

Little Frank Inman, Jr., places the copper box in the corner-stone of the first building of Oglethorpe University. Mr. Wm. H. George, the superintendent of construction work, stands immediately behind him, with Dr. Thornwell Jacobs to the right. Little Frank is the son of the Chairman of the Grounds Committee and grandson of Sam Inman, whose recent death was the sorrow of the whole church.

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

VOL. I.

July, 1916.

No. 8

Published monthly by Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia.
Edited by Thornwell Jacobs

THE OGLETHORPE STORY



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L. N. BOTZMAN

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INTRODUCTION

This volume is published as a tribute to some five thousand men and women who love their ideals so well that they are willing to let a little blood for them.

Each line in it is designed to be a reminder of the kindness and worth of human nature and of the goodness and trustworthiness of God.

As I look back on the events of the last few years they seem to me to have been so remarkable as to be worthy of permanent preservation.

This record has been written in a personal form in order that the clearness of its witnessing might be heightened.

It is published now because it is needed now, for there must be many more to join this determined band. It is written fully in order that the spirit in which the University has been founded should be understood fully. Yet it includes only part of the great work. Other chapters and other volumes are being written in life-deeds. Such is the splendid work of Dr. B. M. Shive and Dr. H. J. Gaertner, the story of whose labors would each make a similar volume, and doubtless will do so in the days to follow.

The story includes only those churches which the writer has individually visited. Mention should be made here also of certain noble gifts made by individual solicitation, not included on the following pages. Such were the thousand dollars from Mr. H. K. McHarg given under the shadow of the Great Stone Face; the thousand dollars given by Mr. George W. Watts, whom the whole Church loves; the thousand from Mr. L. C. Mandeville, friend of all good causes; the thousand dollars of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association; a thousand dollars or more from a number of Atlanta churches during the local popular campaign for a quarter million dollars; the thousand dollars given by Mr. W. S.

Lindamood, one of the truest friends that the movement has anywhere won in the whole Southern Presbyterian Church and the most generous gift of our campus made by Mr. C. H. Ashford, in part, and partly secured through the influence of local business men of Atlanta from the Silver Lake Park Company. This campus which is rapidly increasing in value, is conservatively estimated to be worth a great deal more than the \$100,000.00, at which figure it is carried on our books.

We doubt whether there has ever been made by any people in the history of the world any such wonderful record of generosity as the Southern Presbyterian Church is shown to have made on the pages that follow. The story of it is scarcely believable. Partly for that reason we have published in large type a running history of events and in smaller type at the foot of the pages we have re-printed from the Westminster Magazine, and occasionally from other papers, the contemporary record of the events.

The story of these amazing gifts from one hundred churches (one of which, Quincy, Florida, we are writing down this morning, May 2d, as if it had already been given, so sure are we that it will be) is told in chronological order, as follows:

Milledgeville, Georgia.

Marietta, Georgia.

Valdosta, Georgia.

Rome, Georgia.

Griffin, Georgia.

Decatur, Georgia.

Elberton, Georgia.

Dalton, Georgia.

LaGrange, Georgia.

Newnan, Georgia.

Clinton, S. C.

Macon, Georgia (First Church).

Columbus, Georgia.

Quitman, Georgia.

Greenwood, South Carolina.

Rock Hill, South Carolina (Ebenezer Church).

Savannah, Georgia, (First Church.)
Waycross, Georgia.
Laurens, South Carolina.
Savannah, Georgia, (Independent Church.)
Blackshear, Georgia
Nashville, Tennessee, (First Church)
Houston, Texas, (First Church.)
Houston, Texas, (Second Church.)
Greenville, South Carolina, (Second Church.)
Fort Mill, South Carolina.
Montgomery, Alabama.
Atlanta, Georgia, (West End Church.)
Augusta, Georgia, (First Church.)
Atlanta, Georgia, (First Church.)
Jacksonville, Florida, (First Church.)
Orlando, Florida.
Augusta, Georgia, (Greene St. Church.)
Lawrenceville, Georgia.
Vicksburg, Mississippi,
Cartersville, Georgia.
Mobile, Alabama, (Government St. Church.)
Galveston, Texas.
New Orleans, Louisiana, (LaFayette Church).
Birmingham, Alabama, (First Church).
Mobile, Alabama, (Central Church.)
Gastonia, North Carolina.
Selma, Alabama.
Pensacola, Florida.
Fort Worth, Texas, (First Church.)
Fort Worth, Texas, (Broadway Church.)
Thomasville, Georgia.
Sanford, Florida.
Greenville, South Carolina, (First Church.)
Sparta, Georgia.
Palatka, Florida.
Water Valley, Mississippi.
Tampa, Florida, (First Church.)
Little Rock, Arkansas (First Church.)

Little Rock, Arkansas, (Second Church.)
Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Greenville, Mississippi.
Jackson, Tennessee.
Norfolk, Virginia.
Little Rock, Arkansas, (Central Church.)
Grenada, Mississippi.
Fayetteville, Tennessee.
Crowley, Louisiana.
Danville, Kentucky.
Monroe, North Carolina.
Chattanooga, Tennessee, (First Church.)
Chattanooga, Tennessee, (Central Church.)
Alexandria, Louisiana.
Albany, Georgia.
Marshall, Missouri.
Centreville, Alabama.
Lakeland, Florida.
Atlanta, Georgia. (North Ave. Church.)
McComb, Mississippi.
Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
Corinth, Mississippi.
Charleston, South Carolina, (Second Church.)
Pulaski, Tennessee.
Raeford, North Carolina.
Anderson, South Carolina, (Central Church.)
Franklin, Tennessee.
Kingstree, South Carolina.
Clover, South Carolina.
Yorkville, South Carolina.
Paris, Kentucky.
Morristown, Tennessee.
Greensboro, North Carolina.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, (East Liberty Church.)
Charlottesville, Virginia.
Manning, South Carolina.
Millersburg, Kentucky.
Bradentown, Florida.

Texarkana, Arkansas.

Texarkana, Texas.

Memphis, Tennessee, (Second Church.)

Marshall, Texas.

Newbern, North Carolina.

Macon, Georgia, (Tatnall Sq. Church.)

Memphis, Tennessee, (Alabama St. Church.)

Quincy, Florida.

Of all these churches, not one has failed to give one thousand dollars or more to Oglethorpe University.

For them all, and to them all, we render our thanks trusting that their gifts, beautiful and wonderful though they may be, are but a token of many more to follow:

“So this we grave, that all who read may know;

Wherein we struck for that whereof we dreamed,

Yet dreamed we not nor struck, to all that seemed

This is the key: His will hath made it so.”

THE PRAYER OF OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY

Father of Wisdom, Master of the schools of men, of thine all-knowledge grant me this my prayer: that I may be wise in Thee. Sink Thou my foundations down deep into Thy bosom until they rest upon the vast rock of Thy counsel. Lift Thou my walls into the clear empyrean of Thy truth. Cover me with the wings that shadow from all harm. Lay my threshold in honor and my lintels in love. Set Thou my floors in the cement of unbreaking friendship, and may my windows be transparent with honesty. Lead Thou unto me, Lord God, those whom Thou hast appointed to be my children, and when they shall come who would learn of me the Wisdom of the Years, let the crimson of my windows glow with the Light of the World. Let them see, O my Lord, Him whom Thou hast shown me; let them hear Him whose voice has whispered to me and let them reach out their hands and touch Him who has gently led me unto this good day. Rock-ribbed may I stand for The Truth. Let the storms of Evil beat about me in vain. May I safely shelter those who come unto me from the wild winds of Error. Let the lightning that lies in the cloud of ignorance break upon my head in despair. May the young and the pure and the clean-hearted put their trust securely in me nor may any that ever come to my halls for guidance be sent astray. Let the blue ashlar of my breast thrill to the happy songs of the true-hearted and may the very earth of my campus shout for joy as it feels the tread of those who march for God. All this I pray of Thee; and yet this more: that there may be no stain upon my stones, forever. Amen.

CHAPTER I.

The Grandfather's Tale.

In the late eighties of the Nineteenth Century, an aged grandfather used each summer to leave his home in Nashville, Tennessee, and come east to visit his son in South Carolina. For over eighty years he had lived the life of a professor and preacher and even now would read his Testament in the original Greek. There was a little grandson who used to sit often near his great arm-chair to ask questions and to hear stories and one of the stories which, to this day, he remembers with the greatest distinctness is that of a school which was founded many years ago, when even the grandfather was a youth and in which he had taught as a mature man. The little boy learned to picture the classic outlines of its white Doric columns; and to image the great college chapel which was reputed to be the finest in the United States at the time and more than once he said: "Grandfather, when I get to be a man I am going to Oglethorpe, too."

The answer was always the same and the tones were full of sadness.

"No, my boy, you will never stand on the Oglethorpe campus."

He was a wise old man, known as a thinker and a scholar in his day and one who was accustomed to search the horizon for signs, yet though he was right, he was wrong. Only today I stood on the Oglethorpe campus. How he was both I am going to tell you in the pages that follow.

In the years that came after I learned many things about Oglethorpe. The old grandfather was gone by the time my college days had come, leaving the images of the Doric pillars and the great orrery on which the solar system revolved at his school and I found that the college in which he had

taught was only a memory. It also had died. One by one I placed fact by fact and pieced the story of her life together. Founded in the early years of the Nineteenth century, when in all that vast expanse of empire between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line, there was not a Presbyterian college for men, she had steadily grown in money and influence until, in the decade of the fifties Oglethorpe University was an institution of power and was graduating the manhood of the southeast into careers of usefulness and service. At college they told me of LeConte, the great geologist, who was one of her professors, and of the immortal Lanier, who for four years was one of her students, and later one of her tutors and from her halls with the Oglethorpe cadets went out to the wars. I learned of James Woodrow, uncle of the present President of the United States, who was loved as much for his humble piety as he was admired for his brilliant scientific attainments and of his little nephew, "Tommie," who was often rocked to sleep on her campus, little dreaming that he was later to be the President of the United States. One by one these and other names of her great teachers became familiar: Talmadge and Beman and Baker and others of equal grace and power. Among her alumni I heard mentioned the names of governors and justices and discoverers and moderators of the General Assembly and good honest farmers and merchants who were Christian gentlemen unafraid. And then I learned how in the early sixties there had come a call to arms in the South and how every boy on the Oglethorpe campus went out to serve in one army or the other; of how the trustees met and invested the endowment in Confederate bonds and of how the old school died—at Gettysburg.

And so I learned to love Oglethorpe. Of all the strong colleges on the American continent, she alone died for her ideals. Others came back from the battle, scarred perhaps or wounded sore, but Oglethorpe perished, for that she loved her own too well.

Once I told that story in a church in the West and after the service I noticed a gray-haired gentleman who was waiting to speak to me. When the opportunity offered he looked at me intently and said: "Did I understand you to say that Oglethorpe University died at Gettysburg?" I explained to him the sense in which I meant it. "Well," he said, "I am a Federal soldier and I was at Gettysburg, and I guess I helped put her out of business." Then there came a moisture into his eyes as he added: "So help me God, I am going to help put her back in business!" He wrote his name down for a liberal subscription to rebuild the University, and then, placing his hand on my shoulder, he continued: "Young man, tell the men of the South for me that if they've got the same sort of stuff in them that the fellows had who faced me at Gettysburg, it won't take them long to rebuild their University!" I have seen tears gush into the eyes of men to whom I have delivered that message from the fine old Federal soldier.

When the old school perished from the earth it left the Presbyterians of the South facing as desperate an educational situation as ever denomination faced. To tell that story properly, it will be necessary to take you back to the late years of the eighteenth century, when, in the little Presbyterian church of Morganton, N. C., the Presbytery of Hopewell was set up by the Synod of the Carolinas and Georgia, then in session there. The territory of the Presbytery of Hopewell was modestly described as the state of Georgia with a suggestion of everything west of that commonwealth being included as home mission territory. It is a coincidence that I delight often to remember that the Morganton church, in which this marvelous Presbytery was set up, was my first pastorate.

I say marvelous because scarcely had it began its separate life before it started upon a career of unmatched brilliance, in so far as the educational interests of this section are concerned. As early as 1809 it began the movement which resulted in the establishment of a Theological Seminary for

the southeast, an institution which, beginning its career in Georgia, was later moved to South Carolina, and is now located in Columbia, the capital of that state. In the spring of 1823, they organized the famous Education Society whose avowed purpose was to give a Christian education to the white boys of the South. Begun by Presbyterians, it soon numbered all denominations in its membership and before they had done with their program they had founded three great Christian colleges and become the historical mother of many more. One of the direct results of this fine educational movement was the founding of Mercer University, the well-known Baptist school of the southeast, which, from that day to this, has been the intellectual beacon-light of that great denomination in this section. Another was Emory College, now become Emory University, the institution to which Mr. Asa G. Candler has recently given a million dollars cash and which has now become the educational idol of the Southern Methodist Church.¹ But the first founded of the three,

(1) Few more interesting series of coincidences have ever been noted than that contained in the following letter of Mr. Bellingrath showing as it does the personal influence of one church over another. It was written to a prominent friend of his who is a Methodist.

"A few hundred years ago a fellow by the name of Calvin broke away from the old school of thought, and established the first Presbyterian Church, and not long afterwards your Mr. Wesley, banking on Calvin's good judgment, established a Methodist Church.

About 1842 we Presbyterians came in from Decatur, Ga., and established a Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, and you followed us in 1847 with a Methodist Church and pitched it within half a mile of us, and about 1876 built a church in the next block from us on Marietta street.

We built our next church on Washington street, and you built Trinity within four blocks of us, and after years of thought decided you were not close enough to us and moved Trinity within three blocks of us.

Our Third Church was first established on the corner of Gray and Jones avenue, and you built a church on each side of us, each within four blocks.

Our Fourth Church was built on Chamberlain street, near Jackson. You then built Grace Church within half a mile of us.

We built our Fifth Church on Georgia avenue, near Capitol avenue, and you built a mission on Capitol avenue, near Georgia avenue.

Our Seventh Church was built on South Pryor street, and you consolidated the above mentioned mission with another church and built St. John's half way between Georgia Avenue and Pryor Street Churches.

the best located of the three, the best equipped of the three, the best manned of the three, the richest of the three, with the largest student body of the three, and the finest buildings of the three, and the best name of the three was old Oglethorpe, on the famous Midway Hill in the suburbs of Milledgeville, the then capital of Georgia, the first denominational college or university for men between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line. For almost a half century she did her unparalleled work for God and the church and the state until the great war came, when dying for those she loved, they buried her beneath the gray ashes of fratricidal strife.

And so the church that had taught the others how to give a Christian education to their sons came to sit by and watch all the others march past them. To Emory the Methodists added Vanderbilt and Dallas and Trinity and Wofford and many others. To Mercer the Baptists added Baylor, of the same quality. Came the Episcopalians with their University of the South, at Sewanee. The Cumberland Presbyterians founded their University at Lebanon. The Presbyterians of the North poured their millions into Princeton. Only the Southern Presbyterians, the pioneers, the teachers, the beginners of the great educational movement which

Our Sixth Church was built in Inman Park, and you, banking on our judgment, built within three blocks of us again.

We abandoned the site of the fourth church and moved to Druid Hills, and you, banking on our judgment as good, built just behind us, and then decided that, as we had acknowledged, we made a mistake in selecting a site for the Fourth Church, that you had also made a mistake in placing Grace Church, and sold your old plant and moved within two blocks of our Westminster on the Boulevard, and you are now building a church on Ponce de Leon avenue, within halting distance of our North Avenue Church.

We moved our Wallace Church from the old location to a new, and you bought our old plant for Walker Street Methodist Church.

We moved our Georgia Avenue Presbyterian Church to a new location, and you, knowing our judgment to be unerring, built St. Paul within three blocks of us.

We built a mission on Waldo street, and you bought us out and established a Methodist Church there, with some of us Presbyterians working with you, and we giving you rent free for six months.

We started us a Presbyterian Hospital, and you, banking on our judgment again, built you a Methodist Hospital.

About a hundred years ago we started a college for boys and called it

founded practically all of them, could say that while she had tended the gardens of others, her own garden had she not kept.

And if a further tinge of sadness were needed to the story it could be found in the tumultuous past of the old institution through which she had safely come, and in the probability that had she loved more wisely and less well the prosperity and growth of the years that followed the civil strife would have lifted her into the happy lot of becoming a real Southern Presbyterian University.

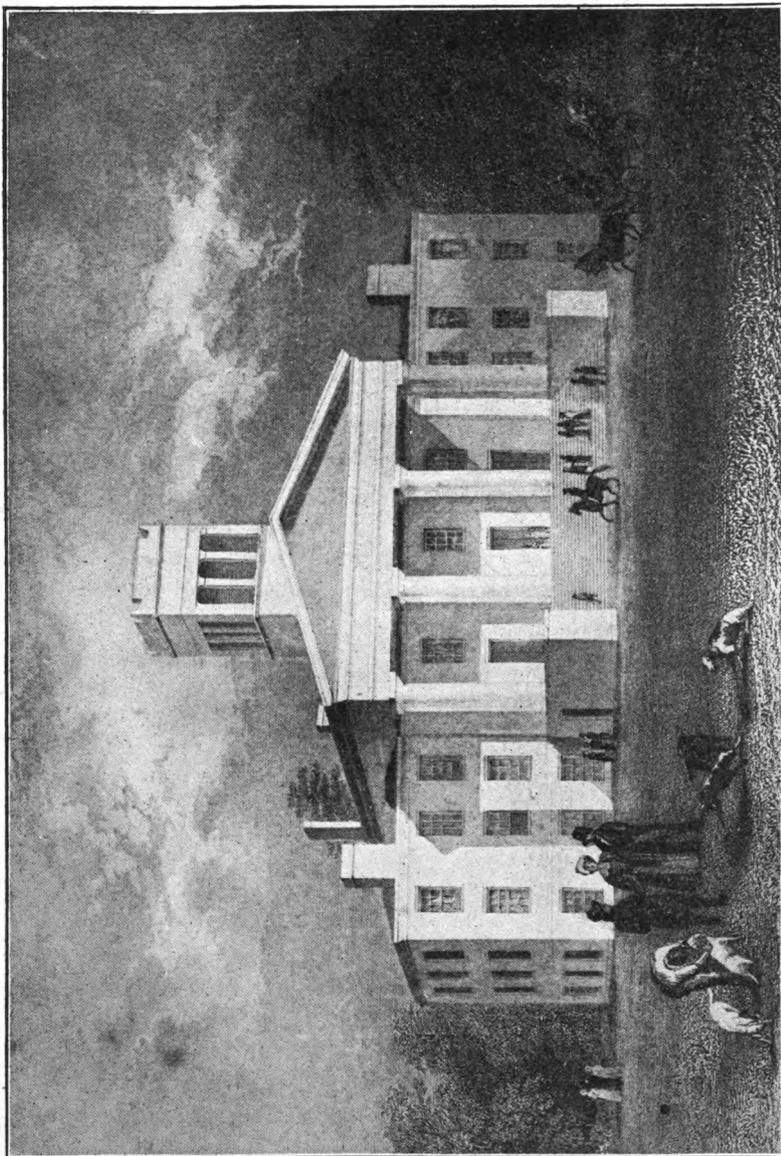
Historically speaking, Oglethorpe perished before there was a Southern Presbyterian church. My father has often told me of the first proposal to establish a University for the Southern Church. It was in Augusta, Ga., in 1861, at the time of our first General Assembly. A conference was held there, one of whose members was the immortal B. M. Palmer and another the illustrious James Henley Thornwell, looking toward that end. Even at that early date the "city" of Atlanta was suggested as a suitable location for such an enterprise on account of its accumulating advantages. Nothing came of the conference—nothing tangible—but some ideas seem to follow Plato's law, they persist until they have bodies given them. It had long been a theory of Dr. Thornwell, well known to all who have read his works carefully, that Education falls rather than rises; percolates rather than vaporizes. He believed that a system of education should begin from the top with a university rather than at the bottom with a high school. But that is neither here nor there.

Since that memorable conference many things have hap-

Oglethorpe College, and you, banking on our judgment, started you a boys' college and called it Emory. Our college died during the Civil War on account of our young men going to the front; but you, thinking discretion the better part of valor, kept your young men in college, and it survived. We have resurrected our University and are building on a large scale on Peach-tree street, and lo and behold! you have begun to move your college within calling distance, and, again banking on our judgment, you are building Emory University in Druid Hills, and on as large a scale as we are building.

Respectfully yours,

A. T. BELLINGRATH.



The main building of "Old Oglethorpe," Midway Hill, near Milledgeville, the then Capital of Georgia. This building is reputed to have contained the finest college chapel in the United States at the time.

pened. The greatest war in our history said "no" to its plans and prevented a successful outcome of its purposes. Afterward came Reconstruction days* with their added horrors and when the South at last was in a position to plan again for educational advance, Dr. Thornwell was a memory and Dr. Palmer an aged man.

Although nearly a decade has passed there are those among us who remember how nearly the Southern Church came, once again, to having a university after its own heart. Interestingly enough, Atlanta was again the storm center of the movement. Something had been said about the consolidation of Clarksville and Columbia Seminaries and it soon grew to include the collegiate part of the Southwestern Presbyterian University. For months the Synods most vitally concerned were agitated over the question. It was voted to remove Columbia, easily enough, for that was really only a going home (the seminary having been born in Georgia), but when it came to removing the university from Tennessee, the movement met its death. Atlanta had raised something over a quarter of a million dollars for the prospective institution for this town of five thousand in 1861 had become 85,000 in 1900 and had acquired the spirit of an unbounded enthusiasm and the purpose of a man who begins to see a glorious destiny before him.

* It was during this time (1870-72) that the attempt to reopen Oglethorpe in Atlanta was made and after a few sessions abandoned.

CHAPTER II.

Under the Urge.

Strange indeed is that law whereunder the Urge of God worketh upon the heart of a man. As I look back into the years of the past I see very clearly that a chapter in this story was written in a tiny village of South Carolina where the orphans live. I recall that the story of my dear old grandfather seemed the more strange to me because of what was happening all around, for I was living in an institution which, to my childish eyes, seemed to point a way to her resurrection. The Thornwell Orphanage, as our world knows, was begun with fifty cents, in a bankrupt land, by a poverty-stricken people. Yet each morning our table was spread before us in the presence of these and all our other enemies. It is a beautiful thing to really believe, as we little boys and girls who lived there believed, that the great, vast God has so shaped his providences that answers follow prayers. To have that thought walk up and down in your heart a great while is to make all good things seem possible. So the story of Thornwell cast a strange light upon the story of Oglethorpe. And to the little boy it would scarcely have seemed a thing incredible that such a school should rise from the dead.

And when I later learned who the ravens were who fed us the Oglethorpe story seemed stranger still. For it turned out that they were people, just ordinary folks, who lived in Georgia and Virginia and Alabama and Illinois and Texas. When I had become a man, I went in and out among some of these people and considered more closely their love for the orphan. It seemed to me that so great and good a people must love their own sons also and oh, how they needed Oglethorpe! But the two main threads of this chapter's story

are these two great faiths: in those who had fed their orphaned children and in Him who had sent them.

Then the college days came when I learned of Lanier and LeConte and Woodrow. Then the pastoral days when I preached in the little church where the great Presbytery had been set up. And then days and months and years where in a steady purpose was being formed.

During past weeks when I have thought of writing this story, it has always seemed to me that there should be a paragraph in it covering the five years during which I lived in Nashville, Tennessee, with a thorn in my breast. Ever there was before me the need and ever the possibility of supplying it. It may have seemed almost an obsession to some. To me it had become the Urge. From wondering if it could be done I came to questioning how it could be done. The General Assembly of course figured more often then. It seemed to me that they must see it. One day a friend to whom I was talking about the matter remarked: "When God wants a thing done, He first makes somebody want to do it." I think it was Dr. W. M. Anderson, pastor of the First Church in Nashville, who said it and the thing stuck in my memory. When the summer came a serious illness came with it to remind me that the time was short. When I was well, we sold all that we had in Nashville and moved to Atlanta.

For Atlanta was the place where the Southern Presbyterian University should rise. Situated in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, the highest large city east of Denver, she offered a magnificent college climate. Her many railway systems put her in convenient touch with the smallest village or the largest city of the nation. In Georgia alone there was no Presbyterian college to feel her umbrage and in Atlanta herself, alone among cities of her class, there was no classical college for men to divide her patronage. Add to this the fact that she was in the exact numerical center of the Southern Presbyterian church, that she had come to be the largest Presbyterian city in the Assembly, that she had once evi-

denced her interest in education by an offer of a quarter million dollars for the consolidation movement above referred to and that Old Oglethorpe, moved from Milledgeville to Atlanta, had died there, and there remains no doubt of the wisdom of the choice.

It was my plan, having made Atlanta my home, to become associated either by courtesy or purchase, with the Presbyterian of the South, at that time an Atlanta publication; to begin a propaganda that would stir the whole church into an active interest; to rely upon the well-known liberality of Atlanta for the local bonus of \$250,000; and finally to induce the General Assembly to undertake the work of building a capstone to their educational system. The appeal should be addressed first to Georgia and when the local backing was solid, to the church at large. The plan was launched in the issue of the Presbyterian of the South, of August 24, 1910, in a first page article entitled: "Shall We Irrigate an Educational Sahara?" Its effect was instantaneous. Shortly after that article was published, the Presbytery of Paris, away out in Texas, overtured the General Assembly to establish such a school and to locate it in Atlanta. The public prints had it that way, although, I understand, the last suggestion was later abandoned lest it might seem a prejudicing of location. The Synod of Georgia heard of this and promptly seconded the motion. Then we invited Dr. J. I. Vance to come down to address the great Presbyterian Jubilee in Atlanta one November and he suggested to the 5,000 Presbyterians assembled there that our fiftieth anniversary could in no way be more fittingly observed than in putting our long-craved school into brick and mortar here in this Georgia city where the conference was held which initiated the Southern Presbyterian organization. Months passed and in the hustle of preparation for the General Assembly at Louisville no one was appointed to look after the university in its councils. No one went up to champion it.

But the idea defended itself. For when the Committee on Bills and Overtures reported adversely on the overtures of

the Presbytery of Paris and Synod of Georgia, a former Virginian, now a Tarheel, and always a scholar and thinker, in a few trenchant words led the Assembly to look favorably at the idea which, born with it, wished to live with it, and then and there a committee was appointed to canvass the entire question and to report back to the next Assembly.

CHAPTER III.

A Marvelous List.

During the year in which our eyes were turned with hope and prayer to this special committee of the Assembly we were not idle in Atlanta. Mention has already been made of the Presbyterian Jubilee and the address of Dr. Vance. This was the first of a series of annual jubilees in which all the Presbyterian churches of the city joined on one Sabbath morning of each year and held a great union service in the Auditorium of the city. The Auditorium was filled more than once. Among the speakers who addressed these gatherings were Dr. J. I. Vance, Dr. D. J. Burrell and Dr. R. E. Speer. On one occasion the whole Thornwell Orphanage was brought over and entertained by the Presbyterians of the city. In suggesting these gatherings to the Presbyterian Ministers' Association, under whose auspices they were conducted, I had in mind the development of a fine esprit de corps among the denomination in the city.

For Atlanta was a graveyard for Presbyterian institutions. At that very hour the bones of her latest, the Presbyterian Hospital, lay bleaching upon her streets with no one to cast a coin upon her that she might be buried and her soul depart in peace. One of our first acts in clearing the way for the coming of the University was to pay the debts of this institution and save the good name of the church that had fathered it. This was done under the leadership of such young business men of the city as John K. Ottley, James Bachman and Charles D. McKinney and a dozen others. As previously stated, Oglethorpe, after having died at Milledgeville, had been revived in Atlanta during the terrible struggle of Reconstruction days which were worse than the war, only to perish again, there. Donald Fraser Institute had once flourished in Atlanta. The Inman Orphanage had succumbed there. And the South-

ern Presbyterian, after a few fitful years of struggle, had consolidated with the Central and Southwestern Presbyterians and was about to move away. This last was a calamity to the new movement for it took one of our four chief hopes away in an hour when we needed them all. The other three were the ecclesiastical organizations of Georgia, the General Assembly of the church and certain great Presbyterian leaders among the business men of the city of Atlanta.

It is an old saying that those who look for providences will have providences to look for, but I think that one of the strangest things of all the story I am telling you, was the way in which every one of these four great hopes failed. The Presbyterian went away. The ecclesiastical courts of the state I found disheartened on account of the preceding failures to such an extent that nothing could be hoped for there. When the Presbyterian Ministers' Association was appealed to, to initiate the movement they appointed a committee to confer with some of the leading business men of the city with a view to determining its feasibility. The result of the conference as reported back to the Association was that some seventeen men met with them and that there were some fifty-seven varieties of opinions and that the whole thing seemed futile. In the meantime, I had gone to some half dozen of the really great Presbyterian leaders in the city, men of means and men of power. I had been told that without these men, nothing could be done in Atlanta. One after the other they had said "No" to my plans. Then came the climax. I learned that the Special Committee appointed to investigate the subject and report to the next Assembly at Bristol would report adversely and that the appeal to the great General Court of the Church would be in vain. Each of these four blows was a staggering one. Their combined effect was paralyzing. I did not understand them then. I do now. As I look back on them I see how the great God was so arranging His plot that no man might doubt my word when I testify that it was by the right hand of God

that Oglethorpe rose from the dead. Surely I know; and surely I so declare.

If he must needs go whom the devil drives how shall it be with him upon whom the Urge of God is set? I have before me as I write the first issue of the Westminster Magazine, January number, 1912. On the first editorial page, at the head of the first column are these words:

Invocation.

Father, my Author, Thou Ancient Pen, of Thy good spirit, grant me this my prayer: that I may do thy will. May my pages be clean and pure and sweet, wrought out in the fresh wisdom of thy love. May my words ring clear, as if the Voice were finding an echo in them. May the good and the true and the beautiful time the heart-beat of my press. For a fine purpose fashion me; for a needed work fit me; to the Thing that Must be Accomplished point me; but lead me not up thither, my Lord, unless Thou dost go with me. O Hand, who writest thy will upon the sheets that the ages wring, guide thou my little pen that it may, in the tiny pictures it draws of thee, image thy Vast Fine Fingers in its ink drop. Forgive my black blots on each fair page, O Master Pressman, each misplaced line, each ill-spelled word of life, and, from the poisoned ink-mass of my soul teach Thou my types to write their sentence in the tale of earth so clearly that many may catch its meaning and call it good. All this I ask—ah, and one thing more—that my leaves and my labor may bear the imprint of thy comradeship and may never bring it down to disgrace.

THE WESTMINSTER.

It was in the hope that the General Assembly would do this great thing for her people that the plan on which Oglethorpe should be organized was born. In meditating over the matter the thought occurred to me once; what if some great man or some great spirit should be able to so present the matter to the Assembly that each of the two hundred and fifty members present were to say: "I will guarantee

that my church will give one thousand dollars or more to this enterprise." That would be a quarter of a million dollars, which, combined with the quarter million Atlanta bonus, would be a half million and surely the church at large would double that amount not to speak too optimistically. When the news came that the committee report would be adverse the next thought came. Why not organize a great Board of Founders, each of whom should represent a gift of one thousand dollars or more and each of whom should be a member in good and regular standing in the Presbyterian church. Let this Assembly, composed of our best ministers and elders and deacons and private members, each of whom would be vitally interested in his institution, control the institution as the Ecclesiastical Assembly would do it through an executive committee, selected from among themselves and let them be secured by the simple telling of the need and the opportunity from the pulpits that would be opened. Then I put my own name down for the first thousand dollars and started to work.

I look with a gratitude that can never be expressed on the list of names which I have before me here as I write. D. I. McIntyre is the first, a man neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble, a type of the hopeful, hard-working, earnest business men of the city of Atlanta. From that day to this he has never failed to do his part for Oglethorpe. Sturm Carson is the second; whole-hearted, lovable, generous. James R. Gray is third; one of the most masterful men with whom I have ever come in contact, fair in all his fighting, a slave to the good of his city, ready and able to carry burdens that others would not carry; above all, a man with an enacting clause in his constitution, yet generously ready to be persuaded. Wilmer L. Moore is fourth; a son of the same fine spirit of his father. "Atlanta can never be a complete city," he said, "until it supplies the human family with every vital need. We must have a college for our boys." Charles D. McKinney, who is an alumnus of old Hampden-Sidney, added his name next. McKinney has been connected

with every good movement in Atlanta since he came here. Charles D. Montgomery, enthusiastic in the University movement of a decade ago, was the eighth man, and Ivan Allen, brilliant leader and clever comrade, was the next. F. W. Coleman was found to be as much interested in the movement as the man who approached him. Lucian Knight, characteristically remarked that "if old Oglethorpe University had done nothing except give Sidney Lanier to the world, it has justified every dollar spent on it." "Would I give a thousand dollars for a Presbyterian college in Atlanta?" asked Frank Inman; "Well, wouldn't I." John K. Ottley's reply was characteristic. "Now," said he, "to make a long story short, you just put my name down." He is our treasurer, discontented unless he is doing more than his part; strong, generous, true. Of course, Mr. Henry A. Inman is on the board. He was frankly told that he was needed, and whenever one of Mr. Sam Inman's boys feels that to be the case, he is always right there. Edgar Watkins, wise counselor and thoughtful friend, hardly took time to listen to the plan before he said, "Write me down." Mr. Watkins is Georgia-born, and had recently returned to his native state from Houston, Texas. John A. Brice, treasurer of the Atlanta Journal, added his name with the remark that he would be ashamed in his own heart not to have a hand in doing such a thing. Mr. E. P. McBurney heard the story while he was adding up a column of figures, and before he had finished, replied: "Of course, I'm in that." Dr. T. P. Hinman, chairman of the board of deacons of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, and one of the busiest men in Atlanta, nevertheless found time to join his brothers in this great deed for the old church, and H. D. Green of Conyers, will represent that live community and church on the board. Then Mr. George E. King came back from Florida, where he had been recuperating from a recent illness, and his name was added. It would have been at the very beginning had he been in the city at the time.

Now we come to one of the most remarkable incidents in this whole story. On Monday morning, March 11th, the Presbyterian Ministers' Association met at the First Church and practically every Presbyterian minister in the city was present. At the close of their session, they were told of the progress of this movement, and they determined then and there, to stand shoulder to shoulder with their laymen in sacrifice. Everybody knows the numberless calls upon ministers. There was not a man present, who was not loaded to the brim with promises. Yet they subscribed a thousand dollars which we believe to be the largest offering ever made personally by a Presbyterian Ministers' Association in the history of the world. Chapman and Hill started the ball rolling, and then Dr. Ogden said, "Put me down for fifty dollars a year for five years." "The same for me," said Dr. Walker. That settled the matter. The other men made up the balance. "I," said Dr. Young, "am probably the only man in this association who has no income, yet I make my subscription to this cause." That was the spirit that moved these men. They are a body of men of whom the Presbyterians of Atlanta have every cause to be proud.

Afterwards, Mr. J. B. Brooks, an elder in the Inman Park church, added his name to the list, remarking that Agnes Scott College needed a mate. The next day Dr. Milton Armstrong heard about it. And before the story had been finished, his signature was on the paper. He was the first Atlanta man to pay his \$1,000 in full. Hugh Richardson was next. "What size is it going to be?" he asked. "I do not want to go into anything under a quarter of a million." Then he looked at the names of the men who had preceded him. "This," said he, "means more than a quarter of a million." The next gentleman to be interviewed was J. Epps Brown, vice president and general manager of the Southern Bell Telephone Company. With a dozen visitors, and a directors' meeting on hand, he nevertheless took time to listen, and affixed his signature with the remark, "I am delighted to go into this thing." One man accepted over the telephone.

It was Mr. W. D. Manley. As an illustration of the promptness of the Atlanta business man, his words were typical, "We are both busy. I understand your proposition. Put me down." Dr. Phinizy Calhoun heard probably the weakest appeal made to any of the gentlemen. In fact, the appellant was ashamed of the way the case was presented. There were too many people waiting in the doctor's office to make it easy. But he got the same answer. "All right, sir, I am with you." W. F. Winecoff said, "It is the one thing to do." And C. R. Winship added, "It's the thing we've got to do." "This," said Dr. Archibald Smith, "will be a magnificent thing for our city, our state and our church." Mr. Wm. Bensel, the oldest member, had recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. He was widely known as a builder and contractor and became the chairman of the Building Committee. It would take a book to say what I should like to say of him. Then W. A. Neal, Jr., eldest son of a fine old South Carolina family, was added. Five minutes with E. Rivers gave another dynamo to the board.

All these men banded together to do this thing before a single church outside of Atlanta had heard the story. There were others who were seen later. Here is Custis Anderson, relative of Lanier, an aid and inspiration in the work. Here also is Dr. Cheston King, of whom only justice would say that as chairman of a canvassing committee which led all others during the Atlanta Campaign, he demonstrated a great love for a great cause in a great way. Here is W. F. Parkhurst, the man who has put up so brave a fight against such overwhelming odds. James Bachman is here; did he not say to me as we lunched at Durand's: "I would not put that money into the best stock in Atlanta, but I will give it to Oglethorpe." And here is a fascinatingly interesting group. Once there lived in Atlanta three Presbyterian ministers, friends, men whom the whole city loved: Drs. Barnett, Strickler and Craig. Having served their generation, they have fallen asleep. Yet still there live in Atlanta three Presbyterian doctors, friends, men whom the whole city loves:

Drs. Barnett, Strickler and Craig. Their names are where their fathers would have them be side by side on the Oglethorpe list. One day I went to see a man of whose generosity I had heard and found him sitting amid the charred remains of his manufacturing plant. I was about to leave when he asked me whom I wished to see. When I said that I had wanted to see him, but saw now that my visit was inopportune he asked me on what mission I had come. Reluctantly, I said: "About Oglethorpe." "Sit down and tell me all about it," he replied. "I want to give you a thousand dollars for it." That was W. O. Steele, who on that day did that heroic thing. Then one day Dr. King brought T. M. Fincher by the office and saw him affix his signature to the list, and Gilham Morrow and Porter Langston followed with theirs. J. P. Stevens did not wait, but sent his gift by letter. Dr. E. G. Jones, who had himself with Dr. W. S. Kendrick built a school of their own most successfully, were next, and J. F. Pickard and Wade J. Wright, two young friends and brave workers in the fight for a Pryor street church, followed. E. P. Ansley said he would be the one hundredth man. He already is. Frank G. Lake needed no urging. Charles J. Wachendorff and his brother, having subscribed their thousand dollars, handed me a box of flowers three feet long to take home with me with their compliments. Stewart McGinty and W. T. Perkerson, assistant cashiers at the Fourth National Bank, made it possible to say that every officer of that bank who was a Presbyterian was also a member of the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe, for John K. Ottley, vice president, and J. W. English, president, were also on the list. That brings me to a notable group: Sam Inman, J. W. English, R. J. Lowry, Woods White, John Eagan and Hoke Smith. They are classed together because they were seen late on the list. Of some of these, more later. Here are three young men of whom I often think—Edwin Broyles, James DuBose and D. I. McIntyre, Jr. Broyles is the youngest Atlanta man on the list, DuBose is second youngest, and McIntyre, whose father was the first man asked, promised to be the two hundredth, and he is. Below them are

S. O. Vickers, W. E. Floding and C. V. LeCraw, and with them the Atlanta list ends. I have given the names of every one of them because each of them is a brave man and true and deserves the grateful remembrance of all who love God and the State. Each of them promised a thousand dollars to Oglethorpe, besides their time and labor.

The great mass of all of this work had been done when the assembly met at Bristol and the report of the Special Committee was received and adopted.

CHAPTER IV

With A Broken Sword.

As I write this line I have before me the issue of the Westminster Magazine for June, 1912. Knowing what the report was to be to the Assembly, work had already begun to re-found Oglethorpe, as described above. The one hundred thousand dollars referred to below* and the seventy-five acres of land offered the Assembly voluntarily was not then nor has it ever since been offered to Oglethorpe. The editorial in the Westminster, which follows,* does not even intimate the

* "One year ago, in answer to earnest and incessant agitation on the part of those who knew the situation fully, the General Assembly appointed a committee to take into consideration the advisability of establishing a great Presbyterian University in Atlanta.

The matter has been up before our Assembly at irregular intervals since its first meeting in Augusta in 1861, when Drs. Palmer and Thornwell and others would have seen to its establishment but for the ruinous days that followed.

The committee appointed in 1911 states that it did not have a meeting during the entire year of its life; made no effort to see what Atlanta would do, and last week reported to our Assembly that no interest had been taken in the plan and recommended that the Assembly adopt its report.

In the meantime the report says that one Atlanta man, whose name we do not know, had offered \$100,000 voluntarily.

A site of seventy-five acres had also been offered.

It is needless to say that the report of this committee has nothing whatever to do with the re-establishment of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. It does not mean the slightest abatement of that work or plan.

It simply means that the Southern Assembly faced a dire need and a golden opportunity and did not fill the one or recognize the other.

We have heard the story of the king's son who was sore pressed in battle. The struggle was hard and fierce and bloody. Himself disarmed, he was rushing to the front when he met one of his soldiers fleeing, panic stricken, to the rear.

"Why do you flee?" he asked.

"My sword is broken!" came the answer.

"Give it to me!" cried the king's son, "I will win the battle with it."

And he did.

It was called a broken sword—that hundred thousand dollars—but—
We could win the battle with it.

And maybe we shall. God is good and so are his sons.

And this son lives in Atlanta.

In Atlanta they win victories with broken swords."

depth of regret felt in Atlanta over the action of the Assembly. It seemed to them "an assassination of opportunity."

Whistling really is a great thing to help one keep up his courage. It is a form of faith.

A friend of mine met me one day in Atlanta. "I understand you are going to start a University here," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "we are." "How much have you raised?" he questioned. "We have some twenty-five men," I replied, "each of whom has promised to give a thousand dollars to the enterprise." "Going to start a University on twenty-five thousand dollars?" he laughed. "No," I answered, "we started it on one thousand dollars." "You have done well in Atlanta," he consoled, "but wait until you get outside. Then you'll meet your icebergs."

I tell that story in order to illustrate a secret that I have learned. What the world needs is hopeful leadership, not questioning debate. When my friend Charles P. Glover learned of the nature and result of the business men's conference, called to consider the advisability of founding a university in Atlanta, and the fifty-seven varieties of opinions developed, he said that from the way the thing was going, it was a wonder there were so few. His thought was: when you want a thing done and know it ought to be done, do not ask people to discuss the advisability of it, ask them to help do it.

And to that I add this: believe in folks. While I was securing the names of the Atlanta men above recounted, I used often to have to tell how surely the people of Georgia and outside of Georgia would do their part to found Oglethorpe. It strengthened even Atlanta hearts to hear it. When I went out into the state later to secure men from outside of Atlanta, I used often to have to insist that Atlanta would give her local bonus of a quarter of a million for the location of the institution there. The Georgians believed it and were not afraid to undertake their share. I have at least seen faith remove icebergs.

With this paragraph we are launched fairly into the telling of what I believe to be one of the most remarkable stories of an educational sort that has ever been told by any writer in the world.

CHAPTER V.

On Ravens' Wings.

We hear the wings of the ravens again and our minds go back to the orphans at Thornwell. Among them is a bright little Georgia boy fresh from the selling of newspapers in Atlanta. Year by year he grows into manhood, into the ministry and then he becomes the pastor of the Church at **Milledgeville**², where Oglethorpe was and was not. To him I

(2) FROM THE HOME TOWN—THE BIRTHPLACE.

We are just back from a most interesting and remarkable trip to Milledgeville. Being forewarned to buy a return ticket, under the advice of many friends we got home safe. But the reception recorded us, and especially the cause that we represented, was so fine and generous that it was hard to come back home, even to Atlanta. We went down to tell the people of Milledgeville about the movement to re-establish old Oglethorpe University. Milledgeville was the site of the old institution, which was situated about two and one-half miles from the heart of the town on Midway Hill. We found that the old building had long been torn down, but Thalian Hall is still standing, as is also the president's home, which was occupied by the family of Dr. Talmage for thirty years, and for many years afterward by his widow. It was in Thalian Hall that Sidney Lanier roomed, and he took his meals in a house that is still standing, now occupied by a Mrs. Cook. We had the pleasure of meeting a fine old lady, a Mrs. Robson, who was the daughter of Dr. R. C. Smith. Dr. Smith was the professor of mental and moral philosophy at Oglethorpe, and we found that Mrs. Robson was full of reminiscences of folks who used to live on Midway Hill. She told us that she had rocked Woodrow Wilson to sleep in his cradle many times. Woodrow Wilson was a nephew of Dr. James Woodrow, who was at that time a professor at Oglethorpe. We found also that Sidney Lanier was very fond of her when she was a girl, and she told us many interesting things about Georgia's greatest poet—among others, that he never kept his shoes tied, and that he had a wealth of long hair, which usually came down to his shoulders. He was universally beloved among the students, and graduated with first honor in his class. One of the most interesting things we heard about him was that in the evening he would often go up into the belfry of the main building, which overlooked Milledgeville, and on a still summer evening his flute could be heard distinctly in that city, where he is still remembered for his love of music.

What gratified us most of all was the magnificent support that Milledgeville gives to the movement to reopen Oglethorpe, though we might have known that a people who had loved their old institution at Midway would be found on the right side in this matter. Although the Presbyterian Church there numbers little more than two hundred, they have pledged \$2,000 to the re-establishment of the University. Mr. W. S. Myrick, one of the most

turned, knowing him to be a believer in all good things as well as a brilliant defender of any just cause and asked that I might have the privilege of visiting his church to tell and to learn of Oglethorpe. On April 21st, 1912, on a Sabbath whereon it rained as it had not since the days of Tsitnapishtim, I met with the tiny band who came to attend. John Harris was there, I remember, an old orphanage playmate; and Dr. Gaertner, of whom more later; a young deacon ready to usher in those who were or were not there; an elder; one or two good women and a child or two. To such an audience the Oglethorpe story was first publicly told. It was Dr. Brannen's own remark as we trudged to the church: "The Lord's weather never interferes with the Lord's work." It did not. The psychological atmosphere was also surcharged. Riding Saturday afternoon with Dr. and Mrs. Brannen, I saw a river in the distance and asked the name. Now Oglethorpe had been moved from Milledgeville, so had the State Capitol, so had many other things. So Mrs. Brannen remarked in a stage whisper, "That's the Oconee, but don't tell anybody in Atlanta, for we want to keep the river."

When the session met they subscribed a thousand dollars to put one of their number on the Board of Founders and later chose Dr. Gaertner to represent them. Then the young

influential and progressive business men in middle Georgia, accepts a seat on the Board of Founders, and pledges \$1,000 to the institution. In addition to this, the session of the church of which Dr. D. W. Brannen is pastor pledges \$1,000 for their people and will elect a representative to the board. In proportion to their membership, they have equalled Atlanta in liberality, and we had almost said, excelled her in magnanimity, for it must be remembered that Milledgeville had old Oglethorpe, and that it was moved to Atlanta, just as she had the Capitol, which was moved to Atlanta; in fact, we asked a lady of the city what was the name of a river we saw there, and she answered, "That is the Oconee, but please don't tell Atlanta; we want to keep that."

Now that Milledgeville has equalled Atlanta in her proportion of Founders although our city supplied fifty, she is laying plans to beat Atlanta in her own game, for there are those in Milledgeville who believe that that town will add two more. By the way, they are planning to have a reunion of all the living graduates at Milledgeville on May 10th immediately following the Confederate Reunion at Macon. Imagine the dramatic significance of the hour when they part to meet again at the laying of the cornerstone of the first building on the Oglethorpe campus in Atlanta.

deacon shook my hand. "Could I pay that thousand dollars one hundred dollars a year for ten years?" he asked. "Why, Mr. Myrick, you don't mean to tell me you are going to give a thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "Yes," he answered, "I am. I have a little boy at home and some day he will go to the University, and, do you know, I would just love for him to go to an institution that his daddy helped to found!"

Theodore Roosevelt says that when you see a strong man with tears in his eyes you had better look out, for something is about to happen. That was what I saw in **Marietta** when James T. Anderson came up to me after the service and added his name to the list. Thomas L. Wallace followed him. This was the second time the story had been publicly told, in the early days when it took faith as well as generosity to join the movement. I hold Dr. J. H. Patton, their pastor, in grateful remembrance for it was he who invited me to come. He has ever been a friend of the good cause.

Third came **Valdosta**³, when the pastor, Dr. Bitzer, had to

(3) **OGLETHORPE'S GREATEST GRADUATE.**

An Appreciation of the Well Known Georgia Poet As One of His College Mates at the Old Oglethorpe University, Near Milledgeville, Remembers Him.

By Major J. O. Varnedoe.

It was in the early part of January, 1858, when a callow youth of fifteen years, having just matriculated at Oglethorpe University, I was met by a student, whose acquaintance I had previously made. He invited me to his dormitory to hear some music. The invitation was gratefully accepted and sincerely appreciated. There I met, for the first time, Sidney Lanier, who was my friend's roommate. These two then delighted me with the most entrancing music I had ever heard of that kind—Lanier with the flute and LeConte with the guitar.

I was at once impressed with Lanier's personality. Apart from the culture and moral refinement, which his face and manner indicated, there was a quiet dignity strangely unusual in one of his years. This first impression was never dissipated by a more intimate acquaintance. His calmness of demeanor did not amount to austerity. On the contrary, he was always polite and affable, though never seeking promiscuous companionship, nor courting popularity. His hair, parted on one side, was always brushed back behind his ears. His clothes were of good quality, always neat but never ostentatious. He carried himself easily and naturally, with just a suggestion of stoop in his shoulders. His gait was usually brisk. He showed no taste for athletics—was seldom seen at the gymnasium. Music and books were his dearest companions. He did not confine himself to his text books, but read extensively. The knowledge gained from these sources was reflected in the piquancy of the essays he was required to prepare and read before his class,

be away and after the service when I had asked any one who was interested to stay and speak with me and the whole congregation passed silently out of the front door. But later I met a kindly white-haired gentleman. "That was pretty

as well as the addresses he delivered before the student body and the public. "The Philosophy of History" I recall as the subject of his Junior address. He was at that time only sixteen years of age. His effort evinced thought and research far beyond his years. He was not conspicuous as a debater, and yet what he attempted was always good and creditable. Among ladies his manner was easy and faultless; but he was not what the students called a lady's man. While uniformly dignified, he would exhibit at times a jauntiness in singular contrast with his habit.

With companions of his choice he was jolly and bright, enjoying a joke thoroughly and participating in friendly repartees. On one occasion, while engaging in this pastime he was misunderstood by one of the students, to whom he was addressing his remarks, who denounced him as a liar. Lanier immediately struck him, and the student in turn pulled his knife and stabbed him in the left side. Upon investigation by the surgeon, who was summoned, the wound was found to extend only an inch in his body. In about two weeks he was able to resume his studies.

About this time, or shortly thereafter, Lanier united with the Presbyterian Church, of which his parents were members. While not conspicuously active as a church member, he was carefully observant of the vows he had assumed and his conduct was beyond reproach. Lanier never participated in any of the pranks indulged in by some students; nor was he addicted to any of their vices.

Finding he was about to graduate at the age of seventeen, his father removed him from college after his junior year, and secured for him a position in the postoffice at Macon, where he served as a clerk for one year. He then returned to college, and, uniting with the class that was below him when he left, shared at graduation the first honor of his class.

Immediately upon graduation, Lanier was elected by the trustees to the position of tutor, the duties of which he discharged with ability and dignity, until the exercises of the college were suspended by reason of the impending war.

It is worthy of notice that, up to this time, no hint was given of the presence of the poetic fires that must have been smouldering in his soul. Of his devotion to music, his fondness for letters and his diligence along all lines of research, together with his high character and attractive personality, he had furnished ample evidence.

At the age of sixteen, we find him polite without affectation; cultured without ostentation; kind without pretension; poised without undue stiffness; conscious of his splendid gifts, yet modest withal. These were the characteristics of the boy, and they became more pronounced in the development of his wonderful career. He advanced imperially, though not arrogantly, to the first place in his class, and maintained it with royal mien. He extorted the tribute of admiration without kindling the venom of jealousy. Shams he despised. One of the distinguishing characteristics of genius is the presence of ambition. Lanier sought to excel. He was a student. He recognized the fact that wealth of gifts furnishes no royal pathway to knowledge. Conscience also, as well as ambition, impelled him to diligence. While cordial to all, he had few associates; and they were chiefly of those whose

bad," he said. "Yes," I answered, "it was my first failure." "It is not a poor church," he continued, "nor a stingy one." "No," I replied, "I am sure that you are correct there." "I noticed you mentioned Sidney Lanier," he queried. "Do you

musical bias attracted his companionship. Music, rather than intellectual affinity, was the potent influence that determined the choice of his comrades. Learn from this how completely this overmastering passion held him thrall, and forced him, in after life, to forsake all other pursuits, and over the protest of his friends, follow the beckonings of his predilection. What agony he must have endured from the contention of opposing forces—the clamorous pleadings of this passion on the one hand, and the insistent demands of environment, on the other! When he returned from a Federal prison, whither he had been taken as a prisoner of war, broken in health, and stripped of all means of support, the exigency of the moment compelled him to engage in distasteful pursuits. He passed successively from a clerkship to the school-room, and thence to a law office; but the atmosphere of these vocations he found not only uncongenial but positively stifling. It is well for America and the world, that at this juncture he defied all opposition, and chose a vocation in which, by his splendid gifts, he sweetened and gladdened the lives of men. It was given to him to see things that were often hidden from the vision of others. He could detect music in sounds that were not audible to the common ear. Through an alchemy unknown to the less gifted, he could extract honey from dry bones, and feast himself upon morsels most delicious, of his own creation. The same breeze that brought nectar to his sore lungs filled his sensitive ear with the music of cat birds, or the song of the lark. The sighing of the pines or the rustling of the marshes fell upon his ear like a mother's lullaby. Nor was he dependent upon Nature's lavish gifts, wherewith to nourish his soul with entrancing delights. His own creative imagination could provide soul-feasts, the exhilarating effects of which would often leave his body exhausted by the very thrill of joys, scarcely less than supernal.

Were he on a desert isle, he could feast his vision upon gardens of roses, surmounted upon the grandest mountain. What others passed by unheeded he clothed with attractive robes, and they at once became things of beauty and delight to his poetic vision. He extorted tribute from all objects and all conditions—No, not all—war, strife, hatred—he turned from these with a horror akin to that with which one regards a pest house.

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, This was a man."

There was in him, to use his own words, no "barbaric grab of the senses at whatever there is of sensual good in the world."

His life was pitched on a plane too lofty to find satisfaction in the gross and grovelling—these he spurns, and voices his conception of life in the beautiful song of the Chattahoochee—

"I am fain for to water the plain.

Downward the voices of Duty call;

Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main."

His religious views, in sympathy with his mental habits, refused to be interested in the stereotyped forms of orthodoxy. He invented for them simpler moulds, as when writing to his wife, he makes this statement: "Christ gathered up the Ten Commandments, and redistilled into the clear

take him to be a good poet?" "One of the first seven," I answered. "Old Sid," he mused, "well, we always expected something of him, but who ever would have thought that he would become a Longfellow? He was my college mate,"

liquid of that wondrous Eleventh, Love God utterly and thy neighbor as thyself." Forms were nothing to him but the vehicles of devotion, love and worship.

Here we have a combination of genius and probity—of purity and strong mentality—the subordination of every faculty to the high claims of truth and virtue; and all of his splendid gifts of mind held in leash at their bidding. Beneath the generous soil that produced such a life, there must have been a rich substratum of Christian virtue which was responsible for the moral and religious bent, evidenced in all of his writings, and made conspicuous in his private life. If he suffered more than others by reason of his sensitive nature, and the wearing disease that so early fastened itself upon him; by the same token, he felt thrills of joy seldom known to mortals. This is one of the compensations generous Nature extends to all of the afflicted sons of earth. His love for his wife was beautiful beyond compare, and in triumphant contrast with the simply tolerant estate, that so often marks that holy relationship. His song—"My Springs"—is no less a tribute to his heart than to the charming eyes of his wife. He reaches the climax in that song in the last two lines, where he says:

"I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

With a body often tortured with pain, and unceasingly depressed by a relentless disease, there was superadded oftentimes the harrying consequences of poverty. Yet, in these despites, his wife was never forgotten. When separated from his companionship, as was often the case, she was regularly the recipient of messages of tenderest love and encouragement.

As has been suggested, music became to him a passion, and held him enthralled, as a charmer holds his victim. To him, music had a language, passionate, pure and sweet, which none could interpret better and which he constantly employed as a vehicle for his thoughts, his aspirations, his hopes, his fears, and his emotions. To ears prosaic that language is unintelligible, but to him it was as luminous and sweet as an angelic whisper. In fact, he did not hesitate to trace its origin to Divinity; as when he writes: "Music means harmony, harmony means love, and love—is God."

It has been suggested that his poetic genius was the offspring of this passion for music that so held his soul in vassalage. However this may be, certain it is that the inter-blending of these superb gifts gave a character unique to the exercise of either. The critics have attempted to disparage Lanier, by comparing him with Whittier, Longfellow and others. Such comparisons are not only odious but unjust. Lanier's genius blazed its own way, and compelled him to ignore the technique observed by his predecessors and contemporaries. It has been claimed for his contemporaries and others, that they were the poets of the people; Lanier was the poet of poets. His genius scorned beaten tracks. Others may follow, but he must choose paths of his own creation. For this reason, time alone can justly fix his place in the galaxy of poets. Let us not forget that that genius of war—Napoleon, discarded all established rules, and by that token, won his brilliant victories. It is noticeable that, while carping critics

he added. "Do not worry about that thousand dollars. I will attend to that." It was J. O. Varnedoe, who was speaking, and they made it over a thousand. Twelve men in Valdosta gave a hundred dollars each and put Major Varnedoe on the board to represent them.

And here is **Rome**. Julian Cumming and B. I. Hughes each gave their thousand, and Dr. G. G. Sydnor, their pastor, was later added to the board by a group of Roman givers. It only adds to the praise of it to say that everybody expected it of them.

I recall the day at **Griffin**⁴, where a total membership of a hundred gave over three thousand dollars to Oglethorpe. That was how Brawner, McDowell and Hammond were added to the list. Also **Decatur**, represented by Mr. Chas. D. McKinney on the Board. And then **Elberton**.⁵ I can see Dr. Stacy

are endeavoring to rob him of his well-earned repute, time is weaving a chaplet of imperishable renown, wherewith to crown him. His poems have already been adopted as a text book in some of the educational institutions of England. His supremacy as a musician is unchallenged, and his primacy among American poets is being more firmly established, as the years go by. His scintillant genius will radiate with increasing sheen adown the corridors of time.

Gifted son of Georgia, Poet, Musician, Comrade! hail and farewell, "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

(4) GRIFFIN PRESBYTERIANS BREAK RECORD IN GIVING.

The First Presbyterian Church of Griffin, has broken the state record for giving, in the widespread canvass now being waged in the interest of the Oglethorpe University, which the Presbyterians of the state propose to establish in Atlanta. With a membership numbering only 139, this local body of loyal Presbyterians contributed \$3,000 to the fund being pledged by the denomination for the proposed great educational institution. This amount will entitle the church to three Founders on the university board.

This creditable achievement was recorded at the Sunday morning service of the First church, when the congregation was addressed by Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, of Atlanta, one of the leading factors of the university movement. The Atlanta minister's appeal for aid was quite eloquent and forceful, and, as stated above, the response on the part of the Griffin Presbyterians was remarkably liberal. \$3,000, from a membership of 139, means over \$21 for each person on the roll, a record that has not yet been equalled by even the rich churches of Atlanta.

At the night services Dr. Jacobs spoke very feelingly of the liberality of the church, which is a very small one numerically, and said no congregation in the state had responded so nobly to the call for help, considering the strength of the membership.—Griffin News.

(5) AT ELBERTON.

(5) The 'model church' has done the model thing. In this case the

now as he said to his people after they had heard the story: Brethren, you know how our church debt must be paid this week and you know how hard it is to do it. But I have waited a lifetime to hear this call and now that I have heard it, it shall not fail here. I will be the first of ten to make up the thousand." Of course, the other nine followed. And then Dalton⁶, where my college and classmate Frank Sims

model church is the First Presbyterian Church of the city of Elberton, Ga. The model thing they did was to place a representative on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University. They also did it in a model way. They were just about to begin a canvass of their membership to make a next-to-last payment on their church debt when they heard the story of how the Presbyterians of Georgia were refounding their famous old college. Under the circumstances even those who knew the church best doubted their ability to add over one thousand dollars to their gifts.

On Sunday recently they were told the story of what the other churches had done and of the fine work which the other Directors had accomplished. The response was instantaneous, liberal, big-hearted. Not a man who was called upon to give his part of the necessary thousand dollars refused until it was all raised. Then they chose Dr. Stacy, their pastor, to represent them on their Board and he was present in Atlanta on the evening of Sept. 17th, at the first annual banquet and meeting of the Board. The election of Dr. Stacy to a seat on the Board forms one of the most interesting connections between the old and new Oglethorpe. It was his uncle, Dr. James Stacy, of Newnan, who was Stated Clerk of the Synod of Georgia for a whole generation and who in word and deed preached the gospel in Newnan for almost half a century. Dr. Stacy was the last living member of the Board of Directors of old Oglethorpe University. He died just four days after the movement to refound that Institution had begun. He died knowing nothing whatsoever of the plan to revive his Alma Mater, and Dr. Stacy of Elberton, who is his nephew and nearest living relative, now takes his place on the new Board.

(6) DALTON PRESBYTERIANS AID NEW UNIVERSITY.

They Place Representative on Board of Trust—Banquet at Piedmont Tuesday.

The last of the first one hundred men needed on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University was placed there by the splendid liberality of the First Presbyterian Church of Dalton on last Sunday morning. The circumstances surrounding their gift were so unusual that they will prove of deep interest to all friends of higher education in the South. Dalton, as everybody knows, is the home of Will Harben, the novelist, and Robert Loveman, the poet. It is also the place where Mark Matthews, now pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the world, began his remarkable career. Dr. Walter Lingle was at one time pastor of the Presbyterian church there and Dalton is a sort of second home to Dr. Hugh Walker, of Atlanta.

The Presbyterians of Dalton are on the point of building a new church and every man in the congregation was calculating the utmost capacity of his gift to it. Yet when they learned the fine story of how the Presbyterians of the South were refounding their famous old Oglethorpe University and of how it was desired that a man from Dalton should be on the Board of Directors, they did one of the most remarkable things that has been

was pastor. It was after the service when H. L. Smith said: "Do you know why we are going to do this thing? Well, it is because you believe in us." And then comes LaGrange. Dr. Herndon had told me that I might come to **LaGrange**⁷, adding that there were three men in the congregation who combined might give as much as a thousand. When he met me at the station on Saturday afternoon he was distressed beyond measure. Thinking it might be the prospect of rain for the morrow, I suggested that it might clear up. "Oh, it isn't that!" he exclaimed. "Listen! You may remember that I told you of three good men in the congregation who might make up the thousand? Well, the first one I had in mind has gone to a convention in Detroit, the second one was ordered

done in the entire cauvass. Conscious of their own needs they nevertheless in the most unselfish way gave more than a thousand dollars, more than five dollars for every man, woman and child in the church, and chose H. L. Smith, one of their best loved elders, to represent them on the Board. In doing this they closed one of the finest records of liberality ever made in this country, for it can now be said that although the cause of Oglethorpe University has been presented in many churches in Georgia from Valdosta to Dalton, not one church has failed to put one or more men on the Board of Directors and to pledge as an earnest of their devotion to the cause not less than one thousand dollars for every man so placed.

The greater part of these one hundred men met at the Piedmont hotel Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock for the first annual banquet and session of their Board. They organized, appointed committees, elected officers and laid plans for the founding of a million dollar university for the Southern Assembly.

(7) A RECORD OF GLORY.

Not very long ago a certain Presbyterian minister, having been asked why it was that there was no Presbyterian college in Georgia where all the great denominations have colleges, and no Presbyterian University in the sixteen southern states where all the great denominations have universities, replied: "On the quiet, son, it is because the Southern Presbyterians are just naturally stingy and no account, and the Synod of Georgia is the stingiest of the whole bunch."

Whether the bathos or the pathos of such a sentence is the more astounding let him reply who may.

On Sunday, October 13th, the members of the Presbyterian church at LaGrange, Ga., were told the story of the refounding of Oglethorpe University. It is the smallest church in which the subject has been presented, having only eighty-five members. It was a bad Sunday, besides being the thirteenth of the month, and two of the most liberal men of the congregation were away.

Yet look what the baby did:

Those eighty-five members averaged thirty dollars each for every man, woman and child of them. They put two men on the board at one thou-

to the west for his health, and, Jacobs, yesterday the third man sprained his knee and has gone to the hospital!" I remember also that it was the thirteenth of the month. When the little congregation assembled that day with the skies overcast, nothing seemed possible. Yet I had learned my lesson at Milledgeville. It was: Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. I had been talking perhaps five minutes when a man with a set, pained expression came limping in. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that he was the third best man and had just come from the hospital. I can tell you even the color of his eyes for I watched them for 30 minutes thereafter. When the service was over, he rose slowly, seemed to waver and then walked straight out the door. The dull thud that followed was my heart sinking. Then I heard a little woman say: "Quick, give me the pen. I want to be the first on that list." Others followed until over a thousand dollars was subscribed. Then I felt a touch on my arm. It was my friend with the game knee. He had another man by the arm. "I thought he would do it," he was saying quietly, "we are both good for five hundred each."

That is the way it has been always. As I glance at my little red memorandum book I find that I have told the Oglethorpe story in one hundred pulpits, from Milledgeville to Pittsburg, by way of Galveston and Tampa. One hundred

sand dollars each, and had some left over for good measure.

If every church in the Southern Assembly were to equal that they would give nine million dollars.

Take the record at Griffin, Ga. That church gave a little under twenty-three dollars for every man, woman and child in it.

Take Atlanta, Ga. They will give somewhere between fifty and one hundred dollars per member.

And, listen to this: The smallest average that has yet been made by any church is ten dollars per member.

Does that sound like stinginess?

Mind you, that is an average and includes the sick, absent and the dead-broke.

Aren't you proud of the folks you come from and the church you belong to?

Isn't it a record of glory?

"And the Synod of Georgia is the stingiest of the whole bunch."

Then all we can say is that the balance of them have got to go some.

times I have hung upon the will of God facing congregations who were as utter strangers to me for the most part as I was to them. And one hundred times he has heard the prayers of those who are compelling this old cornerstone to come on into the building, for not one single church of the one hundred has failed to give its member to the Board of Founders.

It is always a shameless thing for a man to be aided by a friend, tremendously aided, and then fail to give him the proper acknowledgement of it. Particularly is this the case when that friend is really the one real factor in the doing of the deed, and insists on saying nothing aloud for himself. The writer of these lines has witnessed just such a case during the past months. He has seen a marvelous thing happen. Nearly three hundred Presbyterian men have been gathered together to refound Oglethorpe University, and the smallest contribution for the hundreds is one thousand dollars. The person who has done such a thing deserves praise and gratitude, and since he himself will not do it, we should always tell his name.

It gives us the great pleasure to do this because we have had the privilege of watching, first-hand and fully, the quality of his work. Every single time that any man has been approached on the subject of making his gift to Oglethorpe this fine friend of the movement has contrived to be present. Sometimes the Oglethorpe representative bungled his words (we saw that often) and this person saved the day with an eloquent suggestion of some sort that moved the heart of the man to whom he spoke. More than one member of the board he alone secured without aid of any one else, and in his own quiet way he really has done it all. The men who heard him speak, the whole three hundred of them, want his name told, and they are determined that every one who hears of Oglethorpe shall hear the name of him who in his own good time and in his own good way brings about whatsoever cometh to pass. And because he is our Father and our God, who has done so many other wondrous things, we thank Him all the more.

And so on the cornerstone of her first building we have engraved the motto of the new Oglethorpe: *Manu Dei Resurrexit*. For by the right hand of God she has risen from the dead. To have Him do this is a greater thing than to have a University. Lowell used to say that the American people could not distinguish between a big thing and a great one. Oglethorpe may never be a big university, though doubtless she will, but she is already a great one. When one considers one hundred congregations, varying in number from fifteen at Sparta, Ga., when we sang the opening doxology, to many hundreds in Dr. Vance's mammoth church in Nashville; varying in riches from poor little country churches to rich city congregations; varying in condition from those burdened with a heavy debt and behind on even the pastor's salary or about to build a new structure or just paralyzed by a storm; varying in temperature from the sweltering heat of midsummer to the icy chill of a zero blizzard; varying in location from Texas to Pennsylvania, and from Florida to Missouri; varying thus in every conceivable way and then realizes that not one of them failed—surely the Lord was in these places and we know it well. And so, when I think of Oglethorpe, of the men and women who in all the years to come will call her theirs, I want to be sure that they know this thing; that they also may understand how the unmeasured God has arranged all His providences so that answers follow prayers.

And because I want the story of their generosity and of His loving kindness remembered in the after years, I am going to count them over, naming them one by one. They are all of them worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with LaGrange, so we write **Newnan**⁸ by her side, whose pastor,

(8) AT NEWNAN—HER PRAYER MEETING.

One of the most interesting events in the campaign for the refounding of Oglethorpe University occurred last Sunday morning at Newnan, Ga. The Presbyterian congregation in that city is in the charge of Rev. J. F. Hannah, who was preceded by Rev. C. O. Martindale, but before him Dr. James Stacy was for forty-three years their pastor. At the time of his death, which occurred last spring, he was the historian and for nearly forty years the stated clerk of the Synod of Georgia. He is the man who was re-

J. E. Hannah, contented, but not satisfied because his people had done their duty, told of young Stacy Capers, who for his Church's sake and in the spirit of old Dr. James Stacy, alumnus and last living member of the old Oglethorpe board, gave a thousand dollars as his personal expression of hope and desire.

Thus one by one the Saturday afternoons came with their trains and the Sunday mornings with their congregations. One by one they added each their thousand, until the day came when I went to Clinton.

quested by the Synod to write a history of Presbyterianism in Georgia. This history was barely completed when he died, and at the request of the Synod, Dr. C. I. Stacy, of Elberton, edited it for publication. It is the first and only history of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia ever written and has recently been published by The Westminster Company of Atlanta. In a remarkable chapter of that history, dealing with Oglethorpe University, Dr. Stacy, after noting the glorious record of the Institution, uses the following words in a concluding paragraph:

"Let the Presbyterians of Georgia awake, and like Jews of old, after their return from captivity, and viewing their beautiful Temple in ruins, stop not simply with the shedding of bitter tears, now wholly unavailing, but like them to go to work to rebuild and with firm resolve to make their latter house even more glorious than the former."

About two weeks before Dr. Stacy died the first subscriptions to refound Oglethorpe were made in Atlanta, but no announcement was made of the plans till after his death, so that on the one hand he died ignorant of any plans to refound Oglethorpe and on the other hand those who were refounding the Institution did not know anything of his article on Oglethorpe. Last Sunday morning the Newnan Church heard the story of how that Institution was to be rebuilt and they enthusiastically and liberally subscribed the amount necessary to put a director on the Board. A most interesting fact in connection with this gift is that Dr. Stacy was an alumnus of Oglethorpe and the last living director of the old Board. That his lifetime should have overlapped the movement to refound his Alma Mater and that his own church should respond so liberally to its call is an interesting coincidence.

By the way, down in Newnan they have one of the most interesting prayer meetings in the South. It is inter-denominational and began in the Presbyterian Church. When the Sunday School of that church was organized in 1838 it was done by two women because no man could be found in Newnan to lead in prayer. Then there was organized in recent years a little prayer meeting for the specific purpose of teaching the men of the church how to lead in prayer. It was so successful in the Presbyterian Church that the other denominations asked for its enlargement to include them, and although it is hardly believable it is nevertheless true that there are now over two hundred men in Newnan who may be counted on to pray publicly or lead Prayer Meeting. This in a little city of less than ten thousand people. Over half the men in the Newnan Presbyterian Church may be called upon to lead in public prayer.

Doesn't this offer a fine suggestion for your own home community?

In Clinton⁹ were the orphans and there also the Presbyterians of the state have placed their state college. Somehow, I felt that the Oglethorpe story should be told first in South Carolina at Clinton. She is my old home town, where Dr. Jacobs is softened into Thornwell. When Dr. Jones, who had succeeded my father after his forty-seven years' pastorate there, wrote me that I might come, I went gladly. It was the first time the story had ever been told outside of Georgia, and there before me sat the old familiar faces of the days that had been. It is easier to speak to strangers than to those with whom we used to make mud pies when we were boys and girls. One comes down to the fundamentals with his home folks. My old father was there that morning and perhaps may have remembered the strange noises beneath the room where his session was holding their weekly Sabbath meeting and did not know that they came from a royal cock-fight in which his young sons were engaging. And there was my friend, George Young, looking me straight in the eye and probably thinking of the water-melons or the plums that used to disappear from his orchard. At least I thought of the nice green apples we used to find on that farm. And there was Cad Bailey, my boyhood chum,

(9) OGLETHORPE CROSSES THE SAVANNAH.

The little city of Clinton, S. C., comes about as near belonging to the Presbyterian Church as any town we know of. Not only is the Presbyterian denomination the strongest there, but Clintonians have for so many years been so much interested in so many Presbyterian enterprises that some remarkable privileges have been accorded them. It was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of an orphanage. It was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of a college.

On the twenty-seventh day of October, 1912, it was their privilege to lead the Synod of South Carolina in the founding of a University.

It was their own University, old Oglethorpe, founded by a Presbytery of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia in days before there was a Presbyterian college between Virginia and the Pacific ocean. For years it was maintained by the Synod and later by the Synods into which it was divided.

It was founded to become a great Southern Presbyterian University. It was beginning to become it. It boasted the finest college chapel in the United States before there was such a town as Atlanta on the map. It graduated the greatest southern-born poet who ever lived and the only one who ranks with the seven immortals of American literature. Fifty years after the civil war swept it off the face of the earth, the Governor of the

and the girls whose mud pies I used to smash. Yes, you have to know what you are going to say to the homefolks, especially when your Sunday school teachers and the professors who recall your college days are in the audience. After the address, I stepped down from the pulpit wondering what would happen. "Cad Bailey says he'll give the whole thing rather than see it fail," was the first words I heard. Others added their gifts and good wishes and later I grasped the hand of my farmer. "How are you, Thornwell?" he asked. "All right, Mr. Young, except a little frightened." "Scared?" he inquired. "Why?" Well, I explained, "it's the first time in South Carolina, and it's in my home town and all—" "Why, my boy," he interrupted, "you didn't think that we would let a Clinton boy come home on a mission like this and send him back defeated?"

Just the old home folks! I learned to love them all the

state in which it perished is an alumnus, one of the senators, a descendant of the men who founded it and the other the First Vice President of the Board of Directors who are refounding it. As if this were not enough, the President of the United States was partly reared on her campus and his only real rival traces his lineage back to her cornerstone.

So when the people heard the story of how the Southern Presbyterians were going to refound Oglethorpe University they counted it a thing to be grasped after that they should have the honor of being the first church in the Synod of South Carolina to put a representative on her Board of Directors.

And it was not so much that they did it, for every one knew that that would happen, but it was the way in which it was done that tells.

The first two men on the list of contributors were the first two men who years ago made the first two contributions to found Clinton College.

A half dozen of the contributors were among the original Board of Trustees of that institution.

The first man to say, "We must do this thing," was a graduate of Davidson College and the second of Clinton College.

The whole attitude of this fountain-head of Presbyterian education in South Carolina was: We have aided in founding an orphanage; we have aided in founding a college and now we have the privilege of aiding in the founding of a University.

And there is this about it. For years Clinton institutions have been appealing to the Presbyterian public. This is probably the first appeal of the Presbyterian public to Clinton Institutions. They were not found wanting.

And their pastor, Rev. F. D. Jones, who has made good so abundantly in his labors there in college and community and church—one of those big-hearted, reasonable optimists who believes in his people and in whom his people believe—all South Carolina will be glad to know of his fine success

more that day. I found no folks were better than they. When the fingers of God play upon the hearts of men and women, anywhere, they are all his folks.

Side by side on that Clinton list are the names of the three men who gave the first three gifts to Clinton College. They are J. W. Copeland, M. S. Bailey and W. P. Jacobs.

Having led South Carolina in the founding of her college and also her orphanage, they now led in the founding of her University.

The magnanimity of the city of **Macon**¹¹ was made plain

in this important field where are located some of her most important institutions and it will do them all good to know, also, that at a time when a man was needed as the pastor of the Clinton church he was to found there. He believed that his people would do it nor did they disappoint his faith.

"One stone the more swings to her place,
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy grace
They saw their duty to Thine earth."

And as it was at Clinton, so will it be elsewhere. The Southern people want their University resurrected from its ashes, and what they want they are now able to get.

(10) THE MEASURE OF MACON.

It is a trifle too early for us to announce the full size of the thing that Macon is going to do for Oglethorpe, but enough has already been done to give us a line on the size of her heart. It is a big, fine heart and it beats true to the memory of the Alma Mater of Sidney Lanier the Macon boy whose fame has girdled the earth.

There are now four names on the list of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe all of them secured in Macon, and one of the strongest churches in the city has not yet been visited. In addition to this, it is likely that two more Macon names will soon appear on the list.

One of the heaviest contributors is the Chairman of the Capital Removal Association.

That of itself tells of the kind of men who live in Macon.

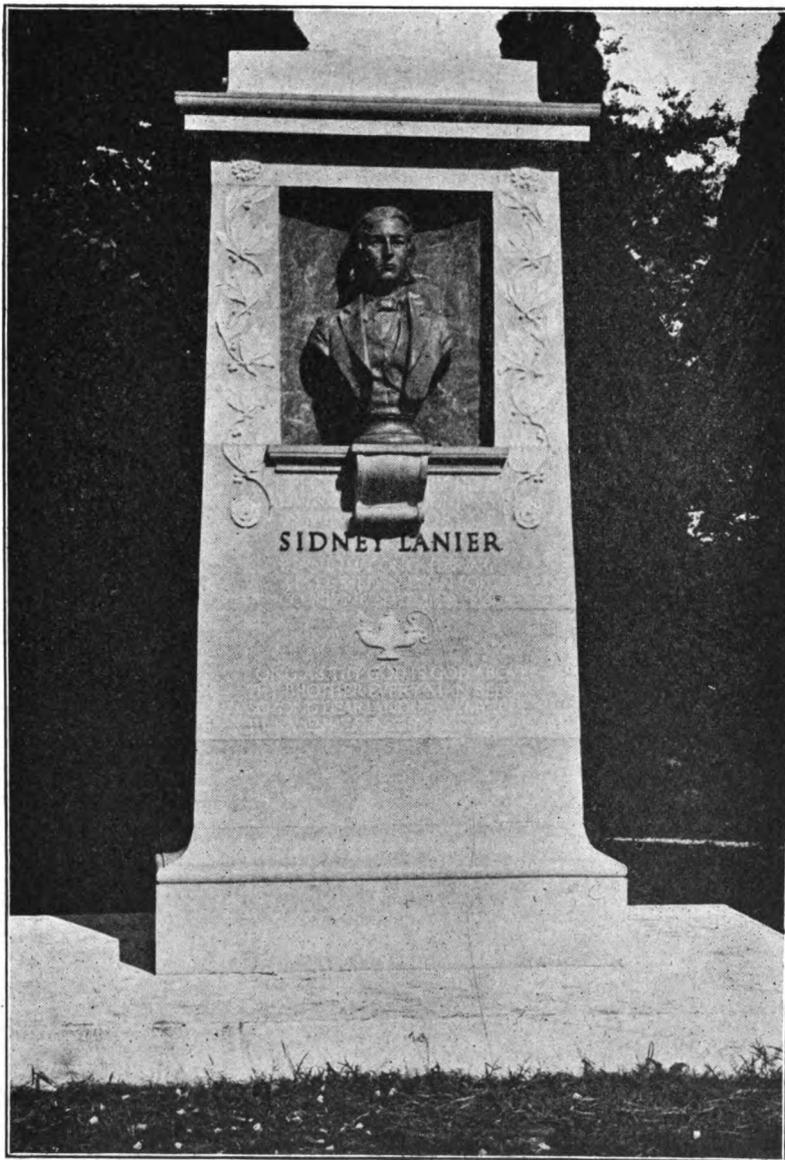
Presbyterians never did believe much in mixing politics and religion, anyway.

Macon knew that a strong delegation of her citizens was wanted on the Oglethorpe Board and in her big-hearted way she is going to see that they are there.

(11) MACON PRESBYTERIANS HELP REFOUND COLLEGE.

Oglethorpe University, the Alma Mater of Sidney Lanier, the poet whose fame has gone over the world, is to be refounded and the fine story of it was recited at the First Presbyterian Church yesterday morning by Thornwell Jacobs, the secretary of the movement.

Oglethorpe was the first Presbyterian college south of Virginia, and the first denominational college for men in Georgia. For many years it did a



Monument of Sidney Lanier, the famous poet-son of the "Old" Oglethorpe, which stands in Piedmont Park, Atlanta. Lanier's diploma will hang upon the walls of the new Oglethorpe.

on the following Sunday when in the midst of the campaign for the removal of the Capitol from Atlanta to that city, the chairman of the removal committee made a subscription of \$500 to Ogleshorpe and other friends added more than a thousand. But it was on the succeeding Sunday at **Columbus**¹², Georgia, that a really amazing thing happened; within

magnificent work at Milledgeville, the then capitol of the state, producing some of the brightest minds of the country. Destroyed by the war, after 50 years it is to be rebuilt.

Two hundred men, each representing a gift of one thousand dollars or more, are being gathered into a Board of Directors to control the institution. While the smallest gift will thus be a thousand dollars the largest will be much more and the average will be something like two thousand. A site of 137 acres including an 82-acre lake, valued at \$100,000, on Peachtree road, Atlanta, has been given and accepted for the institution and over one hundred of the men secured. It is particularly desired that there should be a strong Macon delegation on the Board.

The plans contemplate the securing of something like a million dollars in the next five years, at least half of which will be set aside for endowment.

Among the most interesting features of the plan is the proposal to establish in the University a chair of English literature to be named for Sidney Lanier. This will be the first monument of the sort to any Southern poet and the fact that Lanier was a Macon boy adds especial interest for this city.

The address was accorded a splendid reception by the Presbyterians of the First Church. The presence of two representatives from this body is already assured.

Mr. Jacobs is stopping at the Lanier Hotel.—From the Macon Telegraph.

(12) THE GENEROSITY OF COLUMBUS AND QUITMAN.

When one of the biggest churches of the Synod does a big thing and one of the smallest churches of the Synod does a big thing, and when both of these churches may be classed with many other churches who have also done a big thing—all for the same cause—it is certainly worthy of note.

The First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, Ga., is one whose history is interesting and whose record is glorious. It has a fine membership and a large one, presenting a magnificent opportunity for service, and it has a pastor who measures up to the opportunity. Dr. I. S. McElroy was born at Lebanon, Ky., educated at Danville, and at Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. He was pastor at Stanford, Ky., Mt. Sterling, Ky., Lexington, Ky., and now at Columbus, Ga. He was the representative of the Synod of Kentucky in raising the endowment fund for the establishment of Louisville Theological Seminary, 1890-94. Later he was the superintendent of the synod's evangelistic work during the latter part of his pastorate in Lexington. Since that time his life has been full of honors and labors. Witness the following: Elected by unanimous vote of Jackson, Miss., assembly as secretary of Ministerial Relief 1902-1904; accepted urgent call to pastorate of First Church, Columbus, Ga., 1905.

Received his degree (D. D.) from Central University of Kentucky 1894. Moderator of Synod of Kentucky, at Danville, 1899, and of Synod of Georgia at Cedartown, 1909. Elected by three general assemblies as representative to Pan-Presbyterian Council. The last assembly elected him to bear fraternal greetings of the southern church to A. R. P. Synod and to attend

fifteen minutes after the morning address members had voluntarily subscribed over \$5,000. It was one of the most magnificent displays of generosity which had as yet greeted the presentation of the cause. Not a man, woman or child was spoken to personally. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that while the amounts subscribed in other churches have rarely equaled the Columbus subscription, yet the spirit shown almost universally had been identical with the open handed liberality of the Electric City.

Here, for example, is **Quitman**¹³, Georgia, with a little member as the representative from the Synod of Georgia the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met at Aberdeen, Scotland, June 17-27, 1913. He has also been elected with Dr. Morris and Dr. Fleming of Baltimore to represent the Southern Presbyterian Church in the World's Congress on Evangelism that will meet in Great Britain the last week of June next. It is a decided distinction for the First Church at Columbus to have their pastor selected as a delegate to two such world congress meetings in Europe in the same summer, but no church is more deserving of this honor. Dr. McElroy ought to attend these great assemblies and his church will doubtless see that he goes or know the reason why.

With such a pastor and such a church no wonder that they broke all records outside of the city of Atlanta. As a consequence the delegation from Columbus on the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe University will be the largest from any church outside of Atlanta, six men representing a gift of \$6,000 or more. In doing this these noble people fulfilled the *Sue* tradition of their fathers. The first pastor of the Columbus church was a professor in Oglethorpe. Dr. McElroy's predecessor, the beloved Dr. Carter, was an alumnus of Oglethorpe, and now the church and its present pastor play one of the most important parts in the refounding of that old institution.

(13) And if you have never been to Quitman, Ga., we will tell you in advance that it is worth a trip there just to see the Presbyterian Church in that thriving young city. What would you say if you were told that a little Presbyterian Church with approximately one hundred members had built and dedicated free of debt a \$30,000 church, steam heated throughout, and containing among other things an echo organ and a Sunday School equipment that are the marvel of the neighborhood? Well, that is just what the Presbyterians at Quitman have done under the magnificent leadership of their pastor, Dr. Chas. A. Campbell. "That Scotchman can get anything he wants for that church," said one of the men who did it. He has certainly got it. There is not a more complete church plan on the map. And the fine part about it all is that all this work has been done in a pastorate of five years, during which time the membership has been largely increased, the church built and paid for, and the pastor's salary trebled. Before the whole story is finished the Presbyterian churches of South Georgia are going to be leading the whole South—if we don't watch out.

And have you heard what they did for Oglethorpe?—two directors, two thousand dollars, with the possibility of a third; \$20 per member.

It is a little church, but it has a big pastor, and big men and women

hershship of slightly over one hundred, who had just built a \$32,000 church. I remember remarking in my address that our record up to that time had been so splendidly unbroken that I expected to stay in Quitman until the \$1,000 had been subscribed. In response to the invitation to speak to me privately after the service, on that morning no one proffered a subscription; passing out through the open door in front of the church, I met a Mr. McIntosh. "Well," said he, "I understand you are going to be here quite a while, so I guess I'll see you again." He did see me again. That afternoon a big automobile rolled up to the door of my host, Mr. J. H. Malloy, and, after a conference, they decided to put two men on the board instead of one.

At **Greenwood**^{13a}, South Carolina, the same story of loyal liberality was repeated. It had been a bad year for the cotton crop in South Carolina, and in addition to that the Presbyterians of the state had recently canvassed very thoroughly the city of Greenwood for their local state institutions, as if that were not enough, the church had recently raised their pastor's salary and the ladies of the church were working to secure funds for a new pipe organ; in addition to that, the business men of the city had recently subscribed

in it. They live in a big country and have big hopes and plans and they do big things for their church and their God.

(13a) THE GRIT AND GRACE OF GREENWOOD.

Suppose you were a member of the Presbyterian Church of Greenwood, S. C. Suppose the crops in your immediate neighborhood had been unusually poor. Suppose you had been recently struck for a heavy subscription for an interurban car system. Suppose your church had just raised its pastor's salary and you were a member of the Sunday School (as everybody is there) which holds the banner for liberality in the Presbytery for Sunday School extension work and where a single class pledges a hundred dollars as a Christmas gift for the Thorawell Orphanage. Suppose that

heavily to a trolley line to their community and also to a new school which was being removed from another county to their town. In the midst of all of these competing and distracting causes, the story was told one Sunday morning in Greenwood. Personally, I felt very much as if the words of another were true, "I know they will, but I'm afraid they won't." Never did a people do more nobly for they gave more than I asked and added their beloved pastor, Rev. J. B. Green, to our list of founders.

the three C's campaign (Clinton, Columbia and Chicora) had just been presented to your church, and that you had been right at the top of all the churches in proportionate giving to that. Suppose that you were just in the midst of raising \$2,500 for a new organ in your church and suppose that your town as well as your church was struggling to raise \$40,000 on a local college proposition. And then suppose that on Sunday morning you heard another appeal—Oglethorpe University—what would you do?

Well, if you lived in Greenwood you would do just what the Greenwood people always do, the big-hearted and generous thing. We men here in Atlanta often speak of smaller towns and cities catching the Atlanta spirit. It begins to look as if we might some day have to change that and urge Atlanta to catch the Greenwood spirit. For this golden-hearted people when they heard the story of how their old university was being refounded, put one of their members, representing a gift of more than \$1,000 on the Oglethorpe board. If the whole Synod of South Carolina should do as well, their gifts would amount to enough to replace in full the old South Carolina professorship in Oglethorpe, which was invested in confederate bonds and to build a South Carolina hall on the University campus in addition.

It should not be forgotten that when Oglethorpe University was founded there was no Synod of Georgia. It was begun by a Presbytery of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, about the same time that Columbia Seminary was started. Of these two institutions one was located in the capital of South Carolina, Columbia Seminary, and the other in the capital of Georgia, Oglethorpe University.

Rev. J. B. Green, the pastor of the Greenwood Church, was unanimously chosen by his people for their director.,And thus —

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth,
It was enough that through thy grace,
They saw their duty to thine earth."

And then came **Old Ebenezer Church**¹⁴, the first suburban church to hear the story. J. T. Dendy, college mate and friend, was their pastor. Whatever fears we may have entertained because of the previous drain of their resources for other causes, were dissipated when Johnnie Steele gave a thousand dollars to put his pastor on the board and other members of the congregation made up another thousand in the name of Henry M. Massey.

It was because of the vision and interest of W. Moore Scott that I was invited to the **First Church of Savannah**¹⁵,

(14) WHAT AN OLD COUNTRY CHURCH CAN DO.

The Wonderful Story of What is Perhaps the Oldest Presbyterian Church in the Synod of South Carolina and of the great Record They

Made for Oglethorpe.

Old Ebenezer smashed the South Carolina Oglethorpe record on the third Sunday in December, and although many other South Carolina churches will be found also doing their duty, is it likely that any one of them will do better in proportion to their membership than this fine old suburban church has done? Their membership numbers an even two hundred and they gave an even two thousand dollars, one golden-hearted man alone giving one thousand to seat his pastor on the Board. Nothing finer or bigger-hearted has been done in South Carolina in years, and the names of men and women who did it should be written imperishably into the fine history of the greatest movement that has engaged the energies of the Southern Presbyterian Church in this generation.

Rev. Joseph T. Dendy, who is an alumnus of Clinton College, went to Ebenezer four years ago last August. During that time they have built the manse, remodeled the church, and received seventy members into the church. The congregations are large and growing. The Sabbath School retains the banner of Bethel Presbytery the third year for making the largest contribution to Sabbath School Extension, averaging fifty cents per capita. The "every member" plan is in operation, and has made wonderful increase in contributions for benevolent causes, also she has done her part in the three C's campaign.

(15) IN THE CITY OF OGLETHORPE.

Among the churches which have set forward the Oglethorpe work in a telling manner, is the First Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Ga., whose pastor is Dr. W. Moore Scott, and whose membership showed their fine

and that the congregation with a liberal subscription of \$2,000 placed both Mr. Lee. M. White and their pastor on the board of founders.

I recall with delight the name of C. M. Gibbs, of the **Independent Church in Savannah**¹⁶ and his desire that the old In-

quality in putting two of their members on the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe University.

The Independent Church was the only Presbyterian Church in the city of Savannah till 1827. About that time several of the members of that church petitioned the Presbytery of Georgia to organize them into a church. Accordingly, at a called meeting of the Presbytery, held in Savannah June 6th, 1827, the petition was acted on and a church organized, consisting of fourteen members, with three Ruling Elders; under the name of "The First Presbyterian Church of Savannah."

The following are their names: Joseph Cumming, Mrs. Joseph Cumming, Edward Coppee, Lowell Mason, G. G. Faries, William King, Jas. C. A. Johnson, Capt. Crabtree, Mrs. Crabtree, Mrs. L. Gardiner, Mrs. Clifton, Mrs. Harbuck, Miss Spalding, Miss Lavender. Messrs. L. Mason, J. Cumming and G. G. Faries, Ruling Elders.

The little flock worshipped in a frame building, known as "Lyceum Hall," on the southwest corner of Bull and Broughton streets.

The present church structure is commodious and adequate. It is beautifully situated on the loveliest street in the city, fronting one of Oglethorpe's famous parks. Some magnificent work has been done during the last five years in equipping this church for effective leadership in Savannah, and Dr. Scott has been untiring in his efforts and remarkably successful. Thousands of dollars have been spent on the interior of the building, which now has as elegant an appearance as even Savannah could desire. The pulpit furniture is especially handsome, but even handsomer is the attendance at Sunday School and church, and the generosity of this splendid people toward their old University.

It was in the city of Savannah, on the 12th day of February, 1733, that Jas. Edward Oglethorpe founded the colony of Georgia. As time goes by he is beginning more and more to be recognized as the one big-hearted and big-brained colonizer of the colonial period. It was his far-seeing and esthetic eye that made Savannah the most beautiful city in the South, so that the men and women who are still enjoying his blessing in the city that he founded look with a grateful interest upon the plan of Southern Presbyterians to name their great University after Georgia's foremost citizen.

(16) TO C. M. GIBBS AND THE OLD INDEPENDENT CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GA.

Mother of them all, she stands there at the corner of Oglethorpe avenue and Bull street—the oldest living Presbyterian Church in Georgia, unless the church at Flemington through old Midway could claim that honor. Unique also among the churches in that she alone is a complete Session,

dependent Church be represented in the founding of Oglethorpe, a desire that was worth \$1,000 to the cause, as also the cordial reception of the story at Waycross and the addition of their pastor, Rev. R. A. Brown, to the board of directors.

To the capitol of my old home county, **Laurens**¹⁷, South Carolina, Rev. C. F. Rankin extended me an invitation and it was because of the splendid generosity of some noble women of this city, Mrs. J. O. C. Fleming, Mrs. C. M. Gibson and Mrs. W. L. Boyd, combined with the loyalty of an alumnus, Col. J. W. Ferguson and of a personal friend, Mr. Minter, that the name of Col. Ferguson appears among our list of founders.

One of the most amazing chapters in the history of the cause was written at **Blackshear**¹⁸, where a little congrega-

Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly. Like old Oglethorpe University, she was burned down, but not destroyed. And among that fine body of strong and powerful men there was found one who believed that his people who had rebuilt the church of their fathers must also rebuild the university of their grandfathers. Of all the men on the board, none will represent any more of historic interest than C. M. Gibbs, whose faith and consecration made him the representative of this great church in Savannah on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University.

(17) TO C. F. RANKIN AND HIS CHURCH AT LAURENS.

The capital of our old home county where amid many happy and holy memories we told to old friends and acquaintances the fine record of nearly forty different Presbyterian Churches. Here also we found generosity and a world of human interest. Among the men of the church was one of the best loved of them all an alumnus of Oglethorpe, Col. John W. Ferguson. He graduated in the year 1857, three years ahead of Lanier. Among them also was Perrin Minter, son of a man who is loved and known all over the state, and a worthy son. And among them were four of the best women God ever made. They saw to it and old Laurens will have a representative on the Oglethorpe Board.

(18) TO THE HEROES AND HEROINES OF BLACKSHEAR.

No finer chapter has ever been written in the History of Oglethorpe University than that which four men of Blackshear, Ga., aided by as noble a band of women as ever lived in this world, wrote on Sunday, February 9. The Presbyterial Institute, into which the little church of Blackshear had put a fortune, has just closed its doors. It represented a total loss to the community of one hundred Presbyterians of something like fifty thousand dollars, had not the Methodists bought it for twenty-five thousand dollars, cutting the loss in half. In addition to that, a floating debt of nearly two thousand dollars will have to be met by somebody in Savannah Presbytery and it looks as if that somebody is to be the little church at Blackshear. Unless somebody helps them, they expect to have to pay this debt dollar

tion that had valiantly sustained a Presbyterian high school as long as they were able and had just buried it with infinite sorrow, yet rallied around Oglethorpe and placed their pastor on the board. The name of Blackshear will always be associated in the memory of Oglethorpe in the same sort of way that Leonidas in with Sparta.

To those who have never been in South Georgia, the growth of the city of **Waycross** will seem phenomenal and to those who desire or need some encouragement about the progress of their church it may be added that the growth of the Presbyterian church in Waycross during the last twenty years, under the efficient leadership of R. A. Brown, has exceeded even the rapid growth of the city. For the membership of that church has increased from something like thirty members to over four hundred. Waycross is one of the liveliest, happiest and most industrious cities in the South, with a population of something like that of Spartanburg, S. C., or Meridian, Miss. The church is composed of big-hearted optimists and when they heard the story of how Oglethorpe was being refounded, they said: "We must put a man on the board." Then they asked how much Valdosta did. After-

for dollar. There are about twenty families in the church. Their greatest loss, however, is the loss of confidence, confidence that Presbyterians of Georgia would not let Blackshear Institute die. Again the old adage proves true of Presbyterian schools, "It will die like old Oglethorpe." Since the death of Oglethorpe University, the grip of our denomination on educational matters in Georgia has been nerveless. A black pall of pessimism has overspread our educational horizon, nor will the sun shine again till the school that lived for its church and died for its country has been resurrected. And put a pin down in this:

When the dead begin to rise there is no telling how many of them are coming up.

Let the friends of Blackshear and the Presbyterian Hospital and Donald Frazer and all our other loved and departed remember this.

And the people of Blackshear, those dear lovable Presbyterians, for generations they had been trained to do their duty for love of the duty, rather than for love of town or glory. Burdened as they were, disappointed as they were, small as they were in numbers, they nevertheless put their man on the Board. It was their pastor, whom they chose, because he has served them well and has a faith in them that makes all things possible.

Presbyterians all over the assembly will learn of this deed which falls not one whit short of heroism and bless God that there are such people in this world as constitute the little Presbyterian Church at Blackshear, Ga.

wards they would put two men on the board. When Major Varnedoe reads this he will smile out loud.

There is such a thing as having too much praise for a good deed. If this be so, then certainly Mr. W. P. Anderson¹⁹ has a right to desire no further mention made of the fact that he was once the little orphan lad who gave the first fifty cents to found the Thornwell Orphanage. That was sometime about 1872. Since that day many changes have come about. Three hundred children are in the orphanage that these two W. P.'s planned for that day. One of them is the president of that orphanage and the other is the president of a bank at Westminster. All of those names sound homelike at this office: W. P. Anderson, W. P. Jacobs and Westminster. Both the Westminsters were delighted to learn that both the W. P.'s are to be on the board of directors of Oglethorpe University.

AT WESTMINSTER.

(19) Verily we may be permitted to make a new proverb! Be sure your friends will find you out. Here are Editor Gossett and our old friend whose name is withheld tracking our movements around Westminster as if they had put Mr. Burns on the job. The next thing we know they will be telling about that game of hop-skotch we had with Janie and Frank (wasn't it?) and the other pretty little girl, also on Retreat street. Oh, that was a fine game of hop-skotch — far ahead of turkey trots and such like. And the editor learned something about life from that game — both the girls said it was true that you shouldn't put both of your feet down unless you were "in home," and you musn't hop on anybody else's name in your rounds.

But just look at what they wrote about us!

VISIT FROM A DISTINGUISHED EDITOR OF ATLANTA, GA.

Rev. Thornwell Jacobs, M.A., editor-in-chief of The Westminster Magazine, published at Atlanta, Ga., was in the city yesterday in the interest of Oglethorpe and other business matters. Mr. Jacobs is a fluent and interesting writer, and his magazine is among the foremost in the country. The Westminster Magazine was established about a year ago and its subscription list has already gone to the 6,000 mark.

Mr. Jacobs is a son of Rev. W. P. Jacobs, president of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton. He is a graduate of the Orphanage, of Clinton College, and Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

He was here in the interest of Oglethorpe University, a \$2,000,000 college to be established in Atlanta. Oglethorpe was the first Presbyterian college south of Virginia, and the first denominational college for men in Georgia. For many years it did a magnificent work at Milledgeville, the then capital of the State, producing some of the brightest minds of the country. Destroyed by the war, after 50 years it is to be rebuilt. Mr. Jacobs is vitally interested in this work.

Then followed two great Sundays in the old First Church of Nashville,²⁰ Tennessee, whose subscription, largely through

Meets a Schoolmate.

One of the printers of The Tribune is a schoolmate of Mr. Jacobs, they having been together at the orphanage. They spent many happy days in their youth while there. This was their first meeting in about eighteen years and both were unusually glad to meet again.

At the orphanage they had to sweep the yards, cut wood, etc. Mr. Jacobs, although well established in the business world, has not forgotten how to cut wood, as evidenced by the following, and we know he will be surprised when he reads this:

He happened to pass where his schoolmate lives in Retreat street. There was a pile of wood in the back yard of the printer's home and Master Burt Singleton, son of Mr. W. A. Singleton, was cutting the wood up. Mr. Jacobs wanted to take some exercise, probably thinking of his boyhood days, so he went to the wood pile and told Burt he wanted to cut some. He proceeded to take off his overcoat, coat and vest and cuffs. He cut up a good-sized log before stopping. After his task he re-arranged his clothing and came down town, but he will not know that he cut wood at his schoolmate's house until he sees this paragraph.

May success attend him, The Westminster Magazine and Oglethorpe University.

(20) THE HELP THAT CAME FROM THE HERMITAGE.

How the Largest Church in the General Assembly Did a Big Thing in a Big Way.

One of the really strategic churches of the entire nation is the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn. And one of our really great preachers is Dr. James I. Vance, its pastor. Several years ago when the plan to revive Oglethorpe was first taking shape, the Presbyterians of Atlanta held their first jubilee in the auditorium. Seven thousand people heard Dr. Vance speak on that occasion. It was the privilege of the editor of The Westminster to extend to him the invitation to visit Atlanta. In his reply he was thoughtful enough to ask whether there was not in our hearts a plan for the doing of some great deed for our church and country. We wrote him of our hope that the Southern Presbyterian Church might some day have an institution that would mean to them what Vanderbilt means to Methodism, what Sewanee means to Episcopalianism, what Boston means to Catholicism. In his address later, Dr. Vance took occasion to express his own feelings in the matter and to call on Atlanta to lead the Southern Assembly in the doing of this fine deed.

It was therefore fitting that the First Church of Nashville should be the first church of Oglethorpe in Tennessee. Occupying, as it does, a position of commanding importance in the South, as well as in the Volunteer State, the great record it made when the Oglethorpe story was presented recently, offers the entire Assembly a superb vista of educational opportunity. Here in a city that has no local educational need, and large local obligations, we found some golden-hearted men and women. There was Mrs. M. G. Frierson with her big-hearted generosity, and Dr. C. L. Lewis, whose magnanimous liberality made our coming the success it was. There also was Mr. Joseph H. Thompson, loved wherever he is known, and Dr. J. D. Blanton, whose labors and gift added another man to our board. And while we are telling the story of it, let us add the names of Edgar Foster, and Leland Hume, and Duncan McKay, and Geo. W. White. As a result of their fine enthusiasm for Christian education, the greatest church in our Assembly will have a fitting delegation on our board of founders.

the fine liberality of Dr. C. L. Lewis, totaled nearly \$5,000, and the First Church of **Houston**,²¹ Texas, with over \$5,000, to which the Second church²² of that city added another thousand the following Sunday.

It was in Texas that I was told one of the best stories

(21) OGLETHORPE CROSSES THE MISSISSIPPI.

How It Took a Big Rule to Measure the Hearts of the Texans and How They Made a Better Rule for Others.

We told one of the Houston Presbyterians that if Texas were to turn over in her sleep she would stretch from Mobile to Chicago and from Little Rock to Wilmington. He replied, "Doubtless, but she never sleeps."

Of such a live and interesting quality also are her Presbyterians. And of such a size are the hearts of her people: great big Texan hearts, broad with philanthropy, full of an optimistic love for Christian education.

The First Presbyterian Church of Houston is now one of the two or three largest in our Assembly — in membership, in wealth, in love. As if Texas were not big enough to embrace her interests she lends a helping hand to all good causes, and more particularly she did a great day's work for Oglethorpe.

After the Presbyterians of Houston took charge of the Oglethorpe movement for a week all former records were broken outside of Georgia, and all records in Georgia, outside of Atlanta, were equaled. Six Houstonians will be on the board of directors, five of whom come from the First Church, and one from that devoted band of enthusiastic workers, the Second Church.

To appreciate the fine quality of this deed it should be remembered that Houston is farther away from Atlanta than is New York, by time. It should be remembered also that the main building of the Presbyterian College of Texas, at Austin, has just been burned. It should be remembered also that the Presbyterians of Texas, like those of South Carolina, are in the midst of a campaign to raise a large sum for their local state institutions. And it should certainly be remembered that because a man lives in Texas, where hearts grow large, is no reason why even Texas should bound his horizon. Knowing as they did that they constituted the largest church of the largest state in our Assembly, they determined to show the Southern Presbyterian Church the quality of our Western Presbyterianism, and they did.

When some three or four years ago a series of articles was published in one of our church weeklies from the pen of the editor of *The Westminster*, calling for the establishment of a Southern Presbyterian University, it was a **Texas Presbytery** that answered by that fine overture to our General Assembly in which Atlanta was specifically named as the desirable location for the institution, the Presbytery of Paris. It was fitting, therefore, that from Texas should come, and to Texas should be accorded, the record that has just been made at Houston.

Readers of *The Westminster* will be particularly interested in the fact that these fine results were obtained by the enthusiastic co-operation of all the Presbyterians of the city. Propitious also in its meaning, is the fact that every educational interest of Texas Presbyterianism is represented in the men who accept seats on the board from Houston.

We feel very certain that the editor of *The Westminster* will be forgiven his desire to say a word of appreciation of the pastor of the First Church and of his efforts in the Oglethorpe cause. It is permitted a man to speak well for his cause, even of his brother. And when that brother not only opens the door of opportunity, and not only urges others to enter, but goes in himself, when to his efforts may be attributed directly the success in a great way of a

which I have ever used in connection with Oglethorpe: Professor Welch, one of the best known educators in that state, reminded me of an incident in the life of Senator Tillman; in the beginning of his career when he was trying to persuade the farmers of the state that by voting together they

great enterprise in a great crisis — surely a man may be forgiven his saying: "God bless you," in his own paper, to his own brother.

Houston itself is a great city. Since Atlanta is widely known in the Southeast, it will be interesting for many to learn that while Houston is considerably smaller than this city, it has about the same number of sky-scrapers and presents about the same metropolitan aspect. Furthermore, their office buildings are all occupied, and they are building four or five of them every year. One lay Houstonian remarked that there was a forty story sky-scraper being built somewhere in the city. When we asked his fellow-citizen about the location of it, he answered: "He lied; God bless him."

They are digging a big ship channel, which will put Houston on the Gulf of Mexico, by way of the Buffalo Bayou; they are doing a tremendous business in lumber, and rice, and oil, and cotton; their bank clearings are so far ahead of most other cities of their size that they are being classed in such matters with the real centers of the world trade; their real estate men are as alive as Atlanta's, and that is putting it about as strong as it may be put; they are building a big city in a big state, but the biggest thing we saw in Texas was the big-heartedness of our Houston Presbyterians, who sent this message to the men of the East:

"Rebuild old Oglethorpe; rebuild her in Atlanta, where she died. But if you don't want her yourselves, Houston has a half million ready to locate her here."

Of such a fine quality, and of such a generous quantity was the gift of these dear men and women of Houston, that the whole Presbyterian Church of America should rejoice in it. Hardly ever has it been equaled, all things considered, and the story of it will send a thrill of delight and cast a beam of hopefulness all over the South.

(22) One of the Most Remarkable Records of The All.

The Oglethorpe story has been told in something like forty churches, in various parts of the South, and there are now more than one hundred and thirty names on her board of directors, each of whom represents a gift of one thousand dollars or more toward her refunding, the largest of them being thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000). In these churches many variously interesting records have been made, such for example as that of the First Church, Houston, described above, or the first Church, Columbus, Ga., where five men, each representing a gift of a thousand dollars, accepted seats on the board within fifteen minutes after the address was completed. LaGrange, Ga., broke all records ever made on earth, so far as we know, when she gave nearly thirty dollars for every man, woman and child in the church of eighty-five members to an institution a hundred miles away. Also such records as Elberton, where a debt was to be paid off the next week; Milledgeville, where it rained bullfrogs and slick-backed lizards; Dalton, where a new church subscription was engaging everybody's attention; Greenwood, S. C., where they had just bought a new organ, purchased a new school, filled the purses of the three C's campaigners, and raised the preacher's salary, in addition to building an inter-

could obtain their full rights and when he was repeatedly hearing that this was an impossibility and that the politicians of the state had so firm a grip on the machinery of the government that they would be unable to wrench it from their grasp, he made an address before many of his followers in Columbia, the capitol of the state, and in the address he told them a story which many of our readers will doubtless recall:

There was a traveler once, he said, who went to Paris and stopped at a little pension there whose proprietor owned a bird that had been taught to sing one single sentence; that sentence was, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I can't get out." The bird sang it in the morning, at noon and at night. Finally, the song got on the nerves of the traveler and, going to the proprietor, he asked if the bird could be bought. The price was named, the bird was bought, the traveler took him with cage and all to his room, opened his window, opened the door of the cage and said to him, "Now,

urban, and harvesting the poorest crops of a decade; Clinton, where they have a college problem of their own; Blackshear, Ga., where the vespers of their dead institute became the matins of Oglethorpe; and what shall I more say for time would fail me to tell of Valdosta and Waycross and Savannah and Ebenezer, and Laurens and Greenville, of Westminster also, and Marietta, of Rome, and Quitman, of Nashville and Durham, and Martinsville — who through their faith are subduing a kingdom, working righteousness obtaining a promise and stopping the mouths of those who say:

"See the Southern Presbyterian Church, who once was first in education, now the only great denomination in the South without a University."

To all these records we add another, that of the Second Presbyterian Church of Houston, Tex., this being the thing that will be remembered of her, that when the names of those who put a representative on the Oglethorpe board were read, it was found that every member of her session, and every member of her board of trustees has put his signature there, and F. E. Fincher, their pastor, says that he believes every deacon will be found on a second directorate sheet.

The Second Presbyterian Church, Houston, Texas, has done the following things in the last six years: Received 1,050 members, 800 on confession of faith; established and maintained regular work at five chapels in the city; has a yearly enrollment in Sabbath schools of 1,100; has sent out three missionaries to the foreign field, two to the home field, and has several volunteers taking courses of preparation for service; has increased in net membership from 127 to 850; has gathered a constituency that numbers between four and five thousand who attend the church or its chapels; has given to beneficent causes about \$50,000. The congregations have increased steadily until an enlarged building has become a necessity. Rev. F. E. Fincher, their pastor, a Texan born, is the man they unanimously chose as their representative on the board.

my little bird, you are as free as the air; go; fly." And the little bird hopped into the door of the cage and sang, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I can't get out." For fifty years the Southern Presbyterian Church has been singing that miserable song. While the Baptists have been pouring their thousands into Mercer and the Episcopalians have been building their superb little university at Suwanee and the Methodists have put their millions into Trinity, Vanderbilt, Emory and Dallas, and the Northern Presbyterians have built up a dozen great schools, it has remained for us constantly to sing morning, noon and night, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I can't get out."

Thank you, Mr. Welch.

The Third Church of Greenville²³, South Carolina, did their duty in a great way by placing Dr. Davis, their pastor, on the board with a subscription that amounted to more than \$1,000, and at Fort Mill, South Carolina, whose generous-hearted pastor had written me that he felt sure that nothing but defeat could possibly attend our efforts, partly because the community had been drained of all that could be secured for Christian education by my old Alma Mater at Clinton, South Carolina, an unusual thing occurred, for when we compared the subscription lists, we found that there was only one name that was on both.

I remember **Montgomery**²⁴, Alabama, and the song the children were singing in the Sunday school as we approached

WITH DR. DAVIS AT GREENVILLE.

(23) The Second Presbyterian Church, Greenville, S. C., recently set forward the cause of Oglethorpe University in a notable way. Their pastor, Dr. E. P. Davis, known everywhere for his broad minded interest in education, had invited through his Session the Secretary of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University, to tell the remarkable story of the refounding of that institution by the Southern Presbyterian Church. When the story was told in the Second Church last Sabbath the response was exceedingly gratifying. The full amount of \$1,000 was spontaneously given and that church will have its representatives on the Board.

IN OLD MONTGOMERY.

(24) Dr. H. M. Edmonds was the pastor of the First Church, Montgomery, Ala., where he has just resigned to succeed Dr. Plunkett in Birmingham. Before he left Montgomery he made arrangements for the telling of the

the church on Sunday morning, a song that meant more to me than to them, the encouraging refrain of which came to my ears at a needed moment, "God will take care of you." I can see W. B. Tanner as he stood in the aisle after the service and wrote his name for \$1,000, as also the young men and women, led by Thomas L. Hackett, who made up another \$1,000. It was on that Sunday that I learned something of the warm heart of old Alabama for the first time in the history of Oglethorpe. I have told the story of that Sunday all over the state and have yet to see the town or city of Alabama that is not willing to follow the lead of the First church of their capitol city.

The session of the **First Church, Augusta**²⁵, told me after a long conference, that I might have the liberty of their pulpit with the understanding that I would devote a part of my address to the mention of a canvass for funds for a local

Oglethorpe story to his people. We found that it was from this church that one of the Alabama Directors had come in the days when Oglethorpe was the Princeton of the South, and it was also in this church that many of the best of her friends of former days were to be found. The intimate ties that bound the old state of Alabama to the old Oglethorpe were apparent everywhere. Sidney Lanier, Oglethorpe graduate, greatest of all Southern-born poets, had once played their organ, and the children of her alumni rejoiced to hear that the institution of their fathers was being re-founded. It was a fine day for Oglethorpe and we found two men, each of whom represented a gift of one thousand dollars or more to the rebuilding of the institution. The generosity of this fine old church has made a good opening for Oglethorpe in a great state.

(25) Dr. Joseph R. Sevier is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Ga. This is the church whose former pastor, Dr. Samuel K. Talmadge, was called to the first presidency of Oglethorpe and whose later pastor, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, was intimately associated with the progress and development of that institution. It was to be expected, therefore, that this church would play her part well in the re-founding of Oglethorpe. This she did in good old-fashioned style. After the story was told some five men, each representing a gift of one thousand dollars, were added to the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe. This fine generosity is in keeping with the history of a church in which the Southern Assembly was organized, a church that has never yet failed to do its part in any labor and to bear its part of the burden of any work.

This record of a month's work is one the reading of which will bring satisfaction to all lovers of education and the friends of Oglethorpe will particularly rejoice in so large and so important additions to the forces that are behind her resurrection.

home mission, which they would conduct the following week; also that I would ask for no subscription for less than \$200. It speaks volumes for the character of that church that I see before me here, the names of men and women whose subscriptions totaled \$5,475.

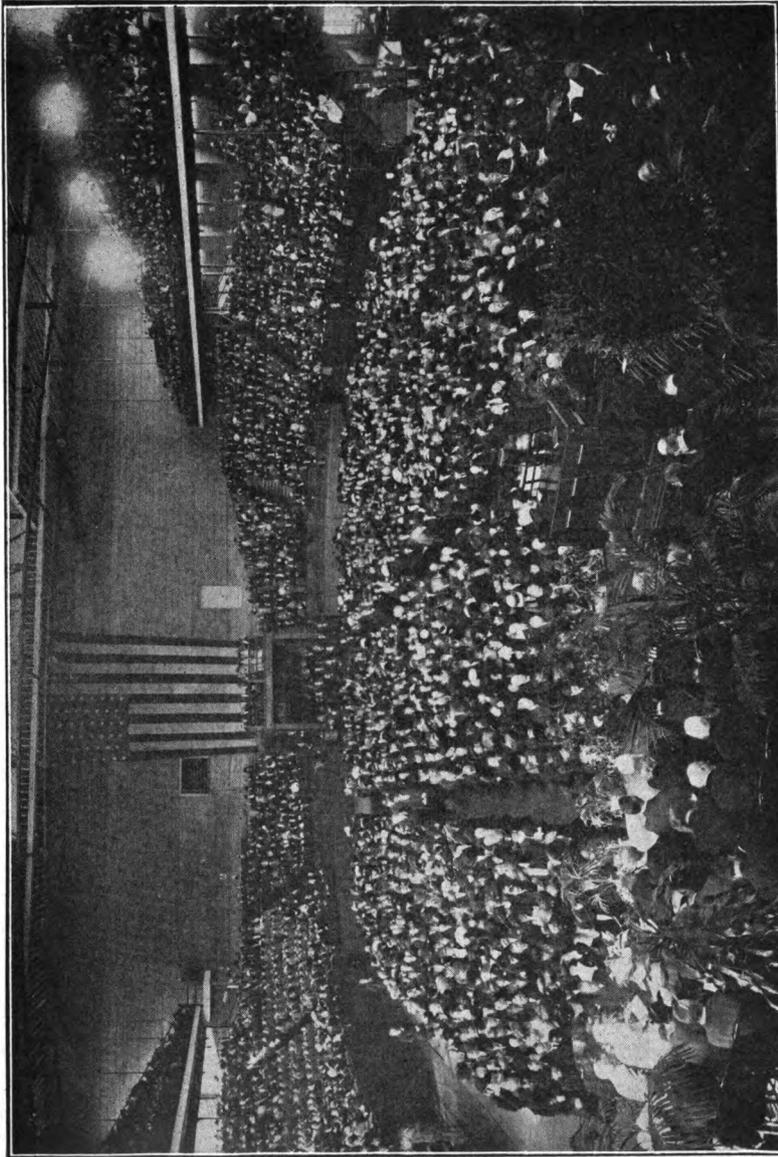
I shall not soon forget the fine words of a lady from Philadelphia who gave a thousand dollars for her pastor, Dr. Sevier, that he might be on our board of founders, nor the other splendid gifts and names who are written on the Oglethorpe book, some of them with the request that their gift might never be mentioned. Thus, the First Church of Augusta, in which the Southern Assembly was organized and from whose pastorate, one of the most distinguished presidents of the old Oglethorpe college had once been drawn, wrote their name highest of all the Georgia churches, outside of Atlanta in the point of amount given, to rebuild their university.

It was the following Sunday in the **First Church at Atlanta**, after the sermon that Mr. James R. DuBose, one of the best brothers-in-law that the Presbyterian church has in all the world, put the name of his son, James, on our board, and Mrs. E. H. Phillips made the first subscription in the Atlanta campaign which was to follow later, of \$500.

A happy visit was that to the **First Church at Jacksonville**²⁶, even though their recently installed pastor, Dr. Junius B. French, was away for the Sabbath. The total of their subscription was \$3,125, and it was all given as a man should give to his God.

"I am in favor of that university proposition," wired John

(26) The record in Jacksonville was an equally fine opening in an equally important field. Dr. Junius B. French has recently been called to Jacksonville and he has made for himself an enthusiastic and devoted following in the First Church of that city. As a consequence of the telling of the Oglethorpe story in his pulpit, there will be some three members of the Board from his church. Coming as they do from the largest church in the largest city of the Synod of Florida, they form an auspicious opening for the work in Florida.



✻ As this booklet is issued, the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Atlanta and the sessions of the various Atlanta churches are making preparations to unite in a great Orlethorpe Jubilee which will be held on September 24 in the auditorium, Atlanta, at which time all of the Presbyterians of the city, numbering approximately 5,000, and the other Founders in Atlanta will gather to celebrate the opening the university. The view above is a picture of one of these famous Presbyterian Jubilees.

W. Stagg, from **Orlando**²⁷, as also were his people the following Sunday, which may be shown by their subscription of over \$2,000. I know not which to be the more grateful to, their brilliant pastor or their own good hearts.

I see in the record that the next two Sabbaths were spent in Atlanta attending the **Pan-Presbyterian Jubilee**. It had been my good fortune to suggest to the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Atlanta, the possibility of holding a session of each of the four great Presbyterian Assemblies simultaneously in our city. Interestingly enough, this suggestion was first made in the initial number of the Westminster Magazine, which also contained the editorial calling for the re-establishment of Oglethorpe. The development of the two plans had gone on side by side so that at the time of the gathering of the Assemblies, the Oglethorpe plan was in a fair way of accomplishment. On the floor of our own assembly, on the motion of the chairman of the committee which the Assembly had appointed to investigate the feasibility of the establishment of the university and on the recommendation of the Assembly's standing committee on education, I was invited to tell the Assembly the story of our work to date. It is not a part of this book to describe the marvelous gathering of Presbyterians, which was said to be the largest in number that had ever assembled in the history of the world, in that it comprised the Southern, the Northern, the United and the Associated Reformed branches of the Presbyterian tree, but it is permissible in this paragraph to say that the direct influence

(27) The story of what was done at Orlando is equally interesting. Orlando is really in Florida, and Florida is in Orlando, just as Jacksonville is in the United States and the United States in Jacksonville. To one who has ever been in Central Florida where every private citizen has an orange grove in his front yard and a lake in his back yard, it is unnecessary to attempt any description of the wonderful beauty of that section and it would be impossible to give to any one who has not been there an adequate conception of the beauties of that charming country where the crane is as common as the jay bird and the leaf of every tree is a flower. Beautiful as is the country, it is no more beautiful than the people, as Oglethorpe knows quite well, for there are now two members of her Board of Directors from the city of Orlando.

of this great gathering was felt in a large way, in the later canvass during the Atlanta campaign towards which we are steadily marching in this story.

The remainder of the spring was spent in the **Greene Street Church of Augusta**²⁸, in the two churches that comprise the **Lawrenceville**²⁹, Georgia, group, in the beautiful stone church at **Vicksburg**³⁰, Miss., and in the historic old town of **Cartersville**³¹, Georgia. Each of these four did their duty and added their links to the hitherto unbroken chain.

(28) Up to the time that the Secretary of the Board visited the Greene Street Church in Augusta, the cities of Houston, Texas, and Columbus, Georgia, were the only two who could boast of having six or more men on the Oglethorpe Board, Atlanta, of course being excepted. A previous visit to the First Church, Augusta, had opened the way for that city to join the other three and make it the "Big Four." It is hardly necessary to add that they did it. These three cities, therefore, now stand as the leaders in numbers, though not in proportion to membership. Nashville, Tennessee, is a close fifth.

(29) The smallest membership to which the Oglethorpe story has been told is that of the church at Lawrenceville, Georgia, the town you cannot see from the railroad. There are probably some sixty members in active service in this organization and another sixty in old Fairview the country mother-church which is joined with Lawrenceville under the pastorate of Rev. J. M. Harris. These two churches, mother and daughter, have not only the same pastor, but their church structure being the same, one photograph will do for both. They are a fine, sturdy people and their thousand dollars means all the more because of the smallness of their numbers. Their generosity is another triumph for their University.

(30) Out at Vicksburg, Mississippi, is a body of Presbyterians who have built the only stone church in the state under the leadership of Dr. J. S. Hillhouse. It is a magnificent and well-appointed structure costing in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars. Not all of it is quite paid for and there were other pressing local duties on this church when the Oglethorpe secretary told them the story of the refounding of the old school that perished in their environs. Then, too, the boll-weevil and the spring floods were looking over the fence at them as they made their subscriptions. But all that did not hinder them. There are now two men, each representing a gift of one thousand dollars, on the Board from Vicksburg. Dr. Hillhouse had written the secretary: "You may come if you want to try it I am willing to see a miracle performed." As he left the church building, he remarked with a smile: "Well, I saw it." Given such people, miracles are easy.

(31) As it was also at Cartersville, Georgia. There they had first torn down their building and built it over and then added to that. The expense of it had been something heavy. They now have a beautiful auditorium for which the congregation had sacrificed. The secretary was told that if he would wait until later it could be done. But Oglethorpe needs not dol-

When T. M. McMillan of the old **Government Street Church, in Mobile**³², Alabama, told me of his brother's connection with old Oglethorpe college and Mrs. Burgett and Mrs. Bestor added \$500 to his \$1,000, that historic old church was added to the Oglethorpe list in a splendid way and the following Sunday at **Galveston**³³, Texas, the city that had

lars alone, but a little blood that she may be born again. Some of the men and churches who are resurrecting her have gotten down under the skin to bring out their gifts. That is what Cartersville did. By such people as these are all things done that are worth while.

(32) Have you ever been to Mobile and the famous old Government Street church there? Dr. Carr was the pastor, but left them for Fort Worth the very Sunday before the Oglethorpe story was told in their pulpit. That made the Oglethorpe secretary an absolute stranger in Mobile when he faced this congregation. One of the things about the fine old Government Street church, however, is this, no man whose cause is worthy is ever a stranger in this church. This the Secretary found out quickly and much to his delight when the address was over and Mr. T. M. McMillan began talking to him. "I had a brother in Oglethorpe," he was saying, "he was an older brother, whom we loved twice over. He died there. I have a thousand for Oglethorpe." We found also that Dr. Burgett, for forty years the revered and beloved pastor of the church, had received his doctorate from Oglethorpe. They say in Alabama that it is a toss-up between the Government Street and the First Church of Selma for being the banner church of the Synod, though Dr. Edmunds (now of South Highlands) maintains that his new charge is even with the best. There was Montgomery, First—was there ever a finer reception given anything than the way they ushered off the Oglethorpe campaign in Alabama with two thousand dollars? No Alabama church has passed that yet, although Government Street and the First church, Birmingham, have equaled it.

The story of the way in which Oglethorpe University is rising from the dead has had no more fascinating chapter written into it than this last in which the Good hand has told a wonderful story of generosity on the part of a people whose business it is, in part, to "go down to the sea in ships."

(33) There is Galveston. It has been a good many years now since the great storm swept that city and thousands lost their lives in the waves. No more terrible story of disaster was ever chronicled on this continent. In addition to the lives lost were the millions of dollars of property and the terrible blow of fear. Then the people of that plucky city took hold again. They resurrected their city from the waves. They built a great sea-wall to keep back the waters of the great deep. They raised the level of their city. They built a giant causeway connecting their island with the mainland usable by train and trolley and motor. And to crown their achievement they built beautiful hotel Galvez, overlooking the sea-wall and facing the gulf, unafraid.

Of course, it was to be expected that a city freshly risen from the waters should know the fellowship of suffering for the University just rising from the ashes. They did. Dr. R. M. Hall, their pastor, is now on the Board

risen from the storms, sent her message to the university that was rising from the flames, accompanied with a thousand dollars as an expression of their duty and interest.

When the first article was published, as hitherto described, in the *Presbyterian of the South*, calling on the Assembly to establish a Presbyterian university, the first response made to the call was a postal card from Rev. J. C. Barr of the **Lafayette Presbyterian Church, New Orleans**⁶⁴. I recall our prayer, in his study before the story was told to his people that morning. He asked me what I wanted and I told him a representative from his church on our board of directors. The man had the audacity to pray for two! After the service, his people, following his own generous personal subscription, made up more than \$1,000, and that generous-hearted friend, R. P. Hyams, learning that the congregation wanted him to represent them on the board, gave an-

of Directors of Oglethorpe, put there by his generous people and representing a gift of a thousand dollars to the University. Dr. Hall is a grandson of Oglethorpe, his father having graduated from that institution in the early fifties.

(34) Dr. J. C. Barr is the pastor of the Lafayette church in New Orleans. For earnest, prayerful devotion to the job of the Presbyterian ministry, commend him. Dr. Barr is doing a great work in New Orleans. Some day when you are in that city next ask some one to direct you to the Presbyterian Hospital and then ask some of the ladies of Dr. Barr's church to tell you the story of it, from the time it started on a prayer and a dollar or two. Some people have faith after the event. Dr. Barr and his people had theirs beforehand.

When, some three years ago, the present Oglethorpe Secretary issued a call for building of a Southern Presbyterian University by publishing an article thereon in one of our papers, there came in answer to it one lone reply. It was a card from J. C. Barr, saying: "I am with you!" His church backed up that card with over two thousand dollars a few Sabbaths ago, and put Dr. Barr as one of two men on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe. The Secretary asked them for one. Dr. Barr asked God for two. Two it became. That will give the reader a glimpse into the meaning of the motto of the coming university. It reads: *Manu Dei Resurrexit. "By the hand of God she rose from the dead."*

Any man who cares to do it may inquire into the struggle that this man and his church are having for the cause of Presbyterianism in New Orleans. After he has learned all about it, he will wonder how they ever found time to aid Oglethorpe. But that is one of the strong points with people and churches who are really doing things—they want to do more things. It is always the liberal man who has money to give. It is always the church that helps outside causes which has money to look after its own affairs.

other thousand in order that his pastor might also be with him.

The Sabbath on which the story was told to the members of the **First Presbyterian Church at Birmingham**³⁵, was raw and windy. I remember still the sunlight that broke upon the tower of their building as I turned the corner walking hurriedly to the appointment. I remember also being told that it seemed useless to attempt the presentation of a call on that morning, the congregation was so small. The city was in the throes of a Y. M. C. A. campaign, the subscriptions previously made to a church at Auburn, I believe it was, where the state technological school is located, had just been called; the Presbyterian college for girls had just begun a campaign in Birmingham, and the Presbyterian college for boys at Anniston was looking to this church for a special contribution in a campaign which they also were waging with headquarters in Birmingham. Yet after the service, the subscription was found to amount to approximately \$2,000, and the chain was unbroken.

I believe that Dr. D. A. Plank, of the **Central Church**³⁵, will bear me out in saying that few more remarkable Sabbath mornings have ever been enjoyed than the one on which they

(35) **That Brings us to Birmingham.** It also brings us to the first real blizzard of the winter and a cold raw day. Also to a host of other so-called difficulties. For example, on the Sabbath on which the Oglethorpe story was told in the First church, Birmingham, there were no less than five different campaigns for money going on in that city and church. One was for a male and one for a female college. One was for a home mission church. The other two were for a free medical dispensary and Associated Charities, respectively. It looked so much like failure that even Dr. Foster thought success impossible. The Secretary asked for two members of the Board, this time. He got two. Each represents a gift of a thousand dollars to the enterprise.

Come we now to the Central Church, Dr. Planck's church, of Mobile. Next Sunday, November the sixteenth, the story will be told to them. As this line is being written it is twenty-three minutes to twelve o'clock on Thursday, the thirteenth of November. Here is a prophecy. We prophesy that the Central church will put a representative on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University next Sunday. These dots represent the time taken to go to Mobile and tell that story to that congregation.

Later.—Friday, November 21, 1913. They did it. Put Dr. Planck on the Board. Total Mobile subscription, \$3,500.00. You can set your watch by Presbyterian generosity.

surprised even themselves by the result of their generosity, when nearly a score of their members crowded around the table after the service, to add their names to the Educational Honor Roll of Southern Presbyterianism.

CHAPTER VI.

The Help of the Psychic City.

We have come now in our story to that critical time in November when the hour for the inauguration of the Atlanta campaign at last struck. On my desk here before me is a large scrap book, into which I often look for encouragement and to no page oftener than to those which contain the story written in hope and faith by all three of our great Atlanta dailies, telling of the work that had been done up to November 23, 1913, and prophesying that the city of Atlanta would now do her part to clinch the great educational project.

It was no matter of surprise outside of Atlanta that they should set about to do this enthusiastically, for wherever the story had been told, faith in the ability and willingness of the great city to do this thing had been everywhere proclaimed, yet when the actual moment for the inauguration of the campaign had come, the time seemed most inopportune to some and among these were more than one of the very best business men of the city. At a meeting of the leading citizens, called to discuss the time for the campaign, it was necessary to press the urgency of the matter, but after this was done, there were no voices to say no to the motion of Robert C. Alston that we proceed now to raise the sum of \$250,000 as the local bonus for the location of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. It is enough to add that business conditions steadily grew worse from that day for fully two years. It is hard to predict what would have happened had the canvass been postponed.

Once resolved upon, it was a matter of but a few days to put the resolution into effect. A large amount of work had been done in advance, complete lists of the probable subscribers had been prepared and a large number of liberal subscriptions had been previously made. Among these we have already mentioned the seventy Atlanta men, each of whom

had given \$1,000 to the enterprise. To these should be added the generous promise of Mr. S. M. Inman to give \$5,000 when the sum of \$250,000 had been raised and an additional \$5,000 when the total of \$395,000 had been raised, and an additional \$25,000 when a total of \$875,000 had been raised.

We record with gratitude that the first two installments of this pledge have already been paid and, inasmuch as Mr. Inman gave a total of eight years for the earning of the third, it seems likely that this additional \$25,000 will be won for education before that time has elapsed.

I shall ever think with gratitude of those three great papers of Atlanta and, inasmuch as a paper is but the expression of the man who controls it, the hour will never come when those who love Oglethorpe University should cease to bear the names of James R. Gray, Clark Howell and William Randolph Hearst in grateful remembrance. It would seem impossible for any one of these three men to have done more than the other, for each played his part so generously, so liberally and so powerfully that any comparison between them would indeed be invidious.

Clark Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, had watched the campaign from its very beginning with an appreciative eye and scarcely a month had passed that there was not some encouraging editorial, calling attention to the progress of the movement, appearing in his great morning daily.

W. R. Hearst, the owner of the Atlanta Georgian, who was represented in this city by Mr. Keats Speed and Mr. Foster Coates, devoted all the powers of the Georgian's publicity to the same fine end and no one who was at all familiar with the campaign will ever forget the day when John Temple Graves read the telegram from Mr. Hearst, subscribing \$5,000 to the university. It was to Mr. James R. Gray, of the Journal, that the duty and honor fell of leading the city that he loves, in a task, which, considering the times, was a herculean one. Ever ready to devote the powers of his great paper to the best interests of Atlanta, he felt even more keenly the importance of this particular

project because of his association with the movement as a member of the board of directors and as one of the very first men to make his personal subscription of \$1,000 to the enterprise. Never a day of campaign came that The Journal did not have its front page dominated by the news of the work of the committees, while at every critical hour, his editorial columns were filled with inspiration and encouragement.

It is true that of the \$250,000 constituting the Atlanta popular subscription, approximately \$125,000 had already been pledged in advance, but I bear witness as one who knows the truth, when I say that the remainder of that subscription would, in all human probability, never had been secured but for the masterful leadership of Mr. Gray.

And I think it will not detract from the statement to say that the glory of Atlanta lies in the fact that there were other men, also, without whom the work could not have been done. I think of Captain James W. English, chairman of our campaign executive committee, and of the true and staunch manner in which he stood by the enterprise from its very beginning. It was another of the fine enterprises to which he has set his hand for the good of the city of his adoption.

I think of Ivan E. Allen, present Chairman of our Finance Committee, and then Vice-Chairman of the Campaign Executive Committee, whose daily word of encouragement at the workers' banquets, whose wisdom and experience, won previously by just such labors in other spheres, made him able to speak a word in season to him who was weary and whose kindly and encouraging smile was a positive asset to the various committeemen whom he led.

I think of Dr. Cheston King, indefatigable worker, who devoted his whole time and that of his automobile and driver for nearly six weeks, to the work of the campaign and whose committee led all other committees in the securing of subscriptions for Oglethorpe. The story of the campaign could not have been written without him.

I think of Dr. H. J. Gaertner, who heard the message on the very first day that it was delivered from any pulpit, at Milledgeville, Georgia, and who became so interested that, paying his own expenses, he used to come up to Atlanta week ends to aid in the preliminary work of the campaign and who, during the entire canvass, rendered services that were utterly invaluable.

And I think of that band of workers³⁶, every one of whose

(36) The canvassing committees, every one of them, did good, hard work. Some of them, for one reason or another, secured better results, but every man's work counted.

The two leading committees in the campaign were those of Dr. J. Cheston King and L. P. Bottenfield. Dr. King's committee led in the total amount of money raised by something more than \$900, but Mr. Bottenfield's committee secured an amazing number of small subscriptions ranging all the way from a dollar in cash up to sums of \$250 to \$500. The exceptionally fine work of these two committees has been widely applauded and complimented.

There was always a generous rivalry among the committees and when somebody got ahead one day, the other fellow worked harder the next. It was this spirit and this work which built Oglethorpe.

The central committee, as the executive committee was called in the canvass, naturally secured the largest amount of contributions because of its facilities for solicitation, but it was in no sense in competition with the other or individual committees, and the honors went to those headed by Mr. Bottenfield and Dr. King.

The total raised by each committee during the three weeks' campaign was as follows:

Joel Hunter's committee, \$2,449.50; Charles P. Glover's committee, \$6,413; Dr. William Owens, \$6,440; L. P. Bottenfield's committee, \$14,863.50; Harris White's committee, \$3,965; Henry Schaul's committee, \$6,960; Porter Langston's committee, \$1,000 (this amount went to the Central Committee); F. E. Callaway's committee, \$886; C. D. Montgomery's committee, \$3,352; A. W. Farlinger's committee, \$3,260; Dr. J. Cheston King's committee, \$15,792; Ad Men's Club committee, \$3,815; John A. Brice's committee, \$6,086; Dr. H. J. Gaertner's committee, \$7,332; J. R. A. Hobson's committee, \$3,301.50; Central Committee, \$41,306.

Here is the Oglethorpe Honor Roll—the men who did the actual work in the whirlwind campaign December 20th, to help raise \$250,000 for Oglethorpe University in Atlanta:

William Owens, chairman; Thomas B. Lumpkin.

L. P. Bottenfield, chairman; E. P. McElroy, W. L. Cline, J. A. Agnew, J. H. Holland, E. Anderson, D. G. Jones, Joseph Kopp, S. A. Givens, G. Walter Corley, J. Gregory Murphey, G. Lynn Barber, Thomas M. Turner.

C. D. Montgomery, chairman; W. S. Lounsbury, F. W. Coleman, Hill R. Huffman, D. W. Carson.

Charles P. Glover, chairman; Porter Langston, W. T. Martin, E. C. Stewart, F. R. Graham, Martin Hansen, Philip F. L'Engle, F. L. Clement, Carl Witt.

A. W. Farlinger, chairman; Frank E. Kamper, O. T. Camp, H. Ashford.

names are mentioned elsewhere in this story, composed of men of all faiths and all creeds, who, not content with giving their money, gave also their time that Oglethorpe might live. I think of them with that joy which comes to a man when he views the spirit of his brothers engaged in the very finest of battles and loves them because they are worthy to be loved.

And to those who read this story, whose homes are outside of the city of Atlanta, I, who was not born here, but who chose her for my mother city because of just such qualities as this which I have described, say that it is this splendid spirit of enthusiastic willingness to serve their community by serving others, that has made this splendid city possible. The spirit in which any man does his work is the greatest element of his character and the spirit in which Atlanta does hers has marked her as a queen among her sisters³⁷.

Dr. Cheston King, chairman; Harrison Jones, George Bonnell, Dr. C. L. Lewis of Nashville, Norman Poole, Dr. H. J. Gaertner, L. E. Hamilton, Jr.

John A. Brice, chairman; Henry A. Inman.

Joel Hunter, chairman; W. B. Seabrook, T. M. Fincher, John S. Carroll, Edw. Clarkson.

Harris White, chairman; S. O. Vickers, B. M. Grant, Loyd Parks, S. B. Turman, George M. Napier.

Henry Schaul, chairman; Henry Grady, Frank Lowenstein.

F. E. Callaway, chairman; Arnold Broyles, C. T. Nunnally.

Fred Houser, chairman; W. F. Parkhurst, Edgar Harrington, W. G. Peebles, A. S. Adams.

J. R. A. Hobson, chairman; Victor L. Smith, Roby Robinson.

Central Committee—This committee had the same personnel as the executive committee, to-wit, as follows:

J. W. English, Sr., chairman; Ivan E. Allen, vice-chairman; James R. Gray, Clark Howell, Frank Inman, Thornwell Jacobs, Keats Speed.

(37) Away back in the ages a gigantic geological convulsion left a lake or a river or an ocean in its track. When men came they could not pass over the lake, so their commerce was deflected around it—hence Chicago. They floated their merchandise down the river—hence New Orleans. They learned to go to the sea in ships—hence London, New York, Buenos Ayres, almost all of the great cities of the world to date. The reason New York rests where she does today is because there has to be a city there. No metropolis is built voluntarily.

Milleniums ago, the ancient Atlantic sea coast gave way and the earth's incalculable weight crushed the Appalachian system upward into the air. Long

CHAPTER VII

Again the Churches.

It was J. H. Henderlite, whose invitation to **Gastonia**, North Carolina, gave me my introduction to the noble generosity of the old North State. "I am glad you stopped when

centuries later developed the coastal plains of the Carolinas, Georgia and the Gulf states. There remained a mighty impassable mountain system, terminating southward in North Georgia. There men and merchandise from the Carolinas going west could get around it. This point was midway between the mouth of the grandest drainage basin on earth and the destined metropolis of the world, New Orleans, and New York. It was midway from the mightiest city of the interior, governing the traffic of the lakes and the southwesternmost tip of land on the continent, Chicago and Key West. There and there only for hundreds of miles their traffic could cross. It was high above the ocean and so gifted with an unrivalled climate. Its eastern gates faced the seaboard and the old world, its western opened upon the wealth of the mightiest of continents and widest of seas—hence **Atlanta**.

Though all cities are built by the invisible, yet Atlanta more than they all. No lake is before her, no river, no ocean port. No rich coal fields locate her factories, no limestone nor iron ores. These things are for Birmingham, Pittsburg, Chicago—all the rest. The invisible things, the intangible things—these have fathered the Gate City—The **Psychic City**.

A location—a climate—a spirit—invisible, inaudible, this is Atlanta. Even those who live within her gates do not grasp the meaning of it. Birmingham will outgrow Atlanta, some of them say. Look at her coal, her iron, her limestone. You can touch these things. Savannah will outgrow Atlanta, they say. You can see her foundations, her rivers her ocean. Chattanooga will outgrow Atlanta eventually, they say. Hear the roaring of her mighty water falls. Atlanta, alone of them all, works by faith, not by sight. A mountain pass, a surveyor's transit—an atmosphere, a spirit. Is she not the **psychic City**?

What he who built the first steamboat did for Carthage or Constantinople, the inventor of the steam engine did for Atlanta, for scarcely had men begun to lay their rails of steel before it was discovered that the first easy grade around the mighty Appalachians south of Lynchburg was in north Georgia. To connect the more thickly populated section of the state with the golden grain fields of the middle west, the state built her a railroad from Chattanooga to a point in North Georgia easily accessible to other roads. This point was located in 1837 by Stephen H. Long, the engineer in chief. All wise men knew from the beginning that a city would some day be located there. From Terminus it grew into Marthasville and from Marthasville into Atlanta.

Atlanta rode into her empire on a storm. For in the terrible days of the sixties it was soon discovered that she occupied the strategic heart of the southeast. Almost at once she was made the center of manufacture of

you did," said one of their members, as he wrote his name down for a liberal subscription, "as it was it cost us over \$50 a minute." I found Gastonia to be a great church in

war implements and headquarters for Confederate quartermasters and commissaries. From her went out the sinews of war and unto her came the wounded of fourteen states to be healed. Afar in the north the opposing generals marked her for destruction. Steadily their armies grew nearer until in July, 1864, she was burned to the ground.

Out of this baptism of fire sprang Atlanta's second great asset, her spirit. In the midst of the calamity that swept her to the heavens in flame and smoke all minor differences were buried. He was a friend who would help rebuild the city. He was welcome who had a plan or a thought or any possible contributions for the city's good. Hither they came from all directions, the city dweller and the countryman, the Confederate and the Federal soldier together. In that spirit they laid the foundations of their city, burying all differences in her cornerstone. It was as Henry Grady said in his celebrated New England speech: "I want to tell General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts though kind of careless about fire, that from the ashes which he left us in 1864 we have built a brave and a beautiful city, that, somehow or other, we have caught the sunshine in the brick and mortar of our homes, and we have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory."

Thus in the midst of tumult and war she buried hate. On both sides she offered magnanimous forgiveness and cordial co-operation and sweet reasonableness and that gentle tolerance which sprang from her baptism of fire. In that spirit she went forth to conquer her empire.

And what a marvelous conquest has been hers! As I think of it I can see her vast army of letters and telegrams and traveling salesmen and busy merchants and happy visitors coming and going in a spirit of fairness and friendship devoted to a fine purpose with a determination to win. I see her armies coming back to her laden with the precious spoils of good will and trade. I see the quality of her manhood and womanhood swiftly impressing itself upon her state and nation until the man or the woman or the child in Atlanta is known to the world as a worker of a certain spirit. I see her splendid equipment of poverty and hope and ambition and courage and faith. I see them laboring in strength and enthusiasm and all the eagerness of youth. And I look with gladness upon the superb generalship which guided her soldiers and lead them constantly to victory, glad it was given to Atlanta to name among her citizens such captains of commerce and finance and transportation and publication and education and religion.

And any man today may look out upon her empire with the joy that accompanies a great deed worthily done. For today Atlanta is the capital

every true sense and the \$2,000 which they added to the Oglethorpe list, like the names of Mr. George W. Ragan and Mr. Thomas W. Wilson, who represent them on the

of the southeast in every essential respect and her conquest is one of admiration and interest. We devote a few moments of our time to some of the most remarkable illustrations of what those may do who will that it shall be done, ever written in the human history. And as we hear the story of it let us not forget to bear in mind that the greatest single factor outside of her location has been her spirit. I define the Atlanta spirit as the subordination of the individual interest to the common good. It is the cross-spirit, the Christ-spirit. It is the spirit of service as distinguished from selfishness; of honor as distinguished from deceit; of charity as distinguished from provincial cocksureness and prejudice. It is a spirit that will not compromise on principles nor bicker over methods.

Those who understand Atlanta and her empire know her to be impatient of discord and intolerant of controversy. She casts her mantle of charity over all her children and pleads with them to heal their divisions. "Let all bitterness," she says, "and anger and wrath and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you with all malice and be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." She looks upon her ministers as the country's greatest ministers; her merchants as the country's greatest merchants; her newspapers as the country's greatest newspapers. It hurts Atlanta for one of her children to do an unworthy thing, for one of her rulers to be such a man that she cannot praise him. Her spirit is the love of a mother for her own. Does it not bring out the best there is in us? Does it not make us want to be all that she expects of us? Has she not formed among us so fine a comradeship that it challenges all the greatness of our souls? Has she not cast her net out into the deep of the very best that is in us?

Before us some months ago a great movement for the building and equipment of a Southern Presbyterian University. It succeeded. It had to succeed. It fell in line with Atlanta's destiny. It was time for us to render unto the soul the things that are the soul's. There have been, there will be many other such chapters in her life.

See how there was in this thing the command of Providence. When an immense state, a state of great and promising wealth of resources unlimited, stands in such confessed educational destitution, it is time for her wise men to listen. When the richest and most promising single area of such a state, comprising her metropolis and capital city, is found to be in direct need, promise of a brilliant opportunity illuminates a very dark prospect. When in that area is located the stronghold of a rich and powerful Church, it is as if Providence were tapping some one on the shoulder.

board, have proven invaluable to the cause. They led North Carolina³⁸ known to be perhaps the chief dynamo in the

And when memory reminds that denomination that she alone of all the strong ones of the nation has failed to build her intellectual beacon-light, a voice is speaking and saying very plainly: "Who knoweth whether thou art come into the Kingdom for such a time as this" Sometimes men and denominations have duties thrust upon them. If they do not perform them, others come and take away their place and their honor.

If ever the good God spoke to the Presbyterians, He is speaking to them through Oglethorpe University.

Atlanta is built to be the great educational center of the fifteen Southern States. Her strategic location, her unrivaled climate, her financial ability, her urgent need, and above all, her manifest destiny demand it. To be the political capital of the greatest state east of the Mississippi is a great thing; to be the commercial capital of the Southeast is a greater thing; to be the intellectual capital of the Southern half of the greatest country in the world—that is, that now is to be the destiny of Atlanta.

Nor can any picture, too brilliant, be painted of the future of a well-managed university within her gates.

The Unseen has built for us magnificently. Let us build magnificently for the Unseen.

(38) THE GENEROSITY OF GASTONIA.

The city of Gastonia, North Carolina, has written a fine introduction to a great and promising chapter in the church history of the state and of the South.

Away back in the eighteenth century the Synod of the Carolinas met in the little Presbyterian church at Morganton, North Carolina, and set up the Presbytery of Hopewell.

The Presbytery of Hopewell was to cover the whole State of Georgia and contained about two thousand members.

The Presbytery of Hopewell did more for the cause of Christian education than any other single Presbytery the Southern Assembly has ever had.

They began the movement that founded Columbia Seminary.

They began the movement that founded Mercer University.

They began the movement that founded Emory College.

They began the movement that founded Oglethorpe University.

And through these institutions, through their influence, through their example, through their graduates they founded every denominational college and university, with practically no exceptions, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, south of the Virginia line.

We venture the assertion that there was never done by any Presbytery

Presbyterianism of the South, and they led her by an example that has continued its blessings from that day to this.

The following Sunday at **Selma**, Alabama, another story

of any Synod of any nation any finer work for the cause of Christian education.

Gastonia thought the same way about it.

And not only so, but they also thought that the Old North State was still capable of doing exactly the same quality of work that their ancestors did.

And they demonstrated it to a Q. E. D.

Gastonia is a city of somewhere between ten and fifteen thousand people. It has seventeen cotton mills within the corporate limits of the municipality and sixty-five in the county of which she is the county seat.

The Presbyterian church there is one of the strong ones of the state, having some six hundred members. They have a beautiful church building on which they have just spent \$12,000 for improvements and a beautiful new pipe organ for which they are paying \$3,000. They recently gave approximately \$1,200 to the Barium Springs Orphanage Fund and spent the greater part of \$800 on a splendid series of revival services.

About three months ago their pastor, Rev. J. H. Henderlite, got a letter from the executive representative of the Oglethorpe University Board requesting an opportunity to tell his people the Oglethorpe story.

He said: "COME."

"Some Great Cause. God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight, Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right. And the choice goes by forever twixt that darkness and that light."

The biggest need of the church of God today is the need of big-hearted, hopeful men in her pulpits, men who are in favor of things, men like J. H. Henderlite, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Gastonia.

When the address was finished, the deacons of the church got together and said: "We want a representative on that board of directors."

So they put him there and handed him a thousand dollars to give his institution as an earnest of their good will.

The elders of the church got together and said: "We want a member on that board also."

So they put him there, backing him up with a thousand-dollar gift also.

That made two thousand dollars for Gastonia for the resurrection of Oglethorpe University from the dead.

Gastonia calls on all North Carolina to follow her lead.

The plan is to build a memorial of every State Synod in the South into the new university—which is the old university.

The Board of Directors will decide whether that memorial will take the form of a building or of a memorial professorship.

of generosity was written. In this fine old aristocratic city we found the same warm hearts as elsewhere, and they added their link to the chain choosing Mr. Thos. E. Gary as their representative on the Board of Founders.

When Dr. Moffett invited me to **Pensacola**⁴⁰, I did not

The Synod will name the building or the professorship.

Thus Oglethorpe University will be an immense hall of—merit—of love—of devotion—of honor.

It will register the high-water mark of the determination of a great body of Christians to build an Intellectual Beacon-light for the nation.

As they counted the Tribes of Israel so shall they count the Synods of the South. Each will gather her sons and her dollars about her and bring them to the building of this, her lighthouse, her temple.

Georgia has almost finished her memorial and in her contributions the quarter million dollar gift of the city of Atlanta is not counted.

South Carolina and Texas are tying for second place.

And now North Carolina enters the list with Gastonia leading that great Synod. If the remainder of the Synod equals her work, the North Carolina memorial will show up close to two hundred thousand dollars.

Will any other Synod equal that?

(40) TO ALL THE FAITHLESS—HAIL!

Cities like men should be judged by what they do and think in adversity. It is easy to be happy when all goes well and easy to give of one's surplus. But it is not so easy to give when the bank in which that surplus was has broken and all around you the crashing of business concerns may be heard.

Now listen to a story.

Dr. A. S. Moffett is the pastor of the First Church, Pensacola, Florida.

Along about last December one of the big banks of the city of Pensacola failed.

In January another went to the wall. One of these banks was the biggest bank of the city, carrying as large assets as all the others put together.

After these two came seventeen other firm and individual failures, according to the best estimates that reached the ears of the Oglethorpe representative.

Yet Dr. Moffett was not afraid. Although he did not expect anything great, he was not afraid of, or for, his people.

It is a curious fact that all the Presbyterian banks are reported to have stood the storm in first-class condition.

In the midst of all this local disaster the Oglethorpe Secretary spoke in Dr. Moffett's church.

The response was worthy of the people.

Out of the storm came a marvelous record.

They gave practically two thousand dollars to resurrect the old institution from the dead.

know of the financial crash in which the whole city was involved. In December, preceding my visit, a large state bank had failed and in January a strong national bank, and they carried down with them some twenty-five individuals and

One man, Mr. Richard Pope Reese, after giving us a message to take to Texas the next Sunday, put his name down for a thousand dollars "to do a work that I have long yearned to see done for the Presbyterian Church in the South."

Practically another thousand dollars was given by other generous-hearted friends.

And every cent of it was absolutely VOLUNTARY.

The thing that Pensacola did will never be forgotten.

Afterward Came Fort Worth.

Fort Worth is the center of the cattle-raising section of the only real Empire State in the nation.

Her population will soon be a hundred thousand.

Her skyscrapers have passed the number when her citizens boast of them.

In Fort Worth are two strong Southern Presbyterian churches. Dr. William Caldwell is the pastor of one of them and Dr. A. F. Carr is the pastor of the other.

Here is what the Fort Worth Record had to say about the result of the presentation of the Oglethorpe Story in those two sister churches:

The marvelous story of the resurrection of Oglethorpe University was told Sunday morning at the Broadway Presbyterian Church and the previous Sunday morning at the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Worth, by Thornwell Jacobs, the executive representative of the institution. This institution, famous in ante-bellum days, was the oldest and most celebrated institution between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans south of the Virginia line. It was founded as the southern mate for Princeton and numbered among her graduates some of the most famous men of the nation. Sidney Lanier was one of her graduates. By the way, Lanier was a cousin of Mrs. Carr, whose husband is pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian Church; Joseph LeConte, the famous geologist, was one of her professors, as also was Dr. James Woodrow, the distinguished uncle of President Woodrow Wilson. Both Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Bacon, of Georgia, are directly descended from the men who founded her originally. Secretary McAdoo was reared on Midway Hill, the campus of the university. Dozens of other well known men are historically connected with it. When the war came the boys went into the army and the money into Confederate bonds so that Oglethorpe died at Gettysburg.

To Build State Memorials.

The Presbyterians of the South are busy now refounding Oglethorpe and into the new-old university it is planned to build a State memorial of each of the sixteen Southern States. These memorials will average approximately \$50,000 each, and will be either a professorship or building as the board of directors may determine and will be named by the synod of the State in which the money is raised, either for the State or for one of its distinguished citizens.

The churches of Fort Worth have given the institution a most hearty and

corporations involving amounts from a few thousand to one and one-half million. Had I known how deeply the whole citizenship was involved in these disasters, I should certainly never have dared to venture to Pensacola at that time, yet after the service the same splendid story was repeated and the subscription to Oglethorpe amounted to nearly \$2,000. Was ever a finer story told of a finer people?

On two successful Sundays in the same February, I told the Oglethorpe story in the two big churches at **Fort Worth, Texas**⁴⁰... The first of these was Dr. Caldwell's church, the lovable, generous, scholarly man, whose name is blessed. The Second had recently called my friend, **A. F. Carr, from Mobile**⁴⁰, by whose kindly invitation I had been allowed to address the Government Street Church in Mobile. I love them both as also their churches for their great-hearted treatment of the cause, not less than for their own delightful personalities. As the result of the two addresses, they wrote the sum

encouraging reception. In fact Texas is well up toward the front in supplying the sinews of war for the resurrection of old Oglethorpe. Last Sunday Mr. Jacobs presented the matter to Dr. Caldwell's church, the First Presbyterian, and the contribution made was most liberal, amounting to an even \$2,000. The same fine reception was given the cause at the Broadway church, of which Dr. Carr is pastor, the same being contributed. Both Drs. Carr and Caldwell will be members of the board of directors of Oglethorpe. These splendid contributions complete the first quarter of the Texas building or professorship of \$50,000.

Work on the buildings of the institutions, which will be located on a splendid campus of 137 acres of land on Peachtree road, Atlanta, Ga., is expected to begin shortly. Atlanta has already contributed over a quarter of a million dollars on her local bonus for the location of the institution there."

The point of it all is not in the above article. In fact the point is not a point at all, but a straight line.

That line runs from Atlanta to Fort Worth.

It is something like twelve hundred miles long.

Yet their hearts were warm for Oglethorpe.

What does that mean to you men of Carolina and Alabama and Tennessee?

This is what it means: it means that when you hear the story you also will do your part to aid in this: the greatest single piece of educational work that the Southern Presbyterian Church has ever attempted.

But the people of Fort Worth did even better than that; they did more than they were asked to do!

That is why you will also do more than you will be asked to do.

After all, is not that the way to do, anyway?

of \$4,200 opposite the name of Fort Worth, in our books and sent a thrill of joy through all the friends of Oglethorpe.

Just here I want to say that one of the marvelous findings of this whole campaign has been the discovery of the great heart of the Southern Presbyterian church. Beyond the little accidents of time and space, above the necessities of local conditions, that heart beats true and loyal from El Paso to Baltimore and from Kansas City to Tampa. I have found no difference in the quality of their generosity. Texas has responded as nobly as Georgia, and Missouri and Florida and Virginia may be compared in great hearted generosity even to Atlanta herself.

What an interesting trip that was to **Thomasville**⁴¹, Geor-

(41) A MAN AND HIS SONS.

(41) One day I was talking to an Atlanta man about going into South Georgia in the interest of Oglethorpe University and he asked me whether I had been to Thomasville yet. To this I replied, "No." Then he said: "Down in Thomasville there lives a man named Watt. When you go there. don't fail to see him."

Later I went to Quitman and some one there asked me the same question and received the same answer, to which he replied:

"Down in Thomasville there is a man named Watt; you must be sure to see him when you go there."

At Waycross, at Valdosta, all through south Georgia, it was the same.

Well, on the first Sabbath of March I went to Thomasville.

I had been warned that the people of that city were not interested any more in "Christian education," it having already cost them dear.

It was pictured as another Blackshear. You remember Blackshear?

And when Dr. McCarty met me at the station Saturday afternoon. he had just said to John Watt:

"It's a shame for a man to come way down here from Atlanta and get what he's going to get."

Whereto John Watt agreed.

It was not raining, but it was blowing a fifty-mile gale and the worst blizzard for four years was upon Thomasville.

The next morning it was as clear as any South Georgia whistle.

At Sunday school I met Will Watt, the superintendent. He is often called thereabouts "Captain" Watt. He is the man who held a mob of would-be lynchers at bay with the pointed bayonets of his company when the dignity of his state required the protection of a negro accused of assault on a white woman. He is also the man who teaches the negro Sunday school in Thomasville. He is an elder in the Presbyterian church and a graduate of Davidson college.

I also met Hansell Watt. He is a deacon in the church and the church treasurer and he has one of the finest looking little boys I ever saw.

Then I met Mr. Watt.

James Watt came to this country in 1866. Practically all of the time since then he spent in Thomasville. He is utterly Scotch. He married a daughter of Judge Hansell. He started life as a tinner in a little shop in

gia! I seemed to hear young Watt saying even now, "How much did Valdosta give, and how much did Waycross give?" When he learned that one had given \$1,000 and the other had given \$2,000, "It will come hard, but we must make it three from Thomasville, for we led the South Georgia League and if we can beat them playing base ball, we must lead them also in generosity." Over \$3,000 they added to the Oglethorpe fund.

To mention any name rather than the other would be invidious for they all did their part, yet I think when William A. Watt told me of how his father had sent his sons to Davidson and how, if their education at Davidson was worth anything, they ought also to build such a university as Davidson was a college, that my cup was running over with happiness. It was a splendid utterance of one of the finest types of young Georgia manhood that I have met anywhere.

I think with delight of **Sanford, Florida**⁴², of the twenty

his adopted village. He has seen it grow into a most beautiful city and his little tin shop has multiplied into I-don't-know-how-many-big stores throughout South Georgia.

And when I left Thomasville his pastor said to me: "You can not say anything too good of Mr. Watt."

After I had finished telling the Oglethorpe story in his church, I felt a touch on my arm and standing there was Mr. Watt.

"You may put me down for a thousand dollars," he said.

I had been wondering whether they were right about him.

I am going to take a big paragraph off just here and tell you about some other charming people.

I was delightfully entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rockwell and, although I tried my best to keep them from doing it, they insisted on putting a handsome subscription into the Oglethorpe pot.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Merrill were so generous as to hand a gift of some five hundred dollars to the cause. That was a big-hearted thing to do. In the same class were Mrs. C. S. Cassels, Mrs. E. H. Mallard, Chas. P. Hansell, R. G. Mays. Together, these good friends of a great cause gave some fourteen hundred dollars, and Messrs. Stewart and Watson added three hundred more.

On the way to church that night, Will Watt said:

"I think it's about time that Davidson College should be heard from. Put John and Hansell and myself down for another thousand."

That made three thousand six hundred dollars from the Thomasville church.

(42) A YOUNG MAN AND HIS PEOPLE.

I have just had one of the most interesting experiences of a year full of interesting ones. Here is the story of it:

girls who gave their \$1,000 that their pastor might represent them on the board; of the orange trees, scented with blossoms and hung with golden fruit, in one of which I buried my nose and the other my teeth; of Celery Avenue and

Fifteen months ago, Dr. E. Darnall Brownlee, who writes the Sunday School lessons for The Westminster, was the pastor of the Rock Spring Church, a medium-sized country church outside of Atlanta, and a good one. Unfortunately for his Atlanta charge, Rev. F. D. Hunt and Dr. Holderby kept talking about Brownlee's being one of the best informed young men in the Southern Church and incidentally mentioned how much the Rock Spring people thought of him. That reached Sanford, Florida, some way. Then they called him and that was how Celery Avenue first heard of Oglethorpe University.

When I reached Sanford, Brownlee was at the station and young Charley Whitner with him, and a car with them both and myself was soon speeding up to my room at Mrs. Long's, where I found a comfortable room awaiting me.

After that Brownlee and I took in the movies and I watched them "live happily ever after" while he invited everybody he saw to preaching next Sunday.

About midnight came the first fire, afterward the second, then the third. Some time during the night also it rained and that woke me instantly. Forty-seven times I have told the Oglethorpe story in pulpits all the way from Texas to Virginia, and not one time has it rained (saving only that first Sunday at Milledgeville).

I was confessedly anxious about the situation at Sanford. Brownlee was my friend and like Sims, at Dalton, might have just let me come to Sanford to talk over old times, not realizing that should we fail to get our thousand dollars and the man for our board it would be the first failure in the forty-seven and would ruin a record of which the whole South has become proud. Later I found out that he and Mr. DuBose had actually agreed that it seemed impossible for us to get that thousand.

Sunday morning my fears increased as I saw the shape his church was in. The need of a new church building was as instantly apparent to me as it had long been to them. The Sunday School classes were so crowded that men had actually stopped coming to their Bible Class because they could not hear for the voices of the other nearby teachers. I learned that they were trying to buy adjacent property and afterward to build, and all this expense would shortly be upon the people.

But do you know what they sang at Sunday School?

"God will take care of you!"

I told them the story and left the rest to them—and Him.

After the service, Mr. Runge came up to me, saying: 'I want to sign my name for \$600. Eight other members of the church raised the amount to \$1,450. Then a gentleman asked me if he might see me a moment privately, and it turned out to be another \$1,000.

Then one of the most interesting and beautiful things happened that has ever occurred in the history of that or any other church.

Twenty young ladies gave fifty dollars each, making a thousand dollars, and put their pastor, Dr. Brownlee, on the Board of Directors to represent them thereon.

Brownlee, their young pastor, and of the \$3,000 that they gave to Oglethorpe.

Came also the day when the story was told in the **First Church of Greenville, South Carolina**⁴⁸, when \$2,000 was

Dr. Brownlee will have to talk a great deal when the board meets to do that.

And there will be no man on the board who will represent more beauty or more lovely generosity than he.

When I went to Waycross, after the telling of the story, a gentleman approached me and asked:

"How many men did Valdosta put on the board?"

When I answered One, he shook his head knowingly and in a few moments came back to me and said:

"We will put two on."

A gentleman in Sanford asked: "What did Orlando do?"

And when I said Two thousand dollars, he added:

"We must make it three."

They did that and put \$450 in as extra measure just to show that they really were the county seat.

Sunday afternoon I told them all about the Thornwell Orphanage and her fifty cents, and when I preached Sunday night I was ready for bed. But we talked it over at the Whitners' till nearly midnight.

Monday morning they took me out Celery Avenue.

Fourteen years ago a gentleman cut a road through about two miles of farm land near the St. Johns River to Sanford, through land worth a few dollars an acre to get his children to school.

That is now Celery Avenue.

I stood watching them cut the celery from a ten-acre tract and was told that it was making thirteen hundred crates per acre and selling at \$1.50 per crate. It costs about four or five hundred dollars to raise it, per acre. That was the finest in the country.

The consequence is that all around Sanford is becoming an immense truck garden. It is the home of twenty-four pound cabbages and of the tenderest lettuce.

Then they took me to Mr. Dingee's and there I buried my face in orange blossoms and pulled a basket full of oranges, juicy and golden (my, how my little sinners at home did enjoy them), and when four o'clock had come I took the limited to Jacksonville and thence home.

I shall never forget Celery Avenue or the fine little city of which it is so important a part—

Nor the twenty girls who did so excellent a thing—

Nor Brownlee—who opened the door.

(48) THE GENEROSITY OF GREENVILLE.

To begin with, Mr. _____ had already given a thousand dollars which should of course be credited to the First Church of that city.

But Dr. Sloan wanted his people to hear the Oglethorpe story and set a date for the hearing.

The First Church Greenville has one of the finest memberships in our entire Assembly and the sight of their worshipping congregation is one

added to the subscription already made by one of their generous elders, thus placing Greenville at the head of all South Carolina towns in point of the amount given to her university.

Afterwards came **Sparta**⁴⁴, memorable from the sleet of Saturday night and the little congregation of fifteen who sang the long meter Doxology together. There had been no congregation so small to hear the Oglethorpe story since the days of the rain at Milledgeville nor any more noble to answer it for opposite their name on the Oglethorpe ledger is written the sum of \$1,000, in the name of W. P.

never to be forgotten. Greenville herself is a little marvel in her growth, in her spirit, in her climate, in her manufactories.

At the hotel Sunday morning I said to the negro waiter:

"This is a pretty good town you've got here."

"Yaas, sub, dis is; hits a pow'ful good town."

"About the best town in the State, isn't it?"

"Well, sub, hits amongst de bestes."

"Couldn't quite say it is the very best?"

"Well, I tell you, Boss, I couldn't quite say hit was the very bestes; you see, Boss, I'se a Spartanburg nigger!"

But so far as Oglethorpe is concerned, in respect to total amount given, she is "the very bestes."

For C. C. Good added a thousand dollars to Mr. _____'s and other members of the church made up over a thousand dollars more.

It is fitting that this great church in this great and generous city should do this great thing.

When South Carolina shall have all done anything like as well, the South Carolina Memorial in Oglethorpe will be one of the very best of all.

(44) THE SPIRIT OF SPARTA.

There are two people who will always remember how it snowed and sleeted and rained on March 21, 1914. They are Dr. Britt, pastor of the Sparta church—and myself.

His membership is about a hundred and we were afraid that Sunday would not see one-fifth of them present. But it was clear.

Dr. Britt had told me that there were four people who MIGHT help if they were there to hear the story.

There were nineteen people in the church when we sang the longmeter Doxology. The total number was thirty-one after a few stragglers had come in. Four or five of them were strangers and Methodists.

As I was about to rise to speak, Dr. Britt whispered:

"None of the four are here."

Yet that noble band of men and women, than whom I have met none finer in all my travels, made up that thousand dollars within ten minutes after the service was over and the list finally went up to fifteen hundred dollars.

"Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Beman, descendant of C. P. Beman, one of the most famous educators Georgia has ever known.

Palatka⁴⁵ came next, being the fifty-first church to hear the story and to do her duty with a subscription of \$2,173. I wonder if the big black-bird is still sitting on the limb opposite Dr. Purcell's home which overlooked the St. John's river. He was there on the same limb each of the times that I visited Palatka.

Water Valley, Mississippi⁴⁶, was the fifty-second church to hear the story, and it was an alumnus of the Southwestern College at Clarksville who led the subscription that placed R. F. Kimmons on our board of founders.

(45) IN PRAISE OF PALATKA.

Purcell is the name of their pastor, a man who believes in God and fears not what man may do unto him. He is one of the best preachers in Florida and he is pastor of one of the dearest, quaintest little churches that ever you saw.

What's more, his people believe in him. At Greenville, S. C., I found a great preacher, at Sparta, a father of a whole village, at Palatka a brother of a whole county.

If you ever go to Palatka look up into that gigantic tree in front of the manse and you will see my old friend, a gorgeous blackbird with a voice that took me back to the swaying reeds of childhood's brooks. I have been in Palatka twice, a month apart, and he hadn't moved.

Purcell told me that there was a man in Palatka who might give the Oglethorpe thousand if he happened to hear the story and he was always there, rain or shine.

The sky was perfectly cloudless.

He was not there.

(46) WESTWARD TO WATER VALLEY.

Water Valley is a little city of approximately five thousand population on the I. C. R. R. in Northern Mississippi, among the hills. It has the purest of water and the I. C. shops.

Dr. Hobson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, is a home mission worker whose labors have been blessed marvelously. We have a story and an interesting one prepared for this issue of The Westminster which has to do with one of his mission chapels.

Water Valley also has the most remarkable street I have ever known in one respect.

It is called Main street. On it is located every church in the town except one, and that one is called the Main Street Methodist Church.

I was delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Leland, a Clarksville man. If all the Clarksville men are like him, that institution has got the world beat on alumni.

Although Dr. Hobson was eighteen miles away and it was the first time Water Valley and I had ever met, they gave Oglethorpe the man she asked for, being the fifty-second church to do it.

The following Sunday at **Tampa**⁴⁷ was the second rainy Sunday out of fifty-three. If it be true that those who look for providences shall have providences to look for, surely some meaning shall be gathered from this fact. But rainy though it was, the Oglethorpe list was well filled and Tampa took her place in accordance with her power.

One of the most interesting paragraphs of this whole story concerns **Little Rock, Ark**⁴⁸. As I write, I can see the beau-

(47) THE TESTING AT TAMPA.

I am just back from my trip to Tampa, riding the Royal Palm into Atlanta at six o'clock this morning in the midst of what my stenographer calls "some rain!"

Dr. J. C. Tims is pastor of the Tampa First Church. He is a man of such a kind as may not be met with any too often.

I saw an unusual thing happen there, too.

It rained!

It was the fifty-third time that I had told the Oglethorpe story in various pulpits from Texas to Virginia, and, excepting only that first Sunday at Milledgeville, it had never rained.

When I woke up and looked out of the hotel window at a tropical down-pour and realized what it meant for the congregation, it seemed impossible that it should really be raining!

The trouble was that I did not realize what it meant, for that congregation—that reminds me of a story. Mrs. Tims told it to me.

Mr. C. L. Nance has a very, very sweet little girl who was talking to one of her playmates about the rain one day. Mr. Nance is a young elder of Tims' church. The little playmate had told her friend of how the rain had rained out their congregation the Sunday before. Then little Miss Nance replied:

"It didn't rain at our church!"

Dr. Tims' congregation kept coming and, although it rained everywhere else in Tampa. "It didn't rain at our church!"

Again they gave us the man we asked for and as if that were not enough made it two.

Dr. Tims is going to build a handsome new church on a new site before long. The present building is too small and too poorly equipped and needs to be changed.

But he will never have to change his people.

(48) THE LEADERSHIP OF LITTLE ROCK.

When the Spanish explorers sailed up the Mississippi and thence up the Arkansas they found their first rock (and it was none too large) within a quarter of a mile of the present center of the metropolis of Arkansas.

The first time you cross the river the view of Little Rock from the bridge will strike you most attractively, and later when you stand in the center of the city and notice its well-arranged buildings and streets and its towering office structures, you will like Little Rock.

There are three strong Presbyterian churches in the city.

Dr. John Van Lear is the pastor of the First Church. They have just

tiful river and the new modern city rising just beyond her and I think of Dr. Van Lear and Dr. Hay Watson Smith and Dr. J. L. Read, the three beloved and efficient pastors of the Presbyterian churches in Little Rock. Each of these churches had its work to do and each had its burdens to carry, but each also did its duty to their university. Worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with them was **Baton Rouge, Louisiana**⁴⁹, whose splendid generosity (I find that

sold their old building and are erecting a new church a few blocks away. The Sunday School building has just been finished and it is probably the best arranged in the Southern Assembly. The auditorium will be built soon.

When I told the Oglethorpe story in Dr. Van Lear's church it was the first time in all Arkansas. Yet I found that the way had already been prepared by the Great Hand (Manu Dei Resurrexit) and the First Church led the state with approximately two thousand dollars.

The very next Sabbath I was at the Second Church, of which Dr. Hay Watson Smith is pastor, and a greatly beloved pastor at that. I found in him the same warm friendship and the same big-hearted optimism that Dr. Van Lear had shown toward Oglethorpe. Again they showed that Arkansas may be depended on to do her duty and they added two thousand dollars to the part the Presbyterians of Little Rock would take in the resurrection of their old University.

Then just a week or two ago I went back to Little Rock to be with the Central Presbyterian. J. L. Read, one of the most lovable young men in our Assembly, is the pastor of this, one of the most devoted organizations in the South. Their membership is not large, but their hearts are. One of their greatest souled men gave a thousand dollars and others added to it until the subscription of the Presbyterians of Little Rock (there are only about a thousand of them) amounted to over five thousand dollars.

It is easy to write this marvelous record of generosity, but it is practically impossible to match it—except in a few other Presbyterian churches.

The work of Oglethorpe University has just started and here is one band of Presbyterians offering five thousand dollars!

The Presbyterians of Little Rock—upon such rocks as these are churches and universities are built!

(49) BIG-HEARTED BATON ROUGE.

Elsewhere in this issue is told the story of the progress of Presbyterianism in Louisiana and especially around Baton Rouge, but when it comes to telling in a deserving way the story of their generosity to Oglethorpe University, it is hard to find the right word.

Here is a church which ten years ago had one hundred members, giving four thousand two hundred and thirty-five dollars to refound Oglethorpe, and giving it voluntarily, without solicitation except the presentation of the cause from the pulpit.

What if the church has grown under the ministrations of Dr. Hunter to over four hundred members? That is ten dollars for every man, woman and child on the church roll.

The removal of the duty on sugar had disastrously affected a large part

this language does not contain enough adjectives expressing the idea that I want to convey, so I am using the best that it has over and over again), added \$4,235 to our ledger and ranked that church, which a few years ago was practically a mission, up with the dozen leading churches of the Assembly hitherto visited.

Afterward came **Greenville, Mississippi**,⁵⁰ and Jackson, Tenn., and Norfolk, Virginia, to complete the work of the spring and another year had written almost \$100,000 to the Oglethorpe list. In each of these three cities the same reception met us.

I mention particularly that generous hearted Pennsylvanian, L. L. Curtis, of **Jackson**,⁵¹ because his heart was too

of the community and the day I was in Baton Rouge a large sugar planter committed suicide.

Yet as I listened to the choir I heard them sing:

Be thou still, it is thy Father's work of grace,
Wait thou yet before His face,
Be thou still, be thou still.

Excluding Georgia, they broke the record for proportionate giving for any church above four hundred membership.

(50) ON THE BLUE GOOSE TO GREENVILLE.

The Blue Goose leaves Birmingham at seven in the morning and gets to Greenville, Miss., at seven-forty in the evening, and whether it is on time or not, if you are the Oglethorpe Man, Dr. Graves will meet you at the other end

The boost they gave Oglethorpe!

Again that ten-dollar a member proportion, almost.

Dr. Graves has just been called to Greenville and his work is opening up there finely. The men of the church are back of him and he is after them

After the service, while men and women were putting their names to the list of givers, came a young man:

"My father also was at Gettysburg," he said, "on the Federal side. He was there where Oglethorpe died. And I, his son, want to help her to rise from the dead."

Then he put a liberal subscription down on the list.

What a marvelous thing is this great kind heart of the Presbyterian church. Its generosity is past belief.

I never cease wondering at the way they are learning to love Oglethorpe.

(51) JOHNSON AND JACKSON.

They sound well together, do they not?

They also are two good generals. One of them is leading the progress of the central western section of Tennessee and the other is leading the progress of Presbyterianism in a thriving city.

large to be confined to his native state or even to the state of his adoption, and also F. S. Royster, of **Norfolk**,^{52a} the first city of Virginia to hear the Oglethorpe story.

Albert Sidney Johnson—and Jackson, Tennessee.

Johnson told me at the beginning that as soon as that magnificent church they had just finished was completed he would be ready for me to tell the Oglethorpe story to his people, and, true to his promise, he was.

I found a pretty city with every evidence of prosperity on all sides, but the prettiest thing in Jackson is the First Presbyterian Church.

By the way, this is the church that Dr. Mark A. Matthews was once the pastor of, but they have built the new structure since he left.

As soon as Johnson found out that I was at the hotel he took me to the homes of his congregation, not knowing—or did he know?—what a blessing he was conferring on me in the doing of it.

And because I cannot possibly explain what I mean by it you must just believe me when I say that I saw there as sweet and pure an illustration of how joy may be brought out of infinite pains as I have ever seen in all my life.

Sweetness from suffering, joy from great regret, cheerfulness out of an unlessened burden.

To be a person like that is a much bigger thing than to build a University.

Any one who knows Jackson and the people of the First Presbyterian Church there would be a winner in a guess as to what they did for Oglethorpe.

But we may as well write it out plain so that those who do not know either may hear.

They gave an even two thousand dollars to give the Southern Presbyterian Church a University worthy of all her traditions.

So far Tennessee has averaged something like one hundred thousand dollars for the Synod. That ought to give us a first-class Tennessee Memorial at Oglethorpe.

(52a) THE PACE THAT NORFOLK SET.

Stuart Nye Hutchison is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Norfolk, Virginia.

He is a son of that Hutchison and a nephew of that other Hutchison, the one of whom was salutatorian and the other the valedictorian of that famous class in Davidson's history, before the war.

When the war came these two brothers and a third were separated. One lived in New York, one in Charlotte, and the other far out west. They never saw one another again though they all three lived to be over eighty years of age.

Stuart Nye Hutchison is a son of the New York brother. He was graduated from Lafayette College and Princeton Seminary and when the First Church, Norfolk, needed the right man, James I. Vance knew where to help to find him.

When I told the Oglethorpe story to his people it was the first time that the old familiar name had resounded in a Virginia Presbyterian pulpit for a half century.

Was it not a fitting thing that it was in such a pulpit?

On September 27 the work for 1914-15 began at **Grenada**,^{52b} Mississippi, in the midst of the terrible depression caused by the world war. It is not the least of the remarkable statements that may be made about the history of the founding of Oglethorpe University that at a time when such cotton as could be sold was bringing five and six and seven cents, the marvelous record of the Oglethorpe chain was not broken at a single link. Grenada, Mississippi, was the first to prove

For the First Church, Norfolk, is the oldest Presbyterian church organization in the Southern Assembly and for aught of denial to the contrary the oldest on the North American Continent.

It has seen Oglethorpe come, live her half-century of wonderful life and go with the sixties.

So she reached out her hand and helped her to rise again from the dead.

F. S. Royster, when he heard the story—

Have you ever met Mr. Royster? You have heard of men who look like Woodrow Wilson? Well, Wilson looks like Mr. Royster.

Their features, their set jaws, their silhouette, their eyes, their smile are so similar that you would recognize the one from having seen the picture of the other.

Twenty-two hundred dollars was the total from the Church.

Of which Mr. Royster gave one thousand and other members of the Church gave another twelve hundred.

When I walked into the marvelously beautiful interior of this church, finished in such exquisite taste, I wondered what sort of hearts were inside the breasts of the people who worshipped there.

May I tell you?

A little lady who is a seamstress gave one hundred dollars.

A strong man gave a thousand dollars.

And between them were a noble band of men and women who heard the voice of God in the call of Oglethorpe, who saw what was and what might still be and who were not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

(52b) THE GRIT OF GRENADA.

Grenada, Mississippi, is in the northern part of that state adjacent to the great Delta cotton country and dependent upon the fleecy staple for its financial progress. It had every reasonable excuse whereunder the Oglethorpe cause might have been postponed, yet its pastor, Rev. J. C. Carothers, is not the kind of man who makes excuses and he and his session willingly invited us to tell the Oglethorpe story to their people. This was the first time that he have made a public presentation of the cause since the great war of the Eastern Hemisphere began, so we were just a little frightened over the possibility of this church being the first to fail to put its member on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe. How useless this fright was, was shown by the splendid response given by the Grenada folk. Facing all that the war might bring to them, they nevertheless over-subscribed the \$1,000 and will shortly choose their member for the Board.

For the grit and grace of such a folk as these all who love Christian education are grateful.

this and **Fayetteville**⁵³, Tennessee, endorsed it on the following Sunday.

Crowley, Louisiana⁵⁴, forgot that there was a war for a little while and wrote \$3,750 down as the part that she would like to take in her university.

(52c) **HIS WHOLE LITTLE LIFE.**

One night in Grenada, Mississippi, a young couple waited by the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church to shake hands with the Executive Representative of Oglethorpe University.

"We heard you tell the Oglethorpe story this morning," the woman said—and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes," continued her husband, "and we have been talking it over since"—there were tears also in his eyes—"We had a little boy. On his birthday we put a little sum in the bank for him, and we and others had added to it from time to time until it reached \$85.00. And then he—died."

There was silence then for a moment.

"And we thought"—the mother said. "Yes," the father continued, "we've been talking it over and we've decided to give it all to you. We want to put his whole little life into Oglethorpe."

Sleep, O little one, in peace. And may the gentle angels tell you of this, that you may love father and mother all the more.

"A whole little life for Oglethorpe."

Into the blue granite of Oglethorpe's first building the little life-savings will go. There it will help to bless others.

It will speak to them of God and wisdom and Jesus.

These Three shall be known on her campus and honored in her classrooms. Her great men shall sing their praises.

For if not—the very stones would cry out.

(53) **THE FAITH OF FAYETTEVILLE.**

Fayetteville, Tennessee, is located in one of the most beautiful sections in the southeastern part of that State. It is also one of the oldest Presbyterian organizations in Tennessee, there being only one other church in the State whose organization preceded theirs.

Their centennial was celebrated some years ago and the fine old church in which they worship at present has something like 75 years of age.

The kind of people that they are is evidenced sufficiently by what they did for Oglethorpe University. "If Grenada can do it, so can we," is what they said in their hearts, and so they did.

To Rev. R. S. Brown, the pastor; to George A. Jarvis, who entertained the Oglethorpe man so hospitably and kindly; to the boys of the Morgan School, who came out in force and crowded the church at the night service; to all the big-hearted Presbyterians who made their subscription in order that their old University might be restored, we hereby return thanks in the name of all lovers of Christian education.

(54) **CROWLEY, A NATIONAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LOUISIANA.**

Elsewhere in this issue we print a most remarkable story. It describes a church at least half of whom are from Illinois and Indiana, or elsewhere

Danville, Kentucky⁵⁵, whose pastor, Dr. E. M. Green, was an alumnus of old Oglethorpe college, put \$1,000 beneath it and **Monroe**⁵⁶, North Carolina, did the same with an open-

in the Middle West, and who, having gone to Louisiana during the last ten or twenty years, have formed a Southern Presbyterian Church and have come very close to leading the entire Synod in those qualities and labors which characterize excellence.

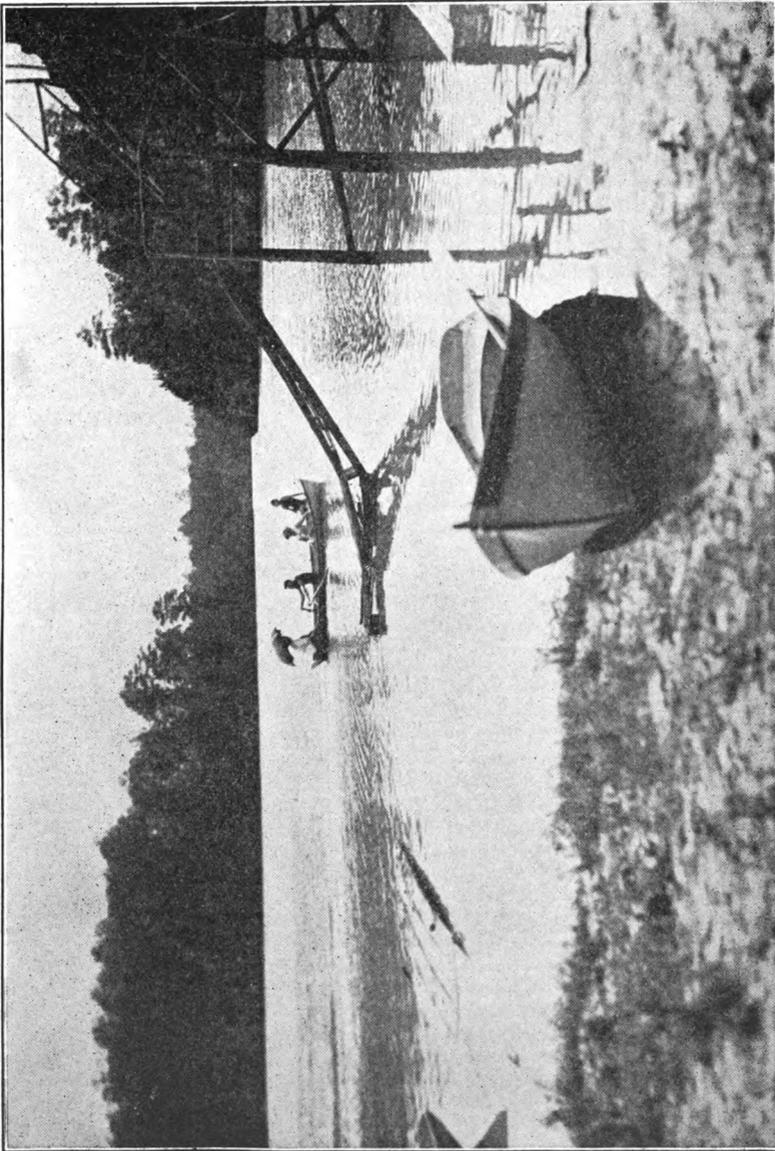
We told the story of Oglethorpe University to this church just a week or two ago. When we learned that the entire choir was from Illinois, and almost the entire church from elsewhere than Louisiana originally, we knew that it would be a splendid opportunity to test the appeal of Oglethorpe University to the Presbyterianism of the Nation; the result of this test was magnificent; two members of the church each gave \$1,000 to Oglethorpe, and other members made up a contribution of some \$1,750 more, this making a total of almost \$25.00 per member for every man, woman and child in the organization. This should mean to all intelligent people a great deal more than the fact that Oglethorpe has received a fine contribution from some generous-hearted friends. It shows, among other things, what brothers can do when they pull together. It shows what fine Louisiana Presbyterians the Illinois Presbyterians make, and it leads us all to that irresistible hope that some day there shall be on the books, as there is now in the hearts, no line of division between the Presbyterians of this nation.

And so the whole Southern Presbyterian Church extends to you western men and women of Crowley, who have come down to the Pelican State to throw in your lot with what we may call our people and our Church, a cordial greeting of thanks and appreciation. You did a great thing and you stand for a great thing, and your Church that is built upon God and united Presbyterianism is a great Church.

(55) COLLEGE DAYS IN OLD OGLETHORPE.

By E. M. Green.

When the Presbyterian Council met in Washington City in the fall of 1899, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who was at that time pastor of a church in that city, invited the whole body to a reception at his house. When presented to him, I remarked that I was a student at Oglethorpe University while his uncle, Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, was president of that institution. He seemed much interested and said, "Please walk into the next room and see his portrait." Stepping into the room indicated by a wave of his hand, I enjoyed one of the pleasantest surprises of my life—a picture hung on the wall which I instantly recognized and the history of which I well knew, but which I supposed had been destroyed during the war—it was the portrait of President Talmage, presented by the students in 1859. Its history was this: Seeing that the health of their beloved president was failing, the students held a meeting and resolved to have a handsome portrait of him painted by a distinguished artist who had temporarily opened a studio in Milledgeville. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed to wait on him and ask him to sit for the picture. He was much affected by this evidence of regard on the part of the student body, demurred kindly because of the expense they would incur, but yielded to their request, and in the course of a few weeks the portrait was finished and handsomely framed. On commencement day it was unveiled and was presented to the board of trustees by one of the students selected to perform that duty, Stinson



View of Silver Lake, which furnishes an attractive feature of the university life at Oglethorpe, where boating, fishing and swimming refresh the boys after a hard day's work. This lake covers eighty-two acres and is approximately a mile long.

handed generosity, doubled by the financial situation in the Old North State.

And then came one of those things that makes a man know

Little, in a brief and very appropriate speech. It was accepted for the University by the president of the board, the Hon. John T. Gresham, of Macon. And now I looked on that portrait once more which I had not seen since that memorable commencement day, forty years before.

Returning to the parlor, I found Dr. Talmage still standing at the head of the receiving line, and asked him to tell me how this portrait so long lost had come into his possession. He said that after the death of his uncle, in the dismantling of the college building, the portrait was sent to the home of the widow near by, probably for safe keeping, and visiting her soon after the war she presented it to him, and it had been in his possession ever since.

Soon after this Dr. Talmage died. A few years later when the surviving alumni of Oglethorpe University proposed to have a reunion, I wrote to the Rev. James H. Taylor, of Washington City, requesting him to see Mrs. Talmage and have a photograph of the portrait taken and sent to me to be shown to the old students, who would be happy to see it. He found her at the hotel, and she told him that after her husband's death the home was broken up and the portrait had been sent to their son, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, in Philadelphia. I immediately wrote him, making the same request. He replied that he would have a photograph of the portrait taken and sent to me; but his death occurred soon after and there my quest ended.

The Professors.

In the old days it was thought that four professors were enough for a college. Whether more would have been better, I may not say, but as things were those we had seemed to be all that we needed; teachers and students were brought close together, and felt the mutual benefit of personal contact and intimate acquaintance; all did good work; fairly good scholars were turned out from the institution every year, very many of them became useful men, and some quite prominent both in church and state.

Dr. Talmage was a gentleman of the old school, courteous and kind, of dignified and elegant demeanor, an eloquent preacher, and a scholar of culture and polish. He always commanded the respect and affection of the students.

Professor Lane was a man of great simplicity of character, "an Israelite in whom was no guile." He was universally esteemed for his goodness and was an excellent and faithful teacher.

Professor Smith was a more rugged character, a man of philosophic mind and great strength of character. He was very kind, though somewhat reserved, and got nearer to the students than any of his colleagues.

But the scholar of the faculty was the young professor, still in his twenties, who had just returned from Heidelberg with the highest honors of that great university, where he was known as "the wonder of America." Professor Woodrow possessed the finest general scholarship and could have filled with ability any chair in the college, but he was specially accomplished as a scientist. His instructions were highly valued, and in later days his attainments not only in natural science, but in other departments of learning, were recognized both in this country and in Europe.

that there is a God in Heaven and that He lives in the hearts of men. Dr. J. W. Bachman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of **Chattanooga, Tennessee**⁵⁷, a man of clear outlook

Lanier.

At the beginning of the last term of the collegiate year, April, 1857, a new student appeared one morning in the sophomore class room. He seemed very young, with a sweet girlish face, and his manner was very shy and diffident. The question passed around the class, "Who is this little innocent that has dropped in here this morning?" and the answer was, "Sidney Lanier of Macon." The first time that he was called to recite, his Latin was read with such fluency and translated with such elegance and correctness that, young and almost childish as he seemed to be, he was recognized as easily the peer of his older classmates.

Sid Lanier soon became a favorite in the college, and by his gentleness and courtesy, his purity and real manliness, he gained the affections and commanded the respect of all his fellow-students.

It was soon learned that he was master of the flute; and with Little LeConte's violin and John Lamar's violoncello a college orchestra was formed that gave us exquisitely beautiful music. In his junior year he proved himself a fine student; and his essays, somewhat out of the line of the ordinary student's thought, were always interesting, but a little above our comprehension. At the end of the year he dropped out of the class and we graduated without him. But the next year he returned and finished his college course. The rest of his brief career the whole English-speaking, poetry-loving world knows.

The Old Stand.

In recent years, visiting my sons who are on the medical staff of the Georgia State Sanitarium, near the site of old Oglethorpe University, I have frequently stood on the ground so familiar to me a half century ago. But all is changed, not a building is standing that made the university of my college days. The main building, a large and imposing structure, stood at the head of the campus, while rows of cottages on either side provided rooms for the students. It was proposed to erect two large dormitories, one on either side of the main building, and one of these was built and still stands, being now used as a private sanitarium. But there is nothing left to remind one of the Oglethorpe of my day. On the 20th of July last I stood near by the spot where the old Central building once lifted its majestic form, and I remembered that 55 years ago that very day the class of '59 received their diplomas and separated, each to go his own way in the world, never all to meet again in this life. Of that good class some soon ended their brief careers on the field of battle, and of many others I never heard again. So far as I know, only four of that class remain today, all ministers of the gospel, viz.: Rev. Dr. George L. Pe'rie, of Charlottesville, Va., our first honor man; Rev. J. D. A. Brown, of Aberdeen, N. C.; Rev. W. B. Bingham, of Mt. Olive, Miss., and the writer of these reminiscences. If any others of that class are living, we would be glad to hear of them.

I remember, too, that 57 years before, at the annual commencement, the handsome and accomplished young minister who had just come from Staunton, Va., to become pastor of the First Church of Augusta, Ga., Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, had brought his little family to visit his wife's brother, Professor James Woodrow. The young professor was very proud of the baby,

and kindly sentiment, invited me to tell the story in his church at a time when the clouds were deepening rather than being dispelled. The Belgian Relief Fund was claiming the atten-

his little nephew, just six months old. Looking admiringly at the little fellow as he sat in the middle of the floor, playing with his rattle, so plump, serious, and quiet, he said to me, "Did you ever see such a splendid, dignified baby as Tommie? He looks to me like a moderator of a General Assembly." Had he been a prophet he would have said President of the United States. Tommie lost somewhat of his good looks as he grew up, and also lost his first name; but as Woodrow Wilson he is known to the whole world.

But time moves on and changes come. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh," babies grow up and become moderators and presidents; college students become old men and end their days; and it may be that a new and greater Oglethorpe may arise out of the Oglethorpe of old.

(55) DR. GREEN AND DANVILLE.

Fifty-three years ago there was a boy at old Oglethorpe University named Ed Green.

As he reads these lines what memories must come to him of those days!

He has written out for you to read in the Westminster a good long Story of Old Days at Oglethorpe which will begin with the next number of this magazine. Having read them, we can promise our readers a treat.

In the meantime let us announce that Dr. Green's people at Danville, Ky., put him on the Board of Directors of his old Alma Mater.

Dr. Green is the only living alumnus of Oglethorpe who is an ex-moderator of the Assembly.

Dr. Green says he is over seventy years old. It is one of his few real mistakes.

By the way, he is chairman of the Alumni Committee appointed to reorganize the Alumni of Oglethorpe at the next meeting of the board of directors. This meeting will be held on January 21, 1915, when the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe will be paid.

(56) MONROE AND HER PRESBYTERIANS.

Monroe, North Carolina, is considered one of the best all round towns in the state.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway has made it a sort of headquarters for many clever conductors and trainmen of their line by selecting Monroe as a division headquarters. When you come south from New York you notice that you change conductors at Monroe.

A man who was born and reared on the Seaboard comes to know the conductors almost as brothers. They are a fine body of men.

Yet the city is not a "railroad town." Its population is cosmopolitan and includes all ranks of life.

When we went to Monroe to tell Dr. Gurney's good people the Oglethorpe story we expected to find just such a church as we did find.

You see we knew Captain Lane and Dr. Gurney and—J. M. Belk.

Have you ever met Belk?

Well, any sensible church would be glad to trade a dozen perfectly excellent men for one J. M. Belk.

tion of the whole church except such as they could give to the Associated Charities, to the Y. M. C. A., and to their own finances. When the story had been told that morning and the invitation had been given to any who would like to aid in the great enterprise to speak to me privately after the service, it was with a fear and trembling that had reason for its basis, that we both descended from the pulpit to meet whoever might care to come. One by one they came forward, each writing the subscription beneath the other until more than a thousand dollars was totaled. Then I saw a man with iron grey hair and kindly eyes approaching me. "How much would you like for me to give you?" he asked. "Anything," I answered, "from a penny up." "Well," he replied, "I think I will give you about ten thousand dollars." Frankly, I thought he was joking, for there was a little smile on his lips, but I handed him a paper to sign. "How would you like it paid?" he asked. Thinking I would carry the joke out, I answered, "Make it payable on demand." A moment later he handed me back the paper and there was ten thousand dollars written on it, "Payable on demand." His pastor had seen it and I heard him say as he extended his hand, "Splendid, Mr. Lupton, splendid; I had half an idea that you would do something like that."

I pause to pay this tribute to J. T. Lupton, of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Even he did not know what a great thing his God was doing when the two of them wrote his name on that paper on November 1, 1914, for the gift that he made had about it all of the fine aroma of similar gifts already given by men of smaller means who must sacrifice to do their duty to Oglethorpe, and it had this rather fine thing in it; that

If you have ever had anything to do with Montreat you know him, and the story of his generosity there.

If you have ever read the Presbyterian Standard you have him to thank for it.

Every other agency in the church has felt his kindly touch, including his local state educational interests.

But Belk can see even beyond North Carolina.

So he set his hand to join in doing the biggest thing that his generation has planned to do for their church, and joined the Oglethorpe Founders.

it was given as a son of God ought to give if he can do it. There were no strings tied to it; there was no if and no and; it was, therefore, something more than a gift, it was a prayer and it had combined the finest elements of prayer: faith in the cause; faith in the man presenting the cause; faith in the pastor inviting that man; faith in his church who had hitherto responded so splendidly and faith in that great, vast power by whose hand his university was rising from the dead.

When the check that Mr. Lupton sent a few weeks later reached the Oglethorpe treasury, it deepened the faith of even our men in Atlanta. It was the first large contribution given in cash to the cause and it sent a thrill of satisfaction and inspiration to every person who had contributed in money or in work or in prayer to the work that had been done up to that time.

For three years I had been searching the South for just such a man. I found many like him among our men and

And there is a little class of girls in that church who have promised us their picture for the Westminster. That will come later.

(57) **The Presbyterians of Chattanooga** gave over thirteen thousand dollars to refund their old University.

This was made possible by the liberality, largely, of one man, J. T. Lupton.

In a way that shall connect his name most intimately with the great work to which he set his hand, with a generosity that all Presbyterians who love their Church must ever cherish, and with a faith that ought to thrill every worth-while person in our Church, he wrote a check for ten thousand dollars as his opinion of what we must do.

The sight of such a giver ought surely to make the whole Church freely give.

And when "Tom McCallie's Church" heard of it, they did a splendid part by their University.

Outside of giving more than two thousand dollars, they put McCallie and Milligan on the Board of Directors to represent their Church, two men who match with Dr. Bachman and J. T. Lupton of the First Church. The four will represent the Presbyterians of Chattanooga on the Board.

Other gifts came in during the month also, generous gifts from great-hearted people, until the total subscriptions for the month mounted to practically twenty thousand dollars.

And this was a war month.

The motto of Oglethorpe University is: *Manu Dei Resurrexit.*

For by the hand of God she has risen from the dead.

women in spirit, but few like him in that rare combination of means and spirit. As long as there is an Oglethorpe University, the name of J. T. Lupton will be indissolubly connected with it.

As if Chattanooga had not done enough, "Tom McCallie's Church,"⁵⁷ for so it is popularly known in Chattanooga, added over \$2,000 two weeks later. Indeed, it seemed as if almost every family in the church were represented on the list. The two combined placed Chattanooga, Tennessee, first of all the cities of the South, excepting, of course, Atlanta, on the Oglethorpe list in point of amount given to the institution, the total from their city being \$13,640.

And just to prove that hearts beat warm even in the midst of adversity, **Alexandria, Louisiana,**⁵⁸ wrote her paragraph in the Oglethorpe history; wrote it with a golden pen, a loyal heart and an ink that was reddened with sacrifice; \$3,510 was the figure she put opposite her name, but even that amount does not express her splendid loyalty in her darkest hour.

(58) THE STORY OF A GREAT NOVEMBER.

One would hardly select November, 1914, as an ideal month for raising money for philanthropic purposes.

Scarcely, indeed, would one find heart to criticize institutional heads who during the last few months have ceased all efforts to secure subscriptions to their several works.

Yet how great His mercy towards those that trust Him!

First, let us tell about Alexandria, Louisiana.

A beautiful little city, one of the best in the state, a great lumbering and wood-working center—and therefore feeling the full effects of the war.

A little Presbyterian Church, pastored by one of the most faithful men in the Southern Assembly, with a noble and devoted people whom he has shepherded for an even twenty years.

In membership made up of folks from every State in the Union, with a consequently broad outlook upon the position and responsibilities of their own Church.

When they heard the Oglethorpe story they forgot the war, the depression and all the consequent pessimism. They remembered only duty and faith and God. They put some thirty-five hundred dollars into the Louisiana memorial at Oglethorpe and did it gladly as a people should give to their King.

We have promised an article for the Westminster about this Church and about the work of their pastor in his twenty years of service.

Beneath her is the church at **Albany, Georgia**⁵⁹, who heard the story on the first Sunday in December in the very midst of the worst month and the worst year that she has had since the war, yet she has nothing to be ashamed of even compared with the generous gifts of the preceding year, made by other churches, for her total approximated \$2,000.

Marshall, Missouri⁶⁰, the farthest point in the Northwest,

(59) **ALBANY AND HER DUTY.**

Albany, Georgia, has one of the most interesting Presbyterian churches in the whole South blessing it.

The city itself is modern and up-to-date. Great, broad streets, high class mercantile houses, splendid railroad facilities, and The Albany Herald.

Have you ever met Mr. McIntosh or his son?

The father started The Albany Herald as a daily newspaper years and years ago. It has now become a really great little daily, sold everywhere through southern Georgia, read by probably twenty or twenty-five thousand people. His son—H. T. McIntosh—teaches the Men's Brotherhood Class in the Sunday School.

It is a Brotherhood and it is taught.

The membership totals almost two hundred. Think of that! The whole church membership is far less.

Do you know of any larger men's class in any Sunday School in the South?

They help carry the Church and the Sunday School.

They support a child in the Thornwell Orphanage.

They have an employment bureau to assist the men of Albany to obtain work.

And they gave a thousand dollars to put Mr. McIntosh on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University.

By the way, Mr. McIntosh has one of the finest private collections of Indian relics in the world, right there adjacent to his office in the Herald building, and he has promised to help out the Oglethorpe Museum when the time comes.

There are lots of other interesting things about the Albany Church, particularly about the way S. E. Crosby has worked and prayed and led it into a broader, fuller life, and about the fine spirit of co-operation that pervades it from the pastor and Sunday School superintendent down to the very little fellows.

Drop in on them some Sunday. You won't know it from home.

(60) **ANOTHER STATE SWINGS INTO THE OGLETHORPE COLUMN—MISSOURI.**

It was at Marshall, where R. C. McAdie (pure Scotch) is pastor, that the Oglethorpe story was told for the first time in Missouri.

Do you recollect the blizzard of December 13-15, the one that broke the record for chilliness? Well, we saw it leave home to come South that day in Marshall. But the hearts of the people were warm and they were the first in the fine old Synod of Missouri to do their duty to their University.

There are others in Missouri who will follow suit when the time comes. We have seen enough of Missouri Presbyterians to know that.

heard the story in the midst of a blizzard fresh from Alaska and little **Centerville, Alabama**,⁶¹ wherein dwell some of the noblest hearts on earth, added also her thousand before the Christmas holidays had come. One visit only was made between that date and the laying of the corner stone of our first building. It was to **Lakeland, Florida**,⁶² where another triumph of generosity was recorded.

(61) **THE THIRD TIME THAT IT RAINED.**

It was at Centerville, Alabama, December 20th, 1914. The other two times had been at Milledgeville, Georgia, and Tampa, Florida.

On all the other seventy Sabbath mornings when the Oglethorpe story has been told from Presbyterian pulpits from Missouri to Florida, and from Texas to Virginia, it has not rained.

Centerville has a population of approximately one thousand people and the Presbyterian Church a membership of about one hundred.

Yet they put their member on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University.

And after they had made up their thousand dollars, one good woman put a bale of cotton on top of that just to weight it down.

In doing the generous thing for their University they designed to restore the old Alabama professorship, which Dr. R. C. Smith occupied at Oglethorpe before the war.

Alabama has already given about one-fifth of this. The balance will come before the job is finished.

A big-hearted folk are the Presbyterians of Centerville, led by a fine-spirited pastor, J. P. Stevenson. God bless them all.

(62) **IN LOVELY LITTLE LAKELAND.**

We are just back from a most interesting trip to Lakeland, Fla., where we had the pleasure of telling the Oglethorpe story to a little Presbyterian congregation of slightly over one hundred members. It was the seventy-third time that we have presented the cause to various congregations between Texas and Missouri on the west, and Virginia and Florida on the east. Up to this time not a single church has failed to make a contribution of one thousand dollars or more toward the refounding of Oglethorpe University.

In this particular instance we had a rather unique experience. Not only did this fine little band of Presbyterians give the thousand dollars which was asked of them (in fact they made it eleven hundred, just to be sure of the amount), but Oglethorpe also received her first gift of ten ostrich eggs.

To people accustomed to the prices of hen eggs nowadays, at this time of the year, this gift will probably appear respectably large, but when they learn the value of an ostrich egg, it will seem to be a rather handsome gift. Mr. Ford, who gave us the eggs, says they weigh on an average about four pounds, and are worth fifty dollars each. This makes the ten eggs equal to five hundred dollars.

We are not planning to start a "Buy-an-Egg" movement. Mr. Ford tells us that he will sell the eggs himself, and send us the money.

The Presbyterian Church at Lakeland, one of the most beautiful little cities in Florida, is composed of great-hearted, loyal, lovable people. Under the leadership of their faithful young pastor, Rev. W. S. Patterson, they are steadily growing in numbers, grace and power.

CHAPTER VIII

Laying the Corner Stone.

Thursday, January 21, 1915, will always be Oglethorpe Day for it was on that date that the cornerstone was laid. Those who thought most of the coming occasion, had noted with the greatest anxiety the threatening weather, replete with cold and wind and rain and wondered whether the members of the board of directors would gather from all over the South and whether the North Avenue Church, in which the exercises were to be held, would be even partially filled with those who dared to come. This is a fact which may be placed side by side with the weather record, previously referred to, that Wednesday was cold and wet and Friday was cold and grey, but Thursday, January 21, 1915, was as clear as a whistle and as beautiful as a bright, blue sky could make it.

Those who heard the exercises incident to the laying of the corner stone will recall that an Atlanta audience sat for three hours listening to addresses and poems and prayers and that so far as I recall, not a single person left the building before the services were completed.

The features of the occasion, which are given more fully in the Appendix, consisted largely in the number of prominent men present, including Dr. W. J. Martin, President of Davidson College and the then Moderator of the General Assembly, and Dr. R. A. Brown, the Moderator of the Synod of Georgia, and Dr. E. M. Green, ex-Moderator of the Assembly, who was also an alumnus of old Oglethorpe College. A roll call of other distinguished alumni, a letter from the president of the United States, and a series of poetical tributes written by the most distinguished singers of the South which are to be found elsewhere printed; the Corner Stone Hymn, sung so beautifully by Miss Mayme Clyburn, the message from Dr. William Owens, and the

masterly address by Dr. James I. Vance, were other features of the day. They were followed by the dedicatory prayer, led by Dr. E. M. Green, and the benediction, pronounced by my dear father, the same who used to say that the ravens fed us.

Then the ladies entertained the directors and their friends at a luncheon in the North Avenue Church; and public-spirited Atlantans furnished enough automobiles to convey the entire church full, for it was full to overflowing of guests, to the campus out Peachtree Road, where the corner stone was set.

Because little Sam Inman was ill at home, his younger brother, Frank, placed the box in the corner stone, and Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the South, and President of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University, pronounced God's benediction upon it. There were few present on that memorable day who doubted that the walls of that building would be finished and even they dismissed their fears when they saw graven upon the corner stone the motto of the University:

MANU DEI RESURREXIT.

CHAPTER IX

The Marvelous Record.

It remains to record the remainder of the work done through the spring of 1915, and a great spring it was. **McComb City⁶³, Mississippi**, of which church my former college mate, B. C. Bell, was pastor, in the midst of an unprecedented storm, added her link to the chain, and **Murfreesboro, Tennessee⁶⁴**, as much to the amazement as to the delight of their noble pastor, J. Addison Smith, did not fail to follow.

Came next, **Corinth, Mississippi⁶⁵**, of whom the same words

(63) THE BLESSING IN A BLIZZARD.

McComb, Miss.—This is the way the Monday morning paper described it: "Mississippi shivered yesterday and last night in the throes of one of the most severe blizzards experienced in years. A mantle of snow and ice, ranging in thickness in the northern sections from two to three inches, covered the greater portion of the three states, and for the first time in years eastern Texas reported snow as far south as the Gulf. The coldest Sunday in recent years was reported last night. Snow flurries were recorded throughout the day with a violent sleet storm preceding the snow."

As we sat in the pastor's dining room Sunday morning at breakfast, looking for the clouds to lighten and the fair weather to come, which the weather man had promised, it began to sleet.

The wind was blowing a gale. Perhaps twenty-five per cent. of the congregation braved the gale to hear the Oglethorpe story.

My college friend, the pastor, said: "There are three folks that may help you: A lady, an officer and a friend of the church."

That morning he added: "The lady is out of town, the officer also is away, lying desperately ill, and the brother of the church had an operation last week on a broken toe and can't come."

But what are dark moments for except to trust in?

The little band of Gideon were enough—in the hand of their God.

They added their man to the Board of Directors and gave an even thousand to Oglethorpe.

So a baptism of sleet also was a baptism of the Holy Spirit.

(64) THE MESSAGE IN MURFREESBORO.

What ought a church to do in war time (a church with a debt of \$19,000 on it), for the Oglethorpe cause?

Does that seem a different question from: What will a church do?

So it may seem to some, but not to the Presbyterians of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

They were the seventy-fifth church to put their man (Professor Lyon), on the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe.

of praise are to be used as of the city that preceded, and the fine old **Second Church of Charleston, South Carolina**⁶⁶, my father's old mother church, comes next on the list.

When I think of **Pulaski, Tennessee**,^{66b} I see the snow falling outside of the window and a loyal congregation listening

And they did it with such a hearty good will that you would never have known there was such a thing as a church debt in the world.

Except that one man—after it was all over and the thousand dollars (it was eleven hundred) had been subscribed—said, "Now, let's get together and finish up that debt."

That is the way it works: One good gift provokes another.

Dr. J. Addison Smith, the beloved and distinguished pastor of this church, is a unique man, and his congregation is to be congratulated on having him as pastor.

The church, also, is a great-hearted church. In a great emergency they were true and faithful.

(65) MORE AID FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Add the church at Corinth, Mississippi, to the Oglethorpe Roll of Honor. It was the same old story—a great-hearted people, a plain duty, an amazing story and a splendid response.

We found the church in splendid condition, showing the fruitful personal work of Dr. W. C. Lindsay.

Some good friends of Oglethorpe were already in Corinth, acquainted through the Westminster with the full story of her development. That was a pleasure and a co-operation and a great aid.

The people of Mississippi realize what the lack of a strong central university has meant to their own synodical school system. They are going to do their part to remedy that defect.

(66) SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH GIVES GENEROUSLY.

(From The Charleston News and Courier.)

At their morning service yesterday the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city made a contribution of \$1,000 to the re-founding of Oglethorpe University, the famous ante-bellum Presbyterian institution. This institution, which perished in and by the War between the States, was the alma mater of many great and distinguished men, among them being Sidney Lanier, one of the seven immortals of American literature, and the famous geologist, Joseph LeConte, was one of its professors, as was also Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, uncle of T. DeWitt Talmage, and Dr. James Woodrow, uncle of President Woodrow Wilson. Founded in the early days of the nineteenth century it did a work of unparalleled influence, being the first denominational college or university between Charleston and San Francisco south of the Virginia line.

The story of its founding was told by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, a grandson of the church, his father, Dr. Wm. P. Jacobs, President of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, having been a member of this church during his boyhood and college days. After the address various members of the congregation offered voluntarily their contributions, which amounted to a subscription of more than \$1,000.

to the Oglethorpe story, adding later over \$2,000 to the record.

Pleasant memories of a delightful trip to **Raeford, North Carolina**⁶⁷, followed and of the liberal gift of \$1,000 made by their pastor, Rev. W. C. Brown, duplicated by \$1,600 given by members of the congregation.

Then came the **Central Church of Anderson, South Carolina**⁶⁸, whose liberality was even surpassed by the numbers

This is the 77th time Dr. Jacobs has told the story of the refounding of Oglethorpe University in various pulpits, from Texas to Virginia, and from Florida to Missouri, and not one church has failed by its gift of \$1,000 or more, to place its member on the Board of Founders of the University. Approximately \$60,000 has already been pledged.

It was particularly gratifying to Dr. Jacobs to have his father's old home church respond so generously toward the great work he represented.

(66b) THE PEOPLE OF PULASKI.

In the midst of a beautiful snowstorm, the Presbyterians of Pulaski, Tennessee, assembled on the last day in February to hear the story of their famous old university.

M. S. Kennedy, one of the biggest hearted men in our ministry, a true man and good, had told us that while he did not know what the people would do, he knew they would do their part, and if they did not, he would pay our expenses to the next town.

The people did all that he expected of them and more.

Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars was their contribution. We asked them to put one man on the Board of Trustees. They put two.

People to depend on are the people of Pulaski.

(67) THE RECORD OF RAEFORD.

Rev. W. C. Brown, of Raeford, N. C., did a unique thing. He put the question of whether they should hear the Oglethorpe story up to the people themselves. They heard it.

Raeford, N. C., is a brand new town, less than twenty years old (founded in 1896). There is now a little city of twelve or fifteen hundred people where there was not a house twenty years ago. The church is situated in a beautiful grove of pines, and W. C. Brown, whom we knew and admired fifteen years ago in old Concord Presbytery, is their beloved pastor.

In spite of the war—and the church is strictly in the cotton belt—Raeford exhibited the spirit of which the Southern Assembly is composed. After they had heard the story they consulted one another and made up—twenty-five hundred dollars!

It was a rainy Sabbath morning, the fourth out of seventy-nine, yet see how well they did their duty.

"The Lord's weather never interferes with the Lord's work."

(68) THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF ANDERSON.

Sitting here in the old Chiquola Hotel, our mind is fresh with memories of yesterday in the Central Church of Anderson, S. C.

of names on her list, showing how the spirit that has made Anderson great, has permeated the entire membership of her Central Church and laying a foundation upon which, perhaps, Anderson may approach Greenville in the leadership of South Carolina for Oglethorpe.

I think that what the **Franklin, Tennessee**⁶⁹, people did must ever stand as a great source of inspiration to all who love to see men and women do the right thing in a great way; \$4,490 is the sum written opposite their name on our ledger, but large though it is, it fails utterly to express the great-

D. Witherspoon Dodge, for whom the church waited a long while until he could complete his seminary course, is making these people a most admirable and exemplary pastor.

Everybody wanted to know if we had ever heard him preach.

That was one of those questions that mean whole chapters in church work.

His people added seventeen hundred dollars to Oglethorpe's life, voluntarily, as a man would and should give to his God.

Greenville holds the South Carolina record for generosity to Oglethorpe—over \$4,000—but she has a rival.

There is another church in Anderson, the old First Church, and with the record of the Central before them they will doubtless put the Anderson result close by that of their sister city.

(69) WHAT FRANKLIN DID.

In his invocatory prayer at Franklin, Tennessee, Rev. W. A. Cleveland, the pastor, prayed that it might be "a day long to be remembered."

His prayer was answered—marvelously.

To begin with, the weather man celebrated the first day of Spring (it was March 21st), by the heaviest snow of the Winter.

The Sunday School attendance was marked way down; but the Church was comfortably filled.

W. A. Cleveland is not only one of the best-loved and ablest of our younger pastors in the Synod of Tennessee, but is what Woodrow Wilson would call "a forward looking man."

His church is of the same sort. It is one of the all-round ablest and best churches in the Southern Assembly.

After the service was over, and they had heard the Oglethorpe story—how the Southern Presbyterian Church was rapidly redeeming itself from the stain of being the only strong denomination in the United States without a university for its sons—Cleveland's prayer was answered.

Four thousand, three hundred and ninety dollars was their contribution to Oglethorpe, and there is talk of another thousand.

Isn't that a record to make the hearts of Southern Presbyterians beat faster with happiness and thanksgiving?

It was a day long to be remembered.

A dollar for each man, woman and child, black and white, in that city.

What a marvelous people they are!

They hold the Tennessee record for proportionate giving to Oglethorpe. Who can ever beat them?

ness of their heart, the spontaneousness of their liberality and the blessed kindness of their manner. I think often of them when I need encouragement and of none more than my friends, Captain N. B. Dozier and his family, whom I mention not by way of invidious comparison, but because every name of his family is on our list, and every one of them has paid his subscription in full, the captain himself leading them with a check for \$1,000. The whole church is of the same sort and because so many others have done nobly before them, there are no words left wherewith to speak in any new fashion of this noble church.

The same may be said of **Kingstree, South Carolina**⁷⁰, and of P. S. McChesney, the young man under whose enthusiastic leadership the little congregation has become a strong one. Nearly \$3,000 they gave, and the church in evident delight and with an interest so genuine that my day at Kingstree must ever remain in my heart a day of encouragement of blessing and of inspiration.

The two following Sundays were spent in York County at **Clover**⁷¹ and **Yorkville**⁷². This is the same county in which Old Ebenezer is located, and also Fort Mill. Of all these four churches, not one failed to give \$1,000 or more. Indeed their total amounted to nearly \$6,000.

(70) THE KINDNESS OF KINGSTREE.

A dismal, cold rain was falling all day Saturday, March 27th, but when we saw the big horseshoe over Mr. Hammett's porch on our arrival at eleven o'clock that night, we ventured to say:

"Perhaps it will clear up by tomorrow." It did. Sunday was clear, beautiful and mild.

The Kingstree Church is one of the oldest Presbyterian Churches in South Carolina. It is also one of the best.

For some fifteen thousand dollars they have built a structure which is a marvel of convenience and beauty, with a seating capacity of approximately five hundred.

Speaking as a man, their young pastor, P. S. McChesney, has done a wonderful work here, and he has back of him a loyal, liberal, devoted people.

All South Carolinians will be interested to learn that Kingstree people broke the State record for liberality to Oglethorpe, so far as proportionate giving is concerned.

A congregation of one hundred and ninety members (190) gave two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-five dollars (\$2,795.00)

May God bless you, Kingstree, and all the dear people whose loving generosity made March the twenty-eighth so great a day for your University.

At **Morristown, Tennessee**⁷³, to whom Dr. Lynn R. Walker had recently come as pastor, another story of happy success was written. And then came the remarkable day at **Paris, Ky.**, where, then and since, over three thousand was added by old Bourbon County generosity and where the pastor, Dr. B. M. Shive, became so interested in the ideal that he left all to follow it. That was a great day for Oglethorpe.

I think the First Presbyterian Church of **Greensboro**,

(71) THE COURAGE OF CLOVER.

Here was the situation at Clover: Friday, snowstorm; Saturday, rain-storm; Sunday, a bright, beautiful Easter day.

A splendid little city of twelve hundred people. A live, hustling, consecrated pastor, A. A. McLean. A church membership of approximately two hundred and seventy-five; in a cotton country.

The Oglethorpe story was presented on the same Sabbath that the Every-Member Canvas was made (!). Also, the Clover people had been on the point of building a new Church, until the war came on, when their plans, to use McLean's telling phrase, "were shot to pieces on the firing line." They will soon be redrawn.

Yet, this splendid body of Presbyterians did their duty to their University, and added one of their number to the Board of Founders of Oglethorpe.

The truth of the matter is that the Clover Church is a great deal stronger and abler Church than they themselves realize. They are a noble people, and they made the eighty-second Church to give one thousand or more to build a Southern Presbyterian University.

Among the contributors were liberal givers from the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Was that not a fine spirit?

All praise to you, Mr. McLean, and to your noble people.

(72) IN THE CAPITAL OF YORK COUNTY.

The Editor of the Westminister may be forgiven for saying that he loved Yorkville before he had ever seen her, for his grandfather, Dr. Ferdinand Jacobs, founded the Presbyterian Church there, being its first pastor. On our recent trip to the beautiful capital of York County we saw for the first time the old home where his son, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, of Thornwell Orphanage, was born.

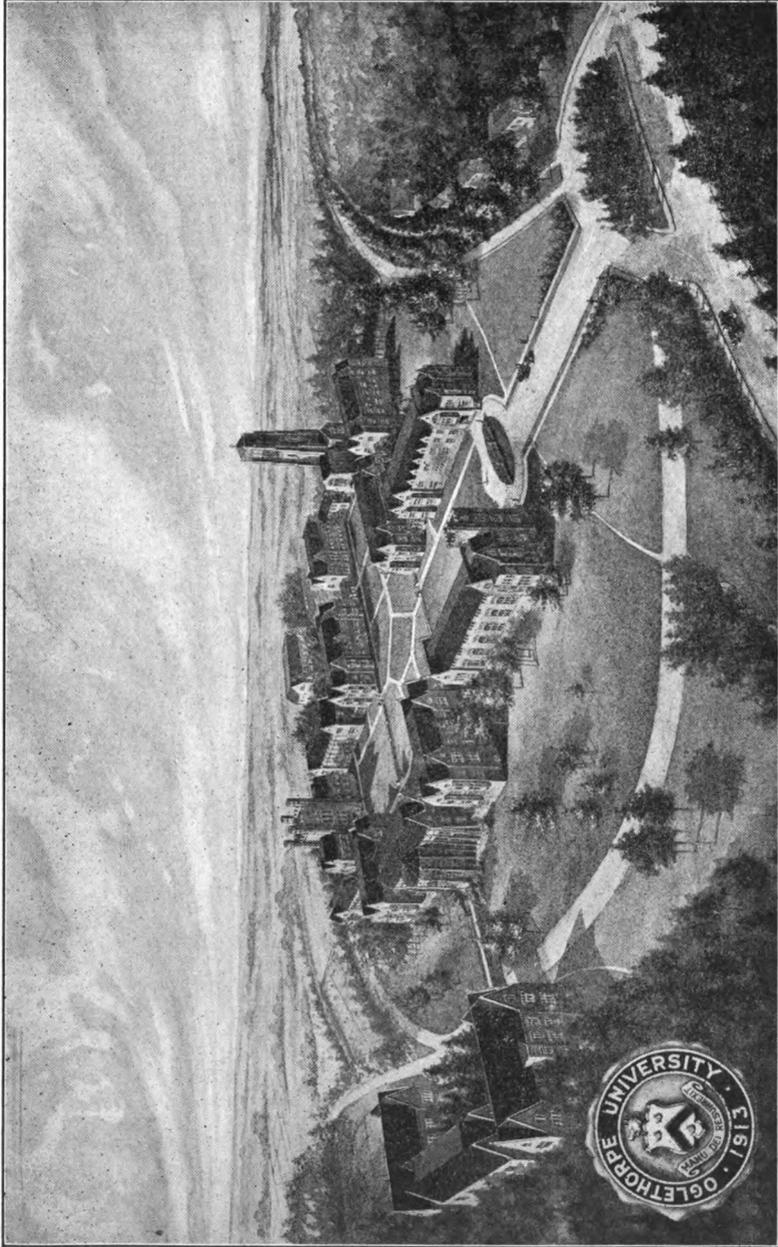
It was the fourth time the story had been told in York County, Clover, Fort Mill and Old Ebenezer being the other three points.

We found some lovely people in Yorkville, among them more than one reader of The Westminister who were waiting to hear the story.

Exactly one thousand dollars was their contribution, and our friend, Dr Gillespie, will represent them on the Board of Founders.

(73) MEMORIES OF MORRISTOWN.

Among the most pleasant memories of the campaign for the rebuilding of Oglethorpe University one of the brightest will ever be the day spent in Morristown, Tennessee.



Bird's-eye View of Oglethorpe University. The building on the right of the entrance will be occupied by the Freshman class of the Academic schools which open on September 20th, 1918. The ground has been cleared and a large amount of building material has been placed for the building on the left of the entrance. In general, the buildings on the right of the quadrangle are dormitories and on the left, lecture halls and laboratories. The building with the tower in the background is the library and to the east (right hand), is the chapel.

North Carolina⁷⁴, of which Dr. Melton Clark is pastor, did one of the greatest things in its history, when it not merely did its duty, but did it in so large a manner as to attract the attention of the whole South to its generosity. Four individual members of that church gave each \$1,000. Other smaller subscriptions totaled more than another thousand, and then Mrs. James Woodrow, mother of Mrs. Melton Clark, widow of James Woodrow, the brilliant scientist and

It was Sunday, May 9th, one of those beautiful spring days when one wonders why the whole world cannot be as beautiful as the valley of East Tennessee, a day full of sunlight and songs of birds.

Dr. Lynn R. Walker is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Morris-town, a man of hopeful heart and earnest enthusiasm.

When his people heard the story of Oglethorpe it was not a question of whether they would take part in its resurrection, but of how much they could possibly give.

One of God's great-hearted women gave a Thousand Dollars and requested that her pastor should serve on the Board of Founders.

And one of His fine-spirited young men, a man related by blood to one of the most distinguished Presbyterian families of the South, also gave a Thousand Dollars, and will himself be on our Board of Founders. Other members of the Church subscribed more than Five Hundred Dollars, and an earnest friend is still at work to make it One Thousand.

Their contribution carried the total for the Synod of Tennessee past the Thirty-Three Thousand Dollar Mark, of which more than one-third has been actually paid in cash.

But then, not only is Tennessee the Dimple of the Universe, but the President of our Board of Directors is the pastor of her largest Church, and our First Vice-President is perhaps her most powerfully generous-hearted Presbyterian layman, and the first member of our faculty to be selected, Dr. G. F. Nicolassen, is the Moderator of her Synod.

(74) A WONDERFUL DAY AT GREENSBORO.

Everybody knows the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro, N. C. From the day of its founding in 1824 to Sunday, May 23, 1915, it has been a church that led other churches. Great names have been associated with its life. Great names are still on its roll. Perhaps, of all the churches in North Carolina, none was more important in the Oglethorpe program.

When Dr. Melton Clark, their loved and devoted pastor, invited us to tell about Oglethorpe, we knew the tremendous importance of the result.

Nothing could have ended more happily. Though Dr. Clark was away at the General Assembly, a Southern Railway engineer with his name on it pulled our train into Greensboro. We were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brooks, a home whose kindly hospitality was only matched by the great-hearted generosity of its owners. But Greensboro Presbyterians, not satisfied with bestowing every comfort and convenience upon their guest, insisted on making a marvelous record for Oglethorpe. Mrs. R. F. Dalton gave a thousand dollars: Mr. A. M. Scales, Mr. R. G. Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brooks did the same. Other generous friends with

humble Christian, and aunt of the President of the United States, promised \$5,000 as her contribution toward her institution that she remembered with love; in which her husband had done some of the best work of his life, and on whose campus her nephew, the President of the Nation, had often been rocked to sleep by the professors' wives. It is an interesting historic fact that at this writing, there are still living three widows of perhaps the three most distinguished teachers that old Oglethorpe college ever had: Mrs. James Woodrow, Mrs. Sydney Lanier and Mrs. Joseph LeConte.* We are hoping for their presence at the opening of the university in the fall of 1916, but whether the good God of providence permits their coming or not, we shall always carry with us the blessed benediction of their lives and the lives of their husbands.

A unique presentation of the Oglethorpe story, made at this time, was in a great Northern church of a great Northern city, **The East Liberty Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.** It was through the broad-minded courtesy of their pastor that the invitation was given and accepted.

I can still see the young man who wrote his name for \$1,000 to help his brothers in the South to build such an institution as he and his enjoyed for years in the North, and I think often of the fine old Federal veteran, whose subscription of \$250 has already been paid, and who lost his arm on the last day of the war, and of how he told me he was giving it because he loved the South and her people. Other

smaller amounts, make up over a thousand more, and then Mrs. James Woodrow, the gentle and beloved widow of Oglethorpe's great professor, added five thousand dollars as a gift in memory of a man who was known as widely for his brilliant scientific attainments as he was loved for his humble devotion to his Lord.

When it was all done we sent the following telegram to their pastor at Newport News:

"By reading this telegram please announce to the General Assembly that as a first answer to their prayer, voiced by the Moderator, the Presbyterians of Greensboro, N. C., on yesterday gave over ten thousand dollars to Oglethorpe University."

What a wonderful people He has and what a wonderful God have we.

* Mrs. LeConte died in California shortly after these lines were written.

generous hearts were there, too, for their subscription totaled \$1,505.

John E. McKelvey, the youngest member of our board of directors, will represent East Liberty.

I had long wished to tell the Oglethorpe story in the **First Presbyterian Church of Charlottesville, Va.**⁷⁶, the more especially, because their beloved and distinguished pastor, Dr. George L. Petrie, was a member of the famous class of 1859, in old Oglethorpe. So when his session invited me to come I knew just what it meant. It did. With beautiful generosity they placed Dr. Petrie on the Board of Founders of the University.

Shortly afterward came **Manning, S. C.**⁷⁷, fine and generous even in the terrible days of the European conflict, a church which under the leadership of their young pastor, L. B. McCord, did more than her part for Oglethorpe, there being a representative on the subscription list from practically every family in the congregation. Shortly thereafter came **Millers-**

IN THE CHURCH OF A FIFTY-NINER.

(76) One of the most interesting results in recent months was the gift of the First Presbyterian church at Charlottesville, Va., whose pastor, Dr. Geo. L. Petrie, was a member of the class of '59 at old Oglethorpe, a classmate of Sidney Lanier, Maj. J. O. Varnadoe, Dr. E. M. Green and Col. Jno. P. Fort. This church, although a liberal giver to Hampden-Sidney and Union Seminary, as well as to the University of Virginia, promptly added over a thousand dollars to the Oglethorpe fund and placed Dr. Petrie on the Board of Founders to represent them.

(77) The First Presbyterian church of Manning, S. C., is the last church in which the story has been told, the result of their generosity was something over \$1,300, and their pastor will represent them on the Board. How nobly they gave—all voluntarily, after the service, none waiting on the other. And that, too, when scarcely a family in the organization was without its case of illness or its sorrow from a recent death.

(78) Millersburg is situated in that immeasurably beautiful Kentucky county, the envy perpetually of the less fortunate in more forbidding countries Venable was a true friend and to him was the gratitude due and felt, a type of those fine pastors whose words of counsel and encouragement have been the necessary setting for each success here recorded.

burg⁷⁸, Ky., the pastorate of A. S. Venable, earnest, devoted, optimistic. It was largely by his aid that his church took her position as among those who had not broken the chain, but had aided in the founding of the great school of learning. He is a type of many hundreds of such Presbyterian pastors all over the South. Then came **Bradentown⁷⁹, Fla.**, and the lovely hospitality of that big Scotchman, J. E. Henderson, coupled with the fine generosity of his great-hearted people.

Few trips have been more interesting or more productive of good than those to **Texarkana, Arkansas⁸⁰, and Texarkana,**

(79) IN BEAUTIFUL BRADENTOWN.

What a kindly and beautiful surprise was Bradentown, Florida. A modern little city of handsome homes and pretty bungalows, and lovely, generous people. I am telling you good-bye for only a short while, I hope, as my train crosses the beautiful Manatee river on its way home to Oglethorpe. Palmetto is on my right and Manatee on my left and Bradentown follows the sinuous course of the water front directly before.

Yesterday morning they heard the Oglethorpe story at Bradentown and a score of generous givers added \$1,500 to the Oglethorpe list with promise of more. And it was as beautifully as it was generously done. Voluntarily, as men and women should give to their God, these noble people did their duty.

Rev. J. E. Henderson is their great-hearted pastor. Eight years ago he found a little congregation of eighty or ninety members worshipping in a wooden building. Today his membership is two hundred and sixty, and their church building of pressed brick is one of the most complete and beautiful in Florida.

And here is a singular fact. Of the two hundred and sixty members of the church, how many adults do you suppose were born in Florida? Just one. And in the entire South? Perhaps twenty-five per cent.

It was the ninety-second time the Oglethorpe story had been told from Galveston to Pittsburg and from Marshall, Missouri, to Tampa, (hereafter it will have to be Bradentown), and not one single church has yet failed to put its member on the Board of Founders with gifts varying from \$1,000 to \$11,500 each.

Manu Dei Resurrexit.

(80) THE SIXTH RAINY SUNDAY.

After one of the most beautiful autumns known to man, on the second Sabbath of November came one of the worst days of the year. A cold, steady

Texas⁸¹, which are one and yet divisible; which are two and yet equally generous. Then followed the memorable Sabbath in the **Second Church of Memphis**⁸², and I can still see Judge Heiskell as he started the list off with \$200 a year for five

rain beginning Saturday, continued Sunday, dropping dismay into the heart of the Oglethorpe man.

Rev. C. H. H. Branch, a lovable hustler, is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Texarkana, Arkansas. In a pastorate of less than a year he has seen over sixty new members added to his church. This was the first rainy Sunday of his pastorate and the sixth out of ninety-two of the Oglethorpe Campaign. Only forty-two out of a membership of two hundred, braved the storm, yet they were a fearless and generous hearted forty-two. With a right hearty good will they wrote down \$1,270.00 as an evidence of their longing to see their Church again in the forefront of the work for Christian Education.

In the responsive reading before the address, had they are not read together:

"Blessed be Jehovah for He has shown me His marvelous kindness in a great city."

(81) A TWICE-TOLD TALE IN TEXARKANA.

Texarkana, Texas, differs from Texarkana, Arkansas, only in an imaginary line which is easily straddled. Indeed, at least one church in the bi-city has done just that thing, having its Sunday School room in Arkansas and its auditorium in Texas, but the Presbyterians of the city have a church in each state.

On Sunday, November the 21st, the Oglethorpe Story was told in Dr. Carroll's church, Texarkana, Texas. It was the ninety-fourth Oglethorpe Sunday to witness a triumph of Presbyterian generosity under the eye of one of the three Oglethorpe representatives. To the gift of Dr. Branch's Church it brings the Texarkana total to \$2,420.11.

For all the lovely generosity and kindly hospitality of the Texarkana Presbyterians—thanks—and a University.

(82) THE SECOND CHURCH IN MEMPHIS.

One of the really great churches of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly is the Second Church of Memphis.

Dr. A. B. Curry is their able and beloved pastor. Mrs. Curry, his dear wife, is a sister of the Quarterman brothers, known all over the South.

Dr. Curry was away in Birmingham for the day and the skies were cloudy, reducing the attendance somewhat, and it was the ninety-fifth time the writer had told the Oglethorpe story from as many Presbyterian pulpits.

So far as we recall it was the only time except one when we have returned home without a paper in our pocket showing a subscription of one thousand dollars or more to Oglethorpe University.

Yet the great-hearted Memphis Presbyterians gave three thousand dollars voluntarily after the service.

years, and such men and women as——, but their names are all written in the Founder's Book at Oglethorpe. **Marshall, Texas⁸³**, did her duty in the same splendid enthusiastic way. **Newbern, N. C.⁸⁴**, swept at that time by an epidemic of grippe, one of the oldest Presbyterian churches on the coast and one of the best, put her pastor on the Board shortly afterward, and then **Tattnall Square, Macon Ga.,⁸⁵** the 98th presentation, added the 98th marvelous result.

You see the paper is in the hands of friends who insist that there must be some more added to it. That was the way it was also done the other time by Varnadoe of Valdosta.

At Memphis there was a little boy who gave a dollar a year for ten years and a distinguished judge who gave two hundred dollars for five years. What great gifts they both were! Three different societies or classes of the church and nearly a score of generous individuals each gave as God touched their hearts. May He reward them all.

It will be a wonderful day when the Southern Presbyterian Church at last has her university, but the most wonderful thing about it will be its location—for it is founded in the hearts of her children.

(83) The First Presbyterian Church of Marshall, Texas., and their pastor, Rev. A. O. Price, have one thing in common, they are both of them live, wide-awake, optimistic and hard-working. Their new Sunday school building is a perfect marvel of completeness and efficiency and no one would believe that it was constructed for the price at which they obtained it. Their young pastor has proven an unusual leader in the hard labor of building an efficient church organization. His church gave Oglethorpe a splendid boost with a subscription of almost \$1,700, practically every family in the church doing its part toward founding their university. Immediately thereafter they closed their fiscal year with every debt paid, and as Mr. Lyt Womack stated, "with checks in every pocket left over." It is a splendid sight to know and love a church and pastor such as they have at Marshall.

(84) A lovely old church is that at Newbern and a rich experience was ours. It seemed impossible for the church to do anything. The terrible scourge of the grippe which had the whole Northwest ecimated the congregation. Yet they were a brave-hearted folk who came to their fine old church that morning and forgot even the pressing needs of their own work to take part in founding a university for their Church. And after they heard the story they took up their part of the burden.

(85) THE NINETY-EIGHTH TIME.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs has just returned from a trip to Macon, Ga., where he told the Oglethorpe story to the Tattnall Square Presbyterian Church on last Sabbath.

This is the 98th time that he has personally presented the cause of Oglethorpe University in various pulpits from Texas to Virginia and from Missouri to Florida, and on last Sabbath the Tattnall Square Presbyterian

And the ninety-ninth time came quickly. It was in the **Alabama Street church in Memphis**, where a generous-hearted people for the ninety-ninth time did the same wonderful thing.

And what of **the one hundredth?**

We close the record of the first one hundred presentations of the Oglethorpe cause with one of the most wonderful of them all.

It happened at **Quincy, Florida.**

Nearly a half century ago a young minister, an alumnus of Oglethorpe University, was called to the pastorate of the Quincy church. Through all the long years that followed he was their friend and adviser, their companion and brother, and above all, their pastor.

The whole town loved him and when he died the whole Synod mourned him.

His name was N. P. Quarterman.

In the meantime his old college had perished and after a half century of sleep was rising again from the dead.

On May seventh her President told his people her story.

What a strange coincidence it was that the first time this story had been told had been in Milledgeville, where the old school died, and now the one hundredth time in this church where all these years she had lived.

Is it any wonder that the people of this beautiful little city did a noble thing?

For the one-hundredth consecutive time a Presbyterian church gave one thousand dollars or more to found Oglethorpe. But that was not all.

Voluntarily, after the service, they came forward, and forty-

Church was the 98th to give \$1,000 or more to Oglethorpe. Their subscription amounted to \$1,560.

The Tatnall Square Church, under the inspiring ministry of Rev. Percival Morgan, son of the beloved Dr. Campbell Morgan, is growing in strength and power. Its congregation increases steadily and its work prospers.

With two more presentations the first one hundred trips will be completed and a record of generosity established for Oglethorpe that has never been duplicated in the history of America. The smallest of the subscriptions amounts to \$1,000 and the largest to over \$11,000.

one signatures totalling \$4,000.00 pledged this royal gift as a memorial to this dear old beloved pastor who for so many years had exhibited to them the type of Oglethorpe's alumni.

And so did the one hundredth presentation crown an amazing record with glory!

"And so will I go unto the King, which is not according to the law—and if I perish, I perish."

For the one hundredth time has He held out the golden sceptre that Oglethorpe might live.

One hundred times and not a break in the chain! One hundred congregations from little Sparta with fifteen present, when we sang the Doxology, to Dr. Vance's great church in Nashville, whose membership numbers over 1,600! One hundred times from Galveston rising from her floods to Pittsburg answering with her love. From Tampa with her rain to Marshall with her Missouri storms and each time that strange power which guides the destiny of men has touched the hearts of those who were hearers and whispered the words that have meant life to Oglethorpe.

If this story seems to you who read it a boast, even in the slightest, where it should be a prayer, this should be said: The work has just begun and the same faith that has been necessary to accomplish that which has hitherto been done must be doubled for the finishing of the deed. I know the name of Him who has done this thing, for I have seen and heard Him at every stage of His progress and I believe that He is not only able, but is willing to finish the task. Nearly five thousand names are on our books and we know them all at heart. Often we think of the other names that must come before the university is established. There will be many, many new ones or else we shall not reach our goal. Perhaps yours is to be one or else having been, will appear again on our books.

Come and help us do this great thing for our church, our country and our God.

So we look forward to the future, knowing that "He who

putteth on his armour, should not boast as he who taketh it off," yet we do boast in Him.

If Oglethorpe University had received already some millions of dollars in cash donations, there would have been no need to write this story. To those who know, it would have sounded like the empty boasts of a man who is no longer in danger. The essence of our glory lies in just this; that we have not yet won.

It is true, of course, that the whole world now knows that there will be an Oglethorpe University and that the future will mark its size rather than determine its existence, but we have just begun the work. We intend to tell the Oglethorpe story in every Presbyterian pulpit in the Southern States just as soon as our pastors and sessions will allow it to be told and with the money, which we know the people will give, we intend to build a great university rather than a big one, knowing that the bigness may come at any time and will certainly come as the days pass, but that greatness must begin where the soul begins. To that end we are determined that the key word of Oglethorpe shall be quality and that quality shall be expressed in her every sphere and form. That is the reason why, when we selected the location for Oglethorpe, we chose the suburbs of Atlanta where the quiet of a college town would protect as the neighborhood of a great city would stimulate the minds of our students. That is the reason why we chose the best street in Atlanta and secured a campus of 135 acres of land, including an eighty-two-acre lake, which we believe to be the most beautiful university campus in the South. That is the reason why we decided to build the institution in a permanent as well as an efficient way, according to a design prepared by the most eminent architects and landscape artists we could secure. That is also the reason why we are constructing each building in the most modern, up-to-date fashion; fire-proof throughout, built entirely of granite with limestone trimmings; of brick and hollow tile partitions; of steel where steel is needed and covered with variegated matched green

slate. That is also the reason why we are providing every comfort for our students, arranging their dormitories in suites of bedroom, bath and study and charging such a price for table board that the services may be of the kind that a growing, working student should have, and avoiding the skimmed milk diet which leads to skimmed milk thinking and living.

And we are determined to do for the South and for the Southern Presbyterian Church a thing that has never yet been done; we are going to furnish a post-graduate school where our Southern men and women may take their Masters' and Doctors' degrees in the same intellectual atmosphere which they will find in the best schools in the North and in the same moral and religious atmosphere which they will find in the best schools of the South. We know that even our county high schools are more and more demanding as their principals and teachers, men and women who have and deserve university degrees, and we propose to build a school where those degrees may be obtained and merited.

Afterward, the professional schools will come also.

In this fine undertaking, we ask your help, gentle reader, I wonder if a paragraph could not be inserted here that would help some man or woman who at some future time may be trying to do a very difficult task for their Master, under most adverse circumstances. If so, its value would certainly consist largely in a memory of the Rod of Hermes, which was able upon touching any object to transmute it into gold. That is what always happens when an obstacle or a difficulty is wisely handled. The value of any achievement in this world is always enhanced in proportion to the difficulty of its accomplishment. If great tasks were easy, there would be as many people to undertake them as there would be beggars riding horses if every wish were a horse. In our own work we have found that there has been slowly created a species of magnificent confidence in the undertaking which is just in proportion to the ridicule which it first met. It was first called a "Folly," a "Fatuous Dream," "A futile undertaking." Similar words of warning were passed everywhere

advising all wise people to have nothing to do with it. Many believed these words and followed their warnings, and at the beginning a great deal of harm was done. Those who were back of it even, didn't escape from personal flings approaching false accusations. So the cause was impeded and the task made more difficult. But, as we have slowly and steadily surmounted the obstacles those who were deceived now believe in us with a double belief. Dr. Mark Baldwin, at Princeton, used to tell his psychology class that all true faith was resolved doubt. Certain it is that he who has once doubted and after investigation has cast his doubts to the winds is a very truest sort of friend in the end. We have many such. May God bless them all.

Having read this story, will you not give us aid, in whatever form and way the gracious providence of God may permit you to give it. We need buildings and we need endowment, we need encouragement by prayer and written word; we need you. Come join the ever-growing band of men and women who are trying to do this thing. Write your name on the honor roll and help us to do this which we believe to be the greatest deed of our generation for our church, our country and our God.

Just here I make a memorandum of a rich experience which has befallen me in connection with obstacles. When a man is endeavoring to supply a great need in the name and for the glory of his God alone; when he is ready and willing to take any personal risk necessary to its accomplishment; when he knows that his cause is righteous and good and his motives true and loyal and noble; then every obstacle is an opportunity, and every difficulty a rich blessing. To such a man there is open a great door and effectual and there will be many adversaries. Every worthy achievement that history has ever recorded is a story of danger and difficulty and trouble, and the final day of triumph. After all, is not the chief joy of life the discovery of God and its chief glory the knowledge of His ways? And when may he mani-

fest himself so well as when all other friends have gone and all other dependence failed? So I say with the solemnity of a man who writes of the Infinite, that greater than our vision of Oglethorpe is the vision of the hand of the Power, who alone has raised her from the dead; made so plain to our eyes by a thousand strange and beautiful providences. When all others failed to enter, see or do; when even the "leaders" of His people, standing in the door of opportunity would not go in, He made bare his mighty arm and is touching thousands of hearts of his own by word and pen and prayer to do his marvelous will. Oglethorpe will be a great university in every true sense of the word, but its finest greatness will lie in the fingerprint of God which was and is upon it.

The glory of Gideon's band lies in just this: It revealed the Vast Sword of the Victor.

Though Oglethorpe may serve a thousand thousand generations she will do no greater thing than tell the story of her founding.

I had rather have seen God build this school than have it after He has built it.

Appendix

LAYING THE OGLETHORPE CORNERSTONE.

As Told by Mr. McIntosh in The Atlanta Constitution.

Thursday morning, January 21st, 1915, at 10 a. m., prior to the laying of the cornerstone, exercises appropriate to the founding of the new Oglethorpe were held at the North Avenue Presbyterian Church.

These services were presided over by Dr. W. J. Martin, moderator of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and president of Davidson College.

The invocation was pronounced by **Dr. R. A. Brown of Waycross moderator of the Synod of Georgia.**

The scripture lesson was read by **Dr. I. S. McElroy, of Columbus, Ga.**

Calls Roll of Alumni.

One of the most interesting and touching scenes of the entire exercises was when Major J. O. Varnedoe, of Valdosta, Ga., an alumnus of the old Oglethorpe, called the roll of the living alumni of the old institution. Of that handful of men, there were present at the North Avenue Church Thursday morning but **eight** to answer the roll. These men are:

A. C. Briscoe, Rev. W. T. Hollingsworth, B. L. Gaillard, Clinton Gaskill, Rev. E. M. Green, William L. LeConte, B. T. Hunter and Major Varnedoe.

As their names were called and each got to his feet to make a short talk it was the first time that some had seen the others in very many years, and before there was any speaking they hailed each other by their first names across the floor and rushed up to shake hands with each other.

When Major Varnedoe called the name of Dr. E. M. Green, of the class of 1859, Dr. Green rose and said:

"Before I say anything I am going to shake hands with a man who doesn't think that I recognize him." He walked over to Major Varnedoe and said, "Hello, Varnedoe," and shook hands with him warmly. There are but four members of Dr. Green's class living today. Dr. Green spoke of **the days when President Woodrow Wilson was the baby at Oglethorpe**, known to the boys there as "Tommy Wilson." He said that "Tommy was a pretty baby."

Other Days Recalled.

There were many other reminiscences of the old days at Oglethorpe as each alumnus present make a short talk.

Dr. Martin read a **letter from President Wilson** in which he ex-

pressed his regret at not being able to be present upon the occasion of the corner stone laying. The letter is as follows:

"The White House, November 8, 1914.—My Dear Mr. Jacobs: Your letter of November 7 revived my feeling of deep regret that I cannot be present in January at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe University. I feel myself in some respects so intimately associated by tradition with Oglethorpe through my father and through my uncle, the Rev. Dr. James Woodrow, that it is a personal as well as an official disappointment to me that I cannot be present and express in person the deep interest I feel in the revival of a university which deserves to be cherished by all who are interested in the higher education.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,

(Signed)

"WOODROW WILSON."

Introduced by Lucien Lamar Knight, *odes to Oglethorpe University* were read by ten of the leading southern poets.

Those present to read their own poems were W. H. Hayne, of South Carolina; Robert Loveman, of Georgia; C. W. Hubner, of Maryland, and Benjamin C. Moomaw, of Virginia.

Mr. Knight read odes written by the following, who were not present: William Hurd Hilmyer, of Georgia; Starke Young, of Texas; Carl Holliday, of Tennessee; Henry Harman, of North Carolina; Madison Cawein, of Kentucky, and Samuel Minturn Peck, of Alabama. (We present them herewith in full.)

Odes Read at the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the New Oglethorpe University, January, 1915, at Atlanta, Georgia.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

I.

As when-with oldtime passion for this Land
 Here once she stood, and in her pride, sent forth
 Workmen on every hand,
 Sowing the seed of knowledge South and North,
 More gracious now than ever, let her rise,
 The splendor of a new dawn in her eyes;
 Grave, youngest sister of that company,
 That smiling wear
 Laurel and pine
 And wild magnolias in their flowing hair;
 The Sisters Academe,
 With thoughts divine,
 Standing with eyes a-dream,
 Gazing beyond the world, into the sea,
 Where lie the Islands of Infinity.

II.

Now in these stormy days of stress and strain,
 When Gospel seems in vain,
 And Christianity a dream we've lost,
 That once we made a boast;
 Now when all life is brought
 Face to grim face with naught,
 And a condition speaking, trumpet-lipped,
 Of works material, leaving Beauty out
 Of God's economy; while, horror-dipped,
 Lies our buried faith, full near to perish,
 'Mid the high things we cherish;
 In these tempestous days when, to and fro
 The serpent, Evil, goes and strews his way
 With dragon's teeth that play
 Their part as once they did in Jason's day;
 And far, with menace loud,
 And footsteps, metal-slow
 And eyes a crimson hot,
 Is seen, against the Heaven a burning blot
 Of blood and tears and woe;
 Now when no mortal living seems to know
 Whither to turn for hope, we turn to thee,
 And such as thou art, asking "What's to be;"
 And that thou point the path
 Above Earth's hate and wrath,
 And Madness, stalking with his torch aglow
 Amid the ruins of the Nations, slow
 Crumbling to ashes with Old Empire there
 In Europe's tiger lair.

III.

A temple may'st thou be,
 A temple by the everlasting sea,
 For the high goddess, Ideality,
 Set, like a star
 Above the peaks of dark reality;
 Shining afar
 Above the deeds of War,
 Within the shrine of Love, whose face men mar
 With Militarism,
 That is the prism
 Through which they gaze with eyes obscured of Greed,
 At the white light of God's Eternity,

The comfort of the world, the soul's great need,
 That beacons Earth indeed,
 Breaking its light intense
 With turmoil and suspense
 And failing human Sense.

IV.

From thee a higher Creed
 Shall be evolved,
 The broken lights resolved
 Into one light again, of glorious light,
 The all-confusing fragments, that are night,
 Between us and the Everlasting, that is God—
 Lift up thy rod
 Of knowledge and from Truth's eyeballs strip
 The darkness, and in armor of the Right,
 Bear high the standard of imperishable light!
 Cry out, "Awake! I slept awhile! Awake!
 Again I take
 My burden up of Truth for Jesus' sake,
 And stand for what he stood for, Peace and Thought,
 And all that's Beauty-wrought
 Through doubt and dream and ache,
 By which the world to good at last is brought!"

V.

No more with silence burdened, when the Land
 Was stricken by the hand
 Of War, she rises, and assumes her stand
 For the Enduring; setting firm her feet
 On what is blind and brute;
 Still holding fast
 With honor to the past,
 Speaking a trumpet word,
 Which shall be heard
 As an authority, no longer mute.

VI.

Again, yea, she shall stand
 For what Truth means to Man
 For science and for Art and all that can
 Make life superior to the things that weigh
 The soul down, the things of hate
 Instead of love, for which the world was planned;
 May she demand
 Faith and inspire it; song to lead her way
 Above the crags of Wrong
 Into the broader day;
 And may she stand



The ten distinguished Southern poets whose commemorative odes, read at the corner-stone laying of the first building of Oglethorpe, are printed herewith.

For poets still; poets that now the Land
 Needs as it never needed; such an one
 As he, large Nature's Son
 Lanier, who with firm hand
 Held up her magic wand
 Directing deep in music such as none
 Has ever heard
 Such music as a bird
 Gives of its soul, when dying,
 And unconscious if it's heard.

VII.

So, let her rise, mother of greatness still,
 Above all temporal ill;
 Invested with all old nobility,
 Teaching the South decision, self-control
 And strength of mind and soul;
 Achieving ends that shall embrace the whole
 Through deeds of heart and mind;
 And thereby bind
 Its effort to an end
 And reach its goal.

VIII.

So shall she win
 A wrestler with sin,
 Supremely to a place above the years,
 And help men rise
 To what is wise
 And true beyond their mortal finite scan—
 The purblind gaze of man;
 Aiding with introspective eyes
 His soul to see a higher plan
 Of life beyond this life; above the gyves
 Of circumstances that bind him in his place
 Of doubt and keep away his face
 From what alone survives;
 And what assures
 Immortal life to that within, that gives
 Of its own self,
 And through its giving, lives
 And evermore endures.

BY STARKE YOUNG.

I.

Once came the southwind from the sea
 And spread hereby the pageantry of spring;
 About these halls the golden year might bring
 Fullness of peace and the soul's harvesting,
 And learning woke, science, and poesy.
 The broad land smiled with happy bells;
 And in the dusk the laborer came home,
 And boy and girl along the starlit lanes
 When sudden havoc fell, blood, shot and flame,
 And burning homes and the rich harvest snatched;
 And in the land, silence, and the cry of birds, and women's tears;
 Wives left husbandless and mothers without sons,
 And orphans heaped with shame,
 And virgins pale at the fire of life.
 Oh, stain of the immemorial years;
 How then shall we forget
 And how wipe out
 The implacable record of our wrongs?

II.

From the unanswering world of reason, blind,
 Routed with change, the answer cometh not;
 But from the lives of them where life doth find
 Its glory and its truth and prophecy comprised;
 The darkness of the years shall be through them forgot
 The oneness of all love be signalized.
 Therefore, O Sons of our collegiate past,
 Teach us your love, your faith, and from
 The superabundance of your heavenly vast
 Send down your spell upon our listening hearts.
 The lords of science, law, and of the rival state,
 And the strong hands of the o'eresteemed marts.
 And greatest of all through Love, Lanier, come!
 Come delicate soul of music, brother saint!
 Down golden ways and orchards comes the spring,
 And the grave shadow of the clouds is gone;
 The southwind now the swift, white rain will bring,
 And birds return to sing the waking years,
 Would that thou wert here!
 Whether it were the mountain's molded strength,
 The world to thee was joy in every part,

Thou wert a poet that did make his days
 But strophes in the hymnal of his life,
 And in the poem of the Universe
 Did make his life an episode of praise.
 Come, bring with you your band,
 Out of that happy land.
 O figures I have loved and dwelt upon,
 Dear brothers of a dead time, ye whose hands
 Have scattered fire and love and high disdain;
 Much have I dreamed of when my feet should trace
 Their pale steps backward unto you again;
 That time I long for and my heart is light
 To think that somehow on the Elysian hill
 I still may meet the Beauty that is dead.
 O Beauty Eternal the work that we may do,
 The hopes and visions of our hearts we leave
 As pledges of the love twixt us and thee;
 And through that love may we become immortal.

III.

And no less great, O boys of long ago,
 Whose generous, high intent led you to death,
 Out from your quiet halls, by you we grow,
 By you we greater are, and by your mothers' woe
 Who when you went
 Held their pale faces up to God in vain.
 Ah, not in vain, soon shall the answer be!
 They that in glory die for honor's sake
 Are not death's spoils but are his mockery,
 And the dull dead who dwell in living flesh
 Know not the immortal paths their eager footsteps take.

IV.

Therefore, to the memory of our holy dead
 I bring my laurel wreath, I am most fain
 Of the great voices sounding in their souls.
 That they bring water for the stain
 For the incorrigible dross and the sow thistles cast
 On us by them who have forgot the past,
 The hungry people cry and are not fed,
 Set out the blessed bread
 Whereby the souls of men are nourished
 Beauty and the ideal shining on the summits;
 The old grace and honor and disdain
 And the new brotherhood of man;

The manhood where shall meet
 The wisdom of the cloister and the street,
 Oh, lift us up and set in us the name
 That the bleak breath of war, the changing winds of fate,
 May not put out;
 Whose stately radiance shining from the gate
 May fill the souls of youth and draw their feet
 From arts that please the rabble and the rout.

V.

Therefore, Oh revered men, from out the clime
 Whose secret night enfolds immortal day,
 Raise ye our vision of our teeming way,
 That this our road have somewhat of sublime
 Even as had yours and your compeers,
 Whose thoughts cast burning shadows on our time
 Whose summits beacon down our misty years.
 That we may learn to know and wait
 For through the uncertain nights and fitful days
 For all our changing state
 God brings his own perfection to our ways.

BY CARL HOLLIDAY.

Out of the sky and the sod,
 Out of the star and the clod,
 Speaketh God.
 Out of the sea and the stream and the fount,
 Out of the forest, the mead, and the mount,
 Speaketh God.
 Yea, out of the mouth of infant age,
 Out of the heart of the ancient sage
 Out of the tombs of the graven page,
 Even from marts where mortals rage.
 Speaketh God.

Multitudinous are Thy ways
 Of speech,
 Manifold, how manifold, Thy rays
 Of truth that reach
 From heaven to earth, a wondrous maze
 For those who through life's hast'ning days
 Seek out Thy works to praise
 and teach!

To God all searching leads,
 For God all knowledge pleads
 Toward God all hopes and creeds,
 God—sum of human needs.

Oh, Soul of the Earth and the Sky and the Sea,
 Oh, Spirit of all that creepeth and flyeth and be.
 Thou that singest through lark and speaketh decree
 Through the thunders of heaven, Oh unto Thee,
 Thou God of the sky and the sod, and God of the star and the clod,
 And God of the soul that aspires, and God of the beast under rod,
 Unto Thee this day we raise
 This Temple of Truth—
 Home of Wisdom unclouded with haze,
 Home of the Seekers who hopefully gaze,
 Beyond the moment's fleeting gladness and ruth
 Into things as they be,
 Into the Things of Thee,
 Searching the mystery.
 Of Time and Eternity.

This is our gift, O God,
 We, so prone to nod,
 So prone unthinking to plod,
 Offer in dedication
 As symbol of consecration
 Of self, of soul, of all,
 To find Thy law, to hear Thy call,
 Whether from den or sacred hall,
 Whether from hut or palace wall;
 We would know God! This our cry;
 To lift ourselves from brutish sty,
 To build a faith that cannot die,
 To grow in statures 'neath the sky
 Till that Last Hour when
 Thou callest o'er moor and fen
 Thy Seekers for Truth home again
 To know Thee as Thou art. Amen.

THE OGLETHORPE STORY

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER.

I.

Above thee, domed by southern skies,
 A stately edifice shall rise,
 O consecrated stone!
 Science and Art's beloved resort,
 A palace and a royal court,
 With truth upon the throne.

II.

With loving hand and solemn rite,
 For the grand cause of truth and light
 O stone! we lay thee down,
 Four square and true, a sign to be
 That what, henceforth, doth rest on thee,
 God's hand will bless and crown.

II.

Fear not the future, Oglethorpe!
 Time gets from God life's woof and warp,
 And His is the design;
 He made thee beautiful of old,
 And as the coming years unfold,
 New splendor will be thine.

IV.

But the new times demand new claims,
 To meet them we need higher aims
 Need nobler deed and thought;
 Read wisely thy new horoscope;
 Divinely led by faith and hope,
 Thy glory shall be wrought.

V.

A great Past hails the greater New;
 Sound, solid, strong, the ages through
 Be worthy of his name,
 Who gave the world our Empire State;
 Like him in usefulness be great,
 And share with him his fame.

By WM. H. HAYNE.

Here Faith shall build her sacred shrine—
 With love divine imperaled—
 And knowledge lift, with reverent hands,
 The lamp that lights the world.

Here, from the womb of Hope fulfilled,
 A stalwart child has birth
 To grow in marble and in stone,
 Firm planted in the earth.

Here, at their Alma Mater's breast,
 While changeful seasons fly,
 Men of the future shall attain
 The things that can not die.

BY WILLIAM HURD HILLYER.

O dream of love-craft realized in stone—
 Full furnished from the heart of Georgia's hills;
 Thou Mother of strong Manhood—thou alone
 Canst picture forth the vision which thine own
 Sweet predetermined destiny fulfills.

With mullion'd gables against bluer skies
 Than arched in Tasso's time o'er Tuscany—
 Quadrangles ampler for large enterprise
 And porches quieter for maxims wise
 Then fronted attic plain or English lea.

Thine to enrich, from out the exhaustless store
 Of things that Were and Are and Thoughts that Will,
 Impoverished souls—thine lavishly to pour
 Upon today's dark stream the splendid lore
 Of yestertide, and many morrows fill;

To sing, not Arms but Man—of exploits done
 By heroes upon loftier fields enrolled—
 To preach "this earth a star, each star a sun"—
 To brighten a barbaric age, and run
 Athwart its iron warp some threads of gold;

These things are thine; and thou who once wast dead,
 Thou art alive again, thy flags unfurled,
 The light of resurrection 'round thine head,
 To immortalize the mortal, and to spread
 The peace of God upon a war-worn world.

THE OGLETHORPE STORY

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

In human life there are great hours
 That seem as lustrous as the stars,
 Hours so fair they bloom like flowers,
 Whose radiance nothing dims or mars;
 At such a glorious hour today
 We meet together on this spot,
 And what we do,
 Come joy, come rue,
 Will never be forgot.

So many thoughts beset the brain,
 Such keen emotions thrill the heart,
 To seek to voice them all were vain;
 The theme out-soars the singer's art.
 Yes, Oglethorpe, thy need today
 Cries out for him, thy bard most dear,
 Whose songs were meet
 Whose soul was sweet,
 The loved and lost Lanier.

Perhaps even now upon this stone
 His spirit looks with eye serene;
 Be sure we stand not here alone,
 Beside us many a form unseen,
 Dead sons of honored Oglethorpe
 Who mourned her ravaged walls forlorn
 With us behold
 In joy untold
 Her olden halls reborn.

The voice of God is everywhere,
 Sweeter by far than harp or lute;
 Upon the sea, the earth, the air
 Its tones sublime are never mute;
 Aye, even from this massive stone,
 That now with fervent prayer we lay,
 Float prophecies,
 God's promises
 Of that for which we pray.

Blest prophecies! the while they fall
 Upon our listening, raptured ears
 What radiant visions rise to thrall
 Our eyes! A-down the coming years
 We see the thousands yet unborn
 Whom wisdom's voice shall here beguile
 Till manhood's power
 In virtue's flower
 Shall make the Angels smile.

O thrice-blessed Fancy, well thy brush
 Depicts for us the future scene;
 Within the hall the studious hush,
 The sports upon the lake and green,
 For Oglethorpe with wise intent
 Our youths, we know, will rightly train
 To work God's will
 By vale and hill
 With minds in bodies sane.

God bless the men benevolent,
 Who give this structure to the skies,
 For them no grander monument
 In carven grace can ever rise.
 No need of marble or of brass
 Have they to keep their memory bright;
 Time can not dim
 The fame of him
 Who writes his name with light.

God bless the church whose Presbyters
 Are strong in truth to do and dare;
 Homeless no more this place is hers,
 Here shall her great and wise repair,
 Here shall they keep the faith they kept
 When days were dark on Scotland's hill;
 And here shall shine
 That faith divine
 For all a beacon still.

Atlanta, city beautiful,
 Fairest of all from sea to sea,
 No brighter honor Fate could cull
 Than fortune here hath brought to thee
 Accept the charge the church hath given,
 Thy grace 'twill crown,
 And bring renown,
 Forever to thy gate.

O Southland, of thy living proud,
 And glorious in immortal dead,
 Thy stately pride will ne'er be bowed
 If here its cherished youth are sped.
 Taught here to banish base desires,
 To evermore pursue the gleam,
 Their deeds shall chime
 Till the death of time
 Like sweet bells in a dream.
 December 13, 1914.

HENRY E. HARMAN.

Two great characters in Georgia history are closely linked with the rebuilding of Oglethorpe University. One of these is James Oglethorpe, the namesake of the institution, and the other is Sidney Lanier, one of the first graduates of the old school and one of its early professors at Milledgeville. With two such characters to imitate, the school, its faculty and students, must live up to high ideals to rightly fulfill its mission.

Oglethorpe.

The course of progress swings towards the West!
 The sunset lands have garnered all that's best.
 In spite the lotus palm shores of the East,
 In spite the dreamy lands that friction least.
 Within the West the human race has found
 Its safest home—where freedom's hopes abound.

When England looked from out her sea-wrapped isle
 Toward the West some phantom siren smile
 Beckoned and called; and Oglethorpe, who heard
 The whispered voice, with burning thirst was stirred.
 Through prison doors he saw the face of pain

And longed to offer liberty again
 To those beset. Hence to the West he turned
 His pinnance prows, while inwardly there burned
 Visions of freedom, broad as was the sea
 On which he sailed—God's land of destiny.

Out of the past on history's page he stands
 Prince of the Prisoners, whose willing hands
 Wrought in the shadow and the tangled shade
 Of forest wild, with plow and pick and spade;
 Till on these shores he planted here to stay
 The state and name we celebrate today.
 Look, you, to where the fair Savannah flows
 Into the sea, where every sailor knows
 And seeks the Tybee light, that sends afar
 Its rays of welcome, like a gleaming star,
 And see in this the prototype of him,
 Who, out on these thick forest wilds so dim
 Lifted the light of hope that men might see
 The broader paths of human majesty.

'Tis well to link his memory and fame
 With this great task and his immortal name.
 And yet, methinks, the task is doubly great
 On those who teach and strive to emulate
 The broader faith that stirred his tender heart.
 For what he taught was man's divinest art;
 The art of living, so each life may bend
 Some wayward comrade to a better end.
 Unto this work another name as great
 Is firmly linked for you to emulate.

Lanier.

Lanier, whose flute was like a robin's song—
 Lanier, who passed the rugged ways along
 With music in his soul, though in his heart
 The steel of hunger cut, but left his art
 Unmarred—to silence wrong and doubt.

Like as he loved the magic of the sea,
 Like as he loved the marshland's mystery
 And taught his fellowmen to love as well,
 The hidden things that in seclusion dwell;
 Like as his creed and faith can never die
 But from the ashen urn will rise and cry
 For recognition, thus today we find
 It well, this task, with his clear faith to bind.

And as he taught the beauty of the wood,
 The mystery of pines that understood
 His comradeship, and in the robin's note
 An echo of some heavenly choir remote,
 Pleading with men, to find in simple things
 The secret whence content forever springs,
 So ye who teach, within these walls recall,
 His clear marked path of happiness for all
 Shams and deceit of every kind disdain;
 These, with the follies of the past, are slain;
 Clean hearts, clear eyes and faces firmly set
 Towards the right, be ever yours. And yet
 Remember that his wider love would claim
 More freedom than endows the bigot's aim
 Here raise for him a monument sublime
 That shall outlive the rusting stealth of Time.

Fame.

Bring here, O Fame, thy noblest deed to bless
 This work we do today. Bring all, nor less
 Than that thy strongest sons have nobly done—
 Their deeds of valor—feats in battle won;
 Bring here man's glory from the land and seas,
 Bring here the visions that old romance sees,
 And on this spot, new builded in the West,
 Lavish, from out thy plenty, all that's best.

Religion.

Here staid Religion, with thy faithful eyes
 Bring all thy gifts of virtue—all that vies
 With Fame and Wisdom and with placid Art;
 Bring here thy steady flame to warm the heart.

Learning.

And thou, fair Learning, from the fabled past
 Come, from the misty ages, dim and vast,
 Give to this shrine, the fruit of all thy cult,
 Give here the garnered essence and result
 Of all the ages, rich in storied lore
 That men may prize and worship thee the more.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

("By the hand of God she has risen from the dead.")

By war's red rage old Oglethorpe
Was rudely overthrown,
Today we dedicate with love
A later cornerstone.

Another, and by grace of God
One that shall for aye endure,
Broad-based upon the rock of truth,
Inviolable and pure.

Here let our sons in years to come,
Seek wisdom where she stands
Serene, and fair, her eyes alight,
A beacon for the lands.

Sweet Mercy, Charity, and Hope
Shall dwell within these walls
Peace trail her robes of righteousness
About these hallowed halls.

Here build we for eternal years
White mansions for the mind,
O may this temple steadfast stand
Four squares to every wind.

O Thou, our buckler, and our shield,
Point us the nobler way,
Bless thou the lofty purposes
That summon us today.

Pallas sits smiling in the skies,
Minerva calmly shall preside,
About these precincts hover saints,
The Gods themselves have deified.

O Temple fair, our hearts are thine,
O Temple rare, thou art our own,
With love, with tears, with joy today
We lay thy sacred cornerstone.

THE OGLETHORPE STORY

BY BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW.

See what a triumph hastens to acclaim
 The vivid story of the vanished years;
 Out of its threnodies, out of its fears,
 Like some calm star above the fleeting haze,
 A name already known to fame,
 And kindled to a generous flame;
 Of wider purpose, finds a deeper praise;
 Wins from indulgent Time a larger birth
 With all its fine nativity of worth;
 And when the coming years reveal
 In the wide world a human weal,
 The wisdom of the wise,
 The aspiration of an eager host,
 The soul of high emprise,
 The light to lead us when a world is lost
 Amid thick darkness, may abide these halls;
 Build ye then mightily these resurrected walls.

For He hath wrought to whom impatient time
 Is but the breath that moves a trembling leaf;
 Who gathers to the harvesting His sheaf
 That He may safely garner in its prime
 The gleaming corn
 So hath He wrought amid the songful morn,
 The earnest noon, the twilight and the night
 Thus to enhance the glory of a land
 By men who turn unto the morning light,
 And apprehend the vision and the dream
 Of a new day; the courage and the might
 Evince of hearts that hail the high command
 Of duty, until now we seem
 Well launched upon the deep'ning stream
 Which flows at length the troubled narrows by,
 And then sweeps on to wider destiny.

Once kindled at a pure, ethereal flame
 A torch was borne across our southern sky
 By eager hands who sought the worthy fame
 Which comes at length to noblest ministry.
 Yet soon exurgent waves
 From deep, Plutonian caves,

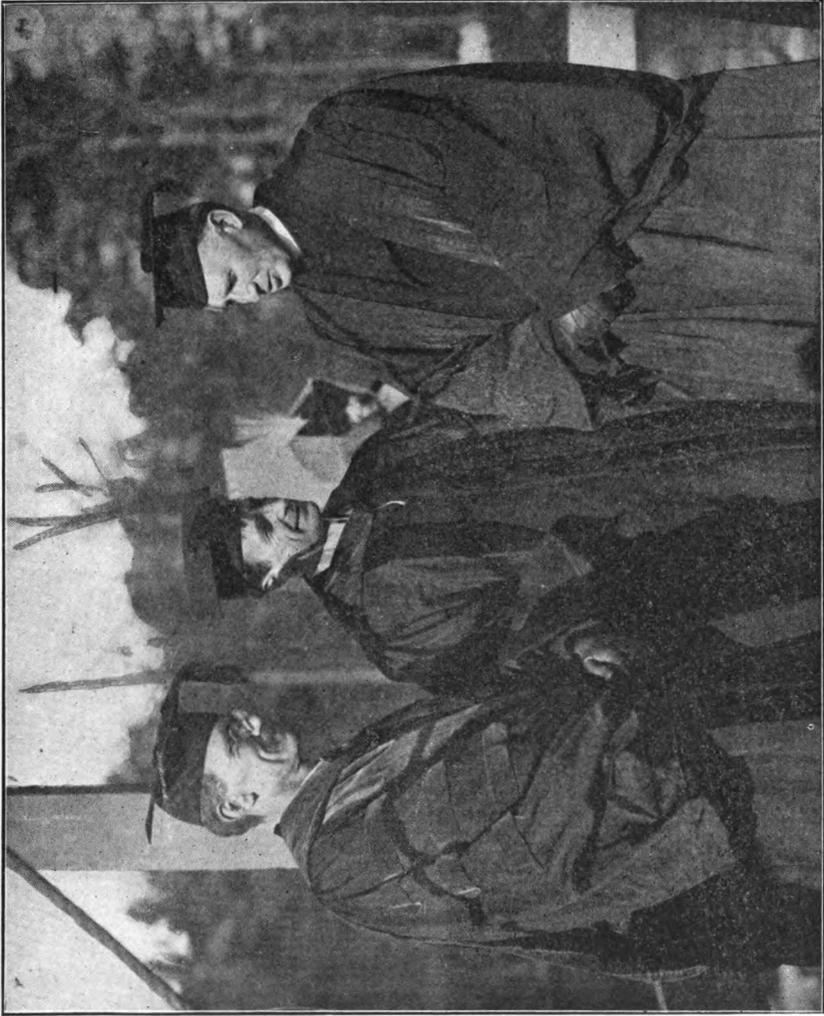
Quenched that far flame, and flung the brand away:
 But kindled by that classic fire arose,
 Ere its bright vision fled the evil day,
 Or here or there a star whose vital light
 Burns steadily as time exulting flows,
 So that the torch once quenched in deepest night
 They touch and kindle now again,
 And proudly give to younger men
 To bear it forth, that it may ever be
 A flaming beacon for a world to see.

And yet we question if too much our hearts
 May turn into the far, heroic past,
 When there were men whose souls were freely cast
 In large, imperial mould, or when the arts
 Left unto coming days
 A legacy of praise
 Linked with the liberal, enlightened mind
 Whose fame has been the service of mankind,
 A throng well worthy
 But there stands alone
 Whose song aspires to every meed of worth,
 A melody that thrills to every zone
 Which sweeps to fill the circle of the earth:
 Great in his art, but greater in his soul
 Because he built that greatness upon God!
 Scarce has the lowly flower of the sod
 Lent such a grace beneath the smiling sun—
 So rich a grace beneath our southern sun;
 And he that hearkens shall be swift to hear
 Fame's silvery trumpet echoing, Lanier.

Out of the years whose mysteries are known
 To that devoted band who marched away,
 And sudden found themselves to manhood grown
 When manly impulse glorified the day,
 A voice descends to us afar
 As from the holocaust of war—
 "Here on the fatal field the precious seed
 So lavished in the soil of deadly strife
 Shall bear a harvest to a nation's need
 And fill the garner of a larger life."
 Oh, glorious youth among the countless slain,
 Hope of a land bereft, to us shall be

The sacred task to consecrate again
 That costly sacrifice to liberty;
 Ye call us to eternal victories;
 And for the healing of the land we love
 To lay foundations that shall never move,
 And bid thereon the walls of peace arise.

Tis but a moment that we pause to view
 That rich, that far expanding legacy
 Left by the Alma Mater that we praise,
 The grace and ornament of older days.
 To sow, to reap, to garner in the new,
 As the new beauty of the virgin morn,
 Or of a cycle that is nobler born;
 New in the toward purpose of the Race
 In the infinity of thought,
 In the infinity of grace;
 To save the spirit of the world to be
 That from themselves, as from a tyranny,
 The coming generations shall be free;
 To rouse who else might dwell within his clod,
 Content, and thrill his breast
 With the deep stirring of a soul's unrest
 Awakening to see the face of God;
 To find no mask of age on Truth,
 But beauty of eternal youth
 That she may be, Beyond all other things,
 Bride of the soul, and mother unto kings;
 This is the mount of vision;
 Let us arise to that exalted height
 Where every cloud rolls far beneath our feet
 And see a nation walking in its might,
 Great in its victories, greater in defeat;
 Expanding with a majesty
 Befitting ages yet to be;
 To serve them in the eras that shall come
 Upon a world of wondrous change, we build,
 We consecrate these walls; and may the sum
 Of every promise, every hope fulfilled
 In this great offering to humanity
 Be but the sunrise of its destiny.



Scene at the laying of the Cornerstone of the first building. Reading from left to right, Dr. W. J. Martin, Dr. Jacobs and Dr. Vance. Photo taken immediately after the Cornerstone laying of Oglethorpe.

CORNERSTONE HYMN.

The cornerstone hymn, which was written by Dr. Thornwell Jacobs of Atlanta, was sung by Miss Mayme Clyburn.

Fair Alma Mater, Oglethorpe,
 Thou didst for others die,
 And now above thy broken tomb,
 Thy Lord uplifts thee, high!
 For he doth live in every stone
 We worthily have brought,
 And he doth move in every deed,
 We righteously have wrought.

We give to thee our lives to mold
 And thou to us dost give
 Thy life, whose pulse-beat is the Truth,
 Wherein we ever live.
 And, as the times pass o'er our heads,
 In this we shall rejoice:
 That we may never drift beyond
 The memory of thy voice.

Fair Alma Mater, Oglethorpe,
 Thou didst for others die,
 So now, above thy broken tomb,
 Thy God doth lift thee, high!
 His be the earth whereon we place,
 Our cornerstone today,
 As His the sky, whereto we raise,
 Our trustful eyes, to pray.

Dr. William Owens spoke for the "Oglethorpians," which is the name of the organization instrumental in raising the Atlanta bonus of \$250,000.00.

Masterful Address By Dr. Vance.

Dr. Vance's address follows:

I believe in the resurrection of the dead. I believe in life. I can not deny death. But there is something greater than either. It is that dynamic insistency which, having tasted life, and having surrendered to death, shakes off its shroud, bursts the bands of the grave, rolls the stone away, and having left the tomb behind, emerges in the might and glory of the resurrection.

Thus we hail Oglethorpe today. The splendor of this hour is not the celebration of a birth. We are not here to sing a lullaby

at a cradle. It is not the renaissance of a life that had fallen into decay. We are not here to recite an ode to returning spring. **The splendor of this hour is life from the dead.** We are here to chant the glory of a resurrection, to lay the cornerstone of a Christian college that lived and died and is alive again.

It is a distinguished company that gathers to witness the rising of Oglethorpe from the pile of gray ashes to which the Civil War reduced the old college. The state and the church have sent their sons to honor this occasion. **The President of the United States**, himself one of the foremost educators of the world, has found time in his busy life to think of Oglethorpe and send a message of congratulation. **A galaxy of Southern poets** have found something in the event to stir them, and each gives a song. Philanthropists and reformers, financiers, educators, churchmen and leaders in all the movements which make for human uplift, are here to take part in an occasion which "marks the fair beginning of a time."

These, however, are not the only ones to honor this event, and by their presence to signify their estimate of its significance. There is **an invisible company here today**, and they are profoundly interested in the college that is rising from the ashes of the past.

Chivalry and courage salute each other here today.

The chivalry of the Old South steps out of the shadows and bows to us, for the Oglethorpe that has been was the college of that chivalry—the chivalry of a civilization whose blossom has withered, but whose fragrance abides, the chivalry which made the Old South the land of gallant men and gentle women, and that makes it now the land of song and story, to which novelists come for tales of love and romance, and poets for some theme worthy of their muse.

And the courage of the New South turns aside for a moment from its busy tasks to greet us here, for the Oglethorpe that will be is the college of that courage—the courage that has faced ruin without a fear, that has fought its way through grim poverty and stark adversity, that has never wavered nor turned backward, and that is making the South sunny with hope, and blessing her people with prosperity and peace.

Chivalry with a flower and courage with a tool step out side by side, and hail the day, and tell us they are proud of the hour, and pledge themselves to guard the destinies of the college we are re-founding.

Tradition and emancipation are here today.

Oglethorpe starts out with an historic background. This is something money can not buy. Millionaires may found and endow great schools. but they can not purchase the past. The past must be in-

herited. Oglethorpe has a rich heritage of tradition. As the youth gather here to be fitted for life, the past will speak to them. Down the silent halls of tradition noble spirits will come to meet them, and out of the spent years will flow a presence to cast the spell of greatness over life.

Oglethorpe starts with a dowry of freedom. Its face is toward the morning. The strength of youth is in its blood. **While it is blessed by tradition, it is not hampered by tradition.** Its policies are not to be cramped in the grip of a dead hand. It will adapt its courses of instruction to meet the needs of the living present, and train men to face and master the actual problems of life as they exist today.

Thus tradition and progress lay their hands on the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe, and say: "Let us help you build."

Faith and fruition meet here today.

Faith is here, splendid, courageous, undismayed, unwearied faith—the faith which is not lamed by criticism, nor soured by pessimism, nor crippled by flattery, nor spoiled by success, the faith which "endures as seeing Him who is invisible," the faith which sees the unseen, the faith which burns its bridges behind it, stakes all on its great adventure, **and cries ever as it presses on: "If I perish, I perish."**

That faith is among us today, thank God.

And fruition is here—not the fruition of a tree that has borne its last crop, but of a field that is giving us its first golden harvest, not the fruition that has finished its work, but that is demonstrating it can do its work, not the fruition of a goal that is reached, but of an undertaking that is vindicated.

Such faith and such fruition join hands on this occasion, and pledge themselves to the future of the university we are refounding. These are a few of the invisible faces which look out on these exercises today. May we not say in the words of one who felt the spell of the unseen and the tug of the eternal at his work: "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto **Jesus the author and finisher of our faith?**"

This day of the laying of the cornerstone of Oglethorpe University is a man's great day. A man has raised the dead. One man has had a vision so keen that he has seen the unseen, a purpose so steady that he has allowed neither the frowns of foes nor the counsels of friends to swerve him, a courage so dauntless that obstacles have crumbled in his path, an enthusiasm so contagious that under the spell of his appeal the impossible again and again, has come to pass, a self-effacement so utter that he has thought more of his

work than of himself, an industry so tireless that from its inception the enterprise has never lagged, and a faith so confident that there was nothing for the dead to do but rise. This is Thornwell Jacobs' day. All honor to him for what he has done. Without him this hour would never have arrived. His itinerary through the churches has been a triumphal procession. He has again and again appeared before congregations which thought themselves in extremes financially, but after he had injected the Oglethorpe anti-toxin he left them amazed at the vigor of their own state of health. He has found springs in the desert, and secured thousand-dollar contributions in very dry places. As we lay the cornerstone, let us honor the man whose vision has been big and clear enough to see what is now coming to pass, whose splendid faith and tireless effort are written this day into the life of Georgia and the Presbyterian Church, and whose name must always be the first name on the honor roll of the new Oglethorpe.

But Dr. Jacobs would have found his task, not impossible, for I have come to believe that the man can do anything he starts out to do, but far more difficult, without the **help of certain other men.** Oglethorpe had put itself into some lives of lofty ideals. It had sent out Sidney Lanier to sing of friendship and hope. It had written itself across the careers of men of noble purpose and unselfish service, and these men, most of whom have crossed the Great Divide, have stood at Dr. Jacobs' elbow as he has made his plea. Being dead they have spoken, and men have listened, and said: **"The college which has given such sons to the land shall have a new day."**

Nor are these all. Here in this magic city of Atlanta, a company of big-hearted, resolute friends have rallied to the cause, and in one of the most remarkable money-raising campaigns with which you have entertained yourselves, you have raised a quarter of a million dollars towards the refounding of Oglethorpe. It was a superb exhibition of the Atlanta spirit, without which this enterprise would have been immeasurably more difficult. Along with you have enlisted generous-hearted givers from all over the land. This is their day, too. They have all made it possible for the impossible to come to pass, and they have done this, not merely because they were appealed to, not simply in response to the moving eloquence of a man who had put himself into the cause, but they have done it because **deep down in their hearts they felt that the South needed the university whose cornerstone we are laying today.**

Oglethorpe is rising from the dead because it is needed. Its mission is not completed. A college, like a man, is immortal until its work is done. What is to be the mission of the new Oglethorpe?

How will it vindicate itself? By what will it prove its right to be?

It will nourish our ideals. It will keep us from becoming the slaves of our senses. It will teach us that there is something bigger and better to live for than commercial success. It will introduce humanity into industrialism, internationalism into citizenship, and fraternity into all social relations, arraigning once more with Oglethorpe's great singer the soulless greed which says:

"And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say, Go,
There's plenty that can if you can't; we know;
Move out, if you think you're underpaid,
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade."

It will train our sons for service. It will give to youth the conception that life's horizon is not to be bounded by selfish interests, and that success is, to be measured, not by what one gets out of life, but by what he puts into it. It will teach our young men that true citizenship is not provincial, but cosmopolitan, and that the heroes whose trailing clouds of glory neither dim nor tarnish **are those who devote their lives to the service of their country and their God!**

Oglethorpe as a Christian University will give to the church the power which comes from trained, intelligent and educated leadership. Religion is not hysterics. It is not spasms of pious emotion. It is conduct controlled by lofty and intelligent motives! It not only does not degrade the reason in order to exalt the heart, but it saves and sanctifies the emotions by harnessing them to the great tasks of life. Oglethorpe will give to the state the power which comes from men in public life whose conduct is controlled by conscience, whose convictions are forged on the anvil of Christian truth, and whose contribution to the public welfare will be Christian statesmanship, and not the opportunism of partisan and time-serving politics.

Thus our university, with the other colleges of the land, will make its contribution to Christian education, and to that civilization which is coming, and "of whose increase there shall be no end." By such a mission will it vindicate its right to be.

Let us therefore lay the cornerstone with a great faith, with some of the splendid optimism which has made the present hour possible. Difficulties will continue to pile in the way. Much remains to be done. Other buildings are to be erected. Endowments must be secured. Faculty and students must be assembled. It is not easy. Nothing great is easy. Thank God He does not give us easy things! Thank God for tasks big and difficult, so difficult that we can not do them without Him! Again let difficulties summon us! Once more

let enthusiasm light its torch in the embers of predicted defeat!

Let us catch the immortal hope of Lanier as he lay on his death-bed and wrote his last song. It was in December of 1880. He was in the last stages of the terrible disease that took his life. With a temperature of one hundred and four degrees, too weak to lift his food to his lips, between severe paroxysms of coughing, he wrote his last and greatest poem, "Sunrise." **Let us lift from this dying pen and lay on the lips of his Alma Mater as she rises from the ashes and faces the morning the lines with which Lanier's unconquerable soul saluted the future:**

"Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee.
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge
abide thee.
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art—till yonder beside thee,
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

At the close of Dr. Vance's address the dedicatory prayer was led by **Dr. E. M. Green**, followed by the benediction, pronounced by **Dr. W. P. Jacobs of Clinton, S. C.**

After the exercises at the church, the directors and the visitors were entertained at **luncheon by the ladies of the North Avenue Presbyterian church.**

The party then motored to Oglethorpe campus, where the cornerstone was laid.

Distinguished men from all parts of the south and aged alumni of old Oglethorpe, who had not seen each other in some instances for more than half a century, took part in the exercises.

Several hundred people gathered around the 2,000-pound block of granite that formed the cornerstone at Oglethorpe campus and witnessed its sealing and setting.

Campus Exercises Opened.

The exercises at the campus were opened by a prayer by **Dr. W. J. Martin**, president of Davidson College, North Carolina, and moderator of the **General Assembly of the Presbyterian church**, for the blessing and guidance of Divine Providence upon the life of the new Oglethorpe.

With a few brief words about the history of the old and new

Oglethorpes, Dr. E. M. Green, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Danville, Ky., and ex-moderator of the Southern Presbyterian assembly, introduced little Frank Inman, Jr., who placed the copper box in the heart of the huge block of granite. Master Inman is the grandson of the late Samuel M. Inman, who was deeply interested in Oglethorpe.

The spectators stood hatless and breathless with interest as the little fellow struggled with the heavy copper box, a foot square, and finally placed it in its resting place.

Before the box was closed and sealed many of the spectators walked up and dropped small coins or some memento of some sort into the box. When in future years the cornerstone may be opened one of its mysteries will be the names of the donors of these small coins and trinkets.

Cornerstone Is Laid.

When Master Inman had placed the box and all its contents were snugly stored, it was sealed up and the big derrick creaked, swinging the stone into place. The mortar and trowel were applied and the cornerstone of the first building of Oglethorpe university was laid.

The group of people about the stone then sang the doxology and a benediction was pronounced by Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Nashville, Tenn., and president of the board of directors of Oglethorpe University.

Meeting of Board of Directors.

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, who has been the moving spirit in the re-establishment in Atlanta of Oglethorpe, the famous war-time university, was elected president of the new institution at a meeting of the board of directors held at the North Avenue Presbyterian Church Thursday afternoon, immediately after the cornerstone had been laid with impressive ceremonies at the campus at Silver Lake, on Peachtree road.

At a banquet to the board of directors of the new Oglethorpe university and the alumni of old Oglethorpe, at the Winecoff hotel Thursday evening, **an alumni association of old Oglethorpe university** was organized, largely through the activities and interest of Dr. E. M. Green, of Danville, Ky., and Major J. O. Varnedoe, of Valdosta, Georgia.

Dr. Green was elected president of the association, and A. C. Briscoe, of Atlanta, was elected secretary.

The association will hold annual meetings and a list of the living alumni of the association will be compiled at once.

BY WAY OF BEGINNING.

(From the first editorial of the first issue of *The Westminster*.)

The very first thing we want to say in these columns is a word of thanks to the loyal and generous spirit in which our enterprise has been met by the Presbyterians of this community.

Whenever you read *The Westminster* remember that we do not belong to us. We belong to you. We are yours because you made us possible and actual, and we must be yours because you must claim us, by using us, by loving us, by helping us. You will find that *The Westminster* is in favor of things. We want our hospital back, for example. We are hankering after having the best boys' preparatory school in the Southern States here in Atlanta. But more than anything else right now we would like to see the Presbyterians of Georgia resume their heritage of honor and blessing and re-establish old Oglethorpe College, the Alma Mater of Georgia's greatest and the nation's most lovable poet and of a score of strong, brainy, useful leaders in the kingdom of God and man.

DR. JACOBS' LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of Oglethorpe University met on April 8th, 1915, with a full attendance.

At this meeting, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, by letter, formally accepted the presidency of the university to which he was elected on January 21st.

By resolution of the committee, the daily papers of the city were requested to publish the letter in full because much of it bears on the ideals and purposes of the new institution, and the hearty co-operation of the committee was unanimously pledged to the first president.

The following is the full text of the letter.

"Dr. J. Cheston King, Secretary, Board of Directors, and the Executive Committee of Oglethorpe University.

"My Dear Dr. King:

"Your notification that I have been elected president of Oglethorpe University by the Board of Directors, as also the terms of my services as adopted by the Executive Committee, are before me, and it is proper that I should give you an answer at this time.

"From the day when I first set my face forward to accomplish the founding of a Southern Presbyterian University, I have had an ambition in regard to this work. That ambition has been that I might be the instrument of our Father by whose labors such an institution might be founded. I have longed to think more clearly about Oglethorpe, to feel more deeply the throbbing of her life and to perform greater service for her resurrection than any other human being might be permitted to think, or to feel, or to perform. I have desired to build in reality, without, such an institution as I had already planned within. For this institution, I have dared to hope greatness as distinguished from bigness, and in its erection I had planned that there might be expressed something of the splendid life and spirit of that great denomination whose intellectual beacon-light it would be. Such an institution must of necessity be one complete whole; whose architecture, material, purpose, laws, curriculum, faculty and spirit should have but one purpose; that purpose being

the production of the highest type of Christian manhood. Its ideals should take hold of each student from the hour that he first set his eyes upon its campus until the hour that it floats before his dying vision, and should always be to him the finest and the highest element in his life. Such an institution, from the entrance gates to the power-house should be an institution that would in its form and its soul express the education which it offered. Its architecture, no less than its curriculum, its conduct no less than its textbooks should be teachers of the highest quality.

"In the building of such an institution, there existed so many elements that from their beginning it was necessary for certain plans to be adopted and unvaryingly followed. It has been my privilege to be your servant and leader in the execution of these plans up to this time. To continue to do so is a prize to be grasped after. You will understand me when I say that I do not regard the election to the presidency of Oglethorpe as an honor so much as a privilege. It is not the emoluments of the position that I desire, but its labors, and I trust that I speak in a spirit of humility and truthfulness when I say that it is not its glory, but its services that I crave.

"And when I say that I accept the position you offer me it is with the assurance that the fine fellowship which you have hitherto given, a fellowship of spirit and of labor, will be even more fully enjoyed by all of us in the future. We have set our faces, under God, to do the greatest deed for our church that has ever been attempted by this generation, and relying upon His power and redoubling our own determination we shall succeed in the doing of it.

Heartily yours,

THORNWELL JACOBS.

Special Report of the Executive Representative of Oglethorpe University to the Executive Committee.

Atlanta, Ga., May 6th, 1914.

By way of approaching the question of the future physical appearance of Oglethorpe University, and bearing in mind the limited means to which it will be necessary for us to conform our ambitions, I desire to submit to you in written form for record, some considerations which seem to me to be of importance in this connection.

1. It is, of course, agreed among us all that nothing shall be done that will in any way compromise our exceptional architectural opportunity to build, even though our beginning be small, a symmetrically perfect institution. It is enough to recall the numerous institutions of higher learning that made the initial error underestimating their future and consequently encumbered their campus with wrongly placed and architecturally imperfect structures for us to see the advantage of that ounce of prevention, now, which may save the expense of thousands of dollars for cure later. I take it for granted, therefore, that the first duty of this Committee is to secure a complete layout from a landscape artist, skilled in University work, who at the same time will be mindful of the traditions of our institution, the limits of our budget and the natural beauty of our campus.

2. It is to the traditions of Oglethorpe University that I desire particularly to call your attention, affecting as they do the entire scheme of the landscape work and the harmony of the architectural effect. Oglethorpe was the first denominational university between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans south of the Virginia line. Its history, its name and its spirit carry us back still further, through the founder of the commonwealth of Georgia, to the very best in the university traditions of England. Oglethorpe was the son of an English lord and his family was, from the days of the Norman Conquest, associated with the life of Oxford and Cambridge. It is well known that there is a distinct structural type associated with these institutions, as also with the early history of Presbyterians in Great Britain and the United States. I refer to the pointed style of architecture vulgarly known as the "Gothic," the proper and fitting material for which style is stone.

3. I believe that all good architects will endorse my saying that a city should be built as nearly as possible of its own materials. All great civilizations, like all great literature, have an element of provincialism in them which gives them their flavor, thus distinguishing them in excellence and furnishing their contribution toward the total progress of the world. Greece built of her own marble, Egypt of her granite, the Assyrian and Babylonian of their sun-baked brick. In this connection we are exceedingly fortunate not only in locating Oglethorpe in a stone country, which is the natural building material for the Gothic style, but in having large quantities of this material already given and accepted for that purpose.

4. It seems to me fitting, therefore, that no matter what the method we adopt for the working out of details, the above considerations should be accepted as the general guide and specifications for the architectural scheme of Oglethorpe University, and I so recommend.

THORNWELL JACOBS.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

The proper form for use in making a bequest to Oglethorpe University is as follows:

“I hereby give and bequeath to Oglethorpe University, a corporation of Fulton County, Georgia,

\$.....

Signature

If you desire to leave property, in addition to, or instead of, money, describe the property carefully under the advice of your lawyer. Time and chance work their will upon us all. Now is the hour to attend to this matter. Do now for your university what you would have done.

**SUBSCRIPTION TOWARD THE FOUNDING OF
OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY.**

..... 19.....

For good and valuable considerations I hereby agree to pay to Oglethorpe University, a corporation of Fulton County, Georgia, the sum of \$..... per year for years; total \$....., first payment to be made on and other payments annually thereafter.

Witness my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

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