



CLEMENT READ VAUGHN, D. D.
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THE LOUISVILLE ASSEMBLY.

By A. M. FRASER, D. D., Staunton, Virginia.

This discussion of the Louisville Assembly is not written from the point of view of an eye witness, but from that of a reader of the printed minutes. That is the correct point of view from which to get a proper estimate, since it is through the printed minutes and not through the intentions of the body that it will ultimately be judged and through which it will influence the Church and history. For lack of space much will have to be omitted that must have lent a peculiar charm to the meeting, the interesting city of Louisville, the historic church of Stuart Robinson, in which the Assembly met, the splendid hospitality of the pastor and congregation, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of our Church, the presence of the Theological Seminary, the phenomenal work among the negroes in the city, and the ideal moderator, himself in his youth a favorite with Dr. Stuart Robinson. The limits of space will also make it necessary to omit allusion to a number of things done by the Assembly and confine attention to the more important ones.

I. This Assembly was distinguished by the unusual number of extremely important subjects it was called upon to handle. Of these, probably none is more important than the complete inauguration of the work of a Permanent Committee on Systematic Beneficence. Our whole system for gathering and administering the funds for the benevolent work of our Church has been changed within the last year. Previously we had nine

CLEMENT READ VAUGHN.

BY THOS. CARY JOHNSON.

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Clement Read Vaughn was born in Charlotte County, Virginia, July 15, 1827. He was the second son of Archibald Vaughn and Jane Morris Hamner, his wife.

Archibald Vaughn was for many years a merchant of Charlotte Courthouse, and later, cashier of the Farmer's Bank in Farmville in Prince Edward County. He had been left a poor and unprotected orphan, and had been taken in charge by the Rev. Clement Read, who was for a long time pastor of the Presbyterian churches of Bethesda and Cub Creek, who gave him a plain English education, and placed him in the store of his own brother, Mr. Isaac Read, at the county seat of Charlotte County. In this place Archibald Vaughn passed through the positions of store boy, chief salesman, sole keeper of the books, partner, successor in the business, and trusted and faithful executor of Mr. Read's will. He was remarkable for his unswerving integrity, his benevolence, unwasting sympathy for those who needed it, and his "utter unselfishness". His son has said of him; "I say it deliberately as a discriminated judgment he was the most lovable person I have ever seen, whether male or female. The only parallel I have ever seen to him, in fiction or in real life, was the Charles Cheeryble of Dicken's celebrated story of Nicholas Nicholby. Like the noble brothers of the English story he was a helpless orphan favored in signal fashion by a loving Providence in the friends he found. He never seemed to forget that he had been a poor and helpless child. To every form of human sorrow his great heart always sprang open. No one knows how many poor boys he helped to a life of independence or how many widows and needy families he aided during the Confederate War." Before that period he had become a simple hearted earnest Christian.

The wife of Mr. Archibald Vaughn was the daughter of Col. Morris Hamner, the commanding officer of the Charlotte County

regiment in the War of 1812. She was the first cousin of Dr. James G. Hamner of Baltimore City, and of the Rev. Thomas L. Hamner for many years connected with the American Sunday School Union of Philadelphia. Her mother was a Miss Lucas, of Albemarle. Married to Mr. Vaughn in 1824, she fell into infirm health about a year later, and lived for only ten or eleven years longer. She was a lady of remarkable intellectual and religious character, as evinced by a journal which she for years kept of her religious exercises, and a paper left by her in which she vindicated, by a careful collation of Scripture texts, the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. "The journal displayed", says her son, "an intensity of religious feeling not inferior to the religious sensibilities of Payson or of Henry Martin. The argument would have done credit to a professional theologian."

From these parents, Clement Read Vaughn came into the world, dowered with a rather frail body, keen and quick sensibilities, lofty aspirations, and a vigorous will.

His invalid mother was his teacher until he was seven years old. Tradition says that this loving and faithful teacher carried him through the New Testament when he was four years old; drilled him thoroughly in the usual English branches, and pushed him along so that he was fitted to begin the study of Latin upon entering Thomas P. Bouldin's Academy, (afterwards Judge Bouldin), at the age of seven. So expert as a speller was this mother's scholar at the age of seven that he usually stood at the head of the entire school in the daily spelling exercise, his his only real rival being Issac R. Watkins, who afterwards became one of the most learned lawyers of the State.

When Thos. T. Bouldin gave up the school for the bar, he was succeeded by a young man by the name of Shelbourn, and after an interval, by David Comfort, Esq., a widely known and skilled teacher and disciplinarian. Young Vaughn lost his mother before he had been long under Mr. Comfort, and his bereaved father, sickening of his home, wound up his business, sold all his property, and removed from Charlotte Courthouse to Farmville in the adjoining county of Prince Edward, taking his two motherless children with him.

In addition to his parentage and early schooling, Charlotte county had given to young Vaughn the influence of its attractive and charming society. In those days the village and county of Charlotte embosomed a very attractive society. The county had only one or two men who were counted rich, but it was well stocked with independent planters in easy circumstances, many of whose families were well educated, and contained amongst them people of generous education. The manners of this class "were very simple, cordial and unpretentious", and truly refined. "The relations between all classes of people were cordial and friendly, the offices of kindness and neighborly courtsey in ordinary life, and especially in sickness, were universal, and taken as a matter of course. After the business of the day was over, it was a very common thing for neighbors living close together in the village and even in the country, to go over and sit till bed time, spending the hours in pleasant and profitable talk. Among the most valued educational influences of the young lad's childhood was the evening colloquies between his father and John Marshall, his next neighbor in the village. Mr. Marshall, the father of Judge Hunter Marshall, was a prominent lawyer at the Charlotte bar—a man of iron courage and indomitable fortitude and energy—full of anecdote, a fine talker, and a most reliable counsel to all his clients." "Whenever notice was served on either side for a tea and a table between these friends, the lad was sure to ask permission to go and hear Mr. Marshall talk; and he would sit out the time listening to the lively flow of anecdotes, tales of the old inhabitants, the never-ceasing interest of everything that concerned John Randolph, his horses, and his encounters with his neighbors, with political friends and opponents, and his adventures on Chesterfield race courses—the incidents of county history—the tragic and comic events revealed in the county courts. The education in learning to talk from so rare and racy a model as Jack Marshall, was invaluable." The very games of recreation and the pastimes were helpful rather than hurtful on this village lad.

The presence of Mr. Patrick Henry's old home off at no great distance in the county, kept before the lad a noble example of patriotism and oratory, and was not without its influence upon

his life. He came to think of Mr. Henry as "the greatest natural orator of the human race." The figure of John Randolph of Roanoke was a familiar one before the lad's eyes. To his old days he recalled the sensation which the village enjoyed when William H. Crawford of Georgia, a member of the U. S. Senate, and a candidate for the presidency between 1820 and 1830, passed through on a four horse mail coach. In these sweet old days of Charlotte Courthouse, before his mother had passed away, the career of the minister was already before the boy's mind; but the glory of the driver of the old mail coach, as, seated aloft behind four spanking bays or greys, dexterously guiding them by the use of one hand and as dexterously handling a musical horn, or a writhing, cracking whip with the other, he made entrance into the village, suggested an alternate career.

Upon his mother's death and the removal of his father to Farmville, young Vaughn at once entered a school established by Mr. Nathaniel E. Venable for the education of his own sons, and opened to citizens of Farmville to lighten the expense. This school was in charge of Andrew W. Millspaugh, a Northerner by birth and education, a man eminently fitted for his business—a small man, but active as a cat—given to boyish sports along with his pupils on the play ground, but their master within—fond of whittling, and very skillful with his pocket knife—given to trimming his long dog-wood switches with great care in full view of the little republic, and, as occasion demanded, to applying them with vigor and edification—whittling with method as he taught as events afterwards proved, whittling out for one thing, a model of a spike to spike down rails to the cross ties on railways, a model which was accepted, which led to his becoming a manufacturer of spikes used down to the present. He was a faithful and efficient teacher, and put his pupils—Charles S. Venable, afterwards for many years Professor of Mathematics at the University of Virginia, Samuel W. Venable, for many years a prominent tobacconist of Petersburg, Clement Read Vaughn and others—deeply into his debt.

From the Longwood School, as it was called, Clement Read Vaughn was sent to Hampden-Sidney College, where he was graduated with the degree of A. B. after three years, about the

close of his seventeenth year. The college was only moderately manned. He was not under the necessity of studying much, particularly in the languages, to keep abreast of his classes, and, being young and heedless, he did not work as he should have done. Naturally he fell in with students that were idling and running down in character. His habits deteriorated in moral and religious respects. Conscience remonstrated, but obedience to it was for months deferred. At length the college church thought that efforts should be made to reach young people, and to bring them to consideration. A meeting was appointed to continue for several days, and the Rev. Jesse Armstead, a preacher of great power and skill in dealing with the unconcerned, the convicted and the converted, was invited to take charge of the meeting. "He preached for several days with marked results. The students were required to attend, and several were brought to an open stand. Young Vaughn was impressed by Dr. Armstead's preaching, admired him greatly as a pulpit teacher, but while silently wishing that something would effectually move him, remained unmoved. He had been trained to so high a sense of the sanctity of the Christian religion that he shrank from the idea of any pretensions to the character of a Christian which would not stand the wear and tear of ordinary life. He listened with serious attention therefore, his conscience becoming more restless, but his pride more imperious. He yielded to outbreaks of temper, and profanity until he was actually rebuked by one of his ungodly chums. That rebuke sent the flames more fiery than ever through his conscience, and he made up his mind to quit fighting against the truth and Spirit of God, and to begin to take some action on the subject. He went into the library of the Union Society, of which he was a member, and got a volume of sermons of old Dr. Moses Hoge, once President of Hampden-Sidney—one of the greatest intellects and most eloquent men the State or the country has produced—and determined to seek the guidance of a man whose profound religious character he had always been taught to believe was as great and admirable as his extraordinary genius. To these sermons he always ascribed more of the influence which brought him to decisive action than any other operating on him at the time. The

radical influence was that of his dear, sweet mother. After a brief struggle, kneeling by a chair in the old Union Hall, the young man gave himself away to the Lord Jesus, body and soul, for good and all, for time and eternity. Thence forward he never flinched from these terms, because the grace pledged to everyone who trustfully covenants with the Saviour of sinners never fails." He soon after joined the college church, from which he was transferred to the Farmville church on his graduation, twelve or fifteen months later.

While a student in the college, young Vaughn became devotedly attached to William (Ewell) Stoddert, youngest full brother to him who afterward became General Ewell of the Confederate army. Stoddert, whose name had been changed to gratify a maternal uncle, began his career at Hampden-Sidney as a devout Romanist. One day after the young men had become very intimate, Stoddert suddenly ran his fingers through his thick black oily hair and said to his friend: "Look here!" He lifted his hair and showed to Vaughn's astonished gaze a green cankered copper wire bound tight about his head. "How long has that thing been there, Stoddert?" asked Vaughn. "About ten months," "What do you wear it for?" "Penance." "Are you such a fool as to think that the Lord God will be so pleased with your worrying yourself in that way that He will forgive your sins?" There had been a silent growth of religious feeling among the students for some months. It was unnoticed till attention was called to it by Stoddert's coming out with an open renunciation of his Roman Catholic notions and an open profession of evangelical faith in Christ, under the stimulus of an exercise sermon of Moses Drury Hoge, then a divinity student at the nearby Union Theological Seminary, and afterwards pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Virginia. Vaughn soon had the pleasure of seeing Stoddert carrying the banner of the Presbyterian Church in the pulpit, exercising a ministry marked by deep religious sensibility, high intellectual qualities, radical usefulness in bringing men to repentance, and some of the most peculiar eccentricities that ever made a ministry remarkable.

Another college friend was James Edward Hughes, a wonderfully handsome, cheery, amiable, popular and helpful young man, who entered the Presbyterian ministry, became pastor of a church in Baltimore, but died too soon.

After his graduation, young Vaughn's father, wishing to give him some knowledge of business, sent him to Charlotte Courthouse, and entered him in the Clerk's office of the County and Superior Courts, under the tuition of his warm old personal friend, Winslow Robinson, who had been the Clerk of both Courts for many years. While working in this capacity, he lived in the charming home of Mr. Robinson, and derived as valuable a training in the home as in the office.

He entered Union Seminary in 1845. "The scholastic year in both college and Seminary was then divided into two terms, the Winter term of six months with one month vacation, and the Summer term of four months with a similar vacation." Vaughn entered at the beginning of the Summer Term, and undertook to keep up with the class, and at the same time make up what the class had gone over in the previous six months' session. By studying about sixteen hours a day, he managed to accomplish his self imposed task with the exception of the Hebrew. This deficit he made up the next session. "On entering the Seminary, he found Stoddert and Hughes already for the last six months members of the class, and renewed his old ties of friendship with great delight. He also found there the man of whom he said: "He was the dearest and most faithful friend the goodness of God ever gave me. He had entered that class of his loved ones in November, 1844, under the same press of sail, though from a different quarter. By adding voluntarily to the burden of each year, he managed to do full justice to a three years course, and graduate at the end of the year succeeding my entrance into the class. Robert Dabney was the highest type of manhood that I had ever encountered: and my soul clave to him as to no other man I had ever met outside of my own family. In mental power, energy, in indomitable resolution, in swift and effective habits of acquisition, in versatility of gifts and universal efficiency he was superior to all men ever thrown within my observation. In moral and spiritual qualities, he was equally

without a peer. High toned in principle, pure in every habit, hating all coarseness and vice, despising all tricks and every impulse to dishonorable conduct, he was a model of character. His religion was based upon the deepest reverence for divine truth and law; his devotion to Christ was the master principle of his nature, silent so far as words went, but of the quality to do his will with inflexible fidelity, and encounter all consequences that emerge as the result of fidelity to His service. Under all this strength and fortitude glowed the tenderest sensibilities and the strongest affections. As a husband, father, son and brother, he was everything that could be conceived as appropriate. As a friend where he considered a man worthy, he was faithful to a proverb. His moral indignation against a breach of moral propriety was strong in direct proportion to the position and professed character of all who challenged his judgment. He was a thorough Calvinist, and Presbyterian, and his indignation ran highest when Presbyterians and Calvinists showed a want of fidelity to all the doctrines and principles to the great Presbyterian system."

Mr. Vaughn found his friendship for Mr. Dabney fully met by Mr. Dabney's for himself. There was never a breath of discord between them while life lasted.

Mr. Vaughn was licensed by the Presbytery of West Hanover on May 14th, 1847, when he lacked two months and one day of being twenty years old. The following June he finished his Seminary course, and on the 16th day of the same month he was united in marriage to Miss Elvira Dennis, eldest daughter of William H. Dennis, Esq., of Charlotte County, Va. In the fall of this year, when only a little beyond twenty, he accepted a commission as a missionary to the negroes in Cumberland and Prince Edward counties. His most important point was in the Baptist Church in Farmville, but he rode through the Northern portion of Prince Edward and large sections of Cumberland, preaching in negro cabins, master's parlors, in school houses, and occasionally in a church. At the close of a year of this missionary service, he was invited to take charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Lynchburg, as helper to the venerable old pastor, the Rev. Wm. S. Reid, then resting disabled by disease and

age from all public work. His relations to Dr. Reid were always most agreeable, and he always counted his association with him as one of the happiest of his career. The old gentleman was still able to attend public worship, and was very gifted in prayer. Mr. Vaughn depended on his aid more than any one's else to secure the blessing of true success. He cheered his aged brother by letting him know that this was true. His death, when it came was a serious grief to his young assistant. That they might cheer him, Dr. Reid's children showed Mr. Vaughn a paper which their father had written to an aged brother in Pennsylvania in which he expressed his great satisfaction in his coadjutor. This beautiful relationship was to remain a blessed memory to the end of his days.

Having been ordained to the ministry, December 23rd, 1849, and become pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Lynchburg, he maintained himself with great ability and acceptance there till the year 1857. He was an intensely ambitious man—ambitious to be and to do all that a minister of Christ ought to be and do. He carried with him a conviction that he was commissioned to preach “the greatest system of religious truth the world has ever known, to persuade a reluctant body of men to obey these truths,”—to cut out of their way all hindrances to their acceptance of the grace of Christ, “to so conceive and represent the inducements to faith and repentance that if possible many might believe and live for Christ. His model of what a Gospel preacher ought to be was Samuel Davies, the founder of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia. He had set his standard high. Perhaps his ambition was not purely Christian. He has said that it was not, that there was much of fault mixed in his aspirations. On the whole it must be admitted that he was nobly ambitious.

He picked upon certain departments of ministerial study to which he proposed to devote himself particularly, being convinced that no man can compass them all. First of all he aspired to make himself master of Christian doctrine as a logical system; second, he aimed at a competent understanding of religious experience as developed in the actual experience of believers; and last, he sought to grasp thoroughly the doctrine of the church as an

organized and administrative body. On these three departments of study he was to spend his life. They fascinated him. During his pastorate at Lynchburg, his preaching was generally on a topic in one of these three departments. He preached great sermons to his people. He so preached as to be sought as preacher before his Presbytery and his Synod, at their meetings. He was not negligent of pastoral work, his aim being to spend one half of his time in his study and the other half in the homes of his people.

During this period he was a man of wide interests, specially in political and literary movements. He was writing for magazines and periodicals, civil and religious, and tradition says, for magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, writing with piquancy brilliancy and power. No man seemed to have the promise of a brighter future.

But about this time God laid his hand heavily upon His servant. Mr. Vaughn wrote rapidly and with great ease to himself; he used the pen in the preparation for the pulpit, he wrote freely for the press. He often studied with pen in hand to aid his analysis. He over-worked his arm, before he was aware of it. When he was about thirty years of age, Scrivener's paralysis was fixed upon his right arm. His throat had never been strong. The last eight years of his nine years pastorate at Lynchburg were spent in a struggle with disease in the throat. He suffered many things at the hands of local physicians; was treated for a brief period by Dr. Louis Green, of New York, the most distinguished specialist of his day. He was for fourteen months under doctors James and Robert Hunter,—two young English physicians from the Brompton Consumption Hospital in London, using the "inhalation" practice, then recently introduced into this country by these young men. He derived much benefit from this treatment, the mechanical effect of regular inhalations helped to correct a slight stoop, and to enlarge his chest measurement; but it failed to relieve his throat, and he was ordered to stop preaching.

He deemed that it was best to heed the orders of his English physicians; accordingly he resigned his Lynchburg charge. His people refused to accept his resignation, offering to continue his

salary and pay his substitute as long as might be necessary. Mr. Vaughn appreciated their affectionate and praiseworthy solicitude, and finally, though reluctantly, because he felt that he was in for a long suspension from the use of his throat, consented to their proposition. Mr. Dabney Carr Harrison was made the supply for a year. At the end of that year Mr. Vaughn was no better. He was compelled to retire. He spent the next two years in his father's house in Farmville; and then, seeing no more prospects of a return to his pulpit, in order to the support of his family, bought a farm on the Staunton River in Charlotte County, in full view of Red Hill, the home of Patrick Henry, and near enough to his father-in-law, Col. Dennis, to feel safe in leaving his family, if the worst should come.

There he spent eleven years, embracing the trying periods of the war. When his life as a planter began he at once entered upon an active out of door existence. Knowing nothing of the planter's business, he employed a skilled overseer and put himself under his tuition. He spent all of daylight out of doors in the duties proper to plantation life. In this out-of-door life he had another purpose: Having despaired of relief from physicians, he resolved to fight for health by taking care of himself, living in the open air, an endeavor that worked well, but slowly.

Mr. Vaughn was a patriotic Southerner. Abiding at home, his heart was with the Confederate government, and the Confederate armies. "At the beginning of the evil days, his thoughtful old father sent him a good supply of groceries which probably would have lasted with good management to the end of the war. But on the first call of the government for supplies for the hospitals, after the first battle, pretty much all of the supplies went to Richmond, and his family entered upon the Confederate substitutes for civilized articles of living." He was new to the business of planter, and was less successful than many of his neighbors in producing foodstuffs for his household and his stock. His plantation was less well equipped than many of his neighbors' for the production of domestic supplies of clothing and shoes. He suffered in common with his fellow citizens the heavy and constant drain for quartermasters' supplies. His domestic animals and his household suffered. He set up the spinning;

wheel and the loom, and succeeded in having some astounding looking clothes made. He came out of the war without debt indeed, but with little property but his land.

In 1862 he had lost his noble wife, and had been left by her with seven children. He had to divide his family, send his three daughters to his father-in-law, and keep the four sons with him.

After the war, with the labor system turned bottom upwards, not knowing how to handle free labor, suffering from reconstruction measures like all Virginians, he found debt growing upon him, saw bankruptcy staring him in the face; and was persuaded to go into insurance as a business. To engage in this business he went to the State of Georgia.

Meantime, during all these eleven years on the farm, from time to time, a desire to preach, so strong as to override all risks, would drive him into a local pulpit for a Sunday. The late Dr. H. A. Brown of Roanoke Presbytery used to tell that more than once when on the way to one of his appointments on a Sabbath morning, he had been overtaken by one spurring on behind, and that, on turning he had been greeted by brother Vaughn, with the words, "Brown, I must preach. I am burning to preach. Will you not give me your pulpit for to-day?"

His going to Georgia to embark in the insurance business was synchronous with a heavy fall in the price of cotton. In consequence there was little money in the country for insurance or anything else. He resolved to return home, a failure as an insurance agent; but Divine Providence had ordered differently. Much to his surprise, Mr. Vaughan received an invitation to visit Macon, and supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church for a couple of Sabbaths. He accepted the invitation, and was thus led, hesitatingly and with great dread, on account of his throat, to agree to preach for an additional month, then for an additional two months, then for seven months more, and then for the next twelve months. On the completion of the last period he was elected pastor, but the call not being unanimous, "owing to his having such a large family", he promptly declined the call. After his first month in the Macon church, he had found that by throwing aside his manuscript and talking to his people in a conversational tone he could preach with much less wear and tear

on his throat. This method alone had enabled to him to continue his service.

Because of his fear of the giving way of his frail organs, Dr. Vaughn was for many years reluctant to accept a regular pastoral call. His work for the next eleven years, in the providence of God, was to go to churches split and disordered, get them united and ready to agree upon a pastor, and then to "make his bow and retire." During this period he served one year as a teacher of philosophy in King College, Bristol, for about three years as supply of the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Raleigh, N. C., a field he found most agreeable to himself, notwithstanding he would never allow his name to be presented to the church for pastor, and for about a year the Central Church of Atlanta, Ga., a church he found in a very divided condition. From Atlanta he came to the Chaplaincy of the University of Virginia 1879-1881.

In 1881 he received a call from that fine old country church, New Providence, in Rockbridge County. This was the kind of call he had long hoped for. He accepted the call, and held this important pastorate till 1891.

Meantime, in 1880, eighteen years after the death of his first wife, he married again, this time Miss Mary Susan Fraser, one of the most important and active members of the Central Church of Atlanta, a handsome, cheerful, sweet-tempered, energetic, affectionate Christian woman, who became a true help-meet to him, bore him two children, but was spared to him only four years. When he went to New Providence, he carried with him a stock of five hundred carefully prepared discussions. But he aspired to give his people something fresh. He threw himself into his work. For eight years out of eleven he never entered his pulpit on a Sunday morning without a fresh piece of work. His aim in his pulpit work was to teach. In pursuit of this aim, he not only taught with remarkable fullness and clearness the doctrines and precepts of the Word of God, but made a systematic presentation of the life and character of the Lord Jesus Christ. He aimed to make these doctrines, precepts, biographies as interesting as possible—to carry his people with him without weariness or want of interest. He never went outside of the

Bible for his pulpit topics. He endeavored to reach by pastoral visiting every member of his congregation once a year, and to visit the sick as often as the case seemed to call for. He made opportunities to talk with the irreligious members of the congregation. He had the happiness to see fruits of his labors—a small but steady inflow of persons converted under the truth, and on two occasions a larger number,—converts who for the most part wore well.

During his last two years here he succeeded in erecting a hall at the church building which should serve as a home for an academic school on the week days, and for Sabbath School and other Church purposes on Sundays. He wished to illustrate his theory, which he held in common with Stuart Robinson, Breckinridge, Thornwell, Dabney, Peck and others, as to who should control the education of the children. He believed that God has made the parents responsible for the education of their children. Accordingly he had this school put, not under the care of the session, but under a board of trustees, chosen by the parents of the congregation, acting in their private capacity. He long took pleasure in the record of this school.

During this period Dr. Vaughn did the Church noble service with his pen. He collected and edited the discussions of Dr. Robert L. Dabney in three large octavo volumes. He wrote many articles helpful in maintaining the independent existence, the vigor and the purity of our beloved Church.

For reasons evident to him, he decided to resign this charge in 1891. His family was removed to Roanoke, where his daughters, who were skilled housekeepers, opened a boarding house for support. He accepted an offer of supply work in old Briery Church, in Prince Edward, for one year. At the end of that period he went to his farm in Charlotte County, which was in the charge of his youngest son. There he lived for a few months till in the Fall of 1893, when he was summoned to take up the work which Dr. Thos. E. Peck, *nomen venerabile et praeclarum*, who was rapidly approaching his end, was forced by physical feebleness to lay down. He served very ably in the important chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology for the year for which he had been employed. Dr. Vaughn was already sixty, six years

of age, and crippled in throat and arm. He threw himself however, into his new but grateful task with heroic ardor and devotion. He chose to teach largely by lecture and by written lecture. Night after night he wrote with that stiff arm of his a lecture covering thirty-six pages of note paper. (He had learned to write from the shoulder, without the use of the muscles below the elbow.) This was approximately the length required for his work of the day following.

Though so near the age limit for professors, and handicapped as already described, he acquitted himself with such success that the Board of Directors elected him as full Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology for the year 1894-1895, and again for the year 1895-1896.

After 1896 he resided in the city of Roanoke. In 1894 he had put the church deeply into his debt by publishing a very able book, "Gifts of the Holy Spirit", one of the ablest works perhaps in any language on this subject, written a little too abstractly, and with a strain of philosophy a little too bookish for the popular mind, but—a masterful work. Since 1896 he had published a noble companion volume, "Sermons, Doctrinal, Apologetic and Miscellaneous". He has made frequent contributions to magazines, periodicals and newspapers. He had rewritten his whole course of lectures, and made them ready for publication, enough for two large octavo volumes. Should not the church publish them?

Sunday, August 27th, 1911, at half past twelve, his earthly life passed away after a brief sickness.

A prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel. There wants space within the limits assigned this article for an adequate portrayal of the chief characteristics of his person and career, but some of them may be briefly adverted to.

Physically he was a striking looking man from the toe of his small and neatly booted foot to the crown of his soft, broad-brimmed, black hat. Of medium height, slender rather than stocky, erect in carriage, with a bold, strong chin thrown well out, fine gray eyes, looking out beneath shaggy eye-brows and fine forehead. He was a man to be marked in any company into which he entered, a man whom other men spotted as a man of

intellect, vigor and dignity of character. Nor were they mistaken. He was a man of acute, penetrating, analytic, profound, sympathetic, powerful, commanding intellect. He was of huge moral power and worth, unpurchaseable, and one that could not be swerved from the path of rectitude, or recognized duty, a hard hitter in behalf of the right and the true and the good as he saw things.

As a husband and father, he was as true as steel and as tender as a mother.

He was one of the most entertaining of friends, full of stories of wit and worth and uplifting power. He was one of the most instructive of friends; for his mind generally fixed on that which was worth while, his memory recurred to these things, his camaraderie led him to yearn to share these good things with his friends. His conversation was a flowing well of pleasure and profit to his friends. What rich, what racy, what affectionate, what candid, what helpfully critical, what truly friendly letters he wrote year in and year out to Robert L. Dabney! How his letters of later years touched the heart of Benjamin M. Palmer!

He was a great citizen, a lover and a servant of his country, fighting for the good of his country, as he saw the good, with tongue and pen. In politics he was a Calhoun democrat, having a vast admiration for the great South Carolinian. For many years he was an advocate of the deportation of the negroes to Africa, a scheme that would probably redound vastly to the advantage of the white population of our country.

Whether right or wrong in his political principles, he lived up to them as a true patriot. That is the lesson we should treasure in this connection.

As a preacher he was superb for men of brains and intelligence and culture. He was too abstract and too prolonged for the babes in years and the babes in mind. His thickened larynx walls, making the beginnings of his speech, public or private, painful to himself and sometimes to his auditors, partially interfered with his efficiency as a pastor and preacher. It tended to shut off free and easy intercourse between his people and himself in everyday life. A disciple of the Scotch School of the Philosophy of Common Sense, he was a free minded, indepen-

dent, masterful and original disciple. A thorough going Calvinist, with that type of Calvinism set forth in the Westminster Standards, a moderate Calvinist, he was one of the ablest expounders of the system, in our communion, in his day. In his work on the Gifts of the Holy Spirit, he shows himself competent to original contributions in the exposition of Bible Calvinism.

A thoroughgoing believer in the historic position of our church touching the non-secular character of the church, he was one of the ablest and most aggressive advocates of its continued independent existence, ranking alongside of Dabney and Palmer. He understood the character and the drift of the communion into which it was proposed to submerge ours. He fought the movement for fusion as Stonewall Jackson fought to free the valley, and relieve Richmond of the armies of the North. Several of his writings on this subject are classics in form and invincible in argument.

As a teacher, he was handicapped by a throat that would balk unless kept steadily on the move in continuous discourse. To begin speech was always difficult. The difficulty made interlocation between teacher and pupil embarrassing, irksome to him, and slow. But so great was his grasp on his subject, so rich his furnishing, so vigorous his logic, so illuminating and noble his illustration, that the strong and sympathetic students received vast quickening, stimulation, insight and invigoration.

As a writer of the English tongue, he was remarkable for the chaste vigor of his style, for the nobility and pertinence of the illustrations used, and for philosophic discriminations, and concessions which disarmed to large extent the opposition.

He was a great man, the kindest and best of husbands and fathers, a great citizen and statesman, a great preacher for the intelligent and earnest, a philosopher of power, a theologian of originality and profundity, a defender of the faith, standing in front rank; but the most comforting thing we can say of him is that he was a simple hearted and earnest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

He has gone from us to Him of Whom it is written: "There is none other name under heaven, given among men whereby ye

must be saved," to Him who could say, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Shall we not thank God for His gift to the world of such a man? What larger, more precious, gifts does the God of all grace give the world, after Christ and the Holy Ghost, than men of gifts filled with the graces of the Christian?

Let us praise Him for the gift of this father and brother beloved—praise Him for his gifts, for his devotion as a witness to His saving truth, and for His grace in him that led him to rejoice not in iniquity, but to rejoice in the truth.