A Journey Through the Years, An Autobiography

Josephus Hopwood
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE YEARS

An Autobiography

By

JOSEPHUS HOPWOOD

Teacher, College President, Minister of the Gospel

"Christian Education the Hope of the World"

Mrs. Josephus Hopwood

THE BETHANY PRESS

St. Louis, Mo.

1932
To

Our Former Students
with whom we have had blest companion­ship through the years

The Members of Our Faculties
whose loyalty and hearty co-operation helped us to bear the burdens

The Trustees
whose ever ready counsel gave encouragement and strength in times of need

The Long List of Friends
whose kindly acts and expressions of confidence have added so much to the joy of living—this volume is affectionately dedicated by the Authors
PREFACE

IN PREPARING this work for the public it should be understood that only a mere outline of the happenings through the more than fifty years of continuous teaching can be put into one small volume.

It seemed necessary also to give some brief biographical facts by the way of more fully introducing the writer to the reader, thus establishing a full and sympathetic understanding between the two.

The work was undertaken only because of frequent urging of friends to put into permanent form some experiences that might be useful to the present generation and to those who should come after.

Through the crowded years of two busy lives the thought of recording events as they occurred and in future putting them in book form was never for a moment considered. Such work, if done at all, was to be performed by a literary executor.

No diary was ever kept. Days and hours were filled with doing and thinking of matters pertaining to the present welfare of the school as a whole, and of the young people individually who were committed to our care. For that reason in preparing the manuscript for this book it was not always easy to co-ordinate events and dates, hence some slight discrepancies in dates may be found.

Owing to unavoidable hindrances and with multiplied duties outside, the labor has at times seemed arduous, though it has been full of deep and tender interest throughout. Many pleasing memories were awakened, happy scenes recalled, and hosts of loved students brought to vision, some who are "lost for the while" and await us
PREFACE

There; many, many who are out in the big needy world bravely battling for truth and righteousness in home, classroom, courtroom, office, legislative halls, national assemblies—in every walk of life where stanch, noble men and women are trying to help fashion the race according to the Perfect Pattern.

JOSEPHUS HOPWOOD

SARAH ELEANOR LARUE HOPWOOD
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>INTRODUCTION</strong></td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. <em>Boyhood and Youth</em></td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. <em>A Soldier With Dreams</em></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. <em>Through College to Life's Work</em></td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. <em>Founding Milligan College</em></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. <em>Some Jolts Along the Way</em></td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. <em>Life at Milligan</em></td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. <em>A Retrospect of Abingdon College</em></td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. <em>Prohibition Candidate for Governor</em></td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. <em>Farewell to Milligan</em></td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. <em>Lynchburg College—Early History</em></td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. <em>Pushing On Southward</em></td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. <em>Milligan Again</em></td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. <em>Called Out Into Service Once More</em></td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. <em>Rich Rewards of the Teacher</em></td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Ideals of Life:**

- *What Is Best*? | 154
- *A Contrast* | 155
- *My Eighty-eighth Birthday* | 155
- *Answering the Call* | 156
- *What Is Worth While*? | 158
- *Universities Help* | 159
- *Ideal College Life* | 160
- *Of First Importance* | 162
- *Five in the Morning* | 162
- *Personal Evangelism* | 164
- *A Danger* | 166
CONTENTS

IDEALS OF LIFE—Cont’d

SOMETHINGS WHICH OUGHT TO BE ESTABLISHED - 166
WHY THE CHURCH COLLEGE - 168
SOME PRESENT TENDENCIES - 174
MATERIALISM - 175
A MORE HOPEFUL VISION - 176
GENERAL EDUCATION - 177
Hindrances to spiritual growth - 178
Helps to spiritual growth - 181

EDITORIALS FROM “THE LIGHT” - 183
THE ONE SAFE WAY - 184
HOW TO BRING OUR NATION TO THE TRUE LIFE - 184
RURAL TEACHING - - 186
MENTAL ALERTNESS - - 186
LIFE’S MISSION - - 187
NECESSITY - - 188
OF FIRST IMPORTANCE - - 189
THE GAME OF LIFE - - 190
THE PERFECT WAY - - 191
A COMMON ERROR - - 191
THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG - - 192
TO YOUNG PEOPLE - - 193
HONOR AND MANHOOD - - 193
CHARACTER BUILDING - - 194
COLLEGE LIFE - - 195

APPENDIX - - 197
INTRODUCTION

JOSEPHUS HOPWOOD is an educational prophet and pioneer. He is distinguished not alone as the builder of colleges and the creator of educational sentiment, but also by the quality, spirit, and ideals he projected into education in all of its phases. In the decade following the Civil War, he definitely forsook forever the natural ambition to accumulate material wealth, seek office or position for office's sake, or to pursue those honorable and worthy vocations that appeal to most men. He did not stumble or blindly fall into the field of his life's work. Surveying this vast republic for the most fruitful and needy field, his final decision was to devote his energy and strength to the beautiful and picturesque upland Appalachian region of Eastern North America.

Education, in all of its forms, elementary, secondary, and higher, was in a very retarded and static condition in east Tennessee and the neighboring sections of Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina. Dr. Hopwood took up his educational projects without any endowment except the richest of all endowments, an unfailing confidence in God and a gifted godly wife sharing fully and understanding his ideals. The meagerness of endowment and financial and personal support never deterred him from the pursuit of his vision. Personally, he was a classical, liberal arts scholar. In the institutions he established he always provided for the study of the classics, higher mathematics, logic and the graver and more severe subjects of the old curriculum. At the same time, he believed in and promoted a utilitarian application of education to the ordinary tasks of life.
It was said of Socrates that he was the wisest of all men because he brought down philosophy from Olympus and made it walk on the streets of Athens. Dr. Hopwood always stood for the higher ideals of scholarship and at the same time the most definite application of education to the ordinary tasks of life. He fostered the natural sciences and utilitarian subjects in a measure amazing to those who did not understand his philosophy. His fundamental educational ideal was the conviction that Christ is the light of the world and that Christian education is the hope of mankind. Whatever educational enterprise he launched or whatever program he adopted or embraced for human betterment rested on and found its inspiration in the solid rock of Christ and Christian education. He conceived of Christ as the greatest of all democrats. This led him naturally and logically to the ideal of the education of all of the people, both men and women, white and black, rich and poor. His philosophy of education taught democracy and equality of all professions and vocations. His ideal was that any necessary vocation in Christian society is honorable and dignifies those performing these necessary social services, although they might appear menial to the unthoughtful. His students well remember his constant emphasis on the dignity of labor and of unselfish service.

Dr. Hopwood was an educational innovator, one of the far-reaching. Immediately after coming into the static, conservative, genetic, retarded, intellectual and social life of the Appalachian region, Dr. Hopwood found that the higher educational institutions and academies were not reaching the people who ought to be in school. He immediately began to seek these fine young women and young men in their homes persuading them to enter his school
and make any business arrangement necessary to make it possible for them to stay in school. The conservative, well-fed, well-groomed type of educational institution and educational worker were shocked at Dr. Hopwood's undignified and, in their minds, unprofessional efforts to induce these fine people to enter college. They frankly said so. These activities of Dr. Hopwood were regarded by this type of educational worker as beneath the dignity of educational leaders. Some institutions boasted that they never asked or invited anybody to enter their schools; they merely announced that the schools would open at a certain time and felt that that was far enough to go in starting up an educational ambition amongst the young of the country. Dr. Hopwood became a missionary to every section and every home that he could reach persuading and urging, and it might be said cajoling, both old and young in the interest of education. His efforts were so richly rewarded and were so respected by people who had democratic ideas of education that every institution in the territory adjacent to his college was forced to adopt some similar tactics to enlist students.

The old line educators of the Appalachian region in the early days of his work, did not at all understand Dr. Hopwood or appreciate his educational ideals. He and Mrs. Hopwood have lived to enjoy the respect and admiration of all of the educational leaders, great and small, in the Appalachian region which they have served so long.

His name is a synonym for great achievement and leadership in the world in education and social movements. He is the grand old man of the middle Appalachian region by universal acclaim. The explanation of the remarkable achievement of Dr. and Mrs. Josephus Hop-
wood is due to the fact that they always firmly and hopefully adhered to the standards of life and ideals of education that are fundamental. They both have always had such faith in God and in the might of truth and right, that they have gone forward with their work in the face of all difficulties, confident of ultimate triumph of their ideals in every field—economic, social, religious, educational and political. No student could spend as much as one session in an institution over which this great educator and his wife presided without willingly or unwillingly becoming possessed by the same conviction. This idea of the ultimate triumph of godliness and truth ran like a silver thread to every activity and ambition of the college or educational institutions organized and administered by them. They constantly held before the students the wisdom of identifying themselves with some righteous but unpopular cause, adhering stout-heartedly to this cause through evil as well as good report.

There is an old proverb that “whatsoever righteous thing one ardently desires in his youth and pursues constantly through life, he shall live to see realized in his old age.” This ideal so constantly reiterated gave courage and stout-heartedness to the students to work and wait for the fruition of worthy reforms and movements, though the waiting might be long.

The equality of all mankind in the sight of God naturally led to coeducation. One of the most effective advocates or defenders of coeducation in the section in which Dr. Hopwood’s influence has been felt for more than a half century was this great statesman college president and Christian leader. Multiplied thousands of women, many of whom have not heard the name and do not know
the fame of Dr. Hopwood, had the door of educational opportunity opened to them through the influence set in motion by Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood and their students, many of whom have held most influential and educational positions as teachers, educational administrators, and leaders in constructive social reform. Dr. Hopwood is indeed the woman’s friend. Almost every reform movement of the last half century has found in Dr. Hopwood and the students whom he and Mrs. Hopwood have influenced steady and effective advocates.

Prohibition, education of all people for all vocations, missions both home and foreign, health and sanitary movements, rapidly graduated income tax, inheritance taxes, conservation of natural resources, initiative, referendum, proportional representation, disarmament, arbitration, international and racial co-operation and understanding and practically every preventive, curative, constructive, forward-looking and upward-looking movement or aspiration of mankind in its best moods were constantly stressed by Dr. Hopwood. Probably no group of students in any college in the United States were more intelligently and correctly acquainted with these reform and forward-looking movements than were the students of Milligan College, Lynchburg College, and the other institutions founded and organized and given color, temper, spirit, and fiber by Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood. He was a founder of colleges. Milligan College and Lynchburg College, both institutions of first rank, were literally created almost out of thin air by the organizing ability, the patience, persistence and wisdom of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood. In founding these institutions they accomplished what most of their brethren in the Christian Church and onlookers from various angles declared to be the impossible.
Dr. Hopwood is not merely a great teacher and great thinker, but an administrator of the very first rank. In the creation and development of these institutions, he has never received a single large gift, as large gifts are now counted. He made his appeal to the people and received most of the financial aid in the development of these institutions from people of very modest means. The ideals of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood have been extended and expanded through their students who have gone out as ministers, educators, social workers, and leaders in public affairs with the indelible Hopwood print written on their souls and inspiring their lives.

In this sketch, little mention has been made of the influence of the outstanding ministers who have enriched the life of the world by the promulgation of the ideals of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood. In the preparation of the book on the life, ideals and service of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood, one of their most distinguished students and one of the richest characters in America today, Dr. B. A. Abbott, has rendered an incalculable service by the skill with which he has assisted in arranging the manuscript of the life of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood which I, one of their students, feel will give courage and enthusiasm for a heroic life to everyone reading this book.

In summing up the secret of the amazing success and achievement of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood, it can all be stated in this: They trust God, believe Jesus, the Son of God and the light of the world, and hold Christian character the richest and most fundamental of all human possessions. They have served their day and generation well in manifold fields. The whole republic is permanently indebted to them for their lives and their services.

-- JOHN PRESTON McCONNELL

State Teachers College
East Radford, Va.
CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

MY FATHER’S ancestors were of English blood and early emigrated to Uniontown, Pennsylvania, where later was located a suburb named “Hopwood.” My great-grandfather’s home was in Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia. His son, my grandfather, settled near Mount Sterling, Kentucky, just after the Revolutionary War. Here my father was born in 1802.

My mother’s people also were of English blood in line from Sir Stephen Fox, 1527-1716, and later of Charles James Fox, the statesman. William Fox, our great-grandfather, lived in Louden County, Virginia. He was gored to death by a bull in 1873, leaving a wife and seven children. His elder son, William C. Fox, my grandfather, brought his mother and the family and purchased land in Clark County, Kentucky, near Winchester. Here my mother, Permilia Fox, was born in 1804. In 1824 she was married to my father, William C. Hopwood.

My father, reared near Mount Sterling, obtained a fair education for that day. He was an active-minded reader and became a country teacher. At the many log rollings which were customary in that earlier day he was a genial leader and a booster of the stronger man. His home was nine miles from Winchester toward the mountains and hunting grounds. As he was well acquainted in town the sportsmen would often make his home the rendezvous for a deer hunt or a fox chase.

Although we lived in the country and had limited means my father had ideals for his children and led their acquaintance and visits to be with good families and safe
associates, often going with his daughters to religious meetings and other gatherings; and when he passed on his two older daughters had married safe men and had good homes. His sympathy and willingness led him to visit the sick. When the great cholera plague came in 1849 he went to wait on the sick ones at Kamargo, a small village some miles away. One evening he went to his father's home to rest. That night the disease seized him and he died within a few hours. I can now see Isaac Trimble early that September morning coming up the road to tell the sad news. Within a few hours we were on horseback going to grandfather's, nine miles distant. His sisters and brothers and friends gathered there. The plague seemed not to deter them. The picture is in mind today of the whole column passing from the house to the family cemetery. He was loved by many. Only a short time before he passed, father was on his porch at home seated with one arm around me talking and showing me some money. A man came along the road. Father went out to meet him taking me along. He handed the man some money and we returned to the house. That was the last picture left in the child's mind of the living father.

The care of six children came now to the mother. She was strong and courageous. She could cut and make men's suits, sometimes working until midnight. Friends and relatives were very kind. Some of the children would stay two or three months at a time with our good people in Clark County and come home looking well and happy. Once in getting ready to make a visit to Grandfather Fox's I fell from an upper-story window to the ground but the enthusiasm of the prospective visit enabled me to ride twenty miles behind brother that same day without inconvenience. Grandfather Fox's good home, with large ap-
pie orchard, bees, a fine sugar grove, cows, horses, sheep, and blue-grass pastures, was a good place to visit. Uncle James Groom, his son-in-law, managed and helped work the farm. Aunt Emira, bright-minded and kind-hearted, and Aunt Jane Fox were friends to the children. These loved people made indeed a haven of play and sometimes a school for us. The apples, peaches, raspberries, homemade sugar, honey, mush and sweet milk—the joy of those visits can never be forgotten.

I had gone to school one short term before father died. The first day of school life I remember well. Our home was near Long Branch. Brother and I walked up the long slant toward the top of a wooded ridge, not far from the log schoolhouse which stood off from the road near a great wild cherry tree. On the road brother killed a bird and gave it to me. I held the bird close to my heart and sat very still. The teacher did not scold and take the bird. He loved children. These little kindnesses left a pleasing picture of my first day at school and of Matthew Kirk, the teacher.

Soon after father’s death his brother, Uncle William, came to see us. He took me with him to turn his horse in the pasture and chatted familiarly as we returned to the house. Uncle died early but I never forgot his kindness to his young nephew. After a year or two mother took us children to make her home with Sister Caroline Porter. Two brothers, Lyman and Reuben Porter, had come from Salem, Massachusetts, as teachers in 1838, as many young men from the eastern states did before there were any public schools in the South, and Lyman Porter, two years after, married my eldest sister, Caroline, and went to farming. So when father died they had a good home a few miles from us on Slate Creek. Here it was our good for-
tune to have Reuben Porter as our teacher. I have met few teachers in life so valuable to children as he—naturally well endowed, educated, cheerful, sympathetic, unselfish, and with clean habits. To crown all, he loved his work. He walked with us, talked with us, and encouraged and loved us. We loved him, we studied, and were happy.

In contrast to this at another term of school we had a very different teacher. He scolded and whipped us. On one occasion he promised that if any boy in class missed a question he would whip us all. Someone did miss and he whipped every member. Some time after that I was at a public muster day. While standing near a lunch stand of "Aunt Sarah's," the colored woman, two men near by got into a fist fight. One was this teacher. With all my good training before this I could hardly help wishing the teacher would get a good pounding.

At this same school there came a strong temptation to violate the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." The teacher at recess had left his knife on the table. I was alone in the room. The knife was attractive. Where is there a boy who doesn't want a knife? But the influence of parents and of teachers prevailed and I said "no" to the tempter.

Our stay with Sister Caroline was valuable in many ways. Her husband, Lyman Porter, was educated, kind and practical, took interest in schools, Sunday schools, and church. The preachers visited and talked with him. He taught us to do things. I learned to milk when nine. Many times along life's way these lessons have proved most valuable. He kept the Cash Knob post office. My oldest brother, Will, carried the mail on horseback, one trip a week, from Mount Sterling to Hazel Green. On receipt of four cents, in silver coin, a letter was marked paid.
In the spring of 1852 my third sister, Louisa, married W. G. Frame, another teacher. The wedding was near my ninth birthday, April 18. It seemed to me then that they might have waited a few days and let the occasion celebrate the little brother's birthday. They were soon off to make a home in the new West. One year later Mr. Porter visited them to look over the country. On his return he brought me a present, *Æsop's Fables*, my first book gift, very suitable for the ten-year-old boy who received and read it most eagerly.

So pleased was Mr. Porter with the beautiful fertile prairies that within a few months our homes were sold and preparations were made to move to Illinois. Sister's four children, all under nine, and mother's, with three under fourteen, together made a large family. But we had a spacious four-horse wagon and a strong team: Rattler, a large bay under the saddle; Puss, a stout, ambitious animal, at off wheel; Lize, a slender, quick bay, on off lead; John, a sorrel, bald-face horse, in lead with a single line attached to his bridle; and Lyman Porter in the saddle. The rest of us climbed in on top of the goods, or walked, as we preferred. Reuben Porter had only his wife and two children, and drove a two-horse wagon. Some of the ten could occasionally be in his wagon, while Jim Noah, his son and my school- and playmate, often walked with us.

The wheels started the first of October, 1853. The first twenty miles brought us to the home of Uncle Boaz Fox, four miles from Winchester—a kind, noble man, the father of Ed Fox, for many years teacher in high schools of Winchester; of John Fox, Sr., the head of an academy near Paris, and grandfather of John Fox, Jr., the author. The second day we passed along the charming blue-grass country, and
camped about two miles beyond Lexington. Here just after dark we saw the railroad train, which none of us children or mothers had ever seen. All gathered close to the track to see the little engine puff along pulling three passenger cars at the tremendous speed of twenty-five miles an hour. From Louisville to Lexington, and from Lexington to Cincinnati were the only railroad lines then in the state. On we drove past Frankfort, the capital. We had two dogs, Barney and Fido. At Frankfort we missed Fido. He had turned back to the old home, and he arrived there lank, lame, and tired.

Fido never saw the great prairies nor the vast stretch of blue heavens encircling them; never saw the long lines of wild deer pass by, nor heard the wolves howl at night; never saw the droves of prairie chickens that rose from the earth like a cloud, nor watched a prairie fire bring earth and sky together in a blazing line that sped faster than the swiftest horse.

He never helped us daily bring up three or four yokes of oxen for each plow that we used for turning over the black sod.

Fido never caught sight of the great wild country full of rattlesnakes, of coarse grass and rank weeds, nor saw these change into rich, fruitful fields, and beautiful homes, served by fine horses, favorite Jerseys, fat swine, and droves of domestic fowl.

Barney saw all of this, and helped to make the new scenes. He drove the oxen, cheered the boys, and at night barked back at the wolves and helped to train my fine young dog.

As with these two animals, so it is with people. Some never leave the old home field of thought. They work and
live as their fathers did. If the parents belonged to this or
that church or political party so did they.

With only this class of mind, our new world of the West
would have remained unexplored and mankind would
have missed this glorious heritage.

Progress is left to the people who go on to the new fields
realizing that life is growth. It is thinking higher, deeper
and farther out. It is running finer lines, blending shades
of thought, making beauty. It is delighting in service that
gives hope and joy to the Soul.

In a few days we were crossing what was to us untrav­
eled folk the great Ohio River near Louisville. The streets,
fine houses, and steamboats along the wharf all made a
deep impression on the country boys.

After traveling some time in Indiana we came to the
open prairie. The sky seemed to touch the ground just
before us. We youngsters ran ahead of the wagon to see
what lay beyond. As we reached the place the sky had
moved on, and so continued to move. This is life. As one
vision passes or is fulfilled, another rises to beckon us on.

For miles in one section of Indiana we traveled through
a flat woods on a road made of split logs. There was some
jolting and splashing but we had the experience to talk
about at night.

At the close of twenty-one days we drove up to Mr.
Frame's home, nine miles from Macomb, Illinois. It was
on a wild prairie. Fifty by one hundred and fifty miles
was entirely without timber except a few cottonwood trees
on the few slow-moving water courses, with a small cluster
of oaks here and there. Wild deer could be seen in lines
traveling across the country. Wild flowers and prairie
grass made a beautiful landscape. The soil was black, rich
and deep, with no rocks or gravel. The sluggish streams
moved, almost on a level with the surface. The grass along the streams was taller and coarser than on the general plains.

The country was platted into sections, one mile square each. The usual price for raw prairie land was three dollars an acre. Then came the fencing, breaking, and building. Mother bought one hundred and sixty acres and gave eighty of hers to help build her house. The first year we rented and both families lived together.

We lived close to the schoolhouse. Uncle Mike and Job Combs preached there and two of my schoolmates were converted. After dinner we went to Pennington Point three and a half miles to witness the baptism.

The next Tuesday while plowing in the field near by I stopped and, sitting on the plow beam, thinking over the events of the past day, I solemnly promised the Lord that I would become a Christian within six years. The promise was heart deep. It carried me through the teen years and only once did I feel that it was violated by an oath. In the Civil War a group of us banded together to live the true life. We studied, had clean habits, and were faithful in soldier duties and in good spirit toward others.

Building a Home

The next spring I hauled lumber with oxen from Flat Woods twelve miles away; it took a day and a half to make a round trip. But the house was built. The first winter the two families lived together in the new house, and I walked two and one-half miles across the bleak, cold prairie to school—mercury often twenty-two to twenty-seven degrees below zero. W. G. Frame was the excellent teacher. Mr. Porter helped me to prepare my arithmetic lesson at night, saying, "I want you to get these numbers crossways
in your head so you won't forget them. " Today, while the memory of names is difficult, recalling numbers is easier, owing doubtless to the early training.

In the spring Brother John and I farmed. We planted corn on April 18. A long spell of rain and cold followed and we could not replant until June 15, yet we had a fair yield.

Breaking that prairie has left a vivid picture. The machinery consisted of a two-wheel cart without the bed, one yoke of oxen on the tongue, another in front; then a lever next to the wheels and one yoke on each end of the lever—four yoke of oxen in all; and a plow attached that turned a sod fourteen to sixteen inches wide. The grass was thick and the roots were deep and strong. Riding on a seat made above the cross-beam, I would manage the team very well. Between the edges of the long sod lines we planted corn which made good fodder and some grain.

In the spring of 1857 mother and the family were called back to Kentucky to care for grandfather; so it became necessary for us to break up housekeeping. My favorite oxen, Dick and Broad, must be sold. They had helped me haul the lumber for our home and plowed our fields. We must leave our favorite dog, Joler, my faithful companion, in other hands. Sale day came in early spring and everything was auctioned to the public buyers.

We took the cars at Macomb for Quincy, Illinois, the steamboat thence to Louisville, Kentucky, and the cars again to Lexington. At this place we must get hold of Kentucky money. We had the state bills on Illinois, Wisconsin, and other states. All must be exchanged for Kentucky money except a little gold which we kept back. At Lexington we took the stage for Winchester. There we met relatives with horses to carry us nine miles to grand-
father's and, later, a cart was sent for our goods. That was in March, 1857. Brother John and I were soon at work on the farm plowing and feeding stock. Grandfather was eighty-three and had retired from active work. By day when not talking with neighbors or relatives, he sat on the back porch reading the Bible or the Cincinnati Dollar Times. By night until rest time he talked to the folks or studied the heavens. He was a star gazer and a weather prophet. 'One Saturday night in June he seemed well as usual, was talking and trying on his new shoes, the first he had bought in years, and remarked, "Well, I may not need them long." All retired in peace. Mother heard him up about four o'clock but he lay down again for his morning nap. About seven my aunt went to awaken him for breakfast. He was lying naturally in his accustomed position as in sleep, but the spirit had quietly gone Home. Neighbors dressed the body and laid him in a homemade walnut coffin. Friends and relatives came from many parts to the funeral. His life of faith, truth, virtue, and neighborly kindness had long been an object lesson for all and had greatly endeared him to the people.

That fall I started to school at the Christie schoolhouse two miles away. Having passed through Ray's Arithmetic, part three, we found promiscuous examples for review. We worked all to the forty-sixth. After trying repeatedly, I took it to the teacher. He tried but failed. I became more and more interested but did not get the answer. This awakened new ambition and after three days' determined effort I solved the problem correctly. That three days' work was of more value to me than one month's work depending upon the teacher. The boy grew—grew in self-confidence and vision of his own possibilities. Every difficulty overcome helps make us stronger and broader.
Brother and I finished the farm crop. That summer my mother bought from an agent two books: Headley's *Life of Washington* and *Short Story Book*; also a doctor gave us a book written especially for boys. These three presents were valuable to us. No life of Washington ever written was more readable and interesting for beginners than Headley’s. The *Short Story Book* was safe and awakening for youth. The other volume had lessons of high value. All three furnished safe, worthy reading.

Spring came and school closed. It was decided that we would return to our Illinois home the coming fall. We had given up the farm and the question now was, What must I do this spring and summer? I was nearing my fifteenth birthday. I had never worked away from home.

Uncle Billy Erwin, a mile and a half away, wanted to hire a boy to help him on the farm. I engaged to work three months at eight and one-third dollars a month. The first day Uncle Billy gave me an axe, took another himself, and we went to the woods. We chopped and chopped. About eleven o'clock I listened for the dinner horn but heard none; thinking they had no horn I began looking at the house to see if one of the girls was not coming to tell us dinner was ready. No girl appeared and still we chopped. Finally Uncle Billy dropped his axe and said, “Let’s go to dinner.” If ever “Barkus was willin’” it was when that old pioneer woodsman made that proposition to his young assistant. The boy was as tired as an ox and as hungry as a wolf. The mother and two daughters had prepared an excellent home dinner, plentiful, tasteful, and wholesome. I was almost too tired to begin eating but the pace grew as I saw the head of the house eating with the same speed he had shown in handling the axe. When I was nearly ready for dessert, Uncle Billy pushed back his chair, rose, took
his hat and indicated he was ready for work. I soon fol­lowed and again we chopped until time to feed the stock.

After a day and a half the summer’s wood was cut and we turned to plowing for corn and oats. I was practiced in this. The first day too wet to plow we stabled the young horses to break. The first move was to get them into a close stall and bridle them, then tie up one foreleg and lead them out to the open with a long line. The colts having to go on three legs could be held while they struggled around; soon they were tired enough to allow us to approach them kindly, pet them, rub their heads, and after a while lead them as we pleased. With gentle, firm management we were soon able to ride or work the colts.

I usually went home late Saturday evening and returned Monday. One Sunday morning I decided to go over and attend church with the girls. It was my first experience going with young ladies. We rode up to the stile block at old Bethany Church. The girls dismounted. I took the horses to the hitching post but did not return to escort the young ladies into the house. This timidity furnished amusement for the girls, who made the most of it. The day of settlement came. We were all good friends. Uncle Billy gave me twenty-five dollars in cash for the three months’ work, the first money I had ever made away from home.

But it was now only the middle of June. I was not to start to Illinois until September. What next? Someone told me of a widow, six miles away, who wished to employ a hand for farm work. I visited her and engaged to work two months at ten dollars a month. Monday morning I was there ready. The horse and plow were shown me and the field of young corn to be plowed was designated. It was new, stumpy ground and required the best of care and
quickest movement to do good work. The work tested a boy's skill and strength but it was carried on until noon. The dinner brought a new experience.

I had always been used to wholesome and well-prepared food, but this good woman had only corn bread, fat meat, and buttermilk. I ate as cheerfully as I could, talked and became more acquainted. On the road from the field to the house I saw a mulberry tree full of ripe fruit. So very soon after leaving the table I started to the field but stopped at the tree for a fruit dessert, a daily feast while it lasted. The boy and the birds were weeks exhausting the supply. The widow was kind, sometimes having better meals than that first dinner, and she paid me the twenty dollars when the time was up and we parted good friends.

August was spent in rest, reading and visiting. Early in September sister was still unable to travel so mother and John had to stay for the time. I made the trip alone. Traveling from Louisville down the Ohio to Cairo, Illinois, and alone, I had nothing to do but view the river banks, listen to men talk, and study their actions. The gambling tables were in the open cabin. The men sat around them, with money and pistols in plain view. They played for stakes. That was the first and only time I ever witnessed steamboat gambling.

Leaving the steamer I boarded a train and soon landed at Bardolph, Illinois, our home station. A team was early secured and preparation for wheat-sowing was begun. Later, mother and brother John came on.
CHAPTER II

A SOLDIER WITH DREAMS

THAT fall, 1858, Lincoln and Douglas spoke in Macomb, Illinois. Douglas came in September. The committee found a beautiful grove near town, and made there a stand and seats. Many climbed into near-by trees. A small cannon was near. When Douglas would make a strong point in his oration, the cannon went off, and the audience yelled until the woods rang. His position was neutral, neither for nor against slavery. After the speech I followed the crowd along to the Brown Hotel. A while after Mr. Douglas had gone in I opened the door into the hall where he was seated. He, seeing me come in, arose and met me, saying, "How do you do, young man," with other greetings. That was the first time I remember of being called a "young man." I was fifteen.

Lincoln came early in October. The day was not so favorable. A platform was made against the side of the courthouse and seats placed in front. Those inside could hear as well as those in front. I crowded through to the platform and sat on the edge. The speech was very different from that of Douglas. From the first there was an impressive seriousness and reasoning force which held the attention of all. Occasional streaks of humor served to impress the profound reasonings and arguments against "human slavery." That campaign with Douglas led to his later great speech in New York and to his nomination for president later.

In the winter I again had opportunity to attend school under my loved teacher, Reuben Porter. I studied algebra and other subjects. The Civil War cloud was rising. The
nation was agitated. President Buchanan seemed timid and half-hearted in support of the Union. But Lincoln was inaugurated without serious disturbance. His firm faith and patriotic utterances made his inaugural address one of the great state papers of the nation. But the Southern leaders were determined in their course. The states rapidly withdrew from the Union and organized the Southern Confederacy with headquarters at Richmond, Virginia. A number of army officers offered themselves to the Confederacy and enlisted southern soldiers rapidly. Others remained loyal to the Stars and Stripes. President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers. The call was promptly answered. War preparations were in rapid progress on both sides. States divided, sections differed, families divided, skirmishes and minor contests took place from the Ozark Mountains to West Virginia. The first battle to arouse the nation came at Bull Run in July. The Confederate soldiers came near capturing Washington City. President Lincoln called for five hundred thousand volunteers. A large proportion of these came promptly from country homes.

Colonel Kellogg organized the Seventh Illinois Cavalry. Captain Scott enlisted Company L of that regiment chiefly around the little village of Bushnel near our home. Although southern by birth and blood, I enlisted in this company September 3, 1861. We owned our own horses. Within ten or twelve days we were in the drill camp on Sangamon River near Springfield. We drilled on foot, then on horseback, next on horseback and on foot; and lost but little time from drilling.

The boys of a mess cooked by turns but sometimes could hire one of the number to do more than his part. Drilling both on foot and on horseback and tending to our horses
kept us fairly well employed. Occasionally a horse would get loose and someone would call out the owner's name. After my name had been called two different days, the next time someone called aloud, "Hopwood, your horse is loose," until the call went ringing over the camp. Weeks or months later if someone started the call the chorus would go over the camp.

Peter Quick, a company mate, wrote me many years after the war that at a reunion in Nebraska someone cried out, "Hopwood, your horse is loose," and the veterans sent the call merrily ringing around the camp. The word has passed along in letters until only yesterday one soldier mate, learning we were in Florida, wrote, "Dear Hopwood, I see you have hitched your horse to an orange tree."

Early in the winter we boarded the train, horses and men, for Cairo, Illinois, at the mouth of the Ohio River. Camping here only a short time we crossed the river to Bird's Point on the Missouri side. We had no arms, yet mounted guards were placed on the roads a few miles from camp. One night one of the guards was killed. On being detailed next day to go on guard some of us refused to go without arms. We were arrested and placed under guard for twenty-four hours. Next morning one of the officers gave us a good lecture about obedience to orders, some minor camp work was assigned as a penalty, and we were released. After that the guards were given arms.

Early in the spring of 1862 the soldiers under General Grant captured Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson and went toward Pittsburgh Landing. Our regiment also moved toward the same point. But the battle was over two days before we arrived. The regiment followed on to Corinth, Mississippi, and on to a great spring not far from Iuka.
Our brigade, Sixth and Seventh Illinois Cavalry, camped near this spring during July and August. In September, Company L, scouting south of the camp, met Confederate soldiers who chased us back. In the retreat my saddle girth broke and I was thrown off. My horse went on and I was captured, and with others was marched rapidly toward Vicksburg, walking thirty miles one day. But we were treated well by the Southern boys.

After ten days in prison we were paroled for exchange. The government sent us to St. Louis to remain neutral until exchanged. We arrived there in October and were quartered at Jefferson Barracks. I wrote to Governor Yates of Illinois asking for a furlough to visit my home. I see now his reply on a reddish sheet authorizing the officers to grant the request. The train passed near sister’s home; the engineer let me off there, thus saving me a two-mile walk in the night. The home visit was a cheery one and the time for return to the barracks came all too soon.

In March the exchange of prisoners was effected and we marched from the barracks to the boat landing. On the way the saloon-keepers offered the soldiers beer. Some accepted the drink freely. I had never drunk beer and took a glass but did not like it and poured it out. By the time we reached the boat some of the boys had too much. After traveling down the river a few miles they got into a row with the deck hands. The officers stopped the boat and put the drinking crowd into a guardhouse on an island. I watched the affair from the upper deck. As the boat moved down the river I solemnly promised the Lord never to use strong drink, which promise I have sacredly kept to this day.

In due time we landed at Memphis and found our respective regiments. The brigade acted as rear guard to the
city, against Forrest’s cavalry especially. Yet one day they dashed past our camp into the city and out again before we realized what was happening. A two-day chase of that intrepid leader brought no success.

The spring and summer of 1863 was full of excitement and active war. Vicksburg was under siege. The eastern armies were moving in heavy columns. Lee was invading Pennsylvania. Forces were gathering in the rear to overtake him and from the north to meet Stoneman’s raid in North Carolina and Grierson’s raid through Mississippi; the siege of Port Hudson, and the siege of Vicksburg were all ablaze at the same time. Grierson’s raid had the Sixth and Seventh Illinois Cavalry, starting from Collierville, Tennessee, April 16. We passed back of Vicksburg and heard the heavy firing. We cut in between Meridian and Jackson, came in on another road south of Jackson and destroyed bridges as we went. We reached the rear of the Union forces which were besieging Baton Rouge, May 22. The last day and night we rode eighty miles and captured twenty Confederate scouts who were at breakfast seven miles in rear of the Federal forces which were besieging Baton Rouge. Several hundred prisoners were taken in the raid, soldiers at home on furlough, deserters, and citizens temporarily armed. Some were released, some paroled, others taken on. Our coming gladdened the besiegers. They needed us as rear guard scouts and we needed a few days’ rest after that long, hard march.

Here was our first sight of a Magnolia grove. The trees were in full bloom. The beautiful picture can never be forgotten, and how strangely it contrasted with war’s bloody scenes! That was our post of duty until after the surrender of Port Hudson, July 8. We scouted the country over. Once when too far out we met a force that
started us on the retreat. I was on the rear guard and a rifle ball cut through my hat rim. At another time we were off our horses on our knees firing; for some reason I lay flat on the ground, and a bullet passed just over my body. Hearing that Vicksburg had surrendered July 4, the Confederate officers surrendered their whole forces at Port Hudson July 8.

With the surrender of Port Hudson the Mississippi River was now open not only for gunboats but also for travel. In a few days the whole cavalry brigade was put on boats and carried up the river to Memphis, thence soon to Collierville as an outpost. In October our regiment went from there on a scout. The sick and necessary guards were left in camp. Forrest's keen eye saw the chance and early one morning a detachment was upon us. With the others I mounted my horse for retreat. In a short time I overtook Lew Pickel, a company mate, who was on the sick list and retreating on foot. I dismounted, gave him my horse, thinking to make safety across the fields on foot. Suddenly, however, two cavalry men with their guns demanded that I go with them. The boys on horses got away. Forrest's men took what they wanted or could carry from the camp and hastened to retreat, taking the few prisoners with them. By some means I had a blanket and carried it on to Atlanta. There, one morning before daylight, we were drawn up in line to be relieved of all extra clothing or goods. The collecting parties went first in front of us. I held the blanket behind me and as they went in the rear the blanket was in front. That blanket was mine all the way around through Georgia, Florida, up through South Carolina, North Carolina, and on into prison on Bell Island, Virginia; and it helped save the lives
of at least two other boys from the time of entering prison until our exchange and release from prison, about the middle of March, 1864.

While marching on the road the next day after capture some privates wanted to take the blanket but officers interfered and prevented them.

That winter in prison was memorable. At first we were given two fairly good meals a day, one of soup and bread, the other of bread and vegetables. In January the meals were lighter, sometimes but one meal or possibly a piece of bread for the second. The cold and scarcity of food took heavy toll. Deaths were frequent. Three or four a day would be carried out, often more. About that time our government was allowed to send us clothing. I drew a coat with the others but my old one would do, I thought, and so I sold the new coat to a guard for Confederate money and used the money to buy bread from some of the guards. That bread helped to save me and others of the boys. A few of us plotted to dig out under the wall but before we got through were discovered. The plotters were not hunted down for punishment.

In March an exchange began. Starting with Company No. 1 they called the numbers in order. Some of the early companies were not full and we boys of the sixty-third and other higher numbers stepped quietly in and filled the ranks. Thousands that day were given directions to find their regiments. I weighed only one hundred and fifteen pounds but walked well, had a good appetite, and soon gained normal strength. I found my regiment at Memphis, Tennessee.

My three years' enlistment was drawing to a close. I declined to re-enlist and was discharged in October, 1864. I returned home to Illinois. After a few weeks at home
W. G. Frame, a brother-in-law, having sold out, was moving to Bethlehem, Iowa, and I went with him. He returned to Illinois on business and I remained with sister and the children and used my time in study. Some of the neighbors, knowing this, asked me to teach for them. The reply was, "I never went even to high school, and I have no certificate." They insisted. I walked to Corydon, the county seat, to get a certificate. The superintendent was just mounting his horse to leave home and referred me to his wife for examination. She gave me a certificate. I walked the seven or eight miles home and soon opened school. The school proved a success with a fine audience at its closing exercises. One six-year-old boy in that school became a teacher, taught in that county until he was sixty-eight years of age, and was lately retired on a pension.
I NOW thought of going to college but the session was too near a close. After a visit home I went to St. Louis. While there the news of Lincoln's death shocked the nation.

On that trip I met and talked with Mr. Harris, who soon after became our first United States educational superintendent. From St. Louis I went to Little Rock, Arkansas, hired to the government to drive a six-mule team across the state to Texarkana. On the way I saw the finest body of timber I have ever seen, miles and miles of tall straight oaks, so thick a wagon could not be driven through the forest.

After this I returned to my home in Illinois, made a trip back to Bethlehem to invest five hundred dollars which I had saved out of my salary while in the army. I invested it and went directly to Mexico, Missouri, to the home of my sister, Mrs. Wade. On the way I studied the question of going into the real estate business, making money by selling and reinvesting. It all seemed easy enough; by prudence and economy a fortune might be acquired. As I rode along I continued thinking over the matter. But what good will it all do? I asked myself. Who will be made wiser or better if my life is spent in this way? And there I solemnly resolved that my life should not be given to making money.

In this home I first met Miss LaRue, who with my niece, was attending school at Audrain Christian Seminary, now Hardin College.
I worked about Mr. Wade's farm and studied that winter of 1865 and 1866. The next summer I cultivated alone forty acres in corn, hiring only one man to operate the planter. I was now studying life questions and reading closely, taking notes on sermons and lectures I heard. Thinking of college life, and possibly of the medical profession, at the suggestion of Dr. Bourne, an intelligent physician of the town who offered me the use of his library, I read two volumes of Dungelson's *Anatomy*, six hundred pages each; two volumes of his *Philosophy*, six hundred pages each; also Wilson's *Outline of History* and his *Philosophy of History*.

My method of study was to read a chapter, then, with book closed, review it from memory and notes. That season of reading with little or no outside help was most fruitful. Besides giving me information which would be of value through life it fostered the habit of concentration of thought to the subject in hand.

In the fall of 1867 I started to college at Abingdon, now merged into Eureka College, Eureka, Illinois. Private study enabled me to enter the freshman class. Here I studied eagerly, almost greedily. One day in geometry Professor Linn rebuked the class for poor lessons. I said, "Professor Linn, I promise you that I will prepare and give you the whole lesson in twenty minutes tomorrow if you will allow me." He replied, "All right, son, you may." That night's ambitious effort gave a fresh idea of how to study. I recited the hour's lesson in twenty-three minutes the next day.

Although a freshman I was admitted to membership in the Philomathean Literary Society of young men, two of whom were J. H. Smart and J. H. Garrison then in their senior year. The young ladies' society was the Newtonian.
During this year the question of uniting the two societies was first considered. Three of us, Marion Ingles, Jim Dennis, and I, made a plan to take the matter up. One made the motion, another gave it a second, a third made a speech favoring the motion. Captain Harris, president of the Philomathean, objected, as we knew he would. He made a strong, short opposing speech. J. H. Garrison answered in a well-worded speech favoring the union. The debate opened in earnest. Later the faculty objected, but we examined the charters of the societies and found there no distinction as to sex. Thus the matter was settled and coeducation was established in all departments of the college.

In the same two years I became engaged to a schoolmate, a lovely, tender-hearted, bright-minded girl. My life had been solemnly dedicated to Christian work and teaching. Frequently her remarks failed to harmonize with my purpose. I did not believe it right to break the engagement without honest reasons. During the summer, passing through her town on the train, I stopped, hired a horse and buggy and went eight miles to her home. We went into the parlor and in a reasonable, friendly way discussed the question from a life view, and in good will one for the other agreed to sever our engagement. We were to write a letter each to the other after we thought over the whole subject. This we did and the affair was closed in perfect friendship.

That fall I entered Kentucky University in the Literary Department, took two classes in Greek, reciting to Professor Neville, a most exacting teacher. Six of us students rented two rooms and employed a cook to come once a day and thus lessened our expenses. Four of us formed a study league. Each was to study privately as well as he
could, then all would meet together and what each had learned studying alone should be made common to all.

This was a helpful experience, creating a lively interest in the study and affording a pleasant season of comradeship. The lamented J. Z. Tyler was a member of our league. During that year we became acquainted with Robert Milligan and J. W. McGarvey of the College of the Bible. This acquaintance led to my entering that school next year.

Having lent some money to a fellow-student who failed to pay me in time, it became necessary for me to leave school a few weeks before the term closed. I went to Clark County, made up a subscription school and taught five months making fifty dollars a month. When the time was up in July the trustees wanted me to teach three months longer but said the public fund could allow only thirty dollars a month. "No," I said, "you brothers among yourselves can make it fifty dollars." This they did and the school was continued. It was an enthusiastic session. At the close a great country audience was entertained at a dinner which the ladies of the neighborhood spread on the school grounds. The dinner was interspersed with short speeches and declamations and left happy memories for students and visitors alike. Years after I met one of these students in Lexington, Kentucky. In talking over the past he said, "Cousin Joe, I think that was the greatest school ever taught in that country."

I then started for Abingdon College to finish my course, which I did that year and received my diploma. At the close of our commencement program a gentleman came to me with a Bible and said, "I bought this to give to the one who made the best speech, and I give it to you." This gift I treasured sacredly.
The same day the President of the Board of Trustees of Abingdon College came to me and said: "We want you to accept a position on our college faculty. You need not go to find a place; this school is established, you can go to work at once." I replied: "No, you have plenty of good teachers here and do not need me. I am going South to start a school. Their country has been torn up by the war and they need us to help build again."

After graduation I went to Mexico, Missouri, to find the young lady, Miss LaRue, with whom I had corresponded for two years, while in college. She had gone to Louisville, Kentucky, and was teaching in the city. I went there and we talked over the past with its memories and the future with its hopes and agreed to be one. I went from there to Kentucky Bible College and studied while looking out for the neediest field in the South. After some correspondence with Captain Jarvis of Sneedville, Tennessee, I agreed to take charge of the academy at that place. At Christmas I started and found public conveyance as far as London, Kentucky. From there I journeyed on foot carrying my satchel. It grew heavy and soon I hired a boy and a horse and rode a few miles till the boy had to return, then walked awhile and hired another boy for a short ride. Finally I reached Barbourville, Kentucky. Here Judge Finley of Williamsburg was holding court. A talk with him about the new school which I hoped to establish led to his sending his four children to us at Milligan College later. Also several other fine students came from the same section. Next morning I moved on afoot, passed Pineville and reached Cumberland Gap. Here an excellent man, Dr. Wallace, walked with me a few miles to show me a shorter route to Sneedville. The doctor later sent two splendid daughters to Milligan. This was Saturday. On
reaching the top of Newman’s Ridge, a range of mountains looking down on the town, I offered an earnest prayer for guidance in the new work and passed down the ridge into the town at dark and secured a room in Frost’s Hotel. On Sunday morning I went to the Baptist Church, a great old log house filled with earnest worshipers, rural in dress and manner, but honest and true to their convictions. Monday was court day with its attendant drunkenness and disorder. The Malungeons, a mixed tribe of people living on Newman’s Ridge, were peddling illicit whiskey. Two saloons were open and liberally patronized. One man was shot to death and lay in the street between the saloons two hours or more. A good citizen asked me if I did not fear to undertake the work in such a place. “No,” I said, “here is where I am needed to help you good citizens.”

I found the county superintendent and leading men of the town and they gave me every assistance possible. We looked over the academy building, which needed repairs and a blackboard. I volunteered to give five dollars; others responded with varying sums and the house was soon set in order. Next was to find an assistant teacher. The superintendent’s wife was an educated Christian woman, loved of the people. She was employed. When school opened young people who had come home for the holidays from other schools remained to enter the new school.

There were some excellent families in the small town and their young people led in class work and helped greatly to maintain the morale of the school. Half dozen of that Sneedville group became leaders in religious work, in politics, and in social betterment. They had the elements of high, clean character. They caught the spirit and
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE YEARS

together we launched out joyously into the field of learning from the first reader to Latin and geometry.

After a few months I learned that some of the boys were carrying pistols. In a chapel hour after a close, brief talk on truthfulness—the school all standing—I asked those who for any reason had been carrying arms to remain standing, the others to be seated. Fifteen boys stood. Taking these into a room by themselves a practical, friendly talk was given them which settled the question no doubt for some of them for life. At the close of the session in June, we had a pleasing literary program lasting two hours and a half. The whole session for both students and teachers was a happy, enthusiastic work full of peace and good will.

That was more than fifty years ago. What dreams then of love and marriage, of schools to be built, of books to be written, and of boys to be led upward! Today many of these dreams have become happy realities, others vanished, or still are held before us to be striven for. Will they, like the skyline on the prairies, move on as we approach and never be reached? It may be the eternal curtains will rise ere long, when, with clearer light and richer love our visions of glorious things will be fully realized.

Promising to take the school the next session beginning in September I secured a horse from Isaac Campbell and rode to my people in Clark County, Kentucky. From there I went to Oldham County, the home of Miss Sarah Eleanor LaRue. Here we were married in the home church, Antioch, August 19, 1874, Brother Hulett and Brother Ben Franklin officiating.

My wife furnishes this brief sketch of her early years:

My father, Jesse Vardeman LaRue, of LaRue County, Kentucky, was the youngest of twelve children. His father, Jacob LaRue, was
a descendant of the French Hugenots who came to this country in the seventeenth century to escape religious persecution. He was twice married. His second wife, my grandmother, was Jane Morgan LaRue. She had three children, my father being the youngest. His father, Jacob LaRue, was a large slaveholder and owned several thousand acres of land in the valley of Virginia and in Hardin County, Kentucky. A part of Hardin and adjoining counties were later cut off to form LaRue County.

My mother, Letitia Hardin LaRue, was the daughter of Colonel Martin Hardin of Hardin County, Kentucky, who was for several terms a member of the Kentucky Legislature. He was a near kinsman and associate of Ben Hardin, the noted jurist. My mother was next oldest of nine children.

My father taught both day school and singing school in early life. He sang with his family and taught them the rudiments of written music. His home was on a large farm bequeathed him by his father, who also gave him a number of slaves. It is my pleasure to remember how kindly these slaves were treated, especially to recall the incident of my father's buying the wife and children of his farm leader, Adam, from an owner who was known to be a hard master. The man's joy knew no bounds when he learned his family could be with him constantly instead of a few hours a week, as before.

The district school which I attended until twelve was two miles from home. My teachers during the earlier years were my first cousins. If a child of so few years could be said to choose a career, mine was chosen then. "I'll teach some day," was my inmost thought. Love of teaching was in the blood. This was proved by the fact that my father, his brother, and his sister, and nearly every member of their large families early followed the same calling for a longer or shorter time.

My later teachers were young men from the North. They are all kindly remembered. That they were able and did thorough, conscientious work, is my conclusion in the retrospect.

Those forming years were not without their tasks. Home work was carried on to supply the needs of a large family. Boys and girls had to be clothed in the main from home manufactures. Flocks of sheep furnished the raw material. This was dyed and dextrously wrought into garments for master and mistress, children and servants.

Idleness was looked upon with disfavor in our home. As soon as I was able to manage a spinning wheel, and was taught to use it,
my mother assigned me a task of so many skeins a day. When that was finished, I could play around home or romp through the orchard, climb the trees for the ripest apples or watch birds build their nests in the mulberry trees. Household tasks were seldom required of me, all such being performed by others.

One favorite amusement was horseback riding. My sister and I each had a riding horse and could go at any time to the pasture, catch and ride them home without saddle or bridle, then equip them and ride to uncle’s, or other relatives a few miles away.

My father was elder in the church and rarely missed a service or allowed his family to do so. And in that old stone church the back pews were reserved for colored members who were as punctual in attendance as their duties permitted. Our house was generally headquarters for the preachers or other guests during protracted meetings so that the two-horse carriage was generally filled. Some of the family could go on horseback, but my coveted privilege was to go with the colored folks in the big wagon that carried quantities of luscious food prepared for the ‘‘basket dinner,’’ always a prerequisite for such occasions.

The institution of slavery had its earnest opponents even in staid old Kentucky. Some owners would have freed their slaves, but the state laws did not allow them to do so.

Among the workmen employed on the new house my father built when I was eight, was a stalwart negro man who did the plastering. He was owned by my father’s kinsman, Samuel Hodgen of Elizabethtown. Day by day, mortar and trowel in his hands, he kept up almost ceaseless motion. Observers noted the skill and industry of the workman. He was making money to carry to his master as the purchase price of his freedom. He was buying himself. Later he bought his wife in the same way.

In 1860 my father sold our beautiful home eight miles south of Elizabethtown and moved to Mexico, Missouri. His slaves, not being willing to leave their native haunts, were sold also, but not ‘‘on the auction block,’’ that hated institution which Negroes regarded with horror as the first lap of the journey to the southern cotton fields. Private purchasers were found near by; thus the slaves could remain among familiar scenes and people.

The question of school was settled before the family reached their new home—Audrain Christian Seminary (now Hardin College) was a strong inducement for selecting the new location.
Here we entered school at once. Our first year was under an excellent man, Professor Thomas Skelton; later our principal was Professor W. P. Hurt, a nephew of the loved "Raccoon" John Smith, with whom for several years our family had frequent and happy associations.

We planned a short bridal trip to Mammoth Cave but the school in the mountains beckoned strongly and we hastened on, stopping one night in Bowling Green, Kentucky, with my wife’s brother, L. M. LaRue, and reaching Whitesburg, Tennessee, the next morning. There we found a one-horse open buggy waiting to take us the twenty-eight-mile journey to Sneedville. The rain poured all day as we slowly moved over the rough, unkept mud roads across two mountain ranges and two rivers. Reaching the little town we were kindly received and were soon settled in Cobb’s Hotel for the school year. Preparations for the opening of the school were made and the first of September found us in the renovated academy building with a full primary department and a large number of bright, hopeful young men and women for the higher classes. The session moved on pleasurably, each student doing his part to make the school a happy, united whole, while parents and citizens gave us loyal support. Toward spring a religious excitement arose in the country near by. The meeting was moved into town. Citizens and students attended, often coming to us for explanation of certain points brought out in the sermon. These explanations caused some excitement and I was challenged for debate by a champion Baptist debater, Brother Kimbrough.

I said, "Not now, but if you insist I will meet you in August." He accepted and we agreed to meet on August 8.

At the close of the school year my wife and I returned to her father’s home in Hardin County, Kentucky. I began
preparing for the debate. After studying for several weeks I went to Lexington to talk with Professor J. W. McGarvey. He was cordial and helpful, furnishing books and counsel. Returning to Sneedville at the appointed time I found Elder Samuel Shelburne, a strong preacher of the Disciples, on the ground, and my friends, especially the Methodist brothers, united in the request to have him made chairman. Brother Kimbrough made his affirmative address, lasting one hour, on foreordination. I followed on the negative, one hour. The town was full of people and the audiences were large and attentive. In the afternoon we made half-hour addresses. The debate lasted four days—one question each day. It had a good influence in awakening inquiry and investigation.

While the debate was in progress Brother Shelburne told us of Buffalo Institute as a possible location for the school we desired to build. I came direct from Sneedville to Johnson City on Saturday night and stayed with W. C. Maupin and on Lord’s Day went with him to a schoolhouse in the town where he preached. On leaving I asked why they did not have the Lord’s Supper. He replied, “We have no church house and are not regular in the service.”
CHAPTER IV

FOUNDING MILLIGAN COLLEGE

For one form of service man gives scant recompense. It is the service of a faithful animal that receives only food and shelter for years of hard, unremitting labor.

Morgan, my horse, helped to found Milligan College, and I wish to pay the following tribute to his memory:

In July, 1875, I landed at Rockcastle River, Kentucky, en route to Sneedville and thence to Buffalo Institute, Tennessee. London, sixteen miles away, was the first point to be reached. Seeking conveyance, I soon found a horse and a light boy and was ready. We started after 2:00 P.M. and reached London before 6:00 P.M. Never had I a more enjoyable horseback ride.

I thought, “Oh, if I could own a horse with this pleasing motion!” By varied means of travel—foot, wagon, and horse—over the mountains and across the country, in a few days I was at Sneedville, and a week later was ready to go on. Though having but little money, a good friend, Isaac Campbell, offered to sell me a three-year-old colt. He was willing to accept the statement, “I will give your boy his tuition and pay his board wherever I may teach this year,” as more than pay for the colt, Morgan. On the first trial I discovered in the animal that pleasing motion so enjoyed in the other horse. The proposition was accepted and I rode away to seek a strange work in a new country. The colt’s easy, springing half-trot and running walk rapidly developed. A kind, gentle disposition was manifest. He would wait for me. He would follow me. Traveling alone we soon formed a close friendship. Buffalo Institute was reached and that journey ended. But longer service together in-

45
creased the attachment. He was a light chestnut sorrel, fourteen hands and one-half high, with a slightly arched neck, ears just right, and a finely tapering head with large brown eyes as royal as an eagle's. His breast was full enough, his shoulders and forelegs shaped for a traveler, his body only medium round, his hips steep and hind legs more than usually crooked, the pastern joints coming close to the ground, giving the spring to his motion. His hair was soft like plush, his mane as silken threads, his veins on the surface, his blood full of gentleness and energy.

The first year we made small circuits around Buffalo Institute; the second, larger; the third, scores of miles away. Still that energy abounded. He would climb a mountain, scale a cliff, swim a river, or make a sixty-five-mile travel in one day just as his master willed. As we sped along the way that pleasing face would turn back to the rider for bread or apple, which was both given and received as a great pleasure.

That horse has gone with me into the deep forest solitudes and heard what no human ear ever heard—the soul's deep struggle to be free from sin and get close to God who loves us. He has stood there by me in the day's heat and at midnight's hour. When we pass those places now his image is present and his nibble at the leaves almost heard. Where is Morgan today? Can a life cease to be?

Five years of this friendship and co-work passed. Its pleasures were many. But the frequent necessity of heeding the injunction to "turn not away from him who would borrow" was felt to be more a duty than a privilege—so strong is our selfishness. Matters were changing now. While Morgan and I were in the field there was a loving power at home. She welcomed us back and with gathering friends cheered us on for greater works. "The building is too small. A
larger one must go up. God will carry us through’—were
the thoughts born midst the daring mountain crags, and con­
firmed, we believe, in the courts of heaven. The building
was begun. It took money. We knew it would. It took
labor. That was expected. It took more money and more
labor and called again. It took credit. The time soon came
to meet this. Where was the money? Where the power?
Friends gave, but the cry was not hushed. It came again.
Did any conscientious reader ever receive a letter and know
its contents before it was opened? Such letters came. How
can this one be met? Can I part with my horse? Can I sell
to strangers the gentle favorite which finds no grass so sweet
as that close to home’s door? And no food so good as bread
from my loved wife’s hand? Can I sell my friend, the com­
panion of those fresh hopes and adventures of early man­
hood? Such was duty’s call. Braced with courage, with­
out telling that one at home the full of it, I rode him, for the
last time, to town, and not until the hand was placed on his
soft, arched neck to say good-bye did a tear fall. I walked
home to see the tears on another’s cheek but with the happy
consciousness that one more debt was paid. I would suffer
thus again to pay a debt, but not to be Governor of Ten­
nessee.

Two years after this sale, a lawyer, John P. Smith, rode
Morgan to Taylorsville, now Mountain City, Tennessee.
Next morning it was found that he was slightly lame. In a
few hours he could scarcely walk and seemed to suffer acutely.
Friends knew him and went to see him. It was a strange
sickness. Scores of persons visited him. He acted through
that week of suffering as he had always done, with almost
human intelligence. At the last, while many were standing
around, he raised his still bright face and looked at the peo­
ple, then at a bucket near by, as if to ask for water. They
gave him a cool drink. He laid his head back and in a few moments dear Morgan was dead.

O Lord, if there be any animals in heaven, I want three—Joler, my dog, playmate of my boyhood; Jocko, my pet eagle; and Morgan, my horse.

EARLY HISTORY OF MILLIGAN COLLEGE

Just at the close of the Civil War, Dr. Caswell Taylor's daughter, Mrs. Jane Millard of Johnson City, taught school in the old Buffalo Log Church, where the present church stands, in a small village called Cave Springs. The people became interested. Her brother, Isaac Taylor, in 1867, obtained a charter for a school to be known as Buffalo Institute, which he and the neighbors planned to build. W. G. Barker united with them and became the first teacher in the new building, teaching two years; then followed Professor Turner and later Professor Akard, who closed his work in the spring of 1875. Having learned of the situation, through J. D. Hamaker and Samuel Shelburne, I decided to go at once and investigate.

In August, 1875, I reached Johnson City, then a town of fifteen hundred people, and was kindly entertained overnight in the home of W. C. Maupin. Next day being Sunday, we heard him preach in the schoolhouse on Science Hill, the Disciples having no house of worship and few members. Monday morning we went three and one-half miles out to Buffalo Institute on a prospecting tour. The house was a two-story brick, thirty-six by forty, with two rooms, one below and one above. It was situated on one acre of land, which had been donated by Joshua Williams. After looking over building and grounds and getting together the Board of Trustees, W. G. Barker, C. C. Taylor, J. D. Price, Pinckney Williams, Sam W. Hyder, and possibly others,
the agreement was made. I was to pay interest on the
debt of $1,250 which was against the property, for the use
of it. Thus far I had been alone but Mrs. Hopwood ar-
ived from Kentucky on August 19, the first anniversary
of our marriage. We took board a half-mile away, with
‘‘Uncle Pinckney’’ Williams, as he was affectionately
called. He and his excellent family made us a most con-
genial home. When asked what board he would charge
us the good man replied, ‘‘Well, I wouldn’t charge you
anything, but you know I’ve got eleven girls to shoe and
I guess I’ll have to charge you two dollars a week.’’

The county had no money for public school that year
nor the year following, so I set out to canvass the com-
munity for subscription students. School opened early in
September, both of us entering heart and soul into the
work. During the first quarter we found it necessary to
live nearer to the school, hence leased from S. W. Hyder
a small two-room cottage and one acre of ground adjoin-
ing the school lot. This we afterward bought from S. W.
Hyder for five hundred dollars for a private home. Its im-
mediate door yard is now marked by the large locust tree in
front of Hardin Hall.

The first school year was happy and enthusiastic. At
the close, we had public examinations, which were well
attended. A rising young orator, named A. A. Taylor,
was chosen to make the literary address. Vacation was
spent largely in canvassing for students. Riding Mor-
gan, my blooded Kentucky horse, I traveled twenty to
forty miles in every direction.

This was the centennial year, 1876. I felt I should go
to Philadelphia. Among our ablest classroom workers were
two brothers, David and Hugh Taylor. Hugh was engaged
to help Mrs. Hopwood in class work. Other advanced students could be called on if needed.

On the way we spent one day in Washington City, and met F. D. Power, just then beginning his splendid career in the national capital. The church had never had a truer, wiser man.

The centennial was a wonderful revelation to untraveled Americans. Foreign peoples, customs, and products were object lessons gathered from the four quarters of our own and other countries. This centennial did much to unite the sections of our country during the strenuous days of reconstruction. The blue and the gray met on friendly grounds in American fellowship and on equal footing.

Among the many wonderful exhibits the great Corliss Engine was especially suggestive turning many different machines or stopping one machine while others moved on. One human mind regulated the many complexities of this machine. Thus, I said, "The planets, their moons, and systems are all under one Infinite Mind which is able to blot out a planet or a system at His will, and bid others go on."

I took many notes on the trip. On returning we used part of each morning for some weeks talking to the students and neighbors who came in, endeavoring to reproduce in their minds something of the grandeur and meaning of our nation's hundredth birthday.

The problem of securing land adjoining the school was long and difficult of solution; persuasion, patience, time and money secured bits, lots and corners until a few acres for campus and playground were secured. In the summer of 1878 I leased the entire property for twenty-two years. Until this time we had carried water from the spring, two hundred yards away, down by the creek. After the lease, putting up houses became an engrossing subject and a large
dining room and kitchen were added to our home. Some other buildings were put up and attached to it and a second story put over it all. We soon had three sides of a square of buildings, double porches all around and two good cisterns in the little green court. Later at the southeast corner of the square a deep well of finest water was dug. About sixty students was our capacity, but several kind neighbors opened their homes and took excellent care of a number of our boys.

CIRCULAR ANNOUNCING THE NEW BEGINNING

BUFFALO INSTITUTE

Carter County, Tennessee

J. Hopwood and Mrs. S. E. Hopwood, Principals
Session opens Monday, September 2, 1878

THE true object of education is to make its possessor happier and more useful to society at large.

This increased happiness is sought in different ways. One finds it in greater ability to get gain; another finds his early training a means to secure honor and fame; a third, taking truer views of life, seeks through education a larger soul with broader and more correct ideas of man, of nature, and of God.

Strong, active, enthusiastic teachers with solid Christian characters and practical ideas of life should be sought by every institution and schoolhouse in our land.

We endanger our nation's prosperity, its perpetuity and uplift by entrusting young minds to lazy, wicked, or skeptical teachers. The more successful they are in the schoolroom the more dangerous they are to society. Children better be at home under the influence of uneducated but
Christian parents than at the best school for mental development, drilled and molded by careless or scoffing masters of art and science.

On the other hand, the young man who insists on following his own ways in wickedness, and will not be led by the gentle influences of precept and example ought to be left ignorant. No man should give strength and talent to educate him.

After years of experience in the schoolroom and much thought on the subject, believing God to be our strength and wisdom in the decision, we have solemnly determined not to retain any persistently wicked student in school.

If then you practice using profane or obscene language, intoxicating drinks, persist in idleness or any of those habits that lead to your own soul's death, settle it now in your heart to quit these, quit them in earnest or stay away.

No matter how proud the title or learned its graduates we believe the institution which does not take special care for the moral culture of its students will bring evil to society.

To plant Christian principles in the heart, to develop the power to think, to impart earnest, practical views of life are the highest objects of a true teacher. He should use the Bible in school, point to its merits and claims, its historical and moral principles, leaving each one free to interpret and apply these to his own life and conduct.

For developing power of thought we insist upon independent study and research, require extempore composition on familiar subjects, encourage discussion and original essays, and topical recitations in the students' own language.
"But," says the practical man, "education will make my boy proud and cause him to seek his living without work." Granted that it sometimes appears so; but true education imparts no such ideas. Every boy should follow what nature has labeled him for. If he loves the farm, stock and trade, develop him for that work, but let him know that, other things being equal, a strengthened, energized brain which comes only from memory drill will always succeed best whether on the farm, in the workshop, or in the Senate house.

Then stimulate young men to excel, and to honor any calling which benefits society. Away with the idle notion that honest labor, mental or physical, can dishonor a human being. Let men and women take hold of life's duties with earnest hearts, thinking brains, and willing hands; then we shall hear less of hard times and see less of poverty and sin.

"But," says some young man, "I am too old to attend school." One of Kentucky's best speakers and closest thinkers was a poor man twenty-eight years old, with a wife and two children, when he entered college, where he remained four years, graduating at thirty-two. Better, a hundred times better, to begin life's work at that age feeling the strength of manhood, than at twenty or twenty-five with a conscious inability to grapple with the questions and duties of the age.

Again it is urged, "Times are too hard, we cannot attend any school."

If it were a matter of life or death thousands would study and work out a plan by which to educate their children.

If, then, it is possible, is it right to refuse to increase our children's happiness and usefulness?
No one ever regretted that his father gave him a good education; but thousands deplore the policy that hoards a few paltry dollars or acres of land, and neglects the higher mental and moral development of the child.

Said a man of fine natural powers to me, "I believe, sir, that I have shed that hat full of tears because my father would not allow me to attend school."

If it costs half the farm, children will give you more pleasure, more honor, from this investment than would ten times the estate without it.

The farmer who will not put grain into the ground never reaps a harvest.

He who will not risk money, land, or stock for the welfare of his children cannot hope for the best results from their lives.

In conclusion, the subject is worthy of your serious thought and we invite your attention to the following features and inducements of our own institution:

1. The location is healthful, the scenery pleasing.
2. We are from three to four miles from any dram shop.
3. We are not transient but located for at least twenty-two years.
4. The teachers love their work and study it as a science.
5. Board is from $1.50 to $1.75 a week.
6. Tuition is from $12 to $36 a school year of thirty-six weeks. Contingent fees $1.50 a year.
7. We educate for the real duties of life.
8. We seek to make the schoolroom one of hope and enthusiasm instead of routine and necessity.
9. There is a constant endeavor to elevate the student's ideal of character and increase his self-respect.
10. We endeavor to govern by showing students how to govern themselves.
11. We seek to make our home a social school.
12. We endeavor to aid our students whenever or wherever associated.
13. We thank our heavenly Father for his blessings and for the belief that he will in the future give us greater success.

Plans were being laid for erecting larger school buildings. A small frame building was put up on the lower side of the yard for younger classes. In the summer of 1880, one hundred and fifty thousand handmade bricks were burned on the school grounds. At the same time we must build what is now called Hendrix House. This was to meet the demand for a girls’ home. After July 7, our men went to the woods, cut the logs, hauled them to the sawmills, sawed and seasoned the lumber, worked it all by hand, dug out a full-size basement and had the three-story building ready for Samuel Shelburne and family from Lee County, Virginia, to move into by the last of August.

With provisions for a number of students to be located across Buffalo Creek from the college it now became necessary to have a new iron bridge to supplant the old foot-log. I went to the County Court and secured an appropriation for an iron bridge, the first in the county except, possibly, one.

The second year, besides local students, young people from abroad were coming in and how could we provide for them? We built a shed room across one end of our cottage, which room served for kitchen and dining room; then we gave up one of our two rooms to accommodate four young men boarders, while a section of the small west porch was cut off and enclosed comfortably for our first girl boarder, Miss Sanna Taylor (Mrs. Miller of Johnson City). The boys called it “Sanna’s Cage.” The school kept growing and soon workmen were up under the Insti-
In April, 1881, the corner stone of the new college building was laid. The question of a name was first to be settled. The students spoke out enthusiastically, "Let's call it 'Hopwood College,'" but this I did not think best at all.

For the occasion, Colonel N. G. Taylor had been engaged to give the address, but he being unable to come, I spoke to the students and friends, dedicating the building to the cause of Christian education, announcing the name, Milligan College. The name was given, as was explained to the assembly, in honor of the late Robert Milligan of Kentucky University, the purest and best man I have known.

We continued active canvassing for the school, extending the lines and broadening the field. Three or four colleges within fifty miles of us had not practiced personal soliciting for students. We went to Virginia and West Virginia and brought young people to Milligan, many times passing directly by these schools. This soon caused educational leaders to begin active canvass for their own institutions. Thus much good was accomplished. A larger number of young men and women were awakened and led to seek and to obtain higher education.

We closed that year in April so that more time and attention could be given to the new building which we hoped to enter at the beginning of the next session.

The plans worked out perfectly and in May, 1882, the first diplomas ever given by Milligan College were awarded to the following ten splendid students: Lula Crocket, Lucy Hardin, George Hardin, James H. Smith, A. A. Furgeson, J. H. Rutrough, C. B. Armintrout, Charles Carson, George Boren, James A. Tate. Each member of the class gave an address. Miss Crocket was salutatorian and Miss Hardin valedictorian.
CHAPTER V
SOME JOLTS ALONG THE WAY

EACH year Mrs. Hopwood had the girls' society entertainment on one certain night of commencement. At one time a group of seven boys petitioned the faculty to allow their society to have that special night for commencement program. I said, "No, boys, the young ladies have made that night popular. They are entitled to it and must have it." Some kindly discussion followed. They were not satisfied and positively refused to take any part in the closing exercises if they could not have that night. I called them into "Number 9." As we went in to talk with them one young teacher said, "Professor, if you expel those boys twenty more will go with them." "That is all right," I said, "it is our business to do our duty as we see it, whatever the consequences." After talking plainly and kindly to them I could see that six were willing to yield and to go on to duty but one remained obstinate. They had pledged for all to stand together. With a deep sense of duty I opened the door and said, "Young men, until you are willing to take up your work and do your part as students, you are hereby dismissed from the college halls." As they marched down the steps and out through the halls a crowd of their friends met them. It was a serious occasion, some of them were in tears. The whole troop marched on down the walk until near the road, where they were met by Henry Snyder, a young student from Illinois, somewhat older than they. He inquired their trouble and then reasoned and talked with them, others helping until in less than half an hour they all returned to "Number 9," where I still remained,
and asked, "Professor, if we will all come back and do our duty will you treat us like you always have?"

"Boys, you will have to judge the future by the past. You know my interest in you. It is manly in you to make this acknowledgment. We are glad that you want to do right." They took up their duties promptly and all went well.

As commencement drew near two boys had to be dismissed from the college for unworthy conduct, one being a senior.

The diplomas had not been signed but the program for the close was made, and speeches all prepared. The young senior was talented, and had many strong and influential friends. They insisted that he be allowed to deliver his address with the class. My sense of duty compelled me to refuse. On the day of commencement a crowd of friends from his home section were on hand. The program went off well but just at the close this party of friends came to the door in a body and started in. I raised my hand and said, "Stand there, gentlemen," and while everyone in the large audience stood in perfect silence, I called upon a good brother to adjourn the meeting. He did so in gentle, earnest tones. I then arose and while the people all stood quietly, I said, "This closes the program and the school session is ended. Anyone who wishes to occupy the platform now may do so." The young man gave his well-prepared address, but not as a member of the class. Most of the audience remained and gave him respectful hearing.

The old Philomathean Society conducted in Buffalo Institute before we came was measurably a secret society and sought to organize more strictly so in the new hall set apart for them when the building was finished. A secret society, we felt, would not be best for the interests of the
young people. The members contended earnestly to continue on that basis. "The society hall must be free," I said, "for any visitor, teacher, or student to enter, on the same basis that they visit the classroom or any other department of the school." The contention was earnest and the young men seemed determined on their own course. They secured Robert L. Taylor, former member of the Philomathean, to come and speak in their behalf. He made an eloquent address to a packed house; but I had studied the subject of secret organizations in schools and was convinced of their evil effects. There was only one course for me to pursue. The new hall must be occupied by the literary societies that were open and free to all. Some of the leaders of this group were among our best and most advanced students. A few of these left the school on this account and went to finish their course elsewhere. But the new halls were entered by the two societies and their able programs were witnessed by members and interested visitors alike.

By this time the college custom of pranks and rowdyism was beginning to develop. One Saturday night some boys brought a small outbuilding and set it down near a teacher's door. Sunday I said nothing to anyone except my wife about it and went into Johnson City to fill an appointment. After preaching and while riding home the whole matter was mentally reviewed and a decision reached.

On Monday I talked to the school on the subject of truth, right conduct, and character-building. The discussion was plain and strong. Asking the boys all to rise, I made these plain statements: "Everyone who did not have any part in moving that outbuilding into the front yard may be seated, but if you had any part, stand where you are." Seventeen stood. I then made some strong statements con-
cerning such conduct, the ugliness and worthlessness of it all. I then said, "You students now have two things to do: first, move the building back to the place where you found it; second, each one of you sign a written apology to the teachers and students of this school. You are adjourned.''

Soon on the campus they surrounded me and said, "Professor, that rebuke was too hard. We'll apologize, if you will apologize for that severe lecture." I said, "No, young men, I am not on trial. Write that apology and sign it without any conditions."

They went back and next morning were all seated together with the apology written and signed. I complimented them for their courage to face the matter so honestly, and then I made a mark up and down on the blackboard, and said: "Now students, all on the left side of this line is right and true. I fully believe all I said is true and right, but God knows, and if I said anything wrong according to his mind, for that, students, I certainly ask pardon. God is judge."

This case and a few other minor affairs in discipline put a stop to college pranks and low conduct as being any part of true Milligan College life.

The school had many quiet years after that but witnessed a light ruffle in 1887. At the earnest request of the baseball team I consented for them to play match games with other schools. That season a match game took place on our own grounds. The language and conduct of the visiting team was such that I said, "Boys, we will have no more match games with other schools." At first some of the boys offered objections but later quietly made up their minds to accept all in good spirit. For fifteen years there were no match games with other colleges. The students' attention was given to local match games as, Prohibitionists against Democrats and Republicans, or fat against
lean men, or one side of the creed against the other side. These home plays were greatly enjoyed while the major part of their time and effort and interest was given to their studies, literary societies, and religious meetings; thus furnishing to our country and the church a body of young people not excelled, we believe, in quality of manhood and womanhood anywhere in our land. Their ideals were high, their purposes firm, and their successes in life have been because of their concentration on the nobler lines of effort. "Bodily exercise profiteth little but godliness is profitable in all things having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."
CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT MILLIGAN

OUR Chapel exercise, always first on the day's schedule, was called "Morning Class." It was a forum, a sort of focal point for ethical teaching. The Bible was read responsively. Short comments or pertinent questions added interest to the reading. After the prayer and song twenty to forty minutes were used each morning in the discussion of practical morals, in answering questions, or in giving information on any subject of interest to students. The lessons were drawn from every avenue or circumstance of life, the applications made to our daily doings in every department; business, travel, professions, government; anything from outright selfishness to the golden rule came up for discussion.

We believe true education to be the leading out of the powers of the body, mind and spirit. The last of these is often neglected or given scant emphasis in the general education program. It is the Divine part of man and is designed for rulership over the entire being. Neglect or failure to impress this truth upon young minds has brought the major part of shame and misery which the world has known. This thought was made prominent in our morning lectures. Just after one of these talks Mrs. Hopwood was asked to write on the board a motto which she had made:

"Christian Education the Hope of the World."

This was immediately chosen by the faculty and students as the motto for Milligan College. It was later made the motto for Virginia Christian College (now Lynchburg College), and again for Lamar College in Georgia, which
afterward became Southeastern Christian College, Auburn, Georgia (and for our Mountain Mission School at Grundy, Virginia).

We are glad to note that other schools and organizations are using this motto as a slogan in carrying on their good work.

Wholesome sports and games among themselves, the enthusiasm of debates, orations and work in the different literary societies and especially their religious activities, all together filled the hours too full for mischief. The Wednesday night boys’ prayer meetings in the church, the girls’ prayer meetings in the parlors of the Home, and the great Sunday night union meetings for students and neighbors, were of vital interest and value to all. Sometimes at these meetings students came forward to make confession and begin the Christian life.

Once a mother who had brought her four children to put in school and was keeping house for them near the college, came forward to make confession; three of her sons followed. Then three other students came. It was a heart-reaching scene. After a moment’s talk I took the confession of each one and asked for a song. Only a few could join in the song. At its close the audience was adjourned. Many were in tears. No word was spoken. One girl seized my hand as she went out. The impression of a sacred nearness to God seemed to hold each spirit in holy quiet.

After fifteen years without match games with other schools, some of the young men brought the question up for rediscussion. We decided to give them a hearing. The whole school was invited to assemble in the auditorium. Each one was allowed five minutes at a time for argument. For two hours and a half students and teachers reasoned on the question pro and con all in the most perfect good
will and friendliness. The meeting adjourned without any decision.

A week later some of the young men asked me what the decision was. I said, “If you young men want another trial you can have it at Johnson City.” The day came but incessant rain hindered the game entirely.

**Monday Holiday**

After Milligan College had been running a while I determined to find, if possible, why Monday lessons were proverbially bad. The reason was not hard to find. Saturday always being school holiday, local and boarding students alike found many jobs laid over for performance on that day. When Saturday night came the students were tired, or study could be temporarily put aside and some coveted diversion could be indulged, since recitations were *two days off*. Sunday brought its own activities, religious and social, thus the long gap between Friday and Monday was unfruitful as to lesson preparation. The thought came, “Why not have holiday on Monday?” About this time I heard of one school in Ohio which was trying this plan. I went to Lebanon, Ohio, to investigate and after spending a few days there returned home determined to try the new method. It seemed such a radical departure from the time-honored custom that we thought best to present the whole matter to the school in morning class. The subject was fully presented, then discussed freely by teachers and students. Finally we said, “All in favor of Monday holiday instead of Saturday, rise,” and a majority stood. Some were half in favor of the change, but not willing to commit themselves.

The plan was put into immediate operation, nearly every student adjusting himself early or late. Some parents sent
word that they needed their children’s help and must keep them at home on Saturday. Any extra care or instruction for such students, in order to carry them along, was cheerfully given by the teachers. On opening of the following session everybody was reconciled to the change and Milligan College became the first school in the state or in the South, as far as I know, to adopt the Monday holiday. This was about the year 1880.

**The Day’s Work**

The roll of the seasons brought no idle time to Milligan workers as shown by the following account of one vacation day:

These are busy days. Six-sevenths of them are spent about as follows: Eyes are rubbed open for a six o’clock breakfast. Some of our sixteen members cannot forego the morning nap, but others are ready to join in thanksgiving and a petition for strength and wisdom to meet the day’s duties. All are soon seated at the table. Conversation is open and free, turning chiefly on the tasks to be done and the condition of the doers.

‘‘When will catalogs be ready?’’

‘‘In a very few days, I hope. Calls are coming by every mail.’’

‘‘Mr. Smucker, you may get the drill and finish sowing peas over on the hillside.’’

‘‘What shall I do, Professor?’’

‘‘Best not work much today, Mr. Gilbert. You are not quite safe from that threatened sunstroke. Frame in the holly or put a wire about the garden fence to keep Selim from biting off the sunflowers.’’

Breakfast being through, all are excused to their several employments. Carrie with President Hopwood, who dic-
tates letters half the day; Cordie to Number 9 with Dovie, Mexie, and Maggie for a shorthand recitation; Bessie to read *Guy Mannering*, her fourth book since school closed; Mrs. C to put away some recovered library books. Presently Jack calls out "Mail." All work is forgotten and quiet reigns while messages are read from the folk at home or from the dear girls and boys who have gone from us but have not forgotten to write.

A neighbor calls for a horse to ride to town. Two are in the plow and Pansy is saddled for Sallie to pay a visit to Martha.

"Come into the garden and see our strawberry patch, Mr. B." One handful of berries is gathered—for they are nearly gone—a promise of some plants next fall and we turn again to the unfinished article with set purpose. Two hours passed with only one caller, a man who wants to sell some cordwood. The deal is closed and the dinner bell rings. The meal is eaten rather hurriedly for twenty letters are to be addressed and made ready for the one-thirty mail. This being done, we settle down for work; but something is wanted from the office and we go.

On entering a vision of disorder presents itself. Must we undertake the job that has been haunting us so many days? Yes; and the work of clearing up is begun. What a task! Desk, bookcase, shelves, and closets are ransacked; odds and ends of every description are found; papers of all kinds; and letters—letters by the bag, by the barrel! Some of these date back to the days of three-cent postage; examination papers are here, bearing names familiar to the public and honored among men. One by one the girls drop in and fall to reading. Our good helpers, Carl, Vol-lie, and Clarence, find so many interesting things to read and to investigate that the leader has to rise more than
once to restate the object of the meeting. Supper comes none too early and brings for its chief feature the promised strawberry shortcake. Events of the day are discussed around the table. Absent students are mentioned with tender interest, incidents of the session are recalled, trips are planned, and after an hour's social the company disperse. After enjoying the exquisite moonlight, which we conclude shines brighter here than elsewhere, we retire to a sound sleep from which the early bird song will call us to duty.

Recess Period

The four annual excursions by the school which students always hailed with enthusiasm were: A day for Cranberry and the Gorge, a half-day for the Rock House, one for Buffalo Mountain, and one for Watauga River. These days were far enough apart to be keenly enjoyed after many weeks of stubborn wrestling with textbooks and recitations and all things pertaining thereto. The following description of our River Day gives a fair idea of them all:

Burdened students and tired teachers are off for a jaunt today, May 3. The prettiest excursion of the year is to be made down the river beautiful. "We are all very, very busy; might we not forego the trip this once?" was seriously asked. "Oh, no! Take anything from us but that," the young people replied. So the decision was made. Bells for morning class call the school together. After songs, reading and prayer some brief speeches are called for. The speakers prefer to profit by the holiday occasion, so they do not respond. A message is delivered from President Hopwood, who is too ill to be present. "Enjoy the scenery," he said. "Do not give all your attention to those with you. They can be looked at many days hence—
perhaps years—a lifetime; but the grandeur of this view of cliff and stream, distant mountains, and hemlock forests you may never see again. Go and be happy!’”

“We start thirty minutes after morning class and return by five in the afternoon,” said the leader. This definite announcement puts energy and promptness into the count. Everything is ready, baskets packed with substantial food—rare food it will be called, when eaten three hours later with pedestrian hunger for a sauce. The start is along the banks of the Buffalo, a lovely little stream that has come down to college with all the students that have ever been there. It is trudging along by us today, with its soft, cool feet and low prattle, as if it too were carrying a basket of bluebells and shiny pebbles to the river picnic, and glad to be in this gay, young company.

Not all of the boys and girls are here. Some stayed at home and put in the time in library work, or preparing for hard examinations. One brave girl said, “I’ll make this day tell on mathematical history, and on my speech.” Another squad composed of boy explorers decided to visit the caves two miles in the opposite direction. Gathering a hasty lunch they are off, resolved to see all there is to be seen by lantern in the Rock House and Saltpetre Cave.

Glorious school life! Full of ambition, glowing with hope! What would we not give if every day could bring to the young men and women things only that are blessed and helpful, worthy to be carried through life as a sacred memory!

Arbor Day

Every spring the school was given a whole holiday for cleaning and beautifying the campus. We were generously allowed, by the owners, the privilege of going to any
forest around and selecting young trees to set out. Sugar maple was the choice, so as the years passed the school grounds became a stately maple grove. Many of these trees were named and were regarded with almost human love. Students would return and put their arms affectionately around these forest favorites which their own hands had planted there. One brave fellow, active in business, during a brief call, said, "Let's go out and see my tree." We went. He searched long around the spot where he thought his tree was located. Finally, pointing to where one had been removed to make room for the new building, he said, with real sorrow in his tones, "There's the stump. I wouldn't have given my tree for that whole college building."

A Beautiful Life
Lucy Jean Kinney

In August there came to our midst a cultured, Christian woman, whose only child, a little girl of eight years, she desired to put in school. She was disappointed on learning that there was no primary department, but was advised to let Jean, in connection with her music, attend some preparatory classes just for her own interest and to get what she could by observation. The mother entered with her. To our surprise the child soon took high rank in her classes and surprise increased as she held that rank month after month throughout the year.

Commencement came on. Jean's little pieces of music were ready for the public, also a recitation for Saturday morning's program. Friday she was not able to be out, but in the rush few had heard of her illness, until Professor Davis, who was conducting the program in which she was to take part, announced that Jean was not able to be pres-
ent. Sunday morning the physician was called and pronounced her case violent diphtheria, and on Monday at 8:00 A.M. she ceased to suffer. Her father, J. B. Kinney, was in Minnesota and could not reach here until Wednesday morning. A few hours after his arrival the beautiful body was placed in the cemetery near the college. Above her little home the sweetest song birds made music all day long, and close by are the tall maples whose waving shadows play over the grass where Jean loved to romp.

Every object of nature seemed dear to her. She revelled in the luxury of living. The elements were her playmates. She would run until the wind took up her sunny curls and tossed them in seeming delight. She sipped sweetness from every beautiful thing and like the humming bird made the air radiant in her flight from flower to flower.

But Jean’s nature was not trivial, and from some aspects scarcely childish. She had been a Christian for nearly a year and in her general conduct as well as in marked individual instances she manifested high spiritual insight. She was strong-willed and hasty, and often showed these qualities in her actions; but her wise mother patiently reasoned with her, then made a heart appeal and left the matter to Jean herself to decide. And the decision took form in an apology, or in her begging forgiveness, or in a confession such as one which came unsolicited just a few days before she went away: “Mrs. Davis, I could not feel right until I came and asked your pardon for not practicing.”

No sweeter vision of child life ever came to the school than that which vanished from our view when little Jean Kinney awoke from a beautiful earthly dream into the radiance of a heavenly morning.
This world is a more hallowed dwelling place because such as she have lived in it, and heaven is nearer since they have gone to dwell there.

The following incident is given to show how closely interwoven are all human interests whatever the rank or condition of the actors (written before passage of the Eighteenth Amendment):

**Kissing Through the Bars**

"Mr. Hopwood: Sir, I want to see you. I'm in a bad fix. If you would be so good and kind as to come I would be glad."

Thus read part of the card.

In years past I had known the man; he had worked for me, had dug and chopped and planted and often taken his money or goods home at night. He had not been an evil-hearted man.

On the day named we took the train for his place. Inquiry and conversation with others brought to light the causes and result of a trial he had just passed through under the criminal law. His sentence, "five years in the penitentiary," had already been pronounced. In a little while the heavy bolt was turned, and the massive door swung back and through two partitions of iron bars we could see and by extended reach shake hands with the poor condemned man.

"How are you, Sam? What are you doing here?" As he grasped my hand to reply, his eyes, half wild, filled with tears and his voice broke into sobs. "This is very sad, Sam, what can I do for you now?" "I want to see you about my wife and children. Won't you stay until my wife comes? She will be on the next train. Please stay until you are compelled to go," he said pleadingly, "I
want to see if my wife and children cannot get a home 
close to you." "How many children have you?" "Six, 
the oldest is fifteen and the baby is five. I have never sent 
them to school but they can all read except the youngest; 
me and my wife learned them to read. They are good chil-
dren." And again his talk turned to weeping but in his 
tears he told of his love for the wife and children, of his 
sorrow that he could not leave them a cent. "Can't you 
give them work and watch over them?" he pleaded. "I 
will try," I said.

The train whistled.

What a quick anxious look! "Do you read any in 
here?" "Yes, I have the Testament and a Life of Wesley."

"I was reading in the Testament where it said, 'Let not 
your heart be troubled.' I can't understand that; I can't 
keep from being troubled in here." "But this, Sam, is be-
cause you have not followed God's way before. If you 
had done as He desired you to do you would not be in 
here."

Steps are heard on the stairway and we move back that 
the wife and baby girl may see the husband and father 
through the iron bars. The deep grief of the wife and the 
curious look of the child, which could not reach her father, 
brings strange thought of the power of law. Being absent 
for an hour we returned to find the scene changed. The 
outer door had been opened and the child admitted next to 
the prisoner's cage. The strong, plain face was suffused 
with tears as with a smile he could place his hands upon 
the baby girl's head and receive her kiss through the bars. 
He then folded his blanket, made the child a pallet, took 
off his coat for her pillow, laid her quietly to rest while 
he fanned her face and mingled his looks of sorrow and 
love with words of fondness. As sure as God lives there
is righteous judgment to come. This man and his innocent family are separated. He to linger and labor in prison, they to sorrow and toil without his help. And all for what? A drunken row and taking forcible possession of a watch while in this state of intoxication.

The man who made the whiskey is still free; the one who sold it is ready to sell more. All the law books of the land are so stained with the blood of whiskey victims that they are hardly legible to a Christian conscience. It is extremely difficult to understand why this traffic should have the sanction of law.

A Death in the School

Sidney Shawver was a college student, happy in his association and deeply spiritual in life. He was clean, strong, and apt intellectually, much loved by students and teachers. One day at Sunday school he became seriously ill with pneumonia. He was taken to his room at Mrs. Cornforth's where he died on Thursday. The undertaker prepared his body and we took it to the train at Johnson City on Friday and then to his parents in Tazewell County, Virginia.

The cars went within eight miles of Sidney's home. The father, deeply saddened, met us at the train. After a long, slow wagon drive we reached the home about 2:00 A.M., Saturday. The day was given to the family and friends and on Lord's Day morning we went to the church where I preached the dear boy's funeral and gave the invitation to accept Christ. A brother and a sister of Sidney's came forward and made the good confession and were baptized. The father rejoiced that two more of his household had chosen the better way, and henceforth his life and works
were turned to the leading of others to follow the Master in truth and in spirit.

The influence of Sidney Shawver's life will never cease.

OF SACRED MEMORY

In the summer of 1891 I made the last visit to my mother who lived with her oldest daughter, Mrs. Porter, at Fairfield, Nebraska. It was a tender heart-reaching visit. I was forty-seven and mother was eighty-nine. We walked and talked together and took one buggy ride. I asked her if the time of her departure seemed near. She said, "Only as I stop to reason it out; then in the nature of things it must be near." Three years later that dear mother passed into the beautiful Life Beyond.

From here we returned to Des Moines to attend the National Convention of the Christian Church. The first great church building of the Disciples was just finished. Harvey Breeden was the pastor. In a canvass for students for Abingdon College seventeen years before this I had spent a night in his father's home and secured Harvey as a student. In the years since that time he had risen to leadership.

At this general convention many old Abingdon College mates were enrolled. I went to the management and arranged for a special table, and invited Abingdon students and some other friends to dine at this table. They came and I asked J. H. Garrison to be master of ceremonies. I acted waiter and general helper. That was the beginning of college banquets at the general conventions, so far as I know.
CHAPTER VII

A Retrospect of Abingdon College

J. H. GARRISON requests a retrospect of Abingdon College, Illinois, which we both attended. The letter which follows was sent in reply.

Milligan College, Tennessee
March 22, 1894

Dear Brother Garrison:

You ask for a reminiscence of "Abingdon College as I saw it."

Am I becoming old to be asked to pause and look back? Are you an old-like man? Are you not now loving and courting Lizzie Garrett? Are you not her Garrison as to the other boys? Is not Smart writing letters to her sister? Does he not now write short sentences and take the serious side of questions? Was it he or you who last session wrote that essay on The White Wire Clothesline?

Where are Jim Dennis and Bob Heller who with another boy that loved the girls made a plot to unite the Parthenian and Philomathian societies? Who dares not rejoice that it succeeded, the faculty and public opinion largely to the contrary notwithstanding?

Thought continues to unfold. Men who espouse or oppose a movement die. Our dear brother, Captain Harris, who called another to the chair to speak against that union has gone. I do not know where some of the others are, but the principle of co-operation goes on. Only yesterday a request was received from the old staid University of Virginia for arguments and facts which look toward coeducation. Are these last strongholds of Protestant monkism?
beginning to totter! Abingdon College was a pioneer in this blessed work of reform. Here was genuine coeducation, social, religious, intellectual. It was accepted as a matter of course in all affairs of the school and the town.

Its work has been excellent. It did not hurt Smart, Carson, Garrison, Ingles, Lucy, John Moore, and Dudley Barber to play games, recite, and study with the girls, to walk with them to the cemetery, take them to the lectures and to the concerts, it was an educational blessing. Did Thompson, Toof, “Jim” Griffin and a few other “honest fellows” get tangled and lose their bearings for a little time? There is no better time or place this side of heaven to learn to untangle social knots or straighten out personal kinks than in college life.

Yes, that September day in 1867 comes back. The old building forty by sixty, three stories high, stood alone. As the bell rang out, blooming and bashful, hopeful and manly faces, many strange to each other but all seeking something each did not have, began answering its summons. How new it all was to me! I wandered through the day, listened to some explanations, talked with strange ones here and there; went to Mrs. Crawford’s and found board, to the college and enrolled, paid one term’s tuition—sixteen weeks—sixteen dollars, and two dollars contingent fee. At 7:00 P.M. another bell rang and soon we were all assembling in the old college chapel. The song was sung. Quiet came.

A tall, somewhat slender, straight man with dark skin, black eyes, well-shaped forehead and sleek-combed hair came up to the platform. That was President Butler, who welcomed us. His talk was plain, the tone was flat, the manner angular, but the feeling left was respectful.
Then came a man of lower stature, young, but shoulders drooped, full forehead, dark eyes, black hair, broad mouth with a natural smile, and a pleasant voice. His manner was easy, thought cheery, and we all felt well. That was Professor A. J. Thompson.

Then came Professor Durham—plain goodness in looks, speech, style and college work. It is true that afterward in primary astronomy, first period after noon, he did not keep us all wide awake, but it did us good to have him.

Then Professor Lucy, the man who we afterward found studied teaching as a fine art, appeared before us. He was interested in us then, there, and always afterward, but though his love was real he never could get away from the man in the mirror. In the Home to which he has gone we can all indeed be brothers.

But here is Professor Linn, brush-heap head, hairy face, shaggy eyebrows, thick lips and broad, smiling mouth. Of course he told a joke. He had not learned the modern harmonious reference or allusion to introduce a speaker. Most of us were like him, from the joking class, so we laughed, and when he told his experience in carrying his possessions on his back when he came to Abingdon College many boys of that class felt at home, and from the frank earnestness of the dear man all the others respected him. He has gone. We can see him no more until the Great Day.

I do not remember certainly the old students who followed in those short speeches to welcome us green ones to this “Reunion,” but I think most of them were from that large class of 1868.

But this reunion brings us to another interesting feature of “Abingdon College as I saw it.” We were introduced, our hands were cordially grasped, our eyes met with
smiles, our ears heard gladness and welcome. Our hearts felt warmed—we were loved—we loved.

Thus began a student’s new life at Abingdon College. This same genial spirit continued in class and village, in literary society, in chapel. It had a good influence on students. It could have been more finished, more intellectual, if more of the students had grown to the higher phases before coming there. But this feature as it was, growing partly out of coeducation and partly out of influence of genial spirits in the early history of the school and early settlements of the country, increased by the manly in-gatherings just after the war, made a social life which was another educational blessing.

During the years from 1867 to 1873 the faculty as a body stood before us, not brilliant, not superior in natural force, but as plain, honest workmen. There was some lack of suggestiveness. They sprang but few general questions, they started too few inquiries and did not sufficiently awaken the spirit of reading and individual investigation.

I was sometimes thirsty for first-class thoughts from the wellspring of the teacher’s own experience and original source of investigation. A very happy feature of Abingdon which in part supplements this want was the literary societies. After a tolerably wide visitation, observation, and inquiry as to this kind of work, for the facilities afforded, I have never known more cheerful and prompt work. The societies were open to all and never secret. The rivalry was as a rule healthy and not bitter. Nearly all members could take a part weekly, not once a quarter. There was a general expectation that each one would, and a fair understanding that he should try to act his part well. There was a union of criticism and encouragement rarely excelled. Bronson’s old elocution for the whole school the
last period in the evening each day and the literary societies on Friday night made a distinctive educational blessing. Many hearts will thrill with joy, some eyes fill with tears, as these scenes and days are recalled. As we go up the old steps and reach the third floor I see the small man of quick step, the taller one of grace, the stiff, tall man, the low stocky man with long sandy whiskers. There is Ab Lovett and John Huston. There is Sam Hungate, the artist, returning with his present—a portrait of Washington. I see his pleased face and hear the broken short prayer the last night we ever passed together. He is dead. My first thought on hearing of his death was of that last prayer. We all loved him. There are the two gentle but self-reliant women, Rachel Rose and Mattie Morris, the memory of whose patience and works in educating themselves has been a continued blessing to others. They have left us to unite with God's Alumni. The memory of their lives will make others willing to follow. Now from this third floor the two hall doors open—Newtonian on the south, Philomathian on the north. The assembling ones divided, while others, Goodnight, Tom Odenweller, Emma Crawford, John McClure, Ella Mosher, Bell Brice, and a host more came on until with members and visitors the rooms were well filled and the evening work began and each time left its impress for time and eternity.

To me the most important feature of the school was its religion. I came to Abingdon College a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The spirit of religion with students and teachers was not officious. The young man was left to look on and hear. Sometimes I would go up to Heading College and hear a Methodist brother preach. When the debate in Abingdon chapel came off I took pretty full notes of part of it. So the growth went on un-
til Brother Franklin held the great meeting in March, 1869. No one could have met my case better than he. He was plain, honest and strong. He was manly and appealed to the law and the testimony in such a manner as to make all feel that exactly the right thing to do was to accept its evidence. There was no statement that we could take the word of God if we liked it better than what we had, but here is truth, there is tradition; here is liberty, there is bondage. Obedience brings life; refusal, death. For years as I read the Bible it had seemed immersion was required. I would then go to the preacher or read Watts or Clark, or especially Rice, and be re-established. Then Bible-reading would break the rest and the contest would be gone over again. But the night Dr. Yonkin walked with me out into the old chapel baptistry settled the question of baptism. The religious training at Abingdon was not so well done as many churches and schools have since learned to do. It did not take hold of the young people to make them active workers, but President Butler’s morning lectures called attention to the Bible, gave outlines for study and were without question of much value to students, especially for the first two or three years of college life. They furnished a religious framework. They gave a religious tone to the school.

In conclusion this reminiscence has carried me back to the old chapel of '67 with its two rows of wooden columns, with its south end platform pulpit on which President Butler stands giving the morning Bible lecture. It leads us to the second-story recitation rooms where Durham and Linn and Lucy met us and acted honestly their parts. It leads us to face Professor Thompson in the northwest corner on the third floor, to inflect “amo” while boys and girls reflect to each other “Amabo” and “Ames.”
It has brought us to the public entertainments, even to "Susan" and repeated it the next week; back to the spring-time of 1868 when a declaimer, an essayist, an orator, and a debater were chosen from each of the two societies for that notable battle of the senior giants to come off commencement week. At the union of winter and spring, 1869, we hear Brother Franklin with his full voice and strong arguments, followed by the one hundred and twenty-five good confessions.

Years pass. The gentle Aten is here; the manly, strong Linn has gone hence. Spring is coming. Fifteen in other courses are accounted ready for the rostrum. June 3, 1873, we said our pieces and bowed ourselves out of college into the working world. We have lost none but found many noble brothers and sisters. So let wisdom go on with love and spirit of united work until all of our race have been freed from the land of strange children, our sons have become as plants grown up in their youth, our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace, and we are all a happy people whose God is the Lord.
CHAPTER VIII

PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

PROHIBITION was becoming a live question. Professor James A. Tate and I made public addresses and helped with county and state work.

At our home precinct of 175 voters, St. John, the prohibition candidate for President, in 1892, received 27 votes. This was the first time the prohibition question was ever recognized as a national issue. St. John received 9,000 votes in all. Much helpful discussion on the platform and in the press was aroused. Four years later the movement to abolish the liquor traffic had gained momentum. Joshua Levering was chosen candidate for President and received 25,000 votes. I was candidate for Governor of Tennessee and received 3,000 votes. The campaign was enthusiastically supported. But old party lines were hard to break. Many came up after the election saying, "We will vote with you next time."

Mr. Demerest, a millionaire of New York City, furnished money to provide medals for the series of prohibition contests over the different states.

Professor Tate was general secretary of this work and appointed Mrs. Hopwood secretary and manager for Tennessee. Any town, school, or neighborhood could organize a class of six to ten young people to meet and contest for a silver medal. Hundreds of such meetings were held. Books containing the best selections of prohibition speeches were furnished free, each speaker making his choice from these selections. Six to ten silver medalists could meet at some designated point and contend for a gold medal; and
six gold medalists anywhere in the state could meet and contend for a diamond medal.

A quartette of splendid young men singers from Milligan College with stirring temperance songs attended all the contests held in reach of us and added greatly to the popularity of the meetings. The members of this quartette have since become widely known and honored leaders. They were familiarly known to their mates as Tom McCartney, Jim Thomas, Jim Owings, and Joe Combs. Large enthusiastic crowds attended. No fees or collections were ever allowed.

Mrs. Hopwood supplied the books and medals and kept up the correspondence. This was continued for several years and aided much in establishing prohibition in the state of Tennessee and later in the nation. Several other states carried on a similar work. The distinct prohibition work and Christian activities of the school attracted much attention. One eastern university man, a worker for the Y. M. C. A., after being with us some days said, "You are doing more Christian work in this small college than is being done in the great university of thousands where I took my degree."

In 1885 there was a small graduating class; none in 1886. The graduating classes increased in 1887, 1888, 1889.

In 1890 I bought the Williams-Cameron farm on the north side of the Buffalo Creek, opposite the college grounds. Two main objects in buying this farm were to provide building sites for people who wished to make homes near the college and to furnish land for the new road. I immediately set to work changing the road and paid a man three hundred dollars to blast off the brow of the bluff, for a road, then gave to the county the new road, fifty feet wide through the entire farm. Until this time the road had
largely followed the bed of the creek. Later I gave another road across the northwest range of the hills toward Johnson City, making the distance to town nearly a mile shorter.

At the close of the session of 1890, J. H. Garrison was called to deliver the baccalaureate address to the graduating class. We had a memorable stroll and heart-to-heart talk together on the hill where our home now stands. He was to address the students' prayer meeting that night, but when he heard the boys a while he asked to be "just one of the boys" and gave a brief, tender talk. All greatly enjoyed his rich fellowship.

In 1893 a financial crisis came and the college was heavily involved. There seemed no way but to deed the property in escrow and wait for return of business activity. The property was thus deeded to C. D. M. Showalter who took charge of the school. He held control more than one year when Professor J. P. McConnell took the management and borrowed the money to pay Mr. Showalter, paying as high as 12 per cent for part of it, and lower rates for the balance. He continued, with Mrs. Hopwood, in the management until my return at the close of the election in 1896. My wife and I had gone to Nashville for the time and united with James A. Tate in conducting a prohibition paper, The Pilot, Tate canvassing the state and part of the South sending news and reports while I conducted the editorial department.

This continued until early in December, 1896, when I wrote out blank notes for $250 each and sent to a number of friends of Milligan College asking them to sign and return, thus hoping to secure enough funds to liquidate the entire debt. No one was to pay until the entire sum was pledged. Soon a sufficient number of signed notes were returned. When the amount was thus secured the collec-
tion was called for. Every subscriber promptly paid except one who paid later. Thus the deed in escrow was canceled and the college freed from debt.

That same year I was nominated for Governor of Tennessee on the Prohibition ticket and began canvassing in June, made from two to five speeches every day addressing public audiences, high schools and colleges, resting but one day during the canvass. The last address was made at Milligan College the night before the election in November, 1896.

**Speech When Candidate for Governor—1896**

Fellow Citizens:

The Declaration of Independence affirms that all men have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Everything considered, the United States of America offers the world's best opportunity for each one to obtain these blessings; but the question has been raised whether our present systems of finance, transportation, labor, land ownership, elections, and methods of legislation are the most favorable for all classes to secure these inalienable rights. On this question the public mind is yet divided, with no sufficient bearing to formulate a campaign platform. Such questions are subjects for further educational development. They are of intense interest to the student of economics and of great importance to the people. They must be studied, discussed, and voted upon. But it is impossible that they should all come under public consideration and be ready for intelligent decision in one election campaign; hence they will be passed over for the elaboration of more fundamental questions which, when rightly settled, will greatly facilitate the proper adjustment of these and all other governmental issues.
In a republic all law-abiding and law-changing power originates with the people, and from this truth it becomes their duty from time to time to look carefully into the affairs of State, and if possible fit them to meet the growing conditions of the country.

Changes for the better cannot be made in a day, nor can they ever be made unless, by readjustment of existing forces and the bringing in of new ones, the causes producing evil conditions are removed.

The nation is solving the question of popular government for the whole world. If we succeed, mankind will be made freer and happier. If we fail, the human race will suffer with us. After the soul’s release from the bondage of sin the greatest blessing to the human family is liberty. For this man will give time, property, and life. Through it his genius of thought and powers of action may be unfolded. Without liberty the masses will become discouraged, weakened, and fall into intellectual bondage, and thence into servitude to the few. The perpetuity of our government is endangered by three classes of its own citizens: (1) The uneducated, purchaseable voters who are bought as sheep in the market. When this class becomes large enough to constitute the balance of power, the candidate who has least principle and most money will be surest of election. (2) The ungodly leaders who, to advance themselves or their friends, buy these voters. Men who stand for just principles will not buy votes. They are bought only by those who seek personal place or party advantage. (3) The well-to-do, conservative men, who either say politics is too corrupt for Christian men to take part in, or who do not appreciate the duties of citizenship in a republic, and merely walk the party line laid down for them by self-seeking leaders.
The blessings of a republic depend upon the intelligence and political conscience of her voters. Whatever hinders intellectual and moral progress in this nation becomes its deadliest foe.

It is the business of the State, in its organized capacity, to develop a system of thorough public schools, and if need be, compel the children's attendance, so that every child may have a well-grounded education. Each year is making this duty of the State more apparent. Then it is the individual duty of every honest man, every patriot and Christian to elevate the nation's moral standard by upholding truth, justice, and conscience in politics as in home, business, or church.

The nation's existence depends upon this. An honest, intelligent man cannot refuse the duty. Vote-buyers and vote-sellers are rotten stones in the foundation of our temple of liberty; and when this temple falls, our highest opportunities are lost. Every fraud or falsehood used to elect a candidate encourages corrupt men to advance themselves, and discourages honest men from standing for office. A republic that fails to educate her youth or that forgets God in politics cannot long remain a free people.

"But you cannot build a party on one idea," says another objector. To press one leading, dominating reform idea is the only way a successful political party has ever been built in this country. The Democratic party came into existence under Jefferson to strengthen and enforce personal and State rights as against too great centralization. The Whig party was formed to establish the idea of national tariff, protection for home industries, internal improvements. The Republican party grew into power on the central idea of opposition to human slavery. The Prohibition party was organized to outlaw the whiskey traffic.
This is its mission. Its name may be changed, some members whose thoughts do not reach its deep purpose to exalt the nation through righteousness may fall away, but thousands who love God and country and home more than party, tariff, or money will take their places and wage the war to abolish the saloon and establish justice and conscience in all political life.

"But it will do no good; you cannot succeed," says some faint heart. If all the men in the nation who wish and pray for the removal of the saloon would vote their wishes, the end would be accomplished. They would make the political organization which would bring success. But great abuses of government are not quickly or easily removed. They bring revenue and power to the classes causing them, and in order to perpetuate such advantages these classes ignore the question of right and justice to others.

This is our situation today. If the masses of honest voters in America could be rallied together and would express their desires through the ballot box, they would hurl the whiskey traffic from this continent. They do not do this because the great body of them are arrayed in two opposing columns. Along the base of one column is a line of high license saloons, marked revenue, with a million votes behind it. At the base of the other column is a long line of low license saloons, marked anti-sumptuary legislation, personal liberty, and a million votes behind it. Along the crest of each column is a line of scheming leaders, who say the Ten Commandments and the golden rule have no place in politics. They declare that politics is war and the side that wins shall have the spoils. Those composing the base line of one column say to their top line: "You keep us in business down here, and we will keep you
in place up there." The top replies: "You keep us in place up here, and we will keep you in business down there." The base of the other column says to its top: "You keep us in business down here, and we will keep you in place up there." The top replies: "You keep us in place up here and we will keep you in business down there." Platforms, nominations, and party movements are made with this understanding. If the top line or platform makers of one side should listen to the appeal of the great, honest middle class of voters in its column and declare for the abolition of the rum traffic, the base of that column, a million votes, would move out, and that party would fall. If the platform makers on the other side should heed the wishes of its middle classes calling for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, the lower line would march out and unite with the other side, and leave that party to defeat. So neither party is willing to take the lead declaring against the saloon. They know when they do, the whiskey vote will leave them and go to the other side, and neither party will risk present defeat for the future good of the nation.

In view of these facts, in view of the interests of those who will live here when we are gone, in view of the perpetuity of the people's power, the one wise and patriotic course is for the great honest classes between the upper and lower lines in both parties to come off of the saloon foundations, and come together between the contending columns, and form a political organization which has no saloon foundation, but which stands for the total destruction of this iniquitous business—a party which will legislate for the people and will exalt our nation by putting righteousness into her laws and eternal justice into her administration.
Some Newspaper Notices During Our Campaign

Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Our Mr. Josephus Hopwood was in Murfreesboro last Saturday presenting the claims of the Prohibition party. He had a reasonably good crowd, both as to number and intelligence. Mr. Hopwood made a very fine speech, his language being chaste, strong, and vigorous. The people gave close attention, while the speaker laid before them the principles and doctrines of prohibition. A good impression was made, and the cause has lost nothing by his speech. Many expressions of approval were heard, such as: "That was good"; "Can't find any fault with that speech." All in all, it will do good. But Rutherford, yes "old Rutherford," is so badly whiskey-soaked and saloon-ridden that a reformation is next to one of the impossibilities.

Fine Impression Made at Lynnville

Editor of The Pilot: Our candidate for Governor, Honorable Mr. Hopwood, spoke to a fair crowd at Lynnville, September, at seven-thirty. He made a good impression. His arguments were unanswerable. He also delivered a fine lecture in the M. E. Church on Sunday night on Christian Citizenship. I don't think I ever heard a better lecture by anyone, and the audience, with a few exceptions, indorsed his lecture. Professor Hopwood is a man of fine ability and a Christian gentleman. He made votes for prohibition here. May God bless him in his fight for the right, and convert thousands from the error of their ways, that they may vote right in November, swelling the number for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

J. M. Locke.

Lynnville, Tenn.
CHAPTER IX
Farewell to Milligan

In the winter of 1902-03 a religious agitation took place. Being in Virginia in September, 1902, I learned of an exceptionally able Holiness preacher who was conducting a meeting in Salem. I went on Saturday and heard him preach an excellent sermon. On Monday morning I went again. After the sermon the speaker said, “Will anyone in this audience who wants to be filled with the Holy Spirit come forward?” I went up and knelt in prayer and then arose and made a short talk concerning the Christian life. When I returned to Milligan I spoke to the school about this meeting and what a Christian life meant. All went well with the students and teachers, but citizen-agitation began and grew stronger. Some were in favor of my prompt resignation. Finally the agitation so increased that I suggested to the trustees that we call fifty representative men in the brotherhood to meet in the church at Milligan, February 8, and discuss fully the whole matter. They came and we, all in the best spirit, went over the whole situation together, one and then another asking me questions and arguing for or against positions set forth. All was done in a friendly spirit. Students and teachers were loyal throughout. At last when the whole audience seemed to favor a peaceful settlement, I took the floor and made a heart-talk which was well received. Each one present approved the sentiment expressed by a leading member of the Board who said, “God bless you, brother, go on with your work.”
The following was written immediately after the conference.

TO THE PUBLIC

We feel it due to make this public statement and acknowledge our thanks:

First: To the students for their devotion and loyalty and for their sensible and becoming conduct in the whole matter from the first action of the Board in November to the close of the conference, February 10.

Second: To the neighbors and friends who have so kindly and interestedly expressed their love and fellowship by word and letter.

Third: We thank the alumni and former students whose tender personal letters have given encouragement and strength and whose earnest petition signed by many men and women who stand in the front rank of the world's conquering army, has given cause for profound gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Fourth: We thank the trustees for their patience in hearing and their disposition to consider the suggestions of the members of the conference and for the willingness of all of the members of the Board who were present at the night session to close the whole matter and let the lease stand that the work may go on in good will and prosperity.

Fifth: We appreciate the sacrifice of time and money made by the friends who came from a distance to be at the conference. We thank them personally for their labor and success in reaching the end sought.

With good will to all, let us go forward studying the Scriptures, practicing the teachings of the Word, looking unto Jesus as leader, accepting the Spirit in our hearts as an abiding guest giving comfort, assurance, and gladness in His service.

J. Hopwood.
When the matter was happily settled I determined to study one week on the question whether to take up our contemplated building enterprise at Milligan College or to seek some other field. Only a few days had passed until I received a letter, then a dispatch from Virginia friends and former students, then another letter urging us to come to Lynchburg and examine property there for sale. I went and found a building of one hundred and twenty rooms worth about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all in excellent condition. Belonging to it there were seventy-seven and one-half acres of land. The whole was situated three miles from Union Station, Lynchburg, at the end of a street car line, the cars coming every twelve minutes. The property could be bought for $12,500. This seemed a providential opening and I signed the contract on my sixtieth birthday, April 18, 1903. I then returned to Milligan and offered the Board my resignation, recommending H. R. Garrett for the position. He was a graduate of Milligan and had been for several years an able and much-loved teacher in the school.

We finished the session and had a pleasing and successful commencement; then began the work of closing up the business. This we did, leaving the college free from debt, except the trustees were to buy some of our private furniture, which they did. I then borrowed five hundred dollars from the Jonesboro Bank, Alex Anderson endorsing for me, and we went to Lynchburg.

Just before leaving Milligan, our dear Mother LaRue was taken Home. She had been for years a member of the school family, loved and affectionately greeted by girls and boys as ‘‘grandma.’’ The following tribute written at that time deserves a place here:
The number of years is not the measure of life. Strength and activity of mind with virtue of character is the true basis on which to estimate the worth of human living. But when great age, high quality of mind, and deep virtue of heart are combined it is well to learn the lessons which they give.

Mrs. Letitia Hardin LaRue, who now lives with her daughters, Mrs. Cornforth and Mrs. Hopwood, at Milligan College, is ninety-two. The purpose of this is not to write a biography, but from a practical example to show that old age may be enjoyable and helpful.

Mrs. LaRue, then Letitia Hardin, of Hardin County, Kentucky, became a member of the Baptist church in 1825. Faithful, active, and studious, her early life was a help and blessing to the people with whom she was associated. She read the Bible, committed many portions of it and many songs to memory. This reading brought her to an unsettled mind on close communion, predestination, foreordination and other questions. She found her way into the Methodist church. Here was more freedom, more spiritual activity, more joyousness in her religious life.

But with more reading she became again unsettled, believing that her life and presence with those good people tended to encourage and establish wrong teachings as to infant baptism, and sprinkling and pouring for baptism, and as to church government. In the forties she read and reasoned her way into the Church of Christ, simply to be called a Christian and to have the Word of God as a guide to her feet and a light to her way, occupying a ground upon which all people could unite. Here her mind rested, her soul feasted, and she rejoiced in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free. And all this half century that has passed she has had this settled, joyful experience in the Christian life.

Her home was a familiar place to John Smith, Tommy Allen, Morgan LaRue, and Stephen Collier. Her husband, Jesse LaRue, was a strong man of God and a good singer. Their home was a place of gathering for song and prayer and they would often go to neighbors on the same most welcome mission. These years and meetings are well remembered by many who once lived or yet live around the old stone church in Hardin County, Kentucky, and Aunt Letitia's name still lives in their homes.

The year before the Civil War they sold their beautiful Kentucky home and moved to Mexico, Missouri, and there fell in company with Elders Brooks, Mason, Coons, Wade, Locke, once builders and pillars
of the church in that town. Their hearts were enlisted in the service with those noble men. They prayed, they sang, they gave and lived in Christ, grounding the gospel truth in the growing young city. The members of that strong, rich church today may not know how much they owe to these good people for the liberty and blessings of the gospel which they enjoy. Those were the type of men and women that brought into communities larger ideas and greater fullness of Christian life.

After years of passing back and forth from Kentucky to Missouri and in the sweeping changes brought by the Civil War, Father LARue and wife found themselves with far less property, their children married, and themselves settled once more in Kentucky.

In a few years Father LARue died and the mother was left alone, her children scattered abroad. She chose her home in Tennessee with her two daughters, Mrs. Comforth and Mrs. Hopwood. Here was the opportunity for contact with the young people whom she always loved. She was now past seventy but with an active mind and physical strength sufficient for reasonable service. She soon became a friend to all of the students, many of whom would visit her room and enjoy hearing her relate her experiences. She would make apt quotations, repeat the old songs, applying songs and quotations to practical life; would counsel the young, point them to the Scriptures, clinching her advice with a story, often some touches of humor or wisdom that students would take with them and carry for life.

For a few years she had rarely been able to go to the church, and defective hearing took away her satisfaction in the sermon. But she had interest in every service, inquiring as to the audience, as to who united with the church and who took part in the services.

On a late Sunday evening brethren took the emblems for the Lord's Supper to her room and there, with reading and song and prayer, we remembered the Lord's death. Her deportment through the service was deeply thoughtful. Usually when the young people stood around her and sang, she hummed the tunes with them. This time she did not, but listened seriously while they sang the favorite which she and her good husband used to sing together, "How Firm a Foundation." After a pause at the close, she said, "I have so enjoyed this service that I want to thank you all and I want to shake your hands. I am not long for this world. I am almost worn out. You do not know how much I love you. Praise the Lord."
CHAPTER X

LYNCHBURG COLLEGE

THE EARLY HISTORY OF LYNCHBURG COLLEGE, FORMERLY VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

THROUGH twenty-eight years of our connection with Milligan College, we canvassed largely in Virginia for students. Suggestions came from time to time that we open a school in that state.

In 1884-85 Brothers J. D. Hamaker and W. S. Bullard held a meeting for us at Milligan, and urged the matter more fully. As they started home I said, "No, we must work on here until Milligan is better established; and after fifteen or twenty years we may come up to Virginia and all of us together build a great school for Christ." As the years passed, Virginia boys and girls continued to come to Milligan College. In 1902-03, we were contemplating the erection of a new and larger building at Milligan. After some consultation and discussion, early in February, 1903, I said to my wife, "We will wait a week to think over the matter, and ask the Father more fully, then if it seems best, we will begin enlargement; if not, we can change our field." The next day we received a letter from Brother Frank Bullard, a graduate of Milligan College, then preaching in Lynchburg, saying, "Come and look." The next day a dispatch came, asking us to come and look at this property, then another urgent letter. On the third day after these requests, I started to Lynchburg, and on arriving was shown the beautiful Westover Hotel, facing God's great Sentinels from Peddler's Mountain to the Peaks of Otter.

That was an inspirational moment. The great native forest trees so near and a part of the grounds, added to the
impression. It was an ideal college site. On examination, we found the best wooden building I had ever known with one hundred and twenty rooms. We soon discovered that with little expense it could be adapted for school and dormitory purposes. After some days for examination of titles, and conditions surrounding the property, and terms of sale, F. F. Bullard, Charles Givens, J. W. Giles and I were looking the grounds over. I said, "Boys, we will take it."

"Where will you get the money?" one said. The answer was, "I will give $100, you $100, and you $100, and you $100. That will be $400. We will phone to Irvin Miller at Radford, he will send us $100, and that will pay the option; then we will collect the first payment by the time it is due."

The total price for the building as it stood was $13,500. But the night before the writings were closed, James McWane, now a large and generous business man in Birmingham, Alabama, phoned to Mr. Apperson and got him or the Street Car Company to whom the property belonged, to give $1,000, so the price was $12,500.

I signed the final contract for the property, April 18, 1903, on my sixtieth birthday.

Brother Bullard, H. D. Coffey, the McWane brothers, and others co-operated in every way they could in organizing a Board of Trustees, securing a charter, and planning for the new work. Between early in February when negotiations began, and May, when school closed at Milligan, I had visited Lynchburg and planned somewhat for the summer. At the close of the commencement at Milligan about twenty of us started to the Westover Hotel, the building purchased for our new college work in Virginia. Mr. Thurman, who kept the hotel had dinner for us. All were charmed by the appearance of the building, its elegance of construction, its space inside, and even more than these,
the combined beauty and grandeur of its situation, with its possibilities for future development. We were soon assembled on the veranda of the second floor—there to look and be glad, to sing, and give thanks to God for such a place to open a new center for Christian education and evangelization. The Virginia graduates and undergraduates who had been students with us at Milligan gave an enthusiastic welcome on our arrival in Lynchburg. All that little assembly were of one heart and mind. The Master Workman had given us the task of building the school, and Virginia had given the place, so, by unanimous and enthusiastic agreement, the school was named Virginia Christian College. Our prayers and talks were a united dedication and thanksgiving for the opportunities and possibilities before us.

Changing a Hotel Into a College Building

Within a few days business began in earnest. I had leased the property from the trustees outright, for seven years, and was responsible for all current school expenses. Besides the board, tuition, and enrollment fee, the trustees allowed me one thousand dollars a year on current expenses. The Board bore all the expenses of changes and the new buildings.

Mrs. Hopwood and W. E. Gilbert, who had been left at Milligan to close up matters and pack goods for shipping, came in a few days.

Changes in the basement with its saloon and saloon rooms were made first. These were all cleaned out. Iron columns were placed for support of upper floor, and the whole space was converted into kitchen, storerooms and dining hall. On the first floor we changed the elegant dance hall into a chapel and seated it with opera chairs purchased from the discarded theater at one-third price. A partition between
two bedrooms taken down made a good recitation room. One-half of the space on the first floor furnished abundant classrooms, parlors, and reception halls. The girls went up the elegant stairway at one end of the fifty-foot hall, the young men at the other end. A neat partition was put in the center of the large hallway on the second floor. The teachers' rooms were placed near the center of the building. The house was furnished as a hotel. We purchased the whole furniture for four thousand dollars, and by November had a steam-heating plant installed at a cost of five thousand dollars. By this time the school was organized; the house was comfortable, convenient and all seemed one great happy family. No institution ever opened with more general good will and co-operation of students and teachers.

On opening the school we announced publicly that no student would be admitted who used tobacco in any form unless he would absolutely quit the habit.

Every need was met except for physical exercise. Each evening after classes Mrs. Hopwood took the whole troop of girls on long rambles over known and unknown paths, but the boys had no place to play. "Professor, can't we hunt around for grounds to play ball?" they asked.

The reply was, "There are beautiful level grounds over there a hundred yards from the building."

"But that is covered with trees."

"Cut them down," I said. "The land must be cleared anyway."

At this the timid ones heaved a sigh but all finally decided to go to the task.

A whole grove of forest trees must be moved. They dug around the roots, climbed into the tree tops, tied ropes and sometimes as many as fifty young fellows would seize and pull on the rope while others chopped at the roots. Their
pulling, yelling, root-cutting and the roar of falling trees are life memories to these brave boys. We doubt if any full season of ball-playing ever yielded more solid enjoyment, more fun and healthful exercise. The "team" consisted of all the boys, and they came out with money to buy their equipment, being given the privilege of cutting up the trees and selling for cordwood.

We scarcely became settled down to work when requests began to pour in from persons and groups who wished to come and board for the summer. The fact that we had come into possession of a summer resort was then realized. The call was urgent, so a family council was called and after much thinking we decided to accept some summer boarders. This made our busy life still busier but we formed the acquaintance of many excellent people and the money received helped to build up the new school.

Class work and literary societies all went forward with happy interests. The good name of the college spread rapidly over the state and beyond. There were one hundred and fifty-six students the first year with a graduating class of six.

A few weeks after the close of the first year A. C. Knibb, a married ministerial student, came to me and said, "Professor, our tent for holding a meeting just this side of City Park has come and I have not the money to pay the freight." "How much is it?" I asked. "Four dollars," he replied. "Here is the money," I said; "get the tent and go to work." Within a few days he was preaching and many were coming forward to confess Christ. After a few weeks, H. D. Coffey joined him in the work, and for six weeks the people continued to come; the crowd would pass the college on the way to Black Water Creek, until nearly five hundred people were baptized. This was a new field. A church near the
cotton mill, the Euclid Avenue Church, and other organizations northeast had their beginnings in that meeting.

The next school session enrolled one hundred and eighty students. A fine spirit prevailed. Interest and numbers increased.

Everybody was busy and happy but tired and ready for the first holiday of the year, Thanksgiving. In chapel that Thanksgiving morning each student was in his place promptly. Attention was acute, everybody listening for an announcement as to whether a whole holiday was to be given or only a half as sometimes happened.

The old morocco-bound Book was opened and one of David’s exultant psalms broke the silence. "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." As the president read, the school was asked to repeat each stanza after him. Being familiar with such exercises more than a hundred voices arose as one, while the earnest faces proved that they were not merely saying words but expressing thought, the gratitude of their hearts.

After a brief prayer the Thanksgiving Proclamation was read and the coveted word was spoken: "The day is yours to use and enjoy, with this request that all who board in the college meet in the parlor one hour from now for a few minutes’ conference." A rousing cheer greeted the speaker as the happy crowd dispersed singly and in groups, chattering and laughing with interest divided among three important events scheduled for the day: The Turkey Dinner, the Baseball Game, and the Annual Public Program at 7:30 p.m. by the Young Men’s Literary Society.

Earth was very beautiful that morning. The air was crisp but a glorious November sun poured down in yellow streams effacing the memory of the shivering autumn blast some days before. It was sweet to be alive this holiday
morning and to look out on the broad, hurrying stream, the tall woodland and fallow fields stretching away to the blue mountains and the noble Peak of Otter in the distance rising above all as if to pronounce a benediction. Time slipped by unawares until one tap of the bell called to that half-forgotten parlor conference. All trooped in wondering what it was to be about. The president stood in the center of the group. "Let's all repeat together the golden rule," said he. The full chorus arose, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Then he continued: "There's a large family of laboring people not far away (composed of parents, grandmother and little children) just able by closest economy to pay for rent, fuel, and doctor bills. They live on the plainest fare every day in the year. The little ones will grow up with no memory of a holiday feast such as you have always had and are expecting today. Five or six families like this are within easy reach of the college. Now, how many of you would be willing to eat a plain dinner today and let our good things go to these families?"

Intense surprise was followed by one minute's sober thinking. The proposition was new and unheard of. Had not this dinner been looked forward to through many days of "plain living and high thinking" as our preceptor so often expressed it? But the decision must be made.

The president spoke slowly again: "All in favor of the plan suggested arise."

Every student arose, some a little tardily, perhaps, but all smiling. A home dinner was served at one o'clock. Immediately after this, twelve packed baskets were carried to needy families by different groups of boys and girls all gay and happy in this new-found ministry of love.
In the evening assembly of students all agreed that this had been the happiest Thanksgiving of their lives.

By the close of the year 1909 the new buildings were finished and the students numbered over two hundred. There were thirty in the graduating class, all proud to be the first to receive their diplomas in the elegant new auditorium.

The new dormitory, Carnegie Hall, just finished, was greatly appreciated and each boy measured up to the dignity of the new environment. No cigarette stubs nor boxes, no tobacco odors nor empty beer bottles were to be found, but instead the building was filled with red-cheeked, healthy young men who studied and played and entered enthusiastically into every worthy college activity.

This, we believe, is educational progress. It is a moving toward the light, a growing toward the sane and safe in college life. Other schools are coming this way. We will not be so lonely after a few years. There is too much good sense and manliness in the colleges of this new century to continue to live and try to rear first-class men in clouds of tobacco smoke, the clank of beer bottles, and the thuggery of hazing. Among the best schools these habits will soon be of the past. Of course our fathers did not know any better than to challenge and shoot each other, when a word or action was thought to violate some code of so-called honor. We do know better. They thought building churches with lottery money was well enough. We have quit that. We have made great progress in many things, not the least of which is the elevated standard of conduct for college life.

Following the established custom of giving excursions through the year to historic places the question arose as to where the young people could now go for the first jaunt. Luray Caverns, Peaks of Otter, the Natural Bridge were
all accessible. The last named was finally chosen. The time was near the close of the session when hard-worked students and teachers were hungry for an outing.

From Fourth Reader days we had longed to see the place so glowingly described by William Wirt. No wonder then that the prospect of this excursion awakened enthusiasm.

It was decided that Saturday, April 30, should be the day, provided the weather was suitable. All day Friday hope hung in the balance, rising or falling as indications pointed to fair or foul weather. The services of the weather bureau were called into requisition, resulting in the assurance that probabilities were in favor of a fair Saturday, and so preparations began. A few minutes’ conversation over the phone brought a promise from the general agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio that if as many as sixty were in the party half fare would be granted (ninety cents the round trip); and the proprietor of the bridge thirty miles away, replying to our inquiry said, “You can all go in on half rates—fifty cents apiece.” One message more to the manager of the Traction Company: “Can you send us a car as early as five o’clock?” “Yes, for five dollars.” Glad to agree, we turned to the work in hand. Eighty-four individual lunches are wrapped and everything made ready for an early start, for the train is made up here and will start exactly at six.

All things having been arranged we retired about twelve for a short sleep. We arose about five and after hurried dressing and lunching the car came. A swarm of teachers and students poured in until seats and standing room and straps were all full. When a mile from home, speeding swift as a bird through the fresh morning air, we saw the sun rise, which gorgeous spectacle few of the number had witnessed since the session opened.
A few minutes took us to the end of our three-mile ride and into Union Depot, where we were counted and given a block ticket, not for sixty but ninety, which more than filled the extra coach provided for us.

A two-hour run along the banks of the historic James brought us to the station and after a two-mile walk the beautiful hotel and grounds came into view. Tickets bought in the office admitted us through the gates into the large, rolling blue-grass lawn. Following a smooth path supplied with short flights of steps where the way was steepest, and with rustic-seated pavilions where the scenery was prettiest, we found ourselves entertained by a musical little stream which had run along with us so quietly as to be unnoticed but was now spreading itself out over a vast incline of white rock into a thin sheet of shimmering waves that caught the sunbeams and whispered love to them. Bordering this stream were large arbor vitae trees many feet in diameter which some travelers believe to be the largest of their kind in the world.

Farther along this "way beautiful" we came to a turn and were brought face to face with the object of our quest, the peerless Natural Bridge! And what a spectacle! Great cliffs, hoary as time, locking arms across the chasm! A glorious symphony in stone whose mighty bass has throbbed into a sublime harmonious silence! A vast loop in the dull earth-fabric inviting mortals to look through dust and darkness away to the clear heaven beyond! We gaze in mute wonder, admiration and awe. Presently there comes, as a relief from this weight of grandeur, the words from our childhood play of long ago,

"Open the gates as high as the sky
And let King George and all pass by."
And all passed by except one who soon joined the party under the bridge. Here ambitious boys were trying to throw stones to the top. This a number of them did and their success eased the pain of a half-dislocated shoulder, especially when they were told that many tourists before them failed in the same attempt.

The name of George Washington, cut in the stone by himself, was the object of patriotic and eager search, and when found proved an inspiration to several of the party who climbed high and carved initials which other schoolboys a hundred years hence may perchance gaze upon with pride and veneration.

It is now noon. Lunching parties are seated here and there chatting and eating and gathering strength for the homeward journey. After dinner we walk to the top of the bridge and stand on Pulpit Rock, a magnificent spot, where, in deference to the request of our honored head, who could not be with us, a short literary program is given, consisting of songs and speeches from teachers and students and from several hotel guests, intelligent travelers who take a kindly interest in our student party.

As evening approached we started toward home, some preferring to walk back to the station, others enjoying a drive over the fine road behind well-kept horses. "The train will be here in an hour" the agent tells us; and a pleasant hour it was. The long, covered walk, the grassy terrace, the beautiful James curving up to the banks almost at our feet, all gave an added charm to the social intercourse wherein each in happiest mood was relating experiences and making comments on the day's doings. A colored fisherman came on the scene and offered his "string" consisting of several fish and an eel, for five cents. The price seemed ridiculously small, but the fisher looked so jolly
and satisfied that we coaxed our conscience into believing that he had found his pay in the fun of fishing and the "catch" was a mere incident which he was willing to give away for a few pennies; so the "string" was bought to carry home as a gift to President Hopwood who had never seen an eel, Mr. John Givens offering to carry it for a share in the fry next morning.

The party reached home about ten o'clock sound and happy, declaring without a dissenting voice that the trip had been the star excursion of their lives.

Our numbers grew until the one-hundred-and-twenty-room building was much too crowded for classroom and boarding students, and a new building had to be provided. Mr. Carnegie, who before sailing had been interviewed by G. O. Davis, our financial secretary, and who was in Scotland at this time, was reached by letter and consented to give us twenty thousand dollars to put up a boys' dormitory. Senator A. F. Thomas was a valued helper in this matter. Through Professor Davis' untiring efforts friends of Virginia gave thirty-nine thousand dollars for the construction of an administration building and a large central heating plant. (These were all paid for in cash except ten to fifteen thousand dollars, which was the total debt against the buildings and grounds when we left in 1911.)

In 1904 the Confederate Reunion took place in Lynchburg. Although having myself been a Union soldier, I was greatly interested in this meeting and addressed it as follows:

Here is our hand and heart to welcome you to the Hill City and its suburbs. Take a car ride to the West End, enjoy every pleasure of the scene, drink of every spring and walk over the grounds. The broad halls and balconies of Virginia Christian College commanding the finest view will be at your service. You can there talk of the days past and think upward for the future; enjoy the memory of
Jackson and Lee and rejoice in having been fellow-soldiers with them, not only on the field of battle, but in the harder contest against sin. Let us honor the noble dead, but follow always the living Christ who can fill all demands of the richest minds and the bravest hearts.

Boys, it has been forty years since the days of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Many of the noble fellows who then stood by the guns or knelt in the pits have since taken up the silent march and passed the dead line. They wore out their bodies in the contests of civil, political, or religious life, and have gone into houses not made with hands, buildings of God, eternal in the heavens.

One by one we are stepping forward to fill their ranks, and in these new companies, comrades, there are Confederate and Union soldiers alike, side by side, Gordon and McPherson, Lincoln and Lee. The blue and the gray have become all white and shining above the brightness of the sun. The stern look of courage in opposing faces has changed to cheerful smiles of comradeship under Jesus Christ our one Captain.

The precious heritage of our great country, freedom of speech, of press, of schools, and of religion, all under one loved flag, belongs to us and to our children forever, or until we forget God; but the nation that forgets God shall die. Shall we not then, comrades, all, for the remainder of our lives, be soldiers for God that these priceless blessings may be preserved unto our race and that the kingdom of this world may be transformed into the Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, that righteousness may cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the deep?

Fellow-soldiers, my grandparents were Virginians. I was southern born. Our people on both sides owned slaves, but from early youth my spirit opposed the institution. I loved the South and did not hasten to the war, but when the stars and stripes fell at Bull Run, though but a boy on the prairies of Illinois, I raised my young arm to lift that flag and see it wave over an undivided country. Boys, I rode in the face of your ranks in the battle's storm, slept on the brush piles in the rain, lay a prisoner, cold and hungry, on Belle Island, but never ceased to love you as brave countrymen, honest and patriotic. Our Confederate prison guards were generous to divide when they had it, but equally diligent that we should not dig out and help ourselves. Peace came and all good soldiers, North and South, honored the flag of our country. My war record closed. I
have never asked for, or inquired about, a pension, never joined the Grand Army of the Republic, but love the boys and have talked with them in their great meetings. I have watched the Confederate veterans with tender interest. Their meetings were based on a sentiment deep as life in the human heart—tie binding friend to friend, cemented and made strong by a fellowship of danger, suffering, and death. From my heart I love you with the same tenderness I feel for the boys in blue. Let us here pledge our remaining strength to the establishing of the Divine Government which shall never end.

The full schedule of work at Virginia Christian College allowed little time for visiting noted places, near or far, as witness the following:

**MY TRIP TO NORFOLK**

An esteemed friend and former student, a rising young business man of Norfolk, visited us the day after commencement. He discussed the interesting features of his city—the New York of the South—so glowingly that one member of the firm decided on a trip to Norfolk and that right early. "Next week," the friend urged, "for if you put it off you will not come at all." So the day was named. "Perhaps I will come down Wednesday, but will write you." Feeling now about committed, our plans began to take shape. Only five days and so many things to be done before leaving home! Then came the thought of all the pleasing experiences to be enjoyed. Sights that I had never been permitted to look upon would soon be spread before my delighted eyes; then home cares and the multiplied duties that a moment before clamored so loudly for attention, all seemed to hide their diminished heads in silence.

The day arrives—it is almost time to get ready. "What time does the train reach N?" I asked. "About ten o'clock," one says. There is yet time to send a brief tele-
gram instead of the promised letter. It ran thus: "Sorry cannot come today."

And so the vision of the great ships and rolling waters and grassy beach stretching miles and miles, and a ride on the foaming deep, all fade away into the everyday affairs of home-life, and there comes a feeling of refreshment as if the pleasures of travel had been enjoyed without the discomforts and inconveniences of the journey. Some day I hope to visit Norfolk again.

MRS. HOPWOOD TO THE GIRLS

Our family members were not forgotten when the sessions ended. They were just "off on a visit." Letters like this were sent them during vacation:

My Dear Girls:

You cannot know how much we miss you from the home. The halls seem strangely silent. It is as if you had all grown suddenly still—too sober for song and laughter. Yet we know you have not. Your happy hearts are the same, only others are permitted to hear you and to enjoy your cheery presence. Your home has received its own again.

How I should love to look in and see just what each one is doing today. You carried your books home, and some of you carried also a fine resolution to study this one or that one, to gain a firmer hold upon the subject you have gone over and to lighten somewhat the crowded course for another year. This resolution you still expect to keep, though up to this time you have not; and no wonder. You have had so much of books and so little of home in the last year that your are hungry for the loved companionship.

Have you realized that you are just a little different from what you were when you left home? Do the same things interest you and in the same degree? Life has for you an added meaning, I am sure. This may not have been so apparent to you during these fleeting days of reunion as it has been to those at home; for they have studied you since you returned with a deep and tender anxiety which you cannot know.
And I trust you may be able to stand the closest scrutiny. You have not disappointed father or mother or any loved ones who are watching for your welfare. When they have looked to find a character made stronger in patience, in forbearance, in thoughtfulness for others they have found it. Up to this moment there has been no fretting, no complaining, no shunning a seen duty in the home; you have not said once, even in your inmost thought, "Let someone else do that."

You have an exalted privilege, that of ministering to the comfort of the loved ones who make up the circle of your home. Do this gladly and graciously, dear girls, and win for your reward the deep and loving homage which only a dutiful daughter and sister can command. I would have you prize this as the most radiant jewel in your crown of young womanhood.

Now I must tell you what one of your mates has just written us: "I am studying two hours a day, besides the parallel reading in Literature." This is an example worthy of imitation. Especially let me urge you to read the Book of books; ponder its great truths and plant them so deeply in your mind that they shall grow and bear fruit in a tender, beautiful, Christian life.

With love I am, dear girls,

Your friend,

MRS. HOPWOOD

AN APPRECIATION

An esteemed friend and student (probably O. R.) sends the following little tribute to Virginia Christian College. We feel grateful for his kindly appreciation.

We have a strong young college
In the center of the state,
As a source of light and knowledge
It is destined to be great.

It stands for moral training
As God would have it do,
And for students ever reaching
Toward the noble, good, and true.
No smoking, swearing, drinking
Is tolerated there,
But higher, deeper thinking,
With strength and courage rare.

And when students leave the college
With hearts all clean and bright,
They've gained not only knowledge,
But learned to use it right.

So in the future ages
This college shall be given
The praise of bards and sages
The approval of high Heaven.

The Alumni Association of Virginia Christian College, at a called meeting, gave the following expression of regret for the resignation of Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood from the college:

We, the members of the Alumni Association, realize what the services of this godly man and woman have been to the institution, and we regret deeply the severance of their connection with the college. The establishment of Virginia Christian College, an institution which has taken its place beside other colleges of the Old Dominion, is due to the unselfish and untiring service of these two people.

As they depart we wish to assure them that in their new field of labor they will ever have the good wishes and hearty co-operation of the alumni of Virginia Christian College.

MARY J. GRIFFITH
HANEY H. BELL
Committee for Alumni

MY RESPONSE

To the helpers and friends of Christian education:

Twenty-eight years ago we all undertook the establishing of Virginia Christian College. Many took part, speaking good words, encouraging students, giving money. All of
these helped to bring the splendid material result of a two hundred thousand dollar plant without a dollar to start with.

But the seed, the beginning of it all, was faith in a personal living God who declared Himself to us through His Son. Christian colleges are His means of raising up leaders to advance the home, the church and the state.

Intelligent personal work will, if Christian principles are implanted in the young, become the everyday life of a great full church which shall bless the whole world in this century.

The common schools, the state schools and the universities are designed and conducted to increase knowledge and improve material conditions.

They are great blessings provided church schools supplement their work, with the aggressive teaching and high standards of Christian life. Other schools will not make these higher principles their goal of effort. Hence the church, the friend of righteousness, the friend of man—all people who love good and want to save our race—must unite to promote Christian colleges. There is no escape.

The work of the church may be broadly outlined as teaching, evangelizing, and worship. The Sunday school is the elementary form of teaching, the Christian college the advanced form. Evangelization is most effective and worship is most helpful in the measure that the teaching has been wise and godly in spirit. The Sunday school must know more of the power of work and love. The church colleges must know their mission to exalt Christ and magnify His teachings—must realize that failure to do this will bring their own death.

No amount of money, talent, military power, no form of government—nothing can preserve our fresh growing ideals,
keep clear our vision of life except the thoughts of God working in the heart and expressing themselves in the conduct of life.

It is the work of Christian colleges to put this leaven of righteousness in the leaders of all departments of activity. Business needs it. Laws must be framed by it. The home and community must be governed by it. The time is here when parents, teachers, and all who would help mankind must make Christian education the object of thought and prayer and work and giving.

We may live in palaces, travel through the air, tunnel mountains, dive under the sea and bring up treasures or make the earth bring forth tenfold; but without the peace of God, without freedom from the curse of sin, all material forces fail and will make the fire of unrest only the more vivid and remorse the more acute.

It is our business to push Christian education. Through it alone can society be uplifted, purified, perfected. Strong thought power can bring great material results, but strong Christian thought power conserves the results, bringing complete and joyful living.

The more advanced and complex our civilization the greater the fall the suffering when the Christ element is withdrawn. Christian colleges have a mission to lead the world, in learning that they may have due influences to press the higher claims of Christ. Give the church schools every opportunity to impart knowledge, every material advantage, that they may have the best means of leading the world to understand, to appreciate, and to follow the call of man’s highest and truest Teacher.
BELIEVING that the great southeast country should have a Christian school as Tennessee and Virginia had, I wrote to two or three able Christian men suggesting the need and possibilities of such a work, and asked each one separately if he could not launch the enterprise. The invariable answer was about as follows: "The field, as you say, is ripe for such work, but it is out of my power to undertake it now." Finally, when it seemed that Virginia Christian College was firmly and permanently established, I resolved to put the school in the hands of Mrs. Hopwood and the faculty for a few weeks and go myself through Georgia and Alabama on a tour of inspection. I was much encouraged by what I saw and later made a second visit, the expense of this last trip being borne by our southern friends who were enthusiastic over the prospect of the new school. We finally bought a splendid farm of 402 acres in full cultivation, between Atlanta and Stone Mountain for $40,000. There was a large and handsome residence, almost new, located near the street car line and the main highway from Atlanta to Stone Mountain.

I went home and tendered to the board my resignation effective at the close of the session in June, 1911. This closed eight years of happy harmonious work. But one sorrow was mingled with our joy; Mrs. Hopwood's brother, Colonel M. W. LaRue, who with his wife was for a time a loved member of our home, died and was buried in the beautiful cemetery at Lynchburg.

Preparations were made for moving. After spending some time on the farm making a three-room cabin habit-
able, pruning our young apple orchard, and enjoying the rustic scenery, we sold the place, and gave immediate possession. We spent one month in Washington City and returned for a few days' visit at the college. The time had now arrived for the Georgia property to be vacated. We went there at once and took possession.

A number of friends assembled for consultation and the decision was to open the school as early as possible. Judge T. O. Hathcock and others greatly strengthened the work. We made the first payment of $10,000, a similar payment to be made in one year. A board of trustees was organized and the name Lamar College was given to the school in honor of the late J. S. Lamar whose years of faithful service and sacrifice had endeared him to thousands of people throughout the southeast country.

Little public advertising was done. Word passed from friend to friend and students came. Young men and women, earnest in purpose and eager to do their part in establishing the new school—some who were in college elsewhere—came home and enrolled for classes. The handsome residence was enlarged. A basement, dining room, and kitchen dug out, water put in the house and the building was made the home for girls and teachers. The need for more room was immediate and pressing. A large woodshed was finished and fitted up for a temporary chapel. A new poultry house was transformed into a snug little music room. Comfortable quarters for the boys were provided in one old residence and two Negro cabins on the place. These were cleaned up, enlarged, and set in order for groups of the happiest and most worthful young men in Georgia.

They loved to sing and their songs as they marched through the big orchard coming to meals have left a pleas-
ant and enduring memory. If some were a little tardy at table, the others stood in order behind their chairs while one or another started a song, the girls and teachers joining in happy accord until tardy ones came in and joined in the song to the finish.

All then were seated, the president or one of the students giving thanks and the meal was eaten with a cheery mixture of conversation and laughter. The entire work of the school, home, and farm was done by students who were helped and encouraged by the teachers. Broad fields of corn, cotton, and vegetables and quantities of fruit were produced.

The class work went steadily on. No student asked or wished to be excused for poor recitations on account of the work to be done. They walked erect through the day’s performances—whether mental or physical—solving a problem in mathematics or housing the big potato crop.

Stone Mountain was our excursion point. We went by rail to the foot, then by easy stages reached the top. It was a refreshing experience for teachers, and for book-weary boys and girls. All sense of fatigue of mind or muscle was forgotten when we stood on the pinnacle of that tremendous pile of granite.

One interesting feature of Lamar College life was the Birthday Dinner. Each month the trustees, teachers, and students were given an elegant dinner, prepared in honor of those who were born within that month. All of those thus honored, whether teachers, trustees, or students, had to be the speakers of the day. These occasions were greatly enjoyed and were looked forward to most eagerly.

The school grew until the houses were filled to capacity. We entered the third year with bright hopes. But the
day of the second payment was drawing near while the war cloud was darkening in the East. Our financial agent was having no success. Our large cotton crop at the last brought only six cents a pound. We determined to try selling some beautifully located building lots on one side of the farm but no one seemed willing to buy. The public mind was unsettled as the mutterings of approaching conflict grew louder. Time for the second payment came with no funds to meet it, while the World War was growing fierce and bloody. Our beautiful vision was fading. Meanwhile it was found that an elegant college building at Auburn, sixty miles away, was for sale at low figures. The trustees thought best to buy it and move the school to that place, renaming it Southeast Christian College. We were to remain in charge as head of the school.

Just then there came an urgent call for us to return to Milligan College. The president of the board wrote, "We see no chance for Milligan to live unless you come and take hold of the work for this year at least." We returned in the summer of 1915 and remained two years, some of our Georgia boys and girls coming with us and adding much to the already splendid body of Milligan College students.

Meanwhile Southeast Christian College, formerly Lamar College, continued under faithful Christian teachers. The students and patrons of Lamar, trustees, and other friends, remained loyal to the work, and Southeast Christian College has sent out some noble workmen for the cause of truth and righteousness.

In 1916, Milligan College suffered the loss by fire of the boys' dormitory known as Mee Hall. Readjustments were made, temporary rooms provided, and the work moved on without serious interruption.
In the spring of 1917 we resigned the work to H. J. Derthick.

**My Birthday**
**April 18, 1917**

Seventy-three today. The allotted threescore has passed. The gray hairs are here but not the faltering steps. Life’s journey is now nearer the close. I dream and plan of things yet to be done. Reforms to help and personal improvements to make. I do not feel aged, have little realization that the zenith of life has passed. I can walk many miles and lecture or talk to the people two or three times a day and not be weary. God knows the future and orders our footsteps. He loves His children and withholds no good thing from them. He knows when to chasten them.

Last year we were at Lamar College, Georgia. Here we had labored nearly three years bringing into reality a beautiful dream of founding a Christian college for the southeastern states. To this end we had bought a splendid farm of 402 acres on the main highway between Atlanta and Stone Mountain. The first payment of $10,000 had been made. The World War was just starting, the value of products fell to the bottom, and we failed to make the second payment. One year later prices rose three times higher. It was too late; the mortgage had been closed.

But those years of Christian work entered into the hearts and practices of many young people. Their influence will go to multitudes of others in the South, and the world’s life will be a little different because of Lamar College.

**A Pleasing Incident**

In 1875, one year after our marriage, Mrs. Hopwood and I went to Buffalo Institute, now Milligan College. We
sowed and cultivated as best we could for twenty-eight years. During the later years we have enjoyed many pleasant reapings. The girls whom we loved and tried to help have come into the beauty and strength of gracious womanhood, now Christian workers and leaders. We see the boys become strong men contending for righteousness in home, church, and state, men with clean habits in public or private life—this is a glorious harvest. But I wish to write of three days' exceptionally rich harvest, enjoyed at a late Milligan commencement.

President McDiarmid's earnest invitation to me to come and deliver the baccalaureate address included the wishes of many others offering heartfelt hospitality. Their plans were made to bear all the expenses of our trip. We just about had to go. To make it still more safe and enjoyable, a good woman, Mrs. Swarthout, who had been our housekeeper and friend through many years, arrived just as we were getting ready to start. She took charge of the Georgia home of boys and girls; assistant teachers were given charge of class work, and we went to Milligan.

I should love to be a literary artist for one hour to picture the scenes of that visit. Faces beamed with love and glad greetings; the "dear girls" of other days, now honored matrons, threw their arms about Mrs. Hopwood as they did in glad school days; others with pride presented to us their fine sons and daughters. The doors of every home in the village and of the country round about were opened with a standing invitation, "Come and eat with us," but our time was short and we must witness the programs.

One beloved boy of the class of 1900 brought conveyance at 5:20 A.M. and took us three miles to his home in the country to "take breakfast." The scene was worth a much longer ride. There was the wife, once our gentle
schoolgirl, now the mother of four bright, well-trained children, the keeper of a Christian home where there were books, pictures, flowers, and love; where outside were horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, geese, ducks, chickens. A gasoline engine to saw wood, crush feed, grind corn, with other marks of thrift about the home and farm; and most of this outside work was done by the "boy," who also taught school in the winter and worked in the Sunday school.

We looked for the older friends. C. C. Taylor, so long the able chairman of the county court, has grown strong in spiritual life, but feebler in body. "Aunt Sue," a colored friend who used to make a "festible" for our faculty each year, had her fish bought and preparations made when we called at her home, which, twenty-five years before we had helped her secure. Her joy was unbounded as she threw her arms around Mrs. Hopwood, while tears came to her eyes. We met men and women of our flock in large Bible classes doing faithful work, one with a children's class of over a hundred. The seed is bearing fruit in the public schools, in the state colleges, in the prohibition work of the South, and in the nation. It was indeed a joy to meet the many Milligan College friends again and to receive tender messages from some who could not be present.
On returning to Milligan College in June, 1915, one of the first movements was toward a general reunion of old students and friends. The following invitation was sent out:

Dear Students and Friends:

Be with us at the "Home-Coming," July 22-29—a whole week if you can—but certainly a few days.

Speakers long connected with the college as students and teachers are to be with us.

Twoscore and more graduates and students who are of the best citizens in Johnson City are at our door and will be glad to welcome you.

The week will be for rest and renewing of friendships and comparing life's lessons.

Each day one speaker will present some subject of general interest and in connection with this there will be a round-table discussion for all.

Come and renew your youth. Help and be helped into richer and higher views of life's friendships and service. If you cannot possibly come send us your greeting.

J. Hopwood and Mrs. J. Hopwood

The Home-Coming

The Milligan Home-Coming, July 22-29, was to us a source of exquisite pleasure. A large number of old students and friends were present first and last though the number was not so great at any one time. Business requirements, family cares, and long distances kept the assembly from being what it would otherwise have been. Some came early, making their visits before the others arrived, and some came after the body of the guests had
gone; but all of them, whether early or late or in the niche of time, were welcomed—welcomed like the sunlight that peeps among the leaves and dances over the shadowy grass. Many who could not come sent messages, some by wire, some by telephone, some oral, but most by mail. One of the pleasing features of Campus Day was the reading of a stack of these letters by President Hopwood to the long tableful of folks just after they had partaken of a bountiful spread under the maples. We wish the whole Milligan family could have heard those tender greetings which were meant for all alike. These letters came from the varied walks of life where men and women strive for noble ends, and every sentence rang true.

Many excellent speeches were delivered but most of them to group audiences collected here, there, and yonder over the grounds. Among the pleasing speakers who entertained the evening audience in the auditorium were J. E. Stewart, J. P. McConnell, J. S. Thomas, S. W. Price, and W. P. Cousins.

Excursions to the Watauga River, and to the Gorge were enjoyed by parties composed largely of those who in former years had counted the annual trips to these points among the cherished experiences of the session. The river now proved disappointing; commerce had felled the majestic sycamores that once bordered the streams and had gouged huge caverns in the banks where great muddy wheels were crushing out the heart of beauty. But the Gorge! What unspoiled grandeur! May no desecrating hand ever mar its calm sublimity.

The hours and the days of the delightful week flew by so swiftly it seemed scarcely more than a dream; but it was a blessed reality and will ever be most tenderly remembered.
The two years of our new tenure at Milligan College were full of interest in spite of scarcity of room occasioned by the fire. The temporary barracks served a good purpose and students accepted the situation cheerfully in hope of new buildings soon. We had many earnest workers in classroom, literary societies and prayer meetings.

Our faculty included the lamented E. W. Pease, head of the music department, who had proved his value while teaching music for us at Lamar College. He and a number of Lamar boys and girls came with us from Georgia and were valuable additions to the splendid body of Milligan College students. Several of them are now among our ablest young preachers.

Commencement exercises passed off pleasantly. At the close of the school year, 1917, we resigned the work to H. J. Derthick, who proceeded with the building program.

We moved to the Lyon property, which we had bought a year before. Near Christmas we went to Florida on our first visit.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS NOT IN SCHOOL
(On Resuming the Milligan Work)

Dear Young Ladies:

Let us have a few moments' quiet talk about your education. Many of you have thought of taking up a college course, or of finishing a course already begun. Various hindrances have come in between you and your object. No need to mention these hindrances; we know what they are—home work, the discouragement of friends, lack of means, offers of positions, or perhaps a final decision to end all perplexities by marrying. We would not under-
estimate any of these; they are real and deserve consideration. But the supreme problem for you just now is the problem of your development in body, mind, and spirit. Give this the most serious thought, for now is your time of sowing; youth is quickly gone; the child of yesterday is the young woman of today, the home-maker of tomorrow. And since this last position is to be, as a rule, so enduring, and since its duties are so overshadowing in their importance, it is wise to give yourself the best possible preparation. In no other way can this preparation be made so quickly or so effectively as by taking a full and systematic course of study. There is every reason why you should go at this earnestly and without delay.

A new year is almost at our doors. Why not make it the truest as it is the newest of your life? Truest, by filling up the measure of your possibilities, by dealing justly with yourself, by fulfilling the obligation to improve the faculties which God has given you for noble uses. You will not find that gaining an education is a hard and joyless task. It is full of inspiration and delight. Every difficulty overcome, every truth discovered, gives its own solid pleasure.

There are indeed so many enjoyments for young people who are honestly and determinedly seeking knowledge that I am eager to see you undertake it early. Do not wait until another year. Whatever you are doing, lay it aside or hold it over, for the chances are you can do it many times better at the end of your college course than you can now. Your home, your church, your neighborhood, your own future fireside, all need you, or will need you with your powers of mind and heart fully trained—need you to cheer, to strengthen, to guide, to gladden in the countless ways in which only educated Christian womanhood can
minister. Will you not fit yourself in the largest possible way for the important work which the future is sure to bring you?

Come and be one of our happy number. With love I am

Your friend,

MRS. HOPWOOD

ON THE WING

Having received invitations to come to Martinsville, July 22, and on a specially cordial one from Mr. Thomas Anglin and his parents, Mrs. Hopwood and I started from home Tuesday at 4:00 a.m., and reached Brother J. B. Anglins before dark on the same day. This was our home during the Co-operation, beginning July 23, and no one could enjoy a heartier welcome. The meeting was a good, active, courageous one. Our space only admits a brief note of the Milligan Circle. F. F. Bullard and wife from Lynchburg, both looking well; doing good work, loved by all; Book, the Martinsville preacher, the evangelist, the court day preacher, the worker on many lines. His noble wife cares for the home and seven children, reads and does church work, and helps her husband. Walter and Akers Brown are both married and have homes here. Akers is in merchandise and Walter in the warehouse business. Here is Fred Brown, now a farmer and manufacturer. James Glenn, now the preacher at Spray, North Carolina, was ready to conduct devotional service. His industry with natural ability and zeal are making him a real help to the church. Here comes Miss Nora Ramsey with her father, the preacher J. F. Ramsey, to the Co-operation. She looks well and is getting ready for school again. Dr. Smith, the dentist, an old student, lives here doing a good business.
Brother Vernon did the preaching each night in the Tabernacle to good audiences. The convention was helpful to many. The pastor and the people of Martinsville did their part well in entertaining. They made all feel welcome to the town and to their homes. An interesting event for the co-operation was a speech from a colored brother, Professor Thomas, principal of the industrial school, now starting at Martinsville. He is worthy of full recognition as a worker for Christ.

On Saturday morning my wife and I separated, she going to Washington, I making a tour through western North Carolina. On Lord’s Day I preached morning and evening at Stoneville. This congregation has a neat, new house and a good Sunday school. Brother Glenn, Sr., is preaching here and at the churches about. He is hale and is active in business. Misses Sue Brummitt and Lizzie Hodge, students of Milligan, made many friends about Stoneville the year they taught there.

Rural Hall, the next stop, was of interest. Frank Miller is here. Few boys have better parents and homes than Frank. S. G. Sutton and wife did a good work, both teaching and preaching at Rural Hall. They are kindly remembered. Helsabeck brothers live near this place. After being in their home it is not difficult to understand how these young men come to be worthy the confidence of all students and teachers. They are of good blood from both sides.

On Saturday Brother Walters took me ten miles into the country to Pfafftown. This is the oldest congregation of Disciples in western North Carolina. It was planted by Virgil Wilson, who still lives in the section, dreaming, thinking, philosophizing. After preaching at eleven o’clock on
Lord's Day Brother Lucius Jones took me for dinner to his own home near Bethany. At five o'clock in the evening I spoke at the Y. M. C. A. in Winston. We had an attentive audience, young people and business men. At eight o'clock we preached at the Christian Church. On Monday morning we took the train for home.

Hickory, North Carolina, is a large town as to territory. It has nearly two thousand people, three good schools, one of them a college, and an excellent hotel, the Hickory Inn. At Hickory we started homeward through the mountains. The water rolls down in torrents tearing away the rich bottom lands. Where the fires have not reached and the axe and saw have not done too much, a feeling of vigor and bounding hope comes to a visitor. The water, as clear as crystal, comes running over the rocks into pools, eddies, riffles, dashing and singing, laughing and rejoicing in its freedom and health. It would be a blessing to a wide section if these Blue Ridge Mountains could be securely guarded against fire and the destructive sawmills. All the large ripe lumber might be taken away without hurt. Nothing else should be touched.

To Richmond Coffey's is five miles. Here is nearly the center of mountain life. An honest man, good workman, wife and four children live in a single-room cabin but hope to build soon.

The schoolhouse is very near but they have had neither day school, preaching, nor Sunday school for months. All the elements to make strong men and women are in these people, but hundreds of years will not develop the forces except they are assisted from without. Men who understand them must go there holding up a standard for the people, encouraging, loving, and working with them.
Next day at noon we were in Montezuma, on the top of the great mountain system. Here the spruce pines are large, the undergrowth dense, and great depressions on mountain sides from small lakes hold water most of the time. The little streams find their way from the flats and are soon dashing down the mountain. The hillsides were steeper as we came to Cranberry on foot. Soon we were over another crest to the head of Doe River, and down this through the wild Gorge to the Watauga Valley, the beautiful grounds of Tennessee, up Buffalo Creek two miles to Milligan College. Mrs. Hopwood had made her visit to Washington City and returned for home duties a few days earlier.

A HAPPY OCCASION

In January of our first session after returning to Milligan I asked a friend how many Milligan College men were in Johnson City. He replied, “Possibly fifteen or sixteen.” Upon looking further we found forty-eight. Desiring to see them all together for renewed fellowship and acquaintance we sent to each the following card, the date, however, being changed to January 31:

Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood request
the pleasure of your company
at dinner
Thursday, January twenty-seventh, 7:00 p.m.
The Avalon, Johnson City

Object, fellowship of Milligan men

Principal address by
Dr. J. P. McConnell, President S. T. C., Radford, Va.
Toasts by others

The Johnson City Staff on the next morning contained the following:
Students’ Banquet

One of the sweetest and best gatherings that ever blessed the lives of the participants came to the following crowd last evening at the Avalon: Dr. Josephus Hopwood, George W. Hardin, Mat Martin, Prof. J. H. Smith, Dr. J. P. McConnell, R. K. Williams, Walter Haun, D. S. Burleson, George T. Wofford, J. E. Crouch, H. M. Burleson, Sidney Gervin, L. D. Riddell, Mrs. Hopwood, Mrs. Hardin, Adam B. Crouch, S. W. Price, Frank St. John, Oscar M. Fair, Joe B. Sells, S. A. Williams, W. G. Payne, Ben H. Taylor, John Campbell, W. C. Good, and A. B. Bowman, Jr., the faculty of Milligan College and others.

Of course Dr. J. Hopwood was the chief mogul while Mrs. Hopwood, enshrined in the heart of everyone present, had all the powers of an empress, everyone protesting against having one bit of sovereignty under his own hat, scoffing the idea that anyone had the right to rule but Mrs. Hopwood, their own good mother queen. Dr. J. P. McConnell, president of the East Radford Normal, was the guest of the evening. Of course all were Milligan College students of former days. George W. Hardin was there representing the first class of graduates while Ben H. Taylor was the latest product of the institution present. Everybody spoke and spoke as long as he wanted to—some made two speeches, for instance Dr. Burleson—his heart just ran over and over and over. They didn’t sing, ‘‘We won’t go home until morning,’’ but it could have been sung. How that crowd did luxuriate in the past; how reminiscent all grew. All told how they came to go to Milligan College to school. It developed that when Professor Hopwood discovered them and suggested the value of an education, they were all about barefooted; all had been brought up on corn bread and cistern water, and did not have one cent to their names. Dr. Burleson told about his ‘‘blue-topped shoes’’ and how he lost them. George T. Wofford, J. E. Crouch and J. P. McConnell remembered some trouble they had by reason of the fact they all loved the same girl, she being unable to decide which one of them she was going to turn down first. Horace Burleson told some pathetic boyhood history, bringing tears to the hearts of many. Frank St. John remembered about Mrs. Hopwood telling him, ‘‘Frankie, shut the door behind you.’’ Ben H. Taylor struck the trail for *ad astra*. Of course something could not be said about everything that was done and said—it would fill a great book. The
heart of the crowd presented Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood a chair of such design that the way of these two would be made sweeter and easier.

A great many remembered the old-time "sociables" and a few remembered paying their way into pay-programs on eggs, chickens, and other country products. Joe Sells and Horace Burleson and Oscar Fair were in this galaxy of stars.

Of course Dr. J. P. McConnell, our distinguished guest, made the address of the evening. It was rich in memories of the past and advice for the present and the future.

And things to eat were there of the choicest kind and pleasingly served; music also, by F. W. Hoss.

W. C. MAUPIN

"Come to Boone's Creek tomorrow at twelve o'clock. Brother Maupin is dead. The burial will be at that hour."

I went on the day appointed.

How rapidly the past came to mind!

One Saturday evening in August, 1875, I reached Johnson City, and had my first night's rest in Brother Maupin's home. Next morning—Lord's Day—he preached in the upper story of the old Science Hill Academy. The audience was small, but his logical thought and his forceful, sincere manner showed plainly we had come to a clear-headed, honest man. He was later one of the pioneers in establishing that great First Church in Johnson City.

He loved the truth and had courage to speak his convictions. He was a warrior for the right, yet had a good word for all.

Neither did anyone doubt the sincerity of his genial nature or question the integrity of his motives. He lived in the open.

I loved him for what he was, for what he did and for what his possibilities were. When the shackles of time and environment were broken a great spirit was released
for nobler, fuller service. We shall meet him in that new and perfect Life.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

After years of experience in college work, we believe the following points epitomize largely the true system of student character building:

1. Do that which becomes a man or woman.
2. Try diligently to practice the golden rule.
3. Do not spend money for that which will not do you good.
4. Give an open account to parents for every cent of money spent.
5. Stay long enough and work hard enough in college to give your teachers and yourself a fair trial.
6. Leave off every unworthy habit. It is the business of the student to do rational, sensible acts, and to leave unreasonable, self-degrading action to fools and those who do not respect themselves.
7. Exercise rigid self-control. The term of probation for uncertain conduct has been shortened.
8. Every young man or woman worthy to be educated is willing to be guided by his own best judgment and by the counsel of experience.
9. Remember it is your own conduct, your personal habit, your talent and industry that determine your social and class standing and your fitness for citizenship in our great country.
10. Teachers and tutors in this college are men and women of Christian character, with clean habits, able and willing to do high-grade work, and they earnestly try to live according to the counsel they give others. Take their advice and imitate their example.
11. The influence of the faculty, the Wednesday night prayer meeting, the Sunday night prayer meeting, and the morning talks all interspersed with clean wholesome sports, make a current of thought for the school which carries a very large per cent of the better students into a working Christian manhood and womanhood.

A Pleasant Adventure

It was the last day of the year, 1916. I had no engagement, but somehow felt there was something to be done, so started on foot three miles to be at Watauga Sunday school. On arriving I found the church vacant. The Sunday school was to be in the afternoon. Just then the Narrow Gauge train sounded. Stepping on I paid twenty cents for passage to Valley Forge and arrived there two minutes after the Methodist Sunday school closed, but calling the people back we had a good half hour with them and learned that the village was to have a watch night at the Christian church. After taking dinner with Brother Williams we visited three or four families and talked to groups of boys and young men on the road. At seven o'clock the watch began. The first real joy was to hear a whole crowd of boys and young men sing—not so artistically, perhaps, but better—heartily, meaningly. It was good to hear them. The prayers were earnest. The hearty commingling of the large crowd proved that the neighborhood rejoiced in good will one for another.

In a talk to the younger boys and another for the general audience we felt that the past year has hardly furnished a happier occasion or one richer in opportunity. The people were royal hearted and ready to hear. Thus the soul's desire to do some service can and will find the place and occasion if we surrender to carry forward this desire. Happy the memory of that last Lord's Day in 1916.
CHAPTER XIII

CALLED OUT INTO SERVICE ONCE MORE

WHEN we left Milligan to go to Virginia, we owned twenty-two acres of land opposite the college. Some improvements had been made, fruit and other trees planted, and roadways laid out. After working in Lynchburg eight years, in Georgia three years, and back at Milligan College two years, we determined to build for ourselves a home. Former students and friends, learning of our intention, came to us and asked the privilege of supplying funds for building the home. We declined to accept their generous proposal and said, "You have your own families and homes to support and you must not assume any additional obligations. We can get along quite well."

They continued to urge the matter and finally Professor G. O. Davis and Dr. J. P. McConnell with others insisted until I said, "You may say to the friends who want to help build our home that they may send to Mrs. Hopwood any little sum they wish to send."

There were many old students whose post offices were unknown but through the generosity of those who could be reached, the sum of seventeen hundred dollars was received. One dear boy, whom the committee could not locate heard of the movement and hastened to send his good-will offering, saying, "I'd like to know why I wasn't told of this thing. Here's twenty-five dollars. Use it to make the porch broader or for any other purpose you wish." A boy in another state, hearing of it, sent one dollar so as "to have some part in the good work."
Dr. and Mrs. Josephus Hopwood
(About the time they entered on the work of the Mountain Missions School, Inc.)
These gifts bestowed so royally proved again the essential nobility of human hearts.

The building was undertaken at once. A beautiful location was selected on the bluff overlooking the college grounds. Plans were made and the work turned over to an excellent friend and neighbor, Will Hendrix, a contractor and builder. This was near Christmas. We went to Florida and accepted the pastorate at the church in Eustis until returning home the first of June. The new house was ready when we came and we settled down expecting to enjoy, for the first time in life, the privacy of our own home. Two years later a messenger came from the mountains of Virginia urging us to come and help start a school at Grundy, Buchanan County. After seriously considering the matter we decided to go and look the situation over. The field was broad and needy, the call was urgent, and we at length consented to leave our new home in the hands of others and go. We spent three years in the work of founding Mountain Industrial Institute now called Mountain Mission School.

This was a new and interesting experience. The mountain children, large and small, were bright and very responsive to kindness and to instruction. Many of these were either orphans or had parents who were unable to educate them. There was but one high school in the county, and single-room schoolhouses were so far apart that frequently boys and girls walked from three to five miles over mountains and streams to reach the school, the session usually lasting only three or four months. For these reasons about two-thirds of the people of the county could neither read nor write. It was a blessed privilege to help in such a work where there was at all times full and hearty co-operation of parents, teachers, and citizens of the town. We made an effort to form a free class for adults who had had no early
school opportunity, but there was little response to our published invitation to enter this class. Men and women were too timid for the undertaking, or too engrossed in the problem of making a living on the steep and often sterile mountain sides.

In the third year, in its new modern brick buildings, the school opened to receive every child or young person who applied for entrance. A small monthly sum was required in case there was any ability to pay their expenses, otherwise they were taken free. When the school entered the new buildings, we felt it could safely be left in the hands of a good man and an experienced educator who agreed to take charge of the work. Some disturbances arose, however, and we were called back at Christmas to finish the session.

While teaching in Grundy, we received an invitation from Lynchburg College, formerly Virginia Christian College, to come and help celebrate the school's twentieth and my own eightieth anniversary. Leaving the Grundy school in charge of competent assistants, we went. A most cordial reception was given us and several days of delightful fellowship were enjoyed with former student-Visitors and with the splendid student body and faculty. It was an especial pleasure to view the lovely grounds once more, and to meet again several members of the present faculty who were with us in the earlier years of the school.

To the Grundy school on hearing from them after a year's absence:

Dear Students:

We both deeply regret not to be with you this commencement but we rejoice much that so many of you have become Christians. This is the most important act of human life. The next is to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth." God bless and guide you
in the reading and study of the life and teachings of Jesus. Hide them in your hearts. Practice them daily in your lives.

You can succeed in any honorable calling of life. The shop, the store, the farm, the law, teaching, preaching, all are made fully complete only through Christian faith, work and love.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood

Soon after coming home from our return work in Grundy we received an invitation to be present at the twenty-fifth or Silver Anniversary of Virginia Christian College, now Lynchburg College. To add to the delightful prospect of many happy reunions at the gatherings, the following letter was received which filled full our cup of joy:

Hampton, Va.,
May 21, 1928.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood:

We, the class of 1907, want to request you to be our special guests during the Silver Anniversary Celebration of Lynchburg College.

Although most of us are gray around the temples, we still want to be your very own boys and girls once again, and to feel your authority over us even a few days.

We are looking forward to meeting you with the greatest pleasure and must assure you that you will have seven willing bodyguards, valets, and personal servants during your visit to Lynchburg. We shall consider it a privilege to be at your command.

We all agree that we want you to feel the appreciation that is really in the hearts of your old V. C. C. friends who knew you in the good old years when we were together.

With every good wish, we are

Cordially,

Dick Thornton  Millie Dillard
Mabel Fuller   Collom Jones
W. E. Gilbert  Florence Sanders Johnson
Bess Tennis Roundtree, Secretary
One member, Will Burner, pastor in Detroit, Michigan, sent his love and regrets but later changed his mind and came himself, so that all eight were present. We went and greatly enjoyed the fellowship of former students, faculty, and friends, and especially the royal hospitality of the class of 1907.

**Looking Toward the Future**

When the evening shadows are lengthening, the reaper views with pleasure the gathering sheaves; with perhaps a keener pleasure he awaits another dawn, hoping for larger achievements in the new day.

We are all reapers in life’s harvest. When the workday comprises many years there is much in the retrospect to give both joy and sorrow. It has been my privilege to witness many improvements in all departments of human activity.

I have seen the cloak of legal sanction stripped from some gigantic evils in our nation: human slavery abolished; lotteries outlawed; liquor made illegal in every state and territory; small subscription schools far apart where only a few children could attend, have given place to a system of state and national free schools for all children of all the people; mud roads through creeks and over hills have given place to carefully graded asphalt highways; labor in homes, on plantations, in shop and in office has been revolutionized. Marvelous changes have taken place in transportation, from wagon, oxcart, and sled to steam, automobile, and airplane, and a word message from friend to friend a thousand miles away may now require only a few moments of time.

All of these changes and many more unthought of in former years, are but indications of our kinship with the Divine.
The human mind must continue to reach out toward something yet beyond, and it is inspiring to know there is a glorious infinite Beyond.

God has prepared an abiding place undisturbed by the tumults and discords of earth. He has sent His Son to tell us of its beauties, and the Holy Spirit to reveal to us the eternal truths of life and how to live in accordance with these truths. He has given us to glimpse the radiance of heaven as we approach its shining portals.

Jesus gives us the bread of life, thus we grow strong in the Lord and the power of His might. We realize our adoption into the Father’s family to live with Him through endless ages.

Jesus will be our brother in that Beautiful Home where we will know as we are known. We will meet and rejoice with the loved ones gone before.

And now, looking from the peak of eighty-eight busy years, we can say with Christian confidence that what men call Old Age is but the Portal of Eternal Youth.
CHAPTER XIV

RICH REWARDS OF THE TEACHER

WOULD it not rejoice every heart to see all the students in the many colleges come into Christian vision, hope, and purpose? How they would then study and rejoice in each others' progress! How they would dream and plan and work! Their play would be filled not with strife and mad ambition, but with hearty good nature and enthusiasm. The class work, the friendships, even the school contests of such students would become precious memories, giving strength for heroic and successful life in the years to come.

If it is not possible to have such school, then what hinders? Sin. But why should any boy or girl, man or woman live in sin when every form of sin brings some form of death? Only truth can bring liberty and joy and life.

Who can show us how to lead all young people into the beautiful light of truth as revealed in the life of Christ? This is the problem that confronts every teacher, and, more than history, science, language or mathematics, concerns the well-being of society and of the nation. The teacher who can lift young people upward—Godward—is the one the age demands.

We insert here this brief collateral sketch of a valuable life:

My dear Uncle:

The surprise on receiving your letter of February 25 was only surpassed by the delight in reading it. Indirectly I have kept in touch with you and your good work through all the years.

When I was about nine years of age, you made a visit to our home in Iowa, and I remember hearing you ask mother—after greeting the other members of the family—'Where is the 'baby,'
George!" At that I walked in from the kitchen and you placed your hand on my head and said, "And this is George! Well, this boy will make a preacher." Was that my anointing? I never forgot it even in my wildest days—and I had them. Who can tell what a word may mean to a boy? I was very tender and sensitive to Christian teaching when a boy, but grew indifferent and skeptical until at twenty-four I was an agnostic—and all the time willing to give both of my arms if the Bible were true. I thought it was entirely too good to be true; that it was the dream of men from our love of immortality. However, two years later after I was married to the best girl old Bethlehem ever produced, I was converted.

Immediately the desire and thought of preaching the gospel came as in the days of boyhood, but I was utterly unprepared for such a service. What preparation I had was for the business world. Finally in 1894, with a wife and three children, being able to stand the pressure of a call no longer, I threw up all business, locked my office door and went out with a little preacher in a three months' evangelistic campaign on his charge. Many were converted, miracles of grace were performed by the Lord, and I then found myself, but oh, so late in life! For thirty-five years I have been trying to answer that call, and the good Lord has been infinitely more kind to me then I ever deserved. Thousands of the Lord's people in all the churches are my friends. I have traveled one district in the conference, composed of seven counties, for six years, as District Superintendent, and have served some of our best churches of six and seven hundred members each.

You will pardon me, Uncle Joe; I am giving you this little bit of history that you may see what the Lord may do with such poor material. Think of it! No education, no preparation, out here all alone, life half gone before I began, a family of six children to support—the first six years the salary not over five hundred dollars a year, having left a handsome salary in the courtroom as stenographer. I attended high school but four months. The strangest thing of all is that my brethren of the conference should be so kind as to honor me three times as delegate to our great lawmaking body, the General Conference, the only man of my conference so entrusted with such responsibilities for three sessions. I am telling you this because it is your right to know that the anointing you gave me when a bare-foot boy—the words you spoke—were of the Lord.
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE YEARS

After my conversion I often thought of your work at Milligan College, and wished that I might be permitted to further my education at such a place. For several years I received copies, now and then, of your college paper, *The Light*, and enjoyed it much. I have met some of the students who attended there and they always speak in highest terms of its president, Josephus Hopwood.

We have reared five children. All are members of the church and I trust are members of the Kingdom. I owe very much to my wife; she has been a power in the Master's work in her quiet way.

Tell us about your life and work—Oh! yes, you are writing that in a book you stated. Now put me down for the first copy off the press. It will be prized above rubies.

May the blessings of the good Father be upon both of you. Viola—the good wife—joins me in love to both of you.

In Christian love and service, your nephew,

George Frame

I am sorry that I cannot be with you today on the occasion of your fiftieth wedding anniversary. I remember so well when you brought Mrs. Hopwood to the little town of Sneedville as your bride—a queenly, polished woman admired by all the citizens. I congratulate both of you on your long and useful lives and hope you may live to see several more anniversaries.

Please accept the little gold coin herewith inclosed.

Sincerely yours,

J. C. Campbell

You both are very dear to us. We love you for your work's sake. You have done so much for us and for so many others. Surely you have a rich reward awaiting you. We most devoutly wish you many more years on this side the River.

Most affectionately,

Stephen A. Morton

I am so glad that Richard, my youngest son, had the good fortune to sit in your home and hear your good advice for even a few minutes.

I think it had a wonderful influence in his life.
I have wanted so long just to tell you how much I have enjoyed all these years thinking over the beautiful things I learned from you both.

Mrs. Cephas Shelburn

I have not only esteemed you very highly but have loved you both ever since my schoolboy days at old Milligan.

Who could do other than love persons of such exalted and worthwhile characters as you both possess?

R. D. DeVault

I often think of you and thank the Father for your influence upon my life. Wishing for you every good thing.

I remain still your boy though gray-headed.

George P. Rutledge

I hope and pray that you two good Christian souls are well. I trust that the good Lord will let you enjoy the sunset of your earthly pilgrimage. You have set your hearts and minds in those who were privileged to come in contact with you. *I certainly am one of them, and I shall always feel grateful to you.* I trust that my wife and children will meet you some day. I remain forever your debtor and friend,

F. C. Edwards

We have been trying to plan some way to have you both come to see us some time this summer. I can't tell you how much we all think of you and how glad we would all be to see you.

A. C. Hampton

In closing let me say again that "I love you truly" and the best that is in this selfish heart of mine, I'm wishing for you.

Carrie Watson

I wish my husband could have been included among your students at Lamar College for it meant so much to me. Lessons that I learned from you two shall last throughout my life.

Esther Crow Hardigree

I shall always very greatly value the association with you two good people. Your lives are a blessing and benediction, and a great
inspiration to me and to all who ever meet you, or know of the fruitful years and great work which have been yours.

RUSKIN S. FREER

You and Auntie will never know how much I appreciate the influence that your lives have had upon me. That influence is the one thing for which I give thanks.

I truly hope your recent illness is passing and that many days are yours to continue to serve a needy world.

JAMES A. TATE

Mrs. Linkous and the entire family join me in congratulating you on your long life of service and usefulness. The good Lord has been gracious to you, and you in turn have made good use of your stewardship. You deserve the congratulations and praise of all good men and women.

T. T. G. LINKOUS

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood:

Bless your dear hearts, you truly have had fifty golden years. I am sure if God's truth was known, that you are the wealthiest couple in all of the United States. You may not be millionaires here but I am sure you will be over in God's eternal garden. The good deeds, the helpful words, the timid lives you have helped, the encouragement you have given, the work that you have done, is taking an extra set of bookkeepers in heaven to add up your dividends on your investments.

W. S. BUCHANAN

Christian education is still to be the light of the world. You have done so much to spread this idea I am sure you will never know in this world how much you have done.

JIM AND ETHEL THOMAS

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood:

You all surely are more than good to us and we appreciate it very much—both the being remembered in the two letters you've written us and in the check you sent in the last one. We count ourselves richer and most fortunate to have come in contact with two lives like yours, and to have won your friendship. Mr. Foster and I often speak of you both and what an ideal and inspiration your characters afford. We wish we could live close enough to see you often and to profit by your example.

PAULINE H. FOSTER
Dear Brother Hopwood:

I am in receipt of your letter and I want to assure you that there is not a man in the whole world whose approval I appreciate more than yours. You have done a great work and have been a great servant of God—worthy to be ranked with Moses, and Paul, and Alexander Campbell. I wish to say also that I have always regarded Mrs. Hopwood as one of the loveliest women in the whole world.

You have done a work of surpassing greatness. Oh! I would like to be present when you and Jesus the Christ meet the first time.

Mrs. Johnson joins me in love to both of you.

Faithfully your brother,

ASHLEY S. JOHNSON

I assure you that I deeply appreciate all the past deeds of love that I have accredited to you and Mrs. Hopwood. I shall never forget the kindness shown to my mother long ago.

I am glad to know that you are getting out a book of your life. I had often wondered if you were, certain of the wisdom of it; for it seems not only fitting, but a necessity, that we should have a memorial of you two and Milligan College. How long will it be before the book is published? What memories it will stir up! I am thinking now of the members of my class—Bullard, Straley, Maddox, Walker, Mollie Hardin—all gone.

May the grace of our Lord be with you in getting out your book and radiance from heaven descend on you both.

PRESTON BELL HALL

We congratulate you on your fifty-seventh wedding anniversary. Our thirty-third anniversary was May 19. We hope you may have many more. Your hours of reminiscence must glow with joy and satisfaction, a real foretaste of the sublime and beautiful Hereafter. We would love to be with you.

May God bless you.

Love from us both.

G. O. DAVIS

This little message is just overflowing with love and best wishes for each of you for all time and eternity. Any word from you loved ones opens the floodgates of many precious memories.

MARY HENDRICKSON
My dear Professor Hopwood:

I am so glad that you are giving this material to the world. Your lives and your experiences are too valuable not to be given to the world. There are thousands who bless the day that you two were born.

D. S. Burleson

Dear Brother Hopwood:

I think of you and Mrs. Hopwood as being the intellectual and moral father and mother of hundreds of men and women who have come in touch with you in their educational career and caught your vision.

No other one man living ever made so large and wholesome a contribution to me as you. You always seemed to understand my makefruitful of good.

H. R. Garrett

I suppose none of your students will ever forget you. One to whom you referred on your card, my dear wife, never forgot you. She remembered you as long as she lived and loved you and Mrs. Hopwood almost as her own father and mother.

W. M. Straley

I realize now and more as the years go by, the wonderful influence your lives have had upon my life and often in my dreams through all these years I have seen you and have heard some of the great lessons taught over again. I have tried to teach these lessons to others and have been pleased to know that in many cases the teaching has been up so well.

S. T. Burgess

Dear sweet friends through the years:

I don't forget the help and love you ever gave me during the years I spent with you at Milligan. God has been good to spare your precious lives for the betterment of humanity.

Annie Lucas Kennedy

My dear Dr. Hopwood:

You have given your life fully and completely to the lifting and betterment of humanity.

I have thought of you so often through the years and privately and publicly paid tribute to your high idealism and the unselfish and Christlike manner in which you two have lived.
You are continuing to live through the thousands upon whom you imprinted the benediction of your own high thinking and living.

W. L. BURNER

Mr. Bowman took dinner here today. He told me that you had done more good for that community than any ten men had done before or since you left. But I thought that if he had said a hundred times as much he might have come nearer the mark.

M. E. SWARTHOUT

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Hopwood:

I have been wanting to write you good people for a long time. I will never forget the shelter you gave me in Georgia and the kindness you showed me when I was really in a place I needed friends.

Beth has made me a wonderful wife. We have two boys in school and a little girl who will be old enough after next year. My oldest boy carries on a correspondence with his grandfather Robertson and his grandfather thinks the letters are wonderful.

I am president of the local county medical society this year and am getting along with my work about as well as I can expect.

Your friend,

PAUL A. ROBERTSON

Janey and I often talk of the good times we had at Virginia Christian College, and we have often thought that we would write to you and try to express to you and Mrs. Hopwood what your influence and teaching have meant to us. I am glad, indeed, that circumstances brought me in touch with you for even a little while, for that experience has been a help to me in many ways.

JOHN E. GRASTY

My privilege of attending Milligan has meant more to me than I can measure or express. I am grateful for the opportunity that was extended me through you, and deeply appreciate every word and act of encouragement you gave me—and they were many, very many.

Just a few days ago Mrs. Oliver, W. M. S. Secretary of Virginia, was speaking for the "Hopwood influence" that she meets so often and so gladly in her work. Your immediate pupils are not the only ones who have benefited by your labor and prayer; the circle widens as the years pass.

SUE BRUMMITT BELL
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE YEARS

I just want to write and let you know that you both are very dear to me, and hold a very warm spot in my heart. I expect you know that anyway, but maybe the telling of it will brighten one of your sick days. It seems to me that those of us who sat under your guidance for the years we were in college in our formative period of life, will never be able to pay the debt that we owe to you and Mrs. Hopwood for the vision of a clean and serviceable life which you gave to us.

BESS TENNIS ROUNTREE

It is with pleasure that I recall the year 1902-03, spent in the college at Milligan, and I have never forgotten the instruction or lost the impressions received. I recall with distinct pleasure the course in rhetoric with Mrs. Hopwood and the course in the New Testament under Dr. Hopwood in "old Number Nine."

C. M. FARMER

Have not seen you for many years but am always inquiring about you. I owe much to you both and will never be able to pay the debt. Have tried to pay it in a way by doing some good for others and trying to be of some benefit to my state and I know that is the way you would like to have the debt paid. I will, however, never be able to pay the debt in full.

T. J. ANGLIN

My dear Friends and Teachers:

I am well; blessed with health, a happy family, and a measure of prosperity—the consequence of your excellent training, and your beautiful example to me in my years of character making and mental acquisitions.

What memories have I touching the past? Ayel many, and too, the best of my life. I would not give the six years spent at Milligan, under your tutelage, for any similar number in any other period of my life. I recall the memory of my other teachers with quite a degree of affection and pleasure, but when I think of you two, my heart swells with a warmth akin to that which makes us die for those whom we love. Had it not been for the beneficent influence, the profound and self-sacrificing lives and examples and teachings of you, heaven knows where I would have been this day. You tamed a restive and unbridled disposition and taught its possessor that knowledge, manliness and character were assets incident to respect and success. I, by
degrees, though it took six years, saw the truth, as you taught it, and have endeavored to follow it since. The result? Well, it made a man of me. I left you with a purpose, and have pursued that purpose without cessation, and a measure of prosperity, and an abundance of happiness is the result.

It was you and you alone that made Milligan dear to me. Had I found you anywhere other than in the mountains of Tennessee, the result would have been the same. Had I not found you, alas!

Yes, I recall my many schoolmates. I love them. My memories of them are tender. I wish I could see them, but our destinies have separated us, and I fear we will never again meet.

What impressions have I, and what influences have impressed me most? I cannot say, unless it be the impressions you have made on my life and character, and the ideals you have inspired me to emulate. What are these ideals? They are those requisites of character and mind which go to make a man who loves his fellow-men, lives uprightly before them and his God, and counts the values of his opportunities to serve both alike. He is a man.

I am simply writing to you for the sake of old times, and, too, informally. That I count this a pleasure, you must know, for I want you to know it. It has been so very long since we have even had a conversation, and now, since you are back at the old place where I first knew and learned to love you, I am simply overcome with a desire to let you know a little of my appreciation of the impressions you have made on me while under your charge. It has now been thirty-two years since you first saw me, and from that date on you have held a warm place in my heart.

In conclusion, I say that the most valuable influence in the education of any young man or woman is that which flows from the life and character of the instructors. If their examples are good, this is, in after years, reflected in the life and character of the student; if it is bad, the results are disastrous. If the student loves the teacher, and if the teacher is an ideal of good, the student will be the same.

With lots of love, I am, I assure you, with profound respect, your devoted pupil,

F. D. Love

I have done my best to plant the ideas that I received while at Milligan in the hearts and lives of the young people with whom I have come in contact. I have succeeded better than I merit.

E. E. Hawkins
I shall always be grateful to you and Mrs. Hopwood for coming to our home in Wytheville and prevailing on my father to send me to Milligan. It was really my chance in life.

J. R. McWane

I have always felt an interest in you since that morning in September, 1879, you enrolled me in your school, an awkward boy in his teens but with an ambition to learn. That was in the little old square building known as Buffalo Institute. I have always felt that my course in life in many ways has been determined by the lessons you taught me and the kindly interest you showed me for which I shall always hold you both in grateful remembrance.

J. N. Edens

My wife and I just want to write you beloved folks to say our trip was most pleasant and enjoyable. We spent several days in Asheville and feel much benefited thereby. The hills were beautiful and those surrounding Asheville are very high, but in spite of their supremacy they did not surpass your "Hill Beautiful" of Milligan, and neither were they half so near heaven as that one which homes two Christlike souls loved as father and mother by more than another two anywhere to be found.

Take all else from our trip save the visit to your "Hill Beautiful" for that hallowed spot has been made through you to reach unto the Divine, and those enjoying pilgrimage thereto are caused to grip only more firmly to things spiritual and eternal.

So it was with yours devotedly,

Ida and Ollie Ramsey

It is good to see your names, for it brings memories of forty-five years ago (1882), when I presented myself with trembling and little hope, without money and hardly passable clothes, to your school at Milligan and was accepted.

All my life I have looked up to a pedestal, on which no other mortals have dared to stand or encroach, to visualize you two.

J. F. Alley

Your letter was an inspiration to all of us as a message from you always is.

Mark. C. Fuller
RICH REWARDS OF THE TEACHER

You have done so much for us in so many ways that we, like hundreds and thousands of others, owe such a large debt of gratitude to you that we will never be able to repay.

Those intangible and imponderable values of mind and heart are the things that are most worth while in life. They cannot be weighed and measured, or bought and sold. They can only be given away. Both of you have given freely of these finer things all of your lives.

J. P. McConnell

Last Sunday morning at our church service we sang "Sunshine in My Soul," and my thoughts went back to the girls' dining hall at old Virginia Christian College. I remember how Dr. Hopwood would say, "Girls, sing a song," and someone would strike up this song. This has been more than twenty years ago but it all comes back so plainly—this and many other incidents. Mrs. Hopwood's "'Girlies' meetings"; Dr. Hopwood's chapel talks. What a wonderful example of fine Christian living you two set for those students! I wouldn't take anything for having "sat at your feet" at Lynchburg, and I pray God's richest blessings upon you both.

Janey Grasty

For years it had been my dream to have the great privilege of running in to have at least a peep at you dear friends. Well, the dream has come true and it seems too good to be true. It was such a rare treat to be in your home and Mrs. Lewis was so delighted to know you.

I shall ever feel grateful to you both for the lasting impression made upon my life in its formative period. It was in the wholesome atmosphere of old Virginia Christian College that I decided to yield my life to the ministry of our Lord and Master; and the personalities of you two were the main factors in creation of that wholesome atmosphere.

Z. E. Lewis

A VISIT TO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, EAST RADFORD, VA.

Visiting schools easily accessible from our home base has always afforded a peculiar pleasure. This pleasure is en-
hanced when the school is presided over by former members of our own school family.

Among these the one most frequently visited is the East Radford State Teachers' College in Virginia. The president and several strong faculty members have been graduated from our own college halls and have been with the great institution from its beginning.

Recently we spent a few days at this college speaking to the fine student body and expressing such heart-thoughts as would re impressions them with the dignity of their chosen calling, and the vital influence which their own lives would have on the thousands of children placed in their care.

The following are some voluntary expressions of appreciation from the students:

My feeling toward that man and woman was that they had spent a life of happiness. They had contributed to humanity what they could, and they had enjoyed this world by striving to make others happy. This gave me an inspiration that when I go out into the world as a teacher in order to make the best progress, I must first have a love for my pupils and instill in their minds the noblest and best. They said the greatest thing was love.

Alice Wolfenbergen

When I look at a couple like Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, they are an inspiration to me. I feel that if I could come up even to their opinion of the people in the world in general that I am at least accomplishing something. When I look at them I think of the value of a good, Christian, clean and healthy life.

I also think of the power of love, and of what a great part it plays in our lives and what it means to us.

If I could have them before me I feel that I could accomplish much more in this life.

Clara Scott
When I look at the lady and gentleman who talked this morning, I imagine them talking in their homes to the boys and girls of schools. They looked so kind and gentle, and it seems that they would call up the best in everyone. They seemed to feel so satisfied and easy. When they talked, they said everything in such simple words, which seemed to be right from their hearts. I also imagined their home life, simple but filled with love for each other, and for everyone else.

When I saw Dr. Hopwood and heard him talk, I thought of the worth-while life he had led and what he had done for the welfare and happiness of others. A man like him, who has lived to see his good works developed, has a right to be happy and cheerful. And another thing which has kept him from acting like an old man is because of his love for his wife and their co-operation with each other all through life.

They have done so much good that they have nothing to look back on with regret. This is the inspiration we get and the desire we have to live in the same way.

**Mary Remine**

When I look into the faces of these two people, I have a feeling of inspiration within me—an inspiration to live a life worth while, to do the things in life that will count in old age. Their lives seemed to have been running along the same channel, doing things to help humanity, founding colleges and schools which help in a good many ways the lives of the people of today.

**Flora Black**

This morning when Dr. Hopwood spoke, something just ran through my mind. I felt that if I had done the work he had in his life, I would not mind or dread when the end came. I love to hear older people talk. They make me interested and I just sit there wishing to be like them. This morning when Mrs. Hopwood finished talking, I turned to the girl sitting by me and I said, "I just love to hear her talk and her subject was so interesting." I felt that if I could only put my arms around her, then my feeling would be eased.

**Carrie Rhodes**
I ds IT best all the time to think and work toward the high-
est we see or know?

Should people seek to improve their farms, their houses, their hogs, cattle and horses?

Yes, because it means the unfolding of greater power, symmetry and beauty. We seek to improve the grains and grasses and develop new colors, shades and varieties in the flowers. Yet all of these things are for people. Ought people then seek to improve themselves, their health, their minds and more than these, their hearts, since out of the heart come the issues of life?

Ought a man to continue the tobacco habit when he realizes himself that it is filthy, wasteful and, nine times in ten, unhealthful?

Does any teacher want to see his own son with sallow cheeks, and fingers stained by cigarettes?

Does any preacher who talks of self-denial, economizing for the gospel and setting a good example for the young, still cling to this unbecoming, useless and slothful habit?

Do you know a good business firm anywhere which wants a stunted, nervous cigarette smoker for salesman or bookkeeper?

Two firms lately wrote from different directions to a business teacher for clerks, saying, ‘‘We do not want a user of tobacco in any way if we can help it, but we will not have a cigarette smoker.’’ Why do Christian people indulge that which does not tend to improvement but is gradually destructive of health, wasteful of money and contrary to their own best thoughts?
A Contrast

What "society" is:

The popular meaning of the term "society" is: an association of persons who strive to be entertaining to each other, who employ their time, talent and money to this end—whose dress, occupation, readings, conversation and personal habits are ostensibly esthetic and so ordered as to meet the approval of associates; who contribute to the enjoyment of each other with little regard to the actual need of the great world around them and their duty to minister to that need.

What "society" ought to be is:

An association of persons who strive to minister to those with fewer advantages than themselves—whose chief effort is to help the poor, the weak, the ignorant of the human family to share the blessings of the most fortunate that all may be lifted upward together. Our birth into the world, our candidacy to a place among men, makes us a party to such a compact. Any effort to escape the duties belonging to this social state must be, in the mind of Him who placed us here, selfish if not treasonable.

My Eighty-Eighth Birthday

The desire of my heart is to advance the Kingdom of Christ—encourage missionaries, encourage personal work on the part of each member. I know a very intelligent man who graduated from Milligan College and was a member of the church. His church membership was clean and honest, but formal. His penetrating mind began to realize this fact. "I must go to God in spirit and in truth," he said. He did. He prayed for an hour with no change. "I must, O God, be thy child in spirit and in truth." In prayer again his spirit rejoiced in love and in good work.
He became a valuable preacher of the gospel. His life and teachings are now advancing the Kingdom of Christ.

Another preacher, forty years older, was working after the common form. He met and talked with a student from Milligan who was really converted to Christ. He immediately came to college and made a good student and has turned multitudes to the Holy Life and is today so filled with the power of the Holy Spirit that his presence is an inspiration to others.

Form of church membership cannot save people. The Spirit of Christ must use the form to bring people into the church, and into eternal adoption into the Father's family.

Each Christian must be a spiritual agency to bring others unto the Christ. Some member of each Sunday school class can awaken every member to some kind of Christian service. We passed a boy in a crowd and spoke to him about becoming a Christian. The words stayed with him for years and brought him to Christ. Seeing a young man of real ability going wrong, I stopped, united with him in prayer which led to a happy change of life. He became a useful and honorable servant of Christ, a messenger for thousands of people.

My birthday desire and prayer is that each member of the church read the Word of God, to receive light, hope and promise of eternal life.

Answering the Call

The infinite in man calls for perfection. His happiness is inseparably connected with absolute truth and love. In the measure that these forces dominate the life of an individual or a nation there will be peace, progress and happiness.
How can man come into these elements of his well-being? Can philosophy direct his way? It has done much, especially for the few. Can science perfect a man’s life and make him free and happy? It is doing much to improve his physical state and promises much more. Can humanitarianism perfect a man’s life? This is beautiful and helpful, but left to the laws of nature, whence it comes, it too often cares tenderly for its own while children of the poor on the back streets are left to starve.

Can wealth satisfy all our longings? It is a great power, but its reaction on individuals or society often destroys more of happiness than it creates.

Can learning bring the bliss for which we sigh? It gives light, it makes possible many blessings, yet multitudes of possessors bear witness that, in itself, it has not the power to satisfy.

Who or what then can answer that imperative of the soul for perfection? God has created this demand in human nature, and the race has been trying to answer the demand through all the ages. As soon as they had run the scale of their own devices and had utterly and repeatedly failed to find what they were seeking, then, weary of disappointments, they were prepared for a system of faith. Jesus came, a messenger from God, a revelation of himself to man. Christ, the Father’s own Son, came and answered the soul’s call for perfection, for liberty, for salvation. There is no fault in Him. His philosophy is perfect and He shows us how to use the wisdom of Socrates, of Buddha and of all the ancient sages. He puts it into the hearts of men to turn the discoveries of science into blessings for His people. He touches our humanity and the dross of selfishness falls out, leaving helpful sympathy for the weak and unfortunate of our race. He turns wealth into Red Cross societies, mis-
sion homes, hospitals, schools, churches. He uses the learning of the world to devise means by which to organize the forces of righteousness and overcome the agencies of evil. He is the answer to the deepest, tenderest call of the human heart. And this Divine Son of the living God has called us to be co-workers with Him in the supreme task of saving men.

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**What Is Worth While?**

To cultivate the earth and make it produce luxuriantly is well. Tilling the soil allows man more personal liberty, and comes nearer securing to him peace and plenty than any other calling.

It is well to conquer the forces of nature—electricity, water power, steam, light and gravitation—all, and make them serve man’s needs.

Blessed are the people who are trained in thinking—debating, oratory, history, science and every rich, strong, intellectual achievement; and blessed are those who have in addition the sweets and joys of home friendships and the privileges of society, the inspiring charms of music, poetry, and all esthetic enjoyment.

It would seem that nothing more is needed to fill the world with happiness. Yet this very feeling of confidence constitutes our people’s greatest danger.

It is the most serious menace to twentieth-century civilization. Most of our public school education is conducted with no higher view. Many state schools feel no other responsibility than to advance scientific and intellectual forces. Much of the business has no other ideal than getting money.

And some of the preaching has been reduced to dividing Isaiah, dissecting Daniel, quartering up Genesis, eliminating miracles, covering up hell and humanizing Jesus, and
making the Bible a combination of myth, hallucination, and a few facts.

Are these things alone worth while? Egypt had farming machines, intellectual development, art, music, all—but her civilization decayed.

Greece had some of these beyond our own most cherished dreams but her glory is departed.

All of these things and a military command of the world besides, did not save Rome from shame and death. Neither will they save us.

It will take Christian education in all elements of our civilization to save us.

The followers of Jesus are the salt of the earth. Their teachings must go through farming, through the schools of natural science, and all other schools. Intellectual training and forces must be subject to the higher law. Music, art, and poetry are to be purified by religious truth; and all truth finds its end, its consummation, its eternal purpose in Jesus Christ. He is the revelation of God to man.

The education which rests in this truth, which considers and appreciates all other accomplishments as secondary, to be perpetuated for man’s good through purification and use under His leadership—this is the hope of our country, the hope of the world.

Universities Help

The states are wisely founding universities with millions of dollars for their support. We need these schools rooted deep and strong, for original research and experiment that the people may know the facts of nature. But while nearly all young people are benefited by true college life with its widening associations and its systematic study, ideality and
hopeful visions, only a few have the natural inclination and ability to take thorough university work.

The true purpose of the college is to develop thought, memory and imagination, to give power of expression, cultivate the judgment and lead the student upward in his thinking. But this requires spiritually minded men and women at the desk.

One Dr. Wayland was a blessing for time and eternity whatever his house or salary. Mary Lyon was more to the human race than were Rockefeller's millions without her. Her house was plain, her salary small, but she was great. Many schools with little or no endowment have richer treasure in their teachers' character, conscience and executive ability than millions of dollars could give. There is no disparagement as to the value of money where it is needed; but true college work as well as preaching requires men. One Wesley with forty pounds a year was worth more to the world than a hundred of the highest salaried preachers without his spirit. It is the spirit and might of God in teachers that enters into the conscience and character of students. This power can be greatly aided and blessed by the use of money. Money used for man's improvement in character, that helps him to live in fellowship with the Divine, is a blessing to the human race, but if sought as an end it becomes a curse.

Ideal College Life

A school may have the best of buildings and grounds, full equipment—libraries, reading rooms and apparatus, and have a full, strong faculty—and then fail.

It may have university teachers together with winning ball teams and physical culture after the most approved methods, and yet be questionable in its influence.
We have all seen trees bloom in freshness and the young fruit grow rapidly; later it wilted and dropped before maturity. The heart was not sound.

Williams College, Massachusetts, could not conduct her work without buildings and money; but Mark Hopkins' life and character were more to her body of students, and through them to the world, than all the money the institution ever had. His manhood will not only inspire to the third and fourth generations, but to the last body of students that ever recite within her walls.

The blue-grass region of Kentucky cannot give Transylvania University too much money, but the state's whole wealth cannot quicken the souls and connect the hearts of young men with God as did the love and character of such men as Robert Milligan.

A college in which both teachers and students seek honestly to live the truth, where they stand together for clean lives, faithful friendships and Christian service, will do more for the world's good than ten schools the work of which depends chiefly upon grades, degrees, secret fraternities and professional athletics.

The foundation of ideal college work is bed-rock honesty. Its growth is through thorough teaching by conscientious men and women devoted to intelligent, loving service. Its source of strength is faith in the divine possibilities of manhood. Its safeguard is Christian character in the teacher, and his persistent effort in untiring love and firmness against traditional college vices, against every practice that cannot be honored in the light, and which does not lead toward the perfection of individual life. The happiest memories of such a school will not be the glories of athletics, the pride of first honors, medals, titles, cane-rushes or class fights, but the inspiration of strength gained, of friendships
formed, of ideals born with hopes and plans which manly patient work has wrought into realities.

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

A young man is not made for a money-machine, nor for a tailor's dummy on which to hang fine clothes; nor is he made to follow pleasures, which satisfy but for a time, then turn to bitterness and disgust. But he is made for high, intelligent communion with every piece of workmanship in God's great universe.

To a trained, observant mind the commonest object is made to yield enjoyment. Every blade of grass, every tree, brook, bird—the whole sky and earth, and all things pertaining to them become sources of enjoyment, so that only one regret remains—that there is not time enough to contemplate their beauties and drink in their fullest meaning. And this regret can be removed; for true education embraces not time alone, but eternity. The taste for knowledge, the delights of research, the joys of communion and of fellowship are to go with us into the Great Beyond. There, time limitations will not hinder and a vast eternity of enjoyments will lie before us. Let us see to it that the work of cultivating our minds and hearts begins here and now.

FIVE IN THE MORNING—WAITING AT A COUNTRY DEPOT

Nature seems just awakening with the first ray kindling in the east. The little singers in the tree tops are lifting their heads and straining their throats to give room for the volume of sweet song which they pour out on the dewy air. The young singers are in training, and their tiny warble is half a song and half a baby-call for food. The
world is new to them and the higher joys of living are only beginning to be felt. The humming bird is out gathering his first nectar from the flower, then hurrying on, while the bee is sucking honey from the white clover at my feet. What a laboratory he must have to gather from a hundred flowers and mingle all the extracts into one harmonious mass of sweetness!

The bumblebee is abroad repeating his hoarse monologue, and gathering a harvest from coarser plants and flowers to store away for future use.

These busy workers interest me as they go about gathering the winter supplies so needful in a well-ordered bumblebee home. Once I watched them with a different feeling, and many a torn hat bore witness to a sharp encounter.

In the distance the cowbell is tinkling; the early milkman is at work and soon the small boy will pass by in the rear of the herd he is taking to the pasture.

Now the hour of labor approaches and the early whistles are calling the multitudes to work. Some go gladly; they are learning a trade and are interested, or they are getting good wages and are saving money to build a home, or they are going for love's sake, wife and children cheering them on and welcoming their return. But many go with heavy hearts; they have lost the enthusiasm of purpose and plan; they have not found Christ and learned the joy of service. They are drudges, bondsmen. There is no liberty or peace in life, and death cannot bring relief, for the Judgment must follow. Those who would reach a satisfied life must heed the divine call, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The sun is now up, the people are moving here and there to their duties. My day's work is among them.
THE GREATEST EVENTS IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

1. The coming of sin with its line of woes.
2. The flood—the destruction of man.
3. The promise to Abram and the lessons taught to the human race through the Jewish people.
7. Greek learning, oratory, poetry and statesmanship.
8. Roman militarism and Roman law.

All these are very great events in the world's history.

9. But greater than any one or all of these is the revelation of God the Creator and Ruler, through Jesus, the Christ.

He comes as the light of the world, the truth of eternal life, the conqueror of sin and death. He substituted the fact and reality of future life for the weird theory of reincarnation. He completes, vitalizes and gives a divine head to the social and moral training. He used the learning, poetry, and oratory and statesmanship of Greece to advance the divine plans and extend the teachings of God to reach all men. He shows the power of love to overcome militarism—to conquer it—and uses just and righteous laws to harmonize all the nations of the earth into one great kingdom wherein reigneth righteousness.

PERSONAL EVANGELISM

Much of the evangelism is done out of the pulpit. I knew one faithful preacher who had gone eleven times at the same hour of the night to baptize subjects whom he had brought to repentance by fireside preaching. At one meeting held for us at Milligan College twenty-three young men
were converted. Seventeen I had previously read or prayed with personally at their rooms. I know a relatively uneducated preacher who, I am sure, has developed more churches, brought more people to Christ within the last twenty years than any other preacher in his state. Much of his work is done by fireside and roadside preaching. His strength is in God's Word and his truths expressed through a clean life and personal fellowship.

Moody came into a crowded railroad car and was invited to a seat by the side of a stranger. Within a short ride he had entered into the thoughts of this unconverted businessman. At Moody's suggestion he bowed with him in prayer behind the seat. That prayer led the man to become a sincere Christian worker, and in turn to rebuke and reawaken a rich business associate, a professed Christian who had been his personal friend for fifteen years, but had said nothing to him about his soul's salvation; and he also turned his life into active service for Christ, saying that he only continued business to pay expenses in his Christian activities.

Tom Ryman owned a large saloon in Nashville and a line of steamboats on the Tennessee River, each boat furnished with the customary bar. At one of Sam Jones' meetings he was turned to Christ. He poured out the whiskey from his Broad Street saloon and dumped the drink from his boats into the river. He then gave the lower story of his saloon to the Salvation Army, and the upper story to a prohibition newspaper. He then bought a gospel wagon and equipped it with small organ and seats and employed a reformed drunkard to put gospel posters in hundreds of places about the city, and to advertise on what corner the wagon with its preacher and singers would appear on Lord's Day at 2:00 and 3:00 p.m. respectively. This he
kept up for years. He never preached from the pulpit but he did personal work which counted more than would professional preaching.

The evangelist must encourage and lead beginners to personal work in some helpful service. At this time they are especially teachable and the natural leaders can be more readily developed. "Feed My Lambs," says Jesus.

A Danger

The elimination of the Word of God from the state schools is today the most serious menace to this republic. Giving youth knowledge and liberty without connecting them with the laws and the love of God is developing in our land a breed of young, daring, skillful criminals such as the world never before knew.

Public defiance of law, love or mercy—all comes from liberty and educational power without guidance of the higher laws found in the teachings and leadership of Christ. These laws must somehow be engrafted into the education of the American youth. An industrial Christian institution of learning, conducted by men and women who love their work and follow the divine precepts, will send out young men and women of such character and works that the people at large will see and acknowledge the necessity of Christian education. This education must become the basis of our nation's growth and perpetuity.

Some Things Which Ought to Be Established in the Government of the United States

1. We ought to have a law by which, when the people want any special legislation they can have an expression of their will. If a majority of the people of Tennessee want a
local-option law—they have a right to it. The days of begging petitions have passed.

2. Our country ought to have a law by which, when the legislature does pass a measure, the people, if they desire, can require their servants to refer the law to the people for approval or rejection. Such a law is the Referendum.

3. We ought to have proportional representation so that all the people might be represented. As it is now, often only one faction of one party in a state has representation, and large bodies of good citizens have no representation in Congress.

4. The people need and ought to have a law by which they can recall any representative who deserts their cause or refuses to stand for their interests. This is the imperative mandate.

5. The United States ought to have a rapidly graduated income tax law so that no man could become a multi-millionaire. Organized society naturally opens the way for large accumulations of wealth, which go on increasing indefinitely. The income tax would return the overplus of money to the people. The country also should have an inheritance tax. The larger the estate the higher should be the tax upon it. This would prevent the inheritance of many millions by one person. The return of the money to the people would be a blessing to them and it would be better that the rich heir should not possess the millions. The labors of the people made such money and a large share should return to them.

6. The country should have a system of Postal Savings Banks through which the people could deposit with absolute safety a few thousand dollars each if they desire. This would be a reserve fund to secure them from want. It would
encourage steady economy and discourage waste and speculation.

7. The Government of the United States should own and conduct the telegraph systems and the telephone system, not denying private companies the right to use their own lines for their own purposes.

8. There should be a limitation to land ownership. A citizen should be allowed an amount of land for his home with a low land tax. As he increases his acreage the rate of tax would increase until no one would desire or could afford to own large tracts of land.

9. The most immediate and supreme need of the time: there should be a constitutional prohibition of the raising of tobacco. The tobacco habit is wasteful of mind, body and money and is religiously harmful to the nation. There is no reason for the using of tobacco. The few make money raising the plant which is destructive to the health and mind of the multitude who practice the habit.

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WHY THE CHURCH COLLEGE

The mission of the church is to save through teaching. It is to reveal to us the knowledge of God and to fill man's life with the spirit of service.

The Head of the church is finally to engraft His thought and life into the learning conscience and character of the human race. He will redeem our world from the curse of sin and bring man into good understanding of loving fellowship and thus transform the kingdoms of this world into the Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ. To do this, experience, time and teaching are necessary. These bring into view varied phenomena and new facts of which man naturally seeks the cause.
Often, to appreciate an object near by we must know its relation to things remote. To discover reasons, explain facts, and point out relations, men must be able to think closely and connectedly. This requires the acquisition of knowledge and training in the use of it.

The college is an organization to meet this demand and help equip man for thinking and thereby give him greater power. But the value of this power may be lost if man is not taught how to use it aright. He can use it to deceive, defraud, and destroy; or he may use it simply to acquire more knowledge, to get wealth, fame, or pleasure. The first of these uses is sin; the second, although a common thought of the general mind and one made prominent in public teaching is not the highest purpose comprehended in the bestowal of knowledge; hence the necessity for positive Christian colleges to take advantage of all the activities and acquirements of state schools, colleges or institutions of society and seek to carry their worth into the moral and spiritual life of students, while the church is engaged primarily in setting forth the revelation of Jesus Christ, and the scientist in bringing forth the hidden mysteries of nature. The Christian teacher, believing that all truth has its origin in one source and is therefore harmonious, must accept both positions and make of the two one system of truth for the guidance of human life. He is to show the true relations, the beauty and harmony of things material, scientific, psychological and moral; to point out that science is but an evolvement of the involved truth of God and that Jesus Christ is a revelation from God. The Christian college must unite and utilize both the science of nature and the light of the Book, bring forth a growing and perfecting life in the church and thereby leaven all society.

The Christian college biologist will easily find the begin-
ning of his science in an eternal first cause, God, and find its highest use in establishing a right relation to Him. Its chemist will seek to discover what kind of food will best promote a perfect bodily condition through which virtue, truth and love may flow unhindered. Its sociologist will discover the nice adjustment of interests and work to establish conditions in society which will touch the hearts of the rich and strong and make them brothers to the less fortunate. Its mathematician, while weighing the earth in a balance, calculating the distance of the stars and presaging comets and eclipses, will stand amid these wonders humbly as in the presence of God. The Christian college is not to deny any truths or established facts, but is to teach them all, placing each in its just relation to the reality of God's personal existence and the glorious revelation of Himself to us in the person of His Son. The greatest truth in all learning is to know God. These schools are to develop the highest expression of this knowledge and lead to the purifying and sanctifying of all education and the turning of its power to the blessing of the people. They are to send out men to fill the principalships of high schools and the chairs of colleges, to sit in councils, to edit newspapers, to legislate in state and nation, to be governors of commonwealths and captains of industry, carrying always with them the true nobility of life and character. The missionary scouts and advanced guards cannot capture the world for Christ—they can do little more than view the ground. There must follow a great army of educated, consecrated men and women able to develop Christian homes, Sunday schools, business enterprises, put principles of truth and justice into all the activities of society.

A Christian college—one led by men who accept the Divine conception, the Virgin birth, the miracles, the resurrection,
and which teaches a life hid with Christ in God—is not only a defense for the church, a recruiting center for marshalling Christian soldiers, but a post for developing leaders for this army of conquest.

Many talented and educated men take advantage of church work and enjoy the blessings of numberless institutions which have their origin and strength in the life, teachings, and authority of Jesus, yet deny His divine claims. There is no way to meet these men whom intellectual pride has blinded, except to prepare teachers of equal scientific knowledge and the additional ability and purpose to set forth this knowledge in its true and harmonious relation to Christ and the church. Agassiz believed in Jesus and was a greater scientist than Huxley; Garfield, the Christian, surpassed in government science, Ingalls, the doubter; Gladstone, a follower of Christ, was more to the world than the brilliant Disraeli, who rejected Jesus. These leaders were the outcome of Christian training.

In the third century through the controversial spirit of its leaders and the ignorance of its enslaved members, the church as an organization lost, and did not recover for one thousand years, much of its grace and saving power. Our salvation from similar relapse must come through Christian education of the whole membership and consecrated intelligence and training of the leaders. If the church does not strive to put her thought and conviction into these leaders, she will be untrue to her great trust. The state cannot press the claims of Christ, but this is a duty of the church and she can best fulfill this obligation by developing, encouraging and holding responsible her colleges for furnishing men and women who shall be able to set forth the truths of God with power whatever form of unbelief they may be called to meet or however strong the current of godless learning
against them. This can be done. Other parts equal, the Christian student can become first in all the departments of learning and in all honorable activities of life. Virtue gives her own reward as surely in physical and intellectual efforts as in the moral and spiritual world. Every branch of human effort is calling for leadership, and every influence that makes for righteousness tends also toward leadership in intellectual, moral, and even physical activities. The schools want clean, able teachers; the people want honest principle and lofty purpose for the bar, the counter, and the pulpit. Business is calling for safe, honest men with whom to trust great enterprises. The government rejects the human culls and seeks strong men with wholesome principles to do her work at home and abroad. The college which most fully comes into the spirit and might of Jesus and fills students with these higher aspirations will always furnish the largest group of men and women suitable to lead the world’s great movement in philanthropy, missions, statecraft or industrial enterprises. The ungodly, selfish student after leaving college, will most likely settle into pleasure-seeking or yield to money-making or combine the two; but either course will take him out of the class which the people are more and more demanding to fill their places of trust and responsibility.

The high point of progress in God’s work with our race in the past has been made through educated men. Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, Calvin, and Knox, who amid spiritual darkness wrought mightily for the uplift of the people, were all college men. The same is true of the Wesleys, the Campbells, Scott, and Stone.

If every young person in the church should receive Christian training to the measure of his ability there would still be all too few to answer the call that is coming from every
honorable vocation of life. If this were done even the money investments would be repaid tenfold.

Besides, there are many expenses in the nation’s system of education which the state is bearing and will bear of which the church can take advantage, using her own resources to promote those higher interests which are peculiarly hers to do. The church has no alternative but to provide her own colleges and to accept all truth which other institutions develop, using her own means and energies to demonstrate the fundamental truth that labor, goods, learning and enterprises of all kinds can find their true and ultimate value only in righteous effort to fill man’s heart with the desire to serve his fellow-man. The farmer or the machinist, the workman or the scientist, who sees in his daily labor a kindly service for bringing human happiness, will each be a light and a blessing to his community. Agassiz said, “A laboratory of natural history is a sanctuary where nothing profane should be tolerated.” This may be said with greater force of an educational laboratory where the material is mind and the product is character.

If it takes a million dollars to plant a new center of Christian education, and the school develops one student who when the clouds are thick feels that the bow of promise still spans the heavens because the early vision drew it so; when men desert him or prove false he is still sure that some are true, then that investment is worth while. If the church furnishes such college graduates she can set the standard of life in professions, in business, in government service—anywhere that trained mind and strong characters are called for. If the church does not furnish these men and women, the state schools will, and oftentimes the training and association of these have been much more influenced by
pleasure-seeking, athletic contests, secret fraternities, drinking bouts and class fights than they have by any ideals of high scholarship, worthy conduct or Christian character. Standing on the grounds of a great state school I was talking with an educated, observing man of the place about college ideals. ‘‘These men,’’ said he, ‘‘are not here for such things. Their whole bent is to learn how to make money and live easy.’’ Notwithstanding these unfavorable facts, multitudes of state college students become most worthy men and women and do nobly their part of the world’s work, but the ratio is smaller and their influence for righteousness is not so great as it should be and would be if there were more men of God on their faculties.

SOME PRESENT TENDENCIES

As alchemy was the forerunner of modern chemistry, astrology of astronomy, the many signs and suggestions noted by our foreparents were made the beginning of meteorology out of which comes the United States weather bureau that now so regularly and accurately tells us of tomorrow. In the first half of last century Henry Clay from his knowledge of men, and of the political and social conditions of the time, foretold the coming conflict of our country’s Civil War. Wendell Phillips saw the impending crisis and gave the strength of his life and his fortune to an agitation which hastened the day of its coming, and hence of its settlement. Lincoln warned the nation of the approaching dangers; but the people would not heed the voice and calamities the most appalling came upon us.

Some signs and tendencies of the present day form interesting suggestions as to our future.
Materialism

Probably there is no judgment upon which a more general agreement exists than that materialism is dominating this country and is the present tendency of all the nations of the civilized world. One editor says: "Society is demoralized, full of greed, hate, and strife to get money. People do not take time for friendship, culture, and the promotion of honorable service for one another, but are mad in their rush for things, for property, and for power."

One school of philosophy says that life itself is evolved out of matter, that it has a physical basis, that it can only be manifested by molecular association. As the energy in one molecule is expended it passes on to another. Just as a succession of points is a line, so energy, evolved from a physical basis, expressing itself in a series of molecules, constitutes life; and the higher the form of this energy the higher the order of life; beginning in sensation, it passes through intellectual activity, develops into a moral conscience which has discernment of right and wrong, and reaches its completest unfolding in a feeling of personal obligation to follow the highest good presented in daily life. According to this theory, with the dissolution of the physical organism all life, thought, sense of responsibility and personality itself will disappear. With such a philosophy it is easy to conclude that the only possible good is in the present; hence the greed for money, power, and fame, means through which immediate personal pleasure may be reached. This is but a sequence of materialistic thinking.

When American girls go to Europe to marry worthless Barons or Dukes for a title, or when those at home give their vows to besotted millionaires in exchange for cash assets, there is exhibited a most hurtful form of material-
ism. When young men of high possibilities choose their calling without reference to the characters they are to build, or the good service they can do, but with simply the reference as to how they can make the most money, or how they can come into office, their lives are put under a soulless materialism which makes them live without moral ideals and all society suffers in consequence. If this kind of life becomes general, our present civilization would decay and the world's bright hope of a sane future, realizing the brotherhood of man and the Christ life in society, would be lost.

A MORE HOPEFUL VISION

But there is another, a more hopeful vision. As the warm surface water flows north while the deeper currents carry through it immense bodies southward, and both are true to law, so appearances may show currents of surface thought, drifting many toward the shores of unbelief and materialism, while there are deeper and surer currents carrying our nation's mind—even the world's thought toward the fruitful land of faith in the spiritual, the real, and the eternal; toward the faith that man will yet come into higher and more general intelligence, into universal liberty, into the fellowship of co-operation (each for all and all for each), and may we not cherish a deeper faith of bringing all men into oneness with the world's only perfect Leader, and under His teaching into a life of friendship and a service of love. This is the goal for man. The time may not be tomorrow or this century; there may be ebb and flow of progress but the result is sure, because the world's experience has clearly shown that intelligence, moral energy, and love are the best forces to bring happiness.
The tendency toward general education confirms this judgment, and is the bow of promise already spanning the dark horizon. When Jamestown was settled possibly one man in ten of the English race could read. Now all of the awakened races, those that are moving the rest of the world, are seeking to educate all of their people. Such conditions never before existed. The more these advanced races come into this educational power the more they realize its necessity for other peoples and races. Europe and America are extending and perfecting their public schools. Japan has turned her face toward the new ideal. China is reorganizing for the change, and India is receiving the leaven of popular education in many centers of her vast population.

This universal education awakens deeper desires for the natural rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In every nation where the public school prevails and the press is free the people exact larger freedom for themselves in government.

Following the educational movements of last century came the great liberalization of European governments, the surrender of power to the people by the emperor of Japan, and the establishment of still more advanced civic forces in Australia and New Zealand. This education and liberty of thought, and this opportunity to act, given to all of the people, increases the world's thought power and hastens the progress of the race a hundredfold.

Communication, transportation, invention, production, distribution, and consumption have all passed beyond the dreams of our fathers, yet we are only at the threshold of the dominion of nature and the use of her resources—only at the beginning of the power that comes from union; four
is more than twice two and a hundred is equal to a thousand ones. The present tendency to form large organizations in business is but a natural result of the increase of opportunities under the new conditions and scientific appliances. Such large developments require wide generalization and carefulness of detail, what economists call division of labor and co-ordination of parts. They require captains of industry and specialists in trades. The profits of each such organization will naturally come under one control; hence the more they increase the more it will become necessary that the business be owned and conducted by the whole people as a body.

The coal oil monopoly with such other industries as it helps to control has within fifty years put almost the hundredth part of the wealth of this nation into one man's power. A dozen such corporations controlled by twenty men have power to manage a fourth of all the money of the country. Within another lifetime under present laws, systems of trade and distribution, one hundred men will control the money market, and will be able to regulate the price of the chief food products of the world.

At this time the price of sugar, coal, and transportation for the whole nation is controlled by a few men, while other industries are rapidly coming under similar management.

No legislation or moral suasion can hinder this development. It is the result of more accurate knowledge, extended experience, and the control of natural forces.

Hindrances to Spiritual Growth

1. Unfavorable Inheritance—

We cannot change our own inheritances. They are fixed. We can only modify their tendencies. Knowledge of the
laws of our being and obedience to these laws for one hundred years would bring a new race to our earth, if not a new heaven. Most of the geniuses and great minds of the world had their origins in influences before birth. Like produces like in mind and spirit as well as in physical features.

2. Idolatry—family—power—money—

Idolatry is a second and serious hindrance to spiritual growth. The parent who makes an idol of his or her family has more chance for growth than the exclusively selfish being; but the interest and love of the soul that seeks to grow must go out to neighbors, to sections, and must not stop (too long or stand too still) at state lines. However honored and loved one's state may be she is not great enough to have the worship of a soul; life and love are to go on to our whole country, even like the message of Jesus, to all the world. I once heard John G. Fee, the founder of Berea College, pray the prayer "Lord, give us the spirit of impartial love" with such kindness and sincerity that the thought has become a part of my life.

Love of power is an idol that hinders many from spiritual growth. The desire for office often dwarfs the Christian life of a good, strong man. He, at first, may be invited, even urged, to undertake a political race. Once the contest is begun he faces contingencies and difficulties not thought of; then ambition urges on and pride lifts up her voice. Doubtful ways and means are resorted to that victory may be sure; the claims of righteousness are waived; spiritual growth stops. The church has lost the service of many good men by this idol.

The love of money is still more common and if yielded to is sure to hinder spiritual growth. The power and blessing which comes from a righteous use of money fully
justifies the expenditure of thought and energy to acquire it. But the love of money must be carried forward out of itself as an object and into deeds of kindness and helpfulness to others. When man becomes the servant of mammon he loses his Christian ideals and his spiritual growth declines. He may pay his church dues and hold his place on the church roll but his life does not bear the fruits of the Spirit.

3. Danger of materialism—

There is a strong general tendency toward material good which hinders proper human development. The real is the unseen, the eternal; the visible is but a temporary expression of thought. The thought abides, the form may change. A father desiring to lead his child to the highest conduct may punish it today and reward it tomorrow. His one thought in each action is to bring the child to the highest development. The good or the evil in houses, lands, elegant furniture, luxurious travel, and the many material conveniences of modern life depend upon the use which is made of all of these. If they induce pride and alienate their possessors from the people and beget trust in the things possessed, they are evil and lead to spiritual poverty. If they are received thankfully and used in doing good for the poor, the weak, the discouraged, they become a blessing to the possessor and a power for extending the Kingdom of Christ.

4. False education in society—dance—cards—theater—

False education as to some customs of society is a hindrance to spiritual growth. The social card party, the select dance, the high-toned play are first tolerated, then approved, and later engaged in without discrimination. Spiritual growth ceases, apologies and excuses begin. May
it not be safely asserted that no one ever knew a card-playing, dancing, theater-going member of the church to be a praying, loving, working Christian, whose influence with the people stands unqualifiedly for righteousness.

5. Destructive criticism—

The scribes who tear out the foundation texts and interpretation of Scripture confuse the mind, weaken faith and check the growth of spiritual life. It is a risk to destroy the faith of any human being in what he regards as the best means of coming into fellowship with God. The mind when loosened from its anchor is likely to become reckless before the new thought can be substituted. The Word of God abounds in truths which will feed and strengthen the soul; there are wells of living water for refreshment. Let us partake of them and live and grow strong.

6. Becoming opinionated—set—dictatorial—

In passing it seems worth while to mention becoming opinionated, as a hindrance to spiritual growth—setting up our own opinions as standards instead of reasoning with others to reach the truth. In doing this, the mind becomes fixed in thought—crystallized; hence, there is necessarily little spiritual development. Humility, with an inquiring, investigating mind will bring the soul into newer and fuller truth, wider sympathies. Most of the great thinkers of the world have been humble, ardent inquirers after truth.

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HELPs TO SPIRITUAL GROWTH

1. Favorable inheritance—

Blessed are the children that have noble parents who have lived in the knowledge of the laws of inheritance.
Their chances for coming into the fullness of spiritual life are greatly increased. Phillips Brooks, Gladstone, John Wesley could hardly have been born of inferior mothers. Their inheritances made the basis of their greatness.

2. *Righteous associations*—

Paul says evil communications corrupt good morals. The observation of all the ages since his time has confirmed the statement, and Lot's family showed the same truth before he spoke it. Some farms are worth twice as much for homes as others of equally favorable location, richness and improvement, simply because of the people—the associations surrounding them. A farmer had better rent in some neighborhoods than own the best in other sections. In a certain county in Kentucky a good man started and kept up a debating club for the boys. Most of the young fellows became thoughtful and useful, some leaders of men. God gave us a clear and forcible example of the importance of association, in trying for a thousand years to keep his peculiar people separate from the worshipers of idols. Choice of the books which we read, the neighborhood in which we live, the school to which we send our children, the firms and companies for which we work are all questions of importance to the parents who seek to bring their children into such relations as will lead to the greatest spiritual growth. A strong teacher once told me that he occasionally became discouraged and found that thirty minutes spent with a certain genial business man gave him fresh life and courage for new duties. The Christian should be wise in his business partnerships, in his political companions; in every place of close association, remembering that good associations will promote spiritual growth.
3. Prayerful reading and study of God’s Word—

“All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.” If this is true, spoken of the Old Testament, as it was, how much more are both the Old and the New together light, food, and strength for the soul. How wise and rich may the Christian become by this wisdom; how strong by this heavenly manna. There is hardly an exception to the statement that all men who have had great power for good have been intense and constant Bible readers. Luther, Wesley, Knox, Campbell; such men as Spurgeon, Muhler, Moody—were all intense readers and students of the Word of God. This gives the Holy Spirit abiding in the Christian’s heart a working strength, a means of influencing others and drawing them to Christ. The deeper and fuller the knowledge of the Divine Word, the more it is loved and the greater is the opportunity and desire for growth.

EDITORIALS FROM “THE LIGHT”

For a number of years we published a monthly college paper, The Light. Many of the articles were in line with teachings and counsel given the school in morning class and everyday intercourse. The paper received frequent commendations from friends over the country. If it made some minds clearer, some hearts warmer, some consciences tenderer its life was a blessing.

We give in the following pages some extracts taken in whole or in part from The Light, along with an independent discussion of different subjects.
Neither talent, nor military power, nor form of government, nor anything else, can preserve our fresh growing ideas, keep clear our vision of life except the thoughts of God working in the heart and expressing themselves in the conduct of life.

It is the work of Christian colleges to put this leaven of righteousness into the young who are to be leaders of all departments of activity. Business needs it. Laws must be framed by it. The time is here when parents, teachers, and all who would help mankind must make Christian education the object of thought and prayer and work and giving.

Men may live in palaces, travel through the air, dive under the sea and bring up treasures or cause the earth to bring forth tenfold; but without the peace of God, without freedom from the curse of sin, all material forces can only make the fire of unrest the more vivid and remorse the more acute.

It is the supreme business of the church school to help make classroom and campus radiant with the sense of kinship to the Divine. Thus individual character will grow into nobleness and beauty, and society will be uplifted, purified, and perfected.

Strong thought-power can bring great material results, but strong Christian thought-power conserves the results and brings complete and joyful living.

How to Bring Our Nation to the True Life

Every boy and girl is now by law required to attend the public school.

Children are highly susceptible to the personal fellowship and love from the teacher. In the spirit of good will
the teacher can develop in them the desire to do as he wants them to do. They will prepare their lessons because it pleases him. He can talk and laugh with them, read them short stories, and awaken in them the desire to read. They can here so easily be taught that the heavenly Father loves them and wants them to read His Book, wants them to speak the truth, and be honest from the heart and clean in every thought, word, and act. If a teacher cannot impart and impress such instruction without condemning himself, he should either change his life so as to harmonize with this teaching or resign his place. Let him work on wood or stone or adopt some calling where example does not so directly injure others.

Those who are attending state teachers' colleges, men and women who are fitting themselves to train the youth of the country, can do more to put away sin and false standards of life than any other class of people.

Half of the parents are themselves untrained. The work of character-building is seldom thought of in their homes. The preachers reach the children only in part; thus it is left for the young teachers from the state teachers' colleges to reach all the children and lead them into right thinking and right doing. These earnest workers come in direct contact with the pupils from childhood throughout their public school course.

This system of implanting faith, truth, love, and obedience in the heart and life of the child before he forms evil habits, will create a prejudice in his mind against sin in any form or place, and give him character strength to resist temptation.

Careful, conscientious leadership in the day schools with faithful Sunday school teaching constitutes our nation's
strongest hope for establishing that Christian civilization which only can preserve us from decay.

RURAL TEACHING

This is one of the most important callings in American society.

The young man who succeeds in the country school must take interest in county works. He can help the Farmers' Club. He can lead the debating society. He reads, observes, and studies to keep in touch with country life. He is an active helper in Sunday school, takes interest in the church work. He can help the Boy Scouts plan. He will lead in improving the school grounds and thus suggest home improvement. These things and others need not interfere with thorough school work, but done in a good spirit will lead to active co-operation by students and people.

MENTAL ALERTNESS

The young man or woman who early in life forms a habit of thoughtful observation is laying the foundation of an education which will help make his life both useful and happy. Some people who have been reared in the woods do not know the names of a dozen kinds of trees; reared on a farm and do not know the common grasses. Many do not know the ages of their own parents or brothers and sisters. Life is a school. The world is a book. There are many pleasing paragraphs and pages all along; if we read as we go, each day will help to understand better the next; each fact learned, each problem worked out, will help to interpret the meaning of new problems as they arise. Let the mind be kept alert and in full control.
To educate the body only, as some of our great schools come so nearly doing in their mad pursuit of athletics, is to give the chief attention to the least noble part of the threefold human being. To educate body and intellect only, is to leave undeveloped the highest part, that which body and mind were made to serve. The education that develops and trains the physical, intellectual, and spiritual forces together, recognizing the true worth and dignity of each and their relative importance, is the education that will fit a young man or woman for the faithful discharge of all life's duties. The making of well-grounded, intelligent Christian manhood and womanhood is the supreme end of all true education.

Life’s Mission

Does life mean get money, and have a good time? If so, most of our race do not, and as society is organized, cannot succeed.

Is life to get power, hold office, and rule? It is plain at a glance that only a few can do this as there are but few places for exercise of power.

Is life a dress parade, where men and women may worship the idols of fashion and popularity? The multitude cannot succeed at this. They do not inherit physical beauty, have not wealth, and cannot have the leisure to follow fashion—hence must fail.

Is life to get lands, build houses, and prepare the way for those coming after to enjoy luxurious living? The people of China have done this for three thousand years, yet their lives do not seem a success.

What is life for? To get money? Yes. To acquire knowledge? Yes. To exercise rulership? Yes. To build houses? Yes.
Life is for all these. But to what end? We use the money to obtain knowledge, and use knowledge to exercise rulership in society and over nature's forces, and use this rulership to direct men in making model homes in which to rear the highest order of children. Then we are to use these homes as centers of work to improve conditions for the progress of our race, to send out the message of love and the thoughts of life which Jesus reveals. Human hearts are hungering for this message. It fills the mind's highest requirements and answers the soul's deepest call for love.

Life then is for progress in possessions, in knowledge, in faith, in hope, in work, and in love.

Necessity

A life cannot be successful without ideals. They encourage, inspire, bear up. Who is moved by them holds on, braves dangers, fights against odds, swings himself over gulfs of real or imaginary difficulties and with heroic shout stands on conquered grounds.

Ideals make life fresh and worth living. They are like a kaleidoscope turning a thousand beautiful pictures to the ever hopeful worker. The soul is exercised and grows, the nature becomes larger and love is wider.

The idealist can understand the enthusiasm and extremes of human nature and gives his fellows the largest liberty to speak their own thoughts and work out their own lives. He may not reach all he sees in visions, but he knows it is

"Better to hold a high belief
Though that we hold to ne'er may be"

than to love or work for anything lower than the best. It is
"Better to go through life so brief
Though noble toil no fruit shall see"

than obtain through lower aims all riches.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth. No man can stand in his own noble freedom who gives his consent to, or ceases to war against, an evil in himself or in society.

The true development of human life is the unfolding of the perfections of God.

Man is the highest exponent of the Creator's own nature. God intends for humanity to come into the perfections of this nature. Jesus illustrated such a life and tells us to be perfect. This inner contest to come into Divine fellowship is the evidence of the soul growth. "We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are," and know that God lives in us and seeks to express himself through us. As life is yielded to this Divine urge, human character shows godlikeness, and this is the supreme end of man.

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

You were not made for a money-machine, nor for a tailor's dummy on which to hang fine clothes; nor were you made to follow pleasures, which satisfy but for a time, then turn to bitterness and disgust. But you were made for high and intelligent communion with every piece of craftsmanship in God's great universe. To the educated, disciplined mind the commonest object is made to yield enjoyment. Every blade of grass, every tree, brook, bird, the whole sky and earth, and all things pertaining to them, become sources of enjoyment, so that one regret only remains—that there is not time enough to contemplate their beauties and drink in their fullest meaning. And this re-
gret can be removed; for true education embraces not time alone, but eternity. The taste for knowledge, the delights of research, the joys of communion and of fellowship are to go with us into the Great Beyond. There time limitations will not hinder and a vast eternity of enjoyment will lie before us. Let us see to it that the work of cultivating our minds and hearts begins here and now.

THE GAME OF LIFE

If a man could tell a baseball team how to win every game, then other teams would quickly besiege him; and when they had all learned the same art one-half of them would still have to lose the game or not play.

It is not thus in life's game. One-half of our race do not have to fail. Not one has to fail.

1. In the ball games there are rules and regulations to be followed, and anyone who disregards these rules forfeits his honor and standing among the players.

There are some elementary principles of life expressed in rules of conduct which will enable young people to win in the game of life. This winning is the coming into possession of a worthy character. There is no building of a character without a foundation of honesty. Learning, wealth, social position, power in state all combined cannot make a worthy manhood or womanhood without honesty; as well try to sail a ship with a hole in the hull, or build a house without a foundation. Arnold, the brave and brilliant commander, lacked this principle, and when the nation trusted him he betrayed it for British gold, and died a miserable outcast.

2. In the game of ball every member of the team must be vigorous and prompt to do his part toward winning; so in the game of life no one is worthy who is unwilling to act well his part.
The Perfect Way

The Son of God breaks the chains of sin and gives liberty, He condemns falsehood and rejoices in the truth. He gives hope without despair; peace without strife; order without confusion. He gives joy without fear and love without hate. He speaks to all men and not alone to classes. His love is for all races and all the people of the earth. His mission is not only to show men how to make good homes, conduct clean business, establish just laws and organize great and good governments on earth but through these He will give light and open the way unto an eternal fellowship and friendship of love which will give us possession of our houses eternal in the heavens.

A Common Error

There is a common error that man is to reach maturity and fixedness of life by the time he is twenty-five or thirty years old. Man is a tree ever growing, with roots piercing deeper and branches reaching wider. Into his life can be grafted new thoughts of any and every kind at any age until the nerves have begun to decay. This period varies so greatly that it may be said there is no fixed time. Gladstone continued to grow and to change views until he was very old. Senator Hoar, former Senator Edwards, Senator Morell, and different members of the Supreme Court were able to form and reform judgments at fourscore.

No young man should get in haste and begin to slight his preparation because he is twenty-five or thirty. He should continue careful foundation work. One pleasant memory of this college work is of a man past forty studying hard and reciting as well as the other members of his class, sometimes better. He is out today, a sturdy, valuable preacher. One of the best evangelists in Kentucky was past forty-five before he held his first protracted meeting.
Do not give up or rely upon past strength. Take that for granted and know that each day is a new life which must be lived under its own conditions; and know that its new responsibilities rest upon a knowledge of present relations. Up and at work then with might and main "for it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG

Here is a truth of life. You want to succeed. You may not be able to become the best ball-player, to win the mathematical prize or the orator's medal. Possibly you cannot gain a great amount of money or come into political power. Yet you can reach the highest success. You can make the most of yourself and of your opportunities and thus build a worthy character; this is true success. If a president of the United States does not honestly try to perform the duties of his office for the good of the people as well as he can, he is not as much of a success as the farmer or district teacher who does. He succeeds who faithfully, cheerfully does his duty. He who does not, fails. In order to learn the relations and duties of life and acquire strength to fulfill them your powers must be trained.

You are created for dominion, for rulership of all material things. If you succeed in fulfilling the duties thus coming, ever learn the secrets and powers of nature, and how to use them for man's good, you must study to know, you must train yourself and be trained for the clearest, widest, best thought; therefore, you must educate yourself.

You are created for society, for fellowship with man. To perform these social duties rightly you must have your own mind filled with knowledge and be trained to use it wisely. This requires continued, systematic effort, which brings again a necessity for the highest education you are capable of receiving.
To Young People

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Man does not die. What we call death is but the separation of the spirit and the body. Conscience, disposition, character are activities, attributes in a sense, of the spirit, the real man.

What these activities are or will be depends chiefly upon what each one chooses and strives for. If you do not earnestly seek virtue, truth, and manliness no power on earth or in heaven can keep you from sin and uncleanness.

God condemns these in you just as he would in your sister. He has set up the same standard in virtue and in truth for brothers as for sisters, for young men as for young women, and no amount of debased public sentiment can change it.

Requiring oneself to do that which judgment declares is best, and doing only these things, is self-discipline.

He who does this patiently and firmly will have a self-control, a personal discipline which cannot otherwise be gained. Young people put under wise directions and firm authority, and required to act in conformity to sound reason and experience may sometimes feel aggrieved, but with the growth in thought, power, and the events of their own experience they will rejoice in the results of this youthful discipline.

Honor and Manhood

Truth is the bed rock of any worthiness of manhood or womanhood. A ship with a rotten hull is as safe as a human being who lies. There is no trust or assured feelings
in any association with such a person. When filled with truth, the soul brightens the youth’s eye, ennobles his face, makes his life glad and rejoices his associates. As there is no honor and manhood without truth, so neither can there be without virtue. Virtuous thinking, clean personal habits, are as essential to the soul’s health and growth as are clean water and pure food for the body.

These truths are the same essentials for the brother’s worth of character as for the sister’s. They are necessary elements of manhood to him, of womanhood to her. Anything which will take away her grace and womanly worth, in the same way will destroy his honor.

These are laws of life. We can no more escape their certainty of effect than can falling bodies resist the force of gravitation.

Happy, thrice happy, are the boys who commit themselves to the right side of these questions and grow in favor and good name.

From the ranks of the boys who persist in evil practices there must be drawn all the drunkards, liars, thieves, the whole chain gang, the penitentiary convicts.

None of these classes can come from the boys who commit themselves to the right side of these questions and continue steadfast in well-doing.

Character Building
Holding On

One of the best country evangelists I have ever known was fifty-six years old when he preached his first sermon. By earnest effort he kept on growing.

Gladstone worked at the Irish problem most of his long life, and made the most success after he was seventy-five. He did not give up.
Gray is said to have worked on the *Elegy* seven years; but he made a poem that will live as long as language is spoken.

Pestalozzi loved children and believed he could give an example of teaching after the law of love. He was fifty years old before an opportunity was offered to illustrate his belief. Then, with fifty boys and girls in an old house, and with little help or encouragement, he gave the world a new lesson on the power of love and faith.

To give up is sure failure; to hold on for one day or even an hour longer, may often bring success.

Howe worked for years trying to invent a sewing machine, worked until he spent all his money, and until the faith of his friends was well gone. At last, in the excitement of a dream, he thought out how he could make the needle work properly—and so succeeded by holding on to his purpose.

Each effort that fails helps toward success, since the failure shuts up one road to future effort, and the right one must be found after a sufficient number of trials. Then strength and skill are both increased through trial, and these make success surer.

Again, as others see a fellow-man patiently and pluckily trying to accomplish some worthy thing they take interest and often lend a helping hand. France never would have helped our fathers in the Revolutionary War if Washington had not held on through Valley Forge and the dark days of 1777.

Both God and man help those who keep on trying.

---

**College Life**

The day of becoming a Christian, the day of starting to college, and the day of marriage are three marked turning
points to those who have passed through them. They are never forgotten.

The day of looking about the old home, patting the favorite horse on the neck and saying good-bye, going into the house and helping mother pack the trunk, then eating the last meal, and after this telling all of the family and neighbors good-bye and leaving home for the train which is to carry you to college, is a well-remembered day. New hopes will soon begin to come into life in college acquaintances and new thoughts will bring out a happy growth and the world will seem different. The memory of that last day of home life will often be connected with the new experience in college, and later in the great outside world.

Starting to college should be entering into a well-planned course of study. The student is learning to think, and his thinking will be his power to do good or evil.

One goes to college seeking mind food and mind training. Many people have here their first dreams of glory and greatness, and many of them have come to know God and to love him.

College is a little training world connecting the love world at home and the big rough world into which all must come who want to fill their missions in life.

The youth who starts to college and expects to honor himself and his parents must look upon the cheerful side, accepting all difficulties as part of his training. He must learn to study closely and patiently, to be noble and to rejoice in his fellow-students' success; and he cannot reach the best unless he has clean habits throughout.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word."

A higher, deeper, and nobler life opens before the young man or woman who starts to college with these purposes in heart and continues steadfast in them.
**APPENDIX**

**THE ALUMNI OF MILLIGAN COLLEGE**

Addresses given according to latest information.

**CLASS OF 1882**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>*George E. Boren, B.L.</td>
<td>Elizabethton, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles F. Carson, B.S.</td>
<td>Telford, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Aaron A. Ferguson, A.M.</td>
<td>Elizabethton, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*George W. Hardin, B.L.</td>
<td>Johnson City, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Lula Hendrix (Crockett), B.L.</td>
<td>Milligan Colle e a. Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Lucy C. Matthews (Hardin) B.S.</td>
<td>Johnson, Cl y, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James H. Smith</td>
<td>Johnson City, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James A. Tate, A.M.</td>
<td>Shelbyville, Tenn.</td>
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**CLASS OF 1883**

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<tr>
<td>Samuel L. Carson, A.B.</td>
<td>Greeneville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. R. Henry, B.S.</td>
<td>Sherman, Texas</td>
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**CLASS OF 1884**

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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>*Mollie Todd (Hendrix), Music</td>
<td>Greeneville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Peebles (Lyon), Music</td>
<td>Johnson City, Tenn.</td>
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**CLASS OF 1885**

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<tr>
<td>*Mary Elizabeth Epps (Hardin), B.S.</td>
<td>Jonesboro, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Preston E. Hall, A.M.</td>
<td>Lexington, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles L. Maddox, A.B.</td>
<td>Crockett, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edmund A. Miller, A.M.</td>
<td>Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William A. Reed, B.S.</td>
<td>Stranton, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Robert Walker, B.S.</td>
<td>Pandora, Texas</td>
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**CLASS OF 1887**

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<tr>
<td>Eugene M. Crouch, A.M.</td>
<td>Kingsport, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>James W. Giles, A.B.</td>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leatitia L. C. Tate (Cornforth), A.M.</td>
<td>Shelbyville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward C. Wilson, A.M.</td>
<td>Rockwood, Tenn.</td>
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**CLASS OF 1888**

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<tr>
<td>Frances E. Caldwell (Baber), B.S.</td>
<td>Mount Dora, Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susan A. Kegley (Gibson), B.S.</td>
<td>Wytheville, Va.</td>
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<tr>
<td>*A. Irvin Miller, A.M.</td>
<td>Lynchburg, Va.</td>
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**CLASS OF 1889**

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<tr>
<td>Annie M. Finley (Preston), B.S.</td>
<td>Williamsburg, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry R. Garrett, A.M.</td>
<td>Harro-ate, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin D. Love, B.S.</td>
<td>Georgetown, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles G. Price, B.S.</td>
<td>235 Lexington Ave., New York City</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Deceased.*
APPENDIX

CLASS 1890

William P. Cousins, B.S.----------Norfolk, Va.
Charles Cornforth, A.M.----------------Knoxville, Tenn.
•Thomas J. Cox, A.B.---------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Mamie Haun (La Rue), B.S.----------------------------Birmingham, Ala.
William H. Haun, B.S.------------------Birmingham, Ala.
•Sarah C. Straley (Thomas), B.S.-----Lynchburg, Va.

CLASS OF 1891

D. Sinclair Burleson, A.M.----------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Mary Hendrickson, B.S.----------------------El Monte, Calif.
George E. Lyon, Ph.B.-----------------703 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.
W. R. Motley, A.B.----------------------Chatham, Ind.
Lou Ella Showalter (English), B.S.---------Roanoke, Va.
John V. Thomas, A.M.-------------------------Cellina, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1892

Mary E. Burleson (Dew), B.S.----------------Johnson City, Tenn.
David Lyon, B.S.---------------------------Houston, Texas
Clara McConnell (Lucas), Ph. B.----------------East Radford, Va.
J. Frank Sargent, B.S.----------------------Clinchport, Va.
•James E. Stuart, Ph. B.----------------------Wilson, N. C.
*S. T. Willis, A.B.----------------------------Columbia, S. C.

CLASS OF 1893

Nannie Givens, Ph. B.------------------------Buchanan, Va.
•Agatha Lilley (Miller), B.S.---------------Charleston, W. Va.
Robert W. Lilley, B.S.----------------------Steubenville, Ohio
Etta Reynolds (Brown), B.S.----------------Sinking Creek, Va.
Andrew Jackson Wolfe, Ph.B.-----------------Pennington Gap, Va.
George C. Simmons, B.S.-------------------Fayetteville, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1894

James C. Coggins, A.M.---------------------Lenoir, N. C.
John P. Givens, A.B.------------------------Hoops on, Ill.
William J. Matthews, B.S.----------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Daniel E. Motley, A.M.---------------------Washington, D. C.
William J. Shelburn, A.B.------------------Versailles, Ky.

CLASS OF 1895

Byrdine A. Abbott, A.B.------------------St. Louis, Mo.
George R. Cheeves, B.S.-------------------Pulaski, Va.
Lula M. Dye (Hagy) B.S.------------------Greendale, Va.
L. C. Felts, B.S.--------------------------Bluefield, W. Va.
Edward E. Hawkins, Ph. B.----------------Johnson City, Tenn.
•Thomas B. McCartney, A.M.----------------Lexington, Ky.
C. Burnett Reynolds, A.B.------------------Sinking Creek, Va.
George P. Rutledge, A.M.-------------------Los Angeles, Calif.
Pearl Shelburne, Ph. B.----------------------Green Bay, Va.
George H. P. Showalter, A. B.----------------Austin, Texas
Lizzie Thomas (Willburn), B.S.-------------Milligan College, Tenn.
Bertha E. Tomlin (Thomas), B.S.--------------------Oklahoma
Ina Yoakley, B.S.--------------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.

*Deceased.
APPENDIX

CLASS OF 1896

J. Edwin Crouch, Ph. B. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1897

Isaac A. Briggs, A.B. ----------------------------- Stillwater, Okla.
I. G. W. Buck, B.S. ----------------------------- Woodsboro, Texas
A. Jackson Bunts, B.S. -----------------------------
Laura Bell Clark, B.S. ----------------------------- Pulaski, Va.
Annie Lee Kennedy (Lucas), B.S. ----------------------------- Clifton Forge, Va.
A. Robert Ramey, B.S. ----------------------------- Defiance, Ohio

CLASS OF 1898

Elbert L. Anderson, B.S. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
Charles D. Hart, B. S. ----------------------------- Bristol, Va.
Ogden Johnson, Ph. B. ----------------------------- Rock 'ell, Va.
Edward Rodney Massie, B.S. ----------------------------- Ben, Va.
Juliet Rowlett Massie (Showalter), B.S. ----------------------------- Ben, Va.
Mary Virginia Orr (Shelburne), B. S. ----------------------------- Jonesville, Va.
Samuel Walter Price, A. M. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
George J. Sells, B.S. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
Thomas M. Sells, B.S. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
Forest Summers, B.S. ----------------------------- War Eagle, W. Va.

CLASS OF 1899

Annie L. Pruett (Bolton), Ph. B. ----------------------------- Bluefield, W. Va.
Charles W. Givens, A. B. ----------------------------- Richmond, Va.
Richard Maury Leake, A. B. ----------------------------- Collierville, Tenn.
Minnie D. Myhr (Bolton), Ph. B. ----------------------------- Nashville, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1900

Landon B. Bell, Ph. B., A. M. ----------------------------- Columbus, Ohio
Sue Bell (Brummett), A. B., A. M. ----------------------------- Covington, Va.
*Daisy Bering, B. S. ----------------------------- Jonesboro, Tenn.
Horace M. Burleson, A. B. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
Laura Burchfield (Hyder), B. S. ----------------------------- Milligan College, Tenn.
Larkin E. Crouch, A. B. ----------------------------- Nashville, Tenn.
Robert S. Fields, B. S. ----------------------------- Greenville, Tenn.
Mary Frances Martin (Hale), B. S. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
Ida Hendrix (Anderson), Ph. B. ----------------------------- Johnson City, Tenn.
*Gentry Hodges, A. B. ----------------------------- Jonesboro, Tenn.
Monta E. Hyder, B. S. ----------------------------- Elizabeth' ton, Tenn.
R. M. Barry, A. B. ----------------------------- Erwin, Tenn.
Stephen A. Morton, A. B. ----------------------------- Kingsport, Tenn.
Ray H. Price, B. S. ----------------------------- Umatilla, Fla.
Joe B. Sells, B. S. ----------------------------- Asheville, N. C.
Amanda Shelburne, Ph. B. ----------------------------- Dot, Va.
Geneva Smith (Wallace), B. S. ----------------------------- Hilton's, Va.
Nannie Sutton (Bishop), B. S. ----------------------------- Pikeville, Ky.
James S. Thomas, A. M. ----------------------------- 023 43rd St., S. Birmingham, Ala.
James Smith ----------------------------- Charleston, W. Va.
George A. Watson, A. B. ----------------------------- Durham, Okla.

*Deceased.
APPENDIX

CLASS OF 1901
Frank M. Broyles, B.S.----------------------Knoxville, Tenn.
Gideon O. Davis, A.M.---------------------Santa Paula, Calif.
William Leslie Leake, A.B.-----------------Collersville, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1902
William Thomas Anglin, B.S.-----------------Holdenville, Okla.
Matthew Crockett Hughes, A.B.-----------------Graham, Va.
William Hamilton Jones, A.B.----------------Jonesboro, Tenn.
Jeremy Pate Whitt, A.B.----------------------East Radford, Va.

CLASS OF 1903
William Henry Book, A.M.--------------------Columbus, Ind.
Gilbert Henry Easley, B.S.--------------------Lynchburg, Va.
Oscar Moore Fair, A.B., LL.B.----------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Craig Byrd Givens, Ph.B.---------------------Richmond, Va.
Jesse Brown Givens, Ph.B.---------------------Newport, Va.
Myrtle Jeanette Helsabeck (McPherson)---------Richmond, Va.
Nannie Ethel Helsabeck (Reynolds), B.S.-------Cumnor, Va.
Carrie Louise Hopwood, B.S.-------------------Springfield, Va.
Edward Everett Price, B.S.--------------------Milligan College, Tenn.
Annie Watson (Burner) Ph.B.-------------------Lynchburg, Va.

CLASS OF 1904
J. Robert Garrett, Ph.B.----------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Elgin K. Leake, B.S.--------------------------Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
Arthur C. Maupin, B.S.------------------------Cash, Okla.
Robert L. Peoples, Ph.B.----------------------Chattanooga, Tenn.
James I. Scott, B.S.--------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1905
*Laura Alice Baker (Wilson), B.S.-----------------California
*W. F. Crouch, A.M.--------------------------Memphis, Tenn.
Lucy Louise Hatcher, A.B.----------------------Fort Gibson, Miss.
Lula Wilson Lacy, B.S.------------------------Henderson, Ky.
Nannie Lee Price (Ratcliffe), B.S.--------------Johnson City, Tenn.
W. H. Garfield Price, B.S.---------------------Garber, Tenn.
Lola Eleanor Roberts (Wilson), B. S------------Mountain City, Tenn.
Aylette Rains VanHank, A.B.--------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Georgia Marion White, A.B.---------------------Milligan College Tenn.
Elizabeth Leatitia Wilson (Kelley), B. S--------Kent, Ore.

CLASS OF 1906
N. Lola Fields, Ph.B.------------------------Greeneville, Tenn.
Mary Lidia Isaacks (Hanen), B.S.-----------------Forney, Texas
*Lula J. Hart, B.S.-----------------------------Milligan College, Tenn.
Roscio Hodges, B.S.---------------------------Jonesboro, Tenn.
Robert Decker Hyder, A.B.---------------------Elizabethton, Tenn.
Owen F. Kilburne, Ph.B.-----------------------Belle Fontaine, Va.
Frank A. Taylor, B.S.--------------------------Milligan College, Tenn.

*Deceased.
### APPENDIX

#### CLASS OF 1907

<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N. Pettibone Hyder, B.S.</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Bennick Hyder, B.S.</td>
<td>Johnson City, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Kuhn, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edgar C. Lacy, A.B.</td>
<td>Henderson, Ky.</td>
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<tr>
<td>James M. Price, B.S.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stella Lee Burleson (Sutton), A.B.</td>
<td>St. Petersburg, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Lee Cook, B.S.</td>
<td>Jellico, Tenn.</td>
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<td>Mary Frances Price, B.S.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maggie Matilda Wright, A.B.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>George M. Bowman</td>
<td>King, N. C.</td>
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<td>Jennie Hatcher, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Kingsport, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anna Kelley, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Unaka, Va.</td>
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<td>Persle I. Owens, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Burnside, Ky.</td>
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<td>Mary Evelyn Sevier, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Harriman, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>James W. Stephens, A.B.</td>
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<td>Rennie Bolton Anderson (White), A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>William I. Williams, Ph.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prof. Alexander Reed Milligan Litt. D.</td>
<td>Lexington, Ky.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hon. Robert Love Taylor, LL.D.</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur Eugene Buck, Ph.B.</td>
<td>New York City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frances T. Buck, Ph.B.</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Ann Price, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nell Vaughn Snodgrass, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bertie Wade, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Memphis (Buntyn), Tenn.</td>
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<td>Alma Fiske VanHook, A.B.</td>
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<td>Mary Frances Franks, B.S.</td>
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<td>Logan E. Garret, A.B.</td>
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<td>Frank H. Knight, Ph.B.</td>
<td>Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Minerva Q. Knight (Shelburne), Ph.B.</td>
<td>Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ben H. Taylor, Ph.B.</td>
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<td>Bertie Wade, Ph.B.</td>
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<td>Wise Worrell, Ph.B.</td>
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#### CLASS OF 1912

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<tr>
<td>Jennie Taylor Bowman (Anderson), B.L.</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Conley Greer, Eng, Ministerial</td>
<td>Boone, N. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lamberth Hancock, Eng, Ministerial</td>
<td>Vandinas, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Frances Franks (Huff), B. Litt. &amp; Eng.</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ollie May Shelburne, A.B.</td>
<td>Pennington Gap, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Ella Perry (Wade), B.S.</td>
<td>Crockett Mills, Tenn.</td>
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*Deceased.*
### Class of 1913

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Degree</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jessie Norman Cahoon</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Clifton Forge, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mabel Godby (VanHook)</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Johnson City, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Deaderick Clark</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Raleigh, N. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruby Pearl Albert</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Jonesville, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edith Loy (Campbell)</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Straw Plains, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie Laury Lane (Godby)</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lottie Grayson Hodges</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Jonesboro, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neil Bly Hodges</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Jonesboro, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catherine Emma Hancock (Thomas)</td>
<td>Ph. B.</td>
<td>Vandinas, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charmain Lestelle Weatherly</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Bvrl White</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Greeneville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
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### Class of 1914

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Degree</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Joseph H. Crouch</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Wichita Falls, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Tolle Thomas</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Bristol, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Taylor</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>preacher, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Class of 1915

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nell Bly Thomas (Brummitt)</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Bristol, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ephraim C. Buck, Jr.</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Abingdon, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nathaniel Burchfield</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Elizabithton, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myhr White</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Class of 1916

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Degree</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Talmadge Rice Bowman</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Banners Elk, N. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis McEwen Botts</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Whitleyville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Carlyle Buck</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Glade Springs, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leo Chee</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Atlanta, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cecil Luther Cahoon</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Clifton Forge, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard Crowe</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sam Jack Hyder</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Mary Ellen Hyder</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie Mildred Smith (Perry)</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Crockett Mills, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Tolle Thomas</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Bristol, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Rucker Todd, Jr.</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Kingsport, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde Hendrix</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Milligan College, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George C. Simmons</td>
<td>A.M.</td>
<td>Fayetteville, Tenn.</td>
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### Class of 1917

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<thead>
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Degree</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William Pierce Blackwell</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlisle Mae Reynolds (Bower)</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>West Chester, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nell Hule (Campbell)</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Newbern, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russell Boone Clark</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Jonesboro, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Bond Farrow</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Springfield, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AliceKeith Ford</td>
<td>Ph.B.</td>
<td>Cookeville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Lee Garret</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Kingsport, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Margaret Smith (Godby)</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Hiwassee, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Gresham Keebler</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Jonesboro, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Lee Kennedy (Lucas)</td>
<td>A.B.</td>
<td>Clifton Forge, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lelix Lamar Peebles</td>
<td>B.S.</td>
<td>Murfreesboro, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
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</table>

*Deceased.*
APPENDIX

Della Burchfield Nave (Shipley), B.S.——Elizabethton, Tenn.

*Martha Felton Clark (Spencer), Ph.B.——Jonesboro, Tenn.

Albert Andrew Trussler, B.S.——Jonesboro, Tenn.

Charles Howard Trussler, B.S.——Johnson City, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1918

Ralph Garret, A.B.——Bethany, W. Va.

Blanche Tabor (Ferguson), Ph.B.——Dot, W. Va.

Annie Scott (Frazier), A.B.——Washington, D. C.

Mary Lydia Keefauver, Ph.B.——Jonesboro, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1919

Ernest Spahr, A.B.——College Station, Texas

Charles Lucas, A. B.——University, Va.

Clyde Smith, A. B.——Deland, Fla.

Carlynn Morrison (Low), Ph.B.——Eustis, Fla.

Wilmammetta Frazier (Bailey), Ph.B.——

CLASS OF 1920


Bessie May Forrester (Johnson), A.B.——Hassel, Texas

CLASS OF 1921

*Gov. Alfred Alexander Taylor, LL.D.——Milligan College, Tenn.

Joel Bush Spahr, B.S.——Bemhams, Va.

William Lee Hill, B.S.——Washington, D. C.

Robert Love Taylor, A.B.——Johnson City, Tenn.

William Jackson Carter, B.L.——Johnson City, Tenn.

George Michele Lecca, B.S.——Lake Landing, N.C.

CLASS OF 1922

Helen Tidwell (Frazier), A.B.——Atlanta, Ga.

Gretchen Hyder, A.B.——Asheville, N. C.

Carls McCord, Ph.B.——West Frankfort, Ill.

Myrtle Lee Smith, A.B.——Africa

Curtis Holt, A.B.——Livingston, Tenn.

Arthur M. Depew, A.B.——West Palm Beach, Fla.

A. Paul Daugherty, A.B.——Sand Springs, Okla.

Ralph S. DePew, A.B.——Knoxville, Tenn.

Ernest E. Fry, B.S.——Bristol, Va.

CLASS OF 1923

Kathleen Adams, A.B.——Elizabethton, Tenn.

Amelia McCormick (Sussner), A.B.——Mullins, S. C.

Thelma Hayes (Nolen), A.B.——Corbin, Ky.

Ruth E. Howard (Nowlin), A.B.——Wallins Creek, Ky.

Jessie Voleta Williams (Bowers), A.B.——Elk Park, N. C.

Carl Crowe Monin, A.B.——West Virginia

John Laton Meadows, A.B.——Gainesboro, Tenn.

Lester Keler, A.B.——Hazel Green, Ky.

Carl Fields, A.B.——Cave Springs, Ga.

Joe Beverly Jared, B.S.——Johnson City, Tenn.

Pauline Burrell (Ferguson), A.B.——Erwin, Tenn.

Jessie Hawkins (Perkins), A.B.——Clarksville, Tenn.

Martha Goolsby, A.B.——Asheville, N. C.

John Hart, A.B.——Gaston, N. C.

Adam Bowman Crouch, A.B.——Johnson City, Tenn.

*Deceased.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CLASS OF 1924</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Robert Anderson, A.B.</td>
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<td>Luther M. Feathers, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nelle McDonald (Hannah), A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elmer E. Hodges, B.S.</td>
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<td>William H. Hyder, B.S.</td>
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<td>Alfred Keefauver, B.S.</td>
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<td>J. Goff Long, A.B.</td>
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<td>Luther Barlet McCormick, B.S.</td>
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<td>John Campbell McKissick, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Helen Elizabeth Mitchell, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hester McAllister (Moredock), A.B.</td>
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<td>E. Gertrude Odom</td>
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<tr>
<td>John A. Broyles, Jr., B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>T. W. Caskey, Jr., A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clara Sawyer (Chisam), A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles Earnest Crouch, A.B.</td>
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<td>Edwin Gordon Crouch, A.B.</td>
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<td>Francis L. Derthick, A.B.</td>
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<td>T. R. Eutsler, A.B.</td>
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<td>Jessie Smith Gardner, A.B.</td>
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<td>George W. Hardin, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ada Bess Hart, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grace McMahan (Hart), A.B.</td>
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<td>William Walter Hill, Jr., A.B.</td>
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<td>Willard Newton Milsaps, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. J. Musick, B.S., Lit.</td>
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<tr>
<td>George Morie Tarvin, M.S., Lit.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lista Hyder (Crittenden), A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Violet Bond (Dearing), A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruth Emerson, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruth Emerson, B.S.</td>
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<td>Dayton Hodges, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ivor Jones, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Kegley, B.S.</td>
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<td>Joe McCormick, B.S.</td>
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<td>Ollie Morgan, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lilla Morris, A.B.</td>
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<td>Glen Pryor, A.B.</td>
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<td>Martha Shepherd, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mabel Anderson, A.B.</td>
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<td>G. L. Blisset, B.S.</td>
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<td>T. J. Bond, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Broadway, B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Florine Cantrell, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margaret Crouch A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lawrence Derthick, A.B.</td>
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<td>Helen Drudge, A.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lonnie Elmore B.S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Ferguson, A.B.</td>
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<td>A. W. Gray, A.B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rondah Hyder B.S.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Deceased.*
APPENDIX

Mabel Lacy, A.B.------------------------------------------Fordtown, Tenn.
Walter Loveless, A.B.--------------------------------------Knoxville, Tenn.
Mildred Loveless (McDonald), A.B.--------------------------Jonesboro, Tenn.
Weldon McCullum, B.S.-------------------------------------Milligan College, Tenn.
K. H. McCorkle, A.B.---------------------------------------Memphis, Tenn.
Shir! Miller, B.S.------------------------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Josephine Owen (Carpenter), A.B.---------------------------Clarkrange, Tenn.
Leslie Payne, A.B.------------------------------------------Webster Groves, Mo.
Pauline Peters (Lipford), A.B.-----------------------------Clarkrange, Tenn.
Horace Bates, B.S.------------------------------------------Erwin, Tenn.
Lester Reynolds, A.B.---------------------------------------Erwin, Tenn.
Louis Schubert, A.B.-----------------------------------------Warburg, Tenn.
Erin Shelton, A.B.------------------------------------------Ramer, Tenn.
Daisy Butcher Slater, A.B.--------------------------------Peking, China
Helen Thompson, B.S.----------------------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
David Wheeler, B.S.-----------------------------------------Pikeville, Tenn.
Bertha Wilson, A.B.-----------------------------------------Crossville, Tenn.
Bessie Wilson, A.B.-----------------------------------------Crossville, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1928

Grady Adkisson, A.B.----------------------------------------Harriman, Tenn.
William Blevins, A.B.----------------------------------------Crandull, Tenn.
T. J. Boswell, B.S.------------------------------------------Atlanta, Ga.
Dorothy Caskey (Brown), A.B.-----------------------------Steubenville, Ohio
Maity Chauncey, A.B.---------------------------------------Chattanooga, Tenn.
Rhea Crumley, A.B.------------------------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Frank Fair, A.B.---------------------------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Lawrence Fleenor, B.S.--------------------------------------Bristol, Va.
H available.
Louis Hale, A.B.---------------------------------------------Elwin, Tenn.
Ray Hauk, A.B.---------------------------------------------Erwin, Tenn.
Edward Hudgens, B.S.----------------------------------------Cookeville, Tenn.
Clifton Humphreys, B.S.-------------------------------------Bluff City, Tenn.
Kermit Jones, A.B.------------------------------------------Piney Flats, Tenn.
Dicie Jane Kladay, A.B.--------------------------------------Afton, Tenn.
Tom Lacey, B.S.---------------------------------------------T. F. Mill, Tenn.
Ora Light, A.B.----------------------------------------------Van Hill, Tenn.
Wilma Moore, A.B.------------------------------------------Crockett Mills, Tenn.
Gene Mysinger, A.B.------------------------------------------Greeneville, Tenn.
Dewey Orr, B.S.---------------------------------------------Roan Mountain, Tenn.
Anderson Payne, B.S.----------------------------------------Milligan College, Tenn.
W. G. Smallwood, A.B.---------------------------------------Kingsport, Tenn.
Margaret Smith, B.S.-----------------------------------------Spring City, Tenn.
Carlos Springfield, B.S.--------------------------------------Soddy, Tenn.
Henry Sentele, A.B.------------------------------------------Greeneville, Tenn.
Esther Travis (Sutherland), A.B.-----------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
W. P. Walker, A.B.------------------------------------------Kingsport, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1929

C. C. Albert, B.S.------------------------------------------Belfast Mills, Va.
Victor Allen, A.B.------------------------------------------Springfield, Tenn.
Robert Bowman, B.S.----------------------------------------Jonesboro, Tenn.
Harvey Bullington, A.B.-------------------------------------Erwin, Tenn.
Nancy Cantrell, A.B.----------------------------------------Waynesboro, Tenn.
Daisy Cook, A.B.--------------------------------------------Connelly Springs, N. C.
Billy Joe Crouch, A.B.----------------------------------------Johnson City, Tenn.
Elizabeth Crow, A.B.------------------------------------------Boone, N. C.

*Deceased.
APPENDIX

Grace, Dean, A.B .............................................. Crockett Mills, Tenn.
Wade Dennis, B.S .............................................. Erwin, Tenn.
Georgia Fields, A.B ........................................... Greeneville, Tenn.
Clark Grant, B.S ................................................ Forrest, Tenn.
Nelle Gray, A.B ................................................. Biltmore, N. C.
Lena Sue Hartment, A.B .................................. Gates, Tenn.
Pauline Hawkins, A.B .............................................. Greeneville, Tenn.
Mary Sue Jaynes, A.B ............................................. Greeneville, Tenn.
Eddie Mae Jones (Hartman), B.S ................. Middletown, Tenn.
David Kidwell, A.B .......................................... Chattanooga, Tenn.
Effie Kate Kirbo, A.B ......................................... Camilla, Ga.
Anne Little, A.B .................................................. Clarkrange, Tenn.
Besse Lumsden (Strickland), A.B ..................... Elizabethton, Tenn.
Leslie Lumsden, A.B ............................................. Elizabethton, Tenn.
Lucille Lumsden, A.B ......................................... Ashland, Va.
Ellen McCawley (Montgomery), A.B .................. Leesburg, Fla.
Edric Owen, B.S .................................................. Curve, Tenn.
Grace Rankin (Phelps), A.B .................................. Chattanooga, Tenn.
Ruth Reynolds, A.B .............................................. Erwin, Tenn.
Virginia Reynolds, A.B ........................................ Erwin, Tenn.
Thelma Rustemeyer (Bell), A.B ....................... Surgoinsville, Tenn.
Herschel Springfield, B.S .............................. Soddy, Tenn.
T. T. Travis, B.S .................................................. Johnson City, Tenn.
Bert Waddell, B.S ................................................... Chuckey, Tenn.

CLASS OF 1930

Bernice Cantrell, A.B ........................................ Waynesboro, Tenn.
Grace Cantrell, A.B ........................................ Waynesboro, Tenn.
Stanley Carpenter, B.S ......................................... Knoxville, Tenn.
J. Walter Carpenter, Jr., A.B ..................................... New Haven, Conn.
Ruby Cochran, A.B ............................................. Milligan College, Tenn.
Virgil Gilmum, B.S ............................................. Johnson City, Tenn.
Archie Grant, B.S ................................................ Wartrace, Tenn.
June Humphries, A.B ........................................ Orlando, Florida.
Fred Keeley, B.S ............................................. Knoxville, Tenn.
Herbert Livesay, A.B ........................................... Nashville, Tenn.
F. D. Owings, B.S ............................................ Nashville, Tenn.
*Martin Pierce, B.S in Commerce ...................... North Canton, Ohio
Grace Elizabeth Stone, B.S ................................ Tulsa, Oklahoma
Lanta Strunk, A.B .............................................. Pineville, Kentucky
Douglas Von Cannon, B.S .................................... Banner Elk, N.C.
Gerald Werking, B.S .......................................... Port Gibson, Miss.

*Deceased.
Herbert Hofwood
Mrs. Hofwood
June 22, 1932