



*James Woodruff*

# DR. JAMES WOODROW

AS SEEN BY HIS FRIENDS.

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## CHARACTER SKETCHES

BY

HIS FORMER PUPILS, COLLEAGUES, AND ASSOCIATES.

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COLLECTED AND EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MARION W. WOODROW.

PART I.

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## Some Reminiscences, by the Rev. Dr. Eugene Daniel. . . . . 86

Dr. Daniel was born near Livingston, Ala., in 1849, the family removing to Raymond, Miss., during his infancy. He graduated at Columbia Theological Seminary in 1871; married Miss Susannah T. Witherspoon, of Camden, S. C., the same year; was licensed by Harmony Presbytery, ordained by Ouachita Presbytery, and was installed pastor of the church at Camden, Ark., in 1871; became pastor of the First church in Memphis, Tenn., in 1875, remaining there nearly eighteen years, passing through the yellow fever epidemics of 1878 and 1879, having the fever himself; was pastor of the First church in Raleigh, N. C., for ten years, and has been pastor of the church at Lewisburg, W. Va., for nearly seven years; delivered an address, alternate for Dr. Palmer, before the General Assembly at Charlotte, N. C., on the 250th anniversary of the Westminster Assembly; delivered the address at the Memorial service of Dr. B. M. Palmer in the First church in New Orleans; received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Southwestern Presbyterian University.

## Some Impressions, by the Rev. Dr. C. R. Hemphill. . . . . 112

Dr. Hemphill was born in Chester, S. C., April 18, 1852; attended the University of South Carolina and that of Virginia, 1868-1871; graduated at Columbia Theological Seminary in 1874; was tutor in Hebrew in Columbia Seminary 1874-1878; married Miss Emma Louise Muller, of Columbia, in 1875; was Fellow in Greek at Johns Hopkins University, 1878 and 1879; professor of Ancient Languages in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, 1879 to 1882; professor in Columbia Seminary, 1882 to 1885; pastor of the Second church in Louisville, Ky., 1885 to 1899; one of the founders of, and professor in, the Louisville Theological Seminary from 1893 to its consolidation in 1901 with the Danville Theological Seminary, the consolidated institution being the Kentucky Presbyterian Theological Seminary, in which Dr. Hemphill has been professor of New Testament Exegesis and Practical Theology from 1901 to the present time. He received the honorary degree of D. D. from Central University and Davidson College, and that of LL. D. from Hanover College and Westminster College. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1895, and of the Synod of Kentucky at its centennial meeting in 1902.

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Dr. Morris was born in Abbeville, S. C.; graduated at Erskine College, and at Columbia Theological Seminary; was licensed and ordained by South Carolina Presbytery; was pastor of

## Some Reminiscences.

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BY THE REV. DR. EUGÈNE DANIEL.

The request that I commit to writing the impressions of Dr. Woodrow made upon me by my personal acquaintance and association with him will make it necessary that I should write in an informal way, almost as if I were talking to a friend about a friend. What I shall say will be in the form of narrative of my personal recollections, with no studied effort to avoid the use of the pronoun of the first person; an effort often more indicative of egotism than would be the usual and natural mode of expression.

I hope, also, that it will be understood that in what I am now committing to paper I am simply giving recollections and present impressions. It may be that, here and there, my memory could be convicted of fault and my impression could be shown to be erroneous. I am not going back to original documents, to prove things as I go along; nor am I claiming any infallible faculty by which I can guarantee that the picture drawn upon my mind is of exact likeness to the original. I am simply to give the picture; and the reader is to take it for the more or less that it may be worth.

I am invited to write "freely and fully." This suits me precisely. I shall go a long way backward and try to place the reader where I stood when my acquaintance with Dr. Woodrow began: from that point I shall try to signalise the more important events which threw us into personal relationship, at times, through a period of thirty-five years.

In Southern Mississippi, between Jackson and Vicksburg, is a dear little town called Raymond. It is the county-seat of Hinds County. It had no railroad until long after the war. The road connecting Meridian and Vicksburg was a few miles away, on one side of it, and the Illinois Central, running down through Jackson to New Orleans, was on the other.

About the first of September, 1866, early in the morning, while it was yet dark, two persons got into an old-fashioned hack at the home of the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Raymond, to go over to Terrell, a station on the Illinois Central.

One of these two was a young man of a calm, serene face, who had been a soldier in the Confederate army, had engaged in teaching some months after the war, and had then applied himself heroically to study in the Raymond Academy, in order that he might enter college. The other was a boy, about sixteen, many years the junior of the man; as yet in a "round-about" coat. I was the boy and the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Raymond was my father. My companion was John J. Read. We had just finished our academic studies under that eminent educator in Southern Mississippi, Professor D. W. C. Tillotson. We were bound for Oakland College, to enter it as candidates for the Gospel ministry. Can I ever forget that morning's sunrise as we beheld it from the eminence of the famous "Cooper's Wells," about four miles from Raymond! I was homesick already!

But the hack rattled along. We got to Terrell in time to catch the southbound train. A few stations were passed, and soon we were at Hazlehurst and in the home of my father's warm friend and ministerial co-worker, Rev. C. W. Trawick, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and afterwards pastor of the Canal Street Presbyterian church, New Orleans; pastor and martyr, for he died at his post, a victim of yellow fever.

We were at Hazlehurst, but how were we to get any farther? It was forty miles to Port Gibson, and thence eighteen miles to Oakland. And there was no railroad.

I never see the names of the "Hardies" in the advertising columns of the *Southwestern Presbyterian* without thinking of the great kindness of the member—probably the head—of that family, who sped us along our way, in his comfortable spring-wagon, behind a pair of handsome mules. Hot and dusty was the long day's travel. But at night we had sweet rest in the home of Dr. Robert Rice, so long pastor of the church at Port Gibson, and so eminent in service at the Southwestern Presbyterian University. The next day, at noon, we drove into the campus at Oakland College. My impression is that we saw a young man of smooth, refined face and quiet manner, almost the only person walking on the nearly deserted grounds. We afterwards had a very intimate and delightful acquaintance with this high-bred gentleman. We obtained it in the Latin

class. The individual proved to be Professor George L. Petrie, now, and for more than a quarter of a century past, the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian church at Charlottesville, Va.

Oakland College, famous before the war, was in a mighty struggle for resurrection and life. For two years the unequal conflict went on against poverty and the awful misrule of the dark days of Reconstruction. But doom was at hand. The Church institution could not live without money. At the end of our second session, the doors were closed. The Presbytery of Mississippi advised us to go forthwith to the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. And Oakland College, under radical rule, became "Alcorn University" for negroes.

Read and I had been room-mates for two years. He was a good balance-wheel for me, and I suppose my father knew that when he sent us off together. We loved each other and resolved to be room-mates in the Seminary.

This minute, memory carries me back to our arriving at the Charleston Depot in Columbia. How well I recall the economy, in those times, with which we drove the bargain with the old negro man who was to take us and our little baggage from the station to the Seminary, and our amused amazement that he knew nothing about "two-bits" and "four-bits," words in such general use in our State.

We were eager to be at the Seminary "in time." We were a week ahead of time. And for this, I think I was to blame. What boy of nineteen does not love change and adventure? I prodded up my companion, and we found the dear old Seminary as lonely as its mournful pines sounded. But blessed, sainted Dr. Howe found us out, and for days made us at home in his house and at his table. He had not then begun the session's work, and he seemed to enjoy sitting with us and telling us about Columbia and Seminary life. How far up above us he seemed to be! And how utterly he came right down to us! What verdant, foolish questions the boy of nineteen asked; and how Dr. Howe's little blush as he answered so sweetly was almost as if he had imputed the boy's ignorance to himself. Will the reader believe it? When Dr. Howe in conversation mentioned Dr. Thornwell, I actually perked up and asked him, "And who was Dr. Thornwell?" You see,

having been reared in Mississippi, I thought the only man was Dr. B. M. Palmer. That I can tell this now is superlative evidence of the irrepressible garrulousness of coming age.

It was during this week of waiting that I attended, for the first time, the prayer-meeting of the Columbia church. Dr. Howe conducted it. We met in one of the rooms of the middle building of the Seminary. Only a few were present. Dr. Howe sat, and read the last verses of the 8th chapter of Romans, and, still sitting, began to talk. How that prayer-meeting devotional meditation, expressed almost as if the venerable saint were in soliloquy, has lingered in memory amidst all life's trials and sorrows for the past forty years!

At last the session opened. The Professors at that time were Doctors Howe, Plumer, Adger, and Woodrow. To these, two years later, was added Dr. Joseph R. Wilson. I sat reverently at the feet of them all; I loved them all. To-day, in my mountain home, far away from scenes of ecclesiastical differences and very remote from the times of excited debate, I delight to think of all those men who were so true and good to me, who never gave me a frown, who never failed to give me encouragement, and from not one of whom did I fail to receive lessons which have served me well for my whole ministry of two-score years. Breathing to God a silent thanksgiving for them all, I now narrow the stream of this informal narrative, and turn to the one who is more immediately the subject of this reminiscent writing.

My first recollection of Dr. Woodrow presents him in one of his holiest and sweetest relationships. As I remember, I was seated on the door-step of the building in which I roomed, just after supper, in the gloaming, when there passed along the path to the chapel in the middle building a somewhat tall man, in a frock coat, and at his side was a woman not nearly so tall. The thing which particularly attracted my attention was the animation with which they were speaking to each other, and the pleased, happy way of his looking down toward her and of her upward look to him, as she tried to keep step with him while they were briskly skirting along. To one of the students near me, I think it was John S. Moore, I said, "Who are they?" His answer was, "Dr. and Mrs. Woodrow." Right there I

struck one of the first things that drew me to Dr. Woodrow; his sweet comradeship with his wife and his unfailing capacity to draw to him and to hold the respect and confidence of woman, and especially of the one woman who knew him better than anybody else on earth.

The first Seminary exercise in which I came into touch with Dr. Woodrow, or rather, in which he came into decided touch with me, was an affair of delivering some kind of declamations. I have forgotten all about my performance save this one thing. I was a great stickler for carefulness of enunciation. And I was growing into false emphasis of almost every syllable in a word, like Georgia's Governor who would say "judgment." After I had spoken, my fellow-students, nearly all of whom had passed through the war and were bearded men, patted the child on the head most encouragingly, and the Professors were benevolent also. When Dr. Woodrow's time came, he followed in the same strain for quite a while. He then paused a second and said "*But*"—in a fine, curt tone; and the old students knew my time had come. In about six words, he imitated to mimicry my fault. It was a long time before I cured the habit, if I ever did, but I never forgot the lesson.

Another occasion of similar experience was a Students' Debate before the Faculty. I forget who my opponent was. As we came along alphabetically, it might have been Atkinson, or Brimm, or Dickey, all seniors nearly in middle life, or it might have been DuBose. The question was as to whether war was ever justifiable: and I was vehemently on the wrong side. After the students had done riddling me, Dr. Woodrow finished me. Now will you, *can* you believe, that I determined to go straight from the debate to his rooms (he was then living with his family in one of the buildings) and show him how completely he had misunderstood me? Did I go? Most positively, yes. But when I had called for him, I felt myself cold all over. And when he came toward me, I could hardly believe he was the same man. Kindness and cordiality were all over his face, and he drew me in; my present impression is that I met some of his sweet children right then. I may have alluded to my mission, but I know he soon had me turned into general conversation, and I forgot my misery, and went away as who



might say, "I came, I saw, he conquered." The homesick but pugilistic boy had been given a half-hour's open social enjoyment in the family of one of the Professors! Wasn't that a thing to be remembered a lifetime?

I was struck with one peculiarity of Dr. Woodrow's way of conducting evening prayers at the Seminary. This lay in the part of Scripture that he selected for the reading. As a rule, he chose passages which, it seemed to me, no other man would have taken. Generally he managed to read an entire book of the Bible, in order, in the course of the week for which he was leader. This caused him to use much the minor prophets and the shorter Epistles. At first, I did not like it. But soon I came to see that the custom led him to read many passages which are never used at all in public service, and that the student who followed him through the week had obtained in completeness a fresh reading of an entire book of the Bible. He also appeared to be very fond of singing the Psalms. He would usually have one or more sung at every service. The general impression made upon my mind by his whole conduct of the meeting for worship at the hour of closing day was to the effect that an extremely busy, hard-working man had dropped everything to hear what his God would say to him, and to make known his own wants to God; and in this service he would take full time, weigh well his words, use no exaggeration, but deal with God in sincerity and truth, without cant and without hypocrisy, with no attempt at rhetorical fluency.

In the discussions of questions debated by the students, or by the Faculty in their presence, Dr. Woodrow's power was certainly preëminent. To what was it due? Wherein lay the secret of his undeniable capacity for saying what impressed so many as "the last word"? It would be difficult to answer that question. I can only "show mine opinion." More than any man I ever knew, he had the power of discrimination which enabled him to eliminate, it might be a dozen extraneous things that closely resembled the point in dispute, and then to lay bare the true issue in such simplicity that the very statement of it was its sufficient discussion. When he had framed his definitions and had set off to one side his exclusions, the argument was practically at an end. The statement of the real question

in proper form gave the answer. Dr. Dabney shattered a rock with one blow of a sledge-hammer. Dr. Woodrow, with delicate surgery, felt around with a keen knife until he had exposed the vital artery of error, and a mere turn of the little blade instantly did the rest. It is not to be wondered at that the man whose pet error lay slain by such dexterity did not always feel comfortable about the mortal wound. I am sure that while Dr. Woodrow's use of sarcasm was not at all times without irritation to his opponents in discussion, the really exasperating thing to men of pride of opinion—like all of us—was, unanswerableness, the simple inability to know what to say in reply. This kicking against the pricks when one just has to be convinced against his will is altogether disturbing to serenity.

From this place I can make natural and easy transition to my impressions of Dr. Woodrow as I received his instruction in the class-room.

The reader will bear in mind what I have said as to my education at Oakland. I went to the Seminary knowing absolutely nothing, except matters of general knowledge, concerning Natural Science. I was simply not fitted by training or acquisition for Dr. Woodrow's department. I am inclined to suspect that a considerable number of my fellow-students were in the same unenviable predicament. I am in it yet. I had all I could do to study Hebrew and take up extra work in Metaphysics, Logic, Ethics, and teach an hour each day to help to pay expenses.

However, I gave to Dr. Woodrow's Lectures careful attention. Much in the way of scientific knowledge, when he was slowly and cautiously amassing his facts, I could not understand; but it is also true that, in a measure, he took into consideration the limitations of his pupils, and explained as he went along. The result was that I got a little science; and from him and others I obtained about the usual knowledge of Theology imparted in a Seminary. But my chief benefit received from Dr. Woodrow lay in certain fixed, definite, broad principles, not as to Natural Science, but as to the relation between the two Books, both of God's writing, namely, Nature and the Holy Scriptures.

I know that as a youth sitting at this teacher's feet the strongest impression that I received was that the Bible is the inerrant word of God. The all-important thing is to get its true meaning. That once obtained, assent must be yielded as to the authority of God himself. The whole teaching is to be studied, accepted, revered. Nothing of the Bible's revelation is to be slighted. But the teacher also insisted with iteration and emphasis that there must be no substitutions and no additions. Human theories, speculations, interpretations, had no infallibility. Scientific men might err, had erred, and would err again. These things could not be denied concerning religionists. But whatever differences might arise in matters of interpretation, Truth, wherever and by whomsoever ascertained, must be self-consistent, for all Truth comes from God. This is the substance of what I got. The rest of it was a long array of historical facts indisputably establishing and glaringly illustrating the awful peril of false and intolerant interpretations and additions, whether to God's word in stone or God's word in human language.

The effect of this teaching upon me, in all my ministry, has been to make me strive hard to get the real meaning of the Bible, and to be honest in giving to the people the true teachings of the Holy Scriptures. I left the Seminary under the full belief in the plenary and verbal inspiration of the Bible, as the only infallible rule of faith and practice. To no Professor at Columbia am I more indebted for my profound and unalterable convictions upon that subject than to Dr. Woodrow. I received the impression, not only from the substance and the manner of his teaching in his own department, but from all my personal association with him and all that I heard from his lips in all the exercises of the Seminary throughout the entire course of three years from 1868 to 1871.

Leaving the Seminary with these profound impressions, the reader may imagine with what amazement subsequent occurrences broke upon my startled attention. This carries me into some reminiscences of Dr. Woodrow in Church life outside the Seminary walls.

The coming of the close of the senior year in a Theological Seminary is a time of great anxiety to the student. This is

true for many reasons. It is especially true if, before that time, the young candidate has not received a call to labor in any particular field. And my call was long in coming. I had made but one or two attempts to preach; for instance, to the negroes in Columbia and, once or twice, to the people in the destitute region about Killian's Mill, eleven miles from the city. As week after week rolled away, and the members of my class talked about where they were going, and what they would do, an awful sense of loneliness came over me. I did not know whether I could preach at all, and it became increasingly uncertain whether any church would let me try.

When this feeling had deepened almost into despair, I received a letter bearing the post-mark "Camden, Ark.," and the purport of it was that the church at that place was without a minister, and that through Dr. Woodrow information had been obtained that I was a student who had not made my plans for work. Then followed a definite proposal to come to the field as minister of the congregation. How far away Arkansas then seemed to me! How much I needed advice! But from whom should I seek it?

Well, the letter mentioned Dr. Woodrow. Let me go to him! I went. It all comes back to me so vividly across these thirty-eight years!

I found him in his office. As usual, he was very busy. He looked tired. But I instantly got what I asked for. He laid aside everything else, and gave me his interested and undivided attention.

As is usual in church work, a woman was at the bottom of the whole matter. And a nobler woman never lived. Originally from Roswell, Georgia, she had married Henry Merrell, who afterwards wrote so much and so well as the "Back-country Elder," the first elder that ever represented the Southern Presbyterian Church in the "Pan-Presbyterian Council." They had moved from Georgia to Arkansas long years before this interview of mine with Dr. Woodrow. And when Mrs. Merrell, longing for a regular minister in her little church at Camden, sought information as to securing one, what more natural than that she should write to the Professor at Columbia who had gone from her own State? Dr. Woodrow had

answered her letter, and upon this correspondence the church at Camden had written to me. How much sometimes depends upon the writing of a letter! How much often turns upon a prompt reply!

As I write, I am back again at that table in that office. The letter of Mrs. Merrell to Dr. Woodrow, produced by him, is read to me, and every point in it noted and talked over. The newness of the country, the distance to the work, the smallness of the membership, the population of the town (3,000), the location at the head of navigation on the Ouachita River, the probabilities as to health. I can hear Dr. Woodrow now as he said, in his sharp, incisive way, "It isn't *heaven*." But the main facts were that here was a church needing a preacher, that I hoped Christ was calling me to preach, and my license would read, "Wherever God in his providence." Dr. Woodrow, in his usual way, put clearly the considerations on both sides, and then left me face to face with my own responsibility in settling the matter of my ministerial duty. The final issue of a question of duty, I never knew him to try to influence any man in deciding. One of his most prominently marked characteristics was that of refraining from influencing anybody to determine his conduct by Dr. Woodrow's opinions rather than his own. The keynote of this characteristic was struck in this my first important consultation with him, and all the music of my subsequent intercourse was set to that note upon that key. When in after years clouds gathered over him and storms blew around him, and anxious friends would seek to hold communication with him, it was always the case that they, and not he, did the seeking. To such an extent did he carry this thing, that it seemed coldness and irresponsiveness. He was a man who settled matters of duty for himself, and he wanted every other man to do that identical thing. He was willing to give all the light he could; he accepted all he could get; but the final determination of duty he neither asked nor gave. As matter of fact, the students under him caught that spirit from him. I never knew one of his students who did not act upon his own independent manliness even in dealing with Dr. Woodrow himself. He abhorred a sycophant.

I went to Camden, Arkansas, in June, 1871, and there lived as nearly in "heaven" as is ever given to a young preacher on earth. I got only \$400 in money. But oh! the sweetness of my home! How stately and handsome and gracious, how true to her church, how kind and loving to her young minister, that Georgia woman, with her beautiful gray hair and her strong face! How broad the information of her husband who had more than once travelled in the Isles and on the Continent, who had books upon books, and bought for me the whole library of a deceased minister, set it up in the hall, and told me to get to work; who taught me so many things and helped me to *unlearn* so many others; who sometimes gave the friend's faithful wound, but never failed to encourage by helpful sympathy and unfaltering loyalty. Three years and a half passed quickly by. Then came the call to Memphis; and in dread and fear I obeyed. And as the now sainted Georgia woman and other weeping ones stood with us upon the deck of the boat which was to carry us away, I looked far up the steep bank, and, under a tree, all alone, as if he wanted no one near, stood my Elder, to catch the last glimpse of us as we slipped from the landing. And silhouetted there, I see him yet.

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days."

After my going to Memphis, long years passed before I again had any direct relation to Dr. Woodrow. From 1875 to 1884, we seldom met and most rarely had any correspondence. I took the *Southern Presbyterian* and the *Review*. I kept up with all his printed speeches, his articles, his discussions in the church courts. I saw him two or three times when I passed through Columbia. But the only time I met him in any ecclesiastical capacity was in the General Assembly which met in the First church, New Orleans, 1877. And there happened a thing which makes me almost shiver even now at the recollection of my youthful temerity.

A certain Report on Home Missions was before the body and, as I remember, some strong strictures had been indulged in upon certain Presbyteries; and Dr. Woodrow had made a telling speech against the right to use these reflections. His feelings were plainly in what he said. Two or three other

speeches, *pro* and *con*, followed. It was my first Assembly, and I got excited, and felt around for a shillalah, and jumped into the discussion. After I got upon my feet, I looked about five pews ahead of me, and there sat Dr. Woodrow, turned almost around in his pew, and his face lifted straight to mine, as I was launching out against restricting the committees while they were stirring up the Presbyteries. I shall never forget my feelings at that instant. The memory of all the Professorial castigations that I ever received in the Seminary came over me as mere circumstantials in comparison with what I might expect now. But I clattered along, discoursed about Church unity, and the necessity of realising it through a central agency, and so on. When I sat down, I said to myself, "Boy, your hour has come." And when Dr. Woodrow turned in his seat, I felt as if I would like to shut my eyes and stop my ears. But he treated me to a silence, in public and in private, just thirty-two years long! He left me "on the wonder," and here I am yet.

Before passing to some relationships between Dr. Woodrow and me for several years, starting with 1884, it seems best that I should try to give the reader a true impression of the spirit in which I shall write the pages that follow.

I am not foolish enough to be attempting to revive any issues. I am not undertaking any discussion. I am not conscious of any feeling but of calm good-will and fraternity. I am simply trying to set forth my own personal impression of a man whom I honor, telling what he seemed to me. As one might sit in later afternoon, while the sun is dropping westward, and recall the events of a stirring day, just to recall them, so would I now bring back some correspondence with Dr. Woodrow, and a very few meetings between him and me, just to show how he seemed to me, whether he so seemed to others or not.

Seated in the General Assembly at Vicksburg in 1884, toward the close of the sessions I think, I was languidly attending to the reading of the Report on Theological Seminaries. One part of the Report commended the diligence of the Board of Columbia Seminary in requesting the Professors to make known their views on points vital in our Theology, in order that all might know that no insidious errors were being taught. I should have paid very little attention to this, had I not noticed

that it seemed to cause a little flutter amongst a few not far from the Moderator; and my ear caught a question something like: "Who is that aimed at?" Very quickly that part of the Report was recommitted, and when it returned, it commended the diligence of the Directors in requiring "the Perkins Professor" to make known his views, etc.

Now let the reader remember how Dr. Woodrow's fidelity to the Bible, his horror of adding to it or taking from it, had impressed me while a student, and it can easily be seen how this thing shocked me. The Assembly appeared to be holding its breath. There was hardly any discussion. The action was taken. There was but one name quietly recorded in dissent. The occurrence proved to be the first cannon in the long engagement which for years convulsed the Church.

While the Assembly was yet sitting, I opened a correspondence with Dr. Woodrow, of which I believe the whole has been published, with his permission. One of his favorite sayings was: "I have no secrets."

It is no part of my purpose to do more than to give sincerely and candidly the impression which this correspondence produced upon my mind.

I do not recall that his letters to me contained any sentiment of irritation or arrogance or intolerance. The thing that struck me as most prominent was his slowness to believe that he had any need to look for unfavorable action, or that the Vicksburg Assembly had intended any. He at first, in answer to my opening of the correspondence, insisted upon construing the Assembly's action as an expression of approval and confidence. If he ever changed his mind about that, I do not recall his having told me so, although he finally agreed that individuals had not intended any such compliment. I honestly believe he had laid so little stress upon Evolution in his class-teaching, if he had placed any at all upon it, that he could not realise to himself at all the possibility of any general or very antagonistic action about it. I infer this from the fact that he had never been a man given to fanatical parade on hobbies, scientific or other, and he had always been prudent in not attempting to stir up the Church prematurely in those transition periods of interpretations where errors of exegesis must be corrected in



order to fidelity to truth, whether in the Book of Nature or in the Bible. He knew, as any practical man must know from history, that the occupant of the chair which he held, a chair instituted by the Church herself (whether wisely or unwisely), could oftentimes convulse the body of ministers and members by his rashness, to say nothing of his own risk of Professorial decapitation. He firmly believed that it was his business to edify, not to agitate and destroy, and he laid such comparatively little stress upon the evolution of Adam's body, and so much upon the importance of all the other work which he had in hand, that he seemed not to comprehend that he was on the verge of a tremendous upheaval.\* He concluded his correspondence with me by simply saying: "You will soon have an opportunity of seeing my views." He added something to the effect that it seemed hard that he could not go on with his work, of which he had so much to do. He wrote exactly like a man who never would have driven anybody to desperation about Evolution either one way or the other, if he had been permitted, as Kentuckians and West Virginians say, to "go his own gait." In all this I certainly did not get the impression that he was hiding or dodging. I would as soon have expected a thing of that kind of yonder old "Cold Knob" mountain.

When the Address was published, I read it, of course. I am frank to say that it did not give me any especial horrors. I was not capable of judging of its scientific inductions. I could see that its conclusions were set forth as only "probably" true. And I had not time to waste on probabilities, while in my ministry I had to do with so many live and dead certainties. I saw, too, that about the only scientific part of it affecting Scripture was as to the human body, and *how* God made it. And I had never lost one moment of sleep over that matter. I was perfectly willing to let God do that thing his own way,

\*Dr. Woodrow foresaw the coming storm with perfect clearness. While he was preparing his Address, all the members of his family would gather from time to time in one room, and he would read to them what he had written and discuss the various points with them. And he would frequently say: "This will raise a storm, but I cannot help it. They ask me for my views, and I must give them honestly."

But there was one thing it was years before he would believe, and that was that he had bitter personal enemies who seized eagerly upon his Address as the means by which to stir up the Church against him.—

EDITOR.

whatever it might be. My Bible told me *that* he had made it. I believed that and stopped. I shrewdly suspect that, as a Teacher, Dr. Woodrow did not care very solicitously anything about a Preacher's opinion of the *modus*.

There was one thing in that address which forever convinced me that Dr. Woodrow could be trusted implicitly to follow the Bible in its plain teaching, whatever that teaching might be. This one thing drew the issue squarely; and, if Dr. Woodrow had not been under divinely given loyalty to God's word, when he came to that issue he must have been bound to flicker. For he must have known that the issue largely involved his scientific reputation, very extensive and made so by the toil of his life. He must have been aware that right before him was much of proud scientific scorn and ridicule; that every critic would seek to find here the opening through which to thrust his spear; that many in the Church would deride him, and that reviews and editorials would exult in sarcastic glee. I eagerly watched him at this critical point. And without one instant's hesitation, without an iota of swerving, he laid his hand on the Bible and said, "Eve's body was God Almighty's immediate creative act." When I found him true there, I breathed easy, for I knew he could be trusted anywhere. There was sublime courage of conviction in that utterance. Let one believe what he may as to its consistency, as to its scientific probability, the fact stands out in bold relief, "Here is a man who will face a frowning world before he will hesitate to make God's word, in its necessary and clear meaning, the basis and limit of his creed." So the thing impressed me then, and so it does now.

I contrast this absolute refusal to compromise God's word with certain tendencies developing more and more even in Presbyterian churches to-day. Put one of your modern platitudinarians on Inspiration in the scientific position which Dr. Woodrow occupied and apply to him the severe test under discussion. Is it likely that he would ring true? We can only judge by what we daily see and hear: when facts of history are treated as allegories; when whole passages are ruled out because of imaginary inconsistency with other passages; when the theory prevails that the variable human consciousness pronounces upon Inspiration the final *dictum* of acceptance or

rejection ; when Coleridge's vague generality, "It finds me," is applied as a touch-stone here and there to tell one what part he must receive and what he may refuse.

Dr. Woodrow did teach us to exercise care in committing the Bible to things to which it has not committed itself. I feel sure that some things amongst us for which we somewhat loosely offer Scripture proof, he might have accepted as highly beneficial if voluntarily received and observed in the exercise of liberty, while at the same time, he might have refused to bind them upon the conscience as a commandment of God. Whatever popular opinion or human tradition might be, he held himself bound only by God's word, and he would not yield to sentiment or custom imposing as duty what Revelation had not prescribed, claiming time which he felt he ought to give to other duties made obligatory by especial providence upon himself. In this way, he was sometimes misunderstood, even censured. But what God taught, he taught ; and just that, as he understood it, he practised.

Throughout the whole period of the stormy debates on Evolution, I was present at only one meeting of any church court before which Dr. Woodrow made a speech. This was the Synod of Alabama, convening at the beautiful little city of Huntsville. The run from Memphis to Huntsville was an easy one of only a few hours. My wife and a young lady of our congregation and I ran over to hear the discussion. Dr. Woodrow was surprised to see us and he especially seemed to enjoy the presence and society of the two ladies. I remember that he was much with them, showing them that unaffected and chivalrous courtesy which he never failed to exhibit to woman. His friends and sympathisers in the Synod of Alabama were grand men. Who can pronounce the name of Stillman or of Burgett but with mingled love and reverence? I recall one conversation participated in by these two, Dr. Woodrow, and myself. The matter of which we spoke was the coming discussion. What impressed me was the utter absence of any planning, much less "scheming," for the debate. The noble men whose interest was so deep thought not of using any sharpness, or of taking any advantage, or of stooping to any unworthy argument. As I looked upon those two men who, in a sense,

might have been regarded as Dr. Woodrow's especial associates in that Synod, it occurred to me, "How happy is this man in his friends, not only here but elsewhere!" And I think to-day of the saintly Leighton Wilson; I see the refined face of J. B. Adger; I hear the cheery voice of the heroic Wm. E. Boggs; and when I think of these and countless others, and remember that a man is "known by the company he keeps," I decide that Dr. Woodrow's eminent personal worth, judged by this test, is on an immovable basis.

Well, this discussion came on. I remember only two of the speeches: the one by Dr. Otts, the other by Dr. Woodrow. Oh, yes, I recall one other, which was very fiery. But let that pass. I think Dr. Woodrow spoke only about thirty-five minutes. He stood, leaning toward us a little, his arms hanging down at his side, with no excitement, no tragics, no sensation, but calm, clear, now and then slightly hesitant; his manner as a whole being that of a man who simply intended to do his duty and, after that, not take the Synod's responsibility on his own shoulders. There were some keen thrusts and there was the old incisiveness, but there were no personalities and there was no bitterness.

At one time, when things grew pretty warm amongst the brethren, a lady said to her neighbor, "Well, I think they'd better sing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' now." Just at that instant, an aged brother, with quavering voice, arose and said, "Moderator, I move we suspend the discussion while we sing 'Blest be the tie that binds,' and the Moderator lead us in prayer." I suppose the woman is yet wondering if the preacher was a mind-reader.

The years rolled on. The Church controversy came to an end at last. Whether "the game was worth the candle" will always be questioned. It is superlatively doubtful whether a like agitation over the same small issue could be aroused to-day. Some things wear themselves out. The fine-spun distinctions between pardonable "heterodoxy" and damnable "heresy" are very tiresome to ordinary mental capacity, and the Church will be glad to drop them for bigger things. Before taking final leave of this part of my writing, I desire, in justice to Dr. Woodrow, to add one thing: he was a "leader" of those who,

some to a greater, some to a less extent, espoused his side of the controversy, only in a very limited sense. And the reason was, that he did not care to be. He had no clan of his own gathering. Every man who stood by him did so without one word or gesture of solicitation, as I fully believe. So far as I know, or ever heard, he organised no forces. More than once, in the discussion of matters involved in the general ecclesiastical movements, I found myself honestly holding views differing from his; and about at least one of those things—the right of a Seminary Board to try a Presbyterian minister for heresy, even if he were a Professor—we had correspondence, and never did come to a common conclusion. But Dr. Woodrow sought to bind no man. So far as I know, he never attempted to impose his own opinions upon another. The simple fact is that, when dealing with him, I always felt that I must be true to my own convictions if I would retain his respect. There was a sense in which I stood in awe of him. There was a force of character in him which made him despise anything less than real manliness. I remember his writing at one time something to the effect that he must retain his own respect, no matter whose good opinion he might lose. That thing which he claimed as his high prerogative, I never found him unwilling to accord to others. He had no blind followers and did not desire any. He was no creator of a party. The fact is, he was such a hard worker that he seemed to his friends rather indifferent to even permissible community of management.

After the meeting of the Synod of Alabama in Huntsville, I did not see Dr. Woodrow again until the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the Westminster Assembly, at Charlotte, N. C. He entered the old First church in his quiet, unassuming way, and took his seat in a chair on the right side as one enters. I think Dr. Hoge was to speak that morning. I saw Dr. Woodrow before he saw me, and, from my position, I could study his face. I could see in it no effect of those years of conflict. His face was much fuller and his general health seemed far better. Of course we had our subsequent meeting and greeting. If I remember aright, he was even then taking the first steps in another journey abroad. When the time came for him to go to the train, I walked with him to the station. There we sat down

and had a long talk. And there, I think, more than at any other time, Dr. Woodrow showed me his heart.

Of course we spoke of the days and the struggles gone by. He uttered no word of complaining or repining, much less of personal bitterness. He did seem to be solicitous lest that which had come to him might touch his friends. And out of this generous regard for others, he said he had thrown up around himself a voluntary isolation which was in striking and pathetic contrast with the years gone by, when to his home, to his happy family, he could call his friends without constraint. He especially mentioned the happy times with "Wilson" (Dr. J. Leighton) and others. Thus we talked. Through the waiting-room, in hurry and bustle, men and women and children, "each bearing his burden of sorrow," came and went. The roaring train rushed in. The room poured out its crowd of restless travellers. The hasty "good-by" was said. My friend moved on toward the ocean. I bent my head in some pensive thought and went back to the church. I was to meet Dr. Woodrow but once more in this world. Our association was to end where it began, in dear old Columbia. I shall tell of that, and "sum up" my estimate of this unique man; and my humble work will be done.

Twenty-eight years had passed since, with my diploma and my whole stock of two sermons, I had gone forth from the dear old Seminary. In all that time, although I had repeatedly travelled through Columbia, I had not again entered any Seminary building. This visit was at Commencement time: I came to deliver an address before the Alumni Association.

It was natural that I should contrast the Columbia of 1868 with the Columbia of 1899. Then, the "waste places" were everywhere in view. The vacancies between buildings were many and extensive, and usually covered with rubbish of brick and mortar. Now, the streets on either side exhibited handsome homes. But the Seminary buildings looked just as of old: and, especially, the tall pines, whose murmur used to sound so mournful to the homesick boy, as he listened to them at night, were unchanged. The Preston mansion and yard, across the street from the Seminary, was now a College for young ladies, and I attended a reception at which bright, happy

faces of girls, and their merry voices, made even the old feel young again. Separating myself from all others, I went alone to my old room. Entering the western building from the south side, I paused a moment at the door. How many happy moments I had known right on that spot! Just after dinner, or supper, when coming out from the little, long frame "mess-hall," DuBose and Goetchius and Read and Smart and Neel and McBryde and Thompson and Baker and Dickey and Ingram would linger in the yard, about the door; and we would pass the happy jest, or Goetchius and Baker would start the song—and then, with brotherly good cheer in our hearts, we would break up, and almost leap up the several stairways, to our books; and soon all would be still! Entering, I let my eye run up the steps. How worn the edges were! Up and down, up and down, the students had been passing, year after year. Ascending two flights, and turning to the right, I stood at the door of my old room. It was locked. Apparently, no one was within. There Read and I for three years had lived as brothers, without one ripple on the lake of our peace. Immediately across was the brilliant Grafton. Next to him was the sterling John S. Moore. Next to us, Read and me, was R. D. Smart, my chum and confidant, a Methodist brother with whom I used to read alternately "Watson's Institutes" and "Calvin's Institutes." As I stood there, not a sound broke the stillness in the hall. And my soul was subdued and still as, perhaps for the last time, I descended the steps and slowly walked away.

I went to the Columbia church, in which I was to speak that night. For three years, morning and night, it had been my place of worship. How almost adoringly the village boy had looked up to the young and gifted Wm. E. Boggs as he stood in that marble pulpit! It seemed to me that I would just *die* if I had to stand in that elegant old church and that grand pulpit and try to preach! I have since heard Palmer, Girardeau, Hoge, John Hall, and a host of others; but in those three years I got as much from the interesting and eloquent expository sermons of Wm. E. Boggs as from any Professor in the Seminary. He taught me "how to do it" by—*doing it!*

I walked through the church cemetery and stood at the grave of Dr. Howe. I pause in this writing, to think what adjective may be put before his name. And, to all who knew him, in his class-room and in his home, it will seem better just to write, "Dr. Howe." To know him was to love him, and to name him is sufficient praise. Memory glorifies him. And so infinitely doth Christ.

To see Dr. Woodrow, I went to his home. As I entered, his face lit up and his voice was cordial. I told him for what purpose I had come, and then went over the outline of the Address which I was to try to deliver. And what do you suppose was his first question? "What made you select such a dry subject?" And that brought on a little argument, as to what the times demanded, etc. After this, we spoke of other things; but there was no discussion of old controversies and very little allusion to the Seminary or its affairs. I left, intending to see him again. But when I repeated the call, he was not at home. He was not present in the church the night of the address. We had met for the last time on earth. Adger, Howe, Plumer, Woodrow, Wilson, all now in heaven. And not the least among these was Dr. Woodrow.

There are some men who seem to be born to be, in a measure, unique, and even solitary, in their personality. Partly from their own constitution, partly from circumstances shaping and controlling their lives, they make a record which is pre-eminently different from that of other men.

Such a man was John Calvin. The recent study given to him and his work shows him as one original almost unto loneliness: in his youthful experiences, in his swinging back and forth between things civil and things ecclesiastical; in his independence, his mental acumen, his refusal to compromise, his fearlessness, his dominancy, his complete burial of himself under his work. There ever was, there ever will be, but one John Calvin.

In later times, such a man was Jefferson Davis. I sat in a pulpit in Memphis when this great man was in the second pew immediately in front of me; and between us, in his coffin, lay the body of General N. B. Forrest. The face of Mr. Davis at that hour made upon me an impression which I shall never lose.



While it showed sadness unutterable, it showed most of all a certain conscious solitude; and underneath it, an inflexible determination not to alter, by surrender of one iota of conviction, the faith which threw around him his environment of isolation. The Civil War had but one Jefferson Davis. His whole career studied in the white light of coming years, through all his course of service both military and civil, including also his years at Beauvoir, will send through history a figure moving alone in a kind of mysterious necessity of walking his own way apart.

With these two men, the one in ecclesiastical life, the other in civil, I have always associated Dr. Woodrow. All three of them were men of apparently delicate physical frames, all of them had days and days of weakness and ill health, all of them were of high-strung nerves. All three of them were prodigious workers, knowing little of rest save in the sense so often on Dr. Woodrow's lips, "Rest is a change of labor." All three of them were most loving men in their families; Dr. Woodrow in Columbia wrought with wife and children around him all the time; Mr. Davis's home, as described to me by one who lived in his family for years, was one in which the youngest child was taught to ask the blessing at the table; and Calvin's home by Lake Lemans presented a sweet scene as Idelette DeBurre lay an invalid and her hard-worked husband bent over her to help her walk through the shaded valley. It may be frankly admitted that all three of these great men had strong predilections and also strong antipathies. They were all as honest as Paul and as just as Aristides. They all saw truth as by a kind of inborn sense, and their vision of it was matched by their love for it. Any one of them would have poured out his blood like water in defence of what he believed to be right.

Such men seem born for conflict. It is not that they love it. They get into it because they cannot avoid it—because they are just what they are. Calvin was pushed into the battle of the Reformation, Davis into the wars of his country; and the Church herself put Dr. Woodrow into the very forefront of the battle old as history—between the interpretations of Natural Science and those of Scriptural Revelation.

Sitting in to-day's calmness and looking backward, it does seem that when the Church created the Perkins Professorship, she ordained the most delicately uncertain piece of mechanism that she could have devised. It may be added that when she called a man to sit in that chair, there existed the same delicate uncertainty as to what it might prove to be to him; with the probabilities largely in favor of its turning out to be for him a most successful instrument of professorial and ministerial electrocution. There are a number of facts showing how hazardous was the experiment.

For example: the man to occupy the chair *ex necessitate rei* must be far and away ahead of the mass of the Church as a Scientist. Then, too, he must say just what he believes. The Church at one period will refuse a dictum of science which she will accept with perfect composure later on; and the Professor at this time of interesting transition, if prudent, may be held up as artful—and if imprudent, may be condemned as heretical. And with a whole Church behind him, he is surely in no enviable position. That Dr. Woodrow held the place for twenty-three years (1861-1884) with credit to himself, with peace to the Church, and with safety to the faith of every student impressed by him, so long as he was left to his discretion, is in itself the highest possible tribute; especially in view of the fact that, during this whole period, science honored him as one of her favored sons. To have been at the helm in the storm-centre of centuries required a cool head, a courageous heart, a firm and strong hand, and an abiding faith in One who rules, as well as a devout recognition of his voice when he says, "It is I." The proof that Dr. Woodrow had these things is found (1) in the almost unparalleled difficulty and danger of his work, (2) in his long continuance in it, (3) in the reverent character of all his Bible students: all three being taken into consideration in common.

The mere negative statement that the faith of no student of Dr. Woodrow was injured by his instruction must not be left to stand alone, as if it conveyed the whole truth. The general instructions as to the true relation between Science and Revelation were undoubtedly of great value. I had no Professor who more thoroughly impressed upon me the need of diligence in

trying to get the actual meaning of texts and of giving that very meaning to the people. He taught me the sin of "handling the word of God deceitfully," the wickedness of adding to it or taking from it. He also put me upon my guard as to the sacredness of truth wherever found, and as to the downright impossibility that truth should be at variance with itself. I have no doubt that his warnings kept many of us, when we became preachers, from vapid declamations about things concerning which we were, most of us, very densely ignorant. Just two weeks ago in the city of Baltimore a most intelligent Christian quoted to me some foolish thing which was said in the General Assembly when meeting there, and referred to the way in which it had been caught up and ridiculed by students in that city. Dr. Woodrow certainly taught us not to talk unless we knew what we were talking about. There are very few lessons more valuable, especially to some like this writer whose youthful pugnacity needs very serious curbing. If we did so ill even with Dr. Woodrow's warnings, what might we not have done without them? The young theologian issuing from the Seminary armed with detonating power pent up for three years must make a noise to scare something or somebody, and how natural for him to fire away at "Infidel Science." Right there he needs a friendly voice to tell him to be sure that "Science" is "Infidel" before he takes his David's sword and cuts off the Giant's head. Now and then scientific truth shows itself as good and as irresistible as any other. I remember very well when I first heard any one question the universality of the Deluge. I felt like telling him that the Bible must stand or fall with the belief that this ball on which we live was submerged and hidden under water. Before the debate in the Seminary was over, and such ironside Calvinists as John S. Moore had concluded their "few feeble remarks," I began to suspect that it would be as well to look into the matter right carefully before challenging the whole earth and staking the Bible on the result of the discussion. The whole influence of Dr. Woodrow tended to this one point, namely: "Go ahead," but first "be sure you are right." We have to get into a pretty high and fine air, leaving behind us much foolish egotism and prejudice, in order to believe that

all truth is one. Dr. Woodrow told us to "Buy the Truth and sell it not."

I may mention one other way in which Dr. Woodrow was of great value to theological students. If Dr. Howe helped us by his gentle, modest piety and his great patience in imparting to us the treasures of his laborious study; if Dr. Plumer warmed our hearts and kept us from falling into formalism by his devoutness in the class-room even unto tears; if Dr. Adger, every inch an amiable and polished Christian gentleman, won us by his courtesy and held us by the great worth of his instruction; if Dr. Wilson, so brilliant and original in his handling of texts, so gifted in rhetorical finish, taught us to analyse passages and to throw our thoughts into popular form; it was Dr. Woodrow who, with himself as the conspicuous but unintentional personal illustration, influenced us to shun pretence and hypocrisy in our holy calling and in our daily lives. Thomas Carlyle himself never more abhorred and scorned sham. He may have been thought to carry this detestation of any small meanness to the very verge of uncharitableness, but he believed with all his heart, as he often said, "Charity is no fool," and "rejoices in the truth." He moved on straight lines, and he wanted everybody else to live the direct life. The influence of such a man in a Theological Seminary, ever by his very personality discouraging the tendency to let piety degenerate into cant, and preaching dwindle into mere popular performance, has a value which it is not easy to exaggerate. Add to this, an example of industry and intensity and devotedness in toil almost unto death, and you have a living illustration of truthful honor laying itself upon the altar of service clearly revealed in its own illuminating fire.

Thus must end this loving little tribute to my honored friend. We were too far apart in our respective years for me to claim any of that familiarity of association which he doubtless accorded to those whose age was nearer his own. I have given in this reminiscent sketch about all the meetings and conversations we ever had. They were not very numerous. But his personality has left a strong impression upon mine. I believe him superior to any man I have ever known as an analyst of truth, as a detective of error when presenting itself under

truth's garb, as a revealer of the exact, naked issue in any discussion, and as a debater successful almost to the despair and often to the exasperation of his opponents. All things considered—the novelty of the position to which the Church called him, the necessity laid upon him to blaze a path in a wilderness where he could see no footprints of those who had gone before, the demand upon him from his own conscience and from the Church, as he stood a solitary priest and prophet at the two-sided altar of Nature and Revelation, to read the inscriptions and then “cry aloud and spare not,” the sacrifices he endured, the separations and sorrows he bore—all these things remembered, I would be glad to-night if he had stood at that double shrine until he died. But in humble submission I can add, “The will of the Lord is accomplished; so mote it be.” The blinding providence which took from him his son, whose manhood had not even attained to the zenith, graciously gave a measure of comforting compensation in his grandson; all bearing here below the name which we trust shall be found thrice written on the scroll of the redeemed, JAMES WOODROW.