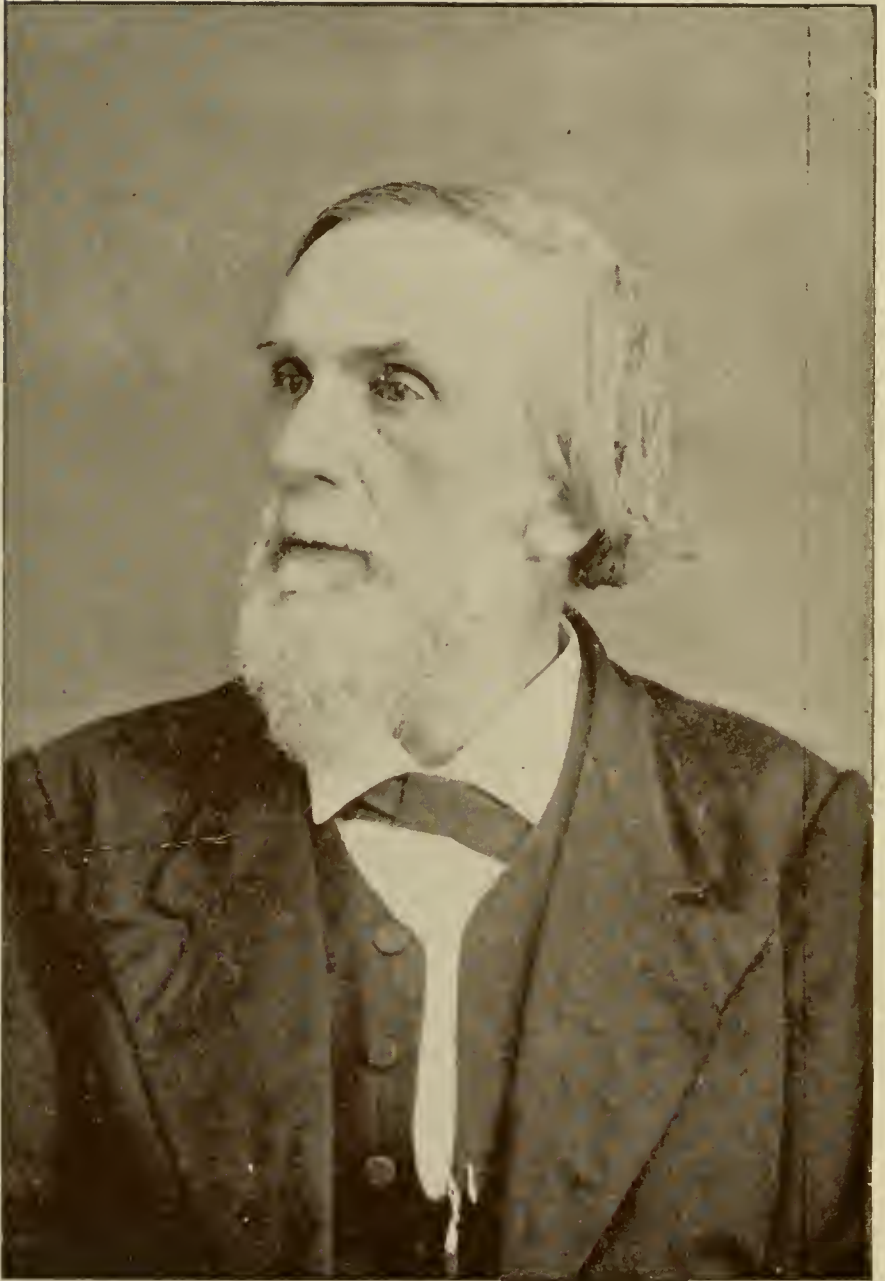


Carlisle Memorial Volume

BY WATSON BOONE DUNCAN



DR. J. H. CARLISLE

CARLISLE
Memorial Volume



EDITED BY
WATSON BOONE DUNCAN

AUTHOR OF

"Character-Building," "Our Vows,"
"Immortality and Modern Thought,"
"Studies in Methodist Literature,"
"The More Excellent Way," Etc.

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Dedication

TO THE WOFFORD BOYS

**THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED**

CARLISLE

Just as the sun, behind a western hill,
Adorns the heavens with its radiant beams,
Makes them to glow with brilliancy until
Earth lit up with reflected splendor seems,
So with this noble man, although he's gone,
His greatness, shining out through other men,
Continues ever to go on and on;
And through the lives of these he lives again,
Resembling much a wave upon the deep,
Lashing itself to pieces 'gainst the shore,
Is broken, but yet not destroyed, and sweeps
Still back again and onward evermore—
Like this, he lives forever on until
Earth to the uttermost parts his life will fill.

— *W. Grady Hazel.*

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FOREWORD.

FROM the day that Dr. James Henry Carlisle, South Carolina's greatest son, passed beyond the shadows I have felt that it would be an irreparable loss to the citizenship of the nation not to have some literary preservation of the story of his inspiring life. The good Doctor had expressed the wish that no biography of himself be published. This wish has been sacredly kept. After much deliberation I conceived the plan of this memorial volume, which, in a measure at least, preserves the remarkable story of Wofford's "beacon light" without violating his desire.

The plan of this volume was submitted to Dr. Carlisle's son, Mr. James H. Carlisle, of Spartanburg, S. C., and was heartily indorsed by him. I wish to express my thanks to all who have so kindly assisted me in the preparation of the material for the book. The article by Prof. Robert Law first appeared in the *Alcalde* and is used here by permission. The tribute by Associate Justice Woods first appeared in the *State*. The other tributes are taken from the *Southern Christian Advocate* and the *Wofford College Journal*.

The preparation of the book has been a work of

love; and I send the volume forth with the earnest hope that it will contribute to the perpetuation of the influence of the great teacher, the honored citizen, and the humble Christian, James Henry Carlisle.

Very sincerely, WATSON BOONE DUNCAN.

THE PARSONAGE, MANNING, S. C., January, 1916.

CHAPTER I.
THE CARLISLE FAMILY.

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THE CARLISLE FAMILY.

ARTICLE FROM THE NEWS AND HERALD, WINNSBORO, N. C.,
APPEARING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909.

WINNSBORO has no prouder distinction than that of having been the birthplace of Dr. James H. Carlisle, in whose death, at Spartanburg on October 2, the State of South Carolina sustained the loss of her most distinguished son. Not only was Winnsboro his birthplace (the house in which he was born is still standing on the lot adjoining the old Methodist church), but in the quiet churchyard hard by lie the remains of his parents and grandparents. This burial ground of the dead is a very compact plot, well crowded and containing in its sacred bosom all that is mortal of Hilliard Judge and John R. Pickett. The former was one of the pioneers of Methodism in these parts and accomplished a great work, though he passed away at the early age of thirty-three. The latter was a most influential local preacher, a successful man of business, and at his death left a considerable estate to Wofford College on the death of his wife, who survived him about twenty years. A nice shaft marking his last resting place was erected to his memory, a place being left on the same for an inscription to his wife. Dr.

Carlisle interested himself to see that this wish of the college's benefactor was carried out.

As is not infrequently the case, the family plots in these churchyards have no well-defined dividing line, and there is lacking symmetry of arrangement. The Carlisle plot is rather an exception to this rule, if taken in its entirety. It occupies a considerable space on the eastern side, including the Buchanan and Morrison graves.

Not many days ago we visited this plot for the purpose of making a copy of the inscriptions on these Carlisle stones, which are the plainest marble slabs, let down into the ground without even a base to rest upon. Some old cloths that had been carried along for the purpose came in most suitably for rubbing these stones off so that the inscriptions might be read. These are given below, the relation to the deceased being expressed in the heading:

GRANDFATHER.

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES CARLISLE,
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 22D, A.D. 1833,
IN THE 68TH YEAR OF HIS AGE,
LEAVING A WIDOW, SIX SONS, AND ONE DAUGHTER,
WHO HAVE ERECTED THIS STONE AS A TRIBUTE OF
HEART AND AFFECTION.

"WHY SHOULD WE MOURN FOR DYING FRIENDS
OR SHAKE AT DEATH'S ALARMS?
'TIS BUT THE VOICE THAT JESUS SENDS
TO CALL US TO HIS ARMS."

GRANDMOTHER.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MARY CARLISLE.
BORN MAY 26, 1769;
DIED APRIL 25, 1847.
AGED 77 YEARS AND 11 MONTHS.

FATHER.

WILLIAM CARLISLE.
BORN IN ANTRIM, IRELAND,
JULY 26, 1797;
DIED MARCH 28, 1867.

MOTHER.

HERE RESTS IN HOPE
THE BODY OF
A CHRISTIAN WIFE AND MOTHER,
MARY ANNE CARLISLE.
BORN FEB. 16, 1801;
DIED JUNE 19, 1858.

"GOD BLESS ALL MY CHILDREN AND HELP THEM
TO MEET ME IN THE REALMS OF BLISS." AMEN.

"NOW TOIL AND SUFFERING O'ER,
GO TAKE WITH SAINTS THY PLACE!
BUT GO AS ALL HAVE GONE BEFORE,
A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE."

By her side lie the remains of her first-born, James Henry, who died June 13, 1821, aged forty-two days.

After copying these inscriptions, we wrote to Prof. W. S. Morrison, of Clemson College, whose mother is Dr. Carlisle's sister and who is still living at her home near Blackstock. In response to certain inquiries therein, he has kindly furnished us with

some interesting facts about the ancestors of him whose death is sorely mourned. These are now published probably for the first time.

The first of these is a letter to Dr. Carlisle's grandfather, in Ireland, by Rachel Buchanan. The copy furnished us by Professor Morrison is from a copy made by Dr. James H. Carlisle at Spartanburg May 21, 1906. This copy by Dr. Carlisle bears this note at the top:

Copy of a letter written to my grandfather, who died in Ireland in 1813. His three brothers—John, Creighton, and Robert—had come to South Carolina. Their mother, Rachel (Phillips) Buchanan, is buried in the Presbyterian churchyard a few miles west of Winnsboro, S. C.

Rachel Buchanan's Letter.

MR. WILLIAM BUCHANAN,
NEAR BALLAMARA.

. . . much hurt for want of your presence in this country; but as you feel disposed to spend your day in your native country, I must endeavor to set myself down easy upon the subject. A short space of time will finish my course here, and I shall go to my long home. My blessings you have. Pray for yourself and me, that we may all be happy in the world to come. I will remain at your brother Creighton's. His son John is now grown to be a fine boy and about a month ago was inoculated for the smallpox and is now finally recovered. Your sister Mary is also well. Your brother John and family are well, but much emaciated in consequence of his fatigue in the late war. I received your letter by John Gray. Am sorry to hear of the loss of your daughter, but hope she is happier than with you. Your brother John says he will not write to you, as he has given you many long letters and has no reply.

Our last account from Ireland and England is rather

alarming. We wish you may not be too premature. Stop your proceedings until G. the 3d is underground and then—

Your friends here all join in their kind wishes for you. My blessing and best respects to my daughter Mary (your wife).

Remember the one thing needful. I remain
Your affectionate mother, RACHEL BUCHANAN.
LITTLE RIVER, 14th March, 1793.

Professor Morrison's Notes.

The above letter is made much more interesting by the following notes from the pen of Professor Morrison:

"Presbyterian church a few miles west of Winnsboro" is Jackson Creek Church.

"Brother Creighton" was Creighton Buchanan, buried in Fairfield, grandfather of Mr. R. N. McMaster.

"His son John" was Gen. John Buchanan, buried in the Presbyterian churchyard at Winnsboro, a signer of the Ordinance of Secession.

"Brother John" was Capt. John Buchanan, buried in the Methodist churchyard at Winnsboro.

William Buchanan died in Ireland.

His widow Nancy (*née* Ray; "Mary," in an old letter, must be a mistake of the typewriter whose copy I have copied, as Mrs. Carlisle, her sister, was Mary) and four children came to Winnsboro.

Four children of William Buchanan and his wife Nancy were: Mary Ann, who married her first cousin, William Carlisle; John R., buried in the Methodist churchyard at Winnsboro; Rachel, who married James McCreight, buried in the Presbyterian churchyard at Winnsboro; and Nancy, who married John Lewis and moved to Florida.

From the same authoritative source we have the following most interesting

Carlisle Data.

James Carlisle, a shoemaker, and his wife Mary (*née* Ray) came from County Antrim, Ireland, to Fairfield about 1818. They first settled on Hobble Road Branch, eleven miles north of Winnsboro, on the place now owned by Robert Sterling. From there they moved to Dumper's Creek and lived on a place known as the Hindman place, now owned by a negro, Wade Jackson, who can point out the house site, two or three miles southwest of White Oak.

James Carlisle and wife are buried in Winnsboro. With them came their seven children: (1) James, a weaver, buried at Concord Church. (2) William, a carpenter, Dr. James H. Carlisle's father, who, with his wife, Mary (*née* Ray), and an infant child, James Henry, is buried in the Methodist churchyard at Winnsboro. (Note that Dr. Carlisle (1825-1909) was given exactly the same name as his older brother.) (3) John, a shoemaker, father of the late Rev. John M. Carlisle, grandfather of Revs. J. E. and M. L. Carlisle, went to Mississippi. (4) Alexander, who went to Mississippi. (5) Mary, who went to Mississippi and married a Harkey. (6 and 7) Henry and Thomas, twins. Thomas went to Mississippi; Henry, a soldier in the Seminole War, went to Texas.

John B. Morrison, Blackstock, has William Carlisle's naturalization papers, dated November 19, 1824. The oath was administered by David Johnston and the paper signed by Samuel W. Yongue. Also William Carlisle's license to practice medicine under the Thomson Patent; said license, or permit, being dated June 2, 1832. Also William Carlisle's diploma, twenty-seven by twenty-two inches, from the Southern Botanic Medical College, Macon, Ga., 1848.

CHAPTER II.
LIFE SKETCH OF DR. CARLISLE.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE SKETCH OF DR. CARLISLE.

BY DR. CHARLES FORSTER SMITH, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

BELIEF in dogmas shifts and changes. It has been so from the beginning and will be so to the end. What is religion in one age may become superstition in the next or a later age. One thing stands through all the ages: the lesson of a life that was great because it was noble and sincere and unselfish and unsullied. The argument of such a life is incontrovertible, the proof is irrefragable, and the influence is irresistible. Good men accept it and are glad; bad men stand in awe and silence before it. The men who lead such lives are the real saviors of their fellows in every age. They are God's witnesses to each generation, the best and only adequate testimony of the working of God's Spirit in each period, and the milestones that mark the moral progress of men through time to eternity. They keep humanity from going to the dogs. It is not always easy to accept or prove, least of all to hold fast to, a dogma; but a good man's life is God's best proof of himself, if there is any proof. God probably has not left himself without such witness in any age. Such were Confucius, Buddha, Socrates and Plato, Vergil, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, St.

Francis of Assisi, Luther, Wesley, Dr. Arnold, Emerson, Lincoln, Lee, and Phillips Brooks. Perhaps all earnest men have known in life or in literature some such man who has been to them a stay and a safeguard. To me such a man was Dr. Carlisle, the best and most Christlike man I have ever known, described in his own words (but not used of himself), "exacting on himself, yet lenient to others; pure, yet tolerant."

James Henry Carlisle was born at Winnsboro, S. C., May 24, 1825. His father, Dr. William Carlisle, was a native of Ireland, who came to America in 1818 and settled in Winnsboro. He married at Winnsboro his first wife, a first cousin, named Mary Ann Buchanan, also a native of Ireland; and of this union were born four children. James H. was the second son. His mother must have been a noble woman, if we may judge by the son's respect for motherhood. Living till 1858, she was blessed in seeing her greatest son attain to the full maturity of a noble manhood, even if his chief honors came in later years.

Of his early school days, one story that is authentic is thoroughly characteristic, proving the boy to be the father of the man. A teacher compelled the little boy as a punishment to write upon his slate "Stupid goose" and show it around to the scholars. "Aren't you ashamed?" asked the teacher. As quick as a flash the boy answered without outraged feelings: "No, I am not, because it is a lie!"

He was prepared for college by James W. Hudson, of the Mt. Zion Academy, Winnsboro, and entered the sophomore class in the South Carolina College in 1842, having ridden to Columbia on horseback. He has been heard to say that he could not have passed an entrance examination, but natural ability and diligence enabled him to win second honor in the class of 1844. The first honor was awarded to Patrick H. Nelson, killed as a Confederate officer in the battle of the Crater in 1864. The subject of his graduating address was, "The Character of Shelley's Writings." I had been eager to read the address, for I was curious to see his estimate of a poet I had never heard him mention. But even at that early age it was the moral character that attracted—or, as in Shelley's case, repelled—him, and there is in the short address no attempt at analysis or estimate of poetical quality. He had already become acquainted with the poet whose moral and religious quality strongly appealed to him. At fourteen he carried his first copy of Cowper into the pine woods and read it there with such satisfaction that ever afterwards this was his favorite poet, certainly oftener quoted by him than any other.

Late in life he expressed a regret with which I completely sympathize. "It is one of the regrets of my life," he said, "that I never saw the mountains or the sea until I reached manhood. I feel, on this account, that my life has been narrowed and my

imagination made barren. The biggest thing of my boyhood's imagination was a sand hill."

For nine years after graduation he taught first in the Odd Fellows' School, then in the Columbia Male Academy. At this time he was painfully sensitive of his limitations. "Why, sir," said he on one occasion, "if those Columbia people had taken stones to throw at me, I would have taken to my heels." A remark of his shows that his well-known aversion to money-making was as strong then as in later life. In those days every schoolmaster collected his own fees; and Dr. Carlisle said to Prof. Duncan Wallace fifty years later that he felt that, rather than go from patron to patron requesting the payment of what was due him, he would have gone to work and earned it over again. Perhaps the most notable public utterances of his school-teaching period were an address spoken before the Society of Missionary Inquiry of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, published in the *Southern Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, and an article on the "Essays of John Foster," published in the *Southern Methodist Quarterly Review*, "a paper which was universally praised and admired by the readers of the *Review*." I remember that when I entered Wofford he used frequently to quote from John Foster—a habit that persisted through life.

In 1848 he was married to Margaret Jane Bryce, of Columbia, who was his devoted and faithful companion to her death, which occurred in the Christ-

mas holidays of 1891. If the examples of his mother and his wife chiefly fostered in him, as it is fair to infer, the high and pure ideal which he cherished of woman, then Mrs. Carlisle needs no further eulogy. "A faithful wife and mother (tell A—— that means a great deal) has passed away, a woman of rare usefulness and Christian purity." So he wrote of a good woman in 1888. Of this union were born four children, two of whom died in infancy. The other two—Sarah Herbert and James H., Jr.—were members of his household to the end of his life.

He was elected a member of the original faculty of Wofford College at the Newberry session of the South Carolina Conference in November, 1853. "I had registered at the hotel," he told Dr. S. A. Weber, "and was going upstairs when I met several gentlemen coming down. Brother Stacy said to me: 'I congratulate you. Wofford College has just been organized, and you have been elected Professor of Mathematics.' I was surprised, for it was the first intimation I had had of it. I had not been a candidate." That was like him. All the preferences and honors of a lifetime came to him unsought, as they came to Dr. Garland. Dr. Weber said: "He has frequently told me that mathematics would not have been his choice of a chair if he had been consulted. I feel sure he would have preferred mental and moral philosophy."

From 1854 to 1875 he performed the duties of his

professorship; and when Dr. Shipp resigned the presidency of the college, in 1875, to take a professorship in the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University, Dr. Carlisle was unanimously elected to succeed him. He continued to perform the duties of the chair of mathematics along with those of the presidency, never moving from his own professor's residence into that set apart for the President. In 1902 he resigned the active duties of the presidency, being succeeded by Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, then Professor of English in the college, and was made President Emeritus. He had sometime before given up the chair of mathematics and devoted himself to lectures on morals and instruction in the Bible. He was elected a member of the first General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church to which laymen were admitted and was regularly sent as a delegate thereafter as long as he would consent to go. In 1880 he was lay fraternal messenger, with Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1870 or 1871 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Southwestern University, of Georgetown, Tex. Such are the simple annals of this man whom everybody now considers, and has long considered, the greatest South Carolinian of his day.

"He was," says Dr. Weber, "frequently asked to leave Wofford College, with the inducement of a larger salary and a wider field. I know that he was

grateful for such complimentary consideration. We talked freely on the subject. Indeed, I did not agree with his declination in every instance. But I very much doubt if he ever seriously considered the matter of leaving Wofford. He heard the college bell the first time it was rung to call the faculty and students to prayer and books, and there has been a fascination to him in the music ever since." Of the calls referred to above, I know of only one, the offer of the presidency of his *Alma Mater*, the University of South Carolina. His loyalty to Wofford, like that of Mark Hopkins to Williams, has had few parallels in American educational history. President Snyder says that when he himself was considering a call to leave Wofford, Dr. Carlisle said: "You will have to decide this for yourself. Your friends cannot help you. I can only tell you I have found this a wide enough field." This feeling was partly due to his conviction that as personal contact with, and direct influence upon, the individual student are all-important, so the small college has a mission which no big university can perform.

Dr. Carlisle was a man of commanding appearance and would at once attract attention in any crowd. When he entered the General Conference at Atlanta, Dr. Cunyngnam, who had never seen him before, remarked: "There's a man!" He was six feet four inches in height and weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. His head was unusually large, or rather long, so that it was often

difficult to get a hat (it must have been at least an eight) to fit him. His hair and beard were dark; the former worn moderately long, the latter full, but never long. His eyes were gray-blue and his most striking feature, bright and ordinarily calm and gentle, but brilliant when he was thoroughly aroused. His movements, as natural and dignified as his form was stately, on great occasions seemed majestic, though all unconsciously so.

The house in which he lived for fifty-five years, a residence on the campus provided by the college, was a two-story brick building of eight or nine large rooms, with a kitchen and servants' rooms in the rear. In front was the campus, with its grove of pines. The vine-covered porch was the place where most visitors were received in mild weather, which in that region meant most of the year. The chairs on the porch were of the simplest character. Indeed, simplicity characterized the man and all his surroundings. I never knew any man of his eminence to live so unostentatiously. The furniture of the whole house was comfortable; nothing more. The room most associated with him in the memory of visitors was his study, whose walls were lined with plain dark-pine bookshelves reaching from the floor to the ceiling, so high that even a tall man needed a stepladder for the top shelves. A pine table with a cloth cover was the desk, and plain wooden-bottomed armchairs (his own with a homemade cushion), a rocking-chair or two, and a sofa

constituted the other furniture. The pictures were mostly likenesses of notable men, and the bric-a-brac chiefly historical or family mementos. A room in the college library is now fitted up with his books and furniture so as to be a perfect facsimile of it.

He was a great reader, with the gift of photographing a paragraph at a glance, quickly absorbing the contents without consciously reading every word. Among Dr. Carlisle's books, Bishop Mouzon, who delights to confess that Dr. Carlisle made him, mentions as also his own inspiration in literature the works of F. W. Robertson, Dr. Bushnell, and Phillips Brooks. These, I remember, were among those oftenest quoted by Dr. Carlisle. To these may be added Henry Ward Beecher, Stanley's "Arnold" and "Jewish History," Cowper, and in late years Vinet and Dr. Alexander Maclaren. This communion with choice spirits he enjoyed as few men can and must often have been bored by callers. But he was always approachable and even affable, accommodating himself to his company, talking in the simplest manner about common acquaintances or general topics with those whose horizon was limited, but easily led by others of wider range farther afield. And here he took usually the Socratic attitude of the inquirer who would learn from his interlocutor, only never with Socratic irony; and when he talked best you could be sure it was never for display. His conversation was the best

thing about him, really the greatest thing he ever did, except his classroom talks and an occasional great speech, though doubtless he was never aware of it.

He played no games, was not fond of gardening, and took no systematic exercise. I never knew of his taking a long walk over the hills or through the woods. But he liked to walk down town (three-quarters of a mile), after college exercises in the afternoon, to the post office and the bookstore; and as he walked with long, measured tread he would utter reflections about men and books and events that would now be intensely interesting if one could only recall them. Professor Lester, the youngest of his colleagues in the earlier period, used to be his companion on these downtown strolls, because he lived halfway; and after he was gone I succeeded, for the same reason, to this enviable privilege for my brief stay of four years. Prof. D. A. DuPré was probably most with him in the years after 1879. That amount of exercise would not have sufficed for most people whose brains were in such constant use; but he was much in the fresh air, if only sitting on the front porch, and his life was so equable and unhurried, his habits so regular, that he was never troubled with indigestion and regularly slept well.

A striking parallel might be drawn between Dr. Carlisle and the greatest of Greek teachers. Socrates was completely above the temptation of money

and indifferent to worldly honors and preferments; took no part in public affairs, except when drawn by lot for office or drafted for service as a soldier; never left Athens, except on military duty; was notably abstemious and completely master of his appetites; wrote nothing, but communicated his ideas directly to the young men about him, content to leave the seed thus sown to germinate in the fruitful soil of human souls. So Dr. Carlisle cared less for dollars and what they would buy than any man I ever knew. It has been mentioned above that he put aside at once and peremptorily the suggestion of further political service when waited on by some of his fellow citizens, though this doubtless looked to the House of Representatives at Washington and eventually the United States Senate. He rarely left Spartanburg, partly because seasickness made travel on the cars a torture, but also because he was retiring and averse even to the applause of admiring audiences. "What is a man to do under such conditions?" he once asked Dr. Baer, after some lady's lavish compliments. "Just look like a fool and say nothing, as you did," replied Dr. Baer. He had his bodily faculties under such discipline that nobody ever thought of him as being tempted like ordinary mortals. He wrote a good deal, but only short articles, in response to the insistent demands of the religious periodical press. He wrote no books. He was, however, always unconsciously teaching like Socrates, pouring his thoughts into the eager minds

of young disciples. And this has brought forth the most diverse fruit, both intellectual and spiritual. Socrates's constant plea to his fellow citizens was: "O, best of men, dwellers in Athens, a city the greatest and most famous for wisdom and power, are you not ashamed to care for money, that you may have as much as possible, and for reputation and honor? But for sanity and truth and your soul, how it shall be as good as possible, you take neither care nor thought." This appeal really expressed the essence of all Dr. Carlisle's teaching; and yet I think he was in this not consciously imitating or even influenced by Socrates. He would surely have made frequent reference to Socrates if he had read Plato much. The similarity of life and conduct was doubtless accidental.

Dr. Carlisle was like Dr. Mark Hopkins in working more than fifty years in one small college, in that being a great moral force he spent himself entirely in influencing men, and in that he emphasized above all the power of personal influence in inducing young men both to study books and to lead better lives. But his great exemplar, whom he followed more or less consciously, was Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Sayings of Arnold adorned the walls of his recitation room, and I have heard Arnold's name on his lips oftener than that of any other teacher. He prepared an abridged edition of Stanley's "Arnold" for the Chautauqua Press, saying in the introduction: "It is an era in the history of any young teacher

when he becomes familiar with the 'Life of Thomas Arnold.'” If he had ever gone to England, I am sure he would have sought, above all other spots, the grave of the greatest of English teachers, as Bishop McDowell did, and would have wished, like the Bishop, to be alone, that he might do homage with his tears to a kindred spirit. In another particular he was like Dr. Arnold. Senator Smith, of South Carolina, says:

Dr. Carlisle differed from other educators in one respect: he never seemed to desire that we should at any cost become scholars, but that at any cost we should do our duty, meet the obligations that come to us as men. Then, if scholarship was the result, well and good; but if not, there were to be no regrets, provided we had faithfully and honestly and to the fullest possible extent met the obligations of student life. His respect for the honest, plodding mediocre was as profound and real as for the most brilliant student, provided both did their duty.

That reminds me how often I have heard him cite the incident in Dr. Arnold's life of the youth who said to him, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I have done the best I could," and Dr. Arnold's comment, "I could stand hat in hand before that man."

As a public speaker Dr. Carlisle had extraordinary gifts. Associate Justice Woods, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, after mentioning character and profound moral optimism as sources of his power, says:

The third element was eloquence. I do not mean by eloquence merely brilliant expression, polished gesture, rounded periods, or artistic polish. Some of these he had without effort. But if speech be eloquence which moves the emotions too deeply to admit of outward demonstration, which carries conviction and arouses the whole man to the best aspirations and the most solemn of resolutions, then he was eloquent. . . . He spoke from a luminous mind and pure heart in that strong and simple English of which he was a master, of the deep principles of life and character, and made these principles vital with his own powerful conviction of the soul's perils, aspirations, and possibilities. And he who could listen and not feel that he was under the influence of a great human power was indeed poor in spirit.

At Spartanburg he was for fifty years the speaker whom everybody liked to hear. His audiences were always larger than noted orators from elsewhere could attract, and I never knew any one to think him uninteresting or find any speech of his tiresome. He never told stories or anecdotes in his speeches to catch or hold the attention of his audience, and there was never a word that the most refined woman might not have heard without a blush. Some of us used to say that the man behind it made so impressive what he said. In the long run that is probably always true—an utterance is worth something just in proportion to the worth of the man behind it.

If readers who were never students of Dr. Carlisle's should feel disappointment in his published addresses, we who knew him would think of his own remark about a speech by William C. Preston:

“It was oratory; but its publication, stripped of his delivery, would not have added to his reputation.” The best is lost, but we are glad of what remains. That is true also of one of the most effective short speeches of his life, his salutation to President Eliot when he visited Wofford in 1909. I cannot reproduce the scene nor the men nor the Doctor’s inimitable manner; but the situation was this: “When I was a little boy wading through the dismal swamp of the multiplication table, you were a babe in arms. Rejoice, O young man, in thy strength!”

He was not a great college executive or business head. As he had no gift for getting, hoarding, or turning over money for himself, so he did not try to get money for the college, either from rich men or from mass meetings of the people, and he left the management of college money matters entirely to the Board of Trustees and to the financial officers. To the same hands he left the construction of new buildings and material advancement generally. He did not share the American craze for numbers and did not believe the best results could be produced, either intellectually or morally, with very large numbers. He used to say, in fact: “When two hundred and fifty students enter the front door of the college, I go out at the back.”

It was, then, as a teacher and molder of men and not as an executive that he was great. The presidency helped him only in leaving him freer in taking the initiative and directing the current of college

life according to his individual preferences and ideals. And here his weak points may be admitted before his strong ones are stated. Strictly speaking, he was not a scholar in any line, certainly not in his specialty; and probably none of his best students ever considered him a fine drillmaster in mathematics or a maker of mathematicians or an authority on that subject. Young preachers and lawyers and men in public life and all others who might be especially concerned about public and private morals had more reason to be grateful to him than those who later occupied chairs of mathematics or physics or astronomy. So it happened, then, that, no matter who heard the lessons or gave the lectures in moral philosophy at Wofford College, the real source and stirrer and arbiter of moral ideas there for the first half century was Dr. Carlisle. And it was a very wise move when, sometime in the nineties, he was relieved entirely of mathematics and put in charge of ethical instruction. Even in the matter of moral education it was sometimes felt and even said that boys at Wofford were coddled too much—kept, as it were, in a hotbed and so in danger of a rude awakening when thrown out into the world of men—that ideas as to observance of the Sabbath, as to youthful amusements, such as dancing and card-playing, the theater and opera, were too strict; so that when men came to think and act for themselves they might undergo a sort of revulsion of feeling and fly to the other extreme. There was something in this; such

effects did sometimes occur. But, on the whole, the balance was immensely in favor of the Doctor's moral teachings. Such criticisms were made by younger men oftener than by older. As men were buffeted about by the waves in the sea of business and public affairs, they found the essential doctrines and principles inculcated in Dr. Carlisle's lectures, and especially by his conduct, the best ballast for the voyage of life.

The hard part comes now, to attempt to state with any adequacy his strong points as teacher and head of the college. He was strong after the Dr. Arnold and Dr. Hopkins type—that is, he regarded the chief work of the head of the college to be the making of men, the development of immature youths into capable, honest, high-minded, patriotic citizens and Christians. His talks about money—and they were frequent—were apt to be full of warnings about the danger from covetousness and the misuse of money. He laid great stress upon honorable success in life, kept the students posted as to the intellectual and material achievements of alumni, and stimulated them by constant reminders of the great things done by the best and ablest men of every race and age. The lessons of men's lives—biography—were his favorite means of incitement to virtue. He wanted the college to be good, not big; a safe and wholesome and uplifting place for ambitious youths to work and grow in, not a gathering place for hordes of all sorts of young fellows

sent thither by parents or drifting there to have a good time.

To me Dr. Carlisle was the great moral teacher and molder of men's characters. I knew him forty years—four years as a pupil of his, later for four years as his young colleague, and all the rest of the time as his friend. In dedicating to him a recent volume of essays I used the words, "The best man I have ever known and the most potent human influence in my life." Justice Woods, commenting on this, said: "It would not be remarkable that one man should say that of another if it were not true that these words would be accepted by many others as expressing their own estimate." I repeat that he was the best man I have ever known in the flesh, the most unselfish, the freest from love of money, the purest in thought and word and deed, the most exemplary in conduct. If I add that he was also wise, self-controlled, slow to anger, modest, patient, courteous, kindly, gentle, tolerant, loving his neighbor as himself, I am aware that I have almost exhausted the vocabulary of good qualities. But I have only told the truth. I have known him to make mistakes, but they were errors of judgment and not of will; he always meant to do right. He was the only man I have ever known with whose motives I could never find any fault. President Snyder recalls that, when he was going to Wofford in 1888, I said to him of Dr. Carlisle: "He is more of a New Testament man than any one I have ever known." I

said thirty years ago that if I knew Dr. Carlisle would not get to heaven I would give myself no further concern about the matter. I say that still. I knew then, and I know now, that such a sentiment is exaggerated; but it was and is my estimate of the man's moral soundness and goodness. And I am glad that I have felt thus about a man. It has uplifted me, has been a stay and a safeguard. His life has always been to me the unanswerable argument for a belief in the Christian religion. If we live long with a Christlike man and he stands the test all the time, day in and day out, it becomes much easier to believe in a Christlike God. My experience is probably not at all unique. A college senior at the time of his death wrote: "Those who sat in his classroom had the blessed privilege of partaking of the very nature of the Christ." Most men are really tremendously concerned about the Christian religion, however it may seem to the contrary. They do not so much want to hear it preached as to see it lived. They want proofs of its claims; and lives are the best proofs. A great life that is an epistle read of all men is an inestimable boon to humanity. The men of whom we can say, as the pupil of Socrates said of his great master, "The best man we have ever known and the wisest and the justest"—these are the men that save us.

I have never known a man anywhere so looked up to and revered by men and women and children as Dr. Carlisle was; never a man whom his

students so nearly worshiped while directly under his influence, still more as they grew older and realized the value of such an example. One senior said as he lay dead: "He was *our* Dr. Carlisle, and we loved him." Another: "Tread softly, fellow students, for every inch of Wofford's campus is now hallowed ground." It is an everlasting pity that every young man who goes to college does not at that impressionable period come under the domination of some man of great personality and wise character. Happy are those—and they were nearly all the Wofford students for fifty years—who found in Dr. Carlisle such a mentor. "He had a personal interest," says Justice Woods, "in every college student he knew and had the rare power of inspiring awe and affection at the same time. He always remembered the men who had been at Wofford College and so watched their careers in college and in after life that he made every man know that he was expecting of him the best achievement of which he was capable." Senator Smith meant much the same thing when he said: "I am sure that one characteristic of Dr. Carlisle's that drew him closer to the student body than anything else was his great yearning that the boy at college for the first time should not disappoint the mother and father at home, making such sacrifices, hoping such hopes, and dreaming such dreams for their boy. He could come nearer voicing that yearning and standing in the parents' stead than any teacher it has ever been

my fortune to meet." No wonder that the Senator added: "I have felt the same desire to go back to Dr. Carlisle and carry what little trophies I have won and lay them at his feet as a tribute to what he has done for me and hoped for me that I have felt in taking them back to my mother."

Dr. Carlisle's chief means of contact with the students for purposes of moral influence were, first, his classroom talks, not less in the regular mathematical hours than in the Monday Bible lesson with the juniors; secondly, his Sunday afternoon optional class meetings for young men at the Methodist church; thirdly, impromptu short talks at morning chapel as President; and, finally, interviews with individual students in his study. His classroom talks have already been touched upon. The Sunday afternoon meeting deserves somewhat fuller mention. Four o'clock was the hour; and though purely voluntary, it was regularly attended by a very large proportion of the students, so large that any ordinary room was inadequate. Prof. Warren Du Pré had at his residence at the same hour a similar meeting for the young women of the church and town. Dr. Carlisle used to discuss at first some lesson of Scripture very much after the manner of a Sunday school lecture; then opportunity was offered to the students to give personal expression to any feeling that might weigh upon heart or conscience. It was much like a Methodist class meeting, only the young men were not called out, and the talks were perhaps

more spontaneous and informal. The chief occasion of the kind was the last Sunday afternoon of the college year, when the members of the graduating class were expected to avail themselves of the opportunity to speak a word to their fellows. Those Sunday afternoons of Dr. Carlisle's class seem to me now, as they did then, the best single religious influence of the college course.

For the short chapel talks at morning prayers there was no special day set apart. They might come at any time. If some former student had won some prize or special distinction in university work, the Doctor was apt to make allusion thereto before the students—*e. g.*, Dr. Kirkland recalls how he referred to the winning of a medal at Vanderbilt University by ——— and added that “no more such mentions would be made, it would be assumed that Wofford men would take all prizes thus offered.” Dr. Duncan Wallace, for four years a pupil and later a colleague of Dr. Carlisle's, thus vividly describes the effects of such college talks:

In the short talks which he frequently addressed to the entire student body at the morning chapel services on the occasion of some great man's birthday, some great event in the world, some awful tragedy recounted in the daily press in the life of a young man, or simply because the impulse was upon him, he was unapproachable. After listening as a member of the faculty in rapt attention and delight to such words, I have heard middle-aged colleagues who had heard him for many years exclaim that no other man could ever put such power into such words.

One occasion that will never be forgotten was a certain

morning on which a great moral question—the eternal question of the young man and the strange woman—demanded strong speech. He requested his colleagues to leave the chapel, a request which I never knew him to make except on that occasion. He was, it chanced, in bodily weakness and seated himself upon the rostrum in a chair. On such occasions the accidental surroundings of time and place seemed to sink away; classmates were no longer perceived; each student seemed to himself to be alone with the man at the other end of his range of vision; the moments were intense, and it was a relief to the overwrought faculties when one was free to seek the open air.

Finally, the chief avenue of approach to the student's soul, the most characteristic way of showing his interest in his spiritual welfare, was his habit of asking each one sometime in his college course to come to his study at a certain hour. There he talked with the young man, presumably about his soul's welfare and his aims in life; but the student always felt that the hour had been too sacred to reveal what had passed. Alluding to such an interview, Dr. Weber wrote me: "How many of us boys of his to the last days of our lives thank and bless him for his personal work! Just now I am having thoughts too sacred for utterance. Suffice it to say that I remember, more than half a century ago, when, to adopt his own way of expressing it in his own study with only us two present, I was enabled to pass a crisis in my life on upgrade."

If you understand that a whole college felt as Dr. Weber did, not one or several generations, but all the generations of college students for fifty years,

and so all the alumni of the college for all that time, that the whole town felt so and the whole State, you realize something of the influence of the man and of his enormous power for good. But you could never understand the secret of that influence and that power unless you had seen that life lived. Then you would understand, though you might not be able to explain it to others. When you tried to explain it to one who did not know the man, you would probably give it up and say: "Well, anyway, it is a fact."

Perhaps a characteristic, authentic anecdote or two may give the secret of his power with young men better than formal accounts of his usual methods of instruction. The Doctor could be very severe when the occasion seemed to demand severity, and there was never a student that did not fear him and stand in awe of his righteous indignation. But, as Mr. Wallace says:

The Doctor's magnanimity was always more than equal to his severity. The following incident from about 1880 was a painful humiliation to him, but it elevated him in the eyes of his class. After the calling of the roll, he had requested the class to close their books and had begun the recitation. Soon he noticed a student in the back of the room reading his text-book. It looked mean. It appeared a clear unmitigated case of cheating. The Doctor delivered to the student a terrible reprimand. Then he paused. The offending student said quietly: "Doctor, I did not hear you say, 'Close your books.'" It was like a blow. The man of large heart attempted no explanation or excuse, but rose from his chair, walked the length of the room with extended hand, and grasped the hand

of the student with the words: "Mr. —, I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon."

To illustrate the Doctor's humor, Dr. Wallace tells the following anecdote:

There was a very young but extremely dignified professor recently returned from Germany. To the disgust of the boys, he had introduced the study of Anglo-Saxon, a subject in which he afterwards obtained some distinction. One of the students gained access to his classroom and wrote upon the board an excellent piece of rhyming wit at the expense of German scholarship and its local representative. The offender confessed and, at the instance of the professor, was summoned before the faculty. The President wore his severest expression and forced his index finger, against which his face rested, to an unusual height along his temple—always regarded by the boys as a sure register of the gravity of the occasion—as he asked: "Well, Mr. K—, what are you summoned before the faculty for?" With a gesture of helpless innocence and a voice full of pathos, of which he is a master to this day, K— answered: "For writin' po-er-try, Doctor." The Doctor burst into a laugh and dismissed the case without further inquiry.

Perhaps the two occasions in his long life that were most honorable to him and for which he was doubtless most humbly grateful were the following, as told by Dr. Wallace:

The most affecting incident ever witnessed in the college chapel was at the commencement exercises in 1895, when Hon. Samuel Dibble, the first graduate of the college, unexpectedly, except to the alumni, stepped upon the rostrum to present to Dr. Carlisle a handsome gold watch and chain, the gift of the alumni in attendance. The recollections which crowded upon the speaker as he voiced his peculiarly fitting sentiments almost incapacitated him for speech. Dr. Carlisle was

even more visibly moved. "Can this be the young student and this the young professor of fifty years ago?" he asked. He expressed his gratitude for the feelings which had prompted the act of his old pupils and professed his unworthiness of such devotion. He said that there and then he wished to beg the pardon of any student to whom he had ever been unjust. But his words were few in accordance with his remark on another such occasion when the students presented him with a token of their affectionate regard, that "one who could fittingly respond on such an occasion would be unworthy of the occasion."

An incident springing from similar sentiments and illustrating the feeling of the people of his home town toward him occurred on his seventy-ninth birthday. About two hundred of the professional and business men of Spartanburg on the afternoon of March 4, 1904, marched in a body to the Doctor's residence on the campus and expressed, through Mr. Stobo J. Simpson, their veneration and affection for the man, the teacher, the citizen whose life had done so much for them and their community.

The editor of the *World's Work* seems to have got completely the Spartanburg view of the man. Under the caption "A Little Story of a Teacher," he wrote in October, 1908:

If you were to go to Spartanburg, S. C., and spend an evening in the home of any man who lives there, the conversation would be sure to turn on Dr. Carlisle. And if you should happen to go up to the home of any one who has a direct personal interest in Wofford College, the chances are that the most of the talk of the evening would be about Dr. Carlisle. If you should happen to be at the college at commencement time, you would hear a reverent and affectionate allusion to Dr. Carlisle in every public address. . . .

And who is this Dr. Carlisle? A man who went to the college as a teacher of astronomy and moral science in 1854, when it was founded, and who has been there ever since,

part of the time as President and again as teacher. Doubtless neither philosophers nor astronomers regard him as a great contributor to their departments of learning. Yet it is doubtful whether there be an astronomer or a philosopher at any institution or in any community in our whole land who has exerted so strong an influence upon the young men who have come in contact with him. They do not say that he taught them astronomy or that he taught them philosophy, but they all do bear testimony to his having given them, in greater measure than any other man, a right adjustment to life and a moral uplift—a kind of influence that the oldest of his pupils, who are now themselves far on in middle life, remember with affection that has grown since their youth.

Says Dr. Wallace again:

Men often wondered why the Doctor had no *magnum opus*, why he wrote no great book or devoted his powers to no great discovery, or threw his strength into no specific line of social or religious work. The Doctor did have his *magnum opus*, but it did not lie along the printed page. It was to make the most powerful and lasting efficacious impression, morally and religiously, upon the young men whom he could reach. It was a favorite thought with him that no holy, unselfish life in even the remote ages of the past is lost, but that its power for good is still in the world; and without doubt this must have been precious to him as he sought with singleness of heart to glorify his Creator and Redeemer through the lives of men who were to live after him.

An extract from one of his speeches illustrates this thought—the influence of the teacher that lives on in the memory of his pupils:

The gay traveler or excitement seeker will never seek his resting place. But in after years some old pupil, subdued, chastened by the stern discipline of experience, will turn aside from the thoroughfare of life and clear away the weeds a little space until he finds it; and, the impressions of his

youth coming over him, he will there consecrate himself to high and holier aims in life, and the seed dropped by the hand that molds beneath shall spring up and bring forth its appointed harvest. Is not that a monument for which kings might wish to die? Why could not a man sleep as sweetly there as in Westminster Abbey?

It was perfectly natural that Dr. Carlisle, who was so idolized by his students and so revered by his fellow townsmen, should have been much quoted, especially as he had a striking epigrammatic way of saying things. The sayings cited in the following paragraphs have been gathered from various sources, mainly from memoranda made by Dr. Snyder. Some few of his expressions were used so often as to be generally recognized as stock phrases of his—*e. g.*, “Poor fellow, it’s a crisis in his life, an era in his history”; or, “I hope he is on upgrade now.” But often they seem to come freshly coined from a furnace of strong feeling. Dr. Wallace expressed it thus: “Winged words sprang up in the path of his speech as the offspring of ‘thought under high emotional tension.’ Once I remember, in speaking of vulgar and profane language, he turned suddenly to the young man and with flashing eyes and vibrant tone exclaimed: ‘The temple of your soul is become the menagerie for the obscene reveling of every unclean beast.’” Close akin to that is the remark that Dr. Snyder heard him make in some talk to students: “To be the roommate at college of a low, vile blackguard is a dear price to pay even for an education.” And it was a very

gentle and wise admonition to his boys: "See that your roommate has a good roommate." One of them wrote afterwards: "Those words have been the most potent influence of my life." In his last years he often dismissed a class with the emphatic words, "Don't forget the inner man!" and his constant admonition, "Don't drift!" will linger in the ears of all the later generations of Wofford men.

"Young men, beware of crowds!" he would sometimes say to a class, as he had said in his address to the boys at Cokesbury School in 1854. "Many a man will contribute his share, as one in a crowd, to that which he would tremble to think of doing alone. . . . Young men should remember that conscience in all its vocabulary has no such word as *we*." And the counterpart of that is another winged phrase caught from his lips by Dr. Snyder: "Three men commit a crime. Each is guilty of the whole. There are no vulgar fractions in sin."

Admonitions on the value and dangers of money were frequent in his talks to students, of course. Here are two or three: "There are two classes of students that cannot afford to spend much money, those who have worked and made their own money and those for whom somebody else has worked hard and made money." On another occasion he said: "While you are planning to spend a dollar foolishly, your parents are planning how to save a dollar that you may stay in college." The following is a truism, yet thoroughly characteristic of his way of

generalizing: "The management of that perplexing and delicate matter is rightfully the invariable test of character, for it is at this point that scholar and sage and poet and schoolboy must touch common life and bear its strain." "A man may," he said to his students, "be able to tell in six languages why he can't pay his debt. The debt, if ever paid, is paid in solid, everyday American gold and silver or greenbacks."

Prodigality with money had for him its counterpart in extravagance of language. "The favorite lurking place of truth is never a thicket of superlatives" was a gentle rebuke made to a young woman, but often applied in other words to young men. Money, chastity, and the value of human life were the three subjects that he felt most concerned about for young men. "An insult," he said, "is never an excuse for taking human life. Time will cure the wound of the insult, but will only deepen the stain of the blood." "If an angry drunken man were after me," he said on another occasion, "I would give him the right of way, just I would give it to a mad-dog." To a mature, sensible man he knew that would seem only prudence, but also that to a hot-headed youth it might seem cowardice.

He was never bored by teaching, and he had as exalted an estimate as Socrates of the dignity of the master teacher. "One of the last great teachers," he apostrophized one day, "a term that is growing into contempt in the presence of the scholar, the

specialist, who is called upon to make an original investigator of every freshman and sophomore." The young freshman was always to him a thing of curious and absorbing interest. It may have been the freshman geometry class he consoled with the remark: "That young student who does not have a case of homesickness now and then either has not a happy home or is unworthy of one." "Even the plainest freshman," he said, "doubtless in the faculty room, "is a combination lock which can be opened by the right teacher in the right way, the right teacher that may thus enter his mind and heart." There was a whole condensed textbook of pedagogical wisdom in his retort one day to Dr. Snyder, who as a young professor had answered the Doctor's remark, "We can't expect students to be perfect," with: "I'd like to have a perfect class just once." As quick as a flash came the words: "A perfect boy might require a perfect teacher." Walking one day to the funeral of a young freshman, he said with unforgettable impressiveness: "This young freshman is now wiser than any one of his professors—graduated at twenty-one into the larger light of another world."

The danger as well as the opportunity of college life he fully realized and often emphasized, saying once: "In almost every case a young man fixes in college the two points of the straight line which determines the direction of his life." "There is danger," he said again, "that colleges are turning

out every year accomplished tramps (with a Latin diploma in their pockets) to swell that vast and increasing army which must either beg or steal." Referring on one occasion to four hundred men and women applying for ten positions in the gift of the Legislature, paying from forty to sixty dollars and lasting only a few weeks, he asked: "Is it possible that the majority of young men are finding no fixed positions in life for which they are thoroughly prepared, but are floating out into that vast mass that pauperizes society and enriches jails? At any rate, I have a faith, as strong as my faith in the providence of God, that society always has a proper place for that young man who can pay his way in force and integrity of character."

The supreme importance of character was an inexhaustible theme with him. "You cannot all be eloquent, young gentlemen; but you can every one live a pure, clean godly life and in that way preach to the world a sermon greater than any ever preached by human lips." "I have very few fears for a young man," he remarked, "when the simple faith of his childhood seems to be shaken by the trade winds of a critical attitude, by gusts of earnest inquiry, or even by a cyclone of ardent doubt, provided he keep the foundations of his moral character pure and strong." "When character once begins to disintegrate," he said, "there is no telling where the breaking will show itself." "When a young man begins to drink, it is not that he will become a drunk-

ard. I have fears of something far worse. Society and home training have so frowned upon drinking that every step a young man takes in this direction is an act of deception. And so character is weakened at its most vital point, and he becomes a liar instead of a drunkard, or more probably both." There was nothing he so despised as a liar. It was a common remark in college that a student could not look the Doctor in the eye and tell him a lie. "I'm not talking," he said once, "to the educated young white man who can tell an outright untruth. There is nothing in him to talk to. You can't raise him with a lever, because there is nothing to rest your lever on. Sometimes your leg or your arm goes to sleep. It needs a sudden blow, a rubbing, to awake it. Conscience sometimes also goes to sleep and needs a strong moral shock to awaken it." I think he would certainly have explained Socrates's warning voice (*δαιμόνιον τι*) as conscience, only to him it was positive as well as negative. "That little spark of celestial fire called conscience," he would say, "may become a consuming fire."

Probably it was after receiving the request for an indorsement from some former student that he spoke as follows: "So many young men, after a college course in which integrity has been broken and character tarnished, write to me for recommendations for responsible positions, thus implying that a word from me can supply what they have not or else what they did the best they could to destroy,

implying also that the high qualities of character and conduct with them had grown up in a night and flourished as Jonah's gourd. Not so! Not so! Will you ever learn the lesson that the high matters of conduct and character are not the spontaneous fungus growth of a night, of two nights, of three nights, but the results of the slow, silent processes of the years, renovating, purifying, strengthening, and toughening through strenuous endeavor?" To ambitious young men was especially applicable the injunction: "Character and scholarship are too close together for a young man to build up one and at the same time trample down the other." And it seems to me I can see now his blazing eye and uplifted arm as he says from the rostrum: "If this country ever goes to ruin, it will not be from lack of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but from lack of the basis of honest and true character." The same thought he expressed another time in these words: "This country will never go down in ruin for lack of educated, skilled men. It may go down for lack of moral character. And yet our Lord knew infinitely more of the good and evil in this world than we. He knew all things, and he was no pessimist."

He was, of course, fully aware of the fierce storms that often assail and stir to the depths a young human soul. What help could he suggest, what refuge in such a crisis? This one suggestion: "That is a wonderful phrase of Nehemiah's about

consulting with himself. It is so suggestive. To hold a mass meeting of the powers of one's nature, to go solemnly into a committee of the whole upon the state of one's self—not a committee in which the anarchy of the impulses, the appetites, and the desires hold sway, but a committee presided over by the human will, illuminated by the imperial intellect, and guided by the keenly dividing dictates of the divine conscience—this is a high consultation with one's self."

But the commonest appeal with him to the boy's conscience was the name *mother*. "Every mother," as Dr. Wallace well said, "was to him holy by her office, her sacrifice, and her service; and if woman could be anything other in his mind than what she is in the best meaning, he never spoiled the ideals of young men by revealing it." The one safe thing for the boy was always to confide in and consult, never to deceive, his mother. "Whether to go to the circus or opera house," he said, "is a matter of doubt (men may differ as to whether it is right or not); but there can be no difference of opinion as to whether it is right to deceive your mother about it." Next to mother, the strongest, frequentest appeal to him was in the name of *sister*. Urging purity of thought and conduct, he would entreat: "Think if it were your own sister. Remember, she is somebody's sister." His sense of the intimate relationship and value of wife is conveyed in the

epigram that was often on his lips: "A man's two best counselors are his wife and his pillow."

With words like these he would hearten students for the steady round of toil that alone makes college work successful: "Thomas Carlyle has said that it was not a sign of strength when one had convulsions so that it required seven strong men to hold him, but that the true strength was the daily, earnest bearing of burdens so that one grew stronger under them." So the real student is not the one who has convulsions of study on stated occasions—examinations and such like—but does his daily duties manfully and thus by a gradual process feels himself growing and expanding under them.

Because he loved young men and considered human life a precious privilege, he would sometimes exclaim: "O young men, what a jewel you now have in your hands in the possession of young manhood! Will you play with it as a baboon would with a glittering gem and then toss it into the mire?" And the same yearning love for young men, as well as a strong sense of duty to society and the State, called forth the exhortation to his colleagues: "Let it be our constant aim that every day spent in the recitation room may tend to furnish those results which the Prussian king demanded of his university: 'Fruits, gentlemen; fruits in the soundness of men.'"

A few sayings of Dr. Carlisle's gathered from other old pupils and friends may be added here. A thoroughly characteristic saying of his was: "It is

a terrible thing for a young man to have attained his ideal." One of his constant appeals to students was in these words: "Aim at the moon. You may hit a bush, but you will hit something." Sometimes he would say to a class: "Israel was seeking a king. Young man, what are you seeking?" That was the way in which he drove home the Monday morning Bible lesson of the junior year. The following sentiment of his was written years ago, but applies even more aptly to the present situation of our country: "He may be unwise who is sanguine; but he is unmanly, unpatriotic, and unchristian who despairs."

With all his greatness, Dr. Carlisle was very modest. One day he sent for Dr. Snyder, who found him much moved. "I understand," he said, "that a man who calls himself my friend purposes writing a life of me. If you are his friend, I beg you to prevent it. What is there to write? I am only a teacher."

The following story, told by Dr. Snyder, indicates the unique position of Dr. Carlisle in the regard of South Carolinians:

He was the "noblest Roman of them all." But what I really want to say to you is in relation to what happened to me last year while at the Gayoso Hotel, at Memphis, Tenn. We went in as strangers and registered; and the hotel clerk, an old man, remarked that we were from South Carolina. He said he had a guest some weeks before from Abbeville, S. C., who had every appearance of being a gentleman. After being there a week or more, the South Carolinian came to him and asked him to cash a check for him. "It was a risky business," the clerk said, "for a hotel

to cash checks for the traveling public"; but as the man impressed him as being a gentleman, he hated to refuse. The thought struck him to ask the South Carolinian who was the greatest man in his State. The stranger dropped his head as if he were counting them. In a few moments he straightened up, smiled, and said: "Dr. James H. Carlisle, of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C." The hotel man told his guest that from what he had heard of the State he would cash his check, as no one would carry a spurious check about who thought Dr. Carlisle the greatest man in his State.

That is a good story, and it expresses the common sentiment in South Carolina for many years. "The greatest man I have ever known," said some years ago Ex-Lieutenant Governor Shands, of Mississippi, a South Carolinian and a pupil of Dr. Carlisle's. "Dr. Carlisle and Wade Hampton I consider the greatest men I have ever met," said Ex-Congressman Dibble, of South Carolina. "The greatest man that South Carolina has ever produced," said Senator E. D. Smith at the time of Dr. Carlisle's death. "The greatest man in the country and the most successful in his line, the making of men," said Senator Tillman to Dr. Snyder. "The greatest man I have ever known," said J. L. Glenn, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees of Wofford College. "In him the State of South Carolina has lost her greatest citizen," wrote Bishop Kilgo and Dr. Chrietzberg in a memorial. "The most remarkable man I have met," said Jenkin Lloyd-Jones. "No other South Carolinian has wielded so strong and wide an influence for good so long a time as James H. Carlisle"—memorial editorial in the Co-

lumbia Record. "South Carolina says the long farewell to her most reverently valued and best-loved son"—editorial in the *Spartanburg Herald*.

This man whom the State of South Carolina so long delighted to honor, the most influential layman in the Southern Methodist Church, and revered in many States, was only a professor and president, at a salary of from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars, in a small college that never had over three hundred students or a productive endowment of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Truly, as President Mitchell, of the University of South Carolina, said: "It bespeaks the nobility of soul of the people of the State that they singled out such a man as the chief object of their affection and admiration." And as some one wrote in the *World's Work* (June, 1907): "There is no commercial standard by which the influence of Dr. Carlisle and Wofford College can be measured."

Dr. Carlisle's fatal illness began with a fainting spell Monday morning, October 18, 1909. He rallied somewhat at intervals, but seemed to have been unconscious or under the influence of opiates most of the time. "To the end his thoughts were still of his students. As the dim light broke into his chamber on one of the last mornings, he asked the time. 'Six o'clock,' was the answer. Supposing it to be the early sunset of a winter day, he said: 'The boys will have a long evening to study.' How often will these words come with sweet sadness to the men

who read them, helping them, as they take up their tasks, to realize for themselves the truth of his noble saying: 'The hard points of onerous duties frequently done soon sweeten into the joys of high privilege'!" Wednesday morning he observed the uniform of the sick nurse and asked: "To what school do you belong?" When she replied that she was a nurse from the hospital, he said: "It is a broad field." So his last conscious words were one of his usual characteristic expressions. "During the last hours of his life he fancied himself in his classroom meeting a new freshman class and spoke at length to his boys as in times past. The questions and the words of counsel and instruction were as well ordered, but for a word here and there, as when in the days of his strength he stamped the mint mark of his character upon the young men before him." At 7:45 A.M. Thursday, October 21, he breathed his last. The college, the town, and the State had always honored him above all men; so his funeral was a fitting tribute to his worth. It was a fine autumn afternoon (Friday, October 22), and the simple ceremonies were held in front of the main college building. The burial service of the Church was read, prayers were offered by the pastors of the various Churches, and two of his favorite hymns were sung by the choir. There was no eulogy. That was as he had wished. Fully five thousand people were present. The negro congregations sent delegations. Ten students from the

four college classes and Fitting School bore the coffin. The faculty and Board of Trustees were honorary pallbearers. These were followed by the whole student body and all alumni in attendance, then by the vast concourse of citizens. The procession passed through rows of three thousand school children—for all the schools, both white and black, were present—lining the way on both sides from the college to the cemetery. All business was suspended in the town during the progress of the funeral. The floral offerings from the college, the town, and from all over the State were profuse and beautiful. The other colleges in the State sent delegations, and distinguished men were present from all parts of the commonwealth. In view of such a life thus ended, the words with which Justice Woods closed his tribute are most appropriate:

The death of a man to whom it was given to live a long and full life in the blessing of others by the exercise of these powers should not be marked by gloom and sad refrains, but rather by anthems of praise and triumph that all his life he stood fast and gave strength and hope to men. We know not of his future beyond this life; but there can be no agnosticism and no skepticism that he is

“Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred by generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man’s search
To vaster issues.”

MADISON, WIS.

CHAPTER III.
DR. CARLISLE AS A CITIZEN.

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BY WATSON B. DUNCAN.

ON Sunday evening, November 7, 1909, at eight o'clock, a great memorial service in honor of Dr. James H. Carlisle was held in the auditorium of Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C. The following program was observed:

1. Presiding officer, Mr. W. E. Burnett, President Wofford College Alumni Association.
2. Organ prelude.
3. Hymn.
4. Scripture-reading, Dr. J. S. Watkins.
5. Prayer, Rev. W. H. K. Pendleton.
6. Address, "Dr. Carlisle as an Educator," Dr. James H. Kirkland.
7. Address, "Dr. Carlisle as a Citizen," Mr. Charles Petty.
8. Address, "Dr. Carlisle as an Influence in the State," Judge D. E. Hydrick.
9. Address, Mr. E. L. Archer.
10. Hymn.
11. Address, "Dr. Carlisle as a Friend of Youth," Dr. R. P. Pell.
12. Address, "Dr. Carlisle as a Moral Force," Rev. R. S. Truesdale.
13. Address, "Dr. Carlisle as a Christian," Dr. L. M. Roper.
14. Address and presentation of resolutions, Dr. Henry N. Snyder.
15. Hymn.
16. Benediction, Rev. J. J. Ransom.

At the conclusion of the address the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

For fifty-six years Dr. James H. Carlisle was a citizen of Spartanburg. In all these years no man ever found aught of guile in him. We knew him for what he was—a man of the New Testament who forgot himself in loving service for others. In the classroom and in the familiar study in the old house in the Wofford pines he taught us and our children the high virtues of the life that really counts; and from pulpit and platform he spoke to us as a community like a prophet of old, holding us steady to ideals of God and righteousness. And his word had power and authority with us because of the life, the character, the personality in and behind it. Simply, greatly, nobly, humbly he lived in single-hearted devotedness to whatsoever things are honest and true and just and pure and of good report. And the radiant illustration he gave us of the abiding beauty of these high things of the moral life ever appealed to what in us was noblest; and we know that the richest asset of this community is to be found in the moral tone conferred by his influence and the inspiration of his example. In his lifetime we honored ourselves by calling him our foremost citizen; and he was this because we knew him to be the wisest, the best, the most loving, the most lovable man we had ever known, the friend of all men and women and little children, of whatever rank or class or color, and the disinterested helper in every righteous and worthy cause. Therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That in the passing of Dr. Carlisle's bodily presence from among us this community suffers a profound sense of sorrow for what to us is a loss that cannot be measured.

2. That no words are adequate to express our debt of gratitude for the potent influence of his example and the abiding inspiration of his life and character.

3. That we cherish as a precious memory the greatness, the goodness, the nobility, the inestimable service of this teacher and friend of us all, who by word and deed ever held before us the loftiest ideals of right living.

Dr. Carlisle occupies a unique position in the history of South Carolina by virtue of the fact that

he was one of the signers of the famous Ordinance of Secession. Perhaps it is due his memory to present in this connection the setting of this incident in his life in order that his act may be understood properly and his motive construed righteously.

The Articles of Confederation, entitled originally "An Act of Confederation of the United States of America," were adopted in the Congress held at Philadelphia, Pa., July 9, 1776. The second article of this Act of Confederation reads as follows: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." Henry Laurens, William Henry Drayton, John Matthews, Richard Hutson, and Thomas Heyward, Jr., were the delegates from South Carolina and signed the document "on the part and behalf of the State of South Carolina." In the early part of the convention which formed the Constitution of the United States a motion was made to confer upon Congress the power to call forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfill its duties under the articles thereof. When the motion was being considered, Mr. Madison said: "A union of the States containing such an ingredient seems to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment and would probably be considered by the party at-

tacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound." The proposition was rejected and was never again revived. Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says:

Nullification and secession are often erroneously treated as if they were one and the same thing. It is true that both ideas spring from the sovereign right of a State to interpose for the protection of its own people, but they are altogether unlike as to both their extent and the character of the means to be employed. The first was a temporary expedient, intending to restrain action until the question at issue could be submitted to a convention of the States. It was a remedy which its supporters sought to apply within the Union, a means to avoid the last resort—separation. If the application for a convention should fail, or if the States making it should suffer an adverse decision, the advocates of that remedy have not revealed what they proposed as the next step, supposing the infraction of the compact to have been of that character which, according to Mr. Webster, dissolved it.

Secession, on the other hand, was the assertion of the inalienable right of a people to change their government whenever it ceased to fulfill the purposes for which it was ordained and established. Under our form of government and the cardinal principles upon which it was founded it should have been a peaceful remedy. The withdrawal of a State from a league has no revolutionary or insurrectionary characteristic. The government of the State remains unchanged as to all internal affairs. It is only its external or confederate relations that are altered. To term this action of a sovereign a "rebellion" is a gross abuse of language. So is the flippant phrase which speaks of it as an appeal to "the arbitrament of the sword." In the late contest, in particular, there was no appeal by the seceding States to the arbitrament of arms. There was, on their part, no invitation nor provocation to war. They stood in an attitude of self-defense and were attacked for merely exercising a right guaranteed by

the original terms of the compact. They neither tendered nor accepted any challenge to the wager of battle. The man who defends his house against attack cannot with any propriety be said to have submitted the question of his right to it to the arbitrament of arms.

Two moral obligations or restrictions upon a seceding State certainly exist: In the first place, not to break up the partnership without good and sufficient cause; and, in the second place, to make an equitable settlement with former associates and, as far as may be, to avoid the infliction of loss or damage upon any of them. Neither of these obligations was violated or neglected by the Southern States in their secession.

The decade prior to the year 1860 was characterized by fierce political strife, with its cleavage for the most part along sectional lines. The main issue was State rights, and slavery was the occasion of the struggle. The storm cloud which had been hovering over the nation for a score of years broke in all its fury during the Presidential campaign of 1860. The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency by the nonslaveholding States led to the general conviction in the South that the hostility on the part of these States was evidence of their disregard of obligations and that the laws of the general government had ceased to effect the object of the Constitution. In most of the Northern States a fugitive from any of the Southern States was discharged from service in direct violation of the original compact between the States. Consequently the general opinion in the South was that the State was accordingly released from her obligation because the ends for which the government was insti-

tuted were defeated. Such was the prevailing sentiment in the South, and South Carolina took the initiative in giving it forceful expression in the famous Secession Ordinance.

On November 13, 1860, the Legislature of South Carolina passed an act calling a convention of the people to assemble on December 17, 1860, and providing for the election of delegates to said convention, to take place on the 6th day of December. These were history-making days, and events occurred with marvelous rapidity. The election of delegates was duly held; and just eleven days after the election the convention met in the Baptist church at Columbia, S. C. Mr. D. E. Jamison was elected President of the convention, Mr. Benjamin F. Arthur was made Clerk, and Mr. John A. Inglis was made Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Owing to a rumor that there was an epidemic of smallpox in the city, the convention adjourned to meet in Charleston, S. C., on the next day. The convention accordingly resumed its session in St. Andrew's Hall, on Broad Street, Charleston, December 18. Only two days were required for discussion and planning; for on Thursday, December 20, 1860, the historic document known as the Ordinance of Secession was adopted by a "yea" and "nay" vote, and the signatures of all present were affixed thereto. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed in the Hall; and the great crowds in waiting on the outside, hearing of the adoption of the paper, caught

up the enthusiastic cry, and soon the streets of the entire city were echoing with the news of South Carolina's new Declaration of Independence. Following is the Ordinance of Secession as passed by that convention:

SECESSION.

AN ORDINANCE

TO DISSOLVE THE UNION BETWEEN THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND OTHER STATES UNITED WITH HER UNDER THE COMPACT ENTITLED "THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained,

That the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution are hereby repealed, and that the union now existing between South Carolina and other States under the name of the United States of America is hereby dissolved.

Signed: D. F. Jamison, delegate from Barnwell and President of Convention; Thomas Chiles Perrin, J. N. Whitner, John M. Timmons, James C. Furman, Edward Noble, James L. Orr, Francis Hugh Wardlaw, P. E. Duncan, J. H. Wilson, J. P. Reed, R. G. M. Dunavant, W. K. Easley, Thomas Thompson, R. F. Simpson, James Parsons Carroll, James Harrison, David Lewis Wardlaw, W. Pinckney Shingler, William Gregg, W. H. Campbell, Benjamin Franklin Mauldin, Peter B. Bonneau, Andrew J. Hammond, John McKee, Lewis Malone Ayer, Jr., John P. Richardson, James Tompkins, Thomas W. Moore, W. Peronneau Finley, John L. Manning, James C. Smyly, Richard Woods, J. J. Brabham, John J. Ingram, John Hugh Means, A. Q. Dunavant, John Alfred Calhoun, Edgar W. Charles,

William Strother Lyles, John A. Inglis, John Izard Middleton, Julius A. Dargan, Henry Campbell Davis, Henry McIver, Benjamin E. Sessions, Isaac D. Wilson, John Buchanan, Stephen Jackson, H. I. Caughman, T. J. Withers, E. M. Seabrook, R. W. Barnwell, John G. Geiger, James Chesnut, Jr., John J. Wannamaker, B. H. Rutledge, Paul Quattlebaum, Joseph Brevard Kershaw, Elias B. Scott, Edward McCrady, W. B. Rowell, Thomas W. Beaty, Joseph E. Jenkins, Francis J. Porcher, Chesley D. Evans, William J. Ellis, Langdon Cheves, T. L. Gourdin, William W. Harlee, R. L. Crawford, George Rhodes, John S. Palmer, A. W. Bethea, W. C. Caughen, A. G. Magrath, John L. Nowell, E. W. Goodwin, D. P. Robinson, William Porcher Miles, John S. O'Hear, William D. Johnson, H. C. Young, John Townsend, John G. Landrum, Alex McLeod, H. W. Garlington, W. Ferguson Hutson, B. B. Foster, John P. Kinard, John D. Williams, W. F. De Saussure, Benjamin F. Kilgore, Robert Moorman, W. D. Watts, William Hopkins, James H. Carlisle, Joseph Caldwell, Thomas Wier, James H. Adams, Simpson Bobo, Simeon Fair, Joseph Daniel Pope, Maxey Gregg, William Curtis, Thomas Worth Glover, C. P. Brown, John H. Kinsler, H. D. Green, Lawrence M. Keitt, John M. Shingler, Ephraim M. Clarke, Matthew P. Mayes, Donald Rowe Barton, Daniel DuPre, Alex H. Brown, Thomas Reese English, Sr., William Hunter, A. Mazyck, E. S. P. Bellinger, Albertus Chambers Spain, Andrew F. Lewis, William Cain, Merrick E. Carn, Robert N. Gourdin, Robert A. Thompson, P. G. Snowden, E. R. Henderson, H. W. Connor, William S. Grisham, George W. Seabrook, Peter Stokes, Theodore D. Wagner, John Maxwell, John Jenkins, Daniel Flud, R. Barnwell Rhett, John E. Frampton, R. J. Davant, David C. Appleby, C. G. Memminger, Gabriel Manigault, John Julius Pringle Smith, Alex M. Foster, Isaac W. Hayne, J. S. Sims, William Blackburn Wilson, John H. Honour, William H. Gist, Robert T. Allison, Richard De Treville, James Jefferies, Samuel Rainey, Thomas M. Hanckel, Anthony W. Dozier, A. Baxter Springs, A. W. Burnet, John G. Pressley, A. I. Barron, Thomas Y. Simons, R. C. Logan, A. T. Darby, L. W. Spratt, Francis S. Parker, Williams Middleton, F. D.

Richardson, Benjamin Faneuil Dunkin, J. M. Gadberry, Samuel Taylor Atkinson, Benjamin W. Lawton, E. M. Seabrook.

Attest: Benjamin F. Arthur, *Clerk of the Convention.*

Dr. Carlisle was a patriotic citizen. The motive that actuated him in placing his signature to the Ordinance of Secession was the same motive that actuated all his subsequent activities as a citizen—conscientious patriotism.

In the Library of Congress, at Washington, is a series of mural decorations illustrating "The Virtues"—"Fortitude," "Justice," "Patriotism," "Temperance," "Prudence," "Industry," and "Concord." The one representing patriotism is the figure of a woman about five and one-half feet high, clad in drapery and standing out on a red background. She is represented as feeding an eagle, the emblem of America, from a golden bowl. The purpose is to symbolize the nourishment given by patriotism to the spirit of a nation. Sismondi records that a noble, patriotic young mother gave to a starving soldier the milk that her half-famished child required and sent him, thus refreshed and strengthened, to defend the walls of her beleaguered city.

After all, there is a close connection between patriotism and religion. Patriotism may be defined as the love of one's country or the passion which aims to serve one's country. Our devotion to God and our love for our country are kindred impulses. We are told that when Deborah was judge of Israel she planned a campaign against the Canaanites

on the north who fought under Jabin. She called for a brave and daring warrior, Barak, of the tribe of Naphtali, the closest neighbor to the enemy. Upon her promise to accompany him, he collected an army of ten thousand and proceeded to meet the approaching army of Jabin. After the battle Deborah broke forth in the strains of a lofty hymn of triumph, giving praise to God for the signal victories that had attended their efforts. However, she kept her highest eulogies for the tribes of Zebulon and Naphtali, saying that these were "the people who jeopardated their lives unto death in the high places in the field."

The human heart throbs with deepest sympathy when reading the story of the Babylonish captivity of the Jews. When mockingly asked to sing their songs for the amusement of their captors, the lonely and disconsolate Jew replied: "How can I sing the Lord's songs in a strange land?" And, hanging his harp on the willows that grew upon the banks of the Babylonian rivers, he exclaimed in deepest pathos: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

To be safe and sound, patriotism must have its inspiration in religion. Real patriotism is almost synonymous with brotherhood. There cannot be real brotherhood unless it be founded on the Fatherhood of God. So, after all, national and social permanency rests upon faith in God and in the eternal

verities. In the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth we have ultimate truth, and in his life all human relations are illustrated. His system is a great ocean of truth whose waters bathe the shores of every continent and island of human life and find their way into every inlet and craggy nook of human need.

The Word of God is the *Magna Charta* of our liberties. On the hill overlooking the bay where the Mayflower first cast her anchor stands an eloquent monument, which some one has pronounced at once "a miracle, a parable, and a prophecy—a miracle of artistic skill, a parable of Christian civilization, and a prophecy of coming national glory." Seated on the corners of the pedestal are four figures representing law, morality, freedom, and education. Far above on a lofty shaft of granite is the figure representing faith, with the open Bible in one hand and the index finger of the other pointing away to the throne of God. How sublime is this conception! Such must ever be the ideals of the patriotism that is to preserve national life and character.

Real patriotism is prospective as well as retrospective. We usually associate it with devotion to the flag and the commemoration of the deeds of our heroes. The higher patriotism seeks to right the wrongs that afflict our people, to elevate all human lives, and to alleviate all human suffering. There are gigantic evils that infest our land, and we are

called to a truceless war of extermination. There is the giant of illiteracy. South Carolina occupies an unenviable position from the standpoint of education. There are literally thousands of our people who can neither read nor write. The hope of democracy lies in the education of our citizenship. The commonwealth will never be safe while such vast numbers of our people remain uneducated. The great peril of the State is not the demagogue, but the ignorant masses back of him whose gullibility makes him possible. If our people are to enjoy the benefits of freedom, if the people are to have in their hands the destiny of the institutions of the State, if they are to fulfill their mission in the world, they must be educated. And there is the social evil. Our energies must be enlisted in the interest of the campaign against the double standard of morality, and the "white life for two" must be our battle cry. The double standard of morality is one of the greatest perils of the modern home, and it imperils our whole social fabric.

Then there is the gigantic gambling evil. It is like a great river running into a deep cesspool of iniquity that is ever cursing humanity by sending up its stench of moral miasma from stagnant and putrid waters, breeding disease and death in the life of peoples and nations. Running into this river are many tributaries which swell the deadly current ere it empties itself into its direful destination. There is governmental gambling for revenue, gam-

bling in society for amusement, gambling in sports, gambling in business for the increase of wealth, and gambling in benevolent circles for purposes of so-called charity. In fact, this evil seems to have insinuated itself into every department of our social, civic, and commercial life.

Finally, there is the liquor fiend. If patriotism means love of our country, if it means the love of our fellow beings, then let us wage a relentless warfare against this deadly enemy of our people. In all ages of the world and among all the nations of the earth intemperance has occupied a foremost place among the forces that have operated in the disorganization of nations, the overthrow of kingdoms, and the destruction of empires. Intemperance is not only universal in that it affects all nations, but in its effects upon the individual as well. It affects him in mind, body, and spirit. It injures him in body by burning out the tissues, thus rendering the victim the easy prey of deadly disease. It injures the mind by blunting the perceptive powers, thus disqualifying him for making the acute distinctions between right and wrong, truth and error, righteousness and iniquity. It injures him in spirit by lowering the moral tone, degrading the spiritual nature, and weakening his higher powers, thus rendering him incapable of living in touch with the eternal realm or of holding fellowship with the divine. Thank God we are fighting a winning battle against King Alcohol! The Church, the school,

and the State have marshaled their combined forces for a war of extermination. The triple alliance is bound to win.

Dr. Carlisle was a Christian citizen. His simple faith in God and his sincere desire to emulate the Man of Galilee produced a high type of citizenship. Jesus taught the highest type of citizenship. This he did by inculcating the elements of the loftiest character. In laying down the principles to be incorporated in the character of those who aspired to citizenship in his kingdom, he said:

“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

Jesus taught the highest type of citizenship by his great doctrine of brotherhood. He planned for a brotherhood that reaches beyond national lines, a citizenship of the world in the presence of which there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but only manhood with all its rights and wrongs. The spirit of the Good Samaritan must give tone to all our relationships. He also

taught the highest type of citizenship by his doctrine of service. The three great laws of life are the law of love, the law of sacrifice, and the law of service. The standard of human greatness is service. We serve only as we sacrifice for others; we sacrifice for others only as we love them.

Dr. Carlisle incorporated all these laws in his own character and illustrated them in his own life, yet he never boasted of his moral or spiritual attainments. He was South Carolina's greatest citizen; but if he ever entertained such a thought about himself, no one ever suspected it. His citizenship was inspiring and enduring.

In December, 1850, Benjamin Wofford died. He left by his will one hundred thousand dollars "for the purpose of establishing and endowing a college for literary, classical, and scientific education, to be located in his native district and to be under the control and management of the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of his native State." A charter was duly secured; and the trustees held their first meeting to organize under it at Newberry November 24, 1853. The trustees at this meeting elected the following faculty: W. M. Wightman, D.D., President; Rev. Albert M. Shipp, A.M., Professor of English Literature; David Duncan, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages; James H. Carlisle, A.M., Professor of Mathematics; and Warren DuPré, A.M., Professor of Natural Science. Thus was established the institution which

was destined to be the center of the intellectual life of South Carolina Methodism and which was to be a potent influence in the production of the highest type of citizenship for the Palmetto Commonwealth.

From 1854 the history of Wofford College was largely determined by James H. Carlisle. In 1875 he was elected President of the institution. At different times he taught mathematics, astronomy, ethics, civics, and the English Bible. He was more thoroughly conversant with South Carolina history than any other man. He was the author of an excellent textbook on astronomy entitled "The Young Astronomer." Time and again flattering offers from other institutions were made to this prince of educators, but to all of them he ever gave a courteous refusal, preferring to serve that institution of his Church to which he consecrated his lofty character and resplendent abilities.

Sometime ago a Presbyterian minister, himself a college president and an educator of no mean ability, said to me: "Why is it that all Wofford men are so wildly enthusiastic over Dr. Carlisle?" I replied by saying that I never stood in his presence without feeling deep down in my soul a determination to be a man. It is the admiration and homage instinctively paid to imperial personality.

A distinguished Wofford graduate who has traveled extensively and who has been permitted to visit kings and emperors is said to have remarked that he was unable to understand why these potentates

made no more impression upon him than they did. His final solution was that he had lived four years with James H. Carlisle and that in all his travels he had found nowhere a man equal in personal character to Wofford's idolized President.

The anniversary of Dr. Carlisle's birthday is a great occasion at Wofford College and in the entire city of Spartanburg, the Athens of South Carolina. Sometimes the celebration is characterized by touching incidents. A few years ago one of the college boys, presenting the beloved President with a token of love and esteem, said:

Dr. Carlisle, you know how much the students of Wofford College and the Fitting School love you. You know that every one of us has a place set aside in his heart that is dedicated to you. I need not remind you of that. My purpose and privilege this morning is to present to you this cane, a token of remembrance from these your boys on this your birthday. Read closely, Doctor, and you will find beneath the inscription on this cane some unwritten words which will tell you of our love and appreciation.

In reply the good Doctor said:

If I could make a speech under such circumstances as these, you would think less of me, and I should think less of myself. A few days ago, while walking across the campus, I recalled that sixty years ago I graduated. In that cemetery lie some of my colleagues of the years that are gone. A few years at most, and I shall be lying with them. In the years to come some old Wofford boy may visit the spot and, it may be, pull away the weeds. If he shall say as he stands there, "He always meant to do me good," I think I shall rest as peacefully as if I were lying in Westminster Abbey.

It is impossible to describe the occasion. As Dr. Carlisle resumed his seat, men and boys were weeping tears of gratitude for the life that meant so much to them. Dr. Henry N. Snyder then arose and said:

We are getting ready to celebrate fifty years of history. As we look at what Wofford College has been and is, we must admit that there are many other institutions richer in material equipment and endowment. But none of them have had Dr. Carlisle, and in the fifty years of the great life that he has poured into the college we count ourselves the richest of them all. The endowment of his lofty character and inspiring example is ours, and the faculty desire to set aside this day that they and the students of the college may think with loving gratitude and high appreciation and deep reverence of what this Christian scholar and princely gentleman has been and is to us. In doing this we honor ourselves, not him, and we beg that he accept this poor tribute as but an inadequate expression of our love.

At four o'clock that afternoon more than a hundred of the leading business men of the city left their stores and offices and marched to his residence to bear testimony of their love and admiration. Hon. S. J. Simpson was spokesman. Addressing the honored educator, he said:

Dr. Carlisle, these, your neighbors and friends, learned this morning that you to-day completed your seventy-ninth year; and they have come to extend to you their heartiest congratulations and to testify to the love and esteem that they, in common with all the people of this community, of every name and age, have for you. For many years your name, because of the distinguished ability, the exalted character, the self-denying service to others, and the Christian humility that made it great,

has been an inspiration to old and young alike and an impelling incentive to higher living wherever it has been known. Let me express the hope for myself and for these and all our people that He who doeth all things well may grant you many years of service to Him and to your fellow men and during these years all the comforts and pleasures you so richly deserve.

Bishop Candler once said that he would rather his boy would simply go into a room where Dr. Carlisle's old coat was hung up than to be under the real tuition of many a so-called great educator.

Since the days of the great Teacher of Galilee the world has had no clearer or more convincing illustration of the power of personality in teaching than that afforded in the record of James H. Carlisle. The prime conception of modern education is the personal power of the teacher. President Garfield's definition of a university, "Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other," may be an exaggeration, but in it lies the true philosophy of education. The true purpose of education is not to adorn the life with the gaudy externals of culture, not to render the life more valuable in the money market, but it is the development of character. What we should seek in education is not chiefly learning on the recipient's part nor the acceptance of a certain creed, but character. And this is to be character made, not according to any particular mold, but in an atmosphere of freedom and fullness. This is accomplished, not in lessons, not in organization, but in the personal influence of the teacher

over the pupil. Character is not a matter of spontaneous combustion. Spiritual activity is kindled by a spark from the burning heart of another. Mind acts upon mind, and feeling upon feeling. Enthusiasm is kindled by the spark that flashes from eye to eye, and courage passes from the strong to the weak.

The grace of humility had a perfect illustration in Dr. Carlisle. It is hard to realize that a man could be in possession of such imperial greatness without being conscious of it; but if the good Doctor ever realized how great he was, his deportment never betrayed the thought. His extreme modesty sometimes rendered the situation embarrassing. He and the late Dr. Baer, of Charleston, were warm personal friends. It is said that once Dr. Carlisle went to the city to deliver an address upon a special occasion arranged by the ladies. He made one of his characteristic speeches. The ladies crowded around him after the address, overwhelming him with their encomiums. The modest gentleman stood speechless while the ladies heaped their adjectives upon him. On the way home, so the story goes, the speaker said to his friend Baer: "Doctor, what is a man to do when he makes a plain, simple talk and the people are so profuse in their compliments?" The candid Dr. Baer replied: "Say nothing and look silly, as you did, Doctor."

The honors that came to Dr. Carlisle were always unsought. Being modest and unassuming, the very

idea of seeking personal honor seemed utterly foreign to his noble nature. He was elected a member of the first General Conference of his Church of which laymen were members and was elected to each succeeding one as long as he felt able to go. He was a delegate from his Church to several Ecumenical Conferences. He was a member of the Secession Convention, signing the famous Ordinance. He was a Representative in the last Confederate Legislature, 1863-64. These were the first and only political offices he held, though time and again he had been urged to accept positions of honor and trust in the State and nation.

Dr. Carlisle was a man of deep spirituality. The secret of his great strength of character lay in his realization of eternal verities. Spirituality is the consciousness of the Divine Presence. The spiritual man is the man filled with a sense of the presence of God and of the force of spiritual laws here and now, convinced of an immediate and conscious relation between himself and God. Dr. Carlisle was a living exponent of spiritual truth. No man could come in personal touch with him without acknowledging the reality of the Christian religion. It is said of Fénelon that he had such communion with God that his very face shone. Lord Peterborough, a skeptic, was obliged to spend the night with him at an inn. In the morning he rushed away, saying: "If I stay another night with that man, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." So Wofford's

adored President was ever a spiritual magnet, drawing out the highest and noblest in the young men who came under his influence. His stately form, his graceful movement, his loving yet firm voice, and his benign face blended in an imperative call to young manhood that found a response in every heart that knew him. Such a character stands as a mighty bulwark, resisting the encroachments of the tides of commercialism and materialism beating in upon us. The day may come when the swelling tides may break over and flood the sacred spot where he lived; but his spirit will still cry from the depths, and his memory will still call to the highest.

At the age of thirty-one Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, was commissioned to rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral. His task was completed when he was sixty. It is said that when he became old and feeble he asked to be carried once a year to see the building. Over the north of the cathedral is his memorial tablet bearing that famous Latin inscription, "*Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice*" ("Reader, if you would behold his monument, look about you"). If you seek the monument of Dr. Carlisle, look about you in Church and State and see the mighty host of Wofford's men of sterling worth whose lives are a benediction to the nation, and you will find his enduring memorial.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

CHAPTER IV.
THE WOFFORD CHAPEL HOUR.

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THE WOFFORD CHAPEL HOUR.

BY DR. HENRY NELSON SNYDER, PRESIDENT WOFFORD COLLEGE.

WHEN Dr. James H. Carlisle's students heard him make a public address, they usually came away with the feeling that, while the address was a good one, such as perhaps nobody but Dr. Carlisle himself could make, it did not somehow represent the Doctor at his best. "His best" they heard from the rostrum in the old chapel when they gathered for the short religious services at the beginning of the day's work. And they were right in their estimate. The college rostrum was his throne of power; and, however great his utterances might be on set occasions before the general public, his ten-minute talks to "his boys" had a virtue of intimate appeal and a power of permanent influence that his other addresses did not possess.

In the first place, his students felt that he was talking directly to each of them personally, and they knew that the talk grew out of a specific knowledge of their lives and was warm with the passion to help them find their own best and apply it. In the next place, in their daily contact in the classroom, on the campus, and in his study, they realized the essential greatness of his personality and the high spiritual quality of his character. The result

was that when he spoke in words from the rostrum there also spoke with a power stronger than that of mere words the greatness of his personality and the quality of his character. This revelation of himself he seemed not fully to make anywhere else than on the familiar rostrum. Then, too, when he addressed them he seemed in his life and person as he stood before them the very incarnation of the ideals he presented in such searching power of appeal and in such a vivid, moving quality of phrasing.

His large, imposing figure, gray hair and beard, an eye that softened or flamed according to the emotion, a rare impressiveness of gesture and bodily carriage, and a voice wonderfully vibrant not only with the meaning of his message in all its shades of thought and feeling, but also with the living presence of his whole great personality—these are the things his students remember when they have forgotten his words. Indeed, to them these his words seem strangely pallid, remote echoes of what they actually heard, until they restore in the imagination the living presence of the man as he spoke them.

His students also recall that his method was not to take a subject and develop it logically, with careful regard to its intellectual relationships. It is to be doubted whether any one of them can really remember any particular line of thought or the whole of any address he ever made from the college rostrum. What they remember is a single paragraph embodying but one idea or an unforgettable sen-

tence that awoke aspirations that should never sleep again. They recall, too, that the phrasing was so simple, the illustrative element so clear, and the application so inevitable that the youngest freshman understood the meaning and caught something of its stirring appeal.

But all this is merely to say that when we put into print these sentences and paragraphs we are leaving out that which gave them so much of their meaning—Dr. Carlisle himself. For example, here are some sentences that only begin to take on their power of appeal when we recall the man as he uttered them—uttered them in such a way that they went home with a rare impressiveness:

Onerous duties frequently done soon sweeten into the joys of high privilege.

To be the roommate at college of a low, vile blackguard is a dear price to pay even for an education.

Three men commit a crime. Each is guilty of the whole of it. There are no vulgar fractions in sin.

In almost every case a young man fixes in college the two points of the straight line that determines the direction of his after life.

Character and scholarship are too close together for a young man to build up the one and at the same time tear down the other.

There is danger that the colleges are turning out every year accomplished tramps, with Latin diplomas in their hands, to swell the vast and increasing army which must either beg or steal.

One may conceal some crime from the policeman, the governor, the President. Between him and them it is somewhat of an equal contest; at least it is man to man. But woe to him that enters into a contest with his Maker!

If this country is ever going to ruin, it will not be from lack of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but from lack of a basis of honest character.

When character once begins to disintegrate, there is no telling just where the breaking will show itself.

An insult is never an excuse for taking human life. Time will cure the wound of the insult, but will only deepen the stain of the blood.

There are two classes of college students that cannot afford to spend much money—those who have worked hard and made their own money and those for whom somebody else has worked hard and made money.

The management of that perplexing and delicate matter of money is rightfully the invariable test of character, for it is at this point that scholar and sage and poet and schoolboy must touch common life and bear its strain.

A man may be able to tell in six languages why he cannot pay his debt; but the debt, if ever paid, is paid in solid, everyday American gold and silver and greenbacks.

While you are planning to spend a dollar foolishly, your parents are planning how to save a dollar to keep you in college.

As I read these detached sentences over, I am aware that there is something missing and that only Dr. Carlisle's own students can supply what is missing—the Doctor himself. After the lapse of years they will go back to that chapel hour in the old college when they found their best manhood, not only because of such sentiments as these, but also because of the presence of his character in them. Even yet those of us who heard them may be helped by hearing them again in memory just as he uttered them. And it may be that echoing out of those old days the following, calling to mind the great teacher, will

quicken our moral energies afresh for the tasks and duties of the new day in which we are now living:

There are very few fears for the young man when the simple faith of his childhood seems to be shaken by the trade winds of a critical attitude or by the gusts of earnest inquiry or even by a cyclone of ardent doubt, provided he keep the foundations of his moral character firm and strong.

When a young man begins to drink, the trouble is not that he will become a drunkard. But I have fears of something far worse. Society and home training have so frowned on drinking that every step a young man takes in that direction is an act of deception. And so character is weakened at its most vital point, and he becomes a liar instead of a drunkard or more probably both.

The State Legislature has about ten insignificant places to offer, paying from forty to sixty dollars. There are four hundred young men and young women applying for these positions, which last for only about six weeks. Is it possible that a considerable number of young men are finding in life no fixed positions for which they are thoroughly prepared, but are floating about in that vast mass which pauperizes society and enriches jails? At any rate, I have a faith, as strong as my faith in the providence of God, that society always has a proper place for that young man who can pay his way in force and integrity of character.

So many young men, after a college course in which integrity has been shattered and character tarnished, write to me for recommendations to responsible positions, implying that a word from me can supply what they had not and what they did their best to destroy, or else implying that the higher qualities of character and conduct had grown up in them, as Jonah's gourd, in a night. Not so! Not so! Will you never learn that the high matters of conduct and character are not the fungus growth of a night, of two nights, of three nights, but are the results of the slow, silent processes of the years, renovating, purifying, strengthening, and toughening our whole nature through strenuous endeavor?

Thomas Carlyle once said that it was not a sign of strength

when a man had convulsions so that it required seven men to hold him, but that true strength is the daily, earnest bearing of burdens so that we become strong under them. So the real student is not the one who has "convulsions" of study on stated occasions—examinations and such like—but he who does his daily duties earnestly, manfully, and thus by a gradual process feels himself growing and expanding under them.

I am not talking to the educated white young man who can tell an outright untruth. There is nothing in him to talk to. You cannot raise him with a lever, because there is nothing to rest your lever on. Sometimes your leg or your arm "goes to sleep," as the saying is. It needs vigorous rubbing or a sudden strong blow to wake it up. Conscience, alas! sometimes also "goes to sleep" and needs a sudden strong moral shock to wake it up; but the hardest sleeping conscience to wake is that which has been lulled by habitual lying.

That's a wonderful phrase of Nehemiah's about consulting with himself. To hold a mass meeting of the powers of one's nature, to go into a solemn committee of the whole upon the state of one's self, not a committee in which the anarchy of one's impulses, appetites, and desires holds sway, but a committee presided over by the sovereign will, illuminated by the imperial intellect, and guided by the keenly dividing dictates of the divine conscience—this is a high consultation with one's self.

These are the kind of things we heard from Dr. Carlisle. Each one of us can recall others, but nobody that never sat before him in the Wofford chapel can appreciate the full meaning of what he said as we can. There on that old rostrum his great heart and soul found utterance, and we, callow boys though we were, listened to such a preacher of righteousness as has been rarely given to men to hear anywhere, and somehow, even as thoughtless boys, we knew it.

CHAPTER V.

WOFFORD COLLEGE AND ITS PRESIDENT TWENTY
YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER V.

WOFFORD COLLEGE AND ITS PRESIDENT TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY ROBERT A. LAW, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

AMONG all the American colleges which have been recently described for the *Alcalde*, not one is a denominational school, and not one is located in the Old South. From institutions of each kind have come many useful men into the service of the University of Texas. To be a denominational college in the South does not necessarily imply the possession of a bigoted and distorted vision of life or low ideals of scholarship, with the entire absence of academic freedom. It does imply a small and possibly undermanned teaching staff, a correspondingly limited body of students, and a poor equipment, especially for the laboratories of natural science. Yet, in the judgment of some who know the wealthier universities, this meager equipment and this village, as it were, among college communities may well hold their ground in educational value if they enable the student to come in close contact with some large personality among his teachers. And almost every small college seems to attract to its faculty some figure of the Mark Hopkins or Thomas Arnold type, about whom all college traditions center and to

whom all alumni devoutly pay their worship. No picture of such an institution is complete without the accompanying portrait of this man. One small college differs from another chiefly in his individuality.

Wofford College, at Spartanburg, S. C., long possessed such a figure in its President, Dr. James H. Carlisle. Indeed, so strongly did his personality impress itself on the school that it is said parents were accustomed to speak of sending their boys "up to Dr. Carlisle" instead of giving the college a local habitation and a name. The institution itself is largely the outgrowth of his educational ideas.

Wofford is owned and controlled by the two Methodist Conferences of South Carolina, having been founded in 1854 from a bequest for the purpose left by Benjamin Wofford, a local preacher of that denomination. In Mr. Wofford's home town of Spartanburg, lying just at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the extreme northern portion of the State, the college was located. About half the bequest was set aside for an endowment fund, which was soon swept away by investment in Confederate bonds. The other half was expended in the purchase of a campus, perhaps three times the size of that owned by the University of Texas, and the erection of a fairly large main building, flanked by four or five brick residences for the professors. This main building is still standing. It contained, when I was a student some two decades since, an auditorium, or "chapel," seven or eight classrooms,

the college library of eight thousand volumes, laboratories of chemistry and geology, halls of the two literary societies, the students' "mess hall," and several students' sleeping rooms. Except for the professors' homes already mentioned, eight or ten cottage dormitories, mostly rented to fraternities, a small building devoted to the preparatory department, and, in my senior year, a frame gymnasium, this main building housed the entire college plant.

Of its one hundred and fifty students, a fair proportion were preparing to enter the Methodist ministry, although Wofford has never possessed a theological department; many others were sons of Methodist preachers; and the rest were either "town boys" or else probably sons of substantial Methodist laymen living in the rural sections of the State. Five or six girls, to be sure, were at one time in attendance; but the college never was really coeducational and barred its doors to women after a few years of timid experimentation with the plan. This was before the days of the broadly elective system. Students were given an option between the study of Greek and that of German and French, the choice to be made at the beginning of the freshman year. No other road led to the bachelor's degree. Every one was expected to pursue the regular courses in English, mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, psychology, moral science, and the Bible. If he failed on any one of them, he had to make up the deficiency by extra work or forfeit his degree. While

compulsory attendance at church or Sunday school was unheard of, every student was required to attend the daily chapel exercises and once every year at these exercises to make a brief declamation. Woe to him who failed to con his "speech" diligently for such occasions! He who hesitated was surely lost amid tremendous cheering from his fellows.

Another compulsory regulation was that every student should become a member of either the Calhoun or the Preston Literary Society. Generally speaking, I believe this rule was wise and proper. Each society was run by the students themselves, with almost no suggestion from the faculty, who usually knew what was going on, but very rarely visited the meetings. The society halls were comfortable, carpeted rooms, devoted solely to that purpose, were well lighted and furnished with attractive opera chairs, and their walls were ornamented with many oil paintings of distinguished alumni and professors. The president of the society sat on a high platform under a canopy, and he always wore a black gown of the kind that South Carolina judges still wear on the circuit bench. Regular meetings were held each Friday night, beginning at seven-thirty o'clock and lasting frequently until midnight or later. Roll was called at the beginning and at the end of each meeting; and the fine for unexcused absence from any roll call, if I remember aright, was fifty cents. Half the society's membership of about seventy came on duty to read essays,

to declaim, or to debate each Friday night. Thus, if one was not on the program at one meeting, he was sure to be at the next one. These duties were enforced; and order in the meeting was preserved under a rigid system of fines, which were collected in one way or another. Even the most timid member soon found it economical to perform his duty regularly, and before the end of his freshman year practically every student had gained some self-confidence in addressing the society. Both oratory and debate, as I realize now, were faulty in technique; and neither the graceful speaker nor the polished argument is likely to result from such training. Still I believe that the average Wofford graduate of that time would prove a readier speaker and a more skillful rough-and-tumble debater than the average male graduate of the University of Texas; for our debates were largely spontaneous, and the best part of them always came after the question was opened to discussion by the house. Hence these organizations furnished a training in the clash of opinion and a preparation for citizenship which, to my mind, are invaluable. That such literary societies seem everywhere to be passing away under the complex machinery of modern college or university administration is a source of profound regret.

The freedom of the individual student, once he satisfied the requirements about courses of study, daily chapel attendance, and membership in a literary society, was greater than most students of large

colleges imagine. These literary societies, governed entirely by the students, were the centers of the social life and, without making any ado over it, held numerous "democratic receptions" in their halls through the year without violating the well-known Methodist canon on the subject of dancing. We had no troublesome deans nor deans' regulations. If we were absent from class or from chapel exercise, we made excuse to the professor in charge or to the President, and our word was accepted. The habitual liar convicted himself in due time. No one was supposed to leave the city without the President's permission; and few, I believe, ever did so. In case a student seriously neglected his studies or commenced to sow his "wild oats," he was apt to be called before the President for a personal interview, and the incorrigibles soon disappeared from the campus. Of course there were infractions of discipline, like the tolling of the college bell at midnight; the painting of cows belonging to the faculty; a conspiracy among students whereby a hen was purchased and thrown into the hall of a literary society then in session, but soon under adjournment; even cases of gambling, drunkenness, and the grosser vices. But all these offenses were handled quietly and firmly by the President in person and seldom even by other members of the faculty.

Intercollegiate athletic contests were conditioned along the same simple lines. As a rule, we had no coaches and little faculty interference in our football

and baseball games, although no man who was behind with his work on a single course was allowed to represent the college on any team. We played Furman (the Baptist college thirty miles away), the State University, and certain smaller institutions. In football we were generally successful; and our baseball team passed through several seasons without defeat, taking long tours through the State, unaccompanied by a coach, trainer, or faculty member. Of course we had our own yells and songs for such games, but most of them were borrowed from other colleges and adopted with slight change. One of these songs I yet recall, though I do not know its history nor whether it is still sung:

“In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no faculty there;
But down below, where all is woe,
The faculty, they'll be there.
W-o-f-f-o-r-d, W-o-f-f-o-r-d,
W-o-f-f-o-r-d.
Hang the faculty!”

In spite of the fervid proclamation of these sentiments, we were fond of the faculty as individuals. Those who composed it were only seven or eight men, all of whom the students came to know intimately. None were specialists in the exact sense of the term; and not a single one held the Ph.D. degree, most of them having received their complete training at Wofford. Yet, knowing how to teach and how to treat individual students, they held our re-

spect and confidence. Of those living yet, I cannot write definitely without becoming more personal than would befit a paper like this one. But of the President, already alluded to, one can speak with less reserve. Before he died hundreds of well-informed persons declared him to be the greatest living citizen of his State.

James Henry Carlisle was a member of the Wofford College faculty from its foundation, in 1854, to his death, in 1909, and was President of the institution for over thirty years. If you once heard Dr. Carlisle speak, you caught the secret of his greatness. Almost six feet and a half in height, carrying himself always erect, he had a frame well proportioned to his stature, a full white beard, as I knew him, flowing gray locks, and a countenance of singular strength and benignity, suggesting the Hebrew patriarch. When he spoke it was in clear, resonant tones that fairly thundered over his audience. Though his manner was always dignified, his sentences had in them no Websterian periods, almost none of the external ornamentation that is supposed to be inborn with the Southern orator. They were vigorous, explicit, epigrammatic, of a kind not easily forgotten. The content of his message was not profound, but simple, homely moral truth that every hearer could apply. The pithy diction, the apt illustrative incident, the seasoning of quiet humor, the new angle from which the truth was presented kept the attention of old and young. So it came to

be a matter of remark that not once or twice, but whenever Dr. Carlisle was announced to speak in his home town, Spartanburg had no auditorium large enough to accommodate all who came to hear him. His exhortations went home. "I could not go to the devil," remarked an old Wofford man who settled in the pioneer West, "because wherever I went I saw Dr. Carlisle's long forefinger pointing at me."

As a teacher it would be unjust not to accord him high rank. Yet, strange as it may appear, he seemed, at least in his later years, not to have the special gift of imparting knowledge. All the students he met once or oftener every week, teaching courses in astronomy, in the English Bible, and in moral science—that is, Butler's "Analogy of Revealed Religion." But in none of these courses were examinations held or written work demanded, and only the more conscientious students ever made them subjects of serious study. The old Doctor was not teaching astronomy; he was teaching men. "Well, Mr. B——," he would say to the boy on the front bench, "what point struck you in to-day's lesson?" Mr. B—— would make some general or specific remark, which would draw from the teacher a word or two of comment, and then the question would be repeated to a second student. Thus from one-third to one-half the class hour would be consumed. The rest of the period might be devoted to conferring with the class on any matter that interested the lo-

cal community; to questions on the student's individual reading, particularly when any had been so wise as to read Thomas Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" or Stalker's "Life of Christ"; and, especially with the senior class, to discussion of some impersonal phases of college discipline. The teacher's consistent purpose was to learn more about his pupils and to arouse the sluggish from their intellectual or moral lethargy. After all, however, I doubt whether Dr. Carlisle's best teaching was done either in the classroom or on the public platform. No Wofford graduate will forget many hours spent, whether in college or years after he left it, in "visiting the Doctor," with or without an invitation. Sometimes he received the caller on his well-shaded front porch, presenting a long vista of tall pine trees. More frequently he was to be seen in his study, which contained little furniture and almost no ornaments, but surrounded on all sides by crowded bookshelves that fairly touched the ceiling. The conversation was apt to be extremely personal, and the visitor usually did his full share of the talking. College boys would tremblingly confess to Dr. Carlisle sins that they would conceal from fathers and mothers. Grown men out of college many years would frankly answer from him questions that, coming from any one else, they would consider impertinent. But often the talk would flow into a larger channel, as the teacher possessed a keen knowledge of human nature, a remarkable memory

for details connected with men or with books, and at the same time a breadth of vision and an unfailing kindness such as are seldom found in men so dominated by Puritan traits as he was.

For example, he had cause to dislike Northerners — “Yankees,” the North Carolina boy would term them. He grew up with the generation that revered Calhoun. As a young man he saw rise the full tide of sectional rancor; and in 1860, against his will, he was chosen by the people of Spartanburg County to represent them in the State Secession Convention. Over his negative vote the Convention resolved to secede from the Union, but his name was signed in bold hand to the Ordinance of Secession. In the war which followed he did not actively participate; but the college was practically broken up, and, with the people of his community, he suffered not only the untold horrors of war, but the far greater horrors of the Reconstruction period just afterwards. He lived through it all without allowing bitterness to enter his soul. Even of General Grant he would speak with a tone of admiration. Moreover, he was an unfailing friend of the negroes. He once introduced Booker Washington to a Spartanburg audience. He frequently voiced his disapproval of “Jim Crow” car laws on the ground of their injustice to the negro race. His counsel on all such problems breathed a spirit of Christian brotherhood.

But with one modern tendency he had little sympathy. For Dr. Carlisle the magic of numbers in an

educational institution had no spell. Learning that his visitor attended an American university enrolling five thousand students, he asked: "Is there to be no limit to the size of our colleges?" On this point he was perfectly consistent. I well remember hearing him announce to the assembled students one day: "Some of the newspapers have been very kind in predicting an increase of attendance for Wofford next year, possibly reaching two hundred. Young gentlemen, when two hundred students enter the front door of Wofford College, I shall walk out of the back door."

On this principle of looking after a small number of individuals Wofford did her work. Out of one class of sixteen graduates have come a Methodist bishop now residing in Texas, the president of the wealthiest college in the South Atlantic States, and the United States Senator who defeated Governor Blease. Wofford has no law department; but among her alumni are a United States circuit judge, two justices of the South Carolina Supreme Court, and almost half the circuit judges who have been elected in that State in the last two decades. Distinguished records have been made by her alumni in other lines of endeavor. To-day the college has a larger faculty, a much larger student body, and far better equipment than when I knew it best. Probably it does better work, but it will be hard to convince my generation of the fact.

AUSTIN, TEX.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. CARLISLE AS A TEACHER.

(III)

CHAPTER VI.

DR. CARLISLE AS A TEACHER.

BY D. D. WALLACE, PH.D., PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS
IN WOFFORD COLLEGE.

No one can be satisfied with any account of Dr. Carlisle as a teacher; for the writer, if successful, must present perfectly that very real but very elusive thing which we call personality. The Doctor, after a long life of constant devotion to a great task, left nothing as a distinctive monument to himself. His literary output was trivial for a man of his ability. His public addresses were not connected with historic or epoch-making occasions to perpetuate their form. His edition, with a slight sketch, of a bit of the works of Roger Ascham and his tiny elementary text, "The Young Astronomer," misrepresent rather than indicate anything of his intellectual resources; and his contributions to the religious press, particularly his "Practical Applications" of the lesson in the *Methodist Sunday School Magazine*, though of great value to the thousands of readers at the time, form no permanent or systematic body of writing. Indeed, one deeply impressive lesson from Dr. Carlisle's life is the immense treasure of energy, labor, and character that is required to keep our world growing, to keep the Church truly militant and the individual upright and active. Such

work is of inestimable value, but it leaves no more distinctive memorial tablet to itself than the separate polyps of a coral reef. Dr. Carlisle was a part (and to those whose lives he touched the greatest single part) of that vast unselfish sacrifice which each generation pays that there may be another generation better than ours, if possible.

Dr. Carlisle was, above all, a teacher. With Paul he might have said, "This one thing I do"; not, "These many things I trifle with." I have never known a man of anything like comparable ability who so sedulously devoted himself to the one task of teaching those committed to his care. So profoundly true is this that it is safe to say that none knew his best except those who sat in his classroom. He met public occasions with a splendid fitness. Few men could pack so much into a few winged phrases and leave an audience so thrilled with the sense of great thoughts worthily uttered. But this was never his best; for his highest inspiration was not the crowded auditorium, but the group of students to whom, as a perpetual generation of youth, he had devoted himself with a passion only second to that of parental affection.

I have been impressed with the similarity between Dr. Carlisle and other great teachers of history, both as to character and method. Reverence and time smooth off the angles of a man and sometimes represent him as a softened, diluted, pale shadow of a real human being, crowned with a nimbus of mild

goodness. Those thus idealized have not, in truth, been men of such sort. They have been fully as good as, perhaps better than, this; but they have been men of force. It is common to hear persons who knew only the outer boundaries of his character speak of Dr. Carlisle as though he were hardly more than a benign old man of antique, seerlike wisdom, loving the good and full of gentleness. An artist who seems to have held this idea painted his portrait once. It remains as a sad affliction. The Doctor was a man, a real man, with passion, power, anger, and fire. His goodness, though a more important, was not a larger part of him than his virile force, that would have pushed him to the front in any profession for which a man of his endowments might be fitted by temperament and talent.

Many a student felt the scourge of his indignation and sometimes, as with any man of high temper and sensitive honor, felt it unjustly; but no man was more magnanimous to make amends. An illustration, related to me by one who was present, which occurred when the Doctor was about fifty-five years of age, will suffice. The Doctor had said, "Close your books," and begun the recitation. Soon he noticed a student on the back bench with head bent downward, looking into his book. The Doctor detested any skulking meanness, dishonesty, perhaps, above all vices. He used to say that he always had hopes of a student until he found he would deliberately lie, and then he had nothing on which

to build. With grief and anger, indignation, or whatever more respectable word by which you wish to describe it—the boys simply said that “he was mad”—he raked the offending student with a terrible fire. When the Doctor was fully aroused, though he perfectly maintained his dignity of word, tone, and bearing, his harnessed emotions champed like war horses, well simulated by his flashing eye and audible breathing. When he at length paused, the student said calmly: “Doctor, I did not hear you say, ‘Close your books.’” It was as though the man at the desk had been stunned by a blow. Rising from his chair, with his hand extended, he walked to where the student sat and grasped his hand, saying with a feeling that made every man present suffer with him: “I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!” The middle-aged man who related this to me seemed to consider it about the greatest thing he ever saw the Doctor do. A powerful temper, if kept under control, is like steam in a boiler: it makes the engine go. Though the Doctor kept his spirit under absolute control, except in rare instances, no class could long remain ignorant of the fact that there was, nevertheless, steam in that boiler.

As we have so few stories of the Doctor’s boyhood, this really worth-while one may be repeated here as illustrating the kind of stuff he was made of. One day when quite a little fellow he missed his lesson at school. The teacher wrote on his slate

“Stupid goose” and made him show it to all the pupils. When he had made the rounds, the teacher, who much more deserved the insulting epithet than the child, said: “Aren’t you ashamed? Stupid goose!” “No, I’m not,” James fired back, “because it’s a lie.” What the next act of the drama was, the Doctor declined to say on the only occasion on which I heard him asked, but that makes no difference. What James said is much more important to us to-day than what the teacher did.

Dr. Carlisle, like other men, changed from decade to decade. There is only apparent inconsistency, therefore, in the statements that he never did so and so or that he never spoke in such and such a way. In middle life he was austere as a teacher. It is still a tradition how he looked with an expression beyond words at a student in geometry who, when sent to the board to find the center of a circle, approached, carefully sighted the figure, and, placing his finger at what he judged to be about the proper place, answered: “I think it is about there, Professor.” He would send a student to the board and leave him, absolutely without comment or assistance, to prove his proposition or to bungle through it until he finally surrendered in confusion. “That will do” was, according to the circumstances, high praise or mortifying condemnation.

It was of this period of his life that the statement is sometimes made that Dr. Carlisle talked very little, but made the student talk. To the end of his

life the Doctor possessed the faculty of drawing information without his companion's feeling that he was being pumped; but in the last two or three decades of his teaching he did talk a great deal, until in the final years the text counted for almost nothing, and the teacher, according to the purpose in his mind, directed the discussion over such fields as college life, public events, religion, or practical morality. Though the greatest moral teacher whom his pupils ever knew, he would not submit to be called Professor of Moral Philosophy. I cannot recall whether he was ever given that title in the catalogue; but if so, it was smuggled in without his consent. It sounded too unctuous, too perfunctory, too pretentious, too hollow. The Doctor had a keen sense of humor. I remember the twinkle in his eye and his look of satisfaction at his not being called by such a title, I imagine, with which he commented on a professor of moral philosophy in Pennsylvania having burned down the college because he had been discharged from his position.

Doubtless each generation of students will continue to think that Dr. Carlisle was at his best in their own time; but, nevertheless, I think I have much to support me in saying that the fullest, maturest, most inspiring teaching of his life must have been in the early nineties. He was then still in his undiminished strength of body, elasticity of mind, and genial warmth of spirit. The austerity of middle life had softened into a something which in-

spired awe without fear. Every movement was as prompt and decided as a military commander's, his step as elastic, his eye and smile as bright, and his voice as ringing as those of a man in his prime. From what men tell me who knew him earlier, there must have been even more of power, though perhaps less of benignity, in earlier decades.

Dr. Carlisle's power was, above all, the power of personality. Teachers there have been who by their sheer intellectuality have drawn the select minds of their age and directed them by the force of their thought. The Doctor's power was not that. It was the direct influence of soul on soul through the potency of the larger, richer, nobler soul to inspire the best in the other. He saw, and made his pupils see, the glory in our common life, the awfulness of sin, the sacredness of human relations. His spiritual power was wonderful. Nowhere have I met its equal. Many a day as I sat in my alphabetical position in the back of his classroom, and as he drew nearer and nearer to the secret chambers of the soul and made more and more intense the consciousness of the divine in and near one's self, the physical view of classmates and classroom has swum into oblivion while a luminous path united his face and mine.

Though the Doctor was a master of language, as is so well illustrated by Dr. Snyder's article in this volume, he never, to my knowledge, indulged in nicely turned phrases of catchy sentences for the

sake of sound or fine writing. And yet he admired good writing and could quote it with effect, as, for example, Webster's period about the morning drum-beat daily encircling the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. If, as some have suggested, he worked out his splendid bursts of expression into their perfect form by careful conning and practice, he had the finest art that I have known of suiting the degree of passion, the turn of phrase, and the emphasis of voice to the moment of delivery. I have heard him relate as an object lesson, after quoting the thrilling passage from Webster's Bunker Hill oration referred to above, Webster's answer to a friend who congratulated him upon it, particularly as it seemed to be so thoroughly spontaneous and unpremeditated. "No," replied Webster, "that thought occurred to me years ago as I was standing upon the ramparts of Quebec. I worked it over until I had it in a form to satisfy me. Then I laid it aside for use at the proper time. The occasion came to-day, and I used it."

A man of clear mind and poetic gift who has frequently to say the same sort of thing is likely to settle into a certain fitting form of expression which gradually assumes an almost faultless adaptation to its purpose. As the rugged Norse Saga, repeated by minstrel from generation to generation, bringing out the essential and dropping the incidental, finally comes to us in a form beyond criticism, so I think Dr. Carlisle's wonderful forcefulness and effective-

ness of speech was the natural outcome of a mind long carefully pondering on certain topics and working with extraordinary clearness under the impulse of burning emotion.

The Doctor drove truth home as with a sledge. He had, to a remarkable degree, delicacy of feeling, sensitiveness, and all those finer traits of mind and heart; but even when touching the hearts and minds of his boys at these points the sense of power, though ever so gentle, was the principal thing. I cannot imagine Dr. Carlisle painfully nursing in the middle voice a set of delicate, finely wrought, fragile, self-conscious little personal virtues. He was always manly and strong and so showed men that to be pure and gentle and true was strong and manly.

Perhaps it was this splendid vigor of the Doctor's religious life, rather than intellectual timidity, that kept him from entering into questions of doubt. His attitude was like that of Anselm, that father of medieval faith and learning, who declared that his desire was not to believe what he could understand, but, as far as possible, to understand that which he believed. It is the attitude always of the transcendental spirit. One of the Doctor's favorite quotations was: "It is as satisfactory to a healthy mind to know that there is an explanation as to know what the explanation is." It sounds like the Doctor's favorite, Augustine. Whether he got it from him, I am too ignorant of Augustine to say; but he got many of his most striking expressions there, as

I found when, to his delight, I read the old saint's "Confessions." "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" was not the Doctor's method of helping men in their difficulties, but rather the gospel vigorously believed and faithfully lived.

The personal touch was the Doctor's whole process of education. He knew every student as a father—much better than most fathers—and his wonderful memory let few of them escape in after years. How he could remember! I could never get him to speak of any method that he had further than to quote an old teacher who said to him: "Your memory is like a dog. Trust it, and it won't bite you." The precision and swiftness of his mental processes in the realms of his own talents was the despair of an ordinary mortal; but in some lines, such as those requiring mechanical ingenuity, he was apparently as helpless as a child. In fact, in many things that engage the interest of men—politics, social problems, government, and business—he seemed to practice a modesty and distrust of himself which prevented such output from the great faculties of which he was possessed as the world expects of one so gifted. The explanation, I believe, lay partly in an indisposition to systematic intellectual labor and partly in his absorption in moral and religious interests.

The Doctor carried the method of the personal touch not only into the students' relations with him, but into their relations with each other. It was not unusual for one or two students to be detained after

class to receive some such message as this: "Your friend So-and-So is falling off in his work [or conduct]. I am becoming uneasy about him. You have influence with him. Get around him and bring him up."

The Doctor's chief heroes were Paul, Wesley, Washington, Lee, and all mothers. No man could equal the power with which he presented the appeal of mother to what is most generous in a young man's soul. He idealized womanhood so far that he appeared to know of no wickedness or weakness to the discredit of women.

I recall an incident that illustrated the Doctor's habit of giving any subject most unexpectedly and effectively a moral and religious turn. One clear winter night he was pointing out to the senior class various stars and constellations with the sweep of imagination that raised one to realize something of the grandeur of creation. "And yet, young men," he said, turning his eyes from the stars to us, "not all of them together are worth one human soul." Without another word he walked into the house, and the hour was over. What was in another's mouth a stale, flat, canting commonplace was in his a burning truth. To me the dignity and worth of the human soul can never be cheap after that.

Another remark that impressed me greatly was made in class one day with a peculiar, quiet intensity. "I do not see," he said, "how the existence of the soul in heaven can be other than a progressive

development of every faculty and virtue toward, but attaining, the perfection of the Creator.”

The Doctor's splendid, generous personality was finely exhibited in his relations with his faculty. Among the most delightful recollections of my life is the half hour's waiting for the whole body to assemble or for the taking up of business. The Doctor was one of the most gifted of monologists; and on such occasions, with his keen humor, incisive observation, and vivid narrative, he would run over almost everything from ante-bellum history to amusing personal anecdote. The great problems that lie at the basis of the teacher's work had his attention. I recall the first faculty meeting of the last year of his active presidency. After referring, with a note more suggestive of discouragement than I had ever heard from him, to some of the uglier tendencies of the times, he said: "This country will never go down in ruin for lack of educated, skilled men. It may go down for lack of moral character. [Pause.] And yet our Lord knew infinitely more of the good and evil in the world than we. He knew all things, and he was no pessimist."

The professors sometimes felt his reproof, though given with a skill that almost always made reply impossible. A professor on one occasion was desecanting with rather exaggerated impatience on certain student shortcomings. "I suppose," replied the President somewhat sadly, "we shall never have a perfect body of students until we have a perfect

faculty." The reproof was sometimes sharper and edged with a touch of sarcasm, as on the following occasion: The Doctor had evidently determined to stretch mercy as far as the law allowed for a rather broken-down sort of nondescript whose services were very much needed on the ball team. Falling into an expression that was often on his lips, he said: "Taking account of all the equities of the case, what can we do with this young man?" "But, Doctor," said a young professor, "this does not seem to be a case where equity applies. Equity is designed to relieve the manifest injustice that arises from the universality of law, and there are no such circumstances in this case. The law simply cuts this man off." The President was surprised. He looked fixedly at the professor and then repeated his question in about these words and with a good spice of feeling in his tone: "In the light of this learned and enlightened definition of equity, what do you think best to do with this case?"

It was rare that the raps were tinged with so strong a color of ill humor, but it was not rare for them to be quite sharp. It will be recalled that General Lee had a similar habit of setting down young officers on what he deemed proper occasion—all of which doubtless will be very painful to those good people who think that great men are made out of mollicoddles.

The Doctor's method of discipline was the application of his one method as a teacher, the personal

touch; and this might be understood either in the sense of touching up the offender or of dealing with his case as that of a concrete individual. First came the personal appeal in the privacy of the President's study—those high bookshelves reaching to the unusually high ceiling; the tall, prompt man, impressive with all the external marks of greatness; the treatment of the case as though it were the one matter worth while in the world just then. If this appeal failed, it was a hard case. If necessary, report to the faculty followed; and when all had failed to bring the prodigal to himself, his father was requested to withdraw him. In the later decades at least "expulsion" was a stigma never affixed to a young man. The Doctor's effort was to bring the offender to see his wrong, to repent of it, and to make a solemn and sincere promise of amendment. And, whatever the theoretical deficiencies of such a system or its limitations in larger institutions, it made Wofford Campus one hard to equal in good order, and a good order absolutely independent of any compulsion or repression. A frequent expression of the Doctor's was: "He will find his level." Similar was that other: "The world is very ready to accept you at the valuation which you put upon yourself."

Two others of his characteristics were his abhorrence of mob spirit and his resentment of impertinence. One illustration of the latter arose out of a senior's presuming, at a public entertainment, to

sit in the body of the audience with the young lady whom he had brought, instead of, after seating her, taking his place, according to law, with his literary society. The Doctor requested from the platform that all students take their positions with their literary societies. Young Mr. A—— did not move. The request was repeated, somewhat more pointedly. Still Mr. A—— preferred to remain where he was. Few men in authority relish defiance, least of all a high-spirited Scotch-Irishman. “Will Mr. A——,” said the Doctor with emphasis, “please take his seat with his literary society?” Mr. A—— did. The infraction was perhaps trivial, and its discipline was unpleasant; but the rule was simple and reasonable, and discipline rests on certainty. The next morning Mr. A——, who also had Irish in him, called upon the Doctor to ask an apology. “What! Mr. A——, after Wofford College has done what it has for you, do you presume to demand of me an apology? Good morning, Mr. A——! Good morning!”

Judge Charles A. Woods says: “Dr. Carlisle wrote no great book; he made no discovery; he took little part in the public councils of the people; he was not foremost in any department of learning; as a college executive he was not without faults. . . . It seems to me that his power came from three main sources: First, his character, his attaining to a simple, unselfish life without guile, his striving humbly to lead his people to the highest things; . . . secondly, . . . the most profound optimism;

. . . and the third element of his power was eloquence."

Surprise has often been expressed that, though the Doctor spoke often of the blessing of a *magnum opus*, he himself seemed to have no such definite task to draw out his powers. But he did have his *magnum opus*. It was to give himself wholly to making young men wiser and better. Even in the last hours it filled his mind, no longer clearly conscious of its surroundings. In the dawn of one of the last days he asked one at his bedside: "What time is it?" "Six o'clock." Thinking it was the close instead of the beginning of the day, he replied: "The boys will have a long evening to study." He thought, too, that he had before him a new freshman class at the opening of college; and he spoke to them, except for a word here and there, as clearly and calmly as on that never-to-be-forgotten meeting when each incoming class received his words of counsel and inspiration.

Dr. Snyder relates that when he was coming to Wofford as a young professor Dr. Charles Forster Smith said of Dr. Carlisle: "You will find him the most of a New Testament man of any you have ever known." Such in very truth he was. Dr. Carlisle was great, not chiefly by nature and endowment, but by the depth and thoroughness of his consecration. We console ourselves that we cannot be as good men as he was because we are so much smaller. The fact is otherwise: so few men are

willing to pay what he gladly paid to be what he was in character.

At the great community memorial service held in Converse College Auditorium Mr. E. L. Archer said: "By a man like Dr. Carlisle men may get some idea of what God is like." As bold as is the thought, it is not sacrilegious. As God gave us the supreme revelation of himself in Christ, so he speaks through a mobile character with a meaning that nothing else can express. A man like Dr. James H. Carlisle inspires an unquestionable faith in the essential nobility of human nature and the benevolence of God and his purposes.

WOFFORD COLLEGE, January 6, 1916.

CHAPTER VII.
TRIBUTES TO DR. CARLISLE.

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TRIBUTES TO DR. CARLISLE.

I.

Dr. Carlisle as Seen by the Students.

BY A. W. AYERS.

DR. CARLISLE was a friend to every one. His words of advice were a comfort to the forgotten and neglected. Oftentimes, when shadows of gloom were hanging low and I seemed to be alone, I pictured to myself an aged, hoary-headed person in a lecture room throwing out kindest words of sympathy and advice which none other than a faithful, true friend could have given, and thus I was forced to admit that I had one friend, anyway.

BY J. K. DAVIS.

To me Dr. Carlisle was a great, quiet, unassuming man. In his presence, in the classroom, at his home, and on the street one could always feel that he was in the presence of a man of men. "See to it that your roommate has a good roommate." These words were characteristic of him. They have been the most potent human influence in my life. From these words, spoken in his earnest and noble and gentle and beauteous spirit, one could not leave the classroom the same person as when he entered.

To know him and partake of his spirit, to enter into his personal and higher life, and to feel his interests, his sympathy, and his love, was in itself an education. Indeed, if Dr. Carlisle looked at you once, your only thought was: "Let my manhood be unsullied, my looks be innocent, my thoughts be pure, my words be kind, my actions be gentle, and my life be Christlike." And withal my greatest impression of Dr. Carlisle was his gentle and Christlike spirit, always calm and lovable, which made one feel that there was a man, a living, breathing, walking representative of Christ on earth. Help me to be like him!

BY T. E. CRANE.

The one thing in Dr. Carlisle's life that impressed me most was his power of earnestness, which caused men to reverence him. There was always perfect behavior in his classroom; and no boy, however sinful, ever left the room without some noble thought to take with him. I have never left his presence at any time without having been deeply impressed with the great, earnest life of the man.

BY HERBERT HUCKS.

No, we shall not see him again in life. We now enter his classroom in sadness and look upon his dear old chair, knowing that never again will he sit there and talk to us as in days gone by. But his

influence can never die. Any college should thank Heaven for the priceless gift of such a life. What would Wofford, which stands for all that is high and noble, have been without Dr. Carlisle? None dare even guess. And God forbid that the day may ever dawn when the precious influence of his noble, peerless life shall depart from her highest ambitions and ideals!

BY C. B. DAWSEY.

Probably the deepest impression left on my mind from my knowledge of Dr. Carlisle was his lasting interest in the individual. Many times I have been to his study, but never without his asking me of my parents and giving me some interesting tract to send to my mother. Before allowing me to leave, he would always want to know something about my college work and what profession I expected to follow as a life work. Feeling his personal interest in this way, I could not help but have my heart strongly moved for the best and greatest in life.

BY M. M. BROOKS.

Of the many noble characteristics of Dr. Carlisle, the one that impressed me most was his intense interest in the spiritual welfare of young men. As he came into contact with them from time to time in his lecture room he would almost invariably dismiss the class with the emphatic words: "Don't forget the inner man."

BY F. MURATA.

On that cold, dreary, and rainy October morning our hearts were peculiarly distressed by the sad news of the death of our Dr. Carlisle. A grievous thought, "We shall see him no more on this earth," took possession of our hearts. We felt as if the corner stone of our dear old institution had been taken away. Words are indeed inadequate to express our sorrow. But, after all, he is not dead. We know that no death can overcome the pure, noble, saintly, and sacrificial life of this "grand old man." That stately and majestic stature is still walking with us on our campus. His warning voice, "Young men, don't drift," will linger in our ears for years to come. His keen and brilliant eyes are still flashing in our memory. No, we cannot imagine that he is gone. We are glad to know that his spirit is still with us and will be with us, teaching us to live that best and noblest life.

BY HERBERT LANGFORD.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted" explains why Dr. Carlisle was a great man. With his rare intellect he could have become a money magnate, a great politician, or a president of some great university. But he preferred to serve his Maker at Wofford. He could have acquired riches, but he loved too well the boys at Wofford. He gave up all for us. He was our Dr. Carlisle, and we loved him.

BY R. L. MERIWETHER.

To many now in college Dr. Carlisle was known personally only from those few short hours when he met each class. And even then, instead of a lecture on the deeper and graver subjects, there was a talk on what might be called the little things of life, the ways and manners and minor duties known to all, but neglected by so many. To those of less influence and regarded with little of the general reverence which Dr. Carlisle commanded, there is often given the privilege of ignoring many of these smaller duties without being censured; but all knew that he so earnestly called attention to these things because of the strictness in his observance of them. So, while others might have given advice like this and been heard with indifference, when it came from Dr. Carlisle it could not but make an impression. But stronger than this impression, and what will be as lasting in the minds of the hearers as the broad principles on which these little things were based, was the realization of the true greatness of him who gave them, whom to see was a privilege and to hear a benediction.

BY H. GRADY HARDIN.

Once while talking to the junior class Dr. Carlisle said: "You cannot all be eloquent, young gentlemen, but you can every one live a pure, clean, godly life and in that way preach to the world a sermon greater than any ever preached by human

lips." Ah! how he proved this to the world! No greater sermon has ever been preached than that one preached by the pure, clean, godly life of Dr. Carlisle. Scattered throughout the land are old Wofford men who were made to live better lives by the silent influence of this great man. Indeed, his life was great; and it was made so, not by any eloquent orations delivered nor by any great books written, but by the silent living of what he knew to be the right. The most impressive thing about his funeral was its simplicity. No great speech-making and eulogizing was needed, for his life spoke for itself. Surely the sermon preached by the life of Dr. Carlisle can never be forgotten, and its influence can never reach an end.

BY F. WARREN DIBBLE.

In Dr. Carlisle's presence one felt as if he were standing before some grand existence—the feeling was indescribable, hence I say existence. Yet this grandness had some peculiar magnetism which awakened our love. To be in his presence was to love him, and we realized that in loving him we loved the man who lived most nearly the Christ life. He is not dead, but sleepeth and liveth an influence in the lives of those who had the high privilege of associating with him, and through these many are directed to the noblest things in life.

BY R. DE WITT GUILDS.

One of the great moral lessons taught by Dr. Carlisle was that of punctuality. He taught this in and out of the classroom, not by words only, but by setting the example himself.

BY MATTHEW S. LIVELY.

“Our Dr. Carlisle” has left us, and Wofford will never be the same again. His going away left a vacancy on the campus which can never be filled. The college duties will apparently go on as they always have; but something will be lacking, however promptly or conscientiously they are performed. Even the janitor cannot go about his work as he did before. The old bell in the tower will never peal forth with the same tone any more. The very seats before which Dr. Carlisle sat so many times and gave us those heart-to-heart talks brimming over with love and sympathy and kindness cannot appear as they once did. The books in the library and the magazines on the table will be found in their accustomed places; but for the last time those loving, tender, trembling hands have turned their pages and marked the important paragraphs. And most of all will his familiar face be missed at chapel and those striking remarks appropriately made. Tread softly, fellow students, for every inch of Wofford’s campus is now hallowed ground. Every word which passed between his lips was filled with a

dynamic force. They were all good and great and noble. One did not leave his classroom or his presence at any time remembering some saying which he could never forget. No, it was not that. But he somehow felt that he had just listened to a noble, divinely inspired man. It was that earnest face, that piercing eye, which would always stay with him—an “undefinable something.” Dr. Carlisle gone? In body, yes; in spirit, never. Thanks to his Maker and ours, that can never be taken from us. It remains with us to guard us and to guide us and to show us the narrow way.

BY R. LEON KEATON.

The students of Wofford deeply feel the loss of our fatherly—yes, motherly—Dr. Carlisle. He was motherly because his tender heart was always going out to those whom he touched. We loved him because he was simple, because he was true, because he was faithful, because he was modest, and because he was good. Those who sat in his classroom had the blessed privilege of partaking of the very nature of Christ. Dr. Carlisle was so full of Christ that when with him each knew that he was with a godly man. His life was made up of little things. After they leave this world some men live in fine buildings, some in history, some in libraries, many in other things; but Dr. James H. Carlisle lives in the hearts of men, near their souls, ever urging them on

in the rational fight for the highest, the noblest, and the manliest life—for God.

BY RALPH L. NEWTON.

In my opinion, there are two traits in Dr. Carlisle's character which stand out more prominently than any others. In the first place, he never failed to point out to any one the necessity of living a Christian life. I well remember the first conversation which I had with him. We did not talk five minutes; but, nevertheless, he found opportunity to inquire concerning my spiritual condition. What he could do for his Master was always uppermost in his mind. The second characteristic in his life which impressed me was his humility. He was admired by every one who ever knew him, but he never considered himself above any of his fellows. He never sought praise, nor did he like publicity and ostentation. For these things every one loved him, and I shall always consider it one of the great privileges of my life to have been allowed to spend three years on the campus with him.

BY EARL L. KEATON.

The sorrow of a State
Cannot be sung or said,
Now that its noblest son
Lies silent, but not dead.

The wound that Wofford bears
 Is cut so deep, we feel
 The which no after joy
 Can ever wholly heal.

No place on earth so sweet,
 No place in heaven so fair,
 But that this sainted soul
 Can find a lodgment there.

His life to emulate
 Would be a high ideal,
 For it was patterned after
 The King to whom all kneel.

BY THE PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas our Heavenly Father has seen fit, in his infinite wisdom, to call unto himself our most esteemed and beloved honorary member, Dr. James H. Carlisle; and

Whereas the members of the Preston Literary Society of Wofford College have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of him whose ever-glad words of encouragement, manly living, and lovable character will long live in our memory; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family in this the loss of one so dear to them.

2. That a page of our society minute book be inscribed to his memory.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and that a copy be published in the

Wofford College Journal and the *Southern Christian Advocate*.

BY LANDER COLLEGE.

At a called meeting of the faculty and student body of Lander College, held at 12 M. October 21, 1909, the following was adopted by a rising vote:

Whereas on this the 21st day of October, 1909, Dr. James H. Carlisle, President Emeritus of Wofford College, has fallen on sleep; therefore

Resolved by the faculty and students of Lander College:

1. That we share with the family and Wofford College, with Spartanburg and South Carolina, with Methodists and all Christendom, in the great bereavement that has come to all by the death of Dr. Carlisle.

2. That even in our sorrow we rejoice over the splendid life and labors of the departed and over the wide influence in Church and State exercised by him as he walked with God and moved among men.

3. That at twelve o'clock to-day and at the hour of the funeral our school work be suspended, that our flag fly at half mast until next Tuesday, and that a representative attend the funeral exercises.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Dr. Carlisle, to Wofford College, to the *Southern Christian Advocate*, and to the Spartanburg papers.

BY THE CARLISLE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas the Supreme Ruler of the universe, in his infinite wisdom, has moved from us our beloved Dr. James H. Carlisle; and

Whereas this society has the honor of bearing

his name, making it highly befitting that we record our appreciation of him; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That the removal of such a life from our midst leaves a sorrow and a wound that will be deeply felt by every member of this society.

2. That the lessons he has taught and the inspiring example of his noble life will ever be held by us in grateful remembrance.

3. That we rejoice that the influence of the example of so great a life has been left to the young men of this entire State, and especially to those of this society.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be put upon the records of this society and that a copy be printed in the *Southern Christian Advocate* and in the *Wofford College Journal*.

BY THE CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas our Heavenly Father on October 21, 1909, in his perfect wisdom, thought best to close the earthly life of our great teacher, Dr. James H. Carlisle, and to promote him to his eternal home, where he will never know pain or sorrow, and where he can live a life far greater and grander than could have been possible here; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we, the Calhoun Literary Society of Wofford College, deplore more than words can express the death of one so true, lovable, and popular with every one who knew him. Dr. Car-

lisle had a bright and cheerful disposition and was always generous and kind-hearted. He was a friend to every one who knew him, and his presence among us was always a delight. He has lived a pure and noble life, of which we all are proud.

2. That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in their sore bereavement.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be placed on our records and that copies be sent to the family and to the press.

BY THE CARLISLE LITERARY SOCIETY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Whereas Dr. James H. Carlisle died on October 21, 1909; and

Whereas the Carlisle Literary Society has been honored by the privilege of bearing his name; therefore be it

Resolved by this society: 1. That we deeply lament his death and the loss of his direct influence upon students in South Carolina and upon ourselves as a society.

2. That we rejoice in his rich, helpful life and in the life-giving influence that he has left us.

3. That we sincerely and deeply sympathize with the bereaved members of his family.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Carlisle's family and to the *Criterion*, the *Southern Christian Advocate*, and the *State* for publication.

II.

*By Those Who Have Known Dr. Carlisle
Personally.*

FROM ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WOODS.

A man of power has passed from the life into the history of his country. His death brings deep sorrow to the hundreds of men who were taught by him and to thousands besides who loved him. To all men and women who aspire to the best things for their country it brings a solemn sense of loss to the cause of righteousness.

To-day it would be best for those of us who held him most in love and honor to sit still and let the memories of his life drift through our thoughts and thus renew the high ideals which he helped to inspire. But you ask me, as one of his old students, to write an appreciation of the man; and though the task be for me one impossible of accomplishment, I cannot refuse to try.

As all know, Dr. Carlisle soon after his graduation at South Carolina College became a teacher. For over sixty years he devoted all his great powers to that profession. He seems to have regarded his life as completely consecrated to that work as though he had taken vows before an altar. No vicissitudes of public disaster or personal poverty, no opportunities for promotion, no apparently wider field of usefulness could move him from his purpose to devote his life to trying to make men wiser and

better. Whether it required great self-control or self-denial for him to pursue this course, perhaps no one can tell; for he was a man of Spartan simplicity and sought for himself nothing except good books, congenial friends, and a sense of doing good.

In the living of this simple life which distinguished him there were many like him in the colleges of the State in the years which came just after the catastrophe of 1865. Indeed, the simplicity and purity and unbending loyalty to ideals of the men who taught in our small colleges in those days enoble the calling to which they belonged and remain as a heritage and inspiration to their countrymen. The State college was closed, the State Treasury was in the hands of aliens, and the people were in poverty. The debt of those who would never have entered a college door but for men like Dr. Carlisle can never be estimated. True, the equipment was poor, and the teaching was not always by the best methods; but there was daily contact with men who loved the best books and aspired to the best things in life. Among these men, Dr. Carlisle was preëminent in intellect, in character, and in influence. Dr. Charles Forster Smith, a student under him, dedicates to him a recent book in these words: "The best man I have ever known and the most potent influence in my life." Perhaps it is not remarkable that one man, however eminent, should say that of another; but it is remarkable that

so many others should accept these words of Dr. Smith as expressing their own estimate and feeling.

What was the source of this power? Dr. Carlisle wrote no great book; he made no great discovery; he took little part in the public councils of the people; he was not foremost in any department of learning; as a college executive he was not without faults. Varying answers to the question will be given. As it seems to me, his power came from three main sources: First, his character, his attaining to a simple, unselfish life without guile, his striving humbly to lead his people to the highest things. This in a strong, aggressive man is the greatest element and source of power. Doubtless there are many other things apparently more useful and powerful; but he made good his belief that it was not the glittering, but the steady and white light that imparts life.

To this character there was added in him the most profound optimism. He had unfailing faith that truth and virtue would in the long run prevail over falsehood and vice. And, what was more important in his influence in inspiring others to strive for righteousness and enlightenment, he was always insistent on the capacity of the average man to take charge of his own heart and mind and elevate himself. More than this, his own convictions were so strong on these subjects and his personal magnetism so great that the least aspiring could hardly come within this sphere of his influence without feeling

the chief end of life to be the attainment of the highest will power and its consecration to the acquirement of knowledge and to the doing of good.

The third element of his power was eloquence. I do not mean by eloquence merely brilliant expression, polished gesture, rounded periods, or artistic polish. Some of these he had without effort. But his was the eloquence which moved the emotions too deeply to admit of outward demonstration, which carried conviction to the mind and aroused the whole man to the best of aspirations and possibilities. He who could listen and not feel that he had been under the influence of a great human power was indeed poor in spirit.

One scarcely dares, over the bier of a man so modest and retiring, to speak of the influence and charm of his social life; but I cannot refrain from one word. He had a personal interest in every college student he knew and had the rare power of inspiring awe and affection at the same time. He always remembered the men who had been at Wofford College and so watched their careers in college and in after life that he made every man know that he was expecting of him the best achievement of which he was capable. His memory was a storehouse of the best things in literature, of the history and traditions of his own people, and of reminiscences of great men of his own time. The charm with which he used these treasures in social life will not be forgotten by those who had the privilege of his friendship.

Yet he possessed more markedly than any other man I have known the spiritual holy of holies where no man entered with him. He was intensely religious, in the sense that he was a devoted Christian and lived in the highest spiritual atmosphere; but he was a man too humble and wise to try to influence men by any creed except that of love and duty.

The death of a man to whom it was given to live a long and full life in the blessing of others by the exercise of these powers should not be marked by gloom and sad refrains, but rather by anthems of praise and triumph that all his life he stood fast and gave strength and hope to men. We know not of his future beyond this life; but there can be no agnosticism and no skepticism that he is

“Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end in self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.”

MARION, S. C.

SENATOR E. D. SMITH'S TRIBUTE.

Every one has to have a standard of comparison, and upon the perfection of that standard depends the proper appreciation of things compared and a just measurement of things measured.

This is the reason that the students of Wofford

College have such a high sense of intellectual, religious, and moral character, for James H. Carlisle was to the student body the embodiment of a perfect Christian character. His profound faith in God, his profound belief in Christ, together with his intellectual power, made him grand and awe-inspiring to the student body. Whenever he spoke to them on subjects relating to spiritual things or as touching the Deity, he did it with such sincerity and earnestness, such power and humility, that he gave the impression that his communion with these forces was real, intimate, and vital.

His everyday life, both in the classroom and out of it, was so earnest and consecrated that contact with him rebuked all that was lowest and most unworthy, while it inspired a real healthy ambition to attain all that was best as student and man.

I do not believe that it was possible for any one to be under the tutelage of James H. Carlisle or even to come in contact with him daily without being better or worse—better by having his standard of manhood infinitely raised and attempting to measure up to that standard or worse by refusing to follow this higher vision.

My feeling toward Dr. Carlisle as a student and since college days as a man is hard to express. A profound respect for his purity, for his faith, and admiration for his intellectual power; a great love for the great Christian heart that yearned for the mental, moral, and spiritual uplift to young men—

combine all these, and the resultant is what I feel for this the greatest man that South Carolina has ever produced.

I am sure that the one characteristic of Dr. Carlisle that drew him closer to the student body than anything else was his great yearning that the boy at college for the first time should not disappoint the mother and father at home making such sacrifices, hoping such hopes, and dreaming such dreams for their boy. He could come nearer voicing that yearning and standing in the parents' stead than any teacher it has ever been my fortune to meet.

I know that, as to the little successes which have come to me since college days, I have felt the same desire to go back to Dr. Carlisle and carry the little trophies I have won and lay them at his feet as a tribute to what he has done for me and hoped for me that I have felt in taking them back to my mother.

Dr. Carlisle differed from other educators in one great respect: he never seemed to desire that we should at any cost become scholars, but that at any cost we should do our duty and meet the obligations that came to us as men. Then if scholarship was the result, well and good; but if not, there were to be no regrets, provided we had faithfully, honestly, and to the fullest possible extent met the obligations of student life.

His respect for the honest, plodding mediocre was as profound and real as for the most brilliant student, provided both did their duty.

He never flattered the brilliant one, nor did he patronize the unfortunate one. To him both were men made in the image of God, fitted into the scheme of life by a grander and diviner than human force; and both were to be respected, each in his sphere of life.

The success of Wofford College as a place of education is due largely to the fact that contact with this great man was an education in itself, a living illustration of all that proper education stands for.

It is idle to speak of filling his place. No old student of his will ever expect it to be filled any more than he expects the place of his dead mother to be filled. His spirit will exert its great influence over Wofford and her children as long as men aspire to attain to all that is best and purest in life.

FROM CHANCELLOR KIRKLAND.

In the death of Dr. Carlisle, South Carolina has lost its greatest citizen. He was a man without a peer, great in intellectual attainments and greater still in character. His influence over the students of Wofford College was the great factor in the history of that institution for thirty years after the Civil War. The college had little endowment and no equipment, but it had Dr. Carlisle. To know him, to partake of his spirit, to enter into the high places of his thought, to share his ideals, to feel the largeness of his sympathy and the sincerity of his

Christian character was an education in itself. His life was a perpetual call to high things. His pupils of olden days will cherish his memory as they cherish virtue, knowledge, and truth. In the best that they do he will ever be present. Through them he yet speaks in multiplied form and place.

BY W. G. BLAKE.

They say he's dead! Prone lies the noble form—
 The form that cold, material nature set
 Her stamp of honor on to laud herself.
 They say he's dead! The great, the gentle heart
 Is still—the heart that was as deep as love
 And broad as all humanity. The brain,
 The mighty brain that wisdom did reflect
 Straight from the throne of Truth; the ready lips
 That lent their willing service to the brain;
 The hands that knew no resting from God's work—
 All, all are cold, so cold and still! And now
 They say he's dead! Ah! no, no, no! Not dead,
 Unless sweet spring be dead when winter reigns,
 Or glorious day be dead when evening falls,
 Or music's soul be dead when mute the strings,
 And slumber folds awhile the player's hands.
 Yon constant sun that proudly rules the heaven
 And breeds a myriad life through land and sea—
 Yon sun, which is life's life, may pale, may die,
 And hang a blackened cinder in his place,
 But that which tabernacled in this clay
 Is lord of death! The something that was here—
 That emanation rare that fashions men,
 Enriches earth, and peoples heaven—dies not.
 Aye, verily, 'tis that whereof is made
 Bright immortality and walks adown
 The shining arcades of eternity
 Hand-clasped with God!

FROM J. J. M'SWAIN.

Permit a word from one who was not privileged to be a student under Dr. Carlisle to add one word of testimony to his true greatness, to make the partial estimate of the onlooker. It was simply marvelous to see the veneration—yea, reverence—in which his very name was held in audiences few of whom had ever seen him. It is notable how seldom Dr. Carlisle spoke in public and how conservative and guarded were all his utterances. Consider again how little he wrote and how little of “startling originality” there was in his contribution to the press. Then why this universal love and respect for one whom they had never seen, never heard, and after whom they had seldom, if ever, read? I think it must have been with others, as it was with me, that the belief prevailed that in Dr. Carlisle the elements were so mixed that all the world might stand up and say: “Here is a man.” In his self-mastery, in his unselfishness, in his self-surrender for an ideal, in his patient, consistent faith that the best in a boy would finally triumph, in the loving solicitude with which he followed each individual who had been under him—for all these and more Dr. Carlisle kept unconsciously pressing upon the attention of the even unattentive people that he possessed and manifested something of that divine nature after which his life was modeled. Though by more than half a century of service Dr. Carlisle was the especial possession of Wofford College, yet by his life and

living and by his death and memory he becomes the property of all the people of the State.

FROM PRESIDENT S. C. MITCHELL.

It was an impressive sight to witness the tribute which the people of South Carolina paid Dr. James H. Carlisle. The fact that they singled out such a man as the chief object of their affection and admiration bespeaks the nobility of the soul of the people of this State. The vast concourse of people gathered on the campus of Wofford College around that bier represented all the different religious denominations, all factions in politics, all sections of the State and classes of people, without regard to wealth or social distinction; and yet that great company were united in their feelings of reverence and gratitude for the moral power exhibited by that simple teacher who for threescore years had lived among them. Essentially strong at heart is any nation that retains so clear a vision as to things in life that are really worth while. The greatness of Dr. Carlisle was singularly clear-cut. It was not due to wealth nor to social distinction nor to official eminence nor to creative scholarship. His greatness was due to the sheer force of personality and moral power. I do not know of any instance that reveals so clearly the projectional force of character stripped of all adventitious things.

Citizen after citizen in Spartanburg told me how

influential Dr. Carlisle had been in materially building up that city, in imparting the impulse to progress, in promoting industries, in developing the spirit of coöperation and enterprise, in setting high business ideals. This alone was a signal achievement, for the expansive energies in Spartanburg command the attention of every thoughtful man. It is becoming a hive of industry and a center of wealth and influence. And yet it is to be noted that the man who is regarded as in some measure responsible for this progress remained poor and scorned mammon. He loved progress, but his mind never became materialized. He kept it clearly in view that material development is good only so far as it ministers to the health, intellectual prowess, and moral sanity of all the people.

Wofford College is the monument of Dr. Carlisle. The spirit of service which he showed throughout his long career throbs in this noble institution. I have long felt that I could tell, as by an earmark, the men whom the famous Gessner Harrison, of the University of Virginia, trained—men like the late Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, William Wert Henry, John A. Broadus, Col. Archer Anderson, of Virginia, and Dr. E. S. Joynes. All of these men were characterized by a moderation in expression, a justness of thought, a nice sense of proportion that reminds one of the full-orbed culture of the Greeks. So with the men of Wofford. Wherever I meet

them I discover in them a rich human sympathy and breadth of view and, above all, the spirit of social service.

The labors of Dr. Carlisle, however, in the cause of education were not confined to one institution. His personality gave strength to every school in the State and imparted dignity to the humble calling of the teacher. The end of education is character, and his career furnished a splendid example of character in the beauty of its growth and in its subtle effect on the youth of the commonwealth. He was more than a mere teacher in a college; he was an exemplar of civic righteousness. The State has invested in the University of South Carolina since its foundation in 1805 about two million dollars. If the sole product of that investment had been Dr. James H. Carlisle alone, the State would, in my opinion, be amply repaid for every penny that it has expended for this institution. South Carolina has lost a foremost citizen and the university its most illustrious alumnus.

FROM GOVERNOR ANSEL.

All South Carolina mourns at the death of one of her best and most honored citizens. Dr. James H. Carlisle has been called to his reward. His name and memory will ever be cherished and loved. He was foremost in all good works and the leader of education in this State for many years.

FROM HON. SAMUEL DIBBLE, THE FIRST GRADUATE OF WOFFORD.

Dr. Carlisle's pupils honor him as a great preceptor, realize the salutary influence of his life and teaching upon their own lives, and loved him with the affection of children to a parent. Dr. Carlisle and Wade Hampton I consider the greatest South Carolinians I have ever met—the one a moral and intellectual trainer of young men whose record is equal to that of Socrates, the other a leader of his people in war and peace, both of them exemplars of the highest types of devotion to lofty interests and high ideals. Each in his sphere contributed more than any other to the rehabilitation of a prostrate State and were the heroes *facile princeps* of their generation in South Carolina.

FROM ARTHUR W. PAGE, IN WORLD'S WORK, JUNE, 1907.

For the last fifty years the dominant figure at Wofford College has been Dr. James H. Carlisle. Without either money or political power, this old man, by the strength of his character, has kept education in its broadest sense alive even in the extreme poverty of the people just after the war and has saved it from being swamped by the successful commercialism of the present time. I heard one man ask another what he had studied under Dr. Carlisle. "Astronomy," was the answer. "Did you learn anything?" the first one asked. "Yes," answered the other; "I learned to be a man." There

is no commercial standard in which the influence of Dr. Carlisle and Wofford College can be measured.

FROM RION M'KISSICK.

How clearly I recall one winter night when in my room at Harvard I read of the visit of President Eliot to Spartanburg and of the striking scene presented when he and Dr. Carlisle greeted each other! Yet a thought struck me then, as now, that, though they were parallel in many things, in the larger sense of personal influence Dr. Carlisle's work shone luminous far above that of the New England scholar. In the upbuilding of human character and in genuine helpfulness to his fellow men the lovable teacher who lived out there in the quiet and peace of Wofford was a mightier man than Eliot, surrounded by the power and wealth of the greatest American university.

Men may come and men may go to Harvard; but to them President Eliot was almost unknown, and but few of them ever exchanged a word with him. Nobody thought of going to him for advice except the graduate students, who at best were far removed from the world. Eliot was a great, cold figure living in a house that none thought of entering. How different with Dr. Carlisle and his house, where no student needed an open sesame to admit him! Out of it came men better than when they went in, and the sum total of the influence of that kindly and

helpful man of God no one could dare to estimate. True now the saying: "Ulysses is gone, and there is none left in Ithica that can bend his bow."

FROM CHARLES PETTY.

In speaking of Dr. Carlisle any one who has known him well and who has come under his influence might use many adjectives in his praise and not exceed the bounds of truth. But it is certain that if he had dictated any notices of his life and work there would have been few adjectives. While he appreciated the good opinion of his friends, he never courted outspoken praise. He was always humiliated when indiscreet speakers referred to him, especially when he was present. He was a modest, humble, strong, faithful man. He did not seek his own. He never took any delight in the applause of the crowd. He preferred silent, thoughtful, earnest attention to the words he spoke. He never considered that he had made or could make a big speech.

As a teacher he differed from all under whose influence it was my privilege to come. Some of the drummers who are pushing special goods have what they call "side lines"—that is, in the leisure hours in a town they take orders aside from their regular business. Dr. Carlisle had many side lines in teaching. A wise reader can get as much by reading between the lines of a good book as he gets from the text. The student got more out of the lesson he

taught than the author of the textbook ever dreamed of putting in.

He was the most silent teacher it was ever our privilege to be under. Some young teachers, and older ones too, talk themselves out of breath and talk the classes out of all patience. Dr. Carlisle spoke few words during a recitation. When a student made a flat failure, his silence and expression of pity were infinitely worse than an open rebuke. His aim was not to get mathematics into the student's mind, but to get manhood, virile effort, and a laudable ambition into him. He never played the detective, but he could tell from the appearance of a student or the manner in which he recited whether he was walking surely and uprightly or not. He never made any pointed references to any one's misconduct before the class, but he had a way of inviting a young man to call at his study at a certain hour. No one ever knew what was said in those interviews unless the students told, and they were not apt to do so. He had another way of maintaining the highest discipline. Sometimes he would say to a student: "I should like to see you after recitation a few minutes." When they were alone, he would say about these words: "Two of your friends are falling behind in their work. You have some influence with them. See what you can do to help them." In that way he endeavored to reach out and keep a strong grip on every boy in college.

Never did any one, however he might neglect his

studies, come under his influence without being benefited. Several years ago a man with much business on hand said: "I was at Wofford only a short time and did not behave well nor hurt myself at study; but if I am worth anything to-day, I am greatly indebted to Dr. Carlisle for the good influence he had on me."

His teaching extended far beyond the college campus. He was always ready by public lecture or with pen to give the public the knowledge he possessed. He would go out to a country schoolhouse or a church and make a talk that would never be forgotten. A few years ago he handed the writer a letter written to him by a lady in the country. She stated that at a certain place he had made a speech when she was a young woman. It was so helpful and inspiring to her that she would like for him to reproduce it, because her children were growing up, and she wanted his very words for them. The Doctor had forgotten making the talk. He possessed in an eminent degree that high virtue of forgetting a kindness when he had conferred it on others. It has been my privilege to hear him talk to large crowds and to small audiences in the country, and I verily believe that his best talks were made to plain country people. That is a rare faculty possessed by few public speakers.

Above all men I have known, he had the power of inspiring thought in others. He was not a genius, nor was he a scholar in the technical meaning of

that word; but he was more than a genius and a scholar. In a wonderful way he could appropriate the thought and suggestions of others and by a process of his own mold them over, reshape them, and present them in a new and forcible way. In his talks he came up to the celebrated John Foster's standard of a public speaker, who said that he did not want a speaker after the manner of an auctioneer who would sell thread from a spool a yard at a time instead of throwing out the whole spool and saying, "Here, take this," and then throw out others in quick succession. Dr. Carlisle never unwound his spools, but threw them out rapidly one after another and often so rapidly that the untrained hearer could not catch them all.

In all this half century here there is not a man or woman, white or black, who has not come more or less under his influence. There was no child too small or too poor or too humble to be unnoticed by him. Years ago a little, dirty, half-clothed, bare-footed boy went into a printing office for work. He was given a place. By degrees he worked away, and he is now proprietor of a job printing office. He has a home, an interesting family, and a bright outlook. He once said to the writer about these words and more: "You remember when I first went to your office. I was hungry, for times were hard at our home. But well do I remember Dr. Carlisle often coming in to see you; and he would put his hand gently on my dirty head and say: 'How is my

little Benjamin Franklin to-day?' His kind words and recognition have done me much good, and his interest in me helped to make me what I am. I owe him much." Hundreds of such stories could be published.

To know Dr. Carlisle in his private life was a liberal education. He was the most gentle man. He had the highest regard for other people's opinions. He never had words of abuse for another man's religion or politics. When others were troubled in mind about the public utterances of those who attacked Christianity, he was not moved. The so-called "new thought" gave him no trouble. He never in his public talks, or private ones either, made any reference to the religious side of his life. He just simply lived religion every day. The personal equation in religion he kept hidden in his own breast, as all true Christians do. He was never a shining light in class meeting. He was modest, reverent, thoughtful, earnest, without any display of emotions. One peculiarity in his private talks or public addresses was that he seldom mentioned any of the names of Deity. So great was his reverence that he avoided doing that as much as he possibly could.

Of course we all feel that "we shall never look upon his like again"; but his influence, his example, and the memory of his good and pure life are our rich heritage.

FROM T. B. THACKSTON.

A patriarch in Israel has fallen asleep; and we shall not see his like again, at least not in this generation. Surely the older ones of us who came under the magic spell of his influence in years ago will not permit the record of his unselfish life to be forgotten by the youth of the land. Here is a suggestion: Let those of us who as students were so fortunate as to sit and learn at the feet of this modern Gamaliel, as well as those who were privileged to listen to his public addresses and who can now recall the matchless words of wisdom that fell from his lips—let us, one and all, run back over the pages of memory and embody in communications to the county papers the impressive incidents and the specific utterances that then thrilled and moved us to higher ideals and to nobler living. Let his words and his works be handed down from sire to son through the cycles of the ages yet to be. Truly no one individual can write the full and complete biography of Dr. James H. Carlisle; but each and all of us, by contributing a little here and there, may present a faint portraiture of his true personality and may thus help to disclose the secret of his great power in molding and fashioning the lives and characters of the young men of South Carolina.

FROM P. H. FIKE.

From young manhood to far beyond the allotted time of man, James H. Carlisle unselfishly

poured out the stainless, unsullied life of a full-grown man for the betterment of the young men who have stood under the sound of his voice and listened at his feet to the words of wisdom and encouragement and practical help and suggestion. In talking to men to-day who have been fortunate in having had the benefit of his instructions—and many of them measure up to a success in the control of commercial, financial, industrial, and professional pursuits in this modern town—all agree that the great “heart power” was that preëminent characteristic of this wonderfully great man. Some term it by another name, but “heart power” best expresses it. Of great physical stature and gigantic mental proportions, Dr. Carlisle was endowed with an acute, analytical mind, for the development of which he spared no opportunity of energy in securing his education at the State University under such a coterie of teachers as Lieber, Henry, and Thornwell, whose very names suggest letters.

Only those who have occupied the position of student to this remarkable man can appreciate the timidity and reverence with which his name or life work is mentioned. When all is said or done, it is the personal equation that outweighs all else in any estimate of results or character. No teacher ever possessed the personality of Dr. Carlisle. To see the man and be thrown with him once, one would feel that a mean, low, vicious thought was foreign to him. He was firm of manner and tone in the reci-

tation room, but approachable to a degree that made him worshiped by his students.

And the fifty-five years of service to Wofford quickened and invigorated his intellectual powers and broadened his work. With the coming and going of the classes there was no fatigue or wearing away; and, stranger still, the kindly interest of the man followed his students far beyond the college walls and into their pursuits of life. He never dismissed interest in a student when the latter parted from the college campus for good, and hundreds to-day likely have letters of help and comfort and encouragement that have found their way to them years after their college days.

Would a personal incident be in good taste? Ten or twelve years after my college days at Wofford the paper on which I was employed changed ownership. It was in the midsummer time. All the help on the "sheet" were at sea, so far as knowing whether they would be retained or not. The new proprietor called me in one sultry evening and said: "You ought to feel highly honored. Dr. Carlisle walked down to my office from Wofford campus this hot afternoon and requested me to retain you in your present position on the paper." It is needless to add that I was far more surprised than the owner of the paper. This merely shows the great heart power of the man.

When a student I have often wondered at the great magnetism he exerted in the classrooms.

What man is there in this country who was at Wofford in the early nineties but recalls that little poem Dr. Carlisle recited as he only could give expression, "The Bird with the Broken Wing"? This verse the Doctor would recite ever and anon; and some of the hearers committed it to memory under his dictation, prompted solely by the power and expression of the teacher. The verse is:

"I walked in the woodland meadow,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wing, and each morning
It sang in the old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

I saw a young life ruined
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And his striving was not in vain;
But the soul that sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again."

This little verse, pointing a great moral lesson, quoted by the master teacher, remained indelibly on the hearts of his hearers, many of them carrying it through the long and changing years. I have heard some old Wofford men, twelve years and more after hearing the Doctor repeat it, say that when, in some environment of temptation, that pen picture and Dr. Carlisle's clear, wonderful interpretation of the lines brought them to thinking seriously. That's what you call the personal equation, isn't it?

A prominent gentleman of Union County, not a Wofford man, a number of years ago related an interesting incident showing clearly the character of the Doctor. On a visit to a home at which the narrator resided Dr. Carlisle was waiting for the carriage to take a ride. This carriage was driven by an old-time negro named Peter. Peter had been coachman in the family for forty years, and his great age was visibly asserting itself. While the members of the family were busy preparing to start, Dr. Carlisle walked out to the street and began talking to Peter. The coachman told him how long he had been driving the horses. Dr. Carlisle then said: "Well, Peter, you are getting old now. Are you sure you are driving your horses to the right country?" With this simple, homely entering wedge, the great man of letters clearly evidenced that he let no opportunity slip on any occasion to do good, to help people, to make them think and do, no matter how humble or exalted. The man who related this

incident said: "That was twenty years ago; but it put me to thinking, and I feel that it made of me a better man."

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove,
As He pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in heaven expect the meed."