

IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY

ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY

BX
9225
.D2
D32
1899

7.21.21
Library of the Theological Seminary.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Presented by Charles W. Dabney.

BX 9225 .D2 D32 1899
Dabney, Charles William,
1855-1945,
In memoriam

Shelf.....



ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY,
Hampton Sidney, Va., 1872 or '73

✓
IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY

Born, March 5th, 1820

Died, January 3rd, 1898

“Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good.”

The University of Tennessee Press
Knoxville,
1899

A FEW of the addresses and papers commemorative of the life and services of our father, Doctor Robert Lewis Dabney, are republished herein for distribution among his friends. It has not been thought proper to print any of the hundreds of kind letters received by his family, and it has not been possible to include any of the resolutions or other formal expressions of appreciation.

Three pictures have been selected to show our father as he appeared at the two periods when he was best known to his surviving pupils and friends. The first two photographs were taken at Hampden Sydney, Va., in the spring either of 1872 or of 1873. The third was taken at Austin, Texas, about 1892, and after he had lost his eyesight.

We send this little publication to our father's and our own dear friends, with grateful acknowledgments of their loving sympathy.

CHARLES W. DABNEY,
Knoxville, Tenn.

SAMUEL B. DABNEY,
Victoria, Texas.

LEWIS M. DABNEY,
Dallas, Texas.

January the Third, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine.

CONTENTS.

Portrait, 1872	Frontispiece
Robert Lewis Dabney—A Sketch, by Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Johnson...	5
Portrait—Standing, 1872	Opp. 17
The Man and Scholar, by Rev. Dr. James B. Shearer.....	17
The Christian Warrior, by Rev. Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer.....	20
The Funeral ..	22
Our Loss, by Rev. Dr. G. B. Strickler	24
Regnant Men—Funeral address, by Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge.....	26
A Light Gone, by Col. L. S. Marye	30
Portrait, 1892	Opp. 33
A Lover of the South, by Mr. J. H. Rice, Jr.....	33
The Teacher and Friend, by Rev. Dr. Thornton R. Sampson.....	37
A Tribute, by Rev. Dr. S. Taylor Martin.....	39

ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY—A SKETCH.

BY REV. DR. THOMAS C. JOHNSON.

[From Union Seminary Magazine, No. 3, Jan.-Feb., 1898, page 158.]

Robert Lewis Dabney was born in Louisa county in Virginia, on the 5th of March, 1820, of good old Hanover lineage. In June, 1836, he entered the Sophomore class, half advanced, of Hampden Sydney College. He completed the remaining part of the Sophomore, and the Junior course, and left the college in 1837. While at College he professed conversion and, after returning home in November, 1837, united with the Providence Presbyterian Church, James Wharey, pastor. He then taught a country school for two years. In December, 1839, he entered the University of Virginia, from which he graduated in July of 1842 with the degree of Master of Arts. He again taught a select private school for more than two years. In October, 1844, he entered Union Seminary in Virginia, took the full three years course in two years and was licensed to preach in May, 1846. He spent one year as a missionary in his native county, at the end of which time he was called to be the pastor of Tinkling Spring church in Augusta county. Here he performed for a considerable time the functions of the pastorate to a large church and those of the head teacher of a classical school. After a pastorate of over six years he was elected to the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Polity in his *alma mater*, Union Theological Seminary, which he filled until 1870. Meanwhile, in 1869, he had been appointed Adjunct Professor of Theology, and he was made full Professor in this department in 1870. He continued to dignify this important chair until 1883, when owing to bronchial troubles he was warned by his physicians to seek a milder climate. Accordingly he accepted an invitation to the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Texas, at Austin, the capital of that state. This position he continued to fill with unflagging ability, notwithstanding the increasing infirmities of age and the total loss of his eyesight, till 1894. Since he retired from that position he has

given special courses of lectures at different institutions and has been active with his pen.

During his long term of service in Union Seminary he was for sixteen years co-pastor of the College church, with the Rev. Dr. B. M. Smith. During the same period he served Hampden Sydney College in a professorial capacity on occasions of need in that institution. In 1861, whenever his duties permitted his absence from the seminary, he was chaplain in the Confederate army, with the Virginia troops. In 1862 he was chief of the staff of the Second Corps under General Thomas J. Jackson. After the close of the war, during the period of utter poverty consequent on the great struggle, he rendered the people of his own section great service in taking effective measures for supplying bread. During his years at the University of Texas he taught with great ability a course on political economy every year, and practically founded and maintained for all those years the Austin Theological School. Throughout his whole ministerial life he gave valuable service to the church in her courts and on important committees.

He has been our most prolific writer. In 1855 he published the *Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Francis S. Sampson*; in 1857 he put forth, as editor, Dr. Sampson's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews*; in 1866 he published his great *Life of General Thomas J. Jackson*; in 1867 his *Defense of Virginia and the South*; in 1870 his *Treatise on Sacred Rhetoric* (3rd ed. 1881); in 1871, *Theology, Dogmatic and Polemic* (4th ed. 1890); in 1875, *Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century Examined* (new and enlarged ed. in 1887), *Practical Philosophy*, 1897.

We understand that there is to be at least one posthumous publication in book form. In addition, Dr. Dabney has been a constant contributor to our church papers and reviews. He has enriched by his contributions the publications of certain philosophical and literary societies. His *Discussions*, edited (and issued from the press in 1890 ff.) by his life-long and most intimate friend, the Rev. Dr. C. R. Vaughan, contain many of these fugitive productions in a more permanent form.

The last piece of literary work he did was the preparation of a brief sketch of the life of his teacher, colleague and friend, Dr. Sampson. He did this work on Monday the third of this month,

January. In the evening of that day he was seized with an acute illness and died, after four hours, at 11 P. M.

Hampden Sydney College conferred the degree of D. D. on him in 1853, and the degree of LL. D. in 1872. The General Assembly of the Southern Church made him its Moderator in 1870.

So far, a brief and most imperfect sketch of Dr. Dabney's life. To give an adequate account of his life it would be necessary to enter into a discussion of the general current of theological thought during the last forty years and portray him in relation to these currents. It would also be necessary to give an exposition of many contemporary philosophical systems and show how he stood toward those systems. It would be no less needful to refer to many material, political and sociological changes which have occurred in our country during the last fifty years. For Dr. Dabney, while a minister of the gospel, was also a citizen of his commonwealth, and a great christian statesman. He took a burning interest in all that vitally concerned the welfare of his country. He held profound views on political economy and statecraft, and set them forth with tremendous vigor. The lives even of most great preachers pass in such quiet that the historian finds little to dwell upon. What he says of one day's labor and achievements may be said of almost every other day. Such was not the life of Dr. Dabney. His life touched so many points in the common history of church and state and touched them in a way so unusual that it is impossible to give an adequate sketch in a few pages.

Hence we propose a much more possible task in the remaining portion of this paper, viz.: to name and illustrate briefly some of his more important mental and moral characteristics.

1. *Mental Characteristics.* He had acute and accurate and untiring powers of perception; a memory which held the gist of all he had perceived like a vise; a superb constructive imagination, and an active, subtle, profound, powerful and sagacious intellect.

His powers of observation, coupled with his interest in topographical studies, gave him a more minute and correct knowledge of a larger portion of the earth's surface than any other man with whom it has ever been our privilege to converse. This power was, we suppose, one of the reasons why General Jackson made

Dr. Dabney his chief of staff. And it perhaps saved one important battle to the Confederacy. For on one occasion when Dr. Dabney had been ordered off duty on account of sickness, he observed that one of the orderlies who had been entrusted with an important message by his general did not comprehend the order. He rode down the line after the orderly, ascertained that he had not given the message correctly, repeated it properly and so was instrumental in bringing up at a critical moment the men that were needed in order to turn the tide of battle. His accuracy and strength of memory for the gist of an event or a place and even for the more important details was a power that impressed itself on all about him. His natural gift was such that by a little cultivation he could have displayed a most luxurious and riotous fancy. He did not care, however, to quicken his powers of fanciful description, usually dignified with the name of imagination. But the power of the constructive imagination, the power which the inventor and the discoverer must possess, the power without which no man can be a real poet or a great literary artist, or even a framer of a great philosophical or theological system, that power he valued, and he was richly endowed with it. Evidences of it are seen to a greater or less extent in every work he ever wrote and they abounded in his oral teaching. The activity, profundity, subtlety and sagacity of his intellect is proven, not only by his voluminous writings, but by his whole history.

In point of intellectual energy and power we not only regard him as superior to every other man we have ever seen, but as having had no equal so far as history has had anything to say, in the whole history of christianity in this country. Thornwell was a genius; Charles Hodge was very learned and possessed a strong and massive mind. Archibald Alexander Hodge is supposed by many to have been his father's mental superior. Old Dr. Archibald Alexander has, by some of his admirers, been called the Immanuel Kant of North America. But for sheer mental might we suppose that old Jonathan Edwards was more nearly Dr. Dabney's equal. He founded a theology. He made a great name. He won a numerous following. But this was due in part to his peculiar teachings—his doctrine of identity, his doctrine of ability, and his theory of virtue. He changed too, some-

what, the theological system which he wished to defend. Dr. Dabney shows his great power while walking in old paths. He supports the system of the Westminster Standards without resort to such doubtful and ultimately insufficient, even if profound looking, shifts as those to which the great New Englander resorted. He cuts up Edwardsism by the roots. He shows that the shifts were untrue and to be repudiated. He again defends fearlessly our standards received from the great assembly at Westminster. And he gives new illustrations of his profundity and mental might by stating objections to certain doctrines more overwhelming than had before been stated; and by giving arguments of greater weight in behalf of the truth.

Nor are men of our own church alone in this judgment as to Dr. Dabney's abilities as a thinker on theological and philosophical subjects. We have it on good testimony that Dr. A. A. Hodge, when about to introduce one of his middle classes to the study of Systematic theology, pronounced the same judgment substantially concerning the ability of Dr. Dabney. Our informant told us that on the day that Dr. Hodge gave his opening lecture in the course on systematic theology to his class he took up most of the hour in talking about text-books and other literature which might be read as collateral during the course, and that when about to conclude his remarks concerning the literature he spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, before concluding this list of theological treatises which may be read as we pursue our studies together, I wish to call your attention to one other work. This is a single large octavo volume. It is by the profoundest thinker and writer on theological subjects, in my judgment, that America has produced. Remember, I say the *profoundest thinker and writer*. You may not find the style of his book agreeable or the reading easy. But you will find a profundity of thought that you cannot find elsewhere. It is stimulating too, and I beg you to read it. The work I refer to is by the Rev. R. L. Dabney of the Southern Presbyterian Church." We have heard from still another source that Dr. Hodge was accustomed to say substantially the same thing to all his classes as they began with him the study of theology.

Other testimonies from abroad might be given—some from

across the Atlantic. But we know of no more competent judge than Dr. A. A. Hodge.

Young men who read this paper, let us remember that Dr. Dabney *grew*. Of course all admit that he was born with great and noble parts; but wise old men in the church tell us that, in their judgment, Dr. George A. Baxter was the greater man of the two by natural endowment, and yet affirm that Dr. Dabney developed himself into a vastly bigger man. Dr. Dabney's mental history ought to be an inspiration to us, and *that* whether we can render half so noble a service as he, or not.

2. *Moral Traits.* His endowments in the way of active and practical powers were of a noble order; and as we knew him they had been sanctified to an unusually high degree by divine grace.

His sensibilities were duly subordinated. He was remarkably free from base affections. He loved not low things. He delighted in high things. He loved devotedly, and was a good hater, as every good lover must be. He loved passionately the good and hated passionately the evil. His affectional nature was a great fire; it drove him at times almost furiously against what seemed wrong, and in support of what seemed right. His logic, and all his mental workings, like the Apostle Paul's, were often aflame with feeling. No man can understand the products of his mind who does not keep this fact before him.

While he had a general love for mankind, and a much warmer love for all his Christian brethren, he gave a peculiar love to a few friends. Few men are capable of an affection so intense and loyal. When he admired a brother and trusted him as thoroughly honest, open and sincere, intimate association was alone needed to call forth from him a wealth of affection which no other could give save one equally great. But the ruling passion of his life was his love to God.

Men who sat under his teaching before he had reached his prime have given expression in our presence, to their conviction that Dr. Dabney was even then the most godly man whom they had ever met. His students in his old age at Austin, were wont to speak of him as St. John. One proof of his practical godliness is found in the fact that he was a man to whom people in trouble

and need were wont to go in order to find comfort and help. We have seen no one whose life was more governed by principle—by what he thought to be the teaching of God's Word. He tried to regard himself, and all he possessed as God's property. Accordingly, while he naturally loved soft raiment, and beautiful pictures, and a luxurious home, he subordinated sensuous and æsthetical tastes to moral and spiritual considerations. His sense of stewardship was so high that he was at times subjected to harsh criticisms by those not similarly governed by Biblical principles. He gave himself all he thought he needed in order to his becoming the most efficient servant of the Lord who had bought him. His religion similarly pervaded his whole life. He was *determined* to make it so. And no man had more vigor of will, or did more resolutely what he believed to be right. He could hardly be stopped in a course which he believed right. He lived this life without a trace of Phariseism.

Springing out of the foregoing mental, moral and religious traits were certain other remarkable characteristics, among which was

3. *A very marked humility of mind before God, and generosity in judging his fellowmen.*

In a man of such mental power one might, at the first moment, expect an attempt at daring and rationalistic speculation—an attempt to solve the insoluble, or in event of failure, to deny the inscrutable as to fact. But no man of our acquaintance has recognized the limitations of the finite mind more steadily than Dr. Dabney. He stands in this respect in distinguished contrast to some other great and even conservative men of his age. The venerable Dr. Wm. G. T. Shedd, for example, appears to many of his readers just as confident when he is setting forth the results of his own philosophical speculations as when he has in the plain declarations of Scripture the immediate support of his teaching. Somewhat of the same confidence as to results reached by a long process of reasoning and a good deal of assumption is found in other of our great standard writers. If there is any of this in Dr. Dabney's works it occupies a relatively small space. How often does the reader of his work on Theology remark the author deploring "over-refinements" and "undue subtlety" on the part of

theologians. He does not like the distinction between *Mediate* and *Immediate imputation*. He declares that the question between the *Supra-lapsarianism* and the *Sub-lapsarianism* "never ought to have been raised," that either answer is illogical. And when discussing the origin of the human soul, he will not commit himself either to the theory of creationism or to that of traducianism. He presents the arguments for each with great force. He presents the objections to each more strongly than we have found them stated elsewhere, and then says: "With such difficulties besetting both sides, it will be best perhaps to leave the subject as an absolute mystery. What an opprobrium to the pride of human philosophy, that it should be unable to answer the very first and nearest question as to its own origin." He planted himself on Scripture teaching as upon a rock. No man has shown a more devoted allegiance to the Word of God. He is ever going to "the Law and to the Testimony." Where the Bible asserts, he asserts with all positiveness. But in cases where the teaching of the Word is not clear and where human speculation dares intrude, he at once throws out emphatic *carveats*. Until the results of philosophical speculation had been thoroughly tried he was distrustful. Like a few of the very greatest men he had a true sense of the littleness in grasp and power of the greatest finite intelligence in the presence of the being and mystery of an infinite God and his ways.

Coupled with this humility before God was an unwonted generosity in judging of the characters of his fellowmen. Severe in his condemnation of evil conduct and vicious principles, he had a profound regard for God's handiwork wherever seen. He seemed free—entirely free, from envy. He knew what slander was and despised it. Except for the purpose of subserving the interest of truth he rarely related anything of any man that was discreditable to that man. And we doubt whether any minister of our Church showed day by day more of genuine and considerate regard for his brethren in the ministry. We know that he never spoke save in kind terms of many who criticized him roughly. We knew him very intimately as a student knows an indulgent master at whose table he sits; and we know whereof we have spoken. We know that few men in the church have habitually

spoken more generously of his brethren than he did. It used to surprise us while it drew us to the blind old man, showing as it did his forbearing moral greatness.

And he thought so generously of his friends and favorite pupils that they were sometimes in positive danger therefrom. He projected his own great powers upon them and sometimes represented them as quite different and much greater than they really were.

4. Another trait of Dr. Dabney, as we knew him, was his perpetual youth—his young interest in everything going on in the world. Some old men, even old men of power and talents, seem to lose interest in movements contemporary to their old age. They were once interested in all the new isms, movements in church or state, for good or evil, but it is no longer so. They are willing for young men to study the new departures; but they did their studying of the like thirty years ago. Dr. Dabney's interest in the things about him and in events in the great world at large never seemed to wane. He remained a learner as long as he lived. He sought new information with avidity. No wide awake young man distanced him in this. He wished to know about every movement which was likely to effect for weal or woe the fortunes of any considerable number of people. Think of Dr. Dabney when seventy years old and stone blind calling on an Apostle of the Christian Science who chanced to be creating a great commotion among a certain class in Austin! Of course he found nothing to approve in that mixture of allegorizing mysticism, rationalistic pantheism and infidelity. But he was enabled the better to do some quiet polemic work in a quarter where it was needed. Think of his sending a young friend not only to meetings of Salvation Army people, but to the performances of a peripatetic phrenologist that he might get a more trustworthy report than he could secure through other means. Other old men may say: "Oh it is well enough for you young men to be interested in such movements. You have your battles to fight but I have fought mine. I care nothing about these." Dr. Dabney never felt that way. He kept young to the last. He was, on this account, exceedingly attractive to young men. They

found him ever putting himself on the same plane with them—ready to learn what interested them with all zest.

While he was so interested in every new movement, he by no means regarded all the new as good. This brings us to the last trait of which we shall speak in this paper.

5. He was conservative in theology, philosophy and statesmanship. He was always and everywhere applying the inspired precept, "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good." He was consequently at war with much in his age—with the atheistic and infidel theories of physical science which have so largely prevailed, with the various forms of evolution, anti-Biblical in their essence, with false psychologies and false philosophies, whether pantheistic or materialistic, with jacobinism, and "mobocracy" in politics, with Pelagianism in every form and Unitarianism in every shade, in theology. He knew that man was never evolved from an ape, that there is a radical, fundamental and essential difference between a man's consciousness when suffering for sin and a dog's when chastised by his master for a fault in his behavior. He knew that God created the world *ex nihilo*; for God has told us so in His Word. He knew that the several forms of the sensualistic psychology were lies, at least in considerable part; that Pantheism degrades and dishonors God, robs man of his personality and is utterly false; that materialism, Herbert Spencerism, and agnosticism are equally false. He knew that the Jacobinical assumption "All men are of right free and equal" never has been true, never will be true, and never can be true in the sense of its assertors, because God has not made men that way. Though Calvinism pure and simple has been on the wane in his day, he knew that Augustinianism once waned, died and was buried for a thousand years, but was resurrected at the Reformation, because it was largely God's truth. He expected confidently in God's own time the revindication of Calvinism. In short, satisfied as to the correctness of the Westminster System of doctrinal teaching, and satisfied as to the substantial truth of the common sense philosophy of the Scotch School, he has given the ablest, though not the simplest exposition and defence of this theology, and has enlarged, deepened and ennobled the Scottish philosophy, showing

clearly that it is the philosophy of common sense—the only philosophy worthy of acceptance—and the philosophy of the Bible as well. He has never been ashamed either of this philosophy or of the Westminster Theology. He has boldly and confidently maintained both, and has opposed everything in current history in opposition thereto.

Dr. Dabney has received much criticism as ultra-conservative. Perhaps in some minor matters he was too antagonistic to change; but we confidently await the verdict of history on his conservatism. We do not believe that he was too conservative in most matters and we feel sure that had he been less conservative he would not have served the Church in his generation so well. The Church needed guidance by a man who could and would look before he leaped—before he abandoned the tried old for the untried new. Our age is so impressed with its own greatness; it is so intoxicated by its brilliant achievements in amassing material wealth and making physical discoveries, that it esteems itself too highly. It tends to despise all that it has not itself discovered. It is too ready to receive the new because it is new and to throw away the old because it is old. Every age runs toward godlessness. Much of the new in our age is godless. Hence, also, we are in danger of repudiating the best of our inheritance from the past. Hence, also, our need of some man with penetration and insight to discern between good and evil and with heroic boldness to warn us against an evil course, and with the thunderbolt of Thor to demolish the ramparts of error.

Dr. Dabney was a great man. We cannot tell just how great yet. One cannot see how great Mt. Blanc is while standing at its foot. One hundred years from now men will be able to see him better.

It may be interesting to some who have not seen Dr. Dabney to be told that he was in personal appearance *commanding*. He was about six feet in height, in his youth slender, but in middle age of excellent proportions. He had a noble brow, well shaped and capacious, piercing black eyes set in deep sockets, a large well formed nose, thin lips, mouth and lower face expressive of great firmness; in his old days a patriarchal beard and abundant hair, both very white—an imperial looking man, a man apparently

capable of great things. His movements were always quick, nervous, forceful, though not graceful. His manner and bearing were in no wise unworthy of his great character.

He leaves behind him his beloved and most devoted wife and three sons, viz.: Charles William Dabney, President of the University of Tennessee; Samuel Brown Dabney, attorney of Victoria, Texas, and Lewis Merewether Dabney, attorney of Dallas, Texas.

Hampden Sydney, Va., January 18, 1898.



ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY,
Hampden Sidney, Va., 1872 or '73.

THE MAN AND SCHOLAR.

BY REV. DR. JAMES B. SHEARER.

[In the Union Seminary Magazine, Vol. IX, No. 4, March-April, 1898, page 291.]

In preparing a tribute to my lamented teacher and life-long friend I feel as unequal to the task, as if I should take a measuring rod in my hand and walk about some great mountain which from its base to its snow capped summit yields the flora of all the zones and refreshes the surrounding valleys with their cooling streams of pure and limpid water that flow from its peaks and grottoes. Its beauty and sublimity are only enhanced by the rugged features that are always found in great mountains. The very cold of its lofty head is necessary to the condensation of its hood of clouds into snow and ice of perfect purity to be thawed in turn by its internal warmth, thus furnishing verdure and beauty along its sides and base; and then, far as the eye can reach, its streams, mingling with others from similar sources, spread wider blessings till they fall away into the sea. Such were the mountains of Lebanon to Coelesyria, and to the valley of the Jordan, and indeed to all Palestine. Such are the great men of the church in all ages. In towering above us all they bless us only the more. From them we learn that the mountains and the little hills and the valleys have the same foundations in righteousness, and all draw their refreshing from the same high heavens.

I. His powers of acquisition were of the highest order. According to his own analysis of these powers, wonder, and curiosity are native and conspire to the active pursuit of truth. Whenever he met a stranger or any one from new or distant localities, his wonder and interest were evident, and his eager questions, without suspicion of a mere idle curiosity, about soil, climate, religious, civil or social conditions, or other possible things, brought him a marvelous fund of information to be some day utilized. He thought himself slow in reaching conclusions, but his slowness was in making sure that he had exhausted all the facts.

II. His memory was equal to his curiosity. His powers of retention to the last were not surprising, but his memory was of the philosophic order. He gathered facts for the establishment and elucidation of principles and they were retained for ready use as part of his mental furnishing whenever he could teach others. Facts were worth nothing to him except as they embodied principles by which they became self-luminous and of such absorbing interest as never to be forgotten.

III. His versatility was as wide as his experience. This can be said of few men. We all touch nature, society, the state, and all the world about us at multitudinous points, but how little do we see. Many excel along one or more lines, constrained by personal taste and habit, or by the exigencies of professional needs. His eyes seemed to be always open, and nothing seemed to escape his observation. No problem of life failed to interest him or to enlist his most earnest scrutiny. This is seen in the variety of his written productions, but was best realized by those who enjoyed his daily conversation or watched his personal habits. Some men appear versatile by flitting from theme to theme only to make their superficiality more apparent, but his studies of soils and grasses detracted nothing from his study of man, nor from the study of the God who made men, soils and grasses. His was a mind to grasp all truth and to unify it all, subject only to such limitations as are necessary to finite humanity.

IV. He combined great strength and power with the keenest and most delicate analysis. It is not often that the same hand can wield the sledge hammer and handle the scalpel and the microscope. He staked everything upon careful analysis and accurate definition. He found the weak spot in a system of errors, and hurled his missile with the same precision and power as when David overthrew Goliath, and then with his relentless *argumentum ad hominem* he decapitated error with its own sword, and exposed the bleeding trophy so relentlessly that some people thought him cruel, and most of all the errorist.

V. As a teacher, in the pulpit and in the class room, he was a dogmatist. So ought every teacher to be. Away with that namby panby courtesy and politeness that smirks and bows and extends its mantle of charity to falsehood and sin, and concedes to heresy equal rights and standing with truth under the deceitful

plea of honest conviction and the right of private judgment. He always treated the errorist courteously and never allowed his denunciation of the false in theory or practice to degenerate into personalities. And yet his denunciations often remind us of Him who took a scourge of small cords and drove out of the temple those who profaned it, crying, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up;" or they remind us of John who denounced heresy and falsehood like a very Boanerges, as he was.

VI. Those who sat at his feet or shared in his sweet counsels know also that he was like John on the lovely side of his character, and that he strove to be like his Master, who was "meek and lowly in heart." As a teacher "he had compassion on the ignorant" and if any stumbled or went astray he restored such a one in the "spirit of meekness." With a temper naturally aggressive, his modesty and humility prevented his being a propagandist. With a consciousness of strong reasoning powers his childlike faith in God's word saved him from every shade of rationalism. It is easy to speak of the Bible as the Universal Book, touching and inspiring human life and action everywhere, giving tone and color at every point, but I will not be considered extravagant when I say that few men have so realized this as Robert L. Dabney. He brought everything to this Divine touch-stone, and was never so happy as when all his thinking was consciously shaped by God's word.

VII. Robert L. Dabney as a friend. Here the heart swells at the memory of such a friend and then breaks into weeping at the loss. Dabney and Sampson loved each other like David and Jonathan. He poured out his great heart of love in the memorial he wrote of his friend. You cannot read it without measuring the depth and intensity of his love. So it was in all his friendships. He loved with all his heart. He did nothing by halves. It is not always understood that true love, whether it be of wife, or child, or friend, or God, is only measured by the heart's capacity. Loving one with all the heart lessens not the measure for the others. And the heart's capacity for love is only enlarged by enlarging the circle of its bestowment. How wide was his circle of friends and how large a heart he gave! He is gone to see the face of that Friend on whose arm he leaned so long, and "whom having not seen, he loved."

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

BY REV. DR. BENJAMIN M. PALMER.

[In the Southern Presbyterian of January 20, 1898.]

The recent death of Dr. Dabney distils the tear of sorrow from many a suffering heart. He was truly a Prince in our Israel, a pillar of strength in the House of our God. How we shall miss him, who leaned upon him for defence in the great battle for truth in this sinful world! He was mentally and morally constituted a great Polemic; with a massive intellect capable of searching into the foundations of truth, and with an intellectual as well as moral indignation against every form of falsehood—we find in these natural attributes the secret of his strong convictions and the fearless utterance of them which distinguished him through life. A great writer of our own time has said that “love of truth is honesty of reason, as love of virtue is honesty of heart.” It was this twofold honesty that made Dr. Dabney the Christian warrior that he was. Loving truth for herself, he sought her as one might seek to win his bride; and so his convictions went down into the substance of his whole being. His holy reverence for truth wrought in him a holy intolerance of error; and he fought for the one, and against the other, with a passionate earnestness which many mistook for bitterness of spirit.

Yet with these sturdy qualities were united the gentler traits which, oftener than is generally supposed, are blended in the character of those who are truly great. All who were admitted into the repose of Dr. Dabney’s inner life recognized those amiable virtues which endeared him to his pupils and to his friends of every degree. The sweet simplicity of his character, and the genuine modesty which veiled while it did not conceal his greatness, made it easy for others to rejoice in his pre-eminence without the infusion of jealousy. It is only the loftier natures, which look upon their own achievements as being such, that others might have wrought as well.

The departure of this loved and honored brother falls upon the ear of the writer of these lines, like a chime from the upper

world to which he has gone. Whilst Dabney sleeps with the honored dead in the rural grave-yard in Prince Edward, those who stood by his side, fighting for the truth of God in his generation, are standing at the edge of their own graves opening at their feet. Together with their departed brother they will awake in the triumphant resurrection morn. Will those who take their place be faithful to the trust, and hold the truth for God in this age of empiricism, in which human devices are substituted for the power of Divine truth, and artificial combinations usurp the functions of the Church of God? The generation to which Dabney belonged is passing away; may God bring stronger and wiser men to the front, who shall be equal to the heavier responsibilities devolved upon them!

FUNERAL OF DR. ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY.

[From the Central Presbyterian of January 12, 1898.]

The remains of this honored servant of God were brought from Victoria, Texas, to Virginia, arriving at Hampden Sydney on the morning of Friday, January 7th, and were placed before the pulpit in the College church. The three sons of Dr. Dabney, Dr. Charles W. Dabney, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Lewis M. Dabney, Esq., of Dallas, and Samuel B. Dabney, Esq., of Victoria, Texas, brought the body of their father to its resting place. A delegation of students of Union Theological Seminary, met them at Farmville, and escorted them to "the Hill," and remained as a guard of honor in the church until the burial.

Among those present, with his sons, were the Rev. Dr. C. R. Vaughan, of Roanoke, who occupied the chair of Theology for several years, and Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Johnson, who was associated with Dr. Dabney in the Theological school at Austin, Texas.

The pall bearers were: Prof. Walter Blair, Dr. James P. Smith, Dr. Richard McIlwaine, Dr. Walter W. Moore, Major Andrew Venable, Dr. Thomas R. English, Col. J. P. Fitzgerald, Prof. Walter L. Lingle, Mr. Thomas Dickinson.

The funeral service was in the College church at 3 P. M., Friday. A procession of the professors and students of Union Theological Seminary and of Hampden Sydney, came with solemn tread and occupied a large portion of the church, and then the church was filled with the congregation. Dr. James Murray, the pastor, presided, Dr. G. B. Strickler announced the hymn—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me!"

and read a selection of appropriate Scriptures. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Charles C. Hersman. Dr. Strickler, a pupil and a successor of Dr. Dabney's in the Seminary chair of Theology, made a brief address.

The Rev. Dr. H. M. White, of Winchester, Va., a pupil of Dr. Dabney's and for twenty-three years a member of the Board of Trustees, followed Dr. Strickler.

Between Dr. Dabney and the Rev. Dr. William S. White, the father of Dr. White, a peculiarly strong friendship had existed. Hence, in part, the tie between Dr. Dabney and our Dr. White

was one of inheritance. After allusions to their family friendship, Dr. White spoke of Dr. Dabney's generosity in dealing with his fellowmen. In particular he emphasized the fact that though a controversialist all his life, Dr. Dabney never indulged in personalities, and never knowingly offended either a colleague or a brother minister during the whole of his long life.

It was remarkable that with the strength of his convictions and the vigor of his expression of them, he never provoked hostility. There was always an honesty and fearlessness that excited the admiration of those whom he opposed. He never wounded the feelings of any man in debate.

All trusted and loved him, and found him a friend in any time of trouble. Dr. White said he could not refrain from an expression of the sore personal bereavement he had in the loss of Dr. Dabney.

He dwelt eloquently on the Christian and the gentlemanly aspect of Dr. Dabney's life.

The Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who was a class-mate of Dr. Dabney's in Hampden Sydney College, and his life-long friend, made the closing address. He said he came to this funeral as a mourner. We might lay all the flowers that grow on the lid of this casket, and it would not express our love and esteem for him who lay beneath. Strange and sad were the associations that came to memory. He had been present at the inauguration of Dr. Dabney in the Seminary, and now he was present at another inauguration among the great and honored dead.

Dr. Hoge said that Dr. Dabney was his college classmate, and together they had walked in unbroken fellowship all these years. Such friendships shall yet spring up and bloom in the paradise of God, when we behold our Saviour's face in righteousness and we shall be satisfied in His likeness. The hymn—

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,"

was sung, and the funeral procession wended its way to the cemetery of Union Theological Seminary. The Rev. Dr. Murray read the committal service, and offered prayer, and Dr. Hoge pronounced the benediction at the grave. So we laid to rest the body of Robert L. Dabney, the ninth Professor of Union Seminary interred in that sacred spot.

OUR LOSS.

BY REV. DR. G. B. STRICKLER.

(Introductory Address at the Funeral.)

"A Prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." On such occasions it is proper to take account of our loss, that we may rightly estimate what the Lord gave and what the Lord has taken away. That our departed friend and brother was, indeed, a Prince and a great man in Israel—made so by God's gifts of nature and grace—all would agree. That he was a great teacher, scores and hundreds of our ministers who have enjoyed the privilege of his instruction, have always cordially testified. That he was a great theologian, his numerous works, left as an invaluable heritage to the Church, make abundantly evident. That he was a great philosopher, his frequent and important contributions to the philosophical discussions of the last thirty years in our country, clearly demonstrate. That he was a great preacher many present can bear witness from their own delightful experience, as for years they sat under his pulpit ministrations. That as the result of thirty years' teaching in the seminary and of the contributions he has made to our religious and ethical and theological literature, he has left a deeper impression for good on our Southern ministry and Southern Church than any other man who has ever been connected with our denomination, few, I suppose, would question. That he was a great man in the excellence of his character, in conscientiousness, in integrity, in courage, in his supreme devotion to truth and to duty, and in zeal for the Church and for God, none can doubt. That he was one of the most valuable gifts God has ever made to our Church and our country all would admit. While, therefore, we to-day mourn over our loss (for God would not have us so lightly esteem so great a gift as not to be profoundly affected when it is withdrawn), we should mingle with our lamentations the most sincere thanksgiving to God that He ever made us so great a gift; that He preserved it to us so long, and that now our brother, after faithfully serving his generation until vital forces failed under the growing infirmities of advancing

years, has gently fallen on sleep, and been received to his reward, and that those eyes, so long closed to the beauties of this world, and to the faces and forms of earthly love and friendship, have been opened to the glories of the Heavenly Kingdom, and to behold the loved ones gone before and the general assembly and church of the firstborn, and to see the King in His beauty. Let us, then, be profoundly grateful while we are at the same time tenderly sorrowful.

But it is not my purpose even to attempt to give you an adequate conception of Dr. Dabney's life and character. I leave that for the more competent brethren who will presently address you. I only wished, in introducing this part of the service, to avail myself of the privilege and opportunity of laying a little flower upon the bier of him to whom I am more indebted than to any other man, living or dead.

REGNANT MEN.

BY REV. DR. MOSES D. HOGE.

(Address at the Funeral.)

It is not my purpose to attempt any portraiture of Dr. Dabney, or even an outline of the work he had undertaken and accomplished in the world, further than to remark that a man was ordinarily regarded as having fulfilled the great end of life when he had been successful in any one department of useful labor, but that it had been the privilege of the man whose loss we mourn to-day to be distinguished, first as an able and impressive expounder of the Word in the pulpit; second, as one of the strongest of writers on philosophic, secular, and theological themes; and, third, as one of the most successful of teachers in a seminary devoted to the training of young men for the Gospel ministry; that it was his rare lot not only to win distinction in each but to combine and nobly employ all three of these great instrumentalities for wide and permanent usefulness.

The loss of such a man makes a great void in the world, and all who appreciated his worth bemoan the bereavement and say, "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod."

The Bible contains a record of the regnant men of the race, the kingly men of the world, not because of hereditary rank and power, but because of commanding influence through services rendered by which the intellectual and moral progress of mankind has been advanced.

But outside of that inspired register, and continually adding to its length and numbers, are the men of distinguished influence, who in the providence of God are raised up from age to age. Some are endowed with such genius, and their natural capacities have been so strengthened and illumined by vast and varied learning, that they are compelled to occupy conspicuous positions. Their own modesty might induce them to seek private stations, but those who appreciate their worth and power will not consent, and insist that they shall not be allowed to abandon the high positions to which they have been elevated.

Such men are the acknowledged leaders in the State, they are the lights and landmarks in the Church, they are the grand pillars in the temple which God is rearing in the world to the glory of His grace. Among the gifts of God are the gifts of such men to the Church and to the world. For they are the instruments by which society is moulded, and the moral and spiritual influence of mankind strengthened and advanced from age to age. When such men are snatched away we attempt to console ourselves by saying: 'The workmen die, but the work goes on.' It does go on in the sense that God cannot be thwarted in His purposes; that He is never at a loss for instruments to carry them on to completion. Moses and Aaron may drop out of the ranks on that magnificent march of the tribes to the Land of Promise, but Joshua is there at the river to conduct them on and to establish them in their inheritance. Then Samuel comes to lay the foundation of justice and order; then David, to give them an inspired liturgy and to frame a wise constitution of religious worship. One by one the lights in the golden candlestick are extinguished, but the temple still glows with the radiance of the glory of the Lord. The Church still lifts up its voice, though tremulous and full of tears, and cries, 'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations,' and is measurably comforted. But there is another sense in which it is true that when the workman dies the work does not go on as successfully and steadily as before. Indeed, the death of a single man often arrests that progress temporarily and cripples, though it does not stop the work.

During the last decade great has been the loss of the Church of eminent men. To say nothing of our own Continent, I may look abroad and remark the blanks that have been made by the removal of such men as Christlieb, of Bonn and Bersier, of Paris; Liddon, of England, and Spurgeon—of what country shall we call him? Let us say Spurgeon, of Christendom, for all claim him as their own.

Our Southern Church has been dignified and adorned by an illustrious *Triumvirate*. Born amidst the throes of the greatest revolution in modern times, it needed the wisdom and experience of men qualified by nature and by grace for the responsible task of giving it symmetrical and Scriptural forms; of conserving the

principles embodied in the Westminster standards and of grafting upon them whatever might give these time-honored truths new applications and new efficiency.

No church on this continent has been more favored of heaven in having at its very organization three such men as Thornwell, Palmer and Dabney—each fitted by splendid genius, profound scholarship and consecration to the noblest ends, to give direction to its future life and to enrich it for all time by their published contributions to theological science.

Two of this illustrious Triumvirate have been called to a higher service; one still survives to find each succeeding year crowned with fresh benedictions.

The places of such leaders may be occupied without being filled. And where are the champions who are ready to take up the weapons fallen from their hands and cheer on the Church to renewed victories. We all know how the loss of one great statesman has sometimes defeated measures by which the progress of prosperity of a nation might have been promoted for generations. And who does not know that in a great crisis in national history the death of a single distinguished leader has made the independence of that people impossible for all time. So, in the Church, the work goes on haltingly, wearily, and is often temporarily crushed.

It was so when the reformations which attempted to spring up often before Luther was born were put down, such as that of Arnold of Brescia, and that of Savonarola, and of John Huss. It was so when Coligny and Conde fell. It was so when other reformers were put down; their fall was the signal of the decline of the great work they undertook.

Among the lessons to be learned from the bereavements that make the world poorer and the Church emptier is this: The need of earnest prayer to God that He would raise up and qualify men who can take the places of the departed and efficiently hasten the accomplishment of His great purpose of mercy and grace by which this revolted world is to be brought back to its rightful allegiance—men who, if not inspired men, like Moses and Isaiah, or like David, who composed the psalms which animated the sacramental army on its march to final victory; or like Paul, who

girdled the earth with a zone of light and glory, and wrote the Epistles which have shaped the theological thought of the world; at least, like their successors, who though uninspired, yet possessed the consecrated genius and learning to meet the great exigencies which are always arising in the history of the Church. Who can say that such men are not needed now to combat great errors and arrest the tide of secularism, false philanthropy, and assaults upon the inspiration of the Scriptures which prevail even in lands where Christianity is supposed to exist in its purest form? Let us beseech the Great Head of the Church to bless it with more of power in the pulpit, power with the pen, power in the professor's chair, the power of sanctified scholarship, the power of consecrated lives in every department of Church work and Christian enterprise. The scholar is a product of slow growth, of patient toil, and a rare product even after the most protracted toil. Every day we have new illustrations of the difficulty of finding men qualified for the high positions which death makes vacant by the removal of the great and good, although there never was a time, perhaps, when the Church was fuller of men of average ability.

In deploring such a loss as the one which makes us mourners this afternoon, we will not forget the most blessed of all consolations: Heaven gains what we lose, and becomes richer and more attractive to us. True, the Lamb is the light thereof, but our departed ones stand disclosed in that light, and reflect it down to us. We love them all the more because they shine in the beauty of their Lord and ours. We remember our brother, beloved now in the rest and peace and blessedness of the true home. We remember those whom he has left behind for awhile, and it comforts us to know that there is one hand gentle enough to bind up the bleeding heart and soft enough to wipe away the tears of bereavement; one who is the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; one who is able to sanctify to us our deepest distress and to bring us all by ways of His own choosing to the end of life's journey and through the bright gate of Paradise into the land of eternal light and glory.

A LIGHT GONE.

BY COL. L. S. MARVE.

[From the Richmond (Va.) Times of January 9th, 1898.]

The Times has announced the death at Victoria, Texas, on Tuesday last, of Dr. Robert L. Dabney. His remains were brought to Hampden Sydney, and on Friday afternoon, interred in the cemetery of the Union Theological Seminary. This was the appropriate spot in which his earthly frame should take its last and long repose, for it was during the thirty years of his connection with the Seminary that his great intellect put forth the most vigorous and varied displays of its mighty powers. In 1883, chiefly on account of failing health, he accepted the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Texas, it being thought that the warmer climate of that region would prove beneficial. And now after more than fourteen years of reluctant exile, sweetly as a child upon its mother's breast, he sleeps in the bosom of the old Commonwealth that he loved and served, in peace and in war, with a fond and filial devotion.

Dr. Dabney possessed a mind of the very highest order, and of the most far-reaching powers. It is the opinion of many sedate and competent judges that the present century has not produced a more vigorous and penetrating intellect, certainly on this side of the Atlantic.

In a letter written to Dr. Walter Jones, on January 2d, 1814, Mr. Jefferson gives an exceedingly interesting delineation of General Washington, in the course of which he says: "His mind was great and powerful without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke." It may be, and doubtless is, that at intervals in the slow centuries you discern an intellect, here and there, an Aristotle, a Bacon, a Newton, more acute, more penetrating, more powerful than that possessed by the subject of this notice, but they are rare, very rare.

In conversation with an accomplished minister who, two or three years since was called from a Virginia pulpit to a chair in

the Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary, the writer asked that gentleman how he would compare the three men generally recognized as the most eminent in the Southern Presbyterian Church. Two of them are still living and it is not necessary to call their names. Replying slowly and meditatively he said: "Dr. ——— is perhaps the best furnished of the three. Dr. ——— is the most eloquent and attractive in the pulpit; but for blasting rocks, I would take Dr. Dabney." One can see the picture of the old Titan splitting asunder the theological problems with giant powder, each grain the size of a man's thumb or a minnie ball.

But it was not alone for his great powers of mind that his memory will be cherished. In elevation of character, and in attributes of heart, he was equally to be admired and more tenderly to be loved. His was stalwart strength blended with ineffable sweetness. His fit symbol was the mighty monarch of the forest that towers high above its fellows, companionless in the azure concave, its imperial crown fanned and caressed by the sweet breath and soft kisses of that pure atmosphere. And as the fall of such forest monarch shakes the solid earth, and sends for countless leagues resounding tumult in the troubled air, so will the death of this great and good man excite an all-pervading sense of distress and bereavement throughout the bounds of the Southern Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; nay, throughout the bounds of the South, without distinction of sect, for much of his life-long labor and service of heart and head was devoted to the defence and vindication of his beloved South. But it is, of course, in the ecclesiastical denomination in which he was the foremost figure and acknowledged leader that his death will be most keenly felt and deeply deplored. These his peculiar friends in the ties of ecclesiastical associations, feel in the extinguishment of this great light, as we may imagine the seafaring dwellers on the coast of Cornwall felt when the mighty Eddystone light-house was swept away by the angry sea, and when that steady, far-reaching beacon went out in darkness and dismay.

It is pleasant to know that Dr. Dabney's mental powers remained to the last unimpaired. There was no touch of decadence to be seen or felt in the working of the glorious machinery. Although he had for four years been totally blind, there was no

abatement of his intellectual labors. Within the past six months he has delivered a most delightful and instructive series of lectures at Davidson College and at the Columbia Theological Seminary. If I may borrow the fine phrase of Milton, he bade adieu to the scenes of earth while yet "soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and his singing robes about him."

When a man like this is stricken down, it seems that in the eclipse and extinction of such powers and such erudition an irreparable loss has been suffered. And in a certain sense so it is. And yet in the benign arrangement of Providence such men prepare others to take their places, and the cause of truth and learning is thus preserved and transmitted, even as in the Grecian games the swift runners of the torch race, delivering the blazing brand from one to another, imitated the successive generations of mankind, who hand down the fire of knowledge which the crafty Prometheus stole from Heaven. The year that Galileo died witnessed the birth of Sir Isaac Newton. The truth I am endeavoring to present is conspicuously illustrated in the case of Dr. Dabney. Year by year for almost half a century he sent forth from the Theological Seminary at Hampden Sydney, and from the University of Texas, devoted bands of young men to enter the fields of Christian labor and of splendid scholarship. In the lives and labors of these his pupils, as well as in his many published volumes, the learning and acquisitions which in one aspect are buried with him, are in another sense snatched from the grave and endowed with the power of an endless life. In such instances we may truly say:

Alike are life and death
Where life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.



ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY,

Austin, Texas, about 1862.

A LOVER OF THE SOUTH.

BY MR. J. H. RICE, JR.

[From *The States* (Columbia, S. C.) of January 9th, 1898.]

Dr. Dabney's recent visit to Columbia* proved to be his last. As announced in *The States* on Wednesday, the venerable man has entered into rest, so that his visit here will possess a solemn and abiding interest, calling to mind the dying patriarch as he is set forth in the Bible story—with gaze fixed on eternity and yet tinctured with tender love for those left to face the storms and trials of earth.

As Dr. Dabney sat in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church the other day and preached a sermon long to be remembered by those who heard it, his appearance was both venerable and patriarchal. As Dr. Joynes admirably expressed it, "He symbolized the union of a Christian apostle with old Homer." The towering figure, majestic though recumbent, the flowing locks and the sightless eyes and withal the fire and passion of his utterances, proved the aptness and justness of the characterization. That in a few words pictures the great Virginian as he was. The old heroic poetry lived in him and found a vent in the beauty and worth of his long and illustrious life; and the deathless spirit of the Beserkir's fired him to the last. He was a born gladiator, though he combated principalities and powers and not foes of flesh and blood. Dabney never waited for evil to mass its forces; he fell on it with savage fury in its camp—tracked the beast to its lair and there laid hold with the dauntless courage of his kind.

And there was that in him that cannot perish. The lesson of such a life deserves close reading and diligent consideration. In a material sense he would have bettered his fortunes by a more temperate tone in dealing with the many questions which his intellect grappled. But it was the nature of the princely man to spurn anything that savored of a compromise of principle. He

*Dr. Dabney visited Columbia in October, 1897, for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures before the Theological Seminary.

fought long and hard, and died unconquered and not convinced of the efficiency of gunpowder and the bayonet to control reason or subvert truth.

It is of course beyond the province of a newspaper to enter into a discussion of Dr. Dabney's controversial writings or to examine his contentions on theological subjects. It is sufficient to say that he saw clearly and stated exactly. His reasoning was cogent and profound. The style with which he treated the most abstruse themes was always refreshing and sparkled with an originality that charmed the reader. It never lacked the spice of variety. As an example, we might cite for those interested in further investigation, the article on pentecostal baptism in the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* (1895), where his great powers are seen to peculiar advantage in a disquisition upon one of the deepest and richest themes that ever evoked the curious inquiry of the human mind.

Dr. Dabney believed in the South and in her institutions and was a constant defender of both. He was a member of the famous General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church that met in Charlotte in 1864 and threw down the gage of battle to the world. The attitude of the Church toward the institution of slavery was defined with a clearness and precision which drew on it a fusillade of wrath and invective.

On his recent visit here, Dr. Dabney spoke of it to the present writer and explained the circumstances. They were, in short, that slavery was recognized as an existing legal domestic institution by the Holy Scriptures. The church had, therefore, no power to condemn or to approve it, but was charged with making it useful. And as Dr. Dabney further expressed it: "Slavery had been abolished in the British colonies and throughout Europe. By a special dispensation of Providence it had been permitted to continue in the Southern States." Thence the action of the Presbyterian Church formulated in the now world-famous Resolutions. He believed it then; he believed it and uttered it to the day of his death—one man at least not submerged in the on-reaching sea of modernism; but who "saved his crown of spiritual manhood" in a dark and evil time—an old world hero risen above the wreck of all that he cherished and fought for.

Has it perished utterly? Are the beauty, the glory, the chivalry, the institutions and the creed of the old South but so many shriveled and fossilized remains of an archaic age?

Did it all "wax old like a garment" and then return to dust? Modern teaching would have us believe it; modern turncoats are ready to criticise and bow to a new order, raised to nobility by dollars got God knows how. But it is nothing but a sleek-faced modern lie. The old South cannot die. The price of its betrayal has been paid, but we shall see about that. All that was true in it will live; all that was best in it will survive though temporarily hidden under a cloud. For all that the host of thinkers and doers strove to attain there is a reward forthcoming somewhere. No bad cause ever had men like Lee and Jackson to fight its battles, nor intellects like Calhoun, Thornwell, Hammond, Bledsoe, Dabney and Laws to settle its problems. All these earnest souls are the warrant that truth was there and just so sure as truth itself is eternal, will the cause endure to the end—not perhaps in the form we knew it, for truth has many faces, but in its essence the same always.

In General Hill's Magazine, "The Land We Love," Dr. Dabney published nearly 30 years ago, a paper, which had formerly been delivered at Davidson College, in which he took little account of the recent conquest of our Southern land, but to a danger, then remote, he called earnest attention and that was the flood of wild notions that would sweep over the South and imperil her existence. It was like prophecy; the flood has come; the South is tottering to its foundations and the "only typically American portion of the Commonwealth" is threatened with extinction, so that it may be truly referred to hereafter by the modern vulgarism, "a section." Our teachers, preachers and press have a grave and present duty to perform.

The soul that has striven truly, though the strife may have been long and hard, has its own rich reward. Robert L. Dabney has his now in a brighter land. The "knightliest of the knightly band" of great Virginians who have shed honor and renown upon their native State has sheathed his sword and "entered into rest." Not unlike in his mental equipment those warlike bishops of the middle ages who wielded sword and bludgeon when the

foe overran the country, and yet all unlike them in its beauty and gentleness of his character. Stonewall Jackson's chief of staff has reported for duty at Headquarters on the shining plains of Heaven!

What we intended to illustrate in the foregoing was the value of the life force of such a man; it transcends in worth and in importance all the systems of all the schools and will lie on this generation like a benediction. On all departments his keen eye rested; on every abuse descended his malediction like a whip of scorpions. For over half a century he had borne himself in the heat of the battle and had passed into the dim half-twilight of age a stern, splendid figure with eternal youth in his heart and with the joy of hope on his lips. Remember, the old south made such as these. They were her jewels; they remain her monuments; they were nurtured on her bosom and they depart with her blessing. They

"Kept the faith of men and saints
Serene and pure and bright."

As Taine wrote of Shakespeare:—

"Only this great age could have cradled such a child."

THE TEACHER AND FRIEND.

BY REV. DR. THORNTON R. SAMPSON.

On Sunday afternoon, January 30th, 1898, memorial services were held in the Opera House, at Sherman, Texas, by Mildred Lee Camp of United Confederate Veterans, to commemorate the patriotism and virtues of General L. S. Ross and Major R. L. Dabney, D. D.

After the address had been made in honor of General Ross, the Rev. Dr. Thornton R. Sampson, president of Austin College, a son of Rev. Dr. Francis S. Sampson, and a pupil of Dr. Dabney while he was professor in Union Theological Seminary, spoke, in part, as follows:

"But peace too hath her heroes. In the death of Dr. Robert L. Dabney not only has the South lost a most valiant, courageous and persistent defender, both with sword and pen, but the Southern Presbyterian Church her greatest theologian and the world one of her greatest teachers." Then followed a brief outline of his life and work. * * * *

"It is not upon the virtues of Major Dabney as a soldier or upon the ability of Dr. Dabney as a theologian that I feel called to dwell today, for his published works, 'Defense of Virginia,' 'Life of Stonewall Jackson' and 'Systematic Theology' speak for themselves; but it is a glad duty to bear testimony to his excellence as a teacher and his faithfulness as a friend, which are less generally known.

"Dr. Dabney was a born teacher, and he loved his work. It has been my privilege, as a student, to sit at the feet of some of the most distinguished scholars and teachers of America, Great Britain and the continent of Europe, such as McGuffey, Gildersleeve, Davidson, Delitzsch and Luthardt, but Dr. Dabney was the peer of any and in some respects the superior of them all. He always left his impress upon the mind of his students. One might differ with him in conclusions but could never deny the force and aptness of his reasoning. His thorough mastery of the subject, his clear and thorough analysis of it, his forceful, apt illustrations and his sympathetic recognition of the students' difficulties gave him most remarkable force as a teacher. No one

who desired to learn could fail to make progress or get profit under his lucid, inspiring tuition.

"It is, however, chiefly of another striking side of Dr. Dabney's character that I wish to speak. Some who knew Dr. Dabney only through his publications have formed the idea that he was a stern, severe man lacking in sympathy and affection. It cannot be denied that some expressions, in a certain class of his articles, especially those concerning the civil war, have given just ground for such inference.

"But it should be stated and it can be asserted with all positiveness, for it is a fact to which all who came in contact with him can testify, that such was not the case. He was a kind neighbor, a tender and most affectionate husband, an over-indulgent parent and a most faithful friend. In fact, he scarcely seemed, with all his acumen, to be able to see the faults of a friend and his judgment possibly failed him oftener in speaking or writing of those whom he loved than at any other time.

"All of his old students will testify to this striking characteristic, but the most impressive illustration can be found in his devotion to the memory of his early friend, Dr. Francis S. Sampson. The first published work from his pen was an enthusiastic memorial of him and the last work of his life, the morning of the day of his death was a glowing tribute to the memory of the same friend for whom his affectionate admiration seemed to grow with his years.

"It is an honor and a privilege that I enjoy today, as I stand before this great audience to testify to the undiminished affection of this great man for his early friend, my father, who died before my life could lisp his name, forty-five years ago. Nothing could have been more beautiful than this love of a strong man, for one whose gifts, whatever they were, excited no sentiment but admiration in him.

"Just three days before the death of Dr. Dabney I made a pilgrimage to his home in Southern Texas, and can never forget his warm welcome, his sympathetic interrogatories, his prophetic counsels, giving evidence still of his warm affection for his old friend which neither blindness, nor age, nor time could chill.

"He, indeed, 'loved him as his own soul.'"

A TRIBUTE.

BY REV. DR. S. TAYLOR MARTIN.

[From The Southern Presbyterian, January 29, 1898.]

Dr. Dabney is dead. The Southern Church is in tears. Her faithful, tireless, powerful defender during the period of her struggle and persecution, has exchanged the warfare of the Church militant for the glory and rest of the Church triumphant.

Her most gifted instructor in the mysteries of redemption, in the science of Deity is a pupil of the great Teacher, seeing Jesus as He is and receiving from Him the revelations of His grace, the unfolding of His character, the glories of His Kingdom which on earth, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man."

The commonwealth and the nation has sustained an irreparable loss in the withdrawal of a man whose philosophic mind, enriched by the history of nations, governments and constitutions, recognized the only statesmanship that can secure perpetuity and prosperity and peace, the statesmanship that is founded on truth and righteousness. The rapidly vanishing remnant of the old Confederacy mourns the loss of one of the ablest defenders of a cause as true and principles as just as any for which a sword was ever drawn or the sacrifice of human life ever made. The Church of God of all denominations has lost the labors of a mighty champion, who with unswerving fidelity advanced and defended these fundamental truths without which there could be no true church, no religion, no gospel of salvation, no glad tidings, no hope for lost and ruined man. All through the ranks of God's servants in the ministry there is a painful sense of loss of a faithful comrade and fellow laborer, of a revered father in Israel. In many a quiet study in the manses of the Southern Church, as God's servants ponder their work and its difficulties and obstacles, as they look out upon the hosts of the enemy and see the danger to the flock, there is a feeling of overwhelming loss, of almost helpless dismay, and of keenest personal bereavement, as they

realize that their revered instructor, the faithful guide, the sympathizing friend is no more; but there is mingled with their grief profound gratitude for the privilege of having enjoyed the instructions, the fellowship, the friendship of such a man.

The versatility of Dr. Dabney's genius was one of his most striking characteristics. Had he occupied Calvin's position he might have done Calvin's work. Had he been substituted for John Knox he could have performed the part of Knox. If during the war instead of being on the staff, he had been in the line and a leader of men, we know of no man who in our humble judgment would have so nearly approximated the renowned career of Stonewall Jackson.

His range of study was broad and his scholarship accurate, his discussions were characterized by absolute candor and frankness. There was no attempt to obscure the strong points of his adversary, nor was there any evasion of the objections to his own position. His modesty added a charm to his greatness. Numberless incidents recur to us that illustrate this trait. His pupils were his brethren, he seemed to ignore the difference between the planes on which his students and their teacher moved. There was doubtless less need for formality with the half dozen of us that constituted the post bellum class. Certain is it when a student was reciting that the class-room was the arena in which was exhibited a free fight. It was "give and take;" the students had to take and he was at liberty to give with all his force. The professor often played the roll of the objector. Probably the mental foundation for his excellence in every department of human activity was his extraordinary power of analysis. In dealing with the most intricate and complex subjects he seemed to separate from it all its accidentals and reveal its essence in its perspicuous nakedness.

Dr. Dabney's ability as a profound theologian, his power as a preacher, his extraordinary gift as a teacher, his accurate analysis and keen acumen as a metaphysician are readily recognized, but there was one trait not observed by the multitude, but known by those in personal contact with him. That was his gentleness. He abhorred all meanness, all trickery, all that was false. When with his native vigor he denounced these traits men would naturally

count him severe. He lived in a period when, in the church, men were willing to barter away their independence, their professed convictions, for material advantage or for a sentiment of unity, that was a deceitful form, a hollow sham. He lived in a period when men who had won military renown, renounced the cause, the principles for which they professed to fight, took or sought office under the conquerors of their country and supported an administration and a party that was persecuting a disarmed and honorable people, with a more cruel, malignant and relentless hatred than had characterized any period of open warfare. Dr. Dabney's clear analytic mind enabled him to see, that the adoption of one set of principles during their prosperity, their renunciation in adversity and the espousal of another set as much the contradictory of the former as light is of darkness or life is of death, was an impeachment of personal integrity. Ostracism of such men was not due to difference of political convictions, but to the recognition of a lack of principle. He recognized the fact that war was not only a calamity but a crime. That no man could vindicate his right to engage in war, except when it becomes his solemn duty to fight. He saw clearly that no matter how brilliant the achievements of such men, *their warfare was brigandage*, their capture of property *robbery*, their killing of men, *murder*. Their proper category was that of deserters. In the face of all the menaces and oppressions of the trying period of *destruction* Dr. Dabney maintained his integrity. He spoke the truth. It hurt. Some thought him austere and harsh, but with all his contempt for truculence and meanness he was a man of profound and tender affection. It is the memory of his gentle sympathy, his affectionate friendship, that causes us to bow in grief, that fills our heart with sorrow, because we have lost not only the reverend instructor and guide, not only the faithful friend and brother, but also another tender, loving father.