the list, but the vigor of his canvass and the breadth and knowledge displayed by him in the discussion of important constitutional questions attracted the attention of the Whig party to which he still belonged, and strengthened the confidence of the public generally in his fitness to fill any office of representative capacity.

In 1855 the Whig party began to exhibit signs of approaching dissolution, and the Know-nothing organization gathered in a good many of the members. Prof. Pendleton declined to submit his advocacy to the secrecy of the lodges, believing that no political principle under our system of government ought to be advocated in secret, but being assured that the secret organization was devised only as a

means of retaining party strength and effectiveness, and that the principles of the party were to be openly considered and discussed, he accepted its congressional nomination in his district, and made the canvass of that year against Congressman Kidwell of Fairmont, then an applicant for a second term.

It was a memorable contest in the district. The opposition put its strongest men in the field. Governor Wise, Lieutenant-Governor McComas, Senator Mason and other celebrated Eastern Virginia orators were imported. The candidate for congressional honors had to make his fight on the stump almost single-handed, but he had gained some experience and confidence in himself during his convention candidacy and the Eastern Virginians soon found they were likely to lose more than they gained when they met him in joint debate. A bout with McComas at Morgantown induced that gentleman and his friends to give the West Virginian a wide berth thereafter, and from that time to the end of the canvass he was allowed to conduct his campaign against Kidwell unmolested by outside interruption. As an old-time Whig he upheld the doctrine of protection to American interests formulated by Mr. Clay, and denounced the system of *viva voce* voting under which the laborer and those dependent upon others for employment might be hampered in the free expression of political opinion. Discountenancing secret organizations, except for the protection of voters, where such protection was necessary, he advocated full and fair discussion in public upon every political question, and while maintain-

ing the right of the government to regulate, as it had always regulated, the franchises and other political rights of foreign-born citizens, he denounced as the meanest of political persecutions the intolerance which sought to abridge the privilege of foreign-born citizens by reason of any religious opinions they might entertain. As to questions of precedence, when the statutes of the country and the orders of foreign powers, whether such power claimed temporal or spiritual authority, might come in conflict, he upheld the authority of the government and advocated its right to command obedience under the Constitution to laws made in pursuance of that instrument, but he soon after reached the conclusion that with the growth of the republic and the inevitable drift of its foreign-born population into our prevailing modes of thought any serious conflict of this character was impossible, and that political restrictions against it would be both unnecessary and wrong. In this canvass he succeeded in cutting down the previous majority of his opponent from about forty-five hundred to less than twelve hundred votes, and, although defeated, won the admiration of supporters and antagonists alike by the fairness and candor with which he discussed issues then pending.

At the presidential election of 1861 he supported the conservative ticket, headed by Bell and Everett, and from that time forward adhered to the Democratic party.

While the Civil War progressed, and subsequent to the formation of the new State of West Virginia, he was subject to some little annoyances growing

out of the heat of partisan feeling, and closely following the return of peace he was disfranchised by the registrars of his own county, although he had taken no part against the federal authority. These discomforts, however, were of brief duration. In 1871 he was nominated by the Democratic and Republican Convention of his senatorial district and unanimously chosen as a senatorial representative in the West Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1872. He was urged by many for the office of president of the convention, but was not a candidate. He was frequently called, however, to preside over its sessions.

In this convention he found a wide and congenial field. Made up of the best material which the new State could furnish, and including the best representatives of all its political parties, there were few men in it whose opportunities of preparing for the work it was called upon to do, had been equal to his; and there were none who brought to its labor more zeal and industry. The spirit in which he took hold of the duties of the convention is illustrated by a passage from his letter accepting the nominations of the two parties in his district: "I can conceive no place," he said, "for partisan politics in a work like this, but only for the patriotic and conscientious endeavor to frame for the whole State and all her people alike a fundamental law, under which she may win the admiration of her sister States, hold out incentives to foreign labor and capital to settle within her borders, promote domestic harmony, educate and ennoble her children, and so transmit to succeeding generations the blessings

of free homes, free schools and free institutions.”

In this spirit, and with the advantages which the studious habits of a lifetime supplied him, he grasped the various and complicated questions presented for the consideration of the convention.

To remedy the defects of the old constitution without losing any of its advantages; to adjust the fundamental law and organization of the new State to the progressive spirit of the times, without losing sight of any principle or provision which experience had proved to be just and necessary, required a review of the entire field of social and political economy as well as a careful study of the special requirements of the new commonwealth and its relations to sister States and the Federal Government. To this task Prof. Pendleton brought a mind naturally logical and keenly analytical, trained to the elucidation of correct principles and delighting in the investigation of both theory and fact. His legal training and historical reading, together with his long familiarity with political science, as a teacher of political economy in Bethany College, supplied him with precedent and illustration, and his intimate acquaintance with the history of legislation in the old and new states and its effect upon the public welfare, enabled him to judge wisely concerning the utility of measures which it was proposed to retain, and such as were presented as additions. To the powers of intelligent research and discrimination he added the gift of clear and luminous exposition of his views when formed, and of his work in that body it may be said of him, as of another, that he touched nothing which he did not illuminate and adorn.

Referring to him, the writer of a series of biographical sketches of members of the convention furnished the press at that time, speaks as follows: "He has never held any political position until now, and for this he was nominated by both parties of his District. He is about five feet ten inches high and at once the handsomest and most courteous gentleman in the body. His mind is naturally logical and stored with a vast fund of information gathered in a lifetime of study and research. His demeanor is always courteous, his manners affable, and his good temper unflinching. His voice in its ordinary tones is full, round and musical. His speeches are the finest specimens of pure English I have ever heard, and while his arguments are clear and decisive, he has a brilliant fancy and a cultivated imagination which furnish him with apropos illustrations with which to enforce his logic."

As a member of the Committee on Finance and Education, he devoted attention to those subjects, but he found time to investigate every important proposition submitted for the consideration of that body, and his speeches formed a notable part of most of its discussions. The absence of any stenographic report of the proceedings of the convention, prevented many of them from being perfectly preserved, but such reports of them as were furnished by the press attest the soundness of his judgment if they do not preserve all the reasoning by which his conclusions were reached. His speeches on the subject of taxation cover the whole subject of raising revenue for governmental purposes, and it is curious to note that in his argument against the retention of

the present clause of the Constitution on that subject, he held that under it the current products of the year, although not theretofore taxed, might thereafter be held to be subject to taxation, and that thereby the most invidious of all taxes, a tax on labor, might be imposed; while with reference to the farmer it might result in a system of double taxation, inasmuch as the elements taxed in the soil might be again taxed in the grain grown from the soil, in the ox that has fed upon it, and again in the money that the ox brought in the market.

Another instance of his foresight occurs in the discussion over the proposed insertion of the word "white" in the Constitution, where he pointed out the results that would follow, and predicted the clash with the Federal Constitution which must arise, and which would necessarily require further changes in the State instrument. In the debates over the recognition of a liability on the part of the new State for a portion of the debt of the State of Virginia, he advocated the full recognition of any portion of such debt as might be equitably due from West Virginia, holding,

1. That such recognition should be clearly expressed in the Constitution, first, because it was historically true that this was a condition on which West Virginia had procured the consent of Congress to the dismemberment of the old State, and it was clearly a matter of good faith that the contract should be kept; and second, because of the legal principles determining the obligations of the several partitioners in the territorial division of a State, as to its indebtedness at the time of the division.

2. That the equitable share of West Virginia should be determined by first ascertaining the part she would have been required to pay had the whole debt been paid at the time of the separation by a State levy upon persons and property under the existing tax laws; that is to say, that West Virginia should have been held as equitably chargeable with a part of the State debt proportional to her part of the taxable or assessed wealth of the State. This is estimated to be about one-seventh of the whole; and second, by crediting West Virginia with an equal proportional part or one-seventh of all the public property of the State at its value at the time of separation. The equity and justice of these elementary principles of settlement were argued from the high ground of natural and national law, and it was claimed that under their thorough application it would be seen that West Virginia would owe but little, perhaps nothing, to the old State, to whom alone she was responsible.

The records of the convention, such as they are, contain many references to other positions taken by him, favoring measures to prevent excessive and licentious taxation, to secure State and municipal solvency, minority representation, a permanent and satisfactory system of free schools, and other provisions deemed by him desirable and necessary.

One of the ablest of Mr. Pendleton's speeches during the convention was upon the Eligibility of Negroes to Hold Office in the State. It was a memorable debate. The ablest men in the body opposed the making of colored men eligible to jury service. The majority were in favor of the restriction of all

office-holding to the white race. Mr. Pendleton demonstrated in an argument of great power that the right to jury service was a logical and political sequence from the amendments of a federal constitution, clothing the colored man with suffrage and citizenship, and that the proposed proscription of the negro was unnecessary, ungenerous and injurious. "The moment the negro was free by irresistible inference he was a citizen, and as a citizen a voter, and as a voter eligible to anything the vote could confer—eligible to office. Not to see this is to overlook the source in which all the powers of government reside; not to admit this is to place ourselves in antagonism to the irresistible genius of our free institutions." The proposition was defeated in the convention, and after the adoption of the State Constitution, that provision was tested and sustained in the Supreme Court of West Virginia, but being appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States the judgment of the Supreme Court of the State was reversed, and following the line of Mr. Pendleton's argument that most august tribunal affirmed his propositions. This speech of the President of Bethany College was one of the many reasons which led the University of Pennsylvania to honor him with the degree of LL. D.

Judge Campbell, of West Virginia, who served with Mr. Pendleton at this time, writes of him: "I recall a sermon he preached on a certain Sunday evening in the Presbyterian Church in Charleston while a member of the Constitutional Convention. The church was crowded with a representative audience, many of the members of the convention and of

the legislature being present. I was a timid young fellow, representing at that time the county of Hancock in the House of Delegates—my first experience in public life. I recall, after thirty years, the profound impression the sermon made. It was earnest, broad, comprehensive, complete. Nothing could be suggested as needed to round it out. I confess to having had a little personal pride and exaltation as one of the 'sect everywhere spoken against.' And I recall now, as he passed down the aisle on the way out, and I tarried to take his hand, the affectionate hand-clasp he gave me. Mr. Pendleton had, with large measure, the senatorial habit of mind, and the judicial temperament. He must have been eminent in the Senate or on the bench. Only the spoilsmen and little fellows in his party kept him from a nomination for Congress twenty years ago, in which an election and distinguished service would have been assured."

Another description of Mr. Pendleton as a preacher about this time was of a sermon delivered in Cincinnati, in which the writer says: "The Richmond Street Christian Church was well filled last night by the announcement that President Pendleton, of Bethany College, would deliver the evening sermon. Pendleton is a broad-shouldered, powerfully built old man, with snowy beard and venerable locks, a voice of remarkable depth and compass, and prodigious vitality. He is a thorough orator, and has an impressive and commanding presence, with features Mosaically austere. Vigorous in his age, his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated."

On Mr. Pendleton's return from the convention

he received such an ovation as the oldest inhabitant of Bethany has never witnessed. The students formed a procession in the order of the classes with class banners and mottoes, and marched to Wellsburg and met the President at the wharf. Two lines were formed and the moment he landed on the West Virginia side of the river he was greeted with three cheers, the procession formed and marched to Bethany headed by a band of music. The welcome at Bethany was a most hearty and joyous one, and students and townspeople gathered on the Heights and listened to speeches by representatives of the College and of the citizens, and the President's reply, after which hundreds enjoyed the delightful hospitality of the Pendleton home. It was an occasion of congratulation and festivity long to be remembered.

There were in Mr. Pendleton's character many elements of the statesman, among them an ability "to forecast the years," to prophesy the future in the sense in which the word prophet is beginning to be understood, as one who "inlooks and outtells." His profound knowledge of human nature, and of the inexorable logic of events, enabled him to see and accept the inevitable outcome of laws and forces. About the time of the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, Mr. Garfield was a guest at his house, and the two—fast friends, though differing in politics—held a remarkable conversation upon the subject. Mr. Garfield predicted a strong Republican party in the South, an impregnable stronghold in the vote of the large negro population; but Mr. Pendleton differed from him, and held that negro

enfranchisement would have just the opposite effect. He said that it would be impossible that a superior race should submit to the political supremacy of an inferior and recently emancipated people. The Anglo-Saxon instinct would assert itself; the Southern people would band together and there would be "white rule" throughout the black belt. Mr. Garfield was not convinced, but history has so effectually answered his position that now it seems almost strange it was ever seriously maintained.

After his experience in the Constitutional Convention Mr. Pendleton was repeatedly urged to stand for office and conspicuously named for the United States Senate, but did not again enter the political field. He gave himself wholly to the work of education.

CHAPTER XXV

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

IN the winter of 1873, Mr. Pendleton was called to this responsible position. Hon. Chas. S. Lewis resigned the office to go upon the bench as circuit judge, and, because of his interest and wise judgment shown in securing a satisfactory free school system for the State, Governor Jacob, without previous consultation either with him or his friends, appointed Mr. Pendleton to fill the vacancy. His acceptance involved many sacrifices of money and comfort and an unusual amount of labor. A new school law must be framed under the Constitution just adopted by the Legislature then in session, and he had the labor of preparing his predecessor's report as well as his own; but his heart was in the work and he did not hesitate. Accepting the position he went to Charleston, and during his two months' stay there not only made a report of the department, but framed a school law which, adopted by the Legislature as it came from his hands, has stood without material alteration until the present.

Of the value of his work while there, best evidence is furnished by the appreciation of those best qualified to judge it. His successor as Superintendent of Public Schools had been elected previous to his appointment to fill the vacancy occasioned by Judge Lewis's resignation, but four years later the

teachers of the State, recognizing the value of the Pendleton School Law and the fitness of its author to aid in its administration, began the movement which resulted in his nomination and election in 1876. Without instituting comparisons, it may be said that the free schools of the State have never been more efficiently supervised than when under his direction. He not only sought to make the machinery of the system run smoothly, but endeavored to infuse into those under him his own ideal of an educator in primary instruction. The same methods which he found successful in the more advanced stages of education in molding the character and purposes of young men and women, he sought to have brought to bear upon the children of the State, and his efforts during his term of office were at all times directed to the end that the teachers of the State might recognize the full powers and opportunities of their positions, and that the State would realize the obligation resting upon it to properly sustain and encourage the men and women by whose instruction the character of its future rulers was being formed. On one occasion when he attended a meeting of the National Assembly of State Superintendents at Washington, the Commissioner of Education, General John Eaton, remarked of him that he was one of the most intelligent and altogether broad-minded of the representatives present.

This period of Mr. Pendleton's life was a very laborious one. During the four years that he was Superintendent of Public Schools, the capital being at Wheeling, he kept a clerk in his office there, spent Saturday and often other days in his office,

and carried on his work at Bethany just the same. In the vacations he traveled over the State—a severe task then, when there were so few railways and so many rough mountain roads to be gone over. Institutes were to be inaugurated and held, methods introduced, teachers inspired as well as instructed, normals to be planned. To reach the train at Wellsburg for his office in Wheeling and return, he drove the seven miles in winter before daylight in the morning, and after daylight in the evening. He was sixty-three when the term of service closed, and much of the time in far from vigorous health.

President Pendleton thought, and the Board was of this opinion, that the doing of this work on his part for the cause of education in the State, would help Bethany. It was also a fact, such were the money difficulties of the college at the time, that the president, being treasurer and paying himself usually last, as far as he could discriminate against himself in favor of the hard-pressed faculty, actually needed the salary of the position of Superintendent. The trustees took action at their meeting in 1876, advising President Pendleton to accept the nomination for State Superintendent of Schools on the ground that his filling this position would “contribute to the advancement of the interest of the college.”

Mr. Pendleton's views of education are admirably set forth in his published papers on this subject. Before the State Teachers' Association in '72 he discussed in a most lucid and practical way the question, “What the Educational Interests of the

State Demand Shall be Taught in Our Schools, and in What Order."

He held there must be ample and thorough work in elementary instruction. The State demands this above all things else. This elementary instruction should embrace orthography, reading, writing and arithmetic, geography and grammar. This should be strictly the curriculum of the common school, and the several studies should be pursued in this order. He lays great emphasis upon the necessity of reading well. "Need I dwell upon the rank and dignity of the art of reading? To read well is to understand well—to think well. To spell well we must see sounds quickly and accurately through letter-signs—to read well we must see thought quickly and accurately through word-signs. As in spelling we come to lose sight of the letters and only mentally hear the sound, so in reading we come to lose sight of the words and perceive only the thoughts. Good reading, therefore, is the free natural utterance of the thought. A teacher who does not know this has no philosophic comprehension of his work as an instructor in the art of reading, and does not, in the high sense of the art, teach reading at all. Go to one of your mountain schools and listen to one of the reading class drawling out this:

"'Hence!—Home!—ye-i-dle—crea-tures! Get ye home!'

and while you stand stultified under the stupid utterance, let my friend, Prof. Kidd, step in behind you and ring out in his imperial way—

"'Hence! Home! Ye idle creatures! Get ye home!'

and involuntarily you and the schoolmaster and the

school children will break for the door. What is the difference? The one has uttered thought—the other was drawling out sounds. When I say, therefore, our children must be taught to read, let me be understood as demanding more than is now dreamt of by many a village schoolmaster.

“Writing is an art that needs no comment; a sort of certificate of a certain degree of scholarship that is itself a valuable recommendation. Who in this country can feel like a man while this brand of ignorance is upon him! It must be taught early among the first things, even along with the alphabet; because without it that great instrument of the educator, the blackboard, cannot be employed to advantage in self-teaching.

“Then will come arithmetic or the art of computation by numbers. This is an art that lies at the very foundation of all human progress. To distinguish by number is one of the first steps which even the infant takes in acquiring knowledge. All persons perceive as many as three, without counting, and perhaps four, but five must be separated, and beyond this, the necessity is still more evidently felt. This limitation put by nature upon our power to grasp at a single effort more than three or four objects, gives rise to the necessity of arithmetic. Different nations have different systems of notation, but in nearly all, there is evidence that the natural scales, or those derived from the hands and feet, that is the number of fingers and toes, have been adopted—and that practical methods of numeration have preceded the formation of numerical language. Generally, as in our (or the

decimal) notation, which we get from the Hindoos, names of numbers are formed distinct as far as ten, after which, however, they never rise so high. Aristotle cites a tribe of Thracians, which counted no higher, that is, gave no distinct names farther than four, while the Yancos on the Amazon stop short at three—seemingly from the difficulty of framing a word to express a greater number, their word for three being Poettarrarorincoaraac. Of course tribes so difficult in the art of numeration can make but little progress in the arts and sciences—and little less in the development of the mathematical sciences. The value and importance of arithmetic have often been eulogized, but never exaggerated. The art of calculation is the great instrument of success—success in the common affairs of life and success in higher branches of education. It must be taught both as an art for use, and an exercise for mental training. It must be a part of our elementary instruction, so that every child in the State shall be armed with its power. Let every pupil be trained in the rapid and skillful use of numbers as far, at least, as percentage—and the single acquisition will soon repay, in the increase of productive power and enterprise, more than the cost of our entire system of common schools.

“Language is the distinguishing art of man. To use it accurately, and to interpret it correctly when used by others, ought to be a primary object of all education. The specific means to this important end is grammar. First we must be able to command words, as expressing mere notions—then words, as expressing relation. These, combined, ex-

press and convey our thoughts. Language is not only the expression of thought, but it is essential to thought. Without it, discourse of reason would be impracticable. Accuracy in language is essential to accuracy in thinking. It is through language that we realize to ourselves and set forth in full and rounded proportion, the airy and formless creations of the brain. Language reduces our brain work to the form and permanence of mind capital, and builds up wealth out of the immaterial product of thought.

“By all means, therefore, let us have practical instruction for all in the grammar of our mother tongue. We shall thus at once teach our children to think and give them the art of conveying their thoughts accurately and intelligibly to others.

“I have mentioned geography as one of the studies to be embraced in the course of primary instruction which our State demands—and for the reason that to be ignorant of geography is to be shut out from the very first motives and guides to enterprise. No man can take advantage of even the most favorable means for his success, so long as he is ignorant of their existence, or of the place where they may be found.

“A knowledge of practical geography reveals to us the means of wealth that are about us, makes known the advantages, social and political, of other peoples, discovers objects of desire that stimulate us into effort to acquire them, enlarges our conceptions of our nature and our relations to the great system of the world, and thus furnishes the grandest motives and the safest guidance both to our personal

and political advancement. Germs of great enterprise, if we could know it, are often planted in the mind while the child is passing over his map, following in imagination the white-winged vessel sailing to distant ports of Araby the blest, or delving with hopeful hand with the explorer after hidden treasures in the gold and diamond sands of Golconda.

"So far I have spoken only of the intellectual training of the primary school; and unfortunately for the highest interests of society, it has been too common to consider the business of the teacher, both in primary and higher schools, simply in relation to the intellectual development of the pupil. But educators of the highest class are beginning to take a wider and wiser view of the matter. They recognize the significance of the fact that man is more than a being of mere intellect, that the great springs of action and enterprise are in the moral nature—the faculties of desire and will; that these, in fact, are the master-powers to which the intellect is only the ministering servant. That the movements of society, the march of civilization, the progress of nations—all these, and all that is good or bad in them, are shaped and fashioned by the guidance of the intellect, but prompted and dictated by the desire and the will. To regulate these, therefore, is the highest problem of education. That it must be done, if done at all, in the primary school, is the plainest fact in connection with the problem.

"First. More than nineteen-twentieths of all our youth get no other education than that which is fur-

nished in the primary school. What is omitted here, therefore, is as to the nineteen-twentieths of the rising generation omitted or neglected altogether, so far as the provisions of our public education are concerned.

“Second. It may be said, and I am aware that it has been said, that this part of education may be left to home influence, to the Sunday-school, to the pulpit and the general influence of the moral atmosphere in which we move. I do not depreciate any of these influences. I welcome and foster them all. But they are inadequate and partial. To an alarmingly wide extent the home influence is itself bad. The want of this kind of education has often left the parents in comparative barbarism. The child’s home is a moral Bedlam, and all its influences blighting to the nobleness of human nature as the shadow of the upas. To take him out of it merely to sharpen and strengthen his intelligence is only to arm his vices for greater mischief.

“The Sunday-school is indeed a hallowed power. God bless the benevolent men and women who labor in its gentle ministry, and crown their work with rich and ever-widening success! But how few, comparatively, does it reach, and how small is the measure of time it can command for its instructions! Those who most need its influence are seldom seen in its classes. Even in the towns and villages this is the case, and still more so in the country. But even could this benevolent agency reach every child in the State, what could we expect from an hour per week against the evil that night and day works upon the vitals of society?

“The pulpit does not address itself to the children. They are not, except in a powerless fraction, present to the pulpit. Not only is this true of the children, but distressingly also of the parents. What a small part of the population of this State wait regularly upon the weekly instruction of the Christian ministry! Great as this power is, it does not grapple in detail and at the roots with the evil of which I am speaking. It does not get hold of the hearts of the children. This, in fact, is not its special mission.

“And as to the moral atmosphere in which our children move, what is this but the effect of this kind of education of which we are complaining? It is as the breath of the society of which it is born. It can itself be no purer, and of course can make the children no purer, than the sources from which they spring. The perpetual aim of all high educators is to lift society out of the impure atmosphere which poisons the very fountains of its life, and so to purify its being.

“Evidently, the primary school is the proper agency for this most important of all elements of a wise and humane education, and shall we not say that in addition to the studies which I have already named as lying at the foundation of all intellectual culture, special attention shall also be paid to the development of the moral and religious nature of our children? Shall we not insist that the principles of justice, truth and holiness shall be as constantly impressed upon the heart and conscience as are the principles of grammar upon the intellect? Shall the teacher exhaust his powers and influence

in explaining and enforcing the laws of syntax, and have never a word to say about the laws of God? Shall the regimen of grammar and the harmony of words be alone considered, and the government of the passions and the harmony of the actions left to lawless impulse and jarring discord? Shall not the teacher be supremely impressed with the idea that his first and highest duty is to make of the children committed to his care good and useful men and women? His school should be a little republic in which the pupils are trained in all that will make them good citizens. Honor, courage, truthfulness, justice, kindness, politeness, charity and piety, with a veneration for all that is great and good in society and history, that grand virtue of our nature which we call patriotism when exercised towards our own country, and humanity when widened out to embrace our race—these are elements of culture which lift us up in the scale of civilization and make us great, and for these we must provide in our primary schools. The Old Testament must be read as revealing the justice, truth and holiness of the sleepless providence with which the Great Ruler of the universe still governs in the affairs of men; and the New Testament must be read as revealing a future life and the righteousness and mercy of a future judgment before which the secrets, the virtues and vices of the rights and wrongs of this life shall all be discovered and rewarded according as they have been good or evil."

It will be seen that Mr. Pendleton laid special emphasis upon the culture of the soul as an essential part of all true education. On one occasion he had

lectured before the Teachers' Institute at Point Pleasant, a quiet little town at the mouth of the great Kanawha, and a dozen or more teachers were gathered in the hotel parlors in the evening, going over the subjects discussed during the day. One said: "You gave me a new idea of education. It is true I have many a time felt that education was something higher than teaching, but I was never before so impressed with the difference." "The part of the lecture that impressed me most," said another, "was that which treated of the nature and dignity of the soul. Little children will be dearer to me than ever and the sacredness of my task like a religious duty." "I think," said a third, "that I but utter the feelings of my fellow-teachers when I say that we would be gratified to have that part of the address re-read. It was so metaphysical that we did not retain the statements as distinctly as we would like to do."

Mr. Pendleton had been showing that teaching to read and write and cipher is little more than a training in art, and scarcely in any high sense a part of education at all; that the process by which we acquire those arts is almost as mechanical as that by which we learn to dance or handle the sabre. "The thing with which we have to deal," he said, "is the human soul; it is not a block of marble, nor yet, as some of the disciples of Locke are fond of representing it to be, a mere blank sheet of paper on which we may write as we list characters foul or fair, and the page, when done, will be just as we have inscribed it. This is not true of anything which God has endowed with the principle of life. All such

things have within themselves a power of assimilation, and they grow only by that which is food for them and which they can digest. It is this which gives them *individuality*, and which, by the addition of consciousness, becomes *personality*. Were this not so, then uniformity in education would give uniformity in character, and men of the same school would be as much like each other as machines of the same shop or vases of the same mold.

“But man is a being of native faculties. The teacher neither creates them, nor can he altogether obliterate or change them. ‘The universe,’ says Schiller in his Philosophical Letters, ‘is a thought of God—an ideal mind-image realized in a creation which fulfilled the plans of the builder’; but the *soul*, we say, bears still more intimate relation to its Author. It is *made*, it is true, but made in His own image. It is grandly endowed with intellect, feeling, will. It is born under a cloud, but it passes through darkness to light, and has *native* instincts for the glory of its origin. It has native power to perceive—consciousness within, observations without. It has memory to conserve the treasures which it gathers by the way; power of imagination to reproduce the phenomena of experience and observation, and, by plastic energy of creation, form them into shapes of beauty and loveliness which are to it, as the creation is to God, ‘the realization of the ideal mind-image’ of which they are born. ‘We see the artist in his Apollo.’ It has gist of ratiocination, and can travel from thought to thought in divine discursion, and in linked relation of reason ‘rise from nature up to nature’s God.’ It carries in

itself the regulative power of its own operations, and can lift itself above itself, and sit in awful majesty of judgment in its own approval or condemnation. It has feelings of pleasure and pain, of sympathy with every form in which the Creator has expressed his thoughts. The universe is a delight because it is an expression of the one Great Father. Its grandeur lifts the soul up with admiration for the stars; its beauty charms as the voice of love; its wild and terrible aspects awe it into the rapture of devotion, and the sighing winds seem to echo our own plaint of sorrow for the lost.

“Here are wondrous powers of the soul, and all around it, speaking to it with divine eloquence, the many voices of nature. There is too the mysterious power of the will, the majesty and might of the soul, lifting it up into the dignity of covenanting even with God. Power to rise, power to fall, the ground of all accountability, the arbiter of eternal destiny, the Jupiter in the Pantheon of our powers, who

“ ‘Shakes his ambrosial locks, and gives the nod,
The seal of fate, the sanction of a god.’

“And now, some materializing sciolist stands in the presence of this august creation, and having taught it to read and write and cipher, thinks he has educated it!

“Let me say further, that our faculties have a double quality. They are both receptive and productive; and the process of teaching may be either to fill the capacity to *receive*, or to develop a power to *produce*; or it may be so largely and wisely man-

aged as to do *both*, concurrently. No education is rational that is not conducted with constant regard to this distinction; yet we doubt if it is often, if ever, in the thought of many of even our higher grade of teachers. The great concern seems to be to stuff into the mind by the shortest and the easiest process possible, the solid contents of so many text books. All difficult places must be made easy, and the student must be hurried over the ground, that he may 'finish his course and be ready for business.'

"Now this is all right enough where the matter to be acquired is a mere *art*. I have no objection to any contrivance that can lessen the labor or shorten the process of learning to read or to write; but where the object of a study is to develop the power of a faculty, and the nature of the study is suited to its object, then the greater the strain to which the faculty is put the better. Who would think of thickening and toughening the thews of the athlete by the easy and music-toned motions of the dancing school! We must strain the muscles till they well-nigh crack, if we will have giants in the arena. So with the mind. It takes power to think—toughened, toil-enured nerve-tissue to bear the strain of protracted and athletic study. Stuffing a capacity makes one learned; developing a power makes one great. There may be distinguished greatness with but moderate learning; there may be encyclopedic learning and scarcely noticeable greatness. Memory is the faculty of learning; greatness is the full and masculine development of all the faculties.

"Much learning may tend to the enfeeblement of power. But you ask, 'Is not knowledge power?

and are not knowledge and learning synonyms?' In one sense they are, but in the sense generally put to the aphorism, they are not. Knowledge, to be power, must be our own knowledge, not the memorized knowledge of another, or of many others. *Lauda mellis dulcedinem quantum potest, qui non gustaverit, non intelligit*, says St. Augustine. 'Praise the sweetness of honey to the utmost, he who has never tasted it can not understand it.' But knowledge which comes of experience develops the power that wields it, and thus becomes exceedingly powerful."

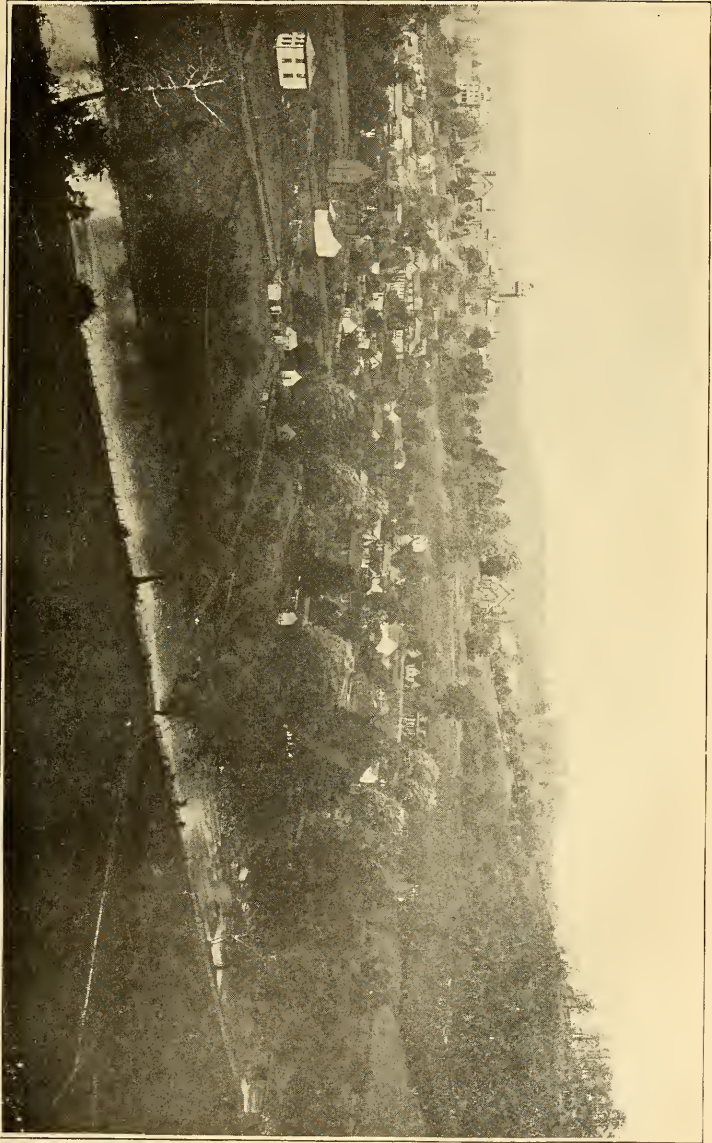
"I infer," said one, "that you do not adopt the metaphysical system of Locke." "Locke," he replied, "was a strong-minded man—a logician, too, but in no true sense a metaphysician of a high order. The intuitional subtlety which penetrates below the materialistic forms of phenomena, and grasps the primary truths that lie behind them and which are the cause and law of all outward showing—this is the *e coelo descendit* gift of the metaphysician; and this Locke never had. His whole system is, in fact, based upon the denial of this divinest quality of the soul. It was, therefore, essentially materialistic, and, in the hands of Condillac and others in France, was worked out to this, its logical result. In Locke, its highest reach and best faith halted at a philosophic Unitarianism. As in religion, so in education, a false theory of human nature must lead to false results in practice. A materialistic theology and a mechanical method of education are both logical sequences from Locke's philosophy.

“Doubtless, power is *naturally* of different degrees in different souls. Equally true is it, that in all men it requires nourishment and development; and to secure *these* should be the supreme end of all education. You ask me, How is this to be done? Can it be begun in childhood? I answer: It not only can be begun in childhood, but *must* be begun, and thenceforward carried on through the whole process of the mind’s growth, if we would lift it up to ultimate greatness. And there is but one way of doing it. It is to call into agreeable and vigorous energy, not only one or two, but every faculty of the soul, by providing for it exercise suited to its strength and congenial to its taste. Along with the arts of scholarship, ply also, and constantly, the art of culture. Quench every thirst, feed every appetite, satisfy every longing of the soul, tempering each into proper harmony with all, and directing all to the ultimate end of all true living. For the memory, that which shall be food for the imagination; for the imagination, that which shall quicken and strengthen and regulate its creative energy; for ratiocination, that which shall excite it to reason and build up the lofty structure of thought; and for the reason, that which shall deepen its confidence in the omnipotence of truth, the power of ideas, the immutability of the eternal laws of justice and mercy, the freedom of the will, moral responsibility, the soul’s immortality, and the Fatherhood of God. The Book of Nature, the Book of Man, the Book of God, let these be the living oracles of the soul’s daily lessons, and we shall have a method of education that will fill the land with wisdom and integ-

city, and its high places with greatness and honor."

"Who is equal to these things?" said one of the company.

It was agreed that the teacher's task was a high one, and that if our children are to be educated aright, educated for true moral and intellectual greatness, we must provide for them masters that understand their work.



BETHANY TOWN.

CHAPTER XXVI

VIEWS OF EDUCATION

MR. PENDLETON was a born teacher. He practiced education in its literal sense—not to fill the student full of facts, but to draw out his mind. In the class room he would rarely allow the pupil to make an utter failure. He would ask question after question to ascertain what he did know, to aid him in arranging his ideas, and never gave up the hope of finding some information in the dullest, most ill-prepared student. He had a wonderful insight to discover the aptitude and the promise of the young man. On one occasion, in Washington City, he was introduced to James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State. Mr. Blaine never forgot a man or a service. "Oh," he said, "I know Prof. Pendleton. When I was a student at Washington and Jefferson College, he was one of the judges in an oratorical contest in which I was a speaker, and his vote gave me first place." Mr. Pendleton had been the majority of only one to discern the talent of the man who afterward swayed the House and Senate and the popular multitude with the majesty and power of his utterance.

Mr. Pendleton had no sympathy with the process of cramming. The object of school and college training with him was to make men, to develop human nature on all sides, to fit young people for high and noble careers satisfactory to themselves and

useful to mankind; in a word, to help a man make the most of himself. The high and wise purpose of the Christian college was to mold the heart and character, shape the will and life, broaden, sharpen and strengthen the intellectual faculties. Only one person in fifteen hundred is a college graduate in this country. Still, over fifty per cent. of the leading representatives of our government in all the high offices are drawn from this handful of our citizens. Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography* has 15,000 names, over one-third of which are those of college men. Only one in every ten thousand of those without college training has risen to eminence sufficient to have his biography written in this work, while of college men one in every forty has reached this recognition. Of thirty-two speakers of the House of Representatives, sixteen were college bred. Twelve of twenty-four Presidents were college graduates, and twenty-eight of the thirty-six Secretaries of State, and our great poets, historians, philosophers and theologians represent, with hardly an exception, a college training. In the words of Christ, the Christian college may justly say, "I am come that you might have life, and have it more abundantly."

A maker of men was the high office President Pendleton filled. He exhorted his students to think. "Young men," he would say, "apply yourselves assiduously to your tasks, but neglect not to meditate. Go out in the evening alone and reflect. You will learn all the faster, for you will thus gain the power to comprehend, which is more than simply to perceive or to understand. Brood upon the mystery

of the world till you see it by the light of your own soul, and then will it be truly beautiful. Contemplate everything under its law, and in nature you will find sweet communion. The flowers will be a presence of living beauty, the babbling brooks a music sweeter than the blended harmonies of art, and these winds of autumn like the plaint of another spirit, the great spirit of nature, pouring its sorrow into yours, over the fall of its forest glories. Thus will the soul be fitted for the entrance of truth, great thoughts will burst upon it from the living fountain of lights. The answers of Urim and Thummim will come in colors of warm and rosy light and shine upon the heart watching in silence and hope."

He saw a radical difference between studying and learning, between thought and memory, between power and knowledge. The want of a clear distinction here very often makes us the dolts we are. It runs to waste the labor of a life and saps the very foundation of growth.

"It is a common impression that education should be begun in childhood. Familiar maxims have grown out of this common opinion of cultivated humanity. 'The child is father of the man,' 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined,' and such like proverbial philosophy, is in the mouth of everybody. No doubt there is a *nisus* of wisdom here. The nice question is to know precisely what it is that is to be *begun*. To repeat, 'Education is to be begun,' is to say nothing to the purpose. It is a mere Delphic oracle to be interpreted and applied only after the event and to every one's liking. The practice of a

majority of the cultivated portion of mankind would imply that to 'educate' the soul is to put artificial instruments into the hands of children, and by dint of weariness and too often loathsome repetition and practice, compel them, *nolens volens*, whether or not, to learn their names and uses, and how to handle them.

"I fancy I see such a little fellow. He has been just torn from his chosen playthings, where his soul, 'an impulse to herself,' was framing some fabric from 'his dream of life.' But four or five summers have yet bloomed upon his loving eyes, and the sweet sights of nature and her communing voices are his joy and delight. His mother earth is nursing him, and spreads before him in her bounteous lap a thousand pleasures of her own, but he cannot be indulged in such pastimes. He must go to school. Right manfully he kicks, with a sort of native independence and love of freedom, but authority ends the struggle, and there he is, seated on his hard, backless form, with his meek little legs hanging down six inches below his pants and twelve inches above the floor, baseless as the fabric of a vision, but by no means such stuff as dreams are made of. They are real, if not very substantial, legs, and now most weary of hanging. His tender little back, too, is very tired, but the fear of the rod keeps that from complaining. His eyes are upon his book, poring over the mysterious words, but his thoughts are with his heart, and that is with his playthings, on the grassy lawn with the young lambs, chasing over the flowery mead the golden butterflies, or lost in day-dreams on some shady mound by the banks of bab-

bling brooks and amid bowers musical with the songs of happy birds. Dear boy! I remember with the vividness of a poet's vision when I sat in your place. How my longing heart sighed for the willowy streamlet where the golden-sided minnows played in the placid pool, or hid their dreamy forms in the dappled depths of the pebbly bottom! How ugly those Cadmean hieroglyphics looked in the face of such a vision! The big A's and the little a's, and the whole crabbed, cramped and crooked alphabet stared me in the face like the ghost of murdered beauty, till I could not bear to look at them. But our little boy *must* learn his letters; he must do more. Ab-abs must be mastered, combined and superadded till 'long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*' are made out, spelled and scratched out, and little master *Wright* can *write* the *rites* of England and *write* them *right*.

"This, popularly and *practically* now, is to 'begin education.' Let us see what is done. The little fellow, in nine cases in ten, has learned to hate that dog-eared book,—*primer* he calls it in most scornful ignorance of the meaning in its name; he has learned to hate, at least, the inside of the school-house; and (unless he should be a most amiable specimen of a pedagogue), with a sort of native American hatred of tyranny, he has learned very cordially and manfully to hate the schoolmaster. Here are three results of this 'begun education,' and let him that values them have them. Three years ago, that little boy was as rosy as the dawn that, with a bounding heart, he rose to welcome; now he rises with a sluggish yawn, and his cheeks are sal-

low and pale. Three years ago, all nature was a library to him—in wood, mead and tangled brake he found society—they were a mystery he loved to penetrate, and the primal sympathies of his heart found a brotherhood in their bosom. He loved them, and thought it an innocent love. But another sweetheart has been chosen for him—that primer, for the sweet voices of the vale—that *school-room*, for the metropolitan temple of the mighty universe, and that frowning and enigmatical *pedagogue*, for the genial and plastic mysteries of nature. He never consented to the transfer; like a true lover, he resisted it, but he had to submit. And now his nature has been violated. He has been crossed in love—his first love, too. Not only is he forbidden to play with his chosen one, but he must play the gallant and make love to another, not his choice. No wonder his suit is urged so lazily, so unsuccessfully. His heart is not in it. His heart, honestly and *at heart*, is right cordially against it. Nobody sympathizes with him; therefore, like other helpless things, he submits to be borne along, but all the while bitter with the sense of the wrong he suffers. He becomes a dissembling Ishmaelite—seemingly very dutiful and attentive to books, but truly against every man's book, and thinking most honestly every man's book against him. Here are three other fruits of this 'begun education.' A nervous and enfeebled constitution; a blunted sensibility to the beauty and the bounty of nature; and a sense of wrong in the arbitrary restraints put upon him, resulting in a spirit of opposition and perversity that makes him a hypocrite or a rebel. Pallor, stupidity

and perversity—what a wealth of power to begin with! If I thought, gentlemen, you would ever treat your boys so, I would pray that you might never *hear*, as you surely would not *deserve*, the name of ‘father’!

“I can only give a sample or two of the baneful influences of the present popular system of youthful education. Its good effects are manifest. Reading, writing and a little arithmetic are the first three. Very important they are, too. Then come grammar, geography and astronomy enough to make the little Solomon acquainted with the facts that the earth is round and the sun stands still, for no other use to the boy, that ever I could see, than to teach him that his good friends, the five senses, are, in great matters, great liars, and by no means to be trusted at a distance!

“Do I complain then that boys are taught to read, and write, and cipher? By no means. Only wait till the proper time. All these can be learnt in a few weeks, when the boy’s mind is ready for them—all of them can be taught so gently and genially at the mother’s knee, or in a *real* father’s study or workshop, that the boy is scarcely sensible of the means by which the knowledge has come.”

He illustrates the distinction between knowledge and power.

“Take a proposition in geometry. The proposition itself is enunciated and the demonstration of it is before you. You are required to *learn* it. By close attention to the statements in the demonstration, you follow the reasoning step by step, satisfied as you proceed of the correctness of each step, till

you come to the conclusion and find it Q. E. D., what was to be demonstrated. Let us consider the mental effort in this work. There is, 1st, the perception of the relations of *quantity*, as equality, difference or multiplication, *plus*, *minus*, etc., only as they are stated, however, in the demonstration, or subsumed from other remembered conclusions, or from axioms; 2nd, a persistent and sequential fixedness of attention upon these relations, as they have been linked together, so as to see how the last link fastens to the first, through the intervention and connection of all the rest, and is, consequently, sustained by them. By the simple perception of the relations stated to exist, and protracted attention to the development of the conclusion, by a string of legitimate inferences, the demonstration of the proposition has been *learned*. I know you call this studying, and some of you think it very hard work. It is, truly, *long* and often *perplexing* work, but is it properly *study*? To study is to set thought, fix it, energetically determine it. It would be to discover the proposition, to invent demonstration. Euclid *studied*, his pupil only *learns*. Euclid *thought*, his pupil only *understands* and *remembers*. What did Euclid do? He found in his reason certain constitutive ideas or regulative laws. He made out a code of these. He called them 'common notions.' Some Aristotelizing commentator, perhaps Proclus, called them *axioms*, as they now stand in the Elements. He bent his mind to these, *studied* them, *tentatively worked* upon them, to see what he could make out of them, and lo! that wondrous creation, his Geometry. Need I dwell longer

on the distinction to make it plain? Illustrations will crowd upon you, from all departments of thought or art. A common draughtsman can take the dimensions of St. Paul's, draw the position, size and plan of all its apartments; it requires nothing but a perception of the parts, as they lie before his senses, and attention to their relation, but none but a Sir Christopher Wren could design it, combine the simple and pre-established laws of mechanics to the consummation and compass of a grand architectural model in the mind, and thus by a wondrous creative projection of his own thought, embody in form and substance, this wonder of the architectural world.

“You will have no difficulty now, either in perceiving or granting the difference between *knowledge* and *power*. I am aware of the trite adage, that ‘knowledge is power,’ and I know, too, the authority that is given for it. But authors are often misunderstood, and men do wrest them to the perversion of the truth. We say, in like manner, ‘a sword is dangerous,’ but we mean, of course, when wielded by an arm of power. The danger is in the power—the sword is the passive instrument. In this sense knowledge is power, that is, it is an instrument which enables power to actualize itself with greater efficiency. Power, through knowledge, becomes exceedingly powerful. But knowledge is not essentially power. There may be great knowledge and but feeble power, and conversely. I shall find you a very Hercules of mental power, a man who could bandy like foot-balls, thoughts that could not be crammed into a hundred common heads with-

out bursting them, who did not *know* as much even of correct astronomy as some of our haggard little Solomons of ten years old, but who, notwithstanding, haven't a thought beyond their noses. What did Plato know of precise science, compared with the young Bachelor of Arts of the present day? To which must we award the greater *knowledge*, to which the greater *power*? The one can scarcely write a readable paragraph—no matter how correct it may be in its style—so barren is it of thought. The other, for sixty generations, has been the wonder and admiration of mankind. The one will never be felt in influence beyond the circle of his personal presence, the other, 'a plank from the wreck of Paradise, thrown upon the shores of Greece,' still, after the lapse of twenty centuries, radiates a power that penetrates to the profoundest depths of the human heart, and stretches out to the utmost circles of the human family. 'His line has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world.'

"Now the common practice seems to go upon the principle that to educate the soul is to stuff it with statistics, and load it with learning. Application is the work and acquisition is the result, but *thought* has been neglected, and no *power* is gained.

"Much of what we call education, and for which we labor and toil so much, is a positive injury to the mind; and this, because it prevents the growth and development of its *power*, or perchance, oppresses and weakens it. It will, of course, be noted throughout that I mean by '*power*,' the combining, originating, creating energy of the mind. The conditions of the growth of anything are determined

by its own nature, and we have abundant examples in vegetable physiology of the development of one part being made at the expense or to the prevention of another. The analogy is complete; it is precisely so with the mind. Now, the conditions of the development of mental power are thinking, studying, reasoning, and this for ourselves, not after another. But this requires time, abstraction and deep meditation, while these again demand solitude. We must go out in the evening, like Isaac, to meditate, and then will thoughts, beautiful and lovely as Rebecca, come as upon troops of camels, to meet us—pure thoughts, and in bridal array, coming to marry themselves to the soul, and fill it with immortal love. But these are of the reason. They will not come while we are busy with the mechanism of logic, or trotting in the leading strings of pedagogues, ‘be-school-mastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, anything but educated; receiving arms and ammunition instead of skill, strength and courage; being varnished rather than polished; perilously over-civilized and most pitifully uncultivated!’ Reason’s ray is the light of all our seeing, but it comes not through the mist of the world. We must seek it upon the heights of contemplation. There it will meet us and make all things clear.

“Hers is

“ ‘Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens.’

“How can the heart be great that hath never with itself communed? How can the universe be understood or enjoyed by one that hath never gone out

from the presence of its phenomnea to *think*, aye, not to experiment, but to *think*, upon its laws? Experiment and observation are very good, yea, necessary things. They give us cognitions, but what are these worth without an organizing mind to put them together and make out their law—to arrange them, not whimsically, nor according to blank resemblances even, but according to some mental initiative, suggested by the reason as the idea, actualized in nature, by the law. No one will question that the ability thus to overlook and to underlook phenomena, to comprehend them by grasping a principle that explains them, is the true mark of greatness.

“I made the assertion that much of what we call education is a positive injury to the mind, inasmuch as it prevents the growth and development of its power. Tendency is to prevent those mental exercises which alone do and can develop *power*, by directing the time and the exertions of the pupil to labors which require no original thought, no exertion of creative energy, but only (almost passive) perception and protracted attention, and this to a degree that oppresses and enfeebles, if it does not actually paralyze, the native thought-building, system-making power of the soul.

“You will, therefore, perhaps inquire, would I have you abandon your present course of learning and adopt another? Let me say, then, that for the purposes of study, in the strict sense of the word, several things are highly necessary as means or instruments, and others as material. I could not say that in any ordinary college course, such as is com-

mon even in the highest literary institutions in America, there is much, if anything, to be omitted, unless it be some of the *idola theatri* or the false theories that have got possession, I am sorry to know in many instances, of the professors, and lie, like so many sunken Russian boats, in the channels of successful thought. Logic, languages and the various arts of memory are all necessary to your success in independent and original thought, and for this end they should be pursued. Science, in the widest sense of that word, will afford you useful exercise in the processes of method, and with mathematics, her chosen and necessary handmaid, which, as it is generally taught, is rather the logic than the science of mathematics, arm you for conquests of highest might.

“It is not, then, to neglect these that I would call you, but to pursue them, not as ultimate ends, not in and for themselves, but as means and instruments in the hands of thought to work your way to true greatness. You may have them all—gorge yourselves with them till you become full-grown, plump and pampered book-worms, and the man of *power*, who, like our own Franklin, has barely tasted them, will laugh at you, as mere bustling, pursy aldermen in the empire of thought, sweep by you with imperial contempt, and leave you, like any other grub, to batten on the refuse of others, whilst lifting his own majestic head on high, *inter sidera*, he wreathes from the lightning a chaplet for his brow, and challenges the thunder to echo his fame. I would have you consider how even *one* great discovery—not a mere upturn in plodding experiment of some new

phenomena or unusual phase of nature, but a revelation of new light, a distinct and further step into the dark domain that lies like a land of night ahead of the van of humanity—how one such step stamps with immortality the brow of the hero who makes it! We hail him as one who has come back with good news from that undiscovered country from whose bourne hitherto no traveler had ever returned. We look upon him as one who, caught away by the muses, has been baptized in the true Helicon, and place him at once high among the celestials.

“Pythagoras, when he had come back from his travels, and was asked by the multitudes who hung upon his eloquence what they should call him, replied, modestly, ‘Philosopher’—not a *wise* one, but a *lover of wisdom*. But Protagoras and others were not content with so unpretending a title. They would be called Sophists, Wisdom-mongers, just as we say fish-mongers, as if wisdom could be bought and sold in the market-place like hams or herrings! Their distinctive character, if we may trust Plato rather than Webster, was to huckster wisdom. No wonder that on so foolish a mission they in a little while became mere babblers of nonsense. They soon received, as they deserved, the contempt of mankind. The School of the Sophists is no more, but the race of wisdom-mongers is not altogether extinct. You shall not stray through many stalls in the market till you are met by ‘Proverbial Philosophy’—hung up for sale. Wisdom, assorted and put up in broken doses to suit all appetites and all diseases! I charge you, buy it not, thinking that it will make you wise! Wisdom must be dug out of

your own hearts. Words have no wisdom in them to you till you have *felt* them. Only that is truly yours which is born of you. If your mind be flesh, how mortal and perishable must be its progeny! But if you have purified it from the dross of sensuality, cleared it for the entrance of light, that light which being in the world enlighteneth every man in proportion as he is pure, then will it blossom with hopes brighter than ever hung over Eden bowers, and ripen joys sweeter than the peace of paradise."

Let such views of school and college training be held, and works like that of Gorst on the Curse of Education will be impossible. Such charges as A Flourishing Mediocrity, Square Pegs in Round Holes, The Destruction of Genius, The Greatest Misery of the Greatest Number, The Output of Prigs, Boy Degeneration, and Mental Breakdown, will be met in illustrations of best manhood and womanhood.

At the Bethany commencement in June 18, 1880, President Pendleton informed the trustees of the college that he would not be a candidate for re-election to the position of State Superintendent of Schools. This course was made necessary by the resignation of Prof. C. L. Loos, who accepted the presidency of Kentucky University. Prof. Loos had served the institution for twenty-two years. He had also taught three years just after his graduation, making a quarter of a century of work in Bethany College. In a beautiful letter to the Board, accompanying his resignation, he says: "I will not attempt to tell you what it costs me to break up my present relations and ties, but I cannot avoid ex-

pressing my particular regret in parting from my older colleague, the President of the college, with whom I have so long and through such various fortunes borne the heat and burden of the day, and always in mutual respect and good will."

Mr. Pendleton cordially reciprocated the feeling of Prof. Loos, and held him always in the warmest esteem. His resignation was greatly regretted by all friends of the college. J. S. Lamar was elected to fill the vacancy.

President Pendleton's announcement that he would not be a candidate for re-election to the office he had filled for more than three years so honorably to himself and so usefully to the work of education in West Virginia, was the occasion of generous tributes in the State press to the efficiency of his administration. One of the leading journals declares: "If there is any one gentleman more than another of the present corps of State officers which we would like to see stay where he is, that gentleman is Prof. Pendleton. The position is one that requires little or no politics in its organization and details, but which does require all the culture, ability and experience that can be got into it for the salary. In the superintendency of the free schools of the State, there is a field of work, visible and invisible, of vast proportions, and it requires a ripe scholar of fine executive talent, with good sense, keen perception, strong will and plenty of energy and devotion to the work in hand to make an efficient officer. Three years and over Prof. Pendleton's administration has proven that he possesses all these qualities to an eminent degree. Therefore, his determination to sever his

connection with the public schools of the State is cordially regretted by us."

It was while connected with the public schools that Mr. Pendleton was requested by the governor of the State to select and suitably inscribe the West Virginia Memorial Stone for the Washington monument at the Capital. It may be found at the 200 foot landing, and is a large block of white marble with the State coat of arms in the center, beneath the words "West Virginia," and above the motto, "*Tuum Nos Sumus Monumentum.*"

CHAPTER XXVII

AGAIN IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR

FOR three years after the close of the Harbinger Mr. Pendleton wrote but little for the religious press, but such a pen could not remain long unemployed. In December, 1873, Isaac Errett makes this editorial statement in the Christian Standard:

“We take pleasure in announcing that President W. K. Pendleton of Bethany College will be added to the editorial staff of the Standard with the new year. Personally, it is a great gratification to us to renew the editorial ties that held us in pleasant co-operation for several years in brotherly labors on the Millennial Harbinger; and to our readers it will be, we are sure, a great pleasure to know that one of our ablest, most elegant and most learned pens—too long idle—is to be regularly employed for their benefit.”

In a subsequent issue Mr. Errett writes:

“W. K. Pendleton is to take his place on the editorial staff and contribute regularly to the editorial columns. As a writer he stands in the foremost rank. His learning, his wisdom, his large experience, his fine literary taste and his ripe judgment will enable him to minister to the intellectual and spiritual wants of our readers as but few are able to do. His long and intimate association with Alexander Campbell gave him rare opportunities to learn the spirit and genius of the Reformation, as well as

its inner history, and to comprehend its bearing on the religious world at large; while his own studious habits have enabled him to lay up rich stores of knowledge for the instruction of others. Having been once associated with him in editorial life we are the more gratified to announce his connection with the Standard from our personal knowledge of his ability and worth."

January 3, 1874, Mr. Pendleton takes up his new work with a Word of Introduction:

"If it were only that we are at the threshold of a new year, the courtesy of a hopeful salutation would not be an unfitting acknowledgment of the pleasure we feel at renewing the, to us, long familiar relations of editor; but when we count back over the busy days, whose cares and toils and nervous wrestlings of hope and fear left us no leisure to note the toiling of the hours as they passed, we find it has been *three full years* since we used to commune with a great brotherhood through the pages of the Harbinger; and realize, therefore, that in taking a place kindly tendered us in the columns of the Standard, we shall seem to many as a stranger needing the formality of an introduction. For, in that time, how many, true and dear to me, have ceased to read this life's pages and passed to higher knowledge; and how many more have risen up to claim the fellowship and guidance of the toilers in sacred literature! The hearts whose greetings I shall miss! May I hope to find their warmth of welcome replaced by the fraternal sympathy of those who will fill their places!

"The age presses us with the demands of its rapid

marches. We may not linger—neither in listlessness nor in wonder. The railroad and the steam press, like the ‘two men in white apparel,’ chide us while we ‘stand gazing up into heaven,’ and bid us look upon the ripe harvest fields, and go forth, strong-armed reapers, to gather immortal fruit. Neither is there time for strife. The battles of discord block up the way of progress. The smoke of their torment blinds the eyes of our understanding, and the light that is in us becomes darkness. The time of harvest is a time of joy. Her banners are the waving of golden sheaves of first fruits, lifted up with thanksgiving and praise before the Lord of the harvest. Would that we could catch the inspiration of the season, and utter no sound—not even the *sound* of a doctrine—that would drown the melody of the starry choir first heard by the watching shepherds, but still echoing with the sweetness of midnight music in all hearts filled with the peace and good will of the gospel!

“We trust that with the growth of time there has been, with us, some growth of knowledge, but not, we hope, of such that ‘puffeth up.’ If constant and prayerful study and conscientious investigation, with a singleness of eye that asks only, ‘What is truth?’ are conditions that God will bless with fuller consciousness of his will, then we think it no arrogance to say that there is no doctrine of the Bible that we do not better understand, and no lesson of the word or the life of our Savior that we do not apprehend with a fuller insight, because of the years of suffering and patience through which we have been striving to walk by the light of his Spirit.

And yet, how defective and incomplete is our seeing. Enigmatic reflections of truth—obscured, as images seen in a mirror (I. Cor. xiii. 12)—these are all that we can attain to in this life. Only when *we* shall be *in him*, as *he is in us*, shall we see and know fully and truly. It is wise, therefore, to consider our ignorance, as it is good to know our frailty. How much do we need to be forgiven for both! In nothing is the Savior's toleration of the weakness of our humanity more beautiful and tender than in his forbearance with intellectual errors—errors too, under the light of his own personal instruction. He called it *want of faith*. When Thomas refused to believe a testimony that satisfied all the rest, he was not cast off, either by his brethren or by the Savior. So Paul was chosen, while yet a persecutor, but ignorantly in unbelief. Very gentle and loving was the Savior in dealing with the religiously blind. Only as they could bear it did he let the light of his knowledge fall upon their unused eyes. And this is a lesson of his life that his disciples have but poorly learned. The anathemas of the Church, and the dogmatism of the press, have ever been louder, fiercer and more proscriptive against errors of the head than sins of the heart.

"It is noticeable that the articles of creeds are about *doctrines*; that the battles of sectarianism are under banners inscribed with *formulas* of faith. The example of the *life* of Christ is trodden under foot by the mailed warriors that clash their arms at the braying of a party shibboleth. Too often the *sound of doctrine* is confounded with *sound doctrine*; and unwritten creeds by force of frequent reiteration.

tion become more restricted and proscriptive than those which have received the sanction of the council. Doubtless it is 'sound' to *believe* the golden rule, but it is doubtful whether it is 'sound' to *preach it* at the point of a bayonet!

"Is not the outlook of the Church more towards the imitation of the life of Christ? less towards the hard intellectuality of Calvinian-Augustinism? We hope so, and feel it to be the highest work that is given us to do, in the present, to labor to bring all that love our Master to love, also, one another. But not by compromise of the truth; for the truth alone can make us one, because it is itself one. Error is multiform, and always mischievous. Men can never stand long together on error—that is, on error as a principle and bond of union. But in charity all men may stand together, even in much error. Charity paralyzes the power of error. Its affinities dissolve all other attractions, and set the heart free to walk in love—yet, like all other forces, the force of charity must work through means, and in antagonism to whatever opposeth. Yes; love has her battles, and brave soldiers and true advance with her to the fields of conquest. Courage and patience, and fidelity like the Savior's are in their hearts, and neither the curses of the Pharisees, the delays of victory, nor the fascinations of ambition can turn them from the steady and loving toils of their high and divine calling.

"True charity cannot compromise the truth, for their ends are one. They come from the same fountain, go forth on the same mission, and return laden with the same fruits of victory. Nothing that

drives a man from God is true charity, and nothing that *leads* him into false ways is divine truth. Love and light walk hand in hand in the ministry of the Gospel, and he is an enemy of both who despises the voice of either. In this temper of heart and purpose of will, beloved readers, we come to commune with you and work with your old servants of the Standard during the weeks as they pass, and so to add what little of wisdom or of force there may be in us to the many ministries of good that are so hopefully among us: and may the blessing of God rest upon our labors!"

Public Morality is the subject of Mr. Pendleton's first editorial. He says some strong things. "The old standards of public trusts have all gone down before the restless agony for wealth, and our high places are filled with men greedy for mammon and ready to sacrifice even honor for money." "Patriotism is but little more than the love of place, and the public wealth the private property of the public servant. The demagogues of the *Demos* live on sacrifices, and the flocks of the husbandmen must furnish the victims." "Our public morality is neither fashioned nor fostered by the morality of the people." "It is easy to see that the damning sin of public life is the inordinate greed of money, and that this again is rendered the more insatiate by the extravagance of public fashion. Our home life is plain, our public life is ludicrously ostentatious." "We need earnest remonstrance, such as only the divine sanctions of right and wrong can enforce, in order to arrest the decline of public morality. Let the pulpit and the religious press address themselves

earnestly to the correcting of this frightful evil, and we may hope for better things. If we shall be preserved against corruption, it must be by the purifying influence of the Church—the power of the divine life in the hearts of believers.”

He addresses a word “To Our Old Readers of the Harbinger”:

“It is natural, after a long separation of any kind, when we again come back to our former position, to look for old friends. One who has been long absent from his native home inquires with eager anxiety, on revisiting the cherished spot, for the companions of other days; and so now, after so many years of suspended intercourse with my old friends of the Millennial Harbinger, when I resume my place as editor, I cannot but feel a special desire to renew also my communings with the thousands with whom for many years it was my happiness to be on terms of so much intimacy and confidence. I know not how many of these may now be readers of the Standard, or to what extent I may presume on the continuation of their good will, but I am conscious of a strong desire to meet them again, and cannot forego the impulse of my heart to send them a special invitation to gratify me with a revival of the old fellowship. I desire not to conceal the fact that it will be peculiarly grateful to my feelings to discover that those who now read the Standard will greet it with an added interest because I am henceforth to help the strong hands that have hitherto so ably conducted it, and that many others who are not now visited by its weekly issues will be induced by

the memory of other days to become its patrons and friends.

"We have been frequently urged by many of the most honored among our brethren to revive the Harbinger, and to all such we say the best we can do for our good cause shall be done through the Standard. We do not propose to be an idle figure-head, to grace or disgrace a big Co. of editors. We mean earnest, watchful, thoughtful work, honest as faith can make it, and true to the cherished purposes of the many dead and living co-laborers with whom we have so long stood in harmonious struggles for the restoration of New Testament doctrine and practice. We have discovered nothing in the Word of God, and can discern nothing in the signs of the times, to induce us to draw back or aught to relent in the steadfast advocacy of our original plea. We may not, we think we do not, understand it in the sectarian narrowness in which it is held by a few. We can see neither the wisdom of the policy nor the warrant for the liberty which some are exercising in restricting the gospel of grace, in its divine catholicity and freedom, by the autocratic dogmatism of a creed-spirit that is as narrow in its logic as it is cold in its charity. It is true now, as when Paul was yet with the church, 'We should be ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life' (II. Cor. iii.6). Even under the Jewish dispensation this distinction between substance and form was true. Paul recognized it as an eternal law of the divine judgment. 'He was not a Jew who was one outwardly, neither was that circumcision

which was outward in the flesh; but he was a Jew who was one inwardly, and circumcision was that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter' (Rom. ii. 28, 29).

"But the form and the substance are, both philosophically and scripturally, united in every true life. The letter as law killeth, yet the letter as a revelation of grace leadeth to life. Paul does not use the word letter in the sense of the word of revelation. This is living and quickening through the spirit; but in isolation, taken as a mere intellectual light enforced or conformed to simply as a rule by which to escape punishment or secure advantage, it becomes mere letter, and profits nothing in the divine life. We may thus be led by it, as dumb cattle, submissive to the yoke and patient under the burden and obedient to the thunder of command, but heartless and lifeless in the service, as the ox under the goad. The letter pays tithes, but waits for the collector and grumbles at the rate. The spirit gives the heart, and anticipates the morning with its bounding gladness of service. The letter sits cautiously and gloomily in the corner criticising its duties and shielding itself with a cunning network of 'thus saiths'; the spirit goes abroad eager to find and prompt to do whatsoever is true and lovely. The letter is censorious; the spirit is charitable. The letter is a dead carcass, perfect and complete as it may be in its parts, but a lifeless anatomy; the spirit is a living form, beautiful in expression and restlessly active with the grace of divine life.

"Evidently, the work that is needed is a restoration in form and power of the apostolic church, a

New Testament ministry that takes the word of revelation for its guide, and the spirit of inspiration for its impulse. To separate these in theory or in practice is to break up the bond of Christian unity and reduce Christianity to a theory, a philosophy, a mere scheme of salvation, without the power of life. The readers of the Harbinger, to whom now we especially speak, will recall the steady earnestness with which this essential characteristic of Christianity was ever insisted upon by its great editor. We remember with what earnestness he was wont to say, 'I have no confidence in any instrumentality, ordinance, means or observance, unless the heart is turned to God. This is the fundamental, the capital point; but with this every other divine ordinance is essential for the spiritual enlargement, confirmation and sanctification of the faithful.' On this grand position let us plant ourselves with renewed steadfastness, and labor to bring our movement on to still further perfection."

Mr. Pendleton writes upon many themes: Elders Not Officers; Injurious Questions; The Protestant Episcopal Reform; Progress in Religion; The One Baptism; The True Issue in the Baptismal Question; Difficulties in Churches; May Women Speak in the Church? Deacons, etc. The withdrawal of W. C. Dawson, of New York, from the church in November, 1874, on account of differences of opinion on the authority of tradition and forms of worship and organization, led Mr. Pendleton to give the readers of the Standard a valuable series of articles on these topics. He is surprised that one not born under the venerated shadow of tradition nor trained to bow

his neck to prelatic authority, but whose eyes had seen the truth untinted by patristic prisms, and in the *lumen siccum*—the dry light of reason—beheld for himself the unadulterated apostolic order, should be able to satisfy his judgment with the indefinite and contradictory utterances of tradition on the subject of church order and infant baptism. He has no harsh words or feelings to utter, but takes advantage of the occasion to consider the ground upon which Mr. Dawson justified his action. There are eighteen of these editorials, covering the whole question of tradition, its authority and its relation to Scripture and the matter of infant baptism, episcopacy and apostolic succession. These articles are well worthy of preservation and circulation in more permanent form. They furnish a scholarly and completely satisfactory treatment of a vexed question.

A kindred series of able contributions from his pen runs through several months in the Standard columns in 1880 and 1881 in the form of a written discussion with James Crystal on the proposition, "Infants are Proper Subjects for Baptism," in which Mr. Pendleton proved altogether too much for the learned Presbyterian. He has also a hand in the discussion of differences between the Baptists and Disciples with James W. Wilmarth, of New Jersey, in 1878.

Other matters treated by his pen in the editorial columns are Conscientiousness; The Reward of Good Works; The Five Points of Arminianism and the Per Contra of Calvinism; The English Remonstrance; Righteousness and Justification; Wit and Ignorance on Baptizo; The Source and Stand of

Christian Doctrine; Training and Teaching Children; Purgatory; The Resurrection of the Dead; The Preparation of the Heart; The Assurance and Source of the One Hope; The Despair of Heathenism, and the Hope of the Gospel; Ritualism in England; the Name Christian; The National Evil, etc.

Mr. Pendleton's controversial articles are models of fairness and dignity, remarkable for their learning, breadth of vision, reverence for truth, clearness and justice; his general contributions show his wide information, his progressiveness, his large sympathy with all worthy advanced views, and services for the church and humanity; but it is when he falls into a tender strain and we get glimpses of his heart that he really appears at his noblest and best. What could be sweeter, more touching and beautiful than this little tribute to a child, Theodore F. Loos, the youngest son of his co-laborer in the college? The boy rested November 11, 1873, and the dignified, scholarly President writes:

"He had nearly completed his seventh year, full of hope and health and blessed promise of life, when suddenly fatal disease seized him and in a few days he folded his little hands upon his breast and fell into the sleep from which there is no earthly awakening. We recall, living or dead, but few such boys as our dear little Theodore. His nature was calm and serene as a quiet morning. The light of peace was in his face and a gentle manner graced his every action. His look of greeting was like a benediction, and his little heart seemed ever flowing out in love to all about him. The ripe graces of

cultured years seemed native to him so that we used to call him 'a born gentleman.' He was in word and in deed a perfect creature of righteousness, exalting others to purity and wisdom and exemplifying in his own sweet ways how sometimes at least 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' Surely the blessed hand of the Savior rested upon our little Theodore while he was with us here on earth and now has lifted him gently to the heavenly rest. In his last moments he was a peacemaker and a comforter, believing that all was done well—all for the best, and looking off to the new joys to which he was passing with his little brother and sister, who had gone before him to his heavenly home. We have laid his little body, still beautiful in death, away in the cold earth, but his liberated spirit in another sphere is kept for the fulness of joy in the bosom of Abraham."

Many of Mr. Pendleton's choicest lessons to the brotherhood in this new editorial experience are found in the form of simple answers to querists. Instead of a question box the paper had a department called the "Querists' Drawer," and from this were drawn forth queries, new and old, covering all matters of doctrine and practice; some wise and some otherwise, and the answers are often in the happiest vein of this gifted writer.

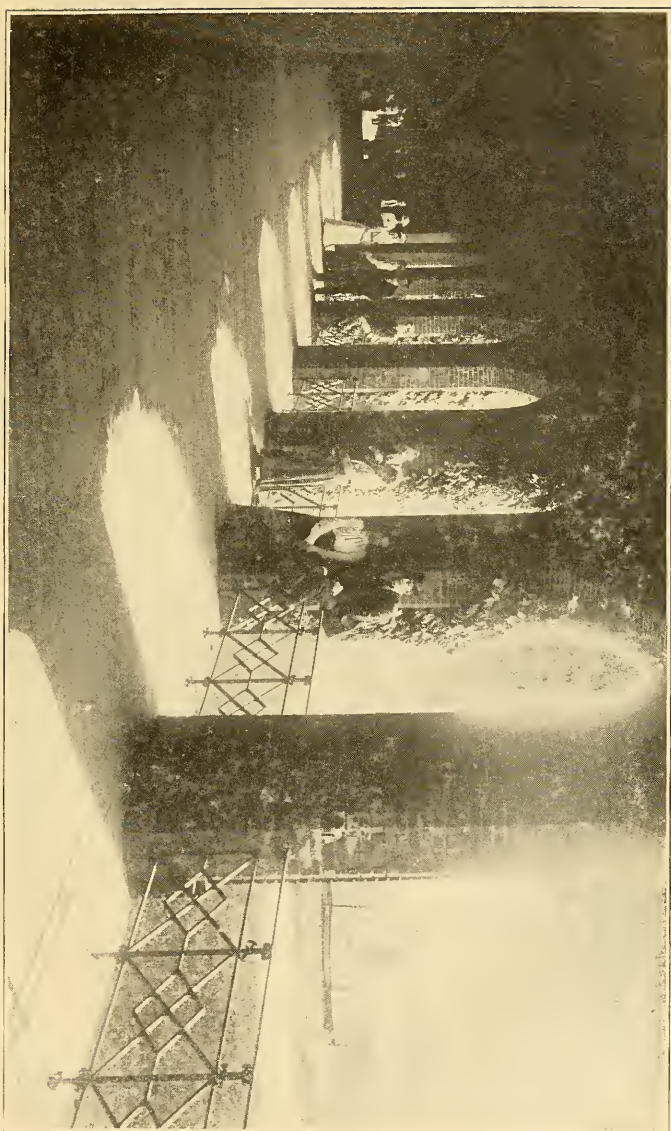
In all departments of the paper Mr. Pendleton rendered his full share of service. It is probable this was the busiest period of his busy life. The college was in sore straits, and he was its president and treasurer, with most of the burden upon his shoulders of providing for its needs. He was State

Superintendent of Public Schools and crowded with the cares which that office entailed upon him. The *Christian Quarterly*, edited by W. T. Moore, was then being published, and he was one of the associate editors, contributing regularly to its columns articles that involved much labor in preparation. His correspondence was heavy and the calls for sermons, lectures, missionary addresses and public services of every kind were incessant and from every quarter. Much of his work was done while others were sleeping, and for twenty years he averaged but five hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. A less vigorous constitution could not have endured the strain. A life with such demands could have but little time for elegant leisure. A career of such usefulness deserves the gratitude of his fellows.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRESIDENT GENERAL CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY CONVENTION

THE spirit of missions is the life of the Church. From its organization, in which he had so large a part, Mr. Pendleton was a loyal friend of the A. C. M. S. His profound faith in its purpose and unswerving devotion to its interest were shown to the day of his death. Three notable missionary addresses are published in the Standard during the period of his editorial service. October 20, 1874, he delivered before the General Convention at Cincinnati the Quarter Centennial Address. Organized in the Queen City in October, 1849, it met here to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. He refers, in opening his subject, to the greatest hearts of the brotherhood of that day who had after careful conference organized the society. He quotes D. S. Burnet, who presided on that occasion, from a letter to Alexander Campbell informing him of his election as President: "When Brother Pendleton appeared in the convention and informed us that your absence occurred in consequence of illness, we doubly sympathized with you in your affliction, which was also a disaster to us, as it deprived the convention of your society and counsel. The convention has requested me to assure you of their sympathy and prayers, a duty most genial to my feelings, the more especially as I can in the same



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communication contribute to your joy by announcing a happy issue of our meeting. About five thousand dollars was raised in money and pledges for our various enterprises, but especially for Bible and missionary societies, which shared about equally in the munificence. I never knew so fine a meeting. It lasted about one week, and filled us full of joy and love. The representatives from abroad amounted to about two hundred."

He speaks of Mr. Campbell's satisfaction over the organization of a missionary society, and gives his views expressed in the *Harbinger* in 1842, '44 and '45 on the subject, and then traces the history of the organization and its work. He discusses the difficulties and opposition encountered and the varying fortunes of the society, the talk about organizations, schemes, ecclesiastical courts, missionary crusades of rival secretaries, the holy horror of some of the elect over "the ushering in of this *Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*." He calls the muster roll of the noble men that shared in the origin of the society and asks, "If it be an apostasy, where has been the orthodoxy of the Reformation, and who has represented it?" His characterizations of these men are striking:

"Look at this body of men—this host of evangelical volunteers—marshaled to fulfill the Savior's orders to preach the gospel to every nation. There is John O'Kane, the trumpet-voiced evangelist; Jas. M. Mathes, the acute and vigilant editor; J. B. New, the embodiment of ancient order; George Campbell, the warm-hearted exhorter; Elijah Goodwin, the 'wise, practical preacher'; and L. H.

Jameson, poet and sweet singer—all of Indiana; and who shall say they did not represent the piety, the intelligence and the soundness of the brotherhood from whom they came? Was Ohio misrepresented? David S. Burnet, himself among the greatest of missionaries—an orator, a gentleman, and early and late zealous in all that contributed to the growth and piety of the Church—was he a ‘blind leader of the blind’? The Haydens, mighty in the Scriptures, persuasive in speech, and leaders in sacred song, and Moss and Green and Watkins, all skillful to use the sword of the Spirit to attack or defend; were they untrue to our primitive plea and perverters of the law according to the *Christian Baptist*? And Benjamin Franklin, ‘Senior Wrangler,’ the scarred veteran before whose set lance so many sectarians have fallen—was he inclined to Progressionism or aspiring to be a secretary? Did these men, early famed among their people, misrepresent or mislead Ohio?

“Time would fail me to speak of J. T. Johnson, the Chevalier Bayard of the pulpit in Kentucky; the devout Morton; John Smith, logician and wit, and of a conscience for veracity that would not compromise the truth even in an anecdote; and P. S. Fall, scholar, theologian and philosopher; have there been braver, truer, safer and sounder men among us than these? And were they not, with their compeer, George W. Elley, pillars and supports of the Missionary Society from the first? When, in May, 1850, these grand men, with many others, their peers in piety, zeal and earnest foresight in matters connected with the prosperity of Zion, met in Lexington and organized ‘The Ken-

tucky State Meeting,' with a 'President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and a Board of Managers,' and resolved to aid by their co-operation the General Missionary Society at Cincinnati, did they mean to betray the Disciples of Kentucky into the hands of an ecclesiastical court, or to interfere with the proper independence of the churches?"

He tells of the society's financial ups and downs, and unders and overs, of its missions and missionaries, of the Louisville Plan, born in an upper room of Winthrop H. Hopson's home, where the Committee of Twenty wrestled all night long for the "inspiration and wisdom and wit" which they needed. He ascribed the failure of the plan to the one single amendment made to the report of the committee by McGarvey and Burnet; that is, the change in the financial plank of their platform, as follows: "But this recommendation is not to be considered as precluding a different disposition of funds when the church contributing shall so decide"—a provision emasculating the article of all its practical force as a rule of co-operation, and allowing churches to come into the organization and act as members, but with full liberty to decline any share in its work.

Mr. Pendleton closed with these happy sentences:

"Mr. President, and Brethren in Convention:—I have trespassed tediously upon your patience. Consider me as the muse of history straying among the monuments of twenty-five years of our missionary work, and excuse me if I have not been able to give you a respectable story of them in the span of an hour. I have given you the ship's reckoning, that you may see where she is, what seas have been

sailed over, and what spread out yet before us. You have seen some of the men that launched her, and who, through the years and amid the storms and calms of her course, have stood upon her deck steering her way and working her rigging, hoping and praying through the long night, and waiting for the dawn of morning. If I have been compelled to speak of the rocks against which she has sometimes struck, remember that I am only faithfully reporting the story of her log book; and if occasionally one of the crew appears in mutiny, remember that the shame is his whose is the deed, not his who records it. Let us turn from the indifferent, the hostile and the false, and rejoice to-night in the illustrious roll of the true that have fallen and the brave who are yet battling for the right; and while we stand upon this narrow isthmus that separates the verdicts of the past from the duties of the future, let us lift our eyes up over the wide seas yet before us, and spread our sails for the farthest shore to which the Gospel may yet be borne. Let us push our prows into all ports, and wherever there is a people 'sitting in darkness and the shadow of death,' let the shout go up, bursting through the valleys and sounding over the hills—'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price' (Isa. lv.1)."

At the yearly meeting of the G. C. M. C. in Richmond, October 17, 1876, Mr. Pendleton is President of the society, and delivers the annual address. It is an able and fervent deliverance on "The Preacher, his Place and Agency in the Spread of the Gospel,

the Growth of the Church," and concludes with an appeal which should be forever remembered:

"We lament the poverty of our treasury, and say, 'Oh, that the Lord would send us money!' But the want of money is not the heart of the difficulty. It is our poverty in prayer—effectual, fervent prayer. God has given us this lever with which to move the spiritual interests of the world, and balanced it upon the fulcrum of our faith, but we refuse to lift it up and work it. Give our preachers the constant, effectual, fervent prayers of 500,000 true hearts, and the money will come, and the Gospel will be preached, and the world will be turned upside down again with a Pentecostal outpouring of converting power. It is an undeviating law of the ministry of the Spirit that no means shall be blessed that are not consecrated by prayer. They are of the earth, earthy, till lifted up on faithful hearts for the unction of the Spirit. How little do we realize this in our solicitude for the success of the preacher. We read his reports in the papers, we listen to his troubles, we discern his weakness, we count up his converts, and we say, 'He will not do! We will take no more stock in him!' And we never once say, 'Lord, help him!' We see him standing, like Moses on the hilltop, with the rod of God lifted up over the battle with Amalek raging below in the valley of Rephidim, but when his arm grows weary and the rod of God is lowered, we run not to him, like Aaron and Hur, to hold up his hands and to cause Israel to prevail.

"Brethren, to know the cause of our weakness is to know the remedy. The Savior has given it into

our hands. Let our hearts be as one in constant, fervent prayer for the success of our missionaries, and all else will follow. What we truly pray for we will surely work for and pay for, and so, adding the double fruit of faith—prayer and works—God will as surely add his blessing.”

In May, 1877, the convention holds its semi-annual meeting in Cleveland. Mr. Pendleton presides, and discusses “The Church—its Divine Origin, Representative Authority and Mystic Embodiment of the Ministry of the Redeemer.”

In October of the same year we find him again President of the convention which meets in St. Louis, and he delivers here the annual address. Alluding to the Louisville Plan, he says:

“The plan adopted at Louisville is theoretically a very good one. If it has failed it is merely because we have gone on practically under the delusion that it could and would work itself. The exhortation to all was ‘go to work on the new and scriptural plan, based upon the authority of the churches.’ We did go to work, but not missionary work. We went to discussing the plan, and it was not long before it was found that it was a very dead and impotent thing. We were dissatisfied. It is told in the fables of Æsop how, in the days of old, when the frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own device, they assembled one day together, and with no little clamor, petitioned Jupiter to let them have a king to keep them in better order and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing the vanity of their hearts, smiled at this request, and threw down a log

into the lake which, by the splash and commotion it made, sent the whole commonwealth into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed into the water and under the mud and dare not come within ten leaps' length of the spot where it lay. At length one frog, bolder than the rest, ventured to pop his head above the water and take a survey of the new king at a respectful distance. Presently, when they perceived the log lay stock still, others began to swim up to and around it, till by degrees, growing bolder and bolder, they at last leaped upon it and treated it with the greatest contempt. Dissatisfied with so tame a ruler they forthwith petitioned Jupiter the second time for another and more active king. Upon which he sent them a stork who no sooner arrived among them than he began laying hold of them and devouring them one by one as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they endeavored to escape him. Then they sent Mercury with a private message to Jupiter beseeching him that he would take pity on them once more; but Jupiter replied that they were only suffering the punishment due to their folly, and that another time they would learn to let well-enough alone and not to be dissatisfied with their natural condition.

"Brethren, are we not repeating the generic folly of the frogs? We were clamorous for a plan to govern us, and the Louisville plan fell with a great splash in our midst. First it filled us with admiration. We thought and cried *e coelo descendit*—it has come down from above. We gazed with awe at it from a distance, and expected it to move from the waters and come to us freighted with the wealth of

the Orient. It was to be to us scripturality, apostolicity, ecclesiasticity, evangelicity and money bags! It was to float us into all imaginable heathen ports 'From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand'; and we were to have a good time under his royal majesty, 'The Louisville Plan.' So we waited for awhile; and our royal Log lay stock still. It gave no sign of doing anything, terrible or wonderful for good or for evil. And then a few who had at first stuck their heads deepest under the mud began to pop up and peep and mutter and make names at the Plan, and finally drawing nearer they leaped irreverently upon it and chuckled with delight that after all it was only a log!—a dead log!

"And now we are croaking for something else; and I fear the Stork is already among us, bestriding us with his long legs, and with his cormorant stomach devouring our energy, and benevolence, our missionary life! How shall we escape?"

He argues in this address that the church and the preacher are the Lord's forces—the preacher to go, the church to send—and concludes, "We are, I trust, gathering up our strength for another grand step in progress. We are preparing for the opening ways of Providence, and will not be wanting when the fullness of time shall come. Let every church be ready with her offering—every preacher be shod with the preparation of the Gospel, and free access be opened up to the nations—the peoples at home and abroad who sit in the shadow of darkness and the region of death—and who shall put limits to the growth of the church, the triumphs of the Gospel!

"We live in hope, we work in faith, we wait for

the blessing—trusting in Him who ever walks with his people and leads them into paths of righteousness and peace.”

CHAPTER XXIX

TALKS BY THE WAY

By all odds, the most entertaining and useful of Mr. Pendleton's many contributions to the Christian Standard during the seven years of his connection with that journal, were his papers under this head. Every conceivable subject he discusses in a familiar way in these talks. Sometimes it is the story of a trip in the interest of the college, or of missions: then a homily or a theological essay; sometimes a charming description of natural scenery; then a playful treatment of some one of the many follies of mankind. Now it is a pleasing write-up of some church convention; and again, the profound philosophical discussion of some vital question which is agitating the public mind. This week he is exhorting the brethren with all the gravity and Scripture argument of the preacher of the gospel; next comes a bright literary paper on books or some secular current topic. To-day it is political economy; to-morrow a prose poem. Sometimes he has all sorts of people speaking their parts in his discussion: Brother Parton and Brother Wise, Brother Kritus and Brother Nott, Brother Oldham, Brother Thomas and Brother Subtil, Brother Paxton and Brother Nailor, Brother Cyril, Brother Peters and Brother James, Mr. Felix and Mr. Senex, Dr. Abelard and Sister Nea, Dr. Erasmus, Brother Scotus, Brother Godwin, Brother Greathead and Brother Poster;

again he is the only speaker. Whatever the theme, the treatment is strong and lifelike, cheery and uplifting.

He writes of Church Independency, and for three weeks has all his imaginary characters participating in the study of this important matter. He next takes up the subject of Providence and Prayer, and describes a journey he has taken on the Ohio River in a time of flood, and draws beautiful and profound lessons from the condition of the homes and gardens and households along the swollen stream. He is to-day in a group of teachers, dealing with the Soul and its Education, hearing and answering questions. Next he gives an account of his journey to Kentucky and tells of Maysville and J. B. Briney, and, with Briney as a text, representing the stirring pastor, he discusses lazy preachers and unemployed preachers. Meeting here some old Bethany students whose hair is changing, he thinks if the boys are aging, he can but exclaim of himself:

*"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitaeque morti";*

and he gives an English version which he made of these lines of Horace forty years before.

*"The fleeting years, Postumus, flow fast away;
Nor can our prayers incessant, for long, delay
Furrowing wrinkles and hastening age,
And Death, indomitable in its rage."*

He describes the country round about, the corn fields dark as thunder clouds, the air laden with their fragrance, the tobacco fields, hay fields, pasture

fields all pouring forth their rich treasure in exuberant fullness, the ride behind a pair of black trotters to Mayslick.

In another talk Mr. Pendleton gives the story of the Mayslick District Convention. He was here seventeen years before with Mr. Campbell, soon after the burning of the college. "Our gifted and true-hearted young Brother W. J. Loos" is pastor. "We were gratified to see the high place in the esteem and confidence of the brethren which his Christian nobleness, high talents and earnest piety have won for him." Loos presides and Ricketts, Graham, Briney and Wiles do the preaching. There is little work done, but much talk over the plan. "I am curious to know," says Mr. Pendleton, "how a missionary convention that has little or no missionary work to report could get along without the scapegoat of the Louisville Plan on whose head to lay the sin of omission of which they are unwilling, frankly, to confess themselves guilty. In company last summer with my friend Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, I was asked by a lady how I accounted for the unusually cool weather. I frankly answered that I did not know how to account for it, and the Judge facetiously inquired why I 'did not lay it upon the Gulf stream.' As is the Gulf stream to all mysteries in meteorology, so is the Louisville Plan to our failures in missionary work. One is the subterfuge of scientific ignorance and the other the hiding place of a miserly covetousness." He thinks the failure is not in the plan, but in those who should work the plan. Whoever devised a plan that could work itself? He mentions many of the

preachers in a most kindly way and describes the large assemblies and the exercises of the Sunday-school children.

Next Mr. Pendleton visits Paris, Kentucky. Pastor Sweeney is away on leave, and he preaches in his place. Here he enjoys the hospitality of John T. Hinton, and meets Mrs. Tubman, Mrs. Kenningham and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas; the latter by her enlivening conversation relieves his "Mondayish exhaustion and lethargy." The hemp harvest is on; he tells about it and pictures the splendid country homes that open their doors to him in this blue-grass Eden. This is in October, 1875.

In the next talk Mr. Pendleton is eight hundred miles away from Bethany at Bristol-Goodson, Tennessee. He gives a vivid description of his trip from Washington City through Virginia. He still sees the scars of the irrepressible conflict—Bull Run, Manassas, Cedar Mountain. The old red sandstone fields round about Manassas Junction look as if stained by the blood of battle, and their barren breastworks, yet unleveled by the plowshares, turn up their ragged ridges like unhealed wounds to the scorching sun. The vast forests of immemorial oaks and wide fields of whispering pines once skirting Bull Run were cut away to light bivouac fires or to open up spaces for strategic marches, and now the tangled copse of a few summers' growth covers the desolate waste. Above them appear solitary chimneys, monuments of homes in ashes, but with no inscriptions to tell who once dispensed their hospitality. He pictures the journey through the Piedmont country, the Adamic tint of Charlottesville mud,

Monticello and the academic groves of the university, then the sweep of the Blue Ridge and the fine farming country at its base, and the sixty-two miles to Lynchburg, the Peaks of Otter, "their intense blue, shaded into the richest velvet purple, under the red light that flushed all the western sky," the valley beyond the gap, the New River and its deep and rocky canons.

In his next talk he gives the history of the Bristol-Goodson Convention. He misses the venerable Coleman and Bullard and Shelburne, men of the heroic period of the Reformation, the living representatives of a day and a struggle that are rapidly growing historical. J. Z. Tyler is here, J. M. Shelburne and L. H. Stine. Stine is a diligent student of the Scriptures and an industrious worker in the ministry. Tyler has a directness and zeal that are very engaging. He is a young man of deep convictions of truth and duty, and does his work with such earnestness and force as to give strong assurance to his hearers both of his own sincerity and the truth and importance of his message. He is a genial companion, prudent in conversation, warm in his friendships, practical in management, full of fervor in his pastoral work, and studiously provident in all his public labors. He names also Millard, Ferguson, Hamaker, Maupin, Barker and many others. He is impressed with the zeal and piety of these men, but pained to learn of the very meager support they receive from the churches. He suggests it is in large measure the fault of the preachers that they are not sustained with a more liberal hand—faithful and persistent teaching on the great duty of contrib-

uting to the necessities of those that preach the Gospel would not, could not, be despised by people professing to take the Word as their guide and counsel in all things pertaining to faith and practice.

He mentions with gratitude his hosts, and describes a Sunday evening when he sits with others "under the shade of the trees, and the peace of the quiet sunset rested on valley and mountain as far as the eye could reach. Purple and gold robed the far-reaching ranges and invited the heart out into the infinite depths of their beauty. How much of the imagery which reveals to us the loveliness of celestial things is painted by these earthly colors! The rainbow tints bring down the hopes of a higher life into our exiled hearts and fill them with the reconciliation and peace of the Gospel." Mr. Pendleton has a generous word to speak for the colored brethren of the district who also meet here at the same time and number nineteen hundred communicants, and for their leader, H. B. Hankel. This is in November, 1875.

In his next talk he tells of the Piedmont district meeting of the same year. He is again in his native county, Louisa, and the clans gather at the court house or county seat. Among old scenes and friends he writes *currente calamo* and *con amore*. He is with Judge Lane and wife, but distributes himself among the homes of Brethren Kent, Hunter, Chiles, Thompson, Jones and Cutler. In this meeting he listens to able and impressive sermons from Lucas and Tyler. John B. Cary is here and a host of old friends. Of course he praises the women. One thing touches him deeply: "In a corner of the

church, on one side of the pulpit, my attention was attracted by a comfortable couch spread in one of the pews. This was strange, and I inquired what it meant. I was told that a venerable uncle of mine, infirm from years and delicate health, had been expected at the convention, and that our loving-hearted Sister L—— had done this to make him comfortable and to enable him to attend the protracted sessions of the business meetings in which she knew he took so deep an interest. This was something more than a cup of water, and, done as it was for a disciple, shall she not have her reward? We cannot repeat the miracle of enabling the feeble to rise up and carry his couch, but we can mitigate the infirmities we cannot cure, and smooth by the gentle ministries of Christian love the rough places of a brother's pilgrimage. Blessings on the gentle hands that reach out to soothe any affliction of body or mind! They work a good work, and, as of the woman who poured out the ointment on the body of Jesus, let it be told as a memorial of them."

In concluding this talk he says: "We have spent the summer vacation of the college almost entirely in the field. We have traveled by rail and water between three and four thousand miles; have seen much to admire, and met everywhere a welcome that filled us with encouragement and hope. The heart of our great brotherhood is one. There is but little sympathy with any spirit of discord that seeks to hinder, with its envious croakings, the usefulness of our public representatives. Small-hearted men, sour-natured men—retired from service by silent consent, because of their utter want of sympathy

with the spirit of Christ—will find that there is but small chance of rising into Christian esteem by the un-Christian cynicism with which they watch for faults in their brethren, in which to fasten the fangs of their criticism. Their gratitude is the thankfulness of the Pharisee—that they are sounder than other people; their zeal is the fire of the partisan—that burns for opinion's sake; their knowledge is the inflation of conceit that puffeth up—not the love that edifieth; and their fellowship is the sympathy of strife that divides—not the harmony of the Spirit that unites in the bond of peace. From such, the brethren will silently turn away. They will withdraw themselves, saying it is written, "Beware of the dogs, beware of the evil-workers, beware of the concision."

Prejudice and Forbearance is the next scene in which several of his imaginary characters take part. Life and Materialism is another, in which his talkers discourse of deep things. Then comes "The Bible in Schools and Colleges," a very practical talk engaging a half dozen of his best conversationalists, and closing with the emphatic words: "Would we, then, after all, enforce religion and the Bible by the authority of the State in public colleges and universities? By no means. We can not consistently do so. If we must have institutions, at State expense, let Christians submit to bear their part of the burden of taxation necessary for their support; but for themselves and their children, let them provide a better way. Let them found institutions in which godly men, fit to teach alike religion, letters and science, both by precept and example, shall con-

stitute the faculties, and to these commit the instruction and training of their sons. The extravagance, the dissipation, the vice and the skepticism that are bred and fostered in colleges and universities where God and the Bible are not honored, are too fearful and common to allow any man of conscience and religion to commit his son to the peril of their influence. Hitherto, many of our higher public institutions of learning have escaped the hue and cry against the Bible, but the day is passing. The conflicting spirit of infidelity and irreligion will soon force its demands upon all State institutions, and the only refuge of Christians will be in colleges and universities of their own, in which they will be free to worship God and study the Bible, and cultivate the religious nature according to the dictates of their own conscience and with none to make them afraid."

Now he turns aside to deal with "Halichas and the Rabbis," and Brother Oldham and Sister Nea, who by the way is the only woman he ever introduces into his talks, discuss warmly the very attractive subject of Christmas Dinners, and incidentally Progression, Tradition, and other matters. Kritus, Levi, a converted Jew, Nott, Peters, and Paxton are the other participants.

The centennial year dawns, and our next talk is a timely one on this topic. Mr. Pendleton had been appointed by the Governor of his State and also by the Church to aid in the representation of their interests at Philadelphia. This talk is to answer the question: "Can Christians Improve the Occasion in any Way Profitable to the Church?" Confirmation

is the next subject which brings the counsellors together about their round table. Sister Nea brings up this discussion and she replies in a later talk to a long letter on the question of Christmas Dinners addressed to her by "An Old Disciple." And now the conference sits seriously in a number of successive talks on The Tradition of Confirmation, and Lawyer Senex and the Episcopalians get into the circle, and a number of others that make things lively and interesting. Following these conversations are several on missions, in which many speakers have their say.

A talk, May 27, 1876, is about a western trip to Cincinnati and Henderson, Kentucky. At the former place he stops with W. T. Moore and describes the New Central Church, and he visits the Standard office and its busy editor and then goes on to Henderson. One can never tell how much preaching he does, for he always mentions what others are doing and modestly refrains from giving any account of his own labors. At Henderson he visits old friends and relatives, the Barrets, Dades and Overtons. Among other things here he remembers with pleasure the call of the colored minister of the Baptist Church, Brother Norris, and regrets he could not accept his invitation to preach to his immense congregation. Now comes a series of Talks on Dr. Merrill and Eis, Romans vi. 3-6. All his talkers chime in, and the discussion is a learned and vigorous one.

Settlement of Church Difficulties, Thanksgiving, Church and State, Books, Papers and Editors, The Lord's Supper Not a Sacrament, Soundness of Head

and Soundness of Heart, Divers Baptisms, Paul's Baptism, The Baptism of Cornelius, An All-sided Religious Literature, The Fruit of the Spirit, Eis Metanoian, Baptism into Repentance, Paradise and the Promise to the Thief, The Worth and Study of the Scriptures, Political and Spiritual Economy, The Coming of the Lord, Seeing and Not Seeing, Hearing and Not Hearing, Saving Faith, The Use and Abuse of Dogmas, Christianity a Creed and a Life—are some other topics that from time to time engaged the best powers of Mr. Pendleton's Talkers. It is of great interest to follow him in this series.

“Amongst the Arts connected with the elegancies of social life in a degree which nobody denies,” says DeQuincey, “is the art of conversation. Let a man have read, thought, studied, as much as he may, rarely will he reach his possible advantages as a ‘ready man’ unless he has exercised his powers much in conversation—that was Lord Bacon’s idea.” If in any social grace Mr. Pendleton seemed to excel beyond others, it was the grace of conversation. No one could be readier with the *epea pteroenta* of Homer. Whether using the pen or the tongue, whether on the platform or in the social circle, all recognized him as a master of speech. His charming personality impressed itself wherever he went. His conversation was never an *alloquium*, as De Quincey charged upon Coleridge—a talking to the company—but a *colloquium*, a talking with the company. As attentive as a listener as he was delightful as a talker, he became at once the center of any circle and drew out its best and happiest intercourse.

Not every great or learned man has this power. Of Goldsmith it is said, "He wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll." Dante was taciturn or satirical and Milton unsociable and even irritable when pressed by the talk of others. Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company. Ben Jonson used to sit silently and "suck, not only his wine, but their several humors." Addison "when among strangers," says Pope, "preserved his dignity with a stiff sort of silence." On the other hand, Gibbon and Fox, Burke and Grotius, Curran and Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were noble talkers.

As charming an hour as one could find in a life's journey was when James A. Garfield, Judge J. S. Black and W. K. Pendleton got together. One who has sat in such a circle could never forget it. This rare gift in the President of Bethany College made his "Talks by the Way" a choice contribution to the literature of the times.

CHAPTER XXX

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY

FROM 1869 to 1876 W. T. Moore edited at Cincinnati this excellent journal. It is safe to say that for wise editorial management, for the ability and learning of its contributors, for the timeliness and vigor of its articles, for the thoroughness and usefulness of its book reviews, for general intellectual and mechanical make-up and widespread literary and religious influence, it was superior to anything of the kind ever issued by the Disciples. Lard's Quarterly is remembered, the Quarterly Review, the new Christian Quarterly and other ventures, but the Christian Quarterly for dignity, efficiency and quarterliness has not been surpassed. During its whole career Mr. Pendleton was associated with Mr. Moore in its editorial management and contributed to its columns some of his best work.

For the first and second volumes he wrote articles entitled, The Connection Between Baptism and the Remission of Sins, and The Doctrine of Scripture as to the Relation of Baptism and The Remission of Sins. In the second of these papers, after clear and exhaustive exegesis of Scripture passages and discussion of Greek prepositions, he declares: "Should any one conclude that this doctrine, which makes baptism a formal condition of pardon, places a limit upon the free grace of God, and ask, What right has



WASHBOARD FALLS.

man to do this? we might retort the question and ask, Does not the making of faith an instrumental condition of justification equally place a limit upon the free grace of God? Or, again, What right has man to say that God shall not limit himself if he chooses so to do? 'Who art thou, O man, that answerest against God?' But the question is a sophism. We are not bound to say, nor do we say, God forbid that we should say, that none but the baptized will ever be saved. Infants die without faith, and vast continents of human beings have never heard the Gospel; and what shall become of all these, and some even in Christian lands, almost as destitute of privileges and light as they, I thank God is a question not for me to decide. It would appal me to think that baptism stood between them and the free grace of God. My duty is to preach the Gospel as its Author has delivered it to me and leave the rest to him: he will do all things right. But the true question is this, not, do we limit the free of grace God? nor yet, has God limited himself? but, *has he limited us?* We say yes; he has—in kindness and mercy has he done so. He has not left us to say lo here and lo there, to seek for salvation in visions and dreams and fanatical fancies of inward operations, delusively interpreted as the sensible work of the Spirit in our regeneration; but he has entered into formal covenant with us, given us a definite symbol and seal of pardon, a sacrifice of grace in which he will meet us, and give us assurance of the remission of sins and bestow upon us as our Advocate and Comforter the Holy Spirit to abide with us ever; so that 'not by any works of right-

eousness which we do, but according to his mercy doth he save us by means of [dia] the bath of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit.' To his name be praise forever!"

"Origin of the Human Soul and Anthropology" is the title of a lengthy and interesting article by Mr. Pendleton in the volume for 1871. He treats all speculation with respect to the origin of the human soul under three theories: Pre-existence, Creationism and Tradutionism. The kindred subject of Anthropology he regards as essentially a metaphysical question, but on this account intimately connected with theology. Man is the subject of Christianity. It is for him objectively, and in him subjectively. As a revelation from his Author it must be adapted to his nature. To understand this adaptation it is as important to have a correct knowledge of man as of a system of grace which is designed to save man. No man can make much progress in explaining God's ways to men without some philosophy of human nature. But such knowledge is metaphysics. Man is the proper study of man. Know thyself. Consider thine own heart. What are these maxims but exhortations to study metaphysics? He discusses man, beginning with a trichotomy, the threefold division recognized in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, body, soul and spirit, and examines at length the positions of the Greek fathers, the Augustinian Anthropology, Pelagianism and Semi-Pelagianism, and in closing says: "The history of this long controversy teaches us some important practical lessons. The questions themselves, interesting as we must admit them to be,

are, nevertheless, not questions of express Scripture teaching, but speculations of purest and deepest metaphysics; they are, too, questions about which we cannot hope that men will ever come to think alike; about which the greatest thinkers have honestly differed, without hindrance to their faith or their piety, and which will oscillate up and down the scales of orthodoxy with the systems of metaphysics which may, from time to time, prevail in the colleges and universities. Especially is it to be noticed, too, that they are questions which excited little or no controversy before the time of Augustine; which are too recondite for the great masses of the people to whom and for whom the gospel is to be preached, and which, therefore, can neither be regarded as a distinctive part of Apostolic Christianity, as it was practically presented under the suggestive guidance of the Holy Spirit, nor made, without an utter disregard of all authoritative tests of faith, in any formal sense, a criterion of Christian fellowship."

In 1872, in the July number of the Quarterly, Mr. Pendleton has a strong paper on The Doctrine of the Atonement, a subject which stands with the question of the Trinity for metaphysical intricacy and subtlety, and is intimately connected with it in its ultimate conclusions. It is important, he tells the reader, to remember that Jesus Christ was not the propounder of doctrines. He was a revelation—the founder of a religion—not the author of a dogmatic theology, but the author and finisher of *faith*. In relation to the past his revelation was something altogether new, and in relation to the future some-

thing altogether perfect. On the one hand, therefore, it is not to be explained by any antecedent ideas of which it is simply a development or deduction; nor, on the other, is it to be complemented or made perfect by any additions. As a life, it evolves itself by its own law and conditions, and is to be understood and explained by its own elements which are divinely given, and must be received as given, by faith.

In the development of this subject he goes largely into the realm of patristic literature—a field where he is thoroughly at home. Coming to the period of the Lutheran reformation, he says: “Man was contemplated, not simply as the passive, forensic beneficiary of another’s merit, but as himself also an active agent in the appropriation of the divine grace, without which, indeed, he could not be justified, but which, nevertheless, waited upon the condition of a grateful voluntary reception through faith on the part of the sinner. These were among the first steps toward the introduction of the Reformation. When it came we find the Protestants taking position on the subject of the Atonement, in the main, with Anselm and Aquinas, while the Romanists agree generally with the doctrine so subtilely and powerfully elaborated by Duns Scotus. The Reformers, however, felt that the Anselmic soteriology was altogether objective. It considered the great work of the atonement and its consequent justification simply and only with reference to the attributes of God; it carried the doctrine no further than to define the relations of the sacrifice of Christ to these attributes. The Reformers already in Wyclif and Wes-

sel had begun to consider it in its relation to man, how the sinner came into the blessing of the atonement. In short, they turned their attention to the subjective side of the question, and this led at once to the consideration of faith and justification: the act in and by which the work of God through Christ is appropriated unto salvation. Faith was not a procuring cause, but yet a cause—an instrumental cause. It has no piacular or atoning efficacy. It simply apprehends and appropriates the blessing. 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' Upon this act of faith justification follows, the subject is pronounced just, absolved from eternal punishment, only, however, on account of the blood of Christ through which alone, as of merit, there comes redemption.

"From these elementary principles follows, logically, the great practical doctrine of active obedience. Christ's sacrifice was not simply the passive obedience of suffering a penalty; it was the full, perfect, complete, active obedience of fulfilling the whole law. He not only fulfilled the law in the sense of obeying perfectly all its precepts, but piacularly also in the sense of paying to the utmost the penalty of its violation. There is, therefore, no condemnation to them that are in him. By this Protestants have ever tested the evangelicity of sects. No recognition of Christ's sufferings that does not embrace both of these cardinal features in the scheme of human redemption is regarded as orthodox.

"Socinianism in all its phases fails to embrace

these essentials of a true doctrine of Christianity. They see in the sacrifice of Christ only the death of a martyr which ought to induce others to lay down their lives, confirmation of divine promises, or the necessary transition to his glory. With more or less emphasis and prominence to the one or the other of these views of the sufferings of Christ all unevangelical sects stop short. The grand ideas of perfect obedience rendered to law and full piacular suffering in payment of its penalties—these are wanting in all these philosophic (?) schemes of theology, and the want is fatal. With much of truth in them, they omit that which alone makes Christ truly a redeemer. They are of the earth, earthy.”

Dogmatism and its Cure is Mr. Pendleton's title in the Quarterly for October, 1873. “Dogmatism—the word is *cynical* in sound, and the thing is *cynical* in nature; so much so that unlearned etymologists have not unfrequently nor unnaturally imagined that there is something *doggish* in the root of it, and that when the apostle exhorts the Philippians to ‘beware of *dogs*,’ he intends a kick at dogmatism. But even an unfledged Greekling knows better than this. It is of no such ignoble origin.” He defines dogma and dogmatism, treats scientific dogmatism and Darwinism as an illustration of it, and discusses theological dogmatism, which he thinks is often the merest superstition, the “will-worship” of Paul. He contends that Scripture truth can never be at war with theologic truth, and when the dogmas of the scientists and of the theologian clash, there is error in one, it may be in both. “Amid the din and the dust of dogmatic strife nature and the Bible

both still raise their heads, standing together impregnable in their divine harmony—the one the work, the other the Word, of God. I love and believe them both, and have no fear, whatever record may leap to light, that either will ever be put to shame.”

He handles the dogmatism of refinement and fashion in church life, and contrasts it with vulgar dogmatism. Of the latter, he declares, “It is sharply and vigilantly hostile to liturgies and choirs, read sermons and all sorts of printed manuals, except such as editors and their free contributors give us in ephemeral weeklies; to educated preachers with white hands who quote Greek and Hebrew and wear gloves and walk with silver or gold-headed canes; to paid pastors who milk the goats and starve the lambs; to organization and missionary societies; to architecture, particularly Catharine-wheels; to dim religious lights, particularly stained glass; to instrumental music, particularly the ‘ground-out sort’; to altar scenes and decorations, particularly crucifixes and wax candles; to the ‘order of the clergy,’ particularly such as are called ‘Reverend’; to priestly vestments, particularly gowns and white cravats, and whatever else it scornfully calls ‘*toggergy*.’ These all it regards as so many disguises of anti-Christ, and, like the rough Douglas, greedy for the look of majesty, flourishes its arm and cries,

“ ‘Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I’ll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the King!’

“Doubtless the reader has seen and heard individ-

uals of this species. They prate much against pride, but with a rough arrogance that it is hard to imagine to be born of humility. The weapons of their warfare, too, are by no means spiritual. They hate with a carnal unction that is absolutely ugly. They persecute for the smallest differences with a bitterness and injustice surely never prompted by love nor valued by conscience. They resort to measures, too, sometimes, which are scarcely as respectable or manly as the old schoolboy freak of 'barring out the schoolmaster' for holiday. And sometimes the most fantastic conceits are magnified into idols and tricked out for worship."

He gives some wise suggestions as to the cure of dogmatism. "The evil is both of the head and the heart. Narrow abstractions or broad unanalyzed generalizations—these are the intellectual causes of dogmatism. Evil passions, uncharitableness, self-conceit, wilfulness—these are the moral causes of dogmatism. The remedy for both, so far as they can be remedied, is in a broad, full, all-sided manly culture. And this culture must not be of the intellect alone. The 'tincture of the will' must be of Divine light. Hues as from heaven must rest upon all our seeing. The heart must be made good; for out of it proceed the worst fruits of dogmatism. Neglect the passions, give them unbridled freedom, and the nature will run into shameless profligacy, degrading debauchery, bestial licentiousness, and society become a lava-bed of intrenched violence, scheming treachery and lurking for blood. Allow the will to become a law unto itself, and by idolatrous self-exaltation to put itself in the place of God,

and to say there shall be no other gods beside *me*—and you nurse the demon of a dogmatism that will create a solitude, if necessary, that the iron rule of its tyranny might have peace.”

Over the fireside, primary school, academy, college and university, in these consecrated places, over the entrance and upon the walls, and reflected from the hearts of the students, he would let the motto ever stand, “The master light of all seeing,” Reverence for God and Charity for Man!

“By What Name Shall We Be Called?” is the title of an elaborate discussion by Mr. Pendleton in the *Quarterly* for January, 1876. He treats certain names as too general—Disciples, Saints, Believers, Brethren; then terms too specific, as Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, etc., and asks, “Is there no name that the Scriptures use that is at once significant of our essential character, comprehensive enough to embrace all allowable diversities and degrees of opinion and faith, and specific enough to limit the extent within the requisite conditions of evangelical fellowship? We think there is, and hesitate not to say that it is the name ‘Christian.’” He argues that this is the scriptural name of the followers of Christ and that the one comprehensive and specific designation of the body of Christians is “The Church of God.”

Perhaps the ablest contribution to the *Quarterly* during the whole period of its publication, certainly the most felicitous, thoughtful and sympathetic of Mr. Pendleton’s articles, is in the number for July, 1874, and is entitled “The Immortality of Plato and of Paul.” It is a noble paper in the writer’s best

vein. It would mar its beauty to attempt any condensed statement of it here. It gave the very finest opportunity for the play of all the fine powers of the author's mind. We close with an extract. Speaking of the resurrection of the body, he says: "We are, perhaps, too much disposed to disparage matter. Gross matter, corrupt matter, insensible matter, inert matter, base matter,—these and like expressions of scorn show the light in which we commonly regard it. But we should correct this irreverence when we think upon the mystery of the incarnation and its incorruptibility, the glory of the transfiguration, the immortality of the resurrection. These facts ought to teach us how divine a thing matter may become. It is sin working in it that we should loathe; it is the miserable bondage of corruption that we should long to put off; it is the dishonor of the curse at which we should blush. Cursed for man's sake, will it not be glorified in his resurrection?"

"Even in its subjection to corruptibility, how marvelous are the possibilities of change and adaptation which it reveals! Consider that lump of ice. It is matter—dead, cold, solid, inert. We change its conditions: apply to it heat, and in a little while it is water—a liquid floating gracefully upon the slightest pressure, with scarcely sensible cohesion of parts, and clinging with fondness to every inviting surface. It rises upon the air in apparent freedom from gravity and sleeps invisible in its ample folds; or, gathering into pearly drops, paints the arch of hope upon the brow of the threatening storm. It fringes with silver lining the curtains of the sky, and hangs the drapery of green and azure and gold

about setting suns. Raise the temperature still higher, and it bursts into gas—oxygen and hydrogen—the one the food of fire on which it glows with intensest fervor, melting the granite of the eternal hills; the other, the lightest and the most inflammable of all things known to chemistry, flashing into flame at the touch of the slightest spark, and, in mixture with its stronger brother, exploding with a power rivaling the roar and force of the thunderbolt; and then, as if exhausted by the mighty reaction that inflicts the blow, subsiding into the harmless, pellucid drop from which it was born.

“Need we stumble at the rich promises to be realized in the resurrection body? We want to enjoy our whole nature—body, soul and spirit. We can not bear that any part or power shall be lost. We want to enjoy the whole universe—the heavens and the earth. We can not bear to be shut out from a single star, or to lose the pressure of one hand that is dead. We want to live in conscious knowledge of God, and all that he has made for us; and the Savior promises all through the power of resurrection. Our spiritual body, moving with will and thought swifter than the flash of the morning light, shall be ubiquitous as knowledge, and all-embracing as love. With sweeter than Memnon music shall it thrill at every touch of the Father’s breath, and burn, in light and love, brighter and deeper than the seraphim in the worship of his presence.”

CHAPTER XXXI

A DECADE OF FINANCIAL STRUGGLE

THE period of Bethany life from 1871 to '81 was one of unusual strain. Had it not been for income from installment notes for current expenses under a plan suggested and carried out by the president in 1875, the college must inevitably have closed. The unwise undertaking of building Commencement Hall on borrowed money had much to do with creating a debt that became burdensome beyond measure. At the June meeting of the trustees in '71, a deficit is reported on account of faculty and janitor of \$5,109.59, and the sum of \$14,700 borrowed to complete the Hall. The permanent productive fund is stated to be \$80,000, which could not be made to yield over \$10,000. Among the seventeen graduates this year are W. S. Errett, G. J. Ellis, G. M. Kemp, R. T. Walker and B. T. Blanpied. This was the first class graduated in the new Commencement Hall. Robert Graham made the address at the dedication of the Hall, and James A. Garfield was present, and other distinguished friends and alumni.

Mr. Pendleton's report as treasurer for '72 showed an outlay of \$17,000, over half of which had been borrowed from the permanent fund—a course voted by the board the previous year. It is stated by the auditing committee that unless some means be devised to lessen the outlay and increase the endowment, the latter will have to be diminished

every year by using some of it for current expenses, but they did not see how the outlay could be lessened without impairing the usefulness of the work. At this meeting the president recommends the introduction of a ministerial course to lead to the degree of Bachelor of Letters, and presents the course of study as outlined by the faculty. This recommendation is adopted, and President Pendleton and Prof. Loos are instructed to divide between them the teaching in "the School of Sacred Literature" in the ministerial course. Also at this meeting an order is passed to proceed to the purchase of books for the "Bishop Library." There were ten who received degrees at the close of this session, among them E. D. Barclay, R. H. Wynne, C. W. Franzeim and F. M. Oglebay.

President Pendleton's report for 1873 states that he had introduced a bill in the State Legislature to provide for free education in Bethany College. This bill was subsequently defeated. The report thus sets forth the financial needs of the institution. "Much as there is to gratify us in the present condition of Bethany College, we ought not to disguise the fact that there are two defective features which especially embarrass its operations. These are the inadequate number of professors and an insufficient endowment. The first of these can only be remedied by providing for the other. An enlarged endowment then, we may say, is the prime want of the college. Can the wisdom of the board, will its zeal rise to the greatness of this question, and at once release the college of the clog that hangs so embarrassingly upon its progress in the work to which it is conse-

crated? The productive endowment of the college is actually less now than it was four years ago—with the addition of a debt—largely above any provision made for its payment, and the very interest of which has to be met by income that some years since was appropriated to the payment of the faculty. That the financial policy of the college in creating this debt has been unwise is now painfully plain. Some substantial advantages have been gained, however, and the course of wisdom is to make these still further efficient by a speedy provision for the embarrassment which they have cost us. It would be well to urge upon every member of the faculty the duty of doing what he can during the approaching vacation in this behalf. Something may be effected in this way. But this will not be enough. Some more efficient and persistent effort must be made, even though it be at a temporary sacrifice of other permanent interests of the college, for this is a vital point which, if neglected, all must fail by a slow, it may be, but a finally fatal and inevitable exhaustion of our very vitals. I urged upon you at our last meeting the constant tendency to reduction in our financial support for the last few years, and must beg you to excuse me that I now renew my earnest solicitations on this subject. I feel it with all the deeper anxiety from the fact that my official relation to it imposes upon me so large a share of its responsibility, while the other duties which I owe to the college are such as to make it impossible for me to adopt or carry out any hopeful plan for its relief.

“The exhausting drudgery of instructing by lectures and teaching three daily classes in the college,

with the early and late incidental cares of my position, make it impossible for me to give the thought, or to take the freedom, which are necessary either to the conception or the execution of such measures as are necessary in working the college out of its financial difficulties. Were this my work I should not despair; but while something else is, I cannot be held to be responsible for not doing what I do deeply feel ought to be done, and earnestly pray may be done, and speedily. As things stand I am free to say to the board that the obligations of the college oppress me like the sense of a personal debt, for the payment of which I was powerless to make even an effort to provide. I shall rejoice to be relieved of this anxiety.

“The interests of the college—its hold upon those on whom it specially depends, both for students and pecuniary aid, depend largely upon the cultivation of a constant and familiar intercourse with the people. To neglect this is, in turn, to be soon neglected ourselves. Feeling this to be so, and in harmony with the resolution of your honorable body passed several years ago on this subject, I have attempted, as far as it has been compatible with my duties as one of the regular teachers in the college, to attend the public assemblies of the friends of the institution, and so cherish their good opinions and kindly feelings toward us. Accordingly, I attended the annual convention of our Missionary Society in Louisville, Ky., in October last; and, having had the hope held out to me that if I would attend the State Missionary Convention in Richmond, Va., I might procure a donation of a thousand dollars to the col-

lege, I went also to it in November last, and was not disappointed as to the promised donation. In the month of January I made a short visit of a few days to Latimberville, Ohio. I was informed by a friend that Brother Robert Kerr, of that place, who had given a pledge of ten thousand dollars to be paid at his death, was dissatisfied with the result of an exchange which he had made with our financial agent of some Mt. Vernon Academy stock for some Corry Machine Company stock, and that he was disposed, in consequence, to avoid, if he could, the payment of his promise. I thought it proper to visit him to disabuse his mind of his misapprehensions in that matter. I have reason to think that the time was judiciously spent. In these several trips I was absent from the college, in all, sixteen college days.

“The month of February I spent at Charleston, the capital of the State. In my intercourse with prominent men of the State last year as a member of the Constitutional Convention, I had been led to believe that the Legislature might be induced, if properly approached, to give us some aid, and, accordingly, I resolved to make the trial. Meantime, a vacancy of two months occurred in the office of Superintendent of Free Schools, and I was invited by the Governor to accept the position. The opening seemed to favor the purpose I had already formed, and I accepted the very heavy labor for the brief time allotted for it of preparing the State report of Free Schools, and also a new common school law, which I was requested to do by the joint committee of the two houses of the Legislature. While engaged in this work I prepared and introduced a bill pro-

viding for free education in Bethany College for one student from each county in the State in consideration of \$3,000 to be annually appropriated to the college by the Legislature. My duties here would not allow me to remain to see the bill through to its passage, but on my return Mr. A. Campbell, one of your honorable body, readily and generously undertook to go to Charleston and give it the attention necessary to secure its adoption. Through his constant vigilance and great influence with the members of the Legislature, it was put through the Lower House by the flattering majority of 39 to 15. It went to the Senate, passed its first reading, but was left upon the calendar, unacted upon, by the adjournment of Legislature till next October. Though we feel quite hopeful of its final passage by the Senate also, it will be essential to its success that the same vigilance and zealous attention which has heretofore been given to it shall be secured for it again in October next. I recommend, therefore, that you especially and earnestly request Mr. Campbell to renew his efforts in this behalf when the proper time comes, as the official consent of your honorable body to the provisions of the bill will be necessary to make it effective. I recommend to you, also, to pass an order accepting the provisions of the bill should it be adopted.

“I cannot close this report without expressing my high gratification at the earnestness and efficiency with which every professor in the college has discharged his duties. The honorable board has reason to be proud of the faculty to whom they have intrusted the management and instruction of the

college. I present to you, as a part of my report, their several reports made to me of the work done in their respective departments. Lest you may not find the time to have these reports read to you, I must mention that Prof. Dolbear has devised several original methods of exhibiting some of the wonderful properties of sound vibration which are at once an honor to the institution and a credit to the inventive ingenuity of his mind. He will present these results of his work to the American Association for the Advancement of Science this summer, and so give additional fame to the college.

“Both Prof. Dolbear and Prof. Crenshaw are clamorous for increase of apparatus. The one wants apparatus for acoustics, quantitative measurements, batteries, electric lanterns, etc., and the other a large telescope. I cannot tell you how I regret that they cannot be abundantly furnished with all this and much more. I believe that Prof. Crenshaw wishes you to allow him to make a special effort to beg the money for a \$1,000 telescope, and that Prof. Dolbear aspires to the privilege of raising the money to purchase a magnificent museum that may cost any sum under \$10,000. I recommend you to let them try.

“In conclusion allow me to express my confidence in the future of Bethany College, and my steadfast purpose to labor as best I can to get her out of debt and adequately endowed, when I shall feel warranted in asking you to give me some respite from labors which have been protracted now through over thirty years of unremitting professional service, and which

seem rather to increase than diminish with the years."

This is but half of Mr. Pendleton's annual report and will give some idea of the scope of his labors. At this Board meeting Col. A. Campbell moved "that the Committee of Ways and Means be empowered to borrow from any fund or sell any stock, securities or property belonging to Bethany College for the purpose of immediately paying all the outstanding debts of said college," which was adopted. There are twenty-five graduates in the class of '73, among them J. B. Clark ("Champ"), W. K. Curtis, H. S. Lobingier, J. F. Merryman, L. H. Stine and J. H. Beatty. Benjamin B. Odell, now governor of New York, was a student of the college at this session.

In 1874 the President's report showed that the college now owed nearly \$17,000, and that there had been borrowed from the various endowment funds nearly \$34,000 for building and salaries; and it was ordered that the Committee of Ways and Means proceed to carry out the resolution of the previous year as to the sale of stock, securities, etc., to pay this obligation. A. McLean, N. McLeod and G. T. Smith were among the fourteen graduates of the session. F. D. Power, a graduate of 1871, was added to the faculty as Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages.

At the board meeting in '75 Mr. Pendleton reports the operation of his plan for present relief, and the good work of H. M. Hickcock as financial agent in working it. Friends of the college were requested to make pledges for a series of years of sums from

five to one hundred dollars to meet the current annual expenses. "The time," he says, "is a dark one for the college, but we hope it is only the deep darkness that precedes the dawn of a bright day." He publishes during the year two different appeals which are pathetic indeed in their expression. He recites the work of the college, calls the roll of its honored graduates, urges its claims with an eloquence and earnestness that are almost passionate. "Are there not brethren with hearts to help us?" he asks. No one could measure the cruel anxieties and ever-recurring disappointments of these years—the over-burdened days, the sleepless nights—carrying what the circumstances of the case made the weight of almost a personal responsibility. At this board meeting in 1875 a committee is appointed to confer "with committees from the alumni and the literary societies about meeting the deficit to the faculty." Degrees are conferred on seventeen young men, among them J. A. Myers, E. T. Williams, E. V. Zollars, M. M. Cochran, I. J. Spencer, and J. M. Tribble.

The festivities at this thirty-fourth commencement of the college were unusual. Many distinguished persons from different sections of the country were present: Hon. J. S. Black, Governor Jacob, Judges Hoffman and Moore of the Supreme Court of the State, Attorney-General Matthews, President Hays of Washington and Jefferson College, B. A. Hinsdale, J. F. Rowe, Russell Errett and a large number of representatives of the press, the bar and the pulpit. The exercises throughout were of exceptional character. The president of the college

received on commencement day a parchment from the University of Pennsylvania conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws—a degree seldom conferred by that ancient and honorable institution, and a pleasing episode was the gift to him from the graduating class of a gold headed cane. The special feature of the day was the unveiling of Hart's bust of Alexander Campbell in the new Commencement Hall. Judge Black made the presentation address on behalf of Mrs. Campbell, and President Pendleton's reply is worthy of the occasion.

"It is made my privilege, honored sir, living friend of the honored dead, to thank you for the worthy words in which you have spoken to us of 'the man whom we revere,' and through you to tender the grateful acknowledgments, not only of Bethany College, but of a brotherhood of friends wide as the world, to her whose ever-loving heart has done the best she could and given us here, instead of his living self, now gone from us forever, this noble sculptured image of a man whose very look was greatness. We knew you were his friend—knew it from many a word of warm admiration which we remember of his own lips—and we thought—

" 'If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,'

his could not hear unmoved the testimony which we knew your heart would bring of how with the riches of his great and gifted soul he had made to himself friends who cherish him in the temples of worship on earth and welcome him with the grati-

tude of regenerated natures to the mansions in heaven.

“We shall not forget,—the faculty of Bethany College, charged with the work which he began,—these young men, looking up to the high forms that stand in the honored places in the temple of a people’s gratitude, and this people, here to-day to honor the grand life of Alexander Campbell, will not forget the inspiring words in which you have spoken of him, nor cease to thank you, as I now do, for their hearty and eloquent utterance. You have stirred the depths of our souls as with the trident of Neptune, and we give you back the answer of a sea of hearts.

“And to Mrs. Campbell, who has committed to us this memorial treasure of highest art, we beg you to say that while his own great life forbids us to look on any image with feelings of idolatrous worship, still it is true that ‘on God and godlike men we build our trust,’ and that her gift shall be to us, by its ever-speaking presence, an incentive to make our service to the world, like his, sublime. She has erected upon this platform, not a vain monument of the dead, reciting in graven words virtues which the world had never recognized in the living, but a grand lifelike image, which in its majestic port speaks for itself. When, in all the after years of Bethany College, young hearts, thirsting for knowledge, shall come up to these halls, seeking the inspiration and the learning that must ever be the married parents of all birth and nurture of greatness, the dim traditions of her illustrious founder that have floated ‘as airy nothings’ before their imagina-

tions shall gather into form and take to themselves in this memorial marble 'a local habitation and a name,' and thenceforth forever Bethany College and Alexander Campbell shall live in their hearts, the inspiration of nobleness and the sustaining fulcrum of powers that shall move and bless the world. And is not this a grand, rich legacy to leave to posterity?—to establish firm in the hearts that shall rule the world 'the throne of Jupiter,' the steadfast, against which the shock of the whirlwind's car of revolution shall break in vain, and leave the world in peace.

"But our simple word of thanks must not indulge in reasons.. These speak for themselves, and inspire the eloquence of true gratitude, which is ever silent. In few words, therefore, but with sincerest thanks, bear to Mrs. Campbell the acknowledgments of the trustees, the faculty and the friends of Bethany College, with assurances of the deep obligation under which you, honored sir, have placed us all by the distinguished manner in which you have rendered the service of the hour, and the deep and lasting impression for good which, under the inspiration of friendship, and a kindred nature, your glowing words have left upon our hearts—in trust forever."

At the annual meeting of the board, 1876, a resolution was passed advising the acceptance by President Pendleton of the nomination for State Superintendent of Schools, on the ground that his filling this position would "contribute to the advancement of the interests of the college." The class for this year has twenty-two graduates, and of the number are B. C. Hagerman, F. C. McMillan, W. H. Woolery and G. L. Wharton. Mr. Pendleton's baccalau-

reate sermon is from I. Kings ii. 1-2, and is published in the Christian Standard. A canard in the newspapers, "Bethany College in the Hands of the Methodists," had some circulation, and the President replies to it. After a plain and frank statement of the facts, he says, "I hope never to live to see the day that our brethren will abandon Bethany College. Nothing but their abandonment can arrest her in her career of usefulness. I hope never to live to see the day when our great and generous brotherhood will fail to sustain their oldest and hitherto most serviceable institution of learning, when we have a thousand men among us, any ten of whom could endow it and scarcely miss the contribution from their ample revenues." A full statement is made of the financial condition of the college, the amount of debt being \$22,590.47; current expenses \$11,850, an annual deficit of \$3,363. Warning is given that unless speedy relief comes the college must suspend operations. "This condition of things," says Mr. Pendleton, "has been brought about by no mismanagement of the trustees of Bethany College. Of all the contributions actually put into their hands for investment and management they have never lost a dollar except by the unavoidable calamity of the war." He states that he is personally security for the debt of \$22,000; the college is not mortgaged for it. He appeals for a real endowment that will yield an income sufficient to defray the expenses of running and maintaining the college. "Will it be an impossible thing for our great brotherhood to give us for this purpose \$100,000? Johns Hopkins, one man, has recently given \$3,500,000 to endow a uni-

versity in Baltimore. We are 500,000 Disciples of Christ—obliged by the highest conscientious consideration to do good—and can we not all do for religion as much as one thirty-fifth part of this one man's gift for the world? We are not ashamed of the work we have done and are now doing. I am not afraid to say that Bethany College is more efficient in every department of instruction now than she has ever been. Think of it as we may, we cannot do without Bethany College. She is the nursery of our ministry. We have faith that after so long our probation is well-nigh ended, and the day of our enlargement is at hand. Under the blessing of God it must come from the generosity of the brethren. We shall work and wait."

This was the centennial year, and Mr. Pendleton was chosen by the governor of West Virginia to represent the state at Philadelphia on West Virginia day. His address was a remarkable statement of the resources and prospects of the young commonwealth. He was also appointed to select the West Virginia memorial stone for the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C.

In 1877 the struggle was still on, though the plan of yearly pledges promised to relieve the condition somewhat. At the June meeting of the trustees it was resolved to pay off all debts as rapidly as possible without making sacrifices unwarranted by the circumstances, and that the standing debt of the college, amounting to \$14,478.53, which was exclusive of indebtedness to the faculty, be paid at leisure out of any funds that might be appropriated to such purpose. Twenty young men received degrees, among

them Joseph R. Lamar, A. J. Mercer and W. H. Scott.

In 1878 the trustees took action admitting young women on equal terms with young men to all the privileges of the institution. There were twenty graduates, among them D. O. Thomas, G. T. Vinson and B. L. Smith.

The year 1879, the wing of the college building which contained the society hall was burned, and the insurance was applied on the indebtedness. Twenty-three received diplomas, Levi Marshall, C. W. Harvey and W. S. Hoyer being of the number.

The year 1880 brought the resignation of Prof. Loos after twenty-five years of distinguished service for the institution. "The state of the debt and means of reducing it," was the question uppermost. It was reported that the debt had been materially lessened. Eighteen received the honors of the college. B. O. Aylesworth, S. L. Van Meter, A. S. Dabney, A. B. Griffith and W. S. Priest were among them.

In 1881 action was taken establishing a preparatory department, and Prof. and Mrs. J. S. Lowe elected to take charge of it, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to raise money for a Ladies' Boarding Hall. The graduates this year were but five in number, one of them the efficient and well-beloved C. J. Tannar.

It will be seen that the ten years thus outlined were a trying period in this history. The consumption of college endowment, by order of the trustees, was an error in judgment, but when we consider the dire straits into which these men were driven, and

the failure of those to whom they rightfully looked for assistance to come to the rescue, fairness would demand at least a division of blame. During all this time of trial the bearing of the honored President is worthy of him. It is patient, courageous, hopeful. With a loyalty and laboriousness and sublime faith he faced the crisis and did his duty.

CHAPTER XXXII

EL GIBBOR, ABI AD, SAR SHALOM

THIS record would not be complete without a sermon from the preacher whose life-story we have been seeking to tell. With all his devotion to educational and literary work, Mr. Pendleton never lost sight of his higher office as a minister of the Gospel. Seldom was it that a Lord's day passed without finding him in the pulpit, and he was always heard with interest and even delight. His style was didactic. The work of the lecture room showed its influence upon his pulpit efforts. But there was a dignity of delivery, a beauty of language, a clearness of thought, a logic of arrangement and a fullness of instruction that held his listeners, and often his utterance had a depth of earnestness, if not passion, that deeply stirred them. The bearing of the man, the charm of his personality, always enlisted his audience. Then he gave them, not crumbs, but a full loaf.

The Vermont Avenue Christian Church of Washington, D. C., erected after President Garfield's death a house of worship which was formally opened January 20, 1884, and President Pendleton was invited to preach the dedicatory sermon. R. M. Bishop read an historical address. The service lasted three hours. Crowding every inch of space in the large auditorium and in the Sunday-school room was an audience with many prominent people



THE TUNNELS.

from all sections of the country, among them ministers, members of Congress and representatives of all denominations, including President Arthur and Secretary Frelinghuysen. The scholarly and impressive discourse was based upon Isaiah ix. 6.

I congratulate you, Christian friends, on this auspicious occasion. We are here to dedicate to its sacred uses, this beautiful house of Christian worship. The conspicuity given to your organization in this city, the Capital of the United States, by the elevation to the chief magistracy of our government of one of your number, created the impulse and inspired the effort which, to-day, are crowned with this gratifying result. It is fitting that we should gratefully remember him whose high place in the hearts of the people may be said to have "built us this synagogue"; and, in opening it to enlarge the circle of devotion in which he so constantly and reverently united, to offer it to the free enjoyment of the public as a memorial of our loving Christian honor for the high character and great heart of our lamented brother, the late President of the United States, James A. Garfield. We do not canonize him as a saint; this he was and could become only through his own fealty to Christ; we do not dedicate this house to his worship; this we could not do without idolatry. But, remembering the benediction of his presence among us, we would cherish it as a high incentive to holy emulation, and feeling the manly force of his example while he lived, we would gratefully embalm it in this fit memorial of his Christian influence, as a deathless testimony of the truth and blessedness of our common faith. And so remembering and feeling about the man whose almost magic name won for us the Christian sympathy and aid that have procured for us this house of God, we dedicate it to the worship of the Christ in whom was his highest trust.

And as a theme for our consideration on such an occasion, what more fitting can I select than "The Person and Work of Christ"? Isaiah, reporting to us the word of prophecy more than seven hundred years before His birth in Bethlehem, said of Christ: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Father of Eternity, Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6). And it needs but little expository

tion in the light of subsequent history, to show that in these remarkable words there is a forecast of the person and work of Christ, that is so definite and comprehensive and accurate, as to be utterly inexplicable save upon the theory that it is the revelation of the spirit of God through the infallible inspiration of his prophet. It could not be a guess of Isaiah, because there was nothing in the circumstances to prompt conjecture. It could not be logical deduction, because there were no premises from which to draw conclusions. It could not be natural induction, because there were no instances in the realm of observation involving or revealing the possibility of the birth of such a child or the gift of such a son. Nor could it be rational intuition, because there was no necessary or absolute law of thought or feeling in the nature of the statements. Above and beyond the powers and the realm of human knowing, the vision of the prophet was lifted, and to it the spirit which alone searcheth the deep things of God, revealed things which God had foreordained before the worlds were created, "things that the eye had not seen and the ear had not heard, and that had not entered into the heart of man" (1 Cor. ii. 9), things that were not only preternatural, but in the widest, deepest sense of the word also supernatural.

As is the source of the promise, so also is the nature of the person whose coming is predicted. The promise is through the inspiration of the Spirit; the Child that is born is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and both are supernatural; both, also, are manifested in nature. The light of prophecy shines into the darkness in which the light of nature is ever passing, and reveals the dawn of a brighter day; the light of the Son that is given is the incarnation of God—"God manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16), "to take away our sins" (1 Jno. iii. 5), to lift nature above itself and redeem and ennoble and quicken it with power and purity and immortality not its own.

It is no straining of the language of Isaiah to say that the "Child that is born," the "Son that is given," is a supernatural being. This is the interpretation put upon it by the inspired biographers of Christ. Luke, the evangelist, identified him with the "firstborn of Mary, the espoused wife of Joseph," and tells how, in the same supernatural manner, his advent was proclaimed by the "angel of the Lord" to the shepherds watching their flocks by night in the plains of Judea. "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

The grandeur of this announcement, its wide-reaching significance, was not, could not be, comprehended or felt by the shepherds to whom it was made. It was a mystery as yet too little unfolded to be understood on earth, but in heaven it was seen in a clearer light. It was an event for which the angels, ever active and interested in the fortunes of man, had long waited in hopeful suspense (1 Pet. i.12). Its coming had been definitely indicated in the angel's announcement to Mary: "Behold the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. Thou shalt bring forth a son and shalt call his name Jesus." "He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Most High, and the Lord shall give him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke i.32-35).

There is a sublime fitness in this narrative of the birth of Jesus. The birth of a prince should be royally announced—the birth of the Son of God should be hailed with angelic acclamations. And when it was seen that in the mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God there was involved the solution of the mystery of redemption, the angels, who with desire had looked into these things, burst forth in praise, saying, "Glory in the highest to God, and on earth peace, among men—good will."

It were well to pause for due meditation over these foreseen results of the birth of Jesus. It shall bring glory to God; throughout the highest realms and hierarchies of his universe it shall magnify his justice and mercy. It shall make peace on earth, reconcile the divine and the human, and re-establish the broken harmony of paradise in man's recall from exile and restoration to the fatherhood of God.

So far these three things are explicitly declared: First, the supernatural birth of Christ. Second, that he is the Son of God. Third, that he is also the Son of man, and so Immanuel, God with us. By the mystery of incarnation—itsself highest miracle—perfect in both natures, the God-man. The logos, eternally with the Father, and of the same substance—God. In time, also, by miraculous birth of Mary, becoming flesh and so dwelling among us, our sympathizing brother.

We cannot say that these sublime facts as to the person of Christ were, on their first announcement, understood and received as they are now set forth and accepted in our matured evangelical theology. But they were involved in the words of the prophecies that went before, and of the supernatural an-

nouncements that accompanied his advent, and we must find them realized in the life of Jesus, or find that he was a pretender. Jesus himself was content with nothing less. With no shadow of pride or color of vanity in his character, he was yet uncompromising in his demands to be recognized as the "Son of God"—equal with God and the Christ of prophecy. When at Cæsarea Philippi, he asked Peter, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" he was not content to be recognized as John the Baptist, nor as Elijah, nor Jeremiah, nor any of the prophets. These were among the most honored names that had been called by God to deliver his counsels to men. He himself had said that of men born of women there had been none greater than John. Yet he demanded for himself a dignity and a rank—a nature above them all. It was only when Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," that he accepted the recognition as adequate to his high claims upon the faith of men. And why was this? What mattered it to this imperial person what men thought of him? Was he not conscious of his own infinite power and divine dignity? Did he not know that he had come forth from the bosom of the Father with whom he had shared in equal glory before the world was? Had he not power to lay down his life and power to take it up again, and could he not withdraw from this sickening battle with sin, and dwell apart in eternal peace? Could he not avenge himself on his persecutors and call forth his body guard of angels to wither them from his presence? No. This would not satisfy the divine philanthropy. He must win his way through faith to the hearts of men that he might save them. To this end came he into the world and to the hour and agony of his dreadful suffering. At all costs, the world must know and acknowledge him in his divine person, because nothing short of this could save them. It is not a matter of indifference what we think of him. The power of our faith can rise no higher than the power of him in whom we trust, and the faith that looks without fear into the face of death must trust to him who has power to destroy death. The faith that steps fearlessly into the dark river must see a hand outstretched from the other side that can lead it safely over the billows. The faith that aspires to life eternal must lay hold of him who alone has power to give it. Has he not himself said, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent"?

But we have said that what was thus supernaturally proclaimed concerning Christ was not at the first fully understood or con-

ceded by the people. And we can readily see that had these high pretensions rested alone on these teachings they never could have won the confidence of the world. They must be sustained by demonstrations of power in harmony with them. A supernatural being must show supernatural gifts. The Son of man must do works and manifest wisdom worthy of his nature.

The people of his country, regarding him simply as the carpenter's son, and hearing him teach and witnessing his miracles, were astonished, and asked, "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?" (Matt. xiii.55.) How could the carpenter's son be capable of such things? On the other hand, the Savior, speaking of himself, said: "If I had not done among them the works which none other did, they had not had sin" (John xvi.24). He would have been justly despised if he had not sustained his pretensions by works worthy of his high claims. We can conceive of nothing more justly worthy of the popular derision than one who was nothing more than a Jewish peasant, claiming to be the Son of God and the Savior of the world, with no light of wisdom or power of works to back up his pretensions and authenticate his claim.

But there is a divine harmony in the character of Christ, and the prophet introduces him to the world under majestic names indicative of his supernatural powers. He shall be called "Wonderful," "Counsellor," because he shall perform mighty works and manifest divine wisdom. By mighty works we understand nothing less than miracles in the true and supernatural sense of the word; not things marvelous only because strange and inexplicable, but things wrought by an agency distinct from the forces of nature and beyond their operations and laws. As a man he had grown up through the stages of nature—a perfect child—a perfect boy, to perfect manhood, and like us in all things save sin. But now that in his human maturity he is fit for his work, he begins to manifest the fullness also of his divine nature, and henceforth his walk in the world is marked with work worthy of his name.

Miracles, not one here and there wrought under special circumstances, and by previous arrangements of collusion; not in dark seances, and with jugglery of deception, but miracles by the thousand, in the light of day, on the streets, in the highways, in company with his friends, and in the face of his enemies; upon the sick, the maimed, the blind, the halt, the dead; upon the leper crying, "Unclean, unclean," and the raging demoniac gnashing upon his chains; upon the winds, and the waves, and

the laws of gravity. Upon the forces of nature on earth, and the power of demons in hell, the touch of his hand or the sound of his voice falls, and they obey.

What shall we say of these things? What did his enemies say at the time? Did they deny the fact? If the subtle but sophistical Hume had been there, and cried out: "It is impossible to prove a miracle," what think you the people would have said? What would Lazarus, standing up in the vigor of his new life, have answered? "Impossible to prove a miracle! Why, look at me!" What would the widow of Nain have said, snatching up her child from the bier, and pushing aside the mourners and the pall-bearers? "Behold my boy!" What would the man blind from his birth have said? "Impossible to prove it or not, this I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." No, this was not the argument then. It would have been folly to deny the possibility of what everybody saw to be actual fact. But some said: "He hath a demon and is mad." Others answered, "Can a demon open the eyes of the blind?" Others said: "He casteth out demons by the power of Beelzebub." But again the refutation came from the Savior himself: "If I cast out demons by the power of Satan, then is his kingdom divided against itself, and must fall."

It has been asked, "What proof is there in a miracle of a moral proposition?" and we answer, it is found in the character of the miracle. Simply and of itself, a miracle only proves the presence of supernatural power; but the nature of the miracle proves the nature of the agent exercising the power. In the miracles of the Savior it is not the power that attracts us so much as the divine beneficence manifested in it. His miracles were all in helpfulness to humanity, wrought in the interests of man. They were acts of relief from suffering, with tenderest brotherly sympathy for the sufferer. Assume if you please that there are other powers in the universe capable of working miracles; we have no interest in them if they are not wrought in our behalf. These miracles are barren facts unless in some way related to myself. We study the Savior's miraculous deeds, and we find them all good. We can look over them all, and witnessing the freshness and the sweetness of the life and joy which sprang up everywhere under His supernatural touch, we can say, as God said of the original creation, they are "very good." And it needs no inference of logic to satisfy my heart that their author is good, and also my friend.

It is this aspect of the supernatural power of Christ that the

Christian delights to contemplate—herein that we are drawn to Him as our Savior. Feeling our need of help, borne down with burdens greater than we can bear, the soul feels out for one who, touched with the feeling of its infirmity, has also the power to bring it aid. And it is because there is no form in which I may suffer, no faculty in which I am weak, no danger or peril that I fear, or sense of guilt under which I tremble, in which he has not proved himself able and willing to comfort me, to give me support, to fill me with strength, to animate me with courage, and to give me the assurance of mercy, that I can look up to him with unflinching faith, and find in him a present help in all my times of need.

We have many fine eulogies upon the perfect human character of Christ, and these are admirable and just. We love to contemplate the dignity and purity to which he raised our humanity in his sublime, heroic life. Every tender word of his grace and helping touch of his hand should be precious to us. No tear of his sympathy ever dropped upon human suffering should be lost from our grateful remembrance. With more than a brother's heart he poured out his life for us. But take away from his willingness to suffer with us and for us his divine, his supernatural power to help us, and you strip him of all that makes him my Savior. You present me with a beautiful casket, embellished with highest art of human hand, but the priceless jewel which no man can create is torn from its setting, and the glory and the value of the gift are gone. It is marred by defect more than we can bear.

Shallow indeed is the Christian philosophy that can be satisfied with a merely human Christ, and worse than shallow the theology that can find in one no more than ourselves a sufficient Savior of sinners. The mocking priests and scribes were, upon their theory, right when they said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now if he will have him; for he said, I am the Son of God" (Matt. xxvii. 42, 43). We hesitate not to say that if Christ had not, in the power of his divine nature, taken up his life, and risen again from death, this verdict of the mocking priests and scribes would have become the verdict of the world.

Do not understand me as arguing the question of the possibility of miracles. To deny this is to deny the being and attributes of God. It is the most absolute atheism. It may be that many persons do not understand the logical consequences of their skepticism on this point. But a creator of a universe who has

lost control of it is a contradiction of ideas utterly irreconcilable; and so, also, a Christ who is not superior to nature is incapable of providence or redemption. He can neither save us nor answer our prayers. His power is not adequate to the work to be done. I am arguing, therefore, that this essential and inalienable attribute of God must also be inherent in Christ, as the necessary ground in his nature of the power by which he can be a Savior to the world. Paul was in no sense a pantheist, yet he taught with no shadow of equivocation the immanence of God in the whole creation, that "of him and through him and unto him are all things" (Rom. xi. 36). And in his profound rational argument with the "men of Athens" he says, "In him we live and move and have our being" (Acts xvii. 28). With equal explicitness he says of Christ, "By him were all things created," and "By him all things consist," that is, are held together (Col. i. 16, 17), "for in him dwelleth all fullness of the Godhead bodily" (Col. ii. 9). More intimate than we can understand is this vital relation with Christ. It is as a telephonic cord, reporting every desire we breathe in prayer, and bringing back to us his gracious answer. It knows no conditions of time or space, but is a spiritual sympathy higher than nature and stronger than death.

We must pass by, for want of time adequately to consider it, the deep question of the atonement. It is an act in the great work of the world's redemption which it is important for us to know, but by no means necessary to comprehend. Some men are seriously dissatisfied with the whole teaching of Scripture on the subject, and are sensitively concerned lest the character of God should be compromised thereby. There be danger of this from some of the theories that are abroad in our theologies. But neither God, nor Christ, nor the apostle Paul, must be held responsible for these. They are the over-curious speculations of our ignorance. We are safe so long as we feel that "all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God," and gratefully realize that we are "justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, for the showing of his righteousness, that he might himself be just and the justifier of him that hath faith in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 23-26).

We cannot contemplate the awful fact of the humiliation and death of Christ in connection with his resurrection and glorification, and the consequent free proclamation of the forgiveness of sins through faith in his name, without a profounder sense of

the immaculate justice of God, and the infinite tenderness and reach of his mercy. Here, as nowhere else, at the foot of the cross and under the sound of the gospel, we are made to exclaim, "Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne, mercy and truth go before thy face" (Psa. lxxxix. 14). The heart of sin trembles at the one, the heart of faith rejoices at the other; and so we are led to repent and worship.

It was essential to the work of Christ that he should appear as a teacher, and in the prophecy of Isaiah he is called "Counsellor." Nicodemus said to him, "We know thou art a teacher come from God" (John iii. 2); and at his transfiguration, "The voice out of the cloud said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him" (Matt. xvii. 5). He speaks, therefore, with the authority and the infallibility of God. But it is no philosophy that he teaches, no policy of earthly life that he propounds, no theory of civil government that he proclaims. These things are good in their place, but the wisdom and the counsel of man are quite sufficient for them. His theme is of the things that are above, and his teachings are revelations. Much that he said related to the common qualities of virtue and morality, but he touched them with a celestial light, and men saw them as never before. He stripped the maxims of tradition of their corrupting sophistries, and probed the hearts of men with the insight of omniscience. All this was worthy of his divine intelligence, and has justly been the admiration of the world. But his mission reached higher than this. It was to throw light upon the great questions of human destiny that as yet lay hidden in the deep counsels of God. It was to manifest to the consciousness of the world the tragic horror of sin; to provide and proclaim a way of escape from its eternal punishment and of freedom from its guilt; to lift the awful darkness that rested upon death and the grave, and bring life and immortality to light. It was to bring life and joy to the hearts of men through a revelation of the ineffable love of God. It was to show us the Father; to lead us back to his unveiled face by a new and living way which none had ever found before. It was to spread out before us visions of Paradise restored, passing all power of human language to describe. To refuse to hear this counsellor is to shut out from our minds all this knowledge, and on these subjects to lapse into the darkness of heathenism. It is knowledge altogether above the power of the understanding or reason to discover, yet altogether consistent with the character of God, and adapted to the wants of the soul. Without it the soul would be

as the eye without light—a grand capacity for knowing, with no objective revelation to awaken it into action, or to present to it realities fitted for its enjoyment; and being God given, it must be received by faith and tried by the heart. It is not science, but revelation; yet, like science, it is objective reality presented, not in nature, but in the person and teachings of Christ, and so enriching the soul with highest wisdom.

From the advent of this Counsellor, the world is bathed in new light. Man is seen in a new dignity; God is embraced in a higher worship; life is delivered from the gloom of inevitable tragic death, and hope spreads its inviting colors over the world. He who is called "Wonderful," "Counsellor," through higher and higher manifestations of power and wisdom, reveals himself as "Mighty God," and moving about among us, clothed in our nature, is laying the foundations of a new and everlasting kingdom. "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," but the victories of the Son are conquests of peace. He is the "Prince of Peace." To this end he came into the world, for this he died upon the cross, for this he is now the head of the body, the Church—"For it pleased the Father, through him to reconcile all things unto himself, having made peace through the blood of the cross" (Col. i. 19).

To the worship of this glorious person we dedicate this home. We know him as our brother. In him we see the Father. Without idolatry we worship him in the familiar form of our own nature; and because, even in heaven, he looks like a lamb that hath been slain, we can ever contemplate him as our peace. We present him—the God-man—to the world as its Savior. We can see him, hear him, thrill under the sympathetic touch of his helping hand, and walk with assurance under the infallible guidance of his commanding voice. He is no vague abstraction, far-off ideal of unreal dreams, but an incarnation with our own nature, and a present exalted ruling sovereign, Lord of lords and King of kings, with his eye ever upon us and his heart ever with us, for sympathy, for help and assured victory. The human heart pants for such leadership. Men look up to such a hero. They call for a friend higher than themselves. The Church must hold up him who is its head, as "the chief among the ten thousands," in whom alone is realized all this power, and sympathy, and helpfulness, and success of victory that the world is longing for, blindly groping for among manifold idols, and summon men to fly to his uplifted banner. Let us throw away our philosophies, our divisive creeds, our human Shibboleths of fel-

lowship, and combine our forces under "the Christ, the Son of the living God," and with this as our battle cry, strike for the eternal victories of peace. And may he who is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace," sustain and guide us, and bring us to the final triumph and blessing of his everlasting kingdom!

CHAPTER XXXIII

FROM THE PRESIDENCY TO THE FARM

81
AFTER the year 1884, Mr. Pendleton ceases to write after his name the stately *Præses*, and must use the more modest *Agricola*. He is relieved of the burdens he has so long and so faithfully carried in his sixty-eighth year. Bethany's financial distress continued beyond the period between '71 and '81. In '82 President Garfield dies, and resolutions are passed by the Board of Trustees in his memory, and his place in the board is left vacant for one year in token of respect. As to the deficit, the board resolved vaguely that it be paid "out of any funds which may be used for such purpose," leaving the President to wrestle with the problem as best he could. In the year '83 the same conditions confronted the institution. In '84 the treasurer's report shows receipts \$10,668.91, and expenditures \$11,471.19. R. M. Bishop offered a resolution "that W. K. Pendleton, J. E. Curtis and C. H. Beall be appointed a committee to take charge of the college assets and sell and transfer so much of the stock in the Wellsburg bank at such time and in such manner as they in their judgment may think best, and appropriate a sufficient amount of the proceeds to the payment of the debts of the college." At this meeting Mr. Pendleton offered his resignation, and at the same time canceled a debt of \$3,400 back salary which was due him.

In the report of the committee on his resignation, thanks are expressed for this donation and for the immense clerical work which, as treasurer, he had performed, and the report closes: "We thank God for him as a co-worker and for his eminent services in the management and high position to which the college has been brought chiefly through his labors." The committee recommended that W. K. Pendleton be asked to let his name stand as President, while he would be relieved of all active service until such time as the board could satisfactorily fill his place. President Pendleton agreed to this, and Prof. B. C. Hagerman was made chairman of the faculty for the following session. Mr. Pendleton continued as trustee of the college, and, though living in Florida, was absent but for two meetings during the remainder of his life; on one of these occasions he was prevented by important obligations elsewhere, and on the second, 1898, he was too ill to make the journey.

Prof. W. H. Woolery succeeded Prof. Hagerman as chairman of the faculty for the session '85-6, and at the board meeting of that year Mr. Pendleton urged the trustees to elect a permanent President at once, as he thought the existing arrangement unwise, and on this ground insisted upon the final acceptance of his own resignation to make room for another. Prof. Woolery was accordingly elected, and President Pendleton's name appears afterward in the catalogue as President *Emeritus*.

In '84, at the time of Mr. Pendleton's resignation, the matter of employing a financial agent was left to him, and he engaged the services of Mr. S. M.

Cooper, and pledged \$5,000 on the first block of \$50,000 Mr. Cooper undertook to raise as endowment. This, with the \$3,400 on salary, and \$600 previously given on endowment, made Mr. Pendleton's gifts to the college \$9,000 at and within a short time after his resignation.

Mr. Pendleton's reasons for resigning the position he had so long and so worthily filled were good ones. He realized that he was growing old, and a younger man might take the burden and bear it more effectively. He had become a sufferer from insomnia, and felt that he was breaking down under the weight of anxiety and responsibility he had so long carried. He ardently wished and hoped that with recuperation under the conditions of life in Florida, and the leisure that would come to him, he might devote himself to the literary work for which he was so eminently fitted, and might thus leave to the literature of the Church some such contribution as his manifold labors, responsibilities, interests and anxieties had hitherto made impossible. He found relief from care, and no doubt greater length of days because of this withdrawal from the intense activities and anxieties of his long service as college President, but his expectations as to literary labor were not met. While the condition of insomnia was relieved by his outdoor life on the orange farm, which was possible at all seasons, no sooner did he take up his pen than a few hours' work brought back the old trouble that his life for so many years at Bethany had made almost a fixed habit. Then came a severe illness from la grippe in '93 which his nervous system never threw off wholly, though his

mind was always young, strong and clear to the last.

Mr. Pendleton's reputation did not need the added glory that comes from literary achievement. No book, however able, widely read, and influential in moulding the thought of others, could compare with the impress that he had made upon the living tablets of human hearts. In his almost limitless contributions to the religious press he had canvassed all the great living questions that belonged to the period, and his pen had been mighty in the councils of the brotherhood with whom he was associated, and even beyond their borders. In the broad beneficence of his many-sided daily life he touched humanity at all points, and served his own generation well. He might have shut himself off from the multiform needs of his day, and dwelt apart, and so have prepared for posterity some substantial benefit by denying to the current life of his time what he was so richly able to bestow; but this he would not do. The closing lines of George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, with but a change of subject, might truly apply to him, for, "His finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not so widely visible. His full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of his being on those around him was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

But, after all, what better works than living, breath-

ing, acting, speaking volumes! Christ left no book. His only writing was the pardon of a sinful woman, which he traced with his finger in the sand at his feet. His Sermon on the Mount and Story of the Lost Son represent that which is most consummate and masterful in all literature, but he wrote nothing. His are living epistles. There are no *dicta probantia*—no proof texts or written testimonies like living men and women.

How wide-reaching was Mr. Pendleton's contribution to the world's best life in this respect eternity alone can tell. Here is a single illustration. On August 21, 1821, Charles Carlton was born in Eythorn, County of Kent, England. His father was a carriage-maker, and settled in Canada in 1854. At fifteen Charles went to sea, and worked on a merchant vessel plying between Hamburg and North Scotland. After several years of hard life as a sailor on many seas he went to New Brunswick, and spent three years in a shipyard, and later worked on a farm. In 1844 he went to Boston, and then to Fredonia, New York, where he went to school, cutting wood and making fires to pay his tuition. Mr. G. W. Lewis, of Fredonia, offered him \$100 towards defraying his expenses if he would go to Bethany College, and he gladly accepted, and with only this sum set off to take a three years' course in that institution. He attended the college in '47 and '48, and finding his means all exhausted he told his instructor, Mr. Pendleton, that he was compelled to leave. On being pressed for his reason, he informed the professor that he had no clothes to wear, and no money to buy them with, or to pay his tuition. Prof.

Pendleton offered him the use of his own wardrobe and promised all the help he could give if he would remain. Thus pressed to stay, he continued the work of completing his education, and so faithfully was the work done that he finished the three years' course in two years' time, graduating with the degree of A. B. in the same class with Lard and Neville, July 4, 1849.

He became a preacher of the gospel and served as a pastor in Kentucky and Missouri, but in Texas was his great work done, and Carlton College at Bonham, Texas, and "Uncle Charlie Carlton" became a fountain of blessing to thousands. Two men he said he could never forget, Mr. Lewis and W. K. Pendleton.

On retiring from his active work in the college, Mr. Pendleton gave himself to a calling that was very congenial to him, and for which he was every way fitted. Always a lover of nature, a farmer's son, and himself, in a modest way, of the same noble profession, he was at home with "The Man with the Hoe." Agriculture is not only the oldest but the most fundamental of all human industries. We pray one prayer for material blessing, "Give us this day our daily bread," and here is the material basis of all higher functions, trade and politics, science and art, law and poetry, religion and philosophy. Our whole social order, after all, rests upon the man with the seed of hay in his hair. Then God's witnesses are in the rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, "filling men with food and gladness." Teachings of natural religion are not superseded by Revelation. The daily dawn, the

depths of the midnight sky, the spring flowers breaking from the earth, the singing brook, the loveliness of June, the golden glories of autumn, the outspread snow, are divinely ordained teachers of the truth of God. Consider the lilies. Behold the fowls of the air. More than that, happiness is here. The Lord God in the beginning took the man and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

In that sweetest of books, Alphonse Karr's "Tour Round My Garden," he says: "Some time past a circumstance that appeared strange has attracted my attention. I dare say you remember my speaking to you of a house crowned with thatch, of the thatch covered with moss, of the ridge of the roof crowned with iris, which was to be seen from a certain point in my garden. Well, for several days I perceived the house was shut up, and I asked my servant, 'Does not the woodman live up yonder now?' 'No, sir, he has gone now nearly two months. He is become rich; he has inherited a property of six hundred livres a year, and he is gone to live in town.'

"He is become rich! That is to say, that with his six hundred livres he is gone to live in a little apartment in the city without air and without sun, where he can neither see the heavens, nor the trees, nor the verdure; where he will breathe unwholesome air; where his prospect will be confined to a paper of dirty yellow, embellished with chocolate arabesque. He is become rich! He is become rich! That is to say, he is not allowed to keep his dog which he has had so long, because it annoyed the

other lodgers of the house. He lodges in a sort of square box; he has people on the right hand and on the left, above him and below him. He has left his beautiful cottage and his beautiful trees, and his sun and his grass carpet so green, and the song of birds and the odor of oaks. He is become rich! Poor man!"

Mr. Pendleton's ideas are not unlike these of the author of the "Tour Round My Garden." Hear him talk to the farmers.

"Philosophers, poets, statesmen, philanthropists, in all ages, and in all countries, claiming any degree of civilization, have admired and commended the occupation and life of the farmer. From the time that the descendants of Abraham first settled in Palestine they became husbandmen, from the chiefs of the tribe of Judah to the lowest branch of the tribe of Benjamin. Abraham himself was a shepherd, whose flocks would have covered a thousand of our hills, and whose three hundred trained servants would constitute him a noble, even now, among the proudest of our favored land, and in this, the nineteenth century of progress and democratic greatness. Gideon, the mighty man of valor, was called from the flail and the threshing to smite the Midianites, even before Cincinnatus was born; Saul was anointed king over Israel by the prophet of the Lord, when in search of his father's asses—from the care of donkeys to the government of men; and David, from the pastures and his sheep, to rule over a kingdom glorious as the sun and famous through all the cycles of time. The Egyptians, whose agriculture supplied the famines of other lands, ascribed the in-

vention of the art to their chief divinity Osiris, and even worshiped, in idol-forms, the meanest vegetables of the earth. Ceres, still sung as the goddess of plenty, was first deified in Sicily, because she was the first to introduce the art of tillage and of sowing corn into that island. In fact there is no art, no occupation of man, to which so universal homage has been paid by the wisest, the most powerful of mankind, as this much disparaged and neglected art of agriculture.

“It is related of the ancient Persians that their kings laid aside their regal dignity once a month, and mingled with the farmers, in all the familiarity of guests, to show their respect for the avocation and their appreciation of its utility and importance, and it is a doctrine of the Zendavesta, the book of their religion, that the man who sowed the ground, and cultivated the soil with diligence, acquired greater religious merit than by the repetition of ten thousand prayers. In China the art is no less distinguished. The patronage of the court and the services of religion are both made subservient to its interests and advancement, above every other art or science—and hence the Chinese are said to be now the best agriculturists in the world. The Emperor goes out once a year to plough, accompanied by all the princes and grandees, and in the beginning of spring the whole retinue, with religious solemnity, perform the labors of the plowman, and conclude the solemn rites of the season by a public sacrifice to Chang-Ti, invoking at the same time a favorable season and fruitful harvests.

“Individuals distinguished for all that renders

men great, have delighted, no less than courts and governments, to testify to the usefulness and essential importance of agriculture. Its praises have engaged the most grateful powers of the poet, and every language whose perfection has admitted the sweet measures of harmony, has its pastoral odes, and its rural poems, its *Eclogues* and its *Georgics*. The profoundest philosophers have delighted to trace its influence upon the permanency of States, and to unfold its happy tendencies upon the morality, the civilization and the religion of man—while the stern warrior has paused amid the desolations of his own pathway—over the smoking ashes, perhaps, of some rural home whose quiet joys his own pestilential breath has blighted forever, to listen to the suddenly roused but strange voice of his childhood's creed—

“ ‘Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,’

whispering to him of sweet scenes afar off—

“ ‘Where the earth herself is adorning,
Each sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on its mother's arm.’

“Mago, a famous Carthaginian general, is said to have written no less than twenty-eight books on the subject of agriculture, and we are informed that these were translated into Latin by the express order of the Roman Senate! Hesiod, the oldest of the heathen poets, and the first writer upon the subject

of agriculture, devoted his labors to the genealogies of the gods and the praises of husbandry. Zenophon calls it the nursing mother of the arts, and among the Romans the most illustrious senators and warriors pursued it as their favorite and most delightful employment. Regulus, when leading the Roman cohorts in triumph through Africa, still dreamed of his home and his farm on the Tiber, and requested the Senate to recall him lest its cultivation might be neglected. Cato, the Censor, after having retired from the government of extensive provinces, devoted his mind and energies to the subject of husbandry, as the best interests of his country and the worthiest theme of his ripened patriotism. We have still a treatise on the subject composed by him and dedicated to his son, which has come down to us in its original form. Virgil, Varro and Columella have all thrown around the subject the fascinations of genius and clothed it with the beauties of a poesy which will be admired as long as man has an ear for harmony, or a soul for the loveliness of nature.

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“I am myself, you know, a farmer only in a small way; what I presume you would call, were you my neighbors, a ‘model farmer,’ which, I believe, is generally taken to mean a man who supports his farm by his profession. This, however, is not precisely the case with me, still I have never made a fortune by farming; it is not my occupation. Notwithstanding, I should have no objection to let the best farmer amongst you see how I manage my few acres, nor, indeed, to make a comparison of crops with him, provided he would agree to ask no ques-

tions about the profits. These I cannot answer very well about, as I keep no particular account of them. It becomes me, as an old Virginian, further to say, that if any of the ladies will do me the honor to call on me, it will afford me great pleasure to show them through the walks, the shrubbery, the flowers and the fruits of my quiet country home, and to compare my management with theirs, in doors and out, from the kitchen to the garret, the dairy to the dining-room, or the pantry to the pigpen.

“Every one, I believe, has in him some love of the beautiful. The little child will hush its cry to grasp in its dimpled hand the blossoming rose; the aged patriarch will lean upon his staff to gaze at the softened hues of the western twilight; the maiden, in her teens, rosy as the dawn she welcomes, and pure as the dewdrop she dashes with her feet, trips with a lighter tread and sings with a gayer heart amid odors and hues of flowers and chirpings and songs of birds; and the young farmer, as he goes to his labor in the morning, and sees on the hillock in the meadow ‘the young lambs bound, as to the tabor’s sound,’ feels as though he could join their sports and mingle in their innocent joy. Truly does a poet sing, ‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever,’ and what beautiful thing is more joyous than a beautiful country home? Ought it not to be a place of sweet flowers and of graceful vines twining about rustic columns and hanging in festoons from trellised porches, or half-hidden lattice of embowered windows? Comfortable, convenient, airy, roomy and cleanly within let your houses be; also tasteful and

proportioned without. It costs no more to build after a good model than a bad one, and the finest and most picturesque architectural effect may often be secured by but very little expense. Why will a man erect an ugly house, when he can as easily have a beautiful one? It were as reasonable in him to select an ugly woman for a wife, when a pretty one, and equally good and congenial, could be as readily had for the wooing. Why stick it in the hollow of some overfrowning hills, out of sight of his neighbors and the rest of mankind, when his farm abounds in the most airy, heartsome and delightful sites for its location? Only imagine the difference in the aspect which your county would wear if every farm had a neat, well-built, well-painted and well-furnished dwelling, surrounded with a tasteful inclosure and buried in verdant shrubbery and odor-yielding flowers. You might thus almost renew again on earth lost Eden's bloom, and make your children angels."

Mr. Pendleton resigned in 1884, and his resignation was formally accepted in '86. Among the graduates under him during these closing years of his administration were J. L. Atkins, Mary A. Campbell, S. L. Darsie, H. King Pendleton and A. M. Harvuot, '82; C. M. Oliphant, Irene T. Myers, W. S. St. Clair, '83; C. G. Brelos, G. T. Halbert, P. Y. Pendleton, L. C. Woolery, '84; F. P. Arthur, F. M. Dowling, N. A. Phillips, '85, and H. L. Willett, '86. His name from this time to the close of his life appears in the catalogue as President *Emeritus*. The Roman soldier, or official, who had served out his legal time, and hence was entitled to

special privileges, bore this title. To none was it ever more fitting than to this faithful servant of the cause of education.

Among those serving in the faculty during the closing years of Mr. Pendleton's presidency were E. D. Barclay, Julian B. Crenshaw, J. A. Beattie, J. F. Eastwood, E. V. Zollars, B. C. Hagerman, L. M. Sniff, James Lane Allen, W. H. Woolery, A. C. Pendleton, C. J. Kemper, A. F. Erb, M. J. Thompson, Oscar Schmeidel and E. M. Epstien.

No history of the college would be complete without a record of the hundreds of students who did not remain to receive the honors of graduation, whose names do not appear among the number on whom degrees were conferred, and yet, nourished by this alma mater, went forth from her halls to achieve distinction in the various walks of life. Page after page might be taken up with the names of those who have thus reflected honor upon the institution and the influence and teaching of her President and faculty. They also belong to the Bethany fellowship. In the words of the diploma: *Omnibus et Singulis Has Literas Lecturis Salutem; Salutem in Domino.*

CHAPTER XXXIV

INTER FOLIA FRUCTUS

“AMONG the leaves there is fruit,” was President Garfield’s book-motto. *Inter epistolas*—among the letters of men of character and genius are often the richest treasures of their thinking—certainly the truest pictures of their minds and hearts, and of the simple common sense of their every-day lives. Some glimpses of Mr. Pendleton’s inner life we feel are essential to this story. Models, in penmanship, in grace and beauty of expression, in their newsy character and local coloring, in expression of kindness and affection, not only for loved ones, but for all men, in their spirit of religious devotion, these letters always are. Never once are they marred by a harsh or un-Christian sentiment toward any soul. Dealing with a vast variety of topics, written from almost every section of the country, mentioning by name hundreds of friends and brethren, they would form a volume of great value in themselves, but can only be briefly quoted here.

September 26, 1870. “I had a romantic wedding affair to-day. As I came up at about 11 A. M. from the college I found the old gentleman present of whom I told you, standing under the buckeye tree near the gate, and beside him a veiled lady, apparently awaiting somebody. As I approached them he saluted me with ‘Good-morning,’ and told me *sans ceremonie* that he had brought the lady and the



FALLS AND SWINGING BRIDGE.



license, and as it was her pleasure to have it so, he wished me to perform the ceremony just then and there under the horse chestnut. I proposed to go into the house, but he said no, and accordingly I ordered hats off and went at it. I soon tied them, and after treating her to a beautiful bouquet, helped them into their buggy and dismissed them with my blessing. He was sixty, she thirty-five."

Of the Constitutional Convention at Charleston in '72 he writes that it has some able men in it and some "only medium." "We elected without opposition Governor Price as President. I refused to let my name be used." He speaks of his presiding over the committee of the whole. He refers to the debate on the subject of the State debt. "It called out all the ablest men of the convention, and involved some intricate points of national law and especially of abstract justice. One of the speakers in reviewing the debate was pleased to say that the gentleman from Brooke who did not profess to be a lawyer at all had shown himself to be a better lawyer than all the lawyers who had spoken on the subject."

He says of Col. A. Campbell, "Mr. Campbell is deservedly one of the most popular members of the convention, and has been a true and untiring worker for the interests of our people. The citizens of Brooke, I am satisfied, could not have found in the county a more influential and watchful guardian of their interests. Tell Sister Mary she has reason to be proud of the first impression which her husband makes as a politician. If I mistake not, the people will want him for their service in the future. Some

gentlemen of the press here are getting up a little volume of sketches of the members of the convention, and I slipped into their hands a little pen sketch of Mr. Campbell's characteristics, which will do him more justice than would likely have been done him by strangers. I felt it due to him, and was gratified to have the opportunity to do it. He, of course, knows nothing about my hand in the matter."

"I often think of the proverb, 'Whatever your hand findeth to do that do as with all your might.' After all, it is the surest way of usefulness. To refuse to do a good work merely because it is not exactly in the line of some technical profession is to narrow powers, which are many-sided and capable of all work, down to the criterion of the professional drudge. God attends to all things, and no human interest ought to be above or beneath the thought or the feeling or the helping hand of any one whom the Creator has endowed with faculties fit for its accomplishment. This general principle has regulated my life, and I desire still to spend it as best I can in the widest usefulness which may call me into service."

"Our children! Will they rise up and call us blessed in the sweet evening of our finished course? Let us pray for it with a life which shall itself be a loving prayer!"

He is in Charleston, superintendent of schools. He tells of a boil on his nose: "I bid its exit most gracious speed. It is one of the cases in which, whilst I could not welcome the coming, I do most cordially speed the going guest." He says, "I have

a quiet time o' nights—read—write—think—and then—retire.”

In all the letters, when absent from home, he sends remembrances to each of the family by name, and never omits the servants. “Let all the domestics know that I send a kind word of regard for them.” “Name me kindly to the servants.”

A man in his employ is sick, and he writes Mrs. Pendleton, who is away from home: “Frank has been much worse, and seems to be rapidly sinking. I should not be surprised if you never see him again. I understood that he has been very anxious to have his little children that are buried in the churchyard removed to the college cemetery, and spoke to him about it, assuring him that it should be done. He burst into tears, and said, ‘Do you say it shall be done?’ I replied, ‘Yes.’ ‘All right,’ said he, ‘I know it will be done if you say so. You have always been my best friend—a good friend to me.’ I told him he had always been a good friend to me. He replied, ‘I have always done my best for you; and you have always been true to me.’ Poor fellow! It is a hard trial for him to die. His wife is quite broken down of late. She has had so much care with her little boy that I wonder she has time to feel about anything else. But she seems to realize the dreadful bereavement that is falling upon her, and her heart is quite overcome by its near approach.”

“Mr. Brown called in his whitest cravat. If his knees did not make so acute an angle when he is seated, he would be less picturesque.”

“Surely the Hudson is the grandest river in the

world! The Palisades, the heights, the Catskill Mountains, the palaces, villas, cottages, thrifty towns, clear, deep waters and moving life of boats by wind and steam, all combine to make up a mingled effect of nine hours' magnificence and beauty that leaves the soul satisfied with the pleasures of the eye."

Mrs. Pendleton is on a visit to Virginia; Birdie is housekeeper, and he writes, November 27, '77, of her and the rest: "She is indeed a prodigy of a girl. Keeps house like an experienced matron, and keeps everything else with the skill and mastery of a general. All the dear children are good. Kent is lively and obliging as he can be, and dear little Dwight's reasonable 'All right,' seems sweeter than ever since we have had to give him several doses of castor oil. Birdie has told you he has been sick, but it was very slight and he seems to-night entirely recovered. He has been up and playing in the house all day, and is sweetly sleeping in your sitting room in his crib.

"Yesterday, Monday, Prof. Kemper yielded his long resistance to the Gospel, and had a full and free talk about his convictions, and this evening we were made glad by his public confession of the Savior. I baptized him at 3:30 this P. M. The students all turned out, and there was a deep impression made by his manly avowal of his faith. I rejoice to see any soul turning to the Savior, but it was a peculiar gratification to witness the confession of our dear professor. He has talents for eminent usefulness and a noble conscientiousness in all matters of duty."

He is State Superintendent of Schools, and at Wheeling. To Mrs. Pendleton, December 18, '77: "I pray for you and myself in all that I desire we may be to each other and to our children, and I know that if blessings come not in answer to such request, the reason must lie at our door. Have we not been blessed? If my life has been one of hard labor in the public service, is not that reason to be thankful? What ought one to desire more than to be able to serve and to have his services constantly called for? How many are there who seem to be eager to get into places of labor and who yet are never called or chosen! I try to be ready for whatever station Providence may assign me, neither selfishly to seek nor faithlessly to decline any work laid upon me. This has been the feeling and the rule of my life so far, and let it be still."

"A bevy of boys all over old Virginia in their manners and hearty kindness."

"O the beauty and blessedness of our child-life! How it luxuriates in the richness of its own fancy and builds for itself the airy castles of aspiring hope! Well, it is a long way back to that day with me, counting by the calendar, but in sympathy with my dear boys it seems very near, and 'I see the heavens laugh with them in their jubilee; my heart is at their festival, my head hath its coronal, the fullness of their bliss, I feel it all.'"

"A. and Mr. B. are recognized as affianced, and there seems to be no disposition to deny it by anybody that has a right to know. So you see 'biz' prospers in spite of your absence, and somebody else is taking up your occupation. It is too bad

that you are not here to see and enjoy so much happiness." "Wouldn't our green grass look bright with a quarter dozen grandchildren in red moving about in it! This is a picture for next summer."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lamar will tell you all about the convention and how everybody missed you, and talked about William II. The little brat! How little he knows about the interest he is exciting all over the land. David says in his letter, 'Congratulations are profuse with the tribe here on your grandson. God bless him and the young mother.' We all, and everybody, seem anxious to say 'Amen!'"

"This P. M. Kent went out with his gun and killed a rabbit, and had it prepared for my supper when I got back from Wellsburg. I think he will manage to get something as his personal greeting to you when you get home. He has so much thoughtful, human kindness in him, and has so much enterprise, and is so thoughtfully polite one cannot help but admire his manliness." This October 24, '82.

"King has closed his meeting at Lawrenceburg, Ky., with twenty-two additions, having done most of the work himself. Noble boy, how he loves his Master's work! I am thankful and glad that he has the encouragement of success. It will excite him to greater hopefulness and faith in his labors."

"I have been reading Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' to the boys, and have just sent them to bed asking, like Oliver, 'for more.'"

To Mrs. Pendleton, January 21, '84, from Washington, D. C.: "I went yesterday with Col. Cary

and good old Dr. Power to Fred's to dinner. We had only time to eat and hurry back to the church for communion. It was protracted to after five o'clock. I walked with Becky over a mile to their comfortable home, 72 K Steet N. W., and found Lottie and her husband waiting to see me. At seven we returned to church; that is, Let and Becky and I, and after an hour's sermon from Prof. L., we walked back to No. 72, a mile. So you see I had exercise enough. In the morning I had a literal jam. Fred P. said in front and rear and everywhere there must have been 1,500 people. President Arthur and Secretary Frelinghuysen were present, and many congressmen, among them Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, whom you met at Gen. G's once. I have never given so much satisfaction. I took forty-five minutes to read it, as the audience was large. I was assured that every word was heard by everybody, which was not the case with any other speaker or participant in the exercises. Many of our most critical brethren said, 'Nothing could have been more appropriate or better done.' I was surprised at this, because you know how miserably out of tune I was while writing it."

"Brother Woolery gave us an excellent sermon to-day. I think he is steadily growing as a preacher, and I pray that he may be steadfastly held up both by the Church and the college." May 27, '85.

From Eustis, Fla., May, '86: "There never was a healthier community than this. The doctors look as listless, dreamy and idle as a company of lotus eaters."

"Saturday night brought letters from you to Phil,

Kent and Dwight, and it would have delighted your heart to see the circle around the lamp in the parlor poring over your dear inditings. What a treat to us all! All Scripture by a mother is good for children such as ours. Therefore, write."

From Bethany, June 24, 1892, to Mrs. Pendleton in Florida: "This is a lovely morning, and the air is full of the songs of many birds. It rains almost every day, and I never saw more luxuriance on the face of nature. Except the birds, nothing seems to be astir as yet. The college grounds stretch out before me, and the close-cut grass lying in vistas under the heavy foliage of the trees makes a lovely carpet for the undulating surface. The little town is very quiet. Many are gone, and the rest are indulging in the unwonted freedom from all calls of duty. Mr. A. Campbell and his son, Aleck, are off at Chicago attending the National Convention of the Democratic party. The air is full of politics, municipal, state and national. Almost every officer is struggling for a renewal of his term of service, and the cauldron boils with big bubbles and small, day and night. What a mixture of emotions, grave and gay, is at play in the tumult! The old forget the verge they are standing over in the rush of the young life that is struggling for the flitting prizes that are springing up before them, and shout and hurrah with the enthusiasm and passion of children. True, 'the things that are seen are temporal,' but it is equally true that we give the time, old and young alike, whether it be long or short, to looking at them and enjoying them. How few duly contemplate the things that are not seen!

“Here, as elsewhere, they are marrying and giving in marriage. After supper yesterday Cammie and myself called to see Prof. Dowling and family, who start in a day or two for California. You know he has resigned his professorship to devote himself wholly to the ministry. When we entered his parlor we found it crowded with goods packed for shipping, but there was room enough for us and the family, with four others from Wellsburg, to whom we were introduced. We soon noticed that conversation was constrained and embarrassed, and tried to enliven it. But there was no sympathy in the effort. Presently one of the two gentlemen (there were also two ladies) said to Prof. Dowling, ‘We are in a little hurry to get through and return.’ ‘All right, all right,’ muttered the professor, and approaching the back of the young man’s chair he threw his arms over his shoulders and said, ‘Ah, hem, ah, my young friend, Mr. L. here—and, ah, Miss M., who sits beside him, have come out—ah—to—to—get married, and as it is rather crowded in here, we were just about to go over to Aunt Sophie’s parlor, when you came in to attend to the—ah—the—the matter—there; and won’t you go over with us and witness the ceremony?’ The invitation was very cordial, but there was a flash of lightning and a loud roll of thunder that gave us good excuse for declining it, and we took our leave with warm congratulations in advance. But the room was poorly lighted, and in the confusion into which the guests were thrown in rising to take leave, I congratulated the wrong young man, much to the amusement of everybody.”

From Washington City, en route, where he arrives after a night's travel, June, '93: "Have stood the trip well, and have slept profoundly and with improvement in my feelings. But dear George, our little gentleman, has been with me all the way, and here in this city more than ever. It is a sweet presence, but not such as we were wont to embrace, and his spirit evades our longing desire to receive some earthly lifetime embrace. It is not 'the touch of a vanished hand—the sound of a voice that is still.' God help us to rise into his higher life! Why not? The Savior is there, and so many others—a mighty cloud of witnesses. I will not dwell upon this. We must wait for time to blend the memory with the hope, both of which are sacred and sweet, through the Gospel."

From Bethany after commencement, '95: "It is now seven o'clock, and scarcely a sound save that of birds breaks the morning stillness. I am writing upstairs in Cammie's north room, and the grand old hill we have so often 'climbed together' reminds me of those far-off days just before the coming of our noble Birdie. . . . I think 'what a pleasure it would be to walk over these scenes once more with you and Birdie, and take an affectionate farewell of them forever.' I wonder if from the shining shore it may not be a pleasure reserved for us to have some sweet back vision of the days that are no more. I feel this morning that nothing could be sweeter, more charmingly idyllic."

From Bethany, June 30, '96: "My dear wife: I am looking out this morning over the valley of Buffalo, looking as you and I saw it one happy

morning more than forty years ago. You remember that early horseback ride, and how we passed through and above that flood of silver that filled the valley with lustrous lakes and islands of dripping green, up into the golden sunlight that covered all with a promise of a glad and blessed day. I wish you were here that we might see together this living picture of that far-back morning, and once more, before we go to our eternal home, renew on earth the memory and the hopes of the hour, and feel again its inspiration. When our children are scattered, it looks as if the unity of life were broken that we might give ourselves to the preparation for another start towards a city whose foundations shall never be moved and where partings shall be no more. How we linger on the division line! Truly, there is yet a Jordan to pass, and we linger on its brink. As I look up from my page, the silver lakes are gone, but the hills remain, and they are green and covered with luxuriance of life, but they are steep and hard to climb. Yet I see around the steep sides smooth roads are cut, and up the lifting heights, winding in easy grades, ways of mounting and surmounting are winding in inviting curves, and we have only to rise and run, and the race by patience can be won.

"A little bell calls me, and I must not keep them waiting. Let us sit down to breakfast together—Catherine, and Mary, and Jean, and you and I, and wish a happy breakfast to all the rest.

"Bon jour, ma chere amie.

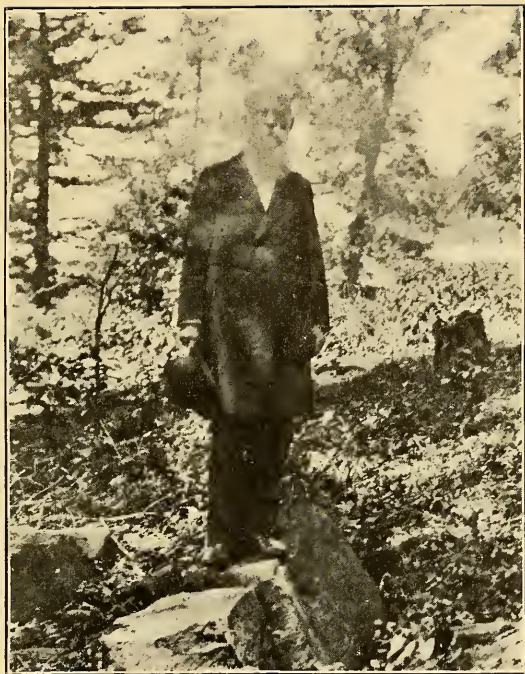
"W. K. P."

CHAPTER XXXV

AMONG GOLDEN SPHERES

FLORIDA is the largest in area of the States east of the Mississippi. Like Scotland, it is a land of water, with 1,148 miles of seacoast and 1,200 fresh water lakes, varying in size from Okechobee, or Big Water, with its 1,000 square miles, to the humblest lakelet of a few acres. It rejoices in such euphonious waters as Kissimmee, Tohopekaliga, Apopka and Miccasukee. It has ever been a fascinating region. Ponce de Leon, hunting for the phantasmal island of Bimini, with its fountain of youth, landed just north of St. Augustine Easter Sunday—*Pascua Florida*—March 27, 1512, and the Spaniards for more than a century after claimed as Florida all the territory as far north as Virginia and as far west as the Mississippi. For two hundred and fifty years Spain held this fair peninsula, then traded it with Great Britain for Cuba in 1763, and Great Britain again swapped it with Spain for the Bahamas twenty years later, and in 1821 it became by cession from Spain a part of the United States. Twenty-four years after it added a star to the flag.

In the most beautiful section of semi-tropical Florida is Lake County, formed in '87 from portions of Orange and Sumter. It is so called from the picturesque group of lakes covering nearly one-sixth of its surface. It is one of the highest elevations in the State, nearly five hundred feet above tide water,



ON THE ROCK.

Near Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 13, '95, where Campbell
Preached Sermon on the Law Sept. 3, 1826.

and on the divide of the Floridian Peninsula—streams flowing to the ocean through the St. Johns, the Withlacoochee and Kissimmee, and to the Gulf by way of Lake Okechobee and the Everglades. Here is Florida's most healthful region. The shores of these lakes are everywhere remarkably beautiful, and the land highly productive. Here is the world-famed Orange Belt. Oranges and lemons, shadocks and grape fruit and citron, guavas and figs, bananas and pineapples are found here in their finest development. Ten millions are invested in orange groves, yielding yearly a crop of a million and a quarter of crates, of \$2,000,000 value. A single grove in this fair region of 185 acres on Orange Lake, had 30,000 trees which yielded in a single year 32,000 crates, selling for \$65,000, and from a single tree in one year ten thousand golden spheres have been gathered.

In the heart of this region is the town of Eustis, situated on the St. John and Lake Eustis railroad, and occupying a commanding position overlooking the lake of the same name. Back of it the hill region is thickly studded with lakes, while upon the high pine lands surrounding these inland waters are beautiful homes, embellished with all the shrubs and flowers of this fair region. Green groves appear on every side with their golden fruit. The traveler comes from the inhospitable region of frost, lands at Jacksonville, the chief commercial center of this land of flowers, and as he finds June in January, discards his overcoat, and bids good-by to his steamer, he sings,

“Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows—
This happy one,
Its race is run,
From lands of snows to lands of sun.”

Here he finds himself among orange orchards, trees the most beautiful of all fruit-bearers the year round, with their perfect form, clear, bright bark, and dense, glossy, evergreen foliage, with hundreds of thousands of bright yellow globes of fruit in season, contrasting with their deep green setting, or on each twig clusters of waxy bridal blossoms which perfume the air, filling him with intoxicating delight. Here he learns the virtues of Nonpareils and Magnum Bonums, Homossases, Mediterranean Sweets and Majorcas, Navels, Mandarins and Tangerines—the *citrus aurantium* of two hundred and fifty varieties. Here he acquires the art most difficult of arts, the art of eating an orange, for instead of ripping it open and squirting juice over everything and getting fingers soiled, and flecks of the yellow sacs bedaubed over mustache and whiskers, to enjoy the king of fruits he walks out beneath the verdant tree, chooses a medium size thin-skinned russet, pulls it hard till off it comes, leaving a hole at the stem, pares it as he would an apple, cuts it into halves crossways, and sucks from the ruptured cells nectar fit for the gods.

To this delightful region Mr. Pendleton came in March, 1886, purchased property first at DeLand, two orange groves, and then two groves at Eustis, where he built his home. The change from the rigorous winters of Bethany to this sunny clime was a

genuine benefit to his physical health, and the culture of the Florida fruits a charming occupation for both body and mind. His groves yielded generously and gave promise of increasing returns, when the cold came down from Montana, and ice formed on shallow waters as far south as the twenty-seventh parallel. Millions were lost by the freeze. Many became discouraged, sold their lands for a song, and left the State. It was a terrible set-back to the orange industry. Still, thousands of the fruit growers were brave and felt the losses could be redeemed. Once more they started to recover their fortunes. Then came the black day, December 29, 1894, the coldest since February 8, 1835, the St. Johns river being frozen over, the orange crop valued at \$4,000,000 totally destroyed, and the beautiful groves killed to the ground.

The Pendleton home at Eustis overlooks the lake and is constructed with a hexagon hall running up three stories, with a tower opening on the third floor, affording a beautiful view of the Apopka mountains, and seven or eight beautiful blue lakes and a wealth of orange groves and pine woods. On the first floor are six large rooms. The house is after Mr. Pendleton's own plan and enriched with many windows. In front is a large orange grove, and at the back a lovely lake with boat-house and boats, and fine angling, twenty bass to the hour being a fair catch for any ordinary disciple of Sir Izaak Walton. In the boat-house there are about eight feet of clear water, with a bottom of beautiful white sand, and by feeding the fish each day the family soon brought together a large collection of various

sizes and sorts, so tame that they would eat out of one's hand. It was Mr. Pendleton's delight to sit here with some one to read aloud to him, and watch the fish, turtles and even snakes that would often invade its waters. The lake was a source of unending pleasure to him, until little George Paxton Pendleton, the son of H. King Pendleton, was drowned here, and after that he lost interest in it. The death of his little grandson occurred in '93, and he writes his daughter, Miss Cammie, May 9th: "The boys have no doubt informed you, as I requested them, of the drowning of our dear little George last Saturday, the 6th instant. He and his little sisters had gone down to the lake to take their Saturday evening bath in the care of two grown people. The shore of the lake is for acres smooth and so gently inclined that it was scarcely reasonable to think there could be any danger. We thought we knew every foot of the bottom, and that it was uniformly smooth, but there was a hole about four and a half feet deep, and into this our dear boy stepped and was drowned. We recovered his body so soon that there was great hope of his restoration, and we worked for it wisely, skillfully and long, but in vain. He had scarcely entered the water till he quietly strayed off from the rest in a most unwonted way, and walked straight out and farther than we have ever known him to go, directly to this hole. My soul has been sorely perplexed over this providence, but I must think the Lord took this as the gentlest, best way to remove him—that it was the Lord's doing—and this comforts me. But still, dear child, 'I am bereaved.' I doubt not that if I open my soul to the holy angelic

influences that are provided for us in the heavenly ministry, he will be to us still a presence of blessed joy and sweetness, and draw us more to the realities of the unseen world. We have his dear body sealed up in a casket awaiting King, who is to be here tomorrow, Wednesday, night, and if he will consent, we will make a little water-tight bed for him in our yard and lay him to sleep amid the bright flowers he so particularly loved. I cannot write more this morning. Pray for us—for your poor mother, the light and the joy of whose life seems to her as yet to have utterly gone out. Lovingly your father, stricken but comforted,

“W. K. PENDLETON.”

When building the Eustis home, Mr. Pendleton said: “I want a place where the tired preachers who have to go to Florida for health or vacation, can find a haven of rest, and for the boys who may want to visit me, and my many friends.” He writes, May 27, 1891, to Miss Cammie: “Your mother is deeply interested in watching the progress of the house, her turkeys, ducks, chickens and the dogs, and is so deep in concern about this large and helpless family that she is compelled almost to forget herself. Catherine and Mary are two beautiful and sweet children, and keep us both in active sympathy with the beauty and loveliness of child life. It keeps our hearts young to have the care of them.”

At the time of his settlement at Eustis there was no church there of the Disciples of Christ. He was by no means inactive, however, in Christian work.

For several years he attended the other churches, often preaching for them. His character and ability were universally recognized, and many who had never heard of the religious people with whom he was associated, began to make inquiry concerning their teaching and practice. Some became deeply interested, and at their earnest request he baptized eight persons in the lake back of his home. In 1894 Z. T. Sweeney held a meeting there, which resulted in the organization of a church with forty members. Later, P. A. Ross, mayor of the town, united with the little band, and C. E. Powell served for a time as pastor. The church was organized in a large tent furnished by Mr. Pendleton and J. C. Jackson. They met also in a hall, and a house of worship was erected in 1894 at a cost of \$7,000, the main audience room being dedicated Easter Sunday, 1895. The center window, a beautiful work of art, has this inscription: "W. K. Pendleton, LL. D., with love from the church and his many friends."

Here he did much of the preaching. The church only part of the time could employ a pastor, and he served as elder, and for the most part as their regular minister. His preaching at this time is said to have been more effective than at any period of his ministry, and his growth and ripening in all the graces of the spirit were readily observed by those about him.

Mr. Pendleton's sermons are prepared with great care. Sometimes a few brief notes answer his purpose; usually a page of foolscap closely written; and not infrequently, on special themes, the dis-

course is written out in full. Here is one of his short skeletons:

"The Glorification of Humanity in Christ.

"I. The heathen view of man. No true personality. No future destiny. No personal glorification.

"II. The Christian view of man. By creation in the image of God. By sin fallen from his primitive estate. By the redemption of Christ restored.

"III. The different destiny."

Another one:

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God (Ps. xiv. 1 and liii. 1). These Psalms almost identical.

"I. The presumption of the assumption. One must be as God to know that there is no God. Omniscient, Omnipresent. Yet striplings of an hour. Anecdote of Coleridge.

"II. It is unreasonable in its claim of sensible demonstrations. Illustrate by the difference between effects and the powers that produce them. *Faraday* concluded that the force (electrical) which holds a single drop of water together = 800,000 charges of his most powerful Leyden Battery. The force asleep in the Cloud.

"III. Its violation of all our principles of reasoning. A cause here, but there chance. A watch, a building, a ship. A system of army movements, the *Iliad* of Homer.

"IV. It must find its origin in the heart, therefore dangerous to society."

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Here is a fuller brief on "God's Care for Us":

"1 Pet. vs. 5-9.

"It is consoling to every mind to know that some one careth for it. This arises,

"1st. From love of sympathy.

"2nd. From a sense of dependence, or weakness.

"In either case the pleasure is heightened by the dignity and authority of the source from which it arises.

"With the Christian it is God.

"But only with such as are humble. He resisteth the proud.

"Let us place ourselves in humility before him this morning, and examine for a short time these precious words, *He careth for you*. The promise at once suggests a special providence *for man* with conditions. God does not care for us exactly in the same way in which he cares for the inanimate and the mere animal creation. For these, indeed, he cares also. The sparrow, oxen, he cares for. *Young ravens* he feeds. He careth for the order of the heavens, the seasons and fruitage of the earth. But by law and instinct he has placed these out of the range of moral conditions. He does not resist any class of these, because they are subject to law.

"It is true God careth for man as for beasts. But the great concern is for the soul. The discipline and care are to fit it for future glory. If the body is preserved, it is that the soul may be saved. If we are fed, it is that we may be strong for useful work. If we are prospered with riches, it is that we may show ourselves good and faithful stewards of the

treasure committed to us. The ox eats that he may live and serve man and accomplish the end of his being in this. But man accomplishes nothing if he lives not for the glory of God. All things are for man, but man is for God.

"We could not see the philosophy of a special providence for *man*, if man were not *free*. It is this very power to break law, to reject instinct and choose a law of our own, to throw into the working of the universe a new and original power that modifies its motion, which renders the interference of God necessary. Hence the peculiar language of Scripture, in which God is said to resist the proud and to co-work with the humble.

"Let us learn, then, that God's care for us may be relied upon when in humility we are seeking to serve him, and must not be looked to with *arrogance*. He helps the man that helps himself.

"1. It must not be expected except for the purpose of saving the soul.

"2. You ask and receive not—because you ask that you may consume it upon your lusts (Jas. iv.3).

"3. That in this spirit and with our own honest co-working we may rely upon—

"To preserve our persons or lives.

"To feed and clothe us.

"To deliver us from enemies.

"To fill us with spiritual comfort.

"To raise us above the fear of death.

"To give us victory over the grave.

"To crown us with eternal life, etc."

Here is a Baccalaureate preached June 15, 1879, to the twenty-three graduates of the 38th session of the college:

“1 Tim. i. 18-20.

“I select these words of the heroic apostle as suggestive of the feelings which move me towards you to-day.

“We feel as if we were commissioning you for a high service for God and the world, and we would exhort you to ‘war a good warfare.’

“And, in the outset, let me impress upon you this high, chivalric conception of the apostle of a true man’s life. It is not a lazy, dreamy, pietistic, psalm-singing inactivity. It is a grand warfare.

“He lays hold of the imagery of worldly contests and clothes its material metaphors with the relations of a sublimer strife. He recognizes two powers—God and Christ, and Satan. These at war, and man the prize, and himself a free agent.

“This, a prominent feature in the symbolic and typical teaching of the Old Testament. God’s great men are warriors—Joshua, Gideon, David. God’s service, sublimest and most heroic, in the battlefield, striking down God’s enemies.

“This your business.

“How shall you prosecute?

“I. In faith.

“II. Good conscience.

“1. In faith.—We notice how powerless God’s heroes always feel, save in his strength.—Illustrate.

“2. In good conscience.—These go together. The heart must be with the head, and the head with

the heart. We send you forth according to the prophecies which go before you."

Here again is a practical talk on "The Necessity and Character of Christian Watchfulness":

"1 Pet. iv.7.

"*In.* Explain the term. It assumes danger. Keeps awake. Forecasts the schemes of assault.

"I. Its necessity.

"1. We are environed with evil. The world is at war with us, and we are in league with it, against our own souls. The lusts of the flesh, the eye and the pride of life. Sweet indulgence of animal pleasure. The giddy enticements of social displays of vanity. The loftier lures of ambition. Our sinful hearts are lulled to sleep, or are blinded by curious gazing, and we neglect to watch.

"2. All these forces are marshaled against us by an ever-vigilant foe. Satan goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Consider how he manages them. Ex. Job.

"Sisera sleeps, not seeing the hammer and the nail in Jael's hand. 'Hannibal is at the Gates,' was enough to wake up Rome. Firebells of a beleaguered city.

"II. Our watch must be all-sided.

"1. We must realize that dangers are within and without, and all around. How a city may be taken on its strongest side. Illustrate this false confidence by Æsop's fable of the one-eyed doe, feeding beside the ocean with her blind eye next to the water.

"2. That watchfulness against fleshly sins may

lead to neglect of spiritual dangers—the fate of the hero in Maccabees, who was killed by the fall of an elephant he had slain.

“3. It must be directed to, (a) Old sins, (b) Be-setting sins, (c) New sins.

“III. It must be unto prayer. Self-reliance is itself a sin, and self-excuse equally so. We must both watch and pray. Notice God’s method in nature. The hand of the diligent waxeth rich. God helps those who help themselves.

“The two give us peace, joyful assurance. Lord Nelson’s remark, when he had done all then he rested secure.”

A discourse on “The Way of Eternal Life” has this outline:

“The Way to Eternal Life (Matt. xix. 16-26; Mark x. 17-27; Luke xviii. 18-27).

“This is an inquiry which all men make. It comes from the idea of our immortality. It naturally leads us, in ignorance of God, to seek the means in our own doings. Hence the inquiry (universal and ancient) about the good (*to agathon*). Solomon in Ecclesiastes makes the inquiry (consider) and the conclusion, ‘fear God,’ etc. The heathen satirist Juvenal, *mens sana in sano corpore*.

“The doctrine of Christ and Solomon is one, ‘God is the Good’ and in him alone can we find it, in keeping his commandments.

“Compare this young ruler with others. Take up the decalogue and examine the audience by it.

“Do you lack anything?—yes, this. You lack God. You feel this—in your self-examination.

"You will not come to God, because there is something you will not give up."

Another on "The Great Cloud of Witnesses" (Heb. xii.).

"It is good for us to look at the lives of those who have gone before us in the world and to meditate upon their example. Looking over the past, vast clouds of conspicuous examples will come before us—some will be good—some bad. It is good to consider both.

"1st. *The Bad.*

"(a) Oppressors. 1st. As rulers. 2nd. As citizens.

"(b) Men of violence and blood. 1st. Conquerors and warriors. 2nd. Murderers.

"(c) Men of hypocrisy and guile. 1st. Seducers of the innocent. 2nd. Defrauders of orphans and the helpless.

"Consider all these grouped under the figure of a midnight assembly of furies. Their place as hell—their rage as fire—and their society as torment.

"2nd. *The Good.* 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

"(a) Public benefactors. Founders of colleges, schools, hospitals.

"(b) Preachers of righteousness, reformers, martyrs.

"(c) Men of faith—Christ the ἀρχηγός prince and finisher.

"Consider these as individuals, in groups—like Nebulæ, and in a great cloud—in their place before the throne of God. Where shall we stand?"

Usually his sermon notes have the hymns indicated and Hebrew and Greek terms carefully written out in the original form, but he seldom indulges in a criticism of the text, and his matter is of the simplest and most unpretentious character. A whole volume of these sketches could be given which would be very profitable, but our space will admit of but one more on "Union With Christ":

"Col. i. 27, 28.

"The relation which the Christian sustains to Christ is the most intimate. It is closer than any other. Father and son, mother and daughter, husband and wife, vine and branches, foundation and building, body and members.

"Described as (a) Christ in us (Eph. iii. 17 and text, Col. i. 27, 28).

"Described as (b) One being in Christ. Paul of himself (2 Cor. xii. 2 and 1 Jno. v. 20).

"1. We shall consider how we come into this relation.

"2. How it is maintained.

"3. The blessed consequences.

"4. The state of those who are not in it.

"I. We are not in it by nature, but sinful and under sin (Rom. v. 12). We are admitted into this union by favor, upon the condition of faith, repentance and baptism. By Faith (Rom. v. 1). Repentance (Acts xi. 18), unto life (2 Cor. vii. 10). Unto salvation, baptism (Gal. iii. 27, 28).

"II. We maintain the relation—

"(a) By a constant exercise of faith (Eph. iii. 16, 17, and Gal. ii. 20).

“(b) By daily repentance (Rom. viii. 13; Col. iii. 5).

“(c) By daily obedience of all ordinances and precepts—prayer, praise, study of the word of God, the worship, the fellowship, the deeds of charity, the interests of the kingdom.

“III. We are blessed in that—

“(a) We are made new creatures (2 Cor. v. 17).

“(b) We have given to us the Holy Spirit.

“(c) We are treated as righteous (2 Cor. v. 21; Phil. iii. 9).

“(d) Made free from condemnation (Rom. viii. 1).

“(e) Free from the dominion of sin (1 Jno. iii. 6). Pardoned, justified, sanctified, filled with the hope of eternal life (1 Jno. iii. 28).

“(f) We love the brethren and seek communion with them.

“Narrate briefly the result of an interview with the Baptists.

“IV. Those out of this state are without all these, and lost.”

Shortly before he died, Mr. Pendleton said that in looking over his editorial career he had one end in mind, to polish and spiritualize the Church. His preaching all through his ministry shows this in view. His sermons dealt more with practical than doctrinal themes. At Eustis his preaching was eminently spiritual. Indeed, there is something unusually pathetic and beautiful about his work here—the grace with which this distinguished teacher, college president, leader and chief speaker in great

religious convocations, took up the service of a village pastor. It was eminently worthy of him. In his modest retirement he rendered as noble service as ever in the time of his greatest prominence. Whatever he did was well and faithfully done.

An old graduate of Bethany was honored by the faculty with the valedictory of his class. He felt that valedictories were too often perfunctory performances, characterized by great sameness and little heart, and ambitious to do something out of the regular order he prepared an address which was entirely foreign to the subject, save with a word of farewell at the close, and submitted it to the faculty. A few days after, the president asked to see him in his office. "Your speech," he said, "is a very beautiful one, but hardly of the nature of a valedictory. Your friends, I fear, will be disappointed." The student was taken aback, as the sailors say, and explained why he had taken this new departure. "Yes," said the president kindly, "the ground is much worked over, but you know it is a mark of genius to touch the old spots and make them glow with new beauty. Now, these thoughts are very beautiful, but they are not suited to the occasion. Bows of red ribbon on a lady's mourning dress would be, in themselves, pretty enough, but they would be out of place. Let me advise you to rewrite this speech or prepare another. You need not submit it again to the faculty. We will trust you to do it, and give you all the time you wish for its delivery."

The young man took the pet child of his brain, the fruit of many days and nights of labor, and went

away somewhat crestfallen, and altogether amazed at the general obtuseness of the faculty, but had the good sense to follow the president's advice, and the valedictory was not a failure.

It was a great lesson. It expressed a life principle which governed the president himself from his boyhood to the close of his noble career. Day by day he did his work with a conscientious fidelity wherever he was placed. Everything that he touched he adorned. The genius that makes the old spots glow with new beauty was his, and the simple, uneventful, unheralded life among the orange groves and in the village church at Eustis was as perfect of its kind as the larger life at Bethany.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE GLOW OF AUTUMN'S WESTERING DAY

THE last days of our President were in many respects his best days. Growing old gracefully is a virtue. Our teacher he is still in a greatly-needed lesson. Because he is coming to the limit of days granted by the Psalmist, he is not dropping out of sight and indifferent to the world's ongoing. All life's activities are full of interest for him, and his presence is felt in the councils of the Church, in the affairs of his fellows, in all the concerns of the community of which he formed a part. One says of him: "He gave new life to Florida, urging the planting of shade trees, the beautifying of streets and yards, the planting of other things besides orange groves, that in the case of their failure the people might have other resources. He personally superintended all the work on six orange groves, and had others at a distance from Eustis which he visited often." Though far removed from it, he never for a moment lost interest in the college; he was always concerned for its welfare, always watchful of its policy. His whole thought and aim were the endowment of Bethany. His Florida home was purchased from the proceeds of a small investment in Kansas City, Mo., made through much difficulty and self-denial, but which had yielded handsomely, and now he said constantly to himself, "So many

trees, so many boxes to the tree, and so much a box, and all for dear old Bethany." It was his happy dream till the cruel frost came and blighted it. He owned at one time thirteen orange groves. All were swept away but six.

February 12, 1889, he writes his daughter, Miss Cammie: "My heart is with you all, and with the prosperity of Bethany, her people and the college. My interest in the town and in the citizens and the church is more than they ever knew or ever will know, but it is a satisfaction to me to feel it and to do what I can for their advancement."

In February, 1890, he writes Miss Cammie: "Give my cordial greetings to all the good workers in the college. I am most thankful for the good providence that has gathered so many noble spirits around her towers to defend and adorn them. There is nothing that I read with more pleasure than the Panhandle News, when telling of your life and work in the good old college. God bless her and make her every year better and nobler. Phil seems to have enjoyed his visit to Bethany very much. It gratifies me to see how strong a tie binds the noble sons of the college to one another. I trust the dear old halls and hills may ever be a Mecca to them, and that the annual festivities may be among the strongest attractions to bring them together in loving fellowship. Please let President McLean know that I am proud of his success, and feel that he is the right man in the right place. I salute all the Faculty most lovingly."

Again in May, 1899, he writes: "May God bless

you, and disclose to the Board some way of restoring the college in her future."

In the general movements of the brotherhood, also, Mr. Pendleton's interest during this period had in no sense abated. He attended every year the General Missionary Convention, and was always an aggressive force in its councils and labors. When stricken down, he was preparing to attend the Great Jubilee meeting of that body in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was President of the Florida State Missionary Society, and it was from exposure in attending a meeting of the State Board in '93 that the attack of la grippe was brought on, from which his friends dated the real beginning of the breaking down of his physical forces. A long and laborious journey was made by him in an open buggy with insufficient clothing for the unexpected change in temperature. From the illness that followed he never fully recovered.

Previous to this Mr. Pendleton enjoyed a robust old age. In '86 and '87, when seventy years old, during a long illness of his daughter, Mrs. Lamar, he would carry her in his arms from her bedroom upstairs to a buggy, take a long drive, and on his return carry her up the front steps and the long stairway, and lay her on the bed without apparent effort. And his step was as buoyant as a boy's. He read habitually without glasses. His ears did their work perfectly. He went to a dentist but once in his life, and his teeth were all at his service. His defect of memory toward the last grieved him much. He had himself been so ready—so entirely master of himself. He rode horseback

when nearly seventy. When he was seventy-eight he ran down the steps and to the corner, bare-headed, to assist an old man three years his junior on the street-car, helped him in and gave him his cane, and then came walking briskly back again, while his family watched him in admiration. In his spirit and his interest in the affairs of the day he never grew old.

To the last he was a student, with a mind insatiably athirst for knowledge. All his life he had been a seeker after truth, and this instinct never failed him. Within a year of his death, while visiting his son, Phil, in Cincinnati, he complained that the electric lights were turned off at half-past three in the morning, the time he most needed them to see the pages he was reading. His sleep had been over long before that hour. His daughter, Mrs. Lamar, says: "I recall a visit I made to Florida just after the X-ray had been discovered. Only rumors had reached me, and in Florida they had heard nothing. Most of those to whom I told the rumor pooh-pooched it. There was nothing in it—there could be nothing. Not so, father. His mind took possession of it. He believed it and questioned me for every detail, trying to work up an hypothesis that would explain the process. He was fond of quoting a saying of Mr. Campbell that the time to learn is 'when the mind inquires.'

"Since my earliest childhood, if I ever went to him with a question on any subject, he first gave me the fullest, clearest answer his knowledge afforded—usually a great deal more than I in my impatience had time to take in. Then he would be-

gin to look it up. For days after possibly, if there was enough in it to investigate, he would call me into the library to tell me what more he had learned on the subject; perhaps to correct a careless statement that he had made at first. Each time I would be sure we had got to the bottom of it, but in the lowest deep a lower deep would open, and he never left it till he knew all there was to be learned. And this method did not apply only to books. I used often to ride with him through the country. If we met a laboring man, or inquired our way of a fellow-traveler—if we stopped at a house for a glass of water, he would begin to talk to the person we met, asking questions, polite and interested, and before we left, if there was anything about the man or his work or his family or his farm that father did not know, it was because his interlocutor did not know it himself. I used to lean back in the buggy and wonder what interest it had for him. And all this took the form, not of indiscriminate information, but of accurate knowledge. There are men with a memory, like a Mississippi pilot, whose minds are filled with heterogeneous facts that they have heard and ‘can’t forget.’ Everything in my father’s mind was pigeon-holed in its appropriate nook ready for use at any moment.

“I recall my despair when I came home from a journey, long or short, and attempted to describe anything I had seen or done. Perhaps I had anticipated the catechism I would undergo, and had armed myself, as I supposed, at every point. In ten minutes father would bring out the fact that

I did not know what I was talking about. I had overlooked this or that detail that I saw too late was necessary to fully understand the situation!"

Mr. Pendleton seldom alludes to his age. In November, 1890, he visits Mount Eagle, and describes the magnificent scenery in the Cumberland mountains, and a walk with his friend Judge Lea. "We had a long stroll through the forest of chestnut trees, and along the verge of precipices that overhang the fertile valley which lies spread out below, in all the picturesque beauty of its streams and fields and homes, far as the eye can reach. We were two thousand feet above the level of the sea, yet above us the immeasurable dome of the sky rose in its calm majesty, in undiminished height of distance and depth of mystery. Autumn was out in its ripeness and gorgeous robes of thanksgiving, and we two old friends and old men—just a year's difference in our ages—in this wilderness of sublimity and beauty, stood with uncovered heads while the noble-hearted old judge repeated Longfellow's Autumn with a feeling that gave to its beautiful rhythm the added charm of music. He told me that he taught it to his boys when they were children, and now that his Luke is gone from him he never recalls it without tears."

Perhaps in his longing to have his dear ones about him may be seen as in no other way his growing consciousness of the westering days. Every summer found him going north to the old Bethany home to escape the heat of Florida suns. He writes Miss Cammie, December 11, 1895, "I cannot tell you how vividly and gratefully the days I spent

with you last summer live in my life. My thoughts are so often with you in your sweet loving home—such as *you made* it to me. This, and your bright visit to us last Christmas, are among the idyls we cherish. Your mother and I often recite them, after the 'In Memoriam' style of varied melodies, with a continuous undertone of the same sweet thought linking all into unity—the thought of your happy spirit and hopeful, useful life. Christmas is almost here again. Would you were coming with it to make it bright to us! We cannot now promise ourselves the pleasure of any of our children with us, but we will call you up in our hearts and give you the compliments of the season and the loving prayers we breathe for your welfare."

His sunny, hopeful nature and radiant faith would never suffer even a momentary shadow to dim the future. Speaking of a dear friend who was so great a sufferer that she longed to be relieved by the only way of escape, he says, "It seems a dark way when contemplated in the clear light of health and physical vigor, but is ever bright, I think, as our vision of the glory that lies beyond is cleared by the steadfast gaze that long and wearisome application induces. Peace be with her heart through all."

The disastrous freeze came in the winter of '94 and '95. There were two cold waves, one December 28, and the other in the early part of February. In the first only the fruit was destroyed and the tenderest small shoots of the branches, but the total loss of the year's crop meant to a large majority of the whole population simply ruin, for their groves in many instances were mortgaged, and in

others the owners had put their all into the costly fertilizers that were then supposed to be the only means of insuring the crop, and saw no outlook for the coming year. In addition, the loss of the citrus fruits at that time meant no work for the pickers and packers; it even touched the railroads. Cheerfulness was one of the most fundamental of Mr. Pendleton's elements of character. It was not a reckless throwing off of anxieties in a determination not to think about them, because it would be so much pleasanter to forget them, but it sprang from his abiding faith in the eternal goodness of God. This disaster meant to him an almost crushing blow. For some years before, both by the impossibility of collecting interest on investments and the necessity of outlay to preserve his groves from deterioration, he had been severely crippled, and he had seemed just a few hours before the frost on the point of relief from a crop just ready for shipment. This freeze was in the latter part of Friday night. In a few hours the destruction of fruit was total. On Saturday there were calls at the house all day, and one could readily note that the community had already learned his disposition in any time of trouble to turn the thoughts to reasonable grounds for hopefulness. They came to him for comfort. He was under great physical depression. He was still feeble from the illness of the year before. He might well have felt utterly discouraged, but he spoke only words of cheer.

It was still so cold on Sunday morning that the family thought he ought not to venture to go to church. In the upper hall where the little congre-

gation met there were poor means of heating. Mrs. Pendleton had driven in to Sunday-school with King's little girls, and intended to remain for the church service, and Miss Cammie, who was visiting the Eustis home, remained to keep her father company. Later in the morning, however, the sun came out, the day promised better than at first, and they went out for a few minutes in the yard. He looked up at the blue sky and said, "I believe I will go to church. I hate to be away from the people to-day; they are in so much trouble." Miss Cammie ran for her hat and wrap, and he put on his overcoat, and they walked in, a mile and a half, getting to the church just in time. The little congregation had no regular pastor, so that he was in the habit of preaching whenever occasion required. The sermon to-day was short, but nothing stronger in its faith or tenderer in its comfort could be spoken; no hand less than the loving Christ's touched more soothingly on bleeding hearts. It was a ruined little community. The people as they spoke to each other after the service tried to be brave and smile, but were heard here and there saying to each other it was so good that he could be with them that morning.

One said of him, "When he awoke to the realization of the fact that he had lost many thousand dollars—the greater part of his property, in fact, by the freeze, he never seemed more happy and cheerful. He showed that he possessed that peace which passeth understanding. He knew how to abound and how to be abased."

He is in Pittsburg the following summer, and they

wanted him at Cuckoo, but he writes: "Birdie is at Cuckoo, and is all out of spirits that she has not persuaded me to join her there. She draws lovely pictures to allure me, but they were not needed. I should have been too glad to go. But you cannot tell how strangely I am drawn homeward. All are so dreary there in the great desolation that has impoverished so many homes and filled so many hearts with almost hopeless despair."

Ready, cheerful submission to the will of God was one of Mr. Pendleton's chief characteristics. A serene and abiding confidence in God's goodness and love led him to cultivate a boundless charity for the weakness of others, and nothing is more marked than his faith in men. This was one of his strong points as an educator. No one thing was said often-er of him by old students who came back to the college in after years than "He had faith in me. He saw the best in me, and encouraged me to think the best of myself, and aim at the noblest possible to myself." When he himself was wronged, even by wilful misrepresentation, he forgave deliberately, not in weakness but in strength. "If I had a grudge against one," he said in the pulpit on one occasion, "and wanted to make his life as miserable for himself and as unfruitful for good for others as possible, I should not know a better way than to fill his mind with low opinions and the irritation of perpetual resentments respecting others."

This simple faith in God and men made him thoroughly appreciative of every kindness. In his friends he was happy, and in glad assurance that under God he had been able to do good to others he

found his rich reward. In September, 1898, he is on a short visit to Dwight at Winchester, Ky., and writes: "Kentucky friends have simply overwhelmed us with affectionate kindness. So many grey haired fathers—students of long ago—expressed their thanks for all that has been noble in their life to our influence upon the college days. It is a gratifying return for the labors of long ago." "Take a sunny, hopeful view of things and work with and in faith," is his closing word when the troubles of the college are most grievous and depressing.

Mr. Pendleton always returned to Bethany in June in time for the trustees' meeting and the commencement of the college. The old home was kept furnished, and he came with Mrs. Pendleton, and the children and grandchildren came together for more or less time. Friends also came. There was a household of fifteen or twenty, or more, and he enjoyed the little folks and all and everything. The summer of '89 was the last one at the old home. For a short time all the family were together, except Mr. Lamar, he being at the time in the Georgia Legislature, which was in a summer session. In September of that year, Pendleton Heights having passed into the hands of the college, Prof. Tribble and family occupied it. Mr. Pendleton had reserved two acres for Miss Cammie, and that summer the foundations of her cottage were begun under his supervision. Here he afterward made his summer home.

Between Bethany and Eustis Mr. Pendleton grew old peacefully, happily and usefully. Cicero wrote his *De Senectute* at sixty-three. Mr. Pendleton ex-

perienced a score more of years in this calm, reflective, and holy period of human life, and could better tell the story. "Now the harvest of old age, as I have often said," writes Cicero, "is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured." This Mr. Pendleton understood, but he had more—the activities of life were still his, and the unfailing promise of a life to come. "It is not in the nature of the soul to grow old," says Dr. Holland. "It may grow in height and depth and breadth and power, but the passage of years can bring it no decay. Many an old man's and woman's face have I seen luminous with fires of youth outshining from the soul." People who stay away from old settlers' and old saints' meetings, and keep in touch on the one hand with young men and maidens and little children, and on the other with the angels of God, have discovered the fountain of eternal youth. Psa. xxxiv. 12-14 gives us the elixir of life. Much is said about the dead line in the ministry. "Shall the old minister be shot?" is a question seriously debated. Every man makes his own dead line. The preacher whose head is hoary with years can be a blessing or a burden as he wills. John Wesley preached an average of fifteen sermons a week. Instead of breaking down under it, when seventy-three years old, he writes that he is far abler to preach than when three and twenty. His brow was then smooth, his complexion ruddy, and his voice strong and clear, so that an audience of thirty thousand could hear him without difficulty. This vigor he ascribed to continued travel, early rising, good sleep and an even temper. "I feel and grieve, but by

the grace of God I fret at nothing." When exceedingly old and infirm, and attended, almost supported, in the pulpit by a young minister on either side, he preached in chapels crowded to suffocation, and quoted with an application of his own the lines of Anacreon:

"Oft am I by woman told,
Poor Anacreon! Thou grow'st old:
See, thine hairs are falling all:
Poor Anacreon! How they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By these signs I do not know;
But this I need not to be told
'Tis time *to live* if I grow old!"

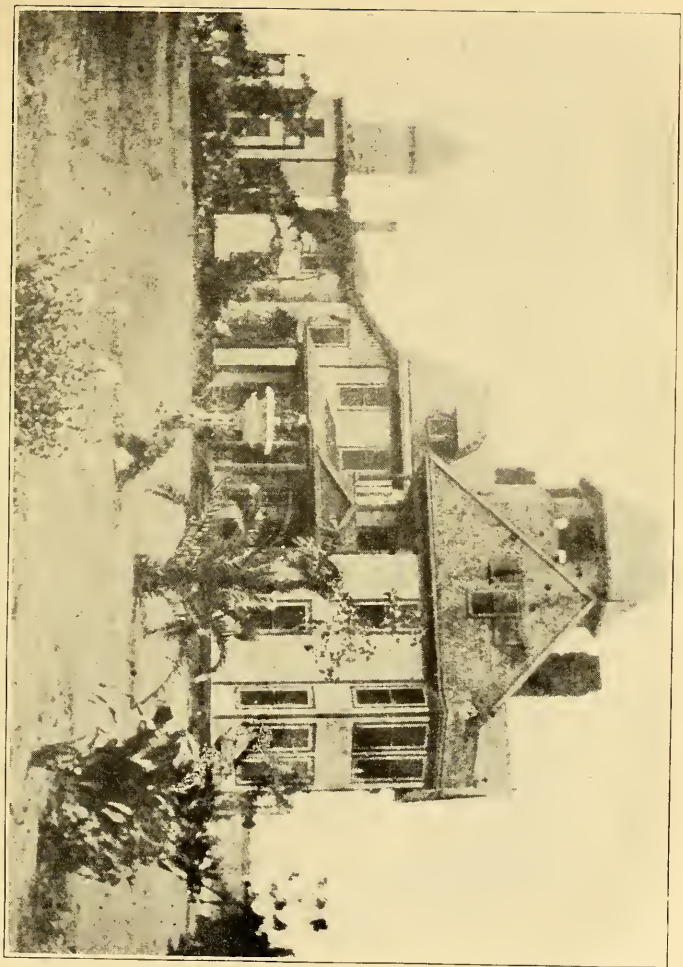
All men and women make an idol of youth. It is time the world recognized its debt to age. How does Moses stand at eighty in Israel? What is the power of Paul the aged, the beauty of John under his crown of ninety years? What splendid forces are at work in what men are pleased to call "the decline of life" in Chaucer and John Milton and Sir Walter Scott, in Dryden, and Sir Christopher Wren and Benjamin Franklin! What an inspiring example in Socrates learning to play on musical instruments in old age; in Cato at eighty studying Greek; in Dr. Johnson in one morning of his advanced life amusing himself committing to memory eight hundred lines of Virgil; in Chatham at seventy thrilling the house with his singularly eloquent, bold, ardent, and animated utterances; in Adam Smith reviewing his Sophocles and Euripides when an octogenarian; in Michael Angelo in extreme old age representing an old man in a go-cart with an hour-glass and the inscription, *Ancora imparo*—"Yet I am learning";

in Fontenelle at ninety-nine continuing his literary pursuits, of whom it is beautifully said, "Fontenelle, like our neighboring thorn, blossoms in the winter of his days"; and who, when an old lady of ninety said one day to him, "Death appears to have forgotten us," put his finger on his lips and whispered hastily, "Hush!" Where is there a sublimer figure in modern times than "the grand old man," William E. Gladstone; and where a loftier conception than we have unfolded in that most Shakespearean of Shakespeare's dramas, that perfect fruit of the poet's maturest genius, that high lesson in the morals of the heart, King Lear? And when the hoary head is found in the way of righteousness how striking then the old law written for Israel in the wilderness: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord."

Sailors on a voyage will drink "Friends Astern" till half way over, then "Friends Ahead." With Mr. Pendleton for a long time it was "Friends Ahead." "The good mariner," says Dante, "when he draws near the port furls his sails and enters it softly. So ought we to lower the sails of our worldly operations and turn to God with all our heart and understanding." As our President grew in years he grew in spiritual mindedness, in trustfulness, in gentleness and loving kindness, in a divine optimism, in largeness and clearness of vision, in all the graces of the spirit of God.

In these closing days his daughter, Mrs. Lamar, wrote to him in reference to the preparation of some history of his life. He replies: "I thank you for

your interest in 'some autobiographic notes.' Somehow when this matter is suggested to me, I ask myself, who will care about them? And my vanity weakens a little at the presumption that is implied in such obtrusion. The subjective in me shrinks from a promiscuous audience. Still, I feel that it would be welcome to you and in your skillful hands might be made readable to others, and I will take it under consideration." It is a matter of profound regret that the "notes" were never written.



THE FLORIDA HOME.

CHAPTER XXXVII

COMMENCEMENT

WE have gotten well away from the original meaning of this word. Commencement day was the day when the student received his bachelor degree and commenced the higher studies to which it advanced him. Now it marks the closing exercises of any school. There may be no degrees nor diplomas conferred, it may in no sense signalize the entrance upon fuller courses of study; it is simply the end of the school or college year. So a bachelor was one who had taken his first university degree in any of the faculties, and in the medieval university the term was applied to the apprentice for the degree of Master of Law, Theology or Medicine. To-day, the *Baccalaureus* is a graduate who, in most cases, instead of commencing, has finished his course, and commencement day to him is not the starting-point of the larger learning of the university, but of the active business of life.

Our President is about to be advanced to the higher learning of the life everlasting, the courses of the celestial university for which he had so nobly fitted himself, the degree of Magister. The long earthly apprenticeship is closing. He is approaching the true commencement. Death is, after all, the Christian's vacation. School is out. We go home. An old schoolmaster, who had gone in and out before successive little flocks in the same place

for upwards of thirty years, when the film of death was gathering over his eyes, which were soon to open in the presence of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, said: "It is getting dark—the boys may go out—school's dismissed."

A child, telling the Bible story of Enoch, said: "Enoch used to take long walks with God, and one day they went a long way, and God said, 'Enoch, you are far from home, and you had better go in with me,' and he went in with him." So simple was the home-going of the subject of these chronicles; such was his intimacy with God. Three verses of Scripture greatly comforted him in these closing days. He sent them to his lifelong friend, John B. Cary, in his last hours: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation" (Psa. xci. 14-16).

C. R. Pattison, his brother elder in the church, the last time he saw him, called at his home, and during the conversation mentioned a text that was specially impressed upon his mind and heart: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." "Paul," said Mr. Pendleton, "could eminently say that—can you and I? True, like Paul,

we are standing on the brink; we have had a varied experience, but not in the sense of the deep experience and exultation of the great apostle." He was so full of the subject that, as he often did, he accompanied his friend to the gate, continuing to unfold the life, toils and triumphs of one who is wearing the crown of righteousness.

In 1899 his increased feebleness was evident to all. During the spring of the year he preached regularly for the church in Eustis. One Lord's day he had just delivered a beautiful sermon on the Master's word, "Take my yoke and learn of me," and was attending to the communion service. He had passed the bread, and laid his hand upon the wine, ready to pour it, when his son, Kent, who was acting as deacon, saw his hand tremble, and arose and went to him just in time to take him in his arms. He and A. P. Ross bore him in their arms to the pastor's study and laid him down, and in a few moments, by the use of digitalis and ammonia, he was restored. He was to marry a couple as soon as the church service concluded. The bridal party sent word to ask if he would be able to attend to it, and he did so in less than an hour, and then was taken home, followed by many friends. He was advised not to speak again, and did not, except to address the students briefly and to deliver the diplomas at the Bethany commencement, which was his last public utterance.

During these last days at Eustis he spoke often of attending the Jubilee Convention of the Disciples at Cincinnati, but feared his wife would not be able to go with him. Whenever he saw her busy doing

anything, he would say, "Don't overdo yourself. Remember I want to have you to lean upon at the convention." He was told he had his boys. "Yes," he said, "that might do."

In June, 1899, Mr. Pendleton made his last journey to the scene of his great labors and achievements. Mrs. Pendleton was unable to accompany him by reason of the illness of Kent's wife, but he always liked to feel his independence, and hesitated not to undertake the trip alone. To relieve the tedium of the travel and insure in a measure his safety, at each station that he stopped some one of his friends was written to and asked to meet him. When told of it, he said playfully, "Why don't you set a police force on my track?" And when he reached Bethany he wrote: "The police force was the best of many best things I have ever enjoyed. I do not know what I would have done but for their loving care. I can never forget the kindness that has been showered upon me by the police force."

Washington was one of his stopping-places. Friends met him at the midnight train and tenderly cared for him. He was walking with a cane, and leaned heavily on the arm that was offered him. To those who knew him in his prime he seemed but the shadow of himself. There was the old light in the eyes, and the beautiful voice that never failed, but the earthly house was fast dissolving. They put him to rest, but could not themselves sleep, fearing he would not survive the hot summer night, he was so feeble. The next morning he was refreshed, and they sent him forward on his journey, but said, "He is going home to Bethany to die."

When he reached the old place on Friday evening he was fearfully exhausted, but he slept well, and the next day seemed much stronger. The sight of the hills revived him, the flood of sweet memories quickened his spirit. In the history of the memorable retreat of the 10,000 Greeks under Xenophon, it is said that when they reached Mount Theches, from whence they descried in the distance the tremulously bright blue of the waters that were to bear them home, in raptures of joy they instantly shouted, "Thalassa! Thalassa!"—"The sea! The sea! There was one enthusiastic rush, one simultaneous cry; they embraced each other, and wept, and in a moment the pang of discomfiture and the toilsome march of five or six hundred leagues were forgotten and repaid. When Sir Walter Scott returned from Italy, in sickness and mental affliction, and was approaching his old home in Selkirkshire, the old familiar landmarks seemed to recall him to his wonted animation. "That is Gala water—yonder are the Eildon hills!" was his joyous exclamation. When at last Abbotsford appeared in sight, he became so excited that he desired to be raised up in the carriage that he might look upon his beautiful home. Yes, and Scott was going home to die. Our President was going home to live!

On Sunday he attended the baccalaureate services, and on Monday morning, the last chapel service of the session, he went down to the college and made a short address to the students, standing erect and speaking in a clear, strong voice, as of old, and on Thursday he delivered the diplomas to the graduating class, each with a benediction, "The Lord and

his Christ be with you!" That patriarchal figure and fatherly blessing could never be forgotten. He was given strength for this last participation in the work that he had so long loved and shared. Before the exercises closed he was very weary. There was never a time afterward when it would have seemed possible to him to endure so much exertion and excitement.

Mr. Pendleton understood his condition perfectly, and explained it to his daughter, Miss Cammie,—the weak, uncertain action of the heart affecting all the circulation—as quietly as a physician, speaking of another person, could have done; but his hopeful nature allowed him to believe that he might get temporarily better. He greatly desired to be present at the Jubilee Convention in October. Although he grew steadily weaker, he had many better days, and he was almost always cheerful. The swelling in his feet and ankles made it difficult and exhausting to stand or walk. As he said, his feet were "in fetters." Sometimes he spoke with a pathetic wistfulness, but never a complaint, of how he wished he might walk about. Often he expressed his thankfulness that he possessed his mental faculties in clearness, that he could see and hear, and that he had no acute pain. Until the last three weeks he always dressed and came down to an early breakfast, remaining downstairs, but resting much of the time on a couch in the library until after supper. But this became more and more exhausting, and after August 12th he remained in bed. Toward the close he suffered much from weakness, from the weariness of having to lie always in the same position, and

from a parched mouth. It was the fear of those about him that at the last he might suffer from suffocation, for the tired heart beat ever more rapidly, intermittently and falteringly. But this was spared him.

He called all his children to his bedside and said, "I wanted just to look at you." It had been a fearfully hot day, and ended in a wild storm. He was always influenced by atmospheric changes, and his spirit passed gently away at the very beginning of this storm. About his bedside at the close were his son William, Mrs. Pendleton, Mrs. Lamar, Dwight and Miss Cammie. He had spoken a moment before, when he fell asleep as gently as an infant lying in its mother's arms. An upward glance, a soft, satisfied sigh, and the pulse was still.

"As sweetly as a child, which neither
Thought disturbs nor care encumbers;
Tired with long play, at close of summer's day
Lies down and slumbers."

It was so fitting that he spent this summer at Bethany, and he felt so restfully the blessedness of the peaceful, quiet vacation days; the constant thought for him of old friends; the repose for eye and nerve of the leaves and grass, and the cool airs—all the familiar scenes of his active years of labor and of hope. He was not old. His mind was clear to the last; his heart full of love for God and man; his soul in perfect peace.

September 3rd was a lovely sunny day, bright as the President's own hopeful nature, that was kept so to the last by his constant, all-illuminating faith in the eternal goodness of God. All the family were

there, save Kent, too far away in Florida to come. There was a great concourse of people. A. McLean spoke the last words over the beloved form, and they were like apples of gold in pictures of silver. To the hillside where the dust of Campbell and Richardson and others of his co-laborers had been gathered, his body was borne and laid away in the hope of the resurrection. The word of Job was realized, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

The death of Mr. Pendleton caused widespread sorrow. He had impressed himself upon thousands, and his friends were bound to him by hooks of steel. Special memorial services were held in Eustis and tenderest words spoken by the representative men of all the churches. All classes shared in the grief. In one of the town papers, this tribute appeared among others:

"As a representative of my race, permit me to speak of the late Dr. W. K. Pendleton. The intelligence of the death of this worthy man was indeed sad news to all the colored people of Eustis and this vicinity. They know they have lost a true friend—one who had proven so in time of need. I knew him personally, having been employed at different times in his family, during a number of years. As a Christian I never knew a man more worthy the name.

"He was always ready and willing to give advice and instruction to those who asked it, and no one ever went to Dr. Pendleton for such assistance and was denied, or failed to profit if his instructions were followed. He was a true and tried friend of

the colored people, and his acts of kindness will never be forgotten. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all of Eustis' colored people."

Most of all in the great brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ was this loss felt. But as we adjusted ourselves to a world without Campbell, without Garfield and without Errett, so must we to a world without Pendleton. Others must take up the work where they left it. Our President's influence and spirit abide in the characters and lives of the multitude made better because he lived. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth"—that is, from the very moment of death—"yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

"I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form or face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him can fright my faith.

"Eternal process moving on
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

"Nor blame I Death because he bear
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.

"For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart:
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

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Of Mr. Pendleton's family, a word in closing. Mrs. Pendleton resides at Eustis, giving herself unreservedly to good works. Living not to be ministered unto, but to minister to her numerous friends, her children and grandchildren, and to the little church where her revered husband did his last work, her life is a busy and happy one.

Alexandria Campbellina Pendleton, named for the great reformer, her grandfather, and better known and universally beloved as "Miss Cammie," is Professor of Modern Languages in the college. To the institution into which her father put his life, and the usefulness of which she prizes as he prized it, her services have been invaluable. To the writer, in preparing this volume, while all have been helpful, her assistance has been indispensable.

William Campbell Pendleton has his home in Warren, Ohio. He married Helen Austin, daughter of Harmon Austin, and is a manufacturer, ranks as a man of scrupulous integrity, and a public spirited citizen.

Clarinda Pendleton Lamar, remembered so well as "Birdie Pendleton," is the wife of Joseph R. Lamar, a gifted and prominent lawyer of Augusta, Ga. She is a leader in society and in the church, a devoted wife and mother, a faithful Sunday-school teacher, a brilliant writer in the magazines of sketches of Southern life, a noble, symmetrical and cultured woman.

Huntington King Pendleton is pastor of the Christian Church, Tacoma, Washington. He is a preacher of energy and enthusiasm, endowed with fine social qualities and business gifts, and has a flour-

ishing congregation. When a boy he was baptized by the writer of this history at the old Gilboa Church, and has proven himself, like his father, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

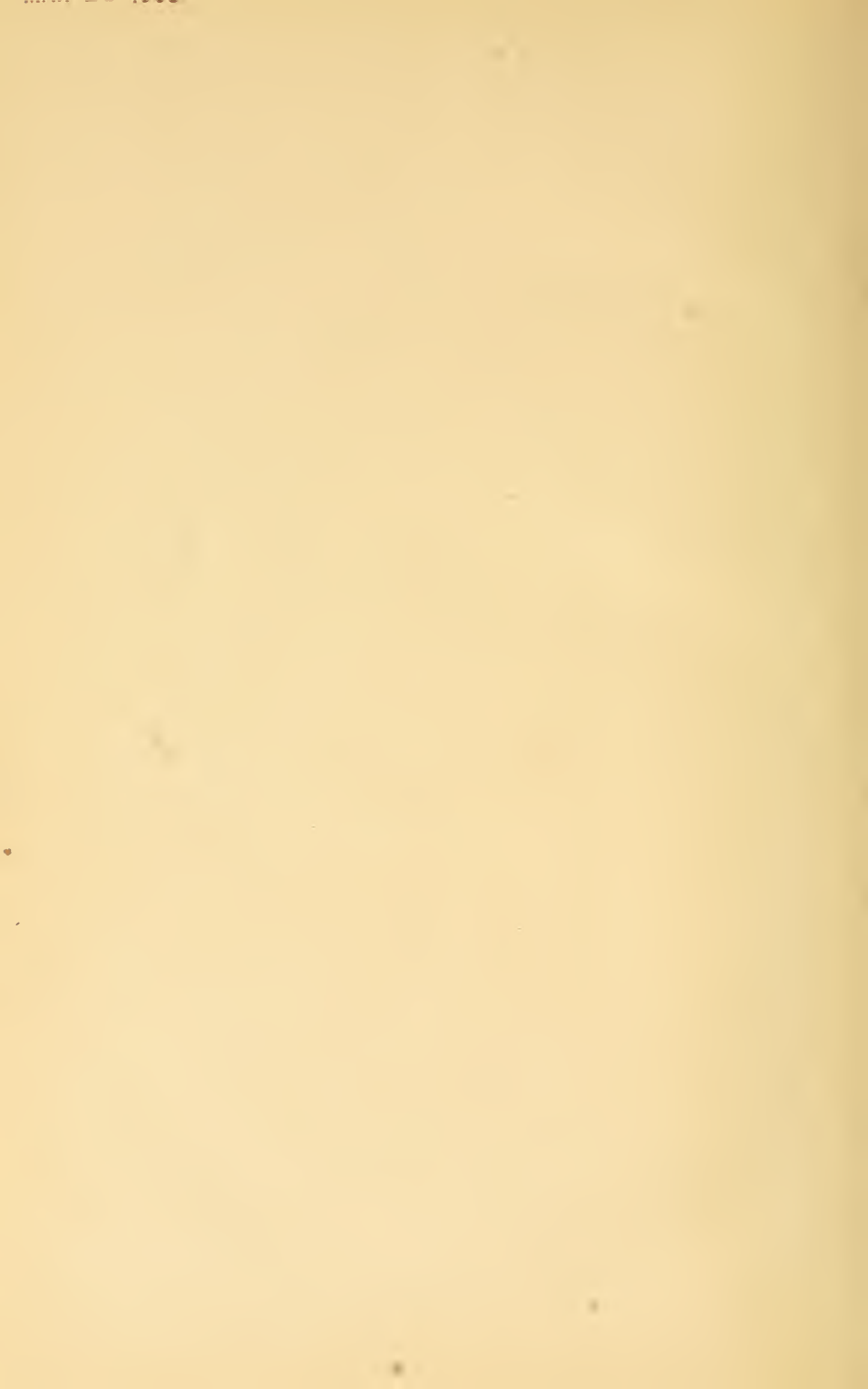
Philip Yancey Pendleton lives at Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio. He is also a preacher, and has charge of the Christian Church on Walnut Hills. For many years he has worked on the Christian Standard, and prepared their Sunday-school Commentary. Possessed of a fine literary mind, he has a special turn for journalism, but is always an acceptable preacher and naturally loves to preach, and those who hear him speak specially of the spirituality and helpfulness of his sermons.

Winston Kent Pendleton is pastor of the church at Mount Vernon, Ohio. He has been preaching only a few years, but is rendering most acceptable service. He has a talent for mechanical invention, and his powers of observation are unusual. Warmly enthusiastic for the growth of his church work, he is diligent and painstaking, and his influence for good is growing daily.

Dwight Lyman Pendleton is the lawyer of the family, and practices his profession at Winchester, Ky. He is a successful business man, and a deacon of the church, and is actively interested in its work on all lines, especially temperance and good citizenship. He is a noble type of young manhood.

The college since Mr. Pendleton's retirement has had varied and often trying experiences. W. H. Woolery, A. McLean, J. W. Kersey, B. C. Hagerman and T. E. Cramblett have successively served in the high office of president. President Cramblett

is now its head, and under his administration there has been a notable revival of interest in the institution, and in both the attendance of students and the increase of its permanent funds there is rich promise of better things. The sixty-first commencement in June, 1902, was one of the happiest and most helpful of many years. Bethany's work in the past has been a great and noble one—for the future there are even greater possibilities. *Sicut Patribus Sit Deus Nobis.*



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