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WALTER W. MOORE.

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*A Sketch of His Life and Achievements.*

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Walter W. Moore was born at Charlotte, N. C., June 14, 1857. He was a descendant of sterling Scotch-Irish strains. His father was Isaac Hudson Moore, a grandson of Alexander Moore, of Lincoln, who, together with three brothers, one of whom, John, attained to considerable military distinction, fought through the whole of the war for American independence. Walter W. Moore's mother was Martha Parks Moore, a woman of uncommon mentality and high moral and Christian character, eminently worthy to have such a son. She was left a widow with three children, two sons and one daughter, when her second son, Walter, was only six years of age. She struggled bravely to bring her children up to be honest, useful and honored Christian citizens. Thus we find that between 1869 and 1875 she taught a mission school at a salary of \$20.00 per month, meantime had her eldest son, Charles C., in employment in a book store at \$12.00 per month, had him and Walter serve also as carriers of the morning Charlotte Observer for three years, 1868-1871, at \$1.00 per week each, had Walter working in the afternoons three hours a day folding pages of the "Land We Love" a magazine published by General D. H. Hill, of Charlotte; and yet kept Walter in the school of the Rev. R. H. Griffith and Captain Armistead Burwell.

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Richmond and sent word that he would like to see me. I went. It was a great period and I shall never forget it. I had known that he would probably not get well and that his end was not far off. It was heart inspiring to hear him talk with the goal so near and in all of his conversation to have the undertone sounding that he had fought the fight and that he had kept the faith.

We mourn his loss. We sympathize with his loved ones and with the whole Church. God buries the worker, but carries on the work. It is good to know so. We are apt to think that in such a case, that the race of such a man is lost. It is only a little earlier won, and the crown of victory has been placed on that noble brow. The music and sweetness of that great life have not been broken, but under the care of the Divine Musician will be brought out in all their harmony and perfection. The pillar has not been broken, but it has only been transferred and made a part of that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

I think I can hear the celestial encomium: Well done, thou good and faithful servant. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

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### WALTER W. MOORE.

*An Appreciation of Dr. Moore, on Behalf of the Presbyterian Churches of Richmond.*

BY REV. WILLIAM E. HILL, D. D.,  
*Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va.*

In attempting to speak of him who is gone, we can but remember how often he was called on to record the achievements and commemorate the virtues of those who had lived well. Oh, for his own gift of apt and happy phrase, that we might with equal excellence do justice to the gifts and graces which match

those of any whose virtues he praised! The very fact that he was so often charged with the task of doing for others what we are attempting to do for him is suggestive of some of his peculiar powers and aptitudes—his balanced judgment of men, his freedom from the spirit of detraction which so often mars greatness, his appreciation of worth and service, as well as his facility in expression and his discriminating taste. What was to me the most meaningful word spoken of Dr. Moore at the memorial service held by the Synod of Virginia was the last, spoken by one who was not on the program, but asked the privilege of saying a word in view of his long acquaintance with Dr. Moore: "To enumerate his gifts and count over his achievements does not describe the man; Dr. Moore was Dr. Moore." It was a word well spoken, and seems to say that the most significant thing about some men, at least, cannot be described. It is personal and individual. It is not to be found in the sum total of their virtues, but is something over and above. "Dr. Moore was Dr. Moore." When you ask what it was, you can only recall incidents and say, "There it found expression". Indeed it reveals itself more fully in minor matters and in the more intimate passages of life. The last and the finest test of a man—his greatness and his personality—is not to be found in the analysis of his powers, or in his visible achievements; but in his influence upon those whose lives he touched intimately—the love they bore him and the memories they cherish.

It is not my purpose to speak of the educator, the preacher, the administrator. It is not necessary for me to attempt to sketch his character or describe his long career of usefulness. All this has been well and adequately done. I ask only to be allowed to offer a tribute of love, and to mention little incidents here and there, characteristic of the man, and indicative, it seems to me, of some things in his personality that endeared him to us.

Something of the gracious courtesy and appreciative spirit of Dr. Moore revealed itself in his personal notes. In the fall of 1924 he spent a little while in my home. A few days later there came a note. Who that ever received one of those gra-

scious notes of his, written in a hand that, somehow, strangely matched their spirit and phrase, and does not remember it? And who that ever did him a favor or courtesy, however trifling, and failed to receive one of those notes? His was a deeply appreciative and gracious spirit. One so appreciative of the slightest kindness, and so gracious in his expression of it, could not fail to be loved.

From Dr. Allison Hodges I have this illuminating incident, indicative of a strong love of justice and a spirit of fairness, which characterized him from his earliest years. On one occasion in the Literary Society of Davidson College a young man, whose family, though living in North Carolina, had allied itself with the Republican interests, and, as was natural in such cases, was very zealous in the effort to justify his position, addressed the Society on the subject of the superiority of the Northern leadership in the Civil War. Not content with describing their excellent qualities and enumerating their achievements, which would have been quite justifiable, he had the temerity to contrast them with those of the Southern leaders, whose greatness he belittled. The members of the Society were dumb-founded. In the ominous silence that ensued Walter W. Moore arose, said that he felt that this challenge could not go unanswered, and asked the privilege of replying at the next meeting. There was a unanimous demand for an immediate reply. Then, drawing upon that fund of historical information, accurate, comprehensive and minute, which was already his, with choice phrase, and intense but restrained feeling, without casting aspersions upon any one, he not only vindicated the South's idols, but so thoroughly vanquished his opponent as to leave him speechless. He was always a champion of justice, charitable to men's faults, generous in his estimate of their virtues, and very largely without personal prejudice. What he here did for the illustrious he would have been as quick to do for the humblest. This characteristic of his explains in part the fact that he himself had few or no detractors; no one was ever heard to attempt to disparage the virtues or the excellences of Walter W. Moore. Of what other man of eminence can that be said? He was a lover of truth.

A man of positive and independent convictions, he was never found waiting to see the direction of the wind before he formed his opinions; and no one was left in doubt as to his position when he had spoken. Yet he was never pugnacious or unduly aggressive or intolerant; nor did he ever close his mind to reason, or refuse to listen to others with perfect courtesy and freedom from impatience. There was no bitterness toward those who disagreed with him, and there was left in their hearts no bitterness toward him. He had in him that fine combination of justice and charity which, while never blinding the eyes to the faults of men, or failing to disapprove of evil, champions the truth. All men knew that he would see the best that was in them, and give to them full credit.

Here and there characteristic sayings of his now come to my mind with peculiar significance. Here is one which, it seems to me, expresses one of his marked characteristics. "Young gentlemen", he was wont to say in his class-room, "humility is the crown of Christian graces." At the moment such a word was to me but an impressive phrase; now it appears as the probable statement of a guiding truth, an ideal for his own life. When was there ever a man of such gifts and so honored, and yet so free from personal vanity, and of so modest a disposition? In him humility crowned the Christian graces.

Another class-room word of his, indelibly impressed on my mind, furnishes a suggestion of the character of his Christian faith. "Young gentlemen, to my mind the most convincing evidence of the divine origin and the providential preservation of the Christian Church is the kind of preaching it has survived for nineteen centuries." A half serious remark, with a little humor beneath it; yet, as I believe, indicative of a foundation belief of his own, not only with reference to the church, but also to the whole order of the world and his own life. Underneath are the everlasting arms; over all is the glorious providence that preserves all good. God keeps watch above His own. One need give himself no uneasiness as to the wisdom of God's orderings. In such faith is found the true basis for poise, perfect peace, hopeful outlook, and a quiet spirit. It

reminds one of the declaration of Erasmus about another illustrious Moore: "Such is the excellence of his temper that whatsoever happens that he could not help, he loveth it as though nothing could have happened more happily." Here, I believe, we find the secret of his own serene spirit, his poise and his hopeful outlook. The Church, about the welfare of which he was so deeply concerned, and his own life, in spite of sins, weaknesses or mistakes, were in the hands of God, and being providentially cared for. This is the very heart of the Christian faith.

An incident of my own Seminary days is typical of his beautiful tact and gentleness in dealing with men. One of the students, having come to the conclusion that he could spend his time more profitably in study in his own room than in the attendance on certain classes, absented himself from the classroom. Before long there was a summons from Dr. Moore. When the young man returned he was an humbled and a chastened man. Asked about the interview, he replied, "Dr. Moore is the perfect gentleman. I do not believe that any other man in the world could have showed me how big a fool I have been, and do it in such a gentle way." Dr. Moore had chastised him, made him ridiculous in his own eyes, until he felt like a little boy: and yet in doing so he not only held his regard, but deepened his admiration and affection for himself. That was a wonderful achievement, possible only to the fine tact and gentleness that is born of a loving heart.

This last phrase recalls to my mind Dr. Moore's own inimitable description of that remarkable scene in one of Scott's novels—he was a warm admirer of Scott—where the dwarf attempting to lift a wounded man caused him to cry out in pain, but when the arms of the strong man are placed beneath him he is borne painlessly like a child on the bosom of its mother, and his concluding remark, that the greatest gentleness is possible only to the strong. In Dr. Moore gentleness and strength were wonderfully blended.

Another incident related by Dr. Hodges, the friend of Dr. Moore's student days, splendidly illustrates his passionate love for the Church and his spirit of self-sacrifice in her service.

He and Dr. Hodges and one other companion were spending a vacation traveling horseback through the mountains of North Carolina, when they came upon an abandoned church, a structure of better type than most of those in that region. A sight so unusual attracted his attention, aroused his interest, and distressed him. They spent the night nearby, and he inquired of his host the reason for the abandoned church, but was met with silence. That church, however, was on his mind and heart; and he persisted in his investigations the next day. With great difficulty he learned from a reluctant native that a bitter neighborhood feud had resulted in the closing of the church, and that the breach was irreparable. Dr. Moore bade his companions leave him there; and never rested until he had permission to open the doors of that church and to stand in its pulpit. There for many days he preached, in the effort to heal the breach and restore harmony. Could anything be more typical of the man—his zeal for the cause of Christ, his eagerness to be of service, his deep concern for the welfare of the church, his distress over divisions or strife within it? By such qualities he served, and endeared himself to the whole church. But because of his nearness and his residence here, the Presbyterian churches of Richmond reaped the larger benefit. The affairs of the churches were a personal affair of his own. He was ready to serve them at all times, and sought opportunity to advance their interest. It is not too much to say that the entire church in this city felt the influence of his unobtrusive presence. Moreover, the very presence here of a man of his gifts and excellences gave a certain prestige to the Presbyterian church. No church in the city but at some time enjoyed the benefit of his ministry; and no occasion of common interest to Presbyterians was complete without his presence.

One thing about Dr. Moore must be mentioned here. It needs no specific incident to illustrate it, for it made itself felt in all his contacts with men, and in whatever company he might appear. There are rare persons in whose presence the best in men always comes to the fore, not because they are hypocritical, but instinctively. There is a better side to all

men, and there are persons in whose presence this better side is always in evidence. I dare say that those who knew Dr. Moore will recognize that this was true of him. He was one before whom every man felt the call to his better self. Over and above all gifts for imparting knowledge, this is the crowning excellence in those who would mould youth, and is possible only to the pure in heart.

Thinking then of the man as he was, not of his gifts and powers, but of the man, there are two Scripture texts that come to mind: "Thy gentleness hath made me great", and the memorable words of Isaiah, "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It matters not whether modern commentators, who interpret that passage as the expression of an ideal human character, be right, or those who hold that the prophet had fixed his eyes on the Christ. The fact is that Jesus fulfilled that ideal, and the words will be forever applicable to those who are most like Him. They are truly descriptive of Walter W. Moore.

The official head of a great institution of the living has joined the company of the illustrious dead. Another is added to the long line of portraits of those who have served us well. It is for us to maintain an unshaken confidence in the good providence of God, and to unite our prayers and offer our support in behalf of his successor, upon whom heavy responsibility has fallen. But as to our love for him who has gone, it is our privilege to cherish his memory, refresh our hearts and stimulate our own lives by constantly calling to mind the graces and gifts that were his. Dr. Jowett once declared that there are springs of endurance to be found in the inspiration of a noble ancestry. "I mean," said he, "the contagious health and vigor that feed our veins when we clasp hands with the splendid warriors of other days." The Old Testament has a story of a dead man whose body was let down into the tomb of the prophet Elisha, "and when he touched the bones of the prophet the man revived and stood upon his feet". The story is pregnant with moral and spiritual truth, for it proclaims the vitalizing energy



of the noble dead. And Elisha, head of a school of the prophets, is dead; let us sink our minds and hearts down into his life, his letters, his speeches, his achievements, that his vision may inspire our imagination, his motives fortify our souls, his virtues flow into us. Let us seek inspiration at the fruitful fountain of his memory, nerve our hearts in devotion, and feed our souls on his works; and thus strengthened, turn more bravely to face the tasks that are our own.

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### A MANY-SIDED LIFE.

BY JOHN S. MUNCE,

*President of the Board of Trustees of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.*

(On October 10, 1926, a special service was held in Schaufier Hall in commemoration of Dr. Moore's life and labors. Mr. Munce, who presided, paid the following tribute of love and honor to the late beloved President of the Seminary.—Editor.)

The service this afternoon is to pay loving tribute and honor to the late beloved President of the Seminary, Rev. Dr. Walter W. Moore, whose death last June came as a shock to the officers, faculty and student body of the Seminary, and also to Dr. Moore's world-wide circle of friends, as, when he tendered his resignation just a few weeks before and was elected President-Emeritus, it was hoped that he might be spared for some time to inspire and bless us by his presence.

After his death it seemed best that the holding of a memorial service for him here, amid the scenes of his labors, should be postponed until the reassembling of the student body after the summer vacation; so we are met this afternoon for that purpose.

While we "sorrow most of all in that we shall see his face no more", yet, as Milton said—

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Nothing but well and fair  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."