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of the first two institutions to save the day. The community of interests among these institutions, each having a special cause for existence, is greater than their diversity of interests. It is as shameful for the institutions of culture not to have cordial relations and propagate 'sweetness and light' as it is for the so-called Christian denominations to quarrel. There is enough work for all."

A PLEA FOR SOME OLD IDEALS.

PRESIDENT HENRY LOUIS SMITH, Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

No life-history runs with even flow from age to age. In the geologic history of our globe long periods of stability alternated with shorter ones of intense and revolutionary activity. From their long inaction the forces of change seemed to gather irresistible strength, and when their hour came, the established order of things was shaken to pieces like a house of cards, the physical aspect of the earth was transformed, and whole races of plants and animals gave place to a new fauna and flora.

The same law of growth is seen in the life of the individual. How often does one hour of memorable conflict, of heart-breaking sorrow, of overwhelming responsibility transform the careless, laughing boy into the mature and thoughtful man, or change the strength and vigor of maturity into the feebleness and decadence of age. In these momentous periods a day may do the work of years. We measure them "by heartbeats, not by figures on a dial."

So, in the normal development of national life, even the careless student of history notes long periods of rest, stability, fixed conditions, dominant conservatism, during which the forces of change seem dominant. Then, oftentimes suddenly and without warning, the crust of established habit and fixed forms is torn to pieces as by a volcanic outburst. The hitherto solid ground is rent, the ancient landmarks disappear, old opinions, creeds, usages, standards, habits, prejudices, social forms, are fused into a fluid magma to re-crystallize into new forms of individual and national life.

These are the turning points in a nation's history, when

every hour is big with fate, and the Eternal Future is molded on the clanging anvil of the Present.

Such is the crisis, my fellow citizens of the South, through which the fair land of our birth is passing today. Like some gallant ship, freighted low with her precious cargo, following the chart of her fathers, she has for generations kept her straight course through storm and calm. Now, amid the rattle of machinery, the roar of her engines, and the feverish activity of the crew, she is tacking ship, and swinging outward with increasing speed over a new and untried course.

The very bustle and activity which accompany the movement so absorb the attention that some of us may not realize the fact that this is a momentous transition-period in the life of the South, that the habits and ideals of a whole people are being transformed in a single generation.

The old isolation of the South is forever at an end. Her position, the homogeneity of her people, the institution of slavery, the criticism of her neighbors, all conspired to keep the old South apart from the rest of the civilized world.

Now, we are plunged pell-mell into the rushing current of the world's life and thought, our expanding trade is bringing us into close relationship with every country on the globe, and when the great canal is dug, the South will be the gateway of the commerce of the world.

The old social and domestic life of the South is being transformed before our eyes. Her rural life, her country homes, the old household with its retinue of loyal family servants, the quiet village where all were neighbors—these have given place to the hotel, the club, the city flat, the swarming tenement village, the rented house, and hired help.

The old quiet, agricultural life of the South has given place to a very fever of modern industrialism, a delirium of money-making. Our blue sky is darkened by the smoke of countless factories, our villages are becoming cities, our railways are clogged with freight, and the very children begin to talk of stocks, bonds, profits and dividends.

The old poverty of the South, whose stern tuition taught many a lesson of heroic self-sacrifice, is gone forever, and our people are intoxicated with this new wine of luxury and increasing wealth.

With this rushing flood of Mammon worship has sprung up

a new cult—the worship of Success. Our fathers bowed at the shrine of Character, they admired a man for what he *was*; the new South has enthroned *Achievement* and asks first what a man can *do* or has *done*.

These idols of the marketplace have been set up in the very temple of learning, and are altering the whole spirit and ideal of education. The old cultural education is giving place to industrial training, and a score of orators are lecturing throughout the South on “The Money Value of an Education.”

The system of Southern education is changing even more rapidly than its spirit. The great American public school system, undervalued and condemned by our fathers, is developing on our soil like a banyan tree, and taking possession of every grade of instruction from the kindergarten to the university.

The politics of the South is also in unstable equilibrium, in a transition stage. Although forced by the overwhelming menace of her great problem to vote as a unit in local matters, any tyro can see that the so-called solid South is today, on all national questions of government and finance, a liquid sea, whose bewildering tidal currents not even the professional politician can predict from one presidential campaign to another.

Nor has the all-pervading spirit of change spared the spiritual, ethical, religious life and thought of the South. Her old-fashioned reverence for religion, for ministers and churches, for God’s Word and for the Sabbath day, is being undermined and swept away by a flood of new ideas, new standards, new doubts, and a new cosmopolitan indifference.

So, in these piping times of peace, amid the stir and bustle of trade and commerce, and the busy hum of a thousand factories, the South is once more a vast battlefield, and on the issue of the conflict is staked the future character of her civilization.

In pressing home the pregnant importance of such a crisis in our national life, let me not be misunderstood. It is no time for pessimism, for helpless repining, or for discouragement. Such a period is a bugle-call to action that should stir the most inert to patriotic service. It is a time when old chains are broken, old anchors weighed, old barriers swept away; when the hard crust of tradition and inherited prejudice is melted; when men’s minds are plastic, mobile, impressible.

It is a time for hopefulness as well as for activity; when

long-standing evils may be annihilated, hoary wrongs righted, and useless lumber cast aside; when willing hands can be trained to higher service, willing feet led into better paths, willing minds and hearts stirred to a loftier purpose.

Yet no one can deny that it is a time fraught with danger to all that is purest and highest and most distinctive in Southern civilization, and before this audience I wish to make a plea for some of the old ideals of our fathers, for the chivalry and courtesy and open-hearted hospitality of the Old South, for the old spirit of reverence—reverence for womanhood, for the Word of God, for sacred things, for the marriage bond, for manly virtue and maidenly purity. I plead for the inwrought religious spirit of the Old South, its sense of personal dignity and personal honor, its lofty scorn of falsehood, trickery and meanness, its ethical standards, and code of personal morality.

I wish to reaffirm what the Old South believed in the time of her greatest glory, and what the shades of her mighty dead still teach from storied urn and monumental granite—that the foundation of all true greatness, whether of an individual or a nation, is *moral*, not material. Our possessions, our houses and lands, our railroads and factories, our cannon and battle-ships, are but *dirt*—among them national *character* rises like a marble shaft amid piles of rubbish. The question of deepest moment is not what we *have* but what we *are*. National wealth may come and go, national power may wax and wane; the passing centuries are changing national customs in dress, manners, architecture and modes of government—but the great moral judgments of the world, moral standards, moral laws, moral ideals—these stand unchanged from age to age. They are like some granite cliff, overlooking a stormy sea. At its base the tide ebbs and flows, the sea ripples in music or roars in anger; its summit is covered alternately with summer's flowers or winter's snow, against its rocky face the sun shines or the tempests beat—yet earthquake and storm but settle it more firmly on its eternal base, and when each short-lived tumult has subsided, it still looks out unchanged over land and sea. No transient splendor of accumulated wealth can make a nation truly rich or truly great. Its *invisible assets* must be counted up—civic honor and purity, height of national ideals, capacity for heroism and self-sacrifice, commercial honesty and domestic virtue, diffused moral culture, treasures of manhood and womanhood—these can not be measured by long lists of

industrial enterprises, by so many dollars per capita of manufactured products, nor even by percentages of literacy and illiteracy.

The present industrial prosperity of the South is the wonder of the world, our people are intoxicated with money-making, the smoke of our factories darkens the sky, and our financial strength is growing by leaps and bounds.

Yet when was the South richest? In the political economy of heaven, judged by its unerring standards of value, taking stock of all her assets, visible and invisible, tangible and intangible, material and spiritual, temporal and eternal, when did the sum total reach a maximum?

I believe in my soul it was amid the gloom and horror of defeat in 1865. We picture the South of that momentous time as "ruined," "devastated," "impoverished," and so in a shallow sense she was. Her man-made wealth was gone, her industrial system annihilated, her long-established social order shaken to pieces, her stately homes in ruins, the flower of her manhood dead on the field of honor, and the right of self-government torn from her grasp—the sun of her great national hope had set behind the hills of Appomattox, night and chaos had come together, and amid the appalling wreckage of the past she faced a future through whose darkness no eye could discern the glimmer of a coming day!

Yet, here, as everywhere, adversity wrought a glorious work. Those four years of conflict and disaster, of hopeless struggle against a world in arms, of bitter loss and stern self-denial, bred in the South a race of heroes. This furnace of affliction, these rough blows on the anvil of war added to the old-time chivalry and grace of the South the vigor and resilience of tempered steel.

So, when the darkness fell, the Southern heavens blazed with a constellation of starry virtues never seen by day. Fortitude grown superhuman through years of suffering, self-sacrifice become a second nature, courage nurtured into sublimity by ceaseless conflict with overwhelming odds, love of country, always burning in the Southern heart, now blown by the breath of War into an all-consuming flame, fraternal feeling heightened and glorified by constant comradeship in suffering and partnership in noble deeds, resignation taught by unspeakable loss and bereavement, religious reverence grown habitual through the constant presence of death, glorious womanhood

that buried the dead, nursed the wounded, cheered on the living, sacrificed all for the Cause, and crowned with her love and sympathy the heroes of defeat, purified and ennobled manhood, that left the inspiration of battle-flags and martial music for the harder task of rebuilding the devastated South and preserving her civilization amid the horrors of reconstruction—*These* were the assets of the Old South, her priceless treasures piled high in the Bank of Heaven, when the maelstrom of war had engulfed all her material possessions. Will the children of the new era retain them amid the intoxication of growing wealth and luxury? Prosperity is a severer test of a people's true character than adversity. Will the New South stand the tropic sunshine as their fathers did the storm? Vegetables grow best in sunshine and balmy air; the finer growths of manhood, alas! are often blighted by the sun, and wither away under a cloudless sky.

If the old spiritual and moral ideals of our people are to be replaced by cold, shrewd, tireless, triumphant commercialism; if liberal culture, ethical standards, and true moral greatness are to be sacrificed on the altar of Mammon; if growing wealth and luxury are to culminate in gross materialism—then God pity the land of Washington and Jefferson, of Lee and Jackson! In that case, though our air is vibrant with humming spindles, and our land gridironed with busy railroads, and a millionaire's palace crowns every hill, yet the true glory of the South will be in her glorious past.

tional prosperity. With all my heart I congratulate the South on the swift development of her resources and the marvelous activity and success of her new industrial life. I rejoice in the fact that the day of her long and bitter struggle with crushing poverty has passed away forever, and that the wealth of the world is beginning to fill her coffers. Yet God forbid that the children of the New South, intoxicated with this new wine of wealth, should think that a nation's greatness is measured by dollars per capita, and should throw away, as out of date, the priceless spiritual treasures, the family jewels of the old home, because, forsooth, their setting is a little behind the times.

We may grow so *broad* as to lose all our *height*—so tolerant and appreciative of all religions as to have none of our own—so debased by Mammon-worship as to measure manhood by its

power of making money, and to feel amply repaid for the loss of manly honor or the fair fame of womanhood, if the courts but assess sufficient damages—so deafened by the ceaseless chatter of our factories as to be unable to hear “the choir invisible, Whose music is the gladness of the world.”

Our cosmopolitan visitors, while admiring our growing commerce and expanding industries, smile at our old-fashioned ideas of morality and religion, and declare that the South, in these matters, is still fifty years behind the times. Yes, in some things, thank God, we are not yet up-to-date. The South in many ways is an old-fashioned part of the country—hopelessly so, we trust.

It is still, in the main, a land of old-fashioned people who make their money slowly and honestly, and leave their doors unlocked at night, of old-fashioned homes where husbands and wives love one another in the old-fashioned way, and are simple enough to live together till death breaks the old-fashioned bond. It is a land of old-fashioned ideas of womanly propriety, and of a medieval reverence for womanhood now hopelessly out of date.

Above all, it is a land of old-time religion, where atheists are unknown, and a minister is revered just because he is a minister, and every word of the Bible is thought to be true; where the little children say “Our Father” every night at their mother’s knee, and are old-fashioned enough to keep on saying it till their own steps are tottering and their hair gray. It is a land of old-fashioned death-beds, made radiant and triumphant by the antiquated notion that a blood-bought soul is going home to glory, and of old-fashioned comfort and resignation, which, ignorant of Evolution and the Reign of Law, lifts its streaming eyes to heaven, lays its throbbing heart on the bosom of infinite love, and says, “It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth unto Him best.”

Let the utilization of our wonderful natural resources continue, let mighty industrial enterprises testify to the ability of our citizens, let the land echo with the throb of engines and the rattle of machinery, let every mountain cataract be yoked to the service of man, let our wide fields grow whiter with fleecy cotton, more golden with ripening grain, more stately with waving corn, smiling back in still more fruitful beauty to our sunny skies. Let the wealth of the world flow through a thousand channels among our people till leisure, and culture, and

material comfort lift the heavy burden of hopeless toil from every home! But let the old personal honor and personal dignity of our fathers be the heritage of their busier sons; let the old-time courtesy and hospitality hold its place in spite of business cares and sordid haste to be rich. Let the scorn of the old-time gentlemen for trickery and meanness and ill-gotten wealth hold our generation back from the temptations of modern business life; let the old moral and ethical standards of the South prove a bulwark against the onrushing flood of luxury, frivolity and shallow Mammon-worship; let the ingrained reverence and spiritual insight of our fathers still touch the petty things of everyday light with a glow from the skies. And above all, let the deep religious spirit of the Old South consecrate her wealth to the service of God and man, purify her politics, her homes, and her ideals, sweeten into loving fraternity the relationship of rich and poor, make her future civilization the blessing and admiration of the world, and yoke her material destiny to the chariot wheels of the eternal purpose.

“And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new Cycle shame the old!”