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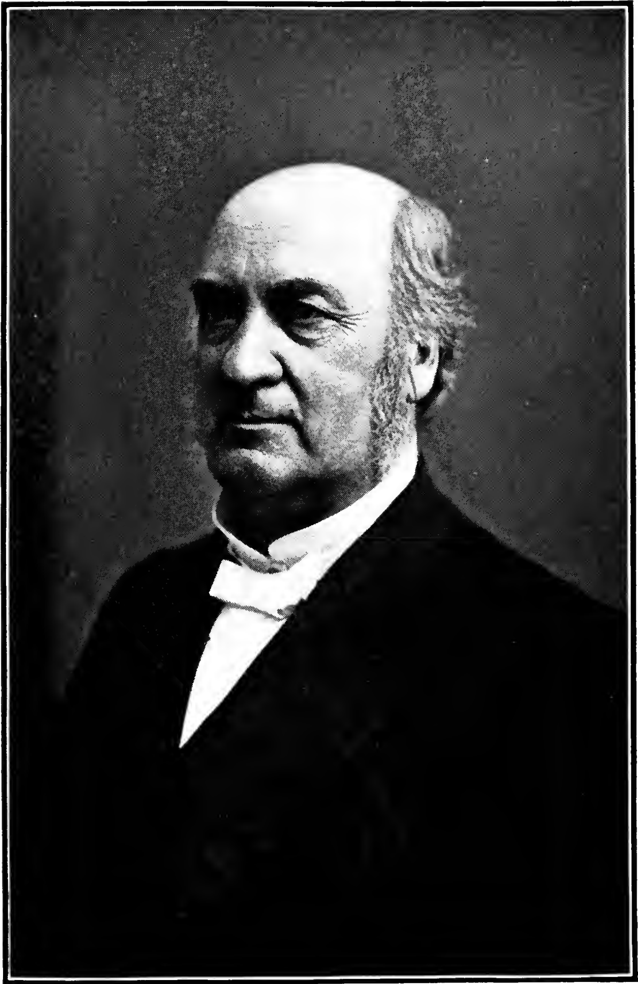

Jas. H. Fairchild

James Harris Fairchild

or

Sixty-Eight Years with a Christian College

By

ALBERT TEMPLE SWING

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PREFACE

FEW colleges of our country have chronicled a term of service so distinguished and so long as that rendered by James H. Fairchild. The aim in the preparation of the present volume has been not only to preserve the memory of his charming personality, but to see some of the really significant features of his life and work in their historical setting. In him we see the simplicity and grandeur of that Puritanism in America which had so much to do in the settlement and Christianization of our great interior and middle west. He is himself one of the noblest embodiments of a humanized form of the New England conception of Christian life and citizenship. The history of the genesis and development of the distinctively Christian colleges of America, together with the contribution they have made to the stability of our national life has not been written. It is our confident belief that the annals of one family in primitive Western Reserve will be found to have a vital place in that significant history.

Many of the alumni down to the classes in the seventies have been consulted in the preparation of this volume, and some invaluable contributions have been received. Special acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Lucy Fairchild Kenaston for indispensable assistance.

A. T. S.

Oberlin, O., January, 1907.

GENERAL

CONTENTS

I.	The Outlook from Stockbridge	9
II.	Pioneer Days on the Western Reserve Before 1835	17
III.	Early School Days on the Reserve	25
IV.	Religious Life on the Reserve Before 1835	42
V.	Preparing for College	56
VI.	Oberlin, 1833–1835	64
VII.	Oberlin Reinforced, 1835	70
VIII.	In College	87
IX.	As School-Teacher and Lover	95
X.	Affairs Ecclesiastical	102
XI.	Divine Aspirations and Human Longings	112
XII.	A Remarkable Journey	122
XIII.	As a College Professor, 1842–1858	146
XIV.	Human Interests	167
XV.	An Appeal to the Conscience	178
XVI.	Professor and President, 1858–1889	184
XVII.	Inaugural Address, Aug. 22, 1866	216
XVIII.	Foreign Travel, Dec. 1870 to Aug. 1871	236
XIX.	An Appeal to the Understanding	261
XX.	Value and Use of Creeds	279
XXI.	A Trip to Hawaii, 1884	291
XXII.	An Appeal to the Sense of Equity	302
XXIII.	Home Life and Last Years, 1889–1902	323
XXIV.	Responses from Alumni	350
	List of Publications on Various Subjects	393

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BIRTHPLACE AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

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I

THE OUTLOOK FROM STOCKBRIDGE

IT was in a home in Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Mass., that James Harris Fairchild was born on November 17, 1817. His father, Grandison Fairchild, and his mother, Nancy Harris Fairchild, had already two children, Charles and Henry, when James was born. In 1818, when James was but one year old the family was led by the spirit of emigration along with many others of Stockbridge to remove to Ohio. It was a great change, and became eventful in the fortunes of the family and the educational interests of the new country.

There does not appear in the Fairchild family of Stockbridge any tradition of a long line of distinguished ancestry. President Fairchild himself only seemed to know of the life of the grandparents on his father's and mother's side. These, Deacon Fairchild and Deacon Plumb, lived on their farms in Massachusetts and were thrifty New Englanders. The farmer of New England must not, however, be thought of as belonging to the peasant class because he was a tiller of the soil. It is not easy for us to realize that in New England at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no aristocratic distinctions, not even the distinction of wealth. Great manufacturing and commercial enterprises such as are common at

the beginning of the twentieth century were unknown in America. There were no millionaires. Agriculture was the means by which the colonies had been established and made self-sustaining and thrifty, and agriculture still dominated all other industries. The sober, industrious, fairly educated farmer was still the common lord of the land, and able to sustain himself in all that pertained to the ideals of living in those days.

The pioneers who went out from these New England homes were not adventurers, but missionaries who would transplant the virtue and sobriety, the industry and the intelligence, of the old into a roomier territory differing only in its greater opportunities for receiving and conferring these material and spiritual blessings. Such a spirit as this, going out from New England and the Middle States was instrumental in making the great interior what it has become, and these together have furnished those influences and ideals which have thus far dominated our national life.

President Fairchild always seemed to feel a peculiar satisfaction in recalling the fact that his immediate ancestors were farmers of the thrifty New England type. "My father's father," he says, "was a farmer. He was first a farmer, and also a carpenter." Grandison Fairchild, therefore, had a shop and tools from his boyhood, and became reasonably skilled in such simple and useful lines of work. On his way west he stopped for a short visit in Herkimer County, N. Y., and while there took his place on a shoemaker's bench that he might learn something of this useful craft. He was therefore not only able to handle a plow, and manufacture tools, or build a house, but

cobble the shoes for the family. He had been a school-teacher and had the direct and indirect advantages arising from this accomplishment. Miss Harris had also for a brief season taught a school. Of such intelligent and honest Puritan material were the courageous and successful pioneers who founded the new empire which was to be great beyond their highest expectations.

My account therefore will have to do with one of the common families of Puritan New England in the fuller freedom of its American home. And it is not easy to see how Puritanism can be better studied than in just such splendid examples as those to be found in the New England and the Middle West of the nineteenth century. Old English Puritanism, persecuted and pilloried by a fashionable and dominating world, was so little understood from the inside that we cannot portray its early spirit with confidence. It was not allowed to go in its normal way, and do its work in the sunshine of its own open fields. While early colonial life was relieved of much of this stress, it had sorrows and trials enough of its own to sober it, —the hardships of poverty and disease, the rigors of a stern soil and a sterner climate, the constant uncertainties of savage neighbors near at hand, and the suspicious plottings of old and strong enemies across the seas. We are permitted to know more of the inner life of the primitive New Englander, and we find it much less austere than the superficial observer had led us to suppose. It would not be difficult to construct many beautiful characters from the glimpses we are able to gain of the simple and kindly life of that period.

But it is not in England in the seventeenth century, not even in Eastern Massachusetts in the earliest colonial days, but in Western New England, and in the Interior in the nineteenth century that we can be sure that we have seen its real temper. In individuals like Mark Hopkins and Leonard Bacon, Henry M. Field and James H. Fairchild we see how native to it are manly strength, refined sensibility, and a reach of sympathy broad enough to comprehend humanity. And in such institutions as the new home, the new church, the renewed school, and the renewed state, spontaneously established and perfected we see the welling up of life currents very different from those to be found in the decadent races.

It is hard to realize that for a hundred years after Eastern Massachusetts had been settled, and long after the central portion of the state had been taken possession of by the new civilization, the extreme western part, in the midst of which is Stockbridge, was unknown to the world. On the immediate east lay a wilderness of forty miles, on the west a wood of twenty miles extending to the settlements on the Hudson, and on the north reaching to Canada " that great and terrible wilderness of seven hundred miles." Here the Puritanism of a third remove found a larger freedom and a greater seclusion for its native development than it had ever enjoyed.

Religion in Stockbridge and its neighborhood was especially evangelistic and active from the beginning. Some of the most earnest and faithful missionary work done anywhere was performed in this region in the early years. That the church of Stockbridge was not only a missionary church, but that its early English

members were of Puritan origin has been noted with pride by the historian; "and it has been blessed," says the chronicler, "with pastors of the same holy stock." The memory and influence of such men as David Brainerd and Rev. John Sargeant never died out of this region. It is one of the notable events in the life of Jonathan Edwards that in the very prime of life he accepted a call to the pastorate of this church and to missionary service among the Indians of Stockbridge. And here from August, 1751, until his dismission to take up the presidency of Princeton College in 1758, he lived and labored. In this quiet retreat he made some of his most valuable contributions to that masterly writing which has won for him the first place among American thinkers in the realm of metaphysics and religion. It is not to be wondered at that he was reluctant to leave Stockbridge for the untried and perplexing duties of a presidential office. When the ecclesiastical council made known their decision that it seemed in the line of his duty to accept this call his feelings for a moment were beyond his control, and he "covered his face with his hands and yielded to the relief of tears."

After the departure of Jonathan Edwards to New Jersey, Rev. Stephen West took up the active duties of this pastorate and continued them without intermission for more than fifty-eight years. It was not until 1818 that he laid aside the active work, and died the following year. He was not only an able preacher of the new type, but also a theological writer of some repute. He is said to have exerted a marked influence over the jurists of his day. "On the Sabbath he was regularly listened to by six judges of Massachusetts

courts." His fame as a preacher brought many theological pupils, who lived in his home, and later became noted men. Two of these were Samuel Spring of Newburyport, and John Kirkland, president of Harvard College. He was able to exert this influence because he was a profound metaphysician and a scholar. And what is remarkable in such a man he had a deep interest in philanthropic, missionary and evangelistic activities. One of the most important revivals in the history of Stockbridge occurred in 1813, in which there were many notable conversions and large additions to the membership of the church for a number of successive communions.

In this newer field there was also the same fundamental interest in popular education which had characterized the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts who "made haste to found a college." The earliest missionary work was primarily religious education, of which preaching was but one of the parts. Col. Ephraim Williams, who left a bequest for the purpose of establishing an English free school, was of an honored Stockbridge family. Out of this gift grew Williams College in 1793. The trustees thought the location favorable for "making this a seminary of a more important nature." In their petition to the General Court for a college charter they say, "It is in a part of the country that abounds with a variety of the most substantial articles of provision. This tends to render the means of a liberal education more easy, and to bring them more within the power of the middle and lower classes. Williamstown being an enclosed place, will not be exposed to those temptations and allurements which are become incident to sea-

board towns. But the most important reason is, that as Berkshire borders on Connecticut and Williamstown on New York, the youth from those states will come to this college, and this would furnish the opportunity of diffusing our best habits and manners among the citizens of our sister states."

Here is the earnest spirit of Puritanism not only content with its humble thrift but boldly setting it above the luxury of the times with its enticing temptations to evil. After a hundred years we find it stated with reasonable pride that "Williams considers the college and the mission as bound together by divine appointment." The religious earnestness of Samuel J. Mills and his fellow students of this college in the haystack prayer-meetings has its monument in that work which the American Board has wrought for the nations of the world. And well did one who was long one of its great and honored teachers say of it, "If this college shall drop down into a mere secular spirit and a training of the lower part of man's nature, so that it shall cease to be in sympathy with him whose object it is to train to a perfect character that world which is symbolized in the missionary movement, it will no longer be Williams College."

Of the first class of four persons to graduate there, three were from the town of Stockbridge, and the fourth from the immediate neighborhood. And many were the families whose sons enjoyed its advantages. The Hopkinses and the Fields were from Stockbridge. Mark Hopkins graduated in 1824, Albert Hopkins in 1826, following his brother into the faculty. David Dudley Field graduated in 1825 and Henry M. Field in 1838, the same year that James

Fairchild graduated in the new college on the Reserve. In this one Puritan neighborhood in Western Massachusetts, therefore, there were dwelling side by side some of the characteristic families of the new America. It is an interesting fact that in a school taught by Grandison Fairchild in the early years, Mark and Harry and Albert Hopkins were among his young pupils.

Puritanism is not so much what Carlyle has styled it, the last of the heroisms, though it can be nobly heroic when that is necessary; but it is a vigorous and manly and broad minded type of human life. No ideal of life of which we have any account has produced nobler institutions or a more virile life than that which took form and came into power among the Berkshire Hills, and which was destined to reproduce itself so rapidly when transplanted into the wilderness by the Lakes. In these noble fruits we see the real meaning of this type of Christian life and character.

II

PIONEER DAYS ON THE WESTERN RESERVE BEFORE 1835

THE change from Massachusetts to Ohio was a part of that great movement westward which began to set in at the close of the Revolutionary war and which has been an important feature of our national development. It was a natural and spontaneous spreading along latitudinal lines into a larger and more fertile territory. For more than a hundred years this westward movement has been so much a part of our American life that we have not realized all it has meant as a factor in the civilization of our country.

Persecutions made bitter the experience of the English Puritan, the Huguenot and the German emigrant. But the new American settler was led wholly by the hopes and attractions beyond him. Greed had characterized the enterprise of the Spanish adventurers who pushed out seeking gold and silver for the purpose of enriching an old empire. The American impulse was a fundamentally different one. A large part of the early settlements from the Ohio River to Lake Erie were made by devout men who took possession of the new territory for the sake of the Christian kingdom. The history of the Western Reserve, that strip of old Connecticut in Northeastern Ohio, is not to be thought of as differing in its early characteristics from

other sections of the state, only in that the dominant element in these northern settlements came directly from New England, while in the central and southern regions the larger proportion of the early inhabitants came from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Virginia. In all the original purpose was substantially the same, —the religious and patriotic love for home and school and church and country.

Of the several tides of emigration which took settlers from the Stockbridge community, the one in 1817–18 drew nineteen members from that church. The immediate cause of the movement was the purchase of a tract in Northern Ohio by Col. Henry Brown of Stockbridge. He had purchased a portion of the northwest township of the Connecticut Western Reserve, next to the Fire Lands, and had contracted with the state of Connecticut for the remainder. "Under his inspiration and lead," says President Fairchild in his historical sketch of Brownhelm, "the first settlers came to this wilderness almost all from Stockbridge, a few from other parts of Berkshire County, and a few from Connecticut. It was essentially a Stockbridge colony that took possession of the place, although there was no organized or concerted action about the matter. Each family came as suited its convenience." These families were chiefly "young people with sufficient imagination and courage to make the journey of one or two months into the wilderness, with the purpose of founding homes for themselves. The children were, most of them, under ten years of age. They intended to reproduce the society which they had left, and their first thought after clearing a few acres of forest and building their temporary cabins, was the

school and the church. Many of the fathers and mothers had been school-teachers in their time, and they could not be content until their children were provided with such educational advantages as they themselves had enjoyed."

It is not easy to realize the severity and simplicity of the first years in such a wilderness, and the rapidity of the progress made. No colonists in the world have surpassed these thrifty New Englanders in making their way from the forest to the farm with the many appurtenances of civilization. They cleared the ground, built their homes, produced the food, opened up the highways, and had energy enough without resting to begin work upon the schoolhouse and the church. It is not surprising that such communities should rear up and send forth earnest, practical, and successful men and women, eager for the important work to be done in the world.

Settlements were made at Elyria, Wellington and Norwalk at about the same time as at Brownhelm. "Cleveland at that time," says President Fairchild, "had not attained to the dignity of a village and even Newburg was as much known in these parts. On Lake Erie there were in 1817 no steamboats and few sailing vessels. It was not till the following year that the first steam craft was built and made a few trips. My father's family came in 1818 on the third trip of the steamer *Walk-in-the-Water*, and were four days between Buffalo and Cleveland, two of these days on a bar at Erie." When the first families set foot on the tract on the Fourth of July, 1817, the only signs of civilization in the township were one log house and a cabin. The only road was the track along the lake shore

from the mouth of Black River to the mouth of the Vermilion.

Speaking of the primitive log cabin and its furniture when completed, he says, "This simple house furnished a home by no means uncomfortable, when health and hope and kindly feeling were the light of it." And he ventures the boast that "the skeleton frame house of the pioneer of modern days, without paint or ceiling or plaster, or tree to shelter it, will by no means compare with the snug, well-chinked, substantial log house of the early settler." "The hardships came chiefly from the necessary limitations of the new country. It was not the difficulty of clearing the land and erecting the houses, and raising the produce, but in finding a market by which to realize money for the extras. The articles needed in a new country could not be brought from the far east, except at ruinous cost; and for the produce of the new country the only market was that made by the wants of the occasional new families that joined the settlement. These generally brought a little money which was soon divided among the neighbors. The only article that would bear transportation before the canal was opened between Buffalo and Albany, was potash or pearl ash made from wood ashes. This would sometimes bring a third of its value in the old Spanish silver coins which were the common medium of circulation.

"While the farm gave food enough to eat, to get clothing was difficult. The families in general came well furnished with clothing after the New England fashion. But a year or two of wear and tear in the woods sadly reduced the store. The children did not stop growing in the woods, nor in those days did

they cease to multiply and replenish the earth. The outgrown garments of the older children might serve for the younger, but where were the new garments for the older children to grow into? Flax could be raised, and summer clothing of brown tow, and bleached linen with a copperas stripe, could be manufactured when hands and health could be found to do it. Every woman was a spinner, but only here and there was a weaver. The old garments often grew shabby before the piece which was to furnish the summer wear of the family could be put through the loom. When wool-cloth could be obtained the process of manufacture was slow and the time uncertain. It might come home long after Thanksgiving—long after winter school began. Thus an unreasonable demand was made upon the summer clothing—a demand which it could but poorly answer. It was not rare to see a boy at school with his summer trousers drawn over the remnants of his last winter's wear a combination which provided both for warmth and decency. The various devices for making clothing serve its purpose as long as possible were in use, and some ingenious ones unknown at the present day. Pantaloons were given a longer lease of life by facing the exposed portions with home dressed deerskin. This served an admirable purpose as long as there was enough of the original garment left to supply a ground-work.

"The boy must go for his shoes a half score of times and return with a promise for next week. The snow often came before the shoes. I can remember running to school barefoot in the snow, when only two or three years old, and a large boy would carry

me home on his back."—This was the first winter in the new schoolhouse. His father was the teacher, his older brothers were among the pupils and James says, "I felt at liberty to leave home for half a day occasionally, and go barefooted to the school, and occasionally through the snow."—"And then the shoes themselves when they came would be a curiosity, made as they were indiscriminately from the skins of the hog, the dog, the deer, and the wolf. I remember to have worn all these myself."

"Sometimes a box would come from friends in the East, brought by some family moving into the new country, well charged with half-worn garments and new cloth, and a stray string of dried apples to fill out a corner, enough to make glad the hearts of the recipients for a year. 'Mother says we are rich now,' said three little boys to a neighbor's children whom they met in the road after the arrival of a box from Stockbridge. 'Well,' was the reply, '*we* are not rich, we are poor, and poor folks go to heaven, and rich folks don't.' This was a new view of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and the boys went home quite crestfallen.

"It relieved the poverty that almost all shared in it. Many of our wants are merely relative. We need good things because our neighbors have them. But in those days there were few contrasts to disturb even the poorest."

"After three or four years peaches came into bearing from the stone, and bore bountifully. But apples and pears came on very slowly. I can remember that I was called from bed one morning to see an apple tree in blossom, the first I ever saw. In the thought

of the children of that time the forbidden fruit of Eden was an apple. Nothing else could be such a temptation. What a flavor there was in that slice from a Pippin brought by a traveller all the way from Stockbridge in his knapsack! We have no apples nowadays! The first pear that the boy tasted he was not allowed to see. He was taken into the pantry, as the older children had doubtless been taken before him, and told to shut his eyes and open his mouth, and a bit of the delicious mystery was placed upon his tongue with a teaspoon—the most delicious taste that ever reached my palate. Where the maple trees were not sufficiently abundant to furnish sugar, the housewife substituted honey and pumpkin molasses for sweetening tea, and making gingerbread. Tea," he humorously remarks, "must have been a different thing in those days. A single teaspoonful of it, well steeped, would furnish sociability for a half dozen ladies for an afternoon; and the same pot, refilled with water, would charm away the weariness of the men-folks when they returned from their work. A cargo of such tea in these days would make the fortune of the importer. Store coffee was essentially unknown and therefore not needed.

"In those dark-walled log cabins, a single tallow candle would not seem to afford superfluous light for a winter evening; but only favored families could indulge the luxury. The candle was lighted when visitors came. At other times the bright wood-fire was the chief radiance, and for sewing or reading a nicked tea-saucer filled with fat, with a wick of twisted rag projecting over the edge. This was the classic lamp of the log cabin, open to accident indeed, but a dash

of grease on the puncheon floor was an immaterial circumstance. Two dip candles furnished the light for an evening meeting, the hour for which was very properly designated as 'early candle lighting.'"

The bill for the construction of the Erie Canal, that most important artificial waterway in the United States, had been introduced into the New York legislature in 1817, but the canal was not opened for traffic until October of 1825. This event was the beginning of a new era of prosperity for all this region. "It was the height of prosperity when at length white flint corn came to sell at eighteen cents a bushel, and white army beans at thirty to fifty cents. From that day we were 'out of the woods.'"

III

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS ON THE RESERVE

"THE first school in town," wrote President Fairchild, "was opened by a lady in her own private house in the summer of 1819. In the autumn of the same year the first schoolhouse was built, of logs of course, on the brow of the hill. The site was romantic, but it was apparently selected to give teachers the opportunity of forbidding sliding down hill and wading in the brook. The house was of modest dimensions, eighteen by twenty-two feet, but was still thought by some to indicate too ambitious a disposition on the part of the persons who lived on this road. Hence the street was nicknamed 'Strut Street,' by a man who would have the house only twelve feet square. A board around the house, resting on pins projecting from the wall, served for desks, and Whitewood slabs supported by pins made the seats. Loose boards lying on joists made a loft above, and an excavation beneath the floor, reached by raising a board, served as a dungeon for the punishment of offenders. In our childish simplicity, we supposed the excavation was made for the purpose; but I have since ascertained that it was an incidental result of making mortar to build a chimney. It became a potent factor among the educational forces which gathered about the log schoolhouse. A mere suggestion

of its terrors was sufficient to awe into subjection the more timid of the pupils. Although it seemed to have a sort of fascination for some daring boy, and those who had tried the dungeon several times could speak of it with dignified contempt, yet for the majority of us it never lost its impressiveness."

"For myself," he says, "I have abundant reason to recall the white canvas knapsack of those early days; for I remember that in the old schoolhouse my seat-mate, one of the older girls, and I shared together a flagellation for smiling over the quaint word *knapsack*, which we found in Webster's old spelling book, held between us. Some of my young readers will be impressed with the Puritan sternness of our early school discipline, when told that the smile was not audible and that no whisper accompanied it. Our rebellious hearts would even then question the propriety of the chastisement." This is the only punishment which fell to James's lot so far as any remaining records testify.

"My course in the log schoolhouse continued from the time I was two years of age till I was six. That my school life began so early was due probably to the fact that my father was the teacher the first two winters of the new settlement. But it was a prevalent idea of those years that children should begin early; and a boy or girl who could not read at three or four years of age was thought to be in a fair way to grow up a heathen. My first recollection of this school is a dim vision of a two-year-old boy standing at his father's knee with a sheet-alphabet spread out before him, discussing the question whether a certain letter was p, q or g.

"Skating on the brook when it was frozen was lawful sport—not *skating*. Skates existed only in dreams; not one of us had ever seen a pair. There was a tradition that boys in Stockbridge had them, but to us they were unobtainable. My own first effort in this direction, I remember, was an ignominious failure. I had watched the larger boys in their easy movements until I thought I had the theory. It all depended, in my judgment, upon getting a good start. Seizing my opportunity I took a long run, but as I jumped upon the ice my head kept right on, and my feet did not. My mother plastered up my eyebrow, and school went on as usual. With the opening of spring our quiet brook became a turbid flood, and then our sport at recess consisted in rolling loose logs into the stream and watching them as they went tumbling down the tide. I was among the smallest of the boys at school, not much relied on when strength was required; and while the others were at one time tugging at a log, I went a few rods up the stream and undertook a little enterprise of my own. Finding a fragment that I could manage I rolled it along nearly to the brink, and then to secure absolute safely when the catastrophe should come I lay down upon my face and pushed the block before me. It all went well until I forgot to let go, and we both went in together. The boys below heard the plunge and saw the stump floating down towards them, and saw besides two hands come up above the surface of the stream, belonging to a boy that didn't float. But for this discovery my school life might have ended there.

"The schools of that day were not free schools. After the earliest years there was a small distribution

to the districts from a public fund, but the balance of the cost of tuition was assessed upon the parents of the pupils. To secure a just distribution of the cost a record of daily attendance was kept; and one of the entertainments of the closing hour of the day was the calling of the roll of the families while the oldest child gave in response the attendance from that family. A half-day's attendance was noted, and so the response would be, 'two,' 'one-and-a-half,' 'three,' 'three-and-a-half,' and so on. It was the teacher's business at the end of his term to 'make out the school bill' which should determine what each family, on his record of attendance, must pay; and this was a formidable problem. But to collect the tuition was a task quite as formidable. As there was no money in the community all exchange was by barter. My father, who taught the first two winters, took his pay in the spring rendered in the chopping of the trees for a new clearing on his farm. The larger boys and their fathers gathered and gave together a day's chopping for a day's teaching.—The hundred days of the school brought a hundred days in clearing. At other times the teacher drove around with an ox cart, and gathered up wheat, corn, potatoes, and beans. The price for teaching estimated in money was seventy-five cents to a dollar a week for a woman, and eight to twelve dollars a month for a man, according to experience and reputation. Board was always thrown into the bargain, but the teacher must take it by dividing his time among the families according to the number of pupils they furnished. Where the children were most numerous there he must board the longest. The arrangement would seem to be hard on

the teacher, but it was good for the families. The teacher became a sort of missionary of general intelligence and social improvement, and in most of the families the visit of the teacher was regarded as a special entertainment.

"Progress in the new settlement had been so rapid that six years from the time the family had entered the log cabin they were ready to move into the new brick home which was completed in the autumn of 1824. It was built with 20,000 brick at an aggregate cost of $300. This was not only the first brick house in the town but the first of its kind to be built in the county. Equal progress also made itself manifest in the interests of the school. The first log schoolhouse was not allowed to fall into ruins before it gave place to a better one. One spring morning in 1824 the boys gathered from far and near to see the old schoolhouse go down the hill, and they shouted as every log went down. The new frame house which took its place was plastered inside and painted outside roof and all, and became known throughout the country as 'the Yellow Schoolhouse.' It was no ordinary schoolhouse, but a genuine academy, furnished with unusual apparatus before unknown in the new country, such as globes and wall maps, table and pantograph for map-drawing and painting. During the summer it was a school for girls, admitting boys eight years old and under. The school attracted girls from some of the older settlements within a distance of twenty miles. The girls from abroad came only during the months of the warm season. The winter school was under the charge of a man, and took the place of the public school, gathering all the children of the community,

boys and girls. After three years this Brownhelm school became simply the district school, often favored with teachers of unusual skill and experience.

"The school books of those days have long since passed from sight and from general knowledge. They would be quite a treasure now. The primary book was a speller,—not the elementary spelling-book of Webster which some of the present generation may have seen, but Webster's 'Easy Standard of Pronunciation,' and marvellous were the treasures of wisdom it contained. The boy that had mastered that book had a good start in life. I have not seen the book for years, but I retain a profound impression of its exalted character. Its cover was frail—thin sheets of wood, covered with blue paper for its lids, and a strip of colonial cambric along its back. Its frontispiece bore in the background a temple on a towering summit—the Temple of Fame, and in the foreground a stately dame with a suggestion of divinity in her bearing, directing the attention of the two boys at her side, to the distant temple. And this was the motto below,—

> "'Honor and fame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

Here we had no such trifling matters as 'A bad cat,' 'A big dog,' but profound and stately truths like these:—'No man may put off the law of God'; 'My joy is in His law all the day'; 'O may I not go in the way of sin'; 'Let me not go in the way of bad men.' As the discourse proceeded, however, it came down from this high plane to matters of present and practical interest:—'Play no tricks on the one who sits near you, for he who does so is a bad boy.' I remem-

ber seeing a tall boy twelve years old required to stand in the middle of the floor and read this admonition to the school. He had marked out a Morris board on the back of his seat mate with a piece of soft soapstone.

"But our spelling-book was not lacking in gentler sentiments. The reading lessons soon took on poetic form; and we had the 'Lament of the Dying Goldfinch' starved in a cage by the neglect of its owner; and a touch of floral sentiment. To cultivate our sense of humor we had half-a-dozen fables, each illustrated by a wood-cut to enforce the lesson. The first was the rude boy stealing apples from the old man's tree, closing with the trenchant moral,—'If good words and gentle deeds will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.' The next was the Country Maid and her Milk Pail,—the maid that counted her chickens before they were hatched, ending with the tragic announcement,—'Down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.' And there was Poor Dog Tray found in bad company; and The Farmer and the Lawyer discussing the equity of the case of the ox of the one gored by the other's bull.

"Then there was a mild specimen of fiction in the story of Jack, who rose from a sick bed and went to the woods to rob birds' nests. He was caught and held fast by a limb in the top of a tall tree, and the exasperated birds nearly picked out his eyes. The conclusion was very comforting, for we were told that 'Jack returned home and became a good boy and a wise young man and had the praise and good will of all who knew him.'

"The last quarter of the book was the Britannica in miniature. We had first columns arranged alphabetically, of the names of men and women common among English-speaking people, good, sensible, old-fashioned names, like Edward and John and George; Mary and Helen and Susan, but no trace of Eddie or Bertie or Willie, or of Frankie or Nellie or Libbie. We had all the Scripture names arranged for pronouncing and spelling; geographical names of states and capitals and cities and rivers; names of countries and peoples with their derived or related adjectives,—as Spain, Spaniard, Spanish; Demark, Dane, Danish. Then there were tables of words alike in sound but different in signification which we were to spell and define; and finally long columns of abbreviations beginning, 'A.A.S.—Fellow of the American Academy;' 'C.A.S.—Fellow of the Connecticut Academy.' But what these famous institutions were the book gave no hint, nor what sort of fellows belonged to them.

"The children of that generation may congratulate themselves that spelling reform did not come in their day. The spelling book was the strong point in the school. Our only thought was to reform our own spelling, not that of the language, and at that we toiled right vigorously. The spelling was the most interesting feature of the school. Once each half-day every class stood up in its turn—except the oldest pupils who sat,—and gave a few minutes to a vigorous competition in spelling. Each class had a head and a foot, and the good speller drifted towards the head and the poor speller to the foot. The one who was at the head of the class at night took his place at the foot in the morning; and each scholar's rank was de-

termined by the number of times he was at the head during the term.

" When I was six or seven years old my father one Monday morning promised me a present if I would come home at the head every night during the week. What a *present* could mean, in a land where boys never owned a pocket handkerchief, and where a new book was never seen unless it came from the old home at the East, would have occasioned some misgivings, but children are not apt to distrust the ability of their parents; and at the end of the week when the triumph was reported, my father brought me a young spotted fawn from the woods which I named, and tamed and kept as a pet. The spelling rivalry was perhaps too intense at times to be wholesome. Till I was twelve years old I never missed a word without crying. This weakness was a source of endless mortification to me." It was also a source of great anxiety to his mother who was heard more than once to say that she was afraid it was " not going to pay to bring James up," he was so repeatedly meeting with childish mishaps and being thereby moved to floods of tears. " But," he says, " in spite of all resolutions the tears would come. Of course I naturally became careful not to bring upon myself this disgrace, and every word in Webster's Easy Standard fastened itself upon my memory. The last word that I remember misspelling at school was *millinery*, I spelled it *ary*, and never forgot it afterwards." His memory of the mental suffering in these early struggles may have had something to do with the dislike which he later bore to every phase of the system of prize competition in the class room.

" Aside from the spelling book, we had as reading

books the New Testament, the American Preceptor, and the English Reader. The first reading in the morning, for the whole school, was in the New Testament; and this use of the book for years secured a desirable familiarity with its contents. The suggestion of the impropriety of using the Bible in school had never occurred to any one. That there could be a decent school without such reading was the inconceivable thing. We even had the Catechism in school; and for years every Saturday we spent an hour in answering the question, 'What is the chief end of man?' and other questions involving the profoundest doctrine of the Calvinistic system.

"The *great* reading book was the English Reader compiled by Lindley Murray, the English grammarian, and it was the ambition of every scholar to be promoted to the English Reader class—the highest class in reading. This reader contained not a suggestion of instruction in the art of reading—not an accent, or rule, or note of any kind, only solid reading matter; but this was elevated in style and thought, and though generally above the understanding of the school, the influence of this daily contact with the best thinking and the best writing was undoubtedly helpful and elevating. The book was simply a compilation from the best English authors in prose and verse, such as Addison, Blair, the Johnsons, Goldsmith, Milton, Pope, Cowper, Gray, Beattie, and many others,—an admirable collection of specimens of classic interest. As I now recall, it contained not a word from Shakespeare, why, I cannot imagine, unless it was the plan to admit nothing dramatic or in the dialogue form. It contained not a sentence from any American writer—not

an allusion to America in any form except in one of the speeches of the Earl of Chatham. It was in the strictest sense an English reader.

"The American Preceptor was intermediate between the English Reader and the spelling book. Its selections were less classic and stately than those of the Reader. It indulged in American literature, and in other respects was heartily American and patriotic. Humorous dialogues were introduced, like that of neighbor Scrapewell and Derby about the loan of a horse, and this added a little spice to our school life.

"Those who took arithmetic brought their books and slates,—such books as belonged to the family, usually Pike's or Daboll's, and each ciphered on by himself, calling on the teacher for help in a time of trouble. The arrangement had this advantage that a quick scholar was not hindered by a dull one. He could cipher on at his own speed to the end, while the slow one would stop with long division and go over the same ground again the next winter. The Rule was the finality in arithmetic. As long as examples were placed under their proper rules the work was simple; but the tug of war came with the pages of miscellaneous examples at the end of the book, which were sometimes quite formidable. The last example in my Daboll was like this:—'A circular field is surrounded by a fence eight rails high, the rails ten feet long; required the diameter of the field so that each rail shall fence an acre.'

"When I was seven or eight years old we discovered Warren Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic,—and the discovery was a sensation. It gave our school an impulse which it never lost while I knew it. To

pass from this book to Daboll was to go out of light into darkness, but that was our road. Grammar was reserved for the more mature scholars. At the age of eight years I received a grammar about as large as a small boy's hand, as pay for four days' work riding horse before oxen to plow. It was dull work, especially as the man at the plow was a painfully quiet man who spoke only once in a half-day except to his oxen. The grammar was not so dull, but all that I remember as the outcome of that four days' work was a list of conjunctions like this:—'But, and, if, because, also, lest, whereas, whether, now, or, either, yet, unless, nor, neither.' I was afterwards introduced to Greenleaf at school and learned all my English grammar then.

"Geography was among the most stimulating of our studies, and it was the ambition of a good scholar to be able to give the situation of every lake, or river, or town, at a moment's call. The map of the United States as we knew it would be a curiosity to you today. There was no state west of the Mississippi but Missouri; and all west was the Missouri Territory, with the names of a few Indian tribes scattered over it,—like Sioux, Chippewas and Pawnees. To the northwest lay the territory of Michigan with its two only towns, Detroit and Michilimackanac, pronounced in a footnote, Mackinaw,—and then the territory of Wisconsin, which because of its French spelling,—'Ouis,' we pronounced *Ow*isconsin. The minister came in one day and told us it was '*Oo*isconsin.' Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, Arizona and California were all provinces of Mexico. The United States coast line on the Pacific was merely what is now

the coast of Oregon and Washington. And all our domain west of the Rocky Mountains was called in a lump Oregon Territory. East of the Rocky Mountains it was known—or rather unknown—as the Great American Desert. At the south Florida was still a territory, and the Sabine River was our southern boundary. The population of the United States when I began the study of geography was 10,000,000. New York City had a population of 175,000; and Cleveland was a village of 500 people. Elyria was a little cluster of houses towards the East Branch, and Oberlin existed only in the plan of Providence.

"I would be glad to give you some idea of our general literary advantages outside of the school. A Sunday-school, the first to appear among us, was opened June 1st, 1828, Sabbath morning in the Yellow Schoolhouse, with about a dozen children and two teachers—my father and a young lady. It was afterwards transferred to the meeting house and held at noon. The chief feature of the school at that day was the learning and reciting of Scripture, each scholar having the privilege of selecting his own passages and learning as many as he could. And some availed themselves of the privilege to the extent of reciting a hundred verses for a lesson. The sole duty of the teacher was to hear these multitudinous verses. I remember that in this way the whole school learned the Epistle of James, so that we were able to stand up as a school and give the entire Epistle, each child standing in his place and repeating in his turn the verse which fell to him. What the experience of others may have been I do not know, but for myself that Epistle has remained in my possession through all the years, so that I could

give any chapter in it at a moment's warning without recourse to the book. I do not mention this as an argument in favor of the ancient methods. The old was good but the new is doubtless better.

"The Sunday-school appeared among us when I was about seven years of age, but no library until three or four years later when we received a second hand library from Connecticut. Our books in the community were few and generally not enticing;—in each family a Bible, Psalm Book, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' perhaps; some odd volume of history, a volume of sermons, sometimes a commentary, a volume of biography, always an almanac, and after some years a weekly paper. In light literature for children we had a fragmentary copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' an illustrated edition of the tragic fate of Cock Robin, the 'Scottish Chiefs,' and Sir William Wallace. No one family owned all these; but the books of the community became a sort of circulating library; and thus one who had a passion for reading could be, after a fashion, provided for. I remember walking several miles to borrow 'Contarini Fleming,' one of the earliest works of Benjamin Disraeli. Such a profusion of books as overwhelms us now was inconceivable then. There was no money to buy books, and the books were not in the country to be bought. I earned the money for my first New Testament by working three and a half July days in a hayfield, with a considerable sacrifice of cuticle from my hands and the back of my neck.

"Among the educational forces in the community I might also mention a debating society connected with our school open for declamations and discussions." A tradition has come down in his brother Henry's

family, of James's first attempt at debate;—" It was in the country schoolhouse, and the assignment of parts filled James with absolute consternation. His older brother insisted that he should not shirk the task, and the younger obediently submitted, and when the time came went tremblingly to the platform and announced himself as on the affirmative of the question. He could go no further, and at home that night shed bitter tears over his failure. A like assignment came again not long after, and this time the older brother demanded that the debate be written out beforehand and committed. Once more James obeyed, and this time managed to get through the first paragraph before he lost himself completely and had to take his seat. This time he was sure that he had been attempting the impossible, but Henry was inexorable, and at the third attempt he acquitted himself with credit. I ought to be able to add," says my chronicler, "that he won the debate, but as to this the legend is silent."

The declamation work went more easily. "The book from which we drew our specimens of eloquence was the Columbian Orator, fervid and patriotic and intensely American. Some of the pieces, I remember, were commencement orations from Harvard College. These especially impressed me because a dream of a college education had been born with me and had grown with my growth. How or where or when the dream was to be realized no mortal could foresee. But through all my childhood, when the name college caught my eye or ear, I was wide awake. Let me give you the opening lines as a specimen of early American college eloquence:—

"'You see mankind the same in every age;
Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,
Boundless ambition, patriotic truth
And hoary treason, and untainted youth
Have deeply marked all periods and all climes,
The noblest virtues and the blackest crimes.'

Then followed a page of British outrages presented in parallelisms with events in Roman history, and at length the poem reached its conclusion in the prediction of coming national glory in the exultant exclamation:—

"'No pent-up Utica contracts our powers
For the whole boundless continent is ours.'

"The experience of children brought up in the simplicity of the new country can scarcely be repeated at the present day. The advantages of civilized society, talked of by parents but never seen by the children, made a powerful impression. The steepled church back in the eastern home wrought upon the imagination of the child, as it could not if an object of daily sight. The thought of the college, to one who had only seen the log schoolhouse, was material for castle building by day and for dreams at night. From mountain summit, and towering monument and capitol dome, in later years, my eyes have rested on many a goodly scene of nature and of art but the thrill of surprise and satisfaction which I experienced on my first view of the village of Elyria, from my father's ox wagon, has never been equalled. The village at that time consisted of perhaps twenty buildings. No such surprise awaits the children of the present day." How real, how simple, and how

strong and wholesome the scenes which made the fabric of President Fairchild's childhood. It is not easy to see how any hot-house forcing could have been less than a disaster, in comparison with this unartificial taste of nature at first hand.

IV

RELIGIOUS LIFE ON THE RESERVE BEFORE 1835

WE have been seeing the early home and the early school through the eyes of an alert and responsive youth. Let us now turn to the graver affairs of the community as they engaged the attention of his elders. The early settlers were in earnest in religious matters as well as in education. "The common school and the Congregational church were as certain to come as the settlement was to continue and prosper."

All however were not members of the church when they came. Some of the prominent men like Colonel Brown and Alva Curtis—a cousin of Mark Hopkins, a tall, stately man who later became a deacon had not united with the church. Still they all maintained family prayers and aided in the Sabbath services. The first religious meeting held in Brownhelm, when the town was yet without a name, was held in Colonel Brown's log house on the first Sabbath after the first families had set foot on the soil. A church was organized in a private house on the 10th of June, 1819. It consisted of eighteen men and women all of whom had come from Congregational churches in Massachusetts, sixteen of them from the Stockbridge church. President Fairchild's father was chosen the clerk of the new church. The two ministers who officiated in

its organization were missionaries of the Connecticut Missionary Society, but were members of the Portage Presbytery. Although the church was Congregational, it was placed at once under the care of the Presbytery according to the Plan of Union then existing between those denominations. For a number of months there was no pastor, and the congregation depended on the occasional visits and services of the travelling missionaries of whom there were three or four. "Some of my earliest memories are of such men," says President Fairchild, "who spent a single night and held a prayer-meeting or preached a sermon. The first minister that I distinctly remember to have seen was Joseph Badger, one of the most noted of these because earliest on the ground and longest in the service. When no such visitor was present service was still held every Sabbath, the leading men in the church conducting the worship, the reading of a sermon taking the place of preaching. Judge Brown had a generous library for a new country and would bring the sermon in the absence of any minister, and read it when called upon. But he did not lead in public prayer.

"The first meeting-house was built in 1819. It was a neat and commodious structure for the new country, of peeled logs, with a genuine shingle roof, and a stone chimney and fireplace. The seats like those in the log school house were slabs on pins. The men were ranged on one side of the house and the women on the other facing each other, with a broad aisle between, at the end of which stood the pulpit. As times improved and lumber became abundant one man made a comfortable settee for his family; others followed

his example, and in a few weeks the whole congregation was comfortably provided for. The new meeting-house had no distinct dedication, but the record contains the following statement: 'This house was most appropriately dedicated by a pious man from Vermilion, Deacon John Beardsley, who, passing by it, felt a strong desire to go in and see if it would seem as it used to in a log meeting-house in which he had been accustomed to worship in Genoa, New York. On going in his feelings were much solemnized, and he proceeded most solemnly to dedicate it to the worship of God, praying that the people might speedily be blest with a preached gospel, and have a great revival of religion; and he said, 'I saw it all done,' so great was his faith." "The same year, if I remember correctly," says President Fairchild, "a revival spread through the new settlement and almost all the young people from the different families were brought into the church. This revival confirmed the religious character of the community for a generation." James Fairchild was not old enough to be included in this first religious ingathering, though he was no doubt religiously influenced by it, as indeed he was religiously inclined from his earliest conscious life.

In April, 1821, the Presbytery, in lieu of an Association, convened at Brownhelm and examined and ordained Rev. A. H. Betts as pastor of the Brownhelm church. He had originally studied in Connecticut for the practice of medicine, but being also useful as a Christian worker, he soon found himself in the ministry. "Alfred H. Betts, familiarly known through all the region as Dr. Betts, was," says President Fairchild, "a prominent figure in the new country, and his

labors and influence probably had more to do with the establishment of religious institutions there, and in the adjacent parts of Huron County, than the labors of any other man, living or dead. He did not set himself up as a physician, but the people came to regard him as their doctor, because generally there was no other. If a boy dislocated his arm, or had the measles, Dr. Betts came and pulled the joint into position, or made some simple prescription until a neighboring doctor should pass in his weekly circuit.

" As a missionary Dr. Betts became a sort of bishop of the entire region. He visited the families as they came into the new settlements and held meetings in every neighborhood where the people could be gathered. Every man, woman and child within ten miles knew him; and for that matter, we all knew each other within the same distance. But Dr. Betts' steady-going old horse traversed all the highways and by-ways of the region. Every school belonged to his parish and was open to his visits. For many years there was no one to question his prerogative in this direction. Even the Methodist circuit rider had not appeared on the ground. Indeed, under the influence and enterprise of Dr. Betts, Brownhelm came near, in those early days, to being the centre of a movement in the direction of the higher education. It was his inspiration which led to the furnishing of the Yellow Schoolhouse with its unusual apparatus. Mr. and Mrs. Monteith the first teachers in the Elyria 'High School' established in 1832, were members of his family.

" His sermons were written throughout, and when the substantial thought had been expressed the sermon stopped. Twenty minutes was an average length,

probably never more than thirty minutes. Thus, even according to modern standards the sermon always presented one good quality. He was naturally a very conservative man. If others had ears itching for new things, he felt no call to prophesy for them. He was an anti-slavery man, but an Abolitionist seemed to him more dangerous than an orthodox slave holder. He was a temperance man, but did not believe in societies and pledges. On Thanksgiving day, in 1827, Dr. Betts had preached on temperance. That evening several boys from the neighborhood gathered at our house when the older members of the family were absent at a neighbor's. After some conference on the subject the boys drew up a pledge and all signed it—a pledge to abstain from the use of all distilled spirits. This was the first temperance organization in the township—the first in fact in the county. This pledge was circulated and led to the formation of a vigorous temperance society. But Dr. Betts did not give it his sanction. The church covenant was all the pledge that seemed to him in place." The great temperance movement was only just beginning in the country. Up to this time deacons and church clerks had whiskey in their cellars for the special strain of raisings and harvest. James's sister Catherine remembers that when only four years of age she and her seven-year-old brother were sent to the store to get some little article in the harvest time, and the good storekeeper entrusted a neighbor's supply of whiskey to them to deliver on their way home. The burden was so heavy that they had to employ a stick and carry it between them.

" It would be interesting to have reproduced before

us the congregation and the Sabbath services of that old log church, but the scenes have passed beyond our reach. The morning service was held hypothetically at half-past ten; but there was no bell and not more than a half-dozen clocks in the town, and for these there was no standard. Not even the pastor had a watch. Dr. Betts was always prompt, being often the first to reach the meeting house in the morning, where he sat in quiet meditation in the pulpit for half an hour or more, until the representatives from the families appeared that ordinarily made up the congregation. The order of service was the simple established form common in New England Churches before the varied forms of later times appeared. The hymn book was Dwight's edition of " 'Watts' Psalms and Hymns,' " and the music book was in general the exclusive property of the leader who carried the pitch-pipe, or in later years a tuning-fork. If the minister inadvertently gave out a hymn of such a measure that there was no familiar tune to match it, at a signal from the leader he would direct that they take the next hymn.

" An interesting part of the day's service was the intermission. The mass of the congregation brought their lunch and ate it in the house or in the border of the woods or about the spring whose waters flowed out from under the rocks at the quarry. There was doubtless some talk of a secular character, and some social chat indulged in during this recess, but it had its uses in the new settlement. The children of widely separated families became acquainted with each other, many a homesick, discouraged woman was cheered and strengthened by a kindly word from a neighbor whom she trusted; and the men talked over their ex-

LIBRARY

periences, and laid their plans to help a neighbor who had lost an ox or whose crop was going to ruin while he was wrestling with the ague.

"One of the features of this Sunday recess was the distribution of the mail by Judge Brown, the postmaster. It was a weekly mail, the distribution of which was by no means a secular service, but strictly a work of necessity and mercy according to the Puritan standard. There were no newspapers, secular or religious. A dozen letters from friends at the old home would be more than the average for the entire congregation. More the community could not well afford when twenty-five cents was the cost on each letter;—and the letters were in a sense common property because anything from the old home region was of interest to all. After the lapse of an hour the older people began to drift back to the meeting house, and the younger soon followed. Then came the brief afternoon service, and then the scattering to the different homes for another week of toil among the trees and the other tasks of the new country. When in later years the Sunday-school came in to occupy the recess between the two services, ten or fifteen minutes were allowed for lunch, then almost the entire congregation young and old divided themselves into classes for the weekly lesson.

"There was but one collection known to the people in those times, that was the collection after each communion service. Each of the two deacons took one of the glass tumblers from the table, and the men and the women each dropped in a small Spanish coin called a sixpence which they had carefully laid aside for the occasion. The tinkle of those sixpences was

the only sound of a collection which the children of those years heard. Such a sixpence, to buy a card of gingerbread on General Training-day, was the average boy's spending money for the year. There were more boys that hadn't the sixpence than had it."

When the time came for building a new meeting house, after much discussion as to the place of its location, a committee of arbitration drove the stakes in his father's peach orchard. "As my father had been the prominent advocate of this disinterested commission," says President Fairchild, "the general feeling seemed to be that it served him right. The house was begun in the spring of 1832. The inclosing of the building was hastened to prepare it for a Sunday-school festival to be held on the Fourth of July. The people of the entire community reinforced by neighboring towns, gathered at ten o'clock in the morning for addresses and other appropriate exercises; a lunch was furnished at noon to the entire assembly; and the afternoon was devoted to orations on temperance and patriotic themes. In one of the morning exercises the entire school stood up and repeated each a sentiment appropriate to the occasion. Deacon Curtis, a man of as much gravity and dignity as his cousin, President Mark Hopkins, with a vein of humor belonging to the family, quoted from the imprecatory Psalm, 'Let his days be few and let another take his office.' General Jackson was president, and his election for the second term was then pending. There was no hissing, the people were all Whigs in politics; only three votes were cast in the township for Andrew Jackson. This Fourth of July was the close of my home life in Brownhelm. That evening I left home and went to

Elyria to attend the 'High School' then just established under the charge of Mr. Monteith."

For more than twenty years after its organization this church occupied the field alone. The community was "a section of the early country life of New England in its homogeneous character, its intelligence and general morality." The vigor of its Puritan ideal of life may be illustrated by two incidents which President Fairchild has given us: "The use of profane language was almost unknown. A single boy, as I remember, came into this neighborhood, bringing with him the habit of profane and vulgar language; but he found these outbursts so offensive to the children of the school which he attended that he soon shook off the vileness with tears." No incident could more clearly make manifest the difference between the conditions which prevailed in this community and those which exist in the world at large to-day. The second incident illustrates the sacred esteem in which the Sabbath was held: "The quiet of the Sabbath was maintained almost completely. The church had rules intended to prevent forgetfulness of the Sabbath in harvest and in sugar making, and these were the principal temptations. A prominent member of the church was a member of the state legislature, and was obliged to travel to and from the capital on horseback. Once on his return, for some urgent family reason he travelled on the Sabbath to reach home a day sooner. The church did not consider his reason sufficient and he was excommunicated. The offending member was no less a person than Judge Harris of Amherst. I was too young to have any understanding of the case, and have no opinion to offer; but as I saw and knew the

man for many years afterwards I have sometimes apprehended that the zeal of the church may have led to intolerance.

"There was abundance of poverty in this well ordered community, but it did not spring from intemperance or want of enterprise, and brought with it no wretchedness or bitterness. One would not find in the condition of the community an illustration of Dr. Bushnell's famous sermon that emigration tends to barbarism."

"I have spoken," wrote President Fairchild, "of a religious movement early in the history of the home church, in which almost all the young people were gathered in. A similar religious interest pervaded the community, especially in connection with the Sabbath-school. Before 1830 the Sabbath-school had been organized under the new superintendent who had recently returned from New York alive with the inspiration of the great revivals which had pervaded the State under the labors of Mr. Finney and others, the plan of limited lessons had been adopted and the Sabbath-school became a religious power of great efficiency in the community. It was the time of a great religious movement in the land reaching almost every community where there was any religious influence. Christian men and women were moved to look after the welfare of their friends and neighbors, often going miles to visit them and bring them a helpful influence. It was in connection with this movement that the noted 'Four Days Meetings' were first extensively introduced. These meetings gathered not merely the communities where they were held, but men and women from neighboring towns attended in large

numbers. They were not like the protracted meetings of later days, which simply occupied the evening with a single preaching service, preceded by a prayer-meeting, and leaving the people free during a large part of the day for their usual avocations. At these Four Days Meetings the people gathered in the morning, taking a luncheon for themselves and for visitors from abroad, and the entire day was devoted to preaching, prayer and inquiry meetings. Evening meetings followed in the different neighborhoods.

"The first of these meetings in which the home church had an interest was held at Elyria in the latter part of May, 1831. Rev. John J. Shipherd was then in his active pastorate of this church. He was a very fervent man and a remarkably impressive preacher, as were several other preachers brought forward to coöperate at this time. Among those who went to this meeting in Elyria was Judge Brown, who came back a thoroughly earnest Christian man ready for every good work. Others who went were similarly moved. A few weeks later in the wheat harvest one of these meetings was held in Vermilion. When the house overflowed, the service was held in the forest which reached the church on every side. The ministers in attendance were all members of the Huron Presbytery, and were supposed to be conservative men, and occupying a judicious position in reference to new measures of which so much was said in those days. The meetings continued over a Sabbath, and the last service was in the church Monday morning. The fact that this was the last opportunity was urged by them with great force, and all the powers of persuasion and argument were brought to bear upon the

undecided. As one after another reached a decision during the prayer or the exhortation which followed, he went over to the right hand. This pressure continued until only two little girls remained." President Fairchild was evidently one of the young persons in this meeting, for the account is that of an eye-witness and participant: " In all my experience from that day to this I have never witnessed such strenuous pressure brought to bear on human souls. I did not at that time feel disposed to question the wisdom of the method, but as I have looked back upon it since it has seemed, at least, unwise."

It was in one of these meetings that his brother Henry came out into a vivid religious experience. In the light of this experience their early life of boyish thoughtlessness seemed to him a very wicked one. He wished James to have the same sense of contrast and of exaltation. But their natures in this respect were unlike. James could find no opposition in his heart to God or to His service. He was willing to be a Christian. But no such experience came to him as to his older brother. No struggle arose within him, no great calm came from surrender. All that came was an intellectual questioning which was thrust into his life from without, and which was destined to confront him on many occasions during his early life. Indeed there were those during all his lifetime who lamented the quietness of his piety. Even since his honored and peaceful death there are those who continue to mourn " that he had never known the Pentecostal baptism of the Spirit!"

At the end of the summer the Four Days Meeting came to his own home with much the same arrange-

ments as before:—"A bower was built in the forest, where morning and afternoon the preaching service was held. There was an inquiry meeting in the meeting house between the two services, and at the same time a prayer and conference meeting in the bower. The people remained through the day, and the families of the church provided a common lunch for the entire audience,"—an undertaking which shows the thrift and hospitality of this homogeneous American life. "Late in the afternoon the people scattered to their homes, taking with them as guests those who came from a distance. There were evening meetings in the different schoolhouses throughout the town, and often a sunrise meeting for those who could attend. In these meetings the entire community was reached, with here and there an exception. Among others the elderly men who had thus far reckoned themselves as outsiders were brought into the church.

"Throughout the meetings in this region nothing appeared or resulted which could be regarded as extravagant or disorderly. There were no physical demonstrations, no outcry. The feeling was intense, and the silence oppressive. It seemed like a foretaste of the judgment day. The true ideal, in the judgment of many, was a continuance of the intense interest. But the intensity of feeling naturally subsided as the people rested after the meetings closed, and anxiety and apprehension were often expressed lest the revival was losing its power and a spirit of worldliness coming back. But against all ideals human nature would assert its rights. In general, however, it may truthfully be said of this movement that it was wholesome and permanently helpful.

Probably never in the history of the Reserve has there been so pervading and intense a religious movement." To this deep religious spirit the great Interior as well as the older New West owes its best and most effective religious heritage. Without it the whole mental and moral history of this great territory would have suffered an irreparable loss. Out of this revival sentiment came not only Christian Oberlin, but a score of other similar schools and communities built after its pattern and under the inspiration of its distinctive spirit.

V

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE

"IN 1830, when I was twelve years of age," wrote President Fairchild, in one of his autobiographical sketches of the early days, "my common school life, according to the standard of those times, came to an end. An academy appeared only half a mile north of my home." This was a school including among its studies Latin and Greek. It was the first Classical School in the county, and President Fairchild's father had much to do in its establishment. The building was even less pretentious than the Yellow Schoolhouse, but there a step was to be taken towards the higher education. The teacher was a young minister, a graduate of Union College, and James was one of his twelve pupils the first summer of the school. He says, "I was to begin Latin, but there were no books—no demand and no supply. I had heard of two boys in Huron County who had begun Latin; there were none in Lorain County. There were probably no Latin books in Cleveland,—and if there had been there was no money in Brownhelm to buy them. My teacher sent back East to his alma mater, and after some weeks a box of second-hand books appeared, such as could be picked up around a college. Thus I was equipped for the war, and took my first lesson in Latin. The occasion im-

pressed me as one of grave importance. My dream of a college education was beginning to give promise of being fulfilled. And that evening with a piece of charcoal, on a beam in my father's cellar, I made this record, 'Began Latin this day, July 12th, 1830.'" And when past eighty years of age he referred to this as "the only important entry in any journal I ever made." James had been kept in school from his earliest years, and now just at the right time the new opportunity had come by the opening of this classical school at his very door.

The days spent in the Brownhelm Academy came and went, and left their record in the lives of James and Henry Fairchild. In 1832 a "High School" was established in Elyria after which the academy in Brownhelm could not support itself. The Elyria High School flourished at the beginning, drawing students, largely through the influence of the ministers, from points as far away as Detroit, Cleveland and other lake towns. When Oberlin was founded this school also soon dropped out of existence. We possess no records of this school in Elyria, and the information which President Fairchild has left us of his life there is scanty indeed. If we had it all, the contrast between this and Tom Brown's school days at Rugby would be striking. We know certainly that he was kept continuously in the school, and that it was understood that in some way not yet made clear James and Henry were to have a classical education at some college. Before Oberlin was started it was Western Reserve College, which had been in operation at Hudson since 1826, to which the anticipations of the young men had been turning.

President Fairchild has given us one or two glimpses of their student life in Elyria. At first he worked for his board in a certain family for a short time, long enough to have the impressions of this first absence from home remain as "the most trying of my experiences in working for my board." It was not the work which was too heavy for him, but the supply of the table which proved to be too light. "My appetite was not extravagant, and I had never felt the pressure of hunger, for at home I had always had access to the pantry. The arrangement of the table in the new home involved a style and frugal elegance which a farmer's boy knows nothing of. The pieces of bread were cut from a moderate-sized loaf and very thin, and the bread was kept at its highest maturity. Also the observant house-mother watched with care every slice taken from the plate and the amount of butter which went with it, and she dropped a remark intended for the child, but intended as I felt for my instruction as well. This was a constant burden to me,—on my first absence from home." A few days of these experiences, together with the fact that his trunk had not come from home were sufficient to give him—then only fifteen years of age—such a longing for the home faces and home table that the first Saturday afternoon after his arrival he excused himself from the family for the coming day and walked the twelve intervening miles. After finding that everything was all right at home, and having renewed his courage, he was helped back again by Dr. Betts with his carriage. But after another fortnight he decided that he "should never succeed in getting an education under such difficulties," asked an excuse from the principal of the

school and again returned home. In a few days, however, more satisfactory conditions were secured. Dr. Manters the most prominent physician of the place owned two horses, two cows and a garden, and James could work for his board in his home. Currycomb, milk-pail, axe, and garden hoe were the "tools of trade" which a happy young lad could have been seen applying in the morning and evening hours at his new home. At the same time his happiness was made complete by the coming of his brother Henry who was to board in the family of the Presbyterian minister, Rev. John J. Shipherd, the future founder of Oberlin. Mr. Shipherd had been in Brownhelm to preach and the Brownhelm people on occasion had gone to hear him in Elyria for he was a preacher of ability, and if a serious accident had not befallen him so as to impair his voice he would have made his mark in the pulpit.

But after a term or two spent in others' homes the two boys took up their abode in their own "hired house," and during the last year looked after themselves, with such bountiful assistance as was furnished from the generous home kitchen. President Fairchild never forgot the arduous part which his mother performed:—"Twice a week my mother got up at an early hour to bake supplies for us which Dr. Betts brought out to us at Elyria. This she did at great personal sacrifice during the whole season we boarded ourselves."

Dr. Betts was also pursuing the study of Greek and Hebrew under the tutelage of Mr. Monteith, who was his brother-in-law. James's sister Emily gives a charming view of her brother in the Brownhelm home and

on the journey to the school:—"I had *four* noble brothers. But as I glance backward through nearly eighty years I see that James Harris,—the youngest of the three little ones brought from Massachusetts to the wilderness of Ohio, had more to do in molding my early life than 'the boys,'—as we always called Charles and Henry. He was always 'James,' our dear mother's helper, while the older sons were busy here and there on the farm. Catherine a dear little girl came to the home, and of course was her father's special pet. Just two years later came another girl, the two being almost twins in after years, and now in 1905 all that are left of a family of ten. My first remembrance is of *James* buttoning my frocks and tying my shoes. Then the a, b, c's all in a row on the floor, with our teacher James to help us. Then when he went to Mr. Lyon's Academy on the North Ridge we learned together the Greek alphabet from alpha to omega which we never forgot. Sometimes I could climb on a chair and brush his coat as he was preparing for school, for he was almost a 'dude' in those days even if his clothes were homespun and his shoes made at home,—for father could cobble and mother spin and weave. Later he rode to Elyria with Dr. Betts each Monday morning to attend the preparatory school taught by Rev. Mr. Monteith. The good doctor started at *five o'clock* in the morning with his slow horse. One Monday I remember that Charles was going out with the colts and James could wait and go with him, and the bread and pies could be baked for the week's board by ten o'clock. Still James said he would ride as usual 'because the *doctor* would be disappointed not to go over the Greek lesson, as they always did on the way.' I

see them now as they jogged along on the four hours' ride."

I am indebted to Mrs. Lucy Miner Bosworth for an unpublished incident which shows James in a playful relation to slavery while at school in Elyria. I will let the writer give the story as she wrote it down at the time:—" Did you ever hear how I was once sold on the auction block? It was in the fall of 1833 at a school exhibition in Elyria. When it was decided to present a colloquy that should give a picture of slavery in the exhibition I was selected to personate the black man who was to be bid off at auction. A Cleveland boy was the successful bidder, and he cracked his whip over my head in true slave style. At the critical moment, however, an emancipator rushed in and rescued me. Two years later public opinion had run so high that the court-house would not have been granted for the performance. Not that any respectable portion of the people considered themselves pro-slavery. But there was a very clear line of division between abolitionists and colonizationists, and the majority at first of the anti-slavery people belonged to the latter class."

For two years the two Fairchild brothers pursued their studies here. Besides Latin and Greek they also studied algebra, rhetoric, history, natural philosophy and chemistry. In May of 1834 they were prepared to enter college and were formally transferred from Elyria to Oberlin. But James worked in a store in Elyria for a short time while his brother Henry was in Oberlin. Here we get another glimpse into the religious life of the two boys. It is only for a moment that the veil is lifted but the view is significant. The

incident was related by President Fairchild at the funeral of his brother Henry, President of Berea College, Kentucky. He began by telling the closeness of the intimacy which had always existed between them. Neither had ever taken an important step without consulting the other, and neither had ever published any writing without first submitting a copy of it to the other. From this he went on to speak of their first days in Oberlin, and even before that at home, as children, and so to his conversion which occurred when he was working in a store in Elyria after Henry had gone to Oberlin.

He said that one night about eight o'clock, Henry, who had walked over from Oberlin, came into the store where he was at work. He did not say what had brought him, but waited until the proprietor had gone home, and when nine o'clock, the closing hour, had come, helped put up the heavy wooden shutters. Then he said, "James, is there some place where we can be all alone?" And James led the way to a barn where he was free to go, and there the boys sat down. "James," said Henry, "I want you to be a Christian. It is very important, James." "I know it is, Henry," answered James, "and I intend to be a Christian. I have always intended to be." "I know, James, but I want you to be a Christian now. I walked over from Oberlin to tell you about it and I cannot sleep until it is settled. You must settle it to-night, James." And settled it was.

This was evidently a time of real and more definite decision in his religious life, for it remained in his memory as such. But just what it meant in comparison with what his brother experienced and wished also

for him is not clear. That it was not a new experience is certain. It was only a new turn of that willingness which he had always carried in his heart and been ready to express in external action as the occasion of duty or service called it out.

As the school work at Oberlin during this first summer was devoted more particularly to the preparation of teachers for their work we do not find that James was present during the term after he and his brother were admitted in May. Of the general results of their preparatory study when they left the Elyria school and appeared at Oberlin, President Fairchild declares that they were "abundantly prepared to enter the freshman class in any American college."

VI

OBERLIN, 1833–1835

WHAT were the scenes, the influences and the associations into which this earnest and sensitive young student was to come, as he found himself prepared for college life? As the Classical School in Brownhelm and the High School in Elyria had arisen almost at his very door so here again the incipient college was ready only a few miles across the forest from his own home. The first tree to fall in the new clearing for the college campus was cut down near what is known as the "historic elm" by his brother Charles, who had come over to assist Peter Pindar Pease, the earliest of the colonists in starting the work. This was in the spring of 1833. By December the first college building was completed and occupied by the one teacher and thirty or more students who were already present. By February, when the school was incorporated, there were forty-four students on the ground, twenty-nine boys and fifteen girls, half of them from the East. The first circular published in March stated that "While care will be taken not to lower the standard of intellectual culture, no pains will be spared to combine with it the best physical and moral education. Prominent objects of the seminary are the thorough qualification of Christian teachers, both for the pulpit and for schools; and the elevation of female character by bringing

within the reach of the misjudged and neglected sex all the instructive privileges which have hitherto unreasonably distinguished the leading sex from theirs."

The spring and summer months were as busy as ever months were, in the East to secure money and colonists, on the ground to clear away the trees and erect buildings. The summer term opened May 7th, and showed a wonderful increase of teachers and students. Among the new teachers were two graduates from Amherst College, Rev. Seth Waldo who had been elected Professor of Languages, and David Branch who soon became principal of the Preparatory Department; his wife also taught Latin and French. James Dascomb, a graduate of Dartmouth College and Medical School had come to be Professor of Chemistry, Botany and Physiology. Mrs. Dascomb, his newly married wife, who had been a pupil of Miss Grant's at Ipswich, Mass., became the principal of the Ladies' Department. During this first summer term there were one hundred and one students in attendance—sixty-three young men and thirty-eight young women. In the autumn Henry and James Fairchild, with two others, made the first freshman class. That a fully equipped freshman class of four members could be organized the second year seemed encouraging, to say nothing of the excellent quality of those who composed it. The general attendance was increasing constantly, and there were regular preparatory students with the definite plans of a college course ahead of them. Many more, and by far the larger proportion, were school-teachers or prospective school-teachers who had come to spend a few months for the purpose of increasing their knowledge and efficiency.

Much has been said in student reminiscences about the "primitive conditions." But primitive conditions prevailed everywhere. In most instances they served to stimulate endeavor. They were endured because a necessary part of the early life, simple living being only a circumstance and in no sense an end. The early inhabitants saved and economized because they had a definite aim in view—the enrichment of the world in its greater values.

The homogeneous character of the first comers was not due to the force of any local pledge or covenant, but to the fact that those who came had been previously prepared for such a life as this. The new composite life which soon revealed itself was a natural result of the meeting and blending of rare personal forces already inspired by a deep interest in education and religion. Teachers and students threw themselves with enthusiasm into the work. All the great questions relating to human life, of the individual and of society, were handled with absolute freedom, and with all the enthusiasm of first-hand study, as if the destinies of a great country were being settled then and there. The inhabitants of New England had sometimes seemed to lose this sense of America's greatness. Here the coming greatness was not doubted nor the significance of present responsibility for that future obscured.

Although the school at Oberlin was not started with the thought of becoming a rival of other schools, it began from the very first to attract students who had already begun their studies elsewhere. There was something in the enthusiasm of this new enterprise which appealed to vigorous youth, and the promise of

work towards self-support was influential. The religious emphasis was also more pronounced here than in other schools. Henry Fairchild never forgot his first visit to Oberlin. On his way home from school at Elyria he became so impressed with the earnest and happy religious character of the students and the people that on being asked by his parents as to where he had been he replied that *he felt* as if he had been in heaven. The piety even in this early period was "not of that sort which rejoices in quiet and seclusion, but which led to earnest consecration of property and life to the work of reformation and salvation. A large portion of the students first on the ground had their eyes upon the foreign missionary field, and were pledged if the way should open, to spend their lives among the heathen. Few of them actually went into that particular work, for when they were prepared no missionary society desired to send them. But they found at home an equally important and self-denying work to do."

Oberlin's original attitude to slavery was set forth by James H. Fairchild in an address in 1856 before the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Oberlin :—"The anti-slavery element was not incorporated into the original constitution of Oberlin except as such an element is necessarily implied in the very idea of a Christian colony and school in a land where slavery exists. You will not understand that the original founders of the institution and the early settlers were not anti-slavery men. The question was not at that time a practical one before the people of the North. There was a settled feeling—a foregone conclusion against slavery as an evil and a curse. But the American Colonization Society was supposed to present the only practicable

means of operation against the system. Oberlin was planned and located just at the time when here and there earnest men had begun to utter a voice of rebuke against the Colonization Society as a scheme which pandered to an unhallowed feeling of caste which, under a false semblance of justice to the colored man, was ready to drive him from his native land with the assurance that here he had no rights. There was, however, no general excitement on the subject, and the founders of Oberlin and the first teachers and inhabitants did not dream that this would be one of the first topics to disturb their quiet in this wilderness. During the first year of the school there were three or four young men on the ground who advocated immediate emancipation on the soil as right and expedient in opposition to the colonization scheme. The question was sometimes discussed in our Lyceum [which had been started in the first spring of the school] which embraced both students and townsmen who chose to join it. In these discussions the colonization plan was always upheld by the men of age and influence, with the exception of the leading founder of the Institution, Rev. John J. Shipherd. He was a moderate abolitionist even at that early day. Thus matters stood for one year after the opening of the school. The first commencement had been held—or rather as it might more properly be styled the first Senior Preparatory Exhibition, as the performers were commencing freshmen instead of bachelors. Not a speech was made on the subject of slavery, nor so far as I remember was there the remotest allusion to it,—a remarkable circumstance for an Oberlin Commencement. The question of the study of the classics was thoroughly discussed in a

colloquy, and other matters of practical interest were settled, but slavery was not one of them.

"It was no *special* idea of reform which gave birth to the institution and the place, and gathered the first laborers here. The general plan was of a Christian community and a school for the promotion of Christian education. It was the offspring of the earnest aggressive movement in the churches of our land in the years 1830–1832. The one idea of its founders was that of living, active, practical Christianity. Everything which fell in with this idea they were ready to adopt. Everything opposed they were ready to reject. They had not waged war on any particular form of sin, but they had enlisted for aggressions upon the kingdom of Satan generally. They were ready for an assault wherever a breach could be effected or where a blow would be most vital. They were temperance men because they were Christians. They inculcated retrenchment in dress and diet and equipage simply because it was Christian economy. However strange the announcement may seem to many, Oberlin was not ushered into the world mounted on any hobby. There may have been sundry efforts in its youth to mount it upon hobbies, but the hobbies always proved inadequate to the work they were called to do.

"Such was Oberlin at the end of its second year,—vigorous, aggressive, zealous, impulsive. It was almost necessary that such a place should become antislavery when once the issue was fairly made and presented. This actually occurred in the winter of 1834–5."

VII

OBERLIN REINFORCED, 1835

IN the spring of 1835 Oberlin received an accession of some thirty-five seminary students, most of them from Lane, a Presbyterian Theological Seminary, located at Cincinnati. The place was already full and a building was extemporized for their accommodation. The effect of this accession upon the Institution and the place was of course decided and manifest. To continue President Fairchild's account "the school was at once transformed from a Collegiate Institute, as it had been modestly called, to a University embodying the same departments as at present, with students in every stage of advancement. The collegiate department received considerable accessions about the same time from Western Reserve College, the trustees of which had been exercised somewhat after the manner of the trustees of Lane by the anti-slavery zeal of professors and students. If the students had been such as could be spared by the schools from which they came the case would have been different. But the 'glorious good fellows' of Lane, as Dr. Beecher called them, were well matched in the earnest and thorough-going young men from Hudson. They were such malcontents as we read of landing at a dismal place called Plymouth two hundred and more years ago.

"Such an amount of anti-slavery material thrown to-

gether still warm from the crucibles where it had been elaborated, of course involved some vigorous effervescence. Anti-slavery principles and facts were then fresh and new. They were the themes of private thought, of social conversation, and of public discussion,—the burden of song and of prayer. Fourth of July celebrations were transformed into anti-slavery meetings and the whole ground of slavery in relation to morals and to political economy, to the constitution and the Bible, was traversed again and again. In the autumn of this famous year, just before the winter vacation, Theodore D. Weld came among us to lay open the treasures of his anti-slavery magazine,—to equip the young warriors for their winter campaign. And more than twenty long dark November evenings he illuminated with his genius and power." In another connection President Fairchild spoke of Weld as "a young man of surpassing eloquence and logical power, and of a personal influence even more fascinating than his eloquence. I state the impression which I had of him as a boy, and it may seem extravagant, but I have seen crowds of bearded men held spellbound by his power for hours together and for twenty evenings in succession."

"Under such influences Oberlin became of course thoroughly 'abolitionized,' whatever it may have been before. Students and faculty and citizens set themselves vigorously about their appropriate work. The American mission in the West Indies was at the outset the result of the anti-slavery movement here. The beginning was made in the fall of 1836. Most of the laborers there before the war were Oberlin students, numbering in all as many as thirty missionaries and

teachers. And the early history of the Mendi Mission in West Africa is but part of the early history of the Oberlin we are sketching. I speak of these two missions, because they were distinctively anti-slavery in their origin and were intimately associated with the operations here. They show, too, the spirit that has existed from the outset,—that it has not been exclusive and partial in its aim, but as wide and all-embracing as the gospel itself.

"'Come-outerism' as it has been technically called never flourished here, because the spirit of generous Christian fellowship could not hold at arm's length warm-hearted, earnest Christian men, whatever their ecclesiastical connections. This position has not been satisfactory to some who would be abolitionists of the straitest sect. But the cause of Oberlin both ecclesiastically and in political matters has been such as the great majority of earnest anti-slavery men have spontaneously assumed,—men who rely more on deeds than words, who regard more the spirit and soul of things than the embodying forms. That Oberlin should be liberal both in its politics and its ecclesiastical tendencies was the natural result of an earnest devotion to a pressing work, a work involving not one idea but all the ideas essential to the elevation of humanity.

"Long years of trial followed and the principal reward which Oberlin received for her anti-slavery zeal was misrepresentation and reproach and a good conscience. If that zeal was false and selfish in the beginning it was genuine in the end for it stood the test of fire. At the same meeting of the trustees in which the anti-slavery action was taken Rev. Charles G. Finney of New York City was appointed Professor of

Theology—an indication that the institution was not about to devote itself to the single idea of opposition to slavery, but to prosecute this as one part of the more comprehensive plan of Christian activity."

That Asa Mahan and John Morgan should have been willing to come with the exiles from Cincinnati and cast in their lot with them in the new enterprise at Oberlin is easily explainable. They were in a certain sense a part of the Lane movement. But that Charles G. Finney of New York City, at the very height of his success, should have been willing to join the enterprise is one of the wonderful things in connection with the history of Oberlin, which as much as any other one fact serves to show the great providential field which was seen to be opening up in this new and wide western world. It was the kingdom of Christ which they universally believed would be served by means of this new enterprise. The reader may be reminded that when Mr. Finney accepted the invitation to come to Oberlin he not only had a powerful hold on the vigorous young life of New York City and had just entered on a successful new pastorate in a church built especially for his service, but he was the best known and most powerful popular preacher in America. He was forty-two years of age, and already had back of him the wonderful experiences of the great revival meetings in New York State when he was a missionary evangelist,—at Evans' Mills, Antwerp, Gouveneur, DeKalb, Western, Rome, Utica, Auburn, Troy, New Lebanon, Stephentown, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Reading, Pa., Columbia, New York City, Rochester, Buffalo, Providence, Boston, and again in New York City. Here in the pastorate of

the Second Free Presbyterian Church, to which he went in the spring of 1832 a great revival immediately broke out. The meetings of the church were held in the Chatham Street theatre which was leased for the purpose by Lewis Tappan and others. Mr. Tappan had been converted from Unitarianism and won into most active coöperation with Mr. Finney. In the autumn of this year Mr. Finney was stricken with the cholera. But in the spring he took up the work with assistance. There were five hundred conversions and the church became so strong that a colony was sent off to form another church, and a building erected for them. In the two years of his connection with this church they sent off material for seven free churches whose members went to work with all their might for the salvation of souls. "A more harmonious, prayerful and efficient people I never knew," wrote Mr. Finney, "than were the members of these free churches." To recuperate his health he took a Mediterranean cruise, leaving in January, 1834, and was gone for six months.

When he first went to New York City, he had made up his mind on the question of slavery and was exceedingly anxious to arouse public attention to the subject. He did not however turn aside to make it a hobby or divide the attention of the people from the work of converting souls. Nevertheless in his prayers and preaching he so often alluded to slavery and denounced it that a considerable excitement came to exist among the people. On his return from Malta and Sicily he found New York City in a stir. The members of his church with other abolitionists in New York had held a Fourth of July meeting, with an ad-

dress on the subject of slave-holding. This excited a mob which was the beginning of a series of mobs that spread in many directions.

Before going abroad he had assisted in bringing out the first issue of the *New York Evangelist* which at once became a powerful agency for aggressive Christianity. It was not only the exponent of the revival activities but also came out in the anti-slavery discussion with some vigor. "I watched the discussion with a good deal of attention and anxiety," he wrote, "and when I was about to leave on the sea voyage I admonished Mr. Leavitt to be careful and not go too fast lest he should destroy his paper." On his return to New York in the fall Mr. Leavitt came to him and said, "I have ruined the *Evangelist.* I have gone ahead of public intelligence and feeling on the subject, my subscription list is rapidly falling, and I shall not be able to continue beyond the first of January." Mr. Finney then undertook that remarkable course of lectures to his people on Revivals of Religion, a report of which was printed each week in the *Evangelist.* The list swelled at the rate of more than sixty subscribers a day. When the lectures were completed and published in book form twelve thousand copies were sold as fast as they could be printed. They were reprinted in England, France and Wales. One London publisher alone sold eighty thousand copies. They promoted revivals not only in England, Scotland and Wales, but on the continent in many places. The reading of the Lectures in the *New York Evangelist* resulted in multitudes of conversions throughout this country.

The new tabernacle to be located on Broadway and

occupied by a Congregational Church was planned as to its interior by Mr. Finney, who was sure from his experience that an audience room could be made in which he could easily speak to a much larger congregation. The architect at first demurred on the plea that such a building would not appear well, and feared that to build a church with such an interior would injure his reputation. But it was finally completed in accordance with Mr. Finney's plan, and helped to inaugurate a new and more practical type of audience room. One of the rooms in the tabernacle had been prepared as a lecture-room and the brethren intended to have theological lectures given by Mr. Finney for the young men who were continually applying to him to take them as theological students. He had made up his mind to deliver such a course of lectures, when the events occurred at Lane Seminary which sent four-fifths of its students from its halls. Arthur Tappan first came to Mr. Finney and proposed that rooms be secured at some point in Ohio, and that if Mr. Finney would go for a season and prepare these young men for the work of preaching he would himself meet the entire expense. It is a notable fact that most of these young men had been converted in the revival meetings in which Mr. Finney had taken the leading part. Although Mr. Finney strongly sympathized with this urgent request he did not see the way clear to leave New York on such an errand.

It was just at this juncture that Rev. John J. Shipherd of Oberlin and Rev. Asa Mahan of Cincinnati arrived in New York to persuade Mr. Finney to go to Oberlin as Professor of Theology. Mr. Shipherd who had founded the colony and organized the school at

Oberlin had obtained a charter broad enough for a university. Mr. Mahan had never been in Oberlin. All that could be reported from Oberlin was that "the trees had been removed from the college square, some dwelling houses and one college building erected, and about a hundred pupils were gathered in the preparatory and academic departments of the Institution." The local attractions certainly could not be called great. But everything in the new proposals seemed to hinge on Mr. Finney. The students had proposed to go to Oberlin if he would accept the call. "This proposal," wrote Mr. Finney, "met the views of Arthur and Lewis Tappan, and many of the friends of the slave who sympathized with Mr. Tappan in his wish to have those young men instructed and brought into the ministry. We had several consultations on the subject. The brethren in New York who were interested in the question, offered if I would go and spend half of each year at Oberlin to endow the Institution so far as the professorships were concerned, and to do it immediately.

"In view of the condition at Lane Seminary I said to Mr. Shipherd that I would not go at any rate, unless two points were conceded by the trustees. One was that they should never interfere with the internal regulation of the school, but should leave that entirely to the discretion of the Faculty. The other was that there should be no discrimination made on account of color. They passed resolutions complying with the conditions proposed. Then the friends in New York were called together and in the course of an hour or two they had a subscription filled for the endowment of eight professorships, as many it was supposed as the

Institution would need for several years." But even after this endowment fund was subscribed Mr. Finney says, "I felt a great difficulty in giving up that admirable place for preaching the gospel, where such crowds were gathered within the sound of my voice. I felt assured, too, that in this new enterprise we should have great opposition from many sources. I therefore told Arthur Tappan that we could expect to get only scanty funds to put up our buildings, and to procure all the requisite apparatus of a college; that therefore I did not see my way clear after all, to commit myself, unless something could be done that should guarantee us the funds that were indispensable. Arthur Tappan's heart was as large as all New York, I might say as large as all the world. When I laid the case thus before him he said, 'If you will go to Oberlin, take hold of that work, and go on, and see that the buildings are put up, and a library and everything provided, I will pledge you my entire income except what I need to provide for my family, till you are beyond pecuniary want.' Thus far the difficulties were out of the way. But still there was a great difficulty in leaving my church in New York. I had never thought of having my labors at Oberlin interfere with my revival labors in preaching. It was therefore agreed between myself and the church that I should spend my winters in New York, and my summers at Oberlin; and that the church would be at the expense of my going and coming. When this was arranged I took my family, and arrived in Oberlin at the beginning of summer, 1835."

This is a small part of that wonderful personal history which had so much to do with the making of

Oberlin. Who can estimate what the enterprise here owed not only to the piety, zeal and virile thought which this one man brought, but also to his foresight and wisdom, his practical experience, his remarkable personal charm and his refinement in taste and bearing. Too often the world has seen only the picturesque features of this great man, whose keen rational insight ranks him with Edwards and Dwight, among the rarest minds America has produced, and whose contribution to the positive evangelizing forces of Christian truth has never been surpassed by any other man in our country.

Rev. Asa Mahan had received his education in Hamilton College, New York, and in Andover Theological Seminary, and was the successful pastor of a vigorous Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. He was a trustee and loyal promoter of the new Presbyterian Theological Seminary there. He had sympathized with the anti-slavery feeling of the students, and opposed the restrictions placed upon their liberty of discussion. At the time he came to Oberlin he was urgently sought as a pastor in New York City. In Oberlin he was the leader in all the public discussions of the great living problems of the day. All such problems and many that were not vital were given a full public consideration. What could not justify itself on the public platform with such vigorous opponents as were on the ground went of itself. Nothing was feared, nothing was forced or dealt with unfairly. Everything faced this open parliament and no favors were shown. It was no small part of a liberal education which such methods furnished the student community. Theirs was no isolated world,

Every great question that has had an educational, a national, a world evangelizing place in later days found a hospitable reception in this open court. President Mahan is spoken of with great loyalty by the early students as a powerful reasoner on the public platform, and as an inspiring teacher of mental and moral philosophy. And there is no question that he exerted a great influence not only on the student body but on the whole new life of the community. James Fairchild who was one of the brightest students in his classes has said of his distinctive work that, "he gave an impetus to the study of philosophy at the time which it has never lost."

Professor John Morgan was thirty-two years of age when he came to begin his teaching in Oberlin. He had taken his preparatory study in the same Massachusetts town of Stockbridge from which the Fairchild family had moved only a few months before. He graduated from Williams College in 1826 and was the valedictorian of his class. On coming to Oberlin he entered at once upon the duties of his professorship of the Literature and Exegesis of the New Testament. He was abundantly qualified for his work by his linguistic, historical and philosophical gifts and attainments; and "his broad and thorough scholarship enabled him to fill many a gap upon emergency in the new college. His enthusiasm in any well considered matter was always prompt, but his breadth of nature and thought and knowledge gave him a view of all sides of every question, and he could not hold an extreme position or enjoy any extreme action. Probably no one among the many instructors who have been at Oberlin has held a larger place in the hearts of all.

The influence of Professor Morgan in the enterprise was conservative in the best sense." This is the tribute which President Fairchild has paid his teacher who, as his colleague, became one of his most intimate friends during fifty years of unbroken service together.

Rev. Henry Cowles who began his teaching in Oberlin in the fall of 1835, and his brother, Rev. John P. Cowles, who came the following year, were the two highest honor men of the Yale class of 1826. Henry, who was the salutatorian of his class, came as Professor of Greek and Latin, but was soon transferred to the chair of Church History in the Theological Seminary. His brother was the Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature until 1840, when he was succeeded by Henry, who by his quiet faithfulness and earnest devotion won distinction in that field. For nearly fifteen years he edited the *Oberlin Evangelist*, which had been "established in 1838, to become an organ of communication with the Christian world, and which soon attained a circulation of five thousand copies. Its principal contributors were Professors Finney and Cowles, President Mahan, and Professors Morgan and Thome," says President Fairchild, who modestly omits his own name from the list. With such contributors it is not surprising that the *Evangelist* prospered until Oberlin was crippled by the demands made upon it in the early days of the civil war.

The brilliant and refined Rev. James A. Thome, one of the Lane class, had been called from his missionary service in 1838 to become the Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, and for ten years filled

this chair with great acceptance. Rev. George Whipple, of the same class of 1836, was made principal of the Preparatory Department, and two years later Professor of Mathematics, which position he filled until 1847, when he became the first corresponding secretary of the newly founded American Missionary Association, for which serious responsibilities "his even, well balanced judgment admirably fitted him."

Rev. John Keep, the efficient chairman of the board of trustees was a rare man of courage, sound judgment and unselfish devotion during all the years of his long life. He was a Yale graduate of the class of 1802 and during his last pastorate in New York state had begun his apprenticeship in college affairs as trustee of Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary. Before coming to the pastorate of the Old Stone Church, the First Presbyterian of Cleveland, he declined the New England Agency of the American Colonization Society. Soon after Garrison came out for emancipation, he "meditated, and came out for emancipation." In 1833 he joined a colony from the Old Stone Church and they became the First Congregational Church of Cleveland, which was also anti-slavery as well as congregational in its sentiments. "From the day he took Oberlin on his heart in 1834," says President Fairchild, "he never laid it off, unless when he laid off the earthly life." In the great crisis of the college which followed the financial panic that ruined so many business men of the country in 1837, Mr. Keep was one of the two men who went to England and for a year and a half toiled "practically at his own expense" in the onerous task of raising funds among the anti-slavery people there. Especially did

their mission commend itself to the Society of Friends on account of its anti-slavery character and its forwardness in the education of women. "These men held on their way without rest or diversion, walking by St. Paul's from day to day, never taking time to enter, and scarcely to look up at the majestic dome, and returned near the close of 1840 bringing with them thirty thousand dollars in money, sufficient to meet the most pressing liabilities of the institution, a large accession of books to the library, and with good provision for philosophical and chemical apparatus."

Mr. Keep came to be spoken of as "Father Keep," and in a truly patriarchal sense is he, with Mr. Shipherd, worthy of the name. "At every meeting of the trustees he was present, and encouraged all by his hope and faith. When others were depressed he sustained and bore them on by his cheerful courage, and when more than fourscore years old he would often come out at evening, with his lantern, to find some one burdened with responsibility and care, and cheer him up with a word of encouragement." His last words pertained to a letter he had planned in the interest of the college.

At the fiftieth anniversary of the American Board Father Keep was the only survivor of those who had formed that society. His speech on that occasion "breathed a very earnest appreciation of the more humble agencies of the church of God. 'Hannah and Dorcas,' said he, 'and Grandmother Lois are a power nearer the throne than corporate bodies or organized boards.'" In a sketch in the *Congregational Quarterly* of April, 1871, President Fairchild said of him, "Few at this latter day can appreciate the courage which it

required in his early manhood to espouse as he did the cause of the colored man, and to identify himself with the friends of abolitionism so thoroughly. It is a kind of heroism which we still want more of, in the pulpit and out of it. He lived to do good and his love embraced all classes. He was too engrossed with his work and its bearings to dwell upon his own experience. He sometimes regretted that he had not more of an experience, and depreciated his own subjective life and character in comparison with what seemed to him the higher experience of his friends. But he held on his way in simple and transparent faith and obedience."

The registry of service rendered by these men is no ordinary one. Rev. John Keep, 1834–1870; Professor James Dascomb, 1834–1880; Rev. Asa Mahan, 1835–1850; Professor John Morgan, 1835–1881; Rev. Charles G. Finney, 1835–1875; Rev. Henry Cowles, 1835–1881; Professor T. B. Hudson, 1835–1858; Professor J. P. Cowles, 1836–1839;—these and others for a briefer season made up the first teaching and governing staff of those early days. Well may President Fairchild be pardoned for saying with some assurance that "student life was as interesting and inspiring in those early days at Oberlin as it has ever been, and it is difficult to believe that we suffered any disadvantage from the narrow conditions of the times. Our teachers were enthusiastic and able men, and such men as we can scarcely expect to see gathered here again in such numbers."

In those first classes were many who became efficient teachers, and prominent in many branches of Christian service. George N. Allen, who had taught

music during the last two years of his student life, became Professor of Music in Oberlin College in 1841, and gave that musical impulse which has never been lost. Rev. M. E. Strieby who later became secretary of the American Missionary Association, and Rev. W. B. Brown, who became the secretary of the Church Building Society, were also members of the same class with President Fairchild. They were intimate friends for more than sixty years. In other classes at the same time with the Fairchild brothers were John Manning Barrows, the father of President John Henry Barrows; William Cochran, afterwards Professor of Logic and Associate Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, "who had unusual powers in the direction of philosophical inquiry and thought and was a very impressive teacher"; and Edmund B. Fairfield, who began his teaching in Oberlin and was for many years President of Hillsdale College, later the Chancellor of Nebraska State University, and finally United States Consul at Lyons, France. The personal associations in these early years were certainly inspiring.

It was the new factors brought into Oberlin by the fully developed Theological Department which not only reinforced the college in 1835 but made it great almost in a day. Without these unexpected reinforcements "which," says President Fairchild, "the founders did not plan, and could not have gathered, and could not control when they appeared, Oberlin could never have done the work which has fallen to it, and probably could not have existed beyond a single decade."

It was for these new reasons that the first class to graduate from Oberlin was not President Fairchild's

class—the first to enter it in 1834, but the theological class of fourteen members which graduated in 1836. And when his own class was ready to graduate from college it had not only grown from four to twenty members but, what is notable in Christian education, eighteen of these twenty graduates entered the Theological Department in a body and completed the full course three years later. It was no accident therefore that at the very beginning of the enterprise more men and women became Christian teachers, or gave themselves to some form of missionary service, than from any other school in the land.

VIII

IN COLLEGE

WITH all the thrift of the Brownhelm family money in the early days was far from plentiful. In an account of his early life President Fairchild says, "My parents could spare me from the farm but they could not furnish money even for my tuition. Oberlin was a manual labor school, and my brother and myself who took the course together were manual labor students. On our arrival we were put in charge of the lath-sawing in the mill four hours a day at five cents an hour each. This provided for our expenses the first year. The next year and the following, we worked as carpenters and joiners on college buildings and the homes of the colony. By such labor reinforced by the wages of teaching in vacations we earned our way through the entire course without any sense of want or weariness, or any hindrance in our studies or our general preparation for the work of life."

That young Fairchild devoted himself to his studies with enthusiasm and success was evidently the impression made on his fellow students. One of the last survivors of those early days, Mrs. Sarah Capen Putnam, gives a glimpse of him as he appeared on the scenes in Oberlin:—"The accommodations at that time were very scanty, and one cold morning during the first winter we were gathered around the kitchen

stove, not having fires in our own rooms. In the group was a slender lad, a new boy. After leaving the room a girl from Elyria checked our inclination to comment on his *homespun* appearance and bashful manner by assuring us that we would have to look to our laurels on account of that same shy lad as he was by far the best student from the school in Elyria. This we found to be true. He was always prepared, always at the front in his studies. I remember particularly his readiness in moral philosophy under President Mahan.

"A few of us had the privilege of making a visit at his home and enjoying the fruit of the farm, fruit being very scarce in the new country then. When there we saw those home influences which went to make the sons of the family what they were. I was then rooming with Catherine Payne Moore, who became the wife of John Manning Barrows and the mother of President John Henry Barrows. One day we found at our door a fine basket of peaches from the Fairchild farm, with the inscription —

> "'In all the walks of life be this my place
> When crumbs of comfort for the babes of grace
> Are to be scattered, with a smiling face
> To be the minister.'

The fruit was brought by James on his return from a little home-visit, but his diffidence was so great that it came to us through Mr. John Manning Barrows who furnished the rhyme. But though thus diffident James was always very courteous. I also recall a little play of his at the breakfast table where we were accustomed to repeat a verse around before eating. Two of the

teachers had been entertaining themselves with an aside in Latin, and when James's turn came to give his verse it was 'He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself.'"

A number of young women pursued part of their studies with his class. One young woman was in all the college work with James, except Latin, Greek and Hebrew,—and was enrolled as a graduate. There was at the beginning no *special* course looking to a degree or a diploma for women, such as the Literary or Ladies' Course. The regular classical course was open to all. "Women at any hour," says President Fairchild, "could have gone into the linguistic course. In 1836 several young women availed themselves of the opportunity and graduated with the A. B. degree in 1841," the first women to receive this degree in any of our American colleges.

Mrs. Amanda Pease Williams remembers James Fairchild well:—"When we were children our parents lived near each other in Brownhelm. He was six years older than myself, and I looked up to him,—then one of the larger boys in the school. I well remember how he used to stay in at recess to study while the other lads were at play. When the school commenced at Oberlin, my father being the first settler there, I attended that school. James and Henry Fairchild were among the first students. The last time I saw him was at our semi-centennial in 1883. After one of our meetings the old students were chatting and greeting each other in the church. He sat on the steps of the platform watching them. I passed him and he smiled and said, 'You and I will never see another semi-centennial, for you are sixty and I am sixty-six.' He

asked me to spend a Sunday with them and to speak to the Sunday-school a few words, as I was the first little girl in Oberlin."

Rev. Henry Mills also recalls the Fairchild boys in the earliest days:—" My parents lived in Oberlin in its primitive period. At the age of eleven I spent several weeks of summer and autumn at the beautiful home of the Fairchilds in Brownhelm. I retain vivid recollections of the members of that model family. Henry and James were for the most part absent, engaged in college work,—the pride of all Oberlin. I recall glimpses I had of them under the infection of the prevailing enthusiasm. I tingle with the sense of their lithe elegance, especially that of James. All that could follow was but the maturing and refining of what they then were."

Rev. D. B. Nichols remembers that "James Fairchild as a student was particularly fond of Hebrew, under the enthusiastic leadership of the Jewish professor." President Fairchild has himself given an account of the early teaching of Hebrew in Oberlin:—" There was apprehension in the minds of the trustees and founders that the diminished study of Latin would lessen the linguistic value of the course, and it was proposed to add Hebrew, one term in the junior year and the whole of the senior year, one hour per day. Professor Cowles was Professor of Hebrew in the Theological Seminary, but he felt the need of assistance for college work. Hence in the autumn of 1835 a teacher of Hebrew in New York named Seixas was invited to come on and undertake the teaching of Hebrew in the college. There were one hundred or more in his classes. It seemed as if Oberlin had become a

Hebrew school under the enthusiasm aroused by Seixas.

"We were put at once into the Hebrew Bible, began at once upon pronunciation, in a few days translation, and in a few weeks had read the most of the Pentateuch and some of the Psalms. The bearing of Seixas in the class room was grotesque almost to an absurdity, but he kept the class earnestly at work, and they learned probably more Hebrew than has ever been learned since in the same time. He used methods all his own and his own grammar, putting little emphasis on the memorizing of inflected forms, and getting the grammar largely from the text."

Rev. Sherlock Bristol says of young Fairchild, "I knew him well. I was in the next class behind him in college and seminary, and with him in select debating clubs all through our course. He had a mind of remarkable equipoise. In a hundred exciting debates, for which Oberlin in early days was famous, I never once knew him to lose his balance or let fall an unfortunate word."

Already in the school in Brownhelm he had formed a clear and simple literary style. In the latter part of his course he became impressed with the importance of good enunciation and address, and practiced reading aloud in his room, in the halls and in the woods. His later distinctness of utterance and correctness of modulation were therefore no accident. The tradition in his family is definite that at this time he was also seized with a desire to learn to sing. George N. Allen, who later became the Professor of Music, and a few other young men of musical taste, met for practice. James Fairchild joined them and made his first and

only serious attempt to gain that musical knowledge which he desired, but was never to attain. He who could master with ease the intricacies of Webster's Spelling Book, the puzzles of Daboll's Arithmetic, and the inflections of strange languages, gave up with the first attempt the modulations of the harmonic scale, and surrendered the world of music to others. Very soon afterwards the impulse to write verse flamed up and died out again in much the same fashion. The grace of simple prose was to have a sufficient charm for him.

His religious experience during his college and seminary life was as quiet and undemonstrative as in his maturer years. But he had his struggles after a deeper and more striking experience, as a following chapter will reveal. Simeon S. Daniels recalls James's missionary enthusiasm at graduation :—" I first knew James H. Fairchild in 1834 when we both attended the Institute in the first college building known as Oberlin Hall. I was only twelve years old, and that was then the only schoolhouse in the village. I remember that at one of the commencement exercises James declaimed on the subject of missions, and declared his intention of becoming a missionary. But," adds Mr. Daniels, " he did far more good at home than he could have done as a missionary."

In the personal sketch which President Fairchild penciled in 1897 he gave others a glimpse into his first interest in one of the young ladies of the school :—" As these pages have taken a somewhat autobiographical turn it may not be greatly out of place to add a few words in regard to the family life which has fallen to me, but like the other appoint-

ments of Providence to me this has come in its time with comparatively little of personal intervention. As I was only sixteen years of age when I took my little place here the establishment of my family was wholly an Oberlin affair foreordained in the co-educational character of the school. My first premonition was in the appearance here of Mary Fletcher Kellogg from Jamestown, N. Y., in the autumn of 1835. She had begun the study of Latin, and a strong desire had taken possession of her to study Greek. Some circular from Oberlin had reached her father's home and brought her information of the only place in the land where girls were at that time studying Greek. Her father saw no prospect of rest until he harnessed his horse and brought her in his single uncovered wagon the two hundred miles, mostly through the woods, to Oberlin. The journey was by no means remarkable at the time. Many other girls came under similar difficulties.

"She first came into my field of vision in my recitation as a beginning sophomore in advanced algebra. I was nearly eighteen and she was as near sixteen. So far as the vision was concerned I was entirely satisfied. I was diffident and even bashful, and said nothing. We were very young and there was no proper occasion to say anything. In the spring of 1836 she went with fifty other volunteers out to the branch school at Sheffield, provided for the overflow at Oberlin. Returning to Oberlin in the autumn of 1837 she with three other girls were admitted to the freshman class. Of the four, three graduated in 1841 Mary Kellogg was called home in the summer of 1838, her family having determined to remove their

home to the far Southwest for the sake of the father's health." Thus Mary Kellogg was one of the first four freshman girls in any American college.

James's sister Emily is able to insert a page in this beginning of a story of love:—" When the forest was laid low and Oberlin College was built, Sheffield, because of inability to accommodate all the students in Oberlin, was soon made a branch school. When my brother invited me to take a buggy-ride with him to visit the Sheffield school, I felt quite delighted at the opportunity, but," she adds with naive humor, " father wondered at the extravagance. After a long ride we were kindly received in the parlor of the Institution, and among other ladies I was introduced to Miss Mary Kellogg—quite the brightest looking and most handsomely dressed of the group. And when one of the teachers with more acumen than a girl of thirteen or so, asked me to take a walk with her, leaving James and Mary to visit alone for a while, she remarked to me at the door, 'What a handsome couple! That match was made in heaven!' And when riding back to Oberlin the next day my brother asked me if I would like to have her for a sister, I said, 'Amen!' and neither of us ever repented of the choice."

IX

AS SCHOOL-TEACHER, AND LOVER

JAMES had passed his sixteenth birthday when he began his long career as a teacher. It was in the winter of 1833–4, just before coming to Oberlin, that he taught an ordinary district school at a place on the lake shore only three miles from his home. He was, as he says, "supposed to earn ten dollars a month, and board around." The boarding around he found "a matter of interest rather than otherwise," having the privilege of being taken into such families as those of Judge Brown, Mr. Hawley and Deacon Shepherd. "In early spring I was prepared to go to Oberlin, on the sixth day of May, 1834, with a full purse containing thirty dollars which I had earned, and which was a very respectable outfit for the first year in Oberlin."

Again he taught a common school during the winter before he graduated from college, 1837–8. A fellow student and himself had planned "to start out West on foot with a gripsack" and find a school somewhere, so as to replenish their empty purses. "This," he says, "was the common method followed by all students of that time, the teaching being considered an important part of an education. But the trustees of the home school broke in upon the arrangement. They made me a very fair offer of

$17.50 a month and board around, and I accepted the offer." At the end of the vacation he was again ready to return joyfully to his work at Oberlin.

During the long "Senior Vacation" which at that time preceded Commencement, James made a visit into the "new" country of Michigan with a classmate whose home was at White Lake. George Hornell had entered the sophomore class from Western Reserve College. "He proved to be a very entertaining and very valuable friend, and," says President Fairchild, "probably influenced my character more than any other friend of my youth, unless it were members of my own family. The only obstacle when I received the invitation seemed to be the lack of the necessary ten dollars to cover the expenses of the trip." But here the early manual training experience proved itself equal to the emergency:—"I had qualified myself for plain joiner's work, and two classmates who were building a shop for manual labor gave me a job of twenty window frames at fifty cents each. In the first five days of the vacation I made the frames and received my pay, and went joyfully with Hornell to his home. It was my first and only journey in the early part of my life except the forgotten journey from Stockbridge to the Western Reserve, and it was full of interest at every step. No more beautiful sight than the Detroit River had my eyes ever looked upon. White Lake was forty miles away and the nearest thing to a conveyance was the beginning of a railroad grading." So with valises in hand they began the walk. At Pontiac they were able to transfer their hand baggage to a buggy, "which rested their arms but not their legs," for they walked on the remaining

sixteen miles, and were ready for the welcome which they found at the pastor's little house on the border of White Lake. Their stay was diversified with "hunting and fishing, picking blueberries, and vigorous scrimmages with mosquitos."

"I had been brought up in the new country of Ohio," he says, "but the new country of Michigan had peculiarities of its own. Postal facilities were decidedly limited. The distance through the woods to the 'post office' was five miles. But the post office had attractions of its own. My expectations were such that I needed a letter about that time." On the first visit nothing came. "The next week I went alone and reached the office before the mail had arrived. The postmaster was a shoemaker, who with his wife was building a house in the woods. In due time the mail from Detroit arrived in a huge United States mail bag holding about two bushels of mail matter for the whole Interior. The bag was emptied into the middle of the floor and the shoemaker and his wife, putting on their glasses, hied themselves to the task of looking over the mail. After looking at the address on each piece they returned it to the bag for its further journey to the Northwest. It was with considerable anxiety that I observed all the mail going back into the pouch piece by piece until only two pieces were left, a newspaper and a letter. The shoemaker took up the newspaper and after deciphering the name of a neighbor in the region put it aside for delivery. His wife took the letter and read the name and address, but the name was unfamiliar. After they had had some little discussion together I went over and laid claim to the missive and returned on my way rejoicing." The let-

ter was from Mary Kellogg at Oberlin and was "satisfactory so far as circumstances then permitted." It spoke of events then transpiring in Jamestown and of a flat boat which was to be launched in a few weeks and started on its long journey through an outlet of Chautauqua Lake, into the Allegheny and Ohio, into the Mississippi, and thence through the Red River in a Louisiana direction.

In the midst of the study of the geography of the new Southwest, this senior visit came to an end and, returning by the same route by which they came, the young men were back in Oberlin and soon engaged in preparations for the graduating exercises of the class of 1838, which were to occur in three weeks. For James these last weeks meant more than saying farewell to studies or the making of a Commencement oration. Miss Kellogg left Oberlin in the middle of July, two weeks before Commencement. While many scenes of these days are beyond recall we are permitted to have through the eyes of an onlooker, one more glimpse of these two young lovers in their student life in Oberlin. Mrs. Mary Ladd Bacon adds an item to the story. "I first went to Oberlin in October, 1835, about a year and a half after the first blow had been struck there. The following winter I was called home and did not return at once, but when I did it was to the old Boarding Hall. I was given a room with a bright little black-eyed girl from Jamestown, N. Y., who was soon called to go with her parents who were removing far South. The evening before she left she was called down-stairs to the sitting room, and when she returned she held up before me a little volume of poetry, I think it was *The Lady of the Lake*, and turn-

ing over a fly leaf she showed me, written in a neat hand,

> "'I feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted.' James."

After graduation, in the autumn of 1838 he had an invitation to take a select family school in the town of Quincy in Western New York, for the five months of the winter theological vacation. He had a double interest in accepting this invitation, for by adding a little to the journey he could pass through Jamestown and secure a visit with Miss Kellogg before her departure to the South. A pleasant welcome awaited him, and after spending the three remaining days of the week and the following Sabbath with the family he proceeded to his destination some thirty or forty miles away. He had no opportunity to repeat the visit for by the opening of the winter they embarked in their flat boat with a few other travellers and business men, and went down to Cincinnati at a speed "not exceeding three miles an hour." This allowed time by the ordinary mail for the passage of several letters between the young lady and himself before her arrival at that point. He says, "one night I dreamed that I went to the post office and found the usual letter addressed to me, but in the handwriting of Miss Kellogg's brother. When I opened the letter I found an account of how Miss Kellogg had fallen overboard and been drowned. In the morning as usual I went to the post office and inquired for a letter, which was handed out and in the handwriting of her brother. It was never my habit to place much confidence in dreams, hence I opened the letter without much per-

turbation and found the epistle inside written by Miss Kellogg herself, and with no account of any tragic occurrence."

The early cold had diminished the water so rapidly in the river that no further progress was possible that winter, and Miss Kellogg herself was able to teach a school for three months at Cincinnati. By March James Fairchild was once more at his home in Brownhelm, and a little later he was back in his own room at Oberlin and at work in the Seminary. The Kellogg family remained at Cincinnati until near the middle of the summer, 1839. About that time a brief vacation occurred. Cincinnati was only three hundred miles away,—the new Louisiana home soon to be was three thousand miles away. The human heart is blind to difficulties under such circumstances. Says President Fairchild, " A friend and classmate, with money in his pocket—contrary to the general Oberlin style,—offered to lend enough to make the journey to Cincinnati and I decided it too rare an opportunity to be lost. I made the journey in fair time and good condition and George and Miss Kellogg met me at the door."

This was on Wednesday morning and he could remain there over the Sabbath, but on Monday he must take the stage coach on the homeward way. He found the family making their last arrangements for their trip through Kentucky and Tennessee towards the South. Their conveyance was a carriage for the family and a team wagon for their goods. " The same day on which I left for Cleveland they left on their long journey of seven weeks to Minden, La." This was the last meeting till November of '41, nearly two and a half years later. The mail was still faithful

"but somewhat exorbitant in its charges, which was an item to a poor student, especially as it was customary for a gentleman corresponding with a young lady to pay the postage both ways."

X

AFFAIRS ECCLESIASTICAL

WHILE the majority of the people who settled Northeastern Ohio were from Congregational New England, the ecclesiastical development in a very short time was turned almost wholly into the Presbyterian direction. This however was not originally contemplated. The very specific and carefully balanced parts of the Plan of Union between the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians is proof of this. This union had been proposed in 1801, in the interest primarily and emphatically of coöperation in that new and important missionary work opening up to the Westward. It was revived in 1806 and became the working charter of individual rights for these two largest denominations on the Reserve. Because the final results were unsatisfactory it is easier to condemn the Plan of Union than to tell exactly why we do so. The ideas and impulses which prompted it were certainly admirable, and the spirit in which it was undertaken on the field was broadly Christian. But that it did not secure peace and fraternal love must be admitted with sorrow and humiliation.

Several causes worked against its ultimate success. The deep missionary spirit which was equally present in both the Congregational and Presbyterian communions was not working in each in the same way. Connecticut, soon after the founding of Yale College,

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

had begun training men and sending them to work under Presbyterian direction. At this time the men going from Yale with a missionary spirit were not so numerous, but a financial ability was being developed among the Connecticut churches. The Presbyterians on the other hand were becoming able to provide the ministers in advance of the means to support them. And so amicable were the relations existing between the two denominations that the Connecticut Missionary Society made the proposal that if the Presbyterians would send out the ministers the society would help in their support. And many Presbyterian missionaries were wholly or in part supported by money from Connecticut. This would have worked no harm so long as both parties were willing to continue it. But the synod of Pittsburg was much nearer the missionary territory of the Reserve, and was for this reason better able to give personal attention to the new field. Without necessarily intending to take any denominational advantage the Presbyterians very soon found that their interests in the frontier churches involved a responsibility for all that concerned their spiritual and doctrinal welfare.

When the churches were organized the local government in each case was decided "by the ecclesiastical preferences of the minister who organized the church, and the prevailing sentiment of the majority of the people who composed it." No danger to this harmony arose until a time came in 1812–13 for discussing the formation of an ecclesiastical organization. The Congregationalists wanted an Association. The ministers were not willing to form one. The result was that no Association was formed, but in 1814 the whole Reserve

was organized into a Presbytery which the next year was divided into two, the Grand River Presbytery in the east, and the Portage Presbytery in the west. "This," very truly observes one of the Presbyterian historians of this region, "was the beginning of a new career for the churches of Northern Ohio."

As a consequence the growth of the Presbyterian denomination was more in appearance than in reality. The early spirit of harmony and coöperation which ought in some way to have been made permanent gave place in certain sections to suspicion or bitter hostility, which resulted in the disruption of not a few churches.

Oberlin, because of its anti-slavery attitude and its new doctrinal activity, "more or less also because of the co-education of the sexes as an idea to be maintained, and even by the very fact of its existence on the Reserve became without intention the central object of not a little antagonism and suspicion. A catalogue of Western Reserve College, soon after Oberlin was started, showed that one class which would have been the senior class, was represented by only a row of blanks, with the well underscored explanation that the whole class had gone to Oberlin." The Oberlin church being the strongest Congregational church in the state, had taken the lead in organizing the Lorain Association. Oberlin was therefore regarded as a disturbing factor in the ecclesiastical life of the Reserve. As one aged minister in the Huron Presbytery remarked, "We have had peace in our Zion for a generation, and now Oberlin has come in to produce confusion." We find President Fairchild's relation to this state of affairs given as follows:—

"In 1840 as my brother and myself were approaching the end of our seminary work and the time had come when we should naturally seek approbation from the churches, we raised the question whether we should apply to the Congregational Conference of Lorain, or to the Huron Presbytery. No one approached us from either body. But we wished to express our disapprobation of the divisive movement for which we believed there was no occasion. And thus at the appointed time we presented ourselves before the Huron Presbytery at Monroeville. At that meeting our own pastor at Brownhelm was present, and we were personally acquainted with most of the members of the Presbytery." The result however was of such a nature as to push forward the Congregational separation rather than to check it. "The refusal of the Huron Presbytery to receive us hospitably," he says, "tended to prevent further application on the part of all Oberlin students, and to make a separation. So far as the leading forces at Oberlin were concerned there was no reason why Oberlin might not have been in as kindly relations with the Presbyterians as with the Congregationalists." This is manifestly true, for of the seven men who had most to do in the making of early Oberlin four—Shipherd, Mahan, Morgan, and Finney,—had come from Presbyterian, and only three—Dascomb, Keep, and Cowles—from Congregational affiliations. This hearty coöperation of Presbyterian and Congregational forces in the Oberlin life doubtless had much to do in producing and fostering a broadness and freedom of spirit, and a confident toleration which has come to be one of its most valued inheritances.

James Fairchild's own account of his experiences before the Huron Presbytery, penned soon after the event, is fortunately preserved in the following letter to Miss Kellogg:—

"*Oberlin, Sept. 21, 1840.*

"——— ———:

"When I last wrote we were just entering upon our examinations and Commencement. They are all past now and things move on again as quietly as if we had never been distracted by any such excitement. The mind of the community here seems like a narrow lake tossed wildly for an hour by the passing storm and all is smooth again. Our examinations were for the most part well sustained. We seem to be improving every year in that respect, probably because there are fewer interruptions in study. The exercises of Commencement were much as usual. The exercises of Tuesday, the first day, I very unexpectedly had the honor of introducing by an address to the alumni. I had expected to speak the evening previous but was obliged to submit to the arrangement. The Society requested my address for publication. Perhaps I shall send you a copy of it in a few days. I do not expect that you will be much interested in it in itself, but you will regard it with some indulgence for the sake of the author. It will be the *first* time my ideas have been expressed in any plainer form than my own sprawling chirography, and this is sooner than I intended, but let it pass now. Wednesday morning it rained so that the exercises were held in the chapel [instead of the big tent] and only a small part of the multitude here could attend. The afternoon was pleas-

ant and all went on as usual. In the evening a concert was given by the choir. Some of the pieces performed were certainly splendid.

"There is yet an item of information which perhaps you will not listen to so calmly as to those which I have just related, and yet 'tis just as true. It respects myself, too. You cannot imagine what it is, nor could I unless I could say with Virgil's hero, *magna pars fui*. You could not have dreamed that your 'quiet, inoffensive James' would ever be branded by a grave Presbytery as a *heretic*. But the truth must be told, unpleasant as it is. A heretic I am. A Presbytery certainly could not mistake. Now must I confess still farther and tell what the heresy is? Well you shall know it all. In my last letter I told you that my brother and myself thought of applying to the Huron Presbytery for licensure. We therefore equipped ourselves according to the directory with sermons, lectures, and Latin exegesis, and went some thirty-five miles to meet the ecclesiastics. We presented our request and it was replied that they had had an application from an Oberlin student, Mr. D——, for ordination. He was found to hold heretical sentiments, and of course was not received. They therefore thought it advisable to appoint a committee to converse with us in private and see if we held the same doctrines. A committee of three was appointed. After due consultation we were summoned into their presence, and subjected to a catechising. They first asked us if we 'held the sentiments maintained at Oberlin, and believed in their way of doing things.' We told them we were more accustomed to telling *what* we believed than whether we believed as others did.

They questioned us for two or three hours. Some of our particular tenets they objected to, but were entirely unsuccessful in refuting. After much talk it appeared that 'the head and front of our offending' was that we refused to join with them in regarding the influence of Oberlin as pernicious. They would not say pernicious to the cause of Christ, but pernicious to their way of doing things. They said that to our personal sentiments they had not much to object, but we were under Oberlin influence and that would be the ruin of us. They said that if we would promise to spend the next year at Yale or Andover they would license us. They then reported to the Presbytery that as we differed from them in matters of duty and practice, and belonged to a different denomination (!) and sympathized with other ecclesiastical associations, they thought advisable that we should not be licensed. This was then discussed very warmly in the Presbytery for three hours and the report adopted by a majority of five or six—sixteen to ten—so it ended. They professed the highest regard for us as individuals, but Oberlin; there was the rub. As I came away one of the clergymen came to me with tears in his eyes and said that he voted against me but he did not wish to shut me out of the ministry—he hoped I would do much good in the world, he thought I would, but he considered it his duty to vote against my admission to the Presbytery. So strong are the influences of a sectarian spirit. Another came to me as I left and promised if I would go to Yale and spend the coming year he would foot the bill. I thanked him for his offer, but think I shall remain independent of his bounty. So we came off without a license, and

This may certify that the bearer James H Fairchild,
has been examined by the Lorain County Association,
touching his Christian Experience, his theological at=
tainments, and his views in proposing to enter the
Ministry; and that having given evidence of his qual=
ifications to preach the Gospel, he has been ordained
for the work of the Gospel Ministry, by said Associ=
ation — and he is hereby recommended to the chur=
ches of Christ, in whatever field the Head of the
Church may cast his lot

Theodore J. Keep

Oberlin April 2d 1842. Clerk of L. C. Association

were licensed by the Lorain Association last week. One thing I hope I shall forever be saved from and that is the spirit of sect and the party prejudice with which the church is cursed. And if by being connected with that church I debar myself from the privilege of receiving as a Christian brother him who manifests love to God and love to man although he cannot say shibboleth, then farewell to that church. I can have no sympathy with it. This story I have made too long but I cannot help it now. If you should renounce me for my heresy I am afraid I should not bear it so calmly as I have this.

"Your own honest,

"JAMES."

What his future work was to be had not yet been definitely decided. He was willing to be led, and he was in the end led into his life work by the growing of that which was immediately under his hand. At graduation from college he had gone naturally with his class into the Theological Department. "The expectation of my life," he says, "had always been to be a minister. I had no inclination to the calling of doctor or lawyer. It was some time before one educated at Oberlin thought of the law as a life work for a Christian man, for the impulse at Oberlin was of course wholly in the direction of religious work." But he had "no special inclination to preaching. My brother Henry was a much readier speaker than I, and the rule and practice at Oberlin was extempore preaching. My gift of extemporaneous utterance was very feeble. I could write much more readily. But as my own ideal was that of extemporaneous

preaching this perhaps tended to put me back in the work of preaching.

"My first attempt to present myself as a young preacher occurred the winter after my ill success with the Presbytery. Four of us, of the Theological Department, under the leadership of one of our number who had friends in Michigan proposed to make that our field for our winter labor. We went by boat from Huron to Toledo and took our first railroad ride, on the old Toledo and Adrian road. It was in the primitive condition of the early roads in a new country. Oak scantling were used resting upon ties hastily laid on the soft soil with very little grading. The rail was completed by a strap of iron two-and-a-half inches wide by a half inch thick. After half an hour of safe progress the end of one of these straps suddenly wound around an axle and threw the car from the track. No other harm was done. We all left our seats in haste and afforded our assistance in righting the car to its track."

He speaks of preaching his first sermon on the way to his field: "It was Saturday evening, and we found friends who received us as missionaries and opened the Congregational church on the following day, and there I preached my first sermon in actual work." He does not indicate that any special results followed, any more than from many another first sermon. He spent three months "in the feeble railroad town of Palmyra." The services were held in the ball room of the hotel which had been erected by the new railroad company as a part of its enterprise. When the trustees of the church called on him on the first Monday he agreed to preach for them during

the vacation if they would provide him board and lodging, pay his postage, and give him money enough to carry him back to Oberlin at the end of the time. He adds that the postage was the serious item in his expense account " for it was in the days of high postage and I was in correspondence with Miss Kellogg in Minden, La., which called for the highest postage charge on any letter." At the close of the vacation the young men abandoned the railroad and engaged a farm wagon and team and made the return journey in three days.

When in the following summer he received an invitation from a new church organized at Adrian, Mich., to become their pastor the demands upon him to teach in the college were such as he could not well decline. It therefore followed that this summer was the limit of his experience as a pastor, though all his life he was continually preaching, and often for months at a time, in Oberlin and the churches of the neighborhood.

XI

DIVINE ASPIRATIONS AND HUMAN LONGINGS

THE following letters to Miss Kellogg were written before the close of his seminary course, and give a glimpse of his inner life at this time:

"*Oberlin, April 10, 1841.*

"——— ———:

"Your letter of March 16th arrived last Wednesday. It was so short a time on the way that I am afraid I shall be obliged to wait five or six weeks for the next. Or will Augustus call and see me when he comes North? The dear boy, I should have written to him before now if I had supposed a letter would reach him.

"Mary, I have not permitted myself to expect that you would come with him, so I did not feel the shock of disappointed hope when I learned that you would remain behind. It is doubtless all well. So heaven would have it, and so would I. Mary, I do not intend to have any will of my own about such things hereafter. It is most unkind and ungrateful to distrust the plans of our great Father above. He has taken care of us better than we could have done it ourselves. Surely if any beings on earth have reason to trust Him we are the ones. I have been thinking ever since I wrote my last letter to you how wicked I

have been in exercising so little confidence in God and in His promises, how little I have exerted myself during my whole life to understand His will and to do that will when He has revealed it to me,—how little anxiety I have felt to promote His glory and secure the eternal well-being of my fellow men by endeavoring to direct their minds from objects of sense to the great truths of immortality and of God. I have been thinking how little influence these truths have exerted over my own mind, although I have professed to believe them and have made them the foundation of my hope for the untried future. But these truths have been as dreams to me, while the present world has seemed reality. My theory has been correct enough. I could talk of the madness and infatuation of idly wasting the few hours upon which our eternal destiny depends, and yet I have been guilty of that madness and infatuation. Sometimes I have been awake to the consciousness of it, and at other times I have been like a ship that has lost its reckoning, liable at any moment to dash upon the rocks. I have told you from time to time of my spiritual state, but have never told you that I have found a remedy. And what shall I say to-night? I can only say this, that I have set my heart to know the Lord. I plead the promise Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart. I intend to hold my heart in contact with the great truths which concern our being and make them realities by the aid of the Spirit of God. I cannot think of spending my life in trifles amusing myself with the toys of this world while thousands and millions live reckless of immortality and launch out upon the ocean of eternity

unaware of its dangers. No, Mary, eternity will not be pleasant to me if I am forever haunted with the reflection that I neglected to scatter light according to my ability along the pathway of my wandering fellow men. Any other end than this, for which we should live, seems preposterous—absolute fatuity. But to live for God and for man—for human weal, is worthy of those who are 'redeemed not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.' You would be glad, would you not, Mary, to have me give myself up entirely to this glorious work and seek the honor which comes from God only. I should not love you less, but my Saviour more.

"If the religion in which we have been educated contains the first element of truth, in short, if universal nature is not a falsehood, then it is the extreme of folly to live away from God, strangers to that which only can meet the wants of our being and secure us against eternal poverty.

"I have thought that I have not been ambitious, yet I can see that I have lived to a great extent to secure my own ends and to carry out my own plans.—And so it is with the great mass of men, they live for the sake of 'getting a living,' and, 'die as the fool dieth.' Ah, Mary, it is a glorious thing to be a Christian. This is what I wish to be. For this I will count all things but loss.

"Perhaps I ought to have waited until I could testify of the grace of God to me before I wrote you about my heart,—but I could not refrain from telling you that it is the solemn purpose of my soul to throw myself upon the promise of God, and let Him do with

me according to His own pleasure. There is hardly a day in the ten years that have passed since I became a professor of religion which I can look back upon with satisfaction, hardly an oasis in the moral desert of my existence. This ought not so to be. I should have scattered blessings all along my path,—thus I might have led many a wanderer back to God. Pray for me my dear M——, that the remainder of my life may not be a blank.

"Do not think now that I have had any striking revelation made to my mind. No, it is only an apprehension of these simple truths which lie on the surface of things. God is good. I am bound to love Him. His creatures are wretched. I am under obligation to direct them to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' Mary, I know you will rejoice to engage with me in this great work. It will be sweet to die when we have lived for this high and holy purpose,—but without such a life death will be an unwelcome messenger.

"But my paper is nearly full. I almost wish I had used a whole folio instead of half of it. But you can imagine all I wish to say. The opposition to Oberlin is more violent in the country around than ever before. They talk largely of burning the buildings down over our heads on account of anti-slavery principles. It is said that secret clubs are formed in several places with the design of consummating the nefarious plan. The coming week is to see its accomplishment. Do not be alarmed, for we are not, much. 'Thus far the Lord hath led us on.'

"God bless you, and your unworthy

"JAMES H. F."

"*Tuesday Night, April 27, 1841.*

"——— ———:

"I have just this moment determined to write to you this hour. What has induced me to form such a resolution it would be difficult for me to tell. The truth is there happens an odd hour in an evening about once a fortnight which seems to be made on purpose for producing a scrawl for your indulgent eye. But I was going to write a serious letter because I feel serious—not sad—exactly—but you know how.

"I wish I could see my last letter, or in some way recall what I told you then. If I mistake not, I gave you some account of my religious experience or rather feelings or determinations or hopes. You perhaps expected that I should make some progress and in my next letter should be able to tell you more. Such has not been the fact. I don't think I have learned anything more or have made any such attainment in holiness as might be anticipated from the privileges which I enjoy here. I am ashamed and grieved to think of it. The world is in need of men who shall go forth in the spirit of their Master, 'not counting their own lives dear unto them.' I look upon the darkness and long to say, 'Here, Lord, am I, send me.' But the question returns with fearful import—'What do you know yourself of the great salvation?' Then I can only pray 'God fit me for the work.' I think I am learning something of the way of life, but am only moving at a snail's pace.

"Four short months and my 'Course of study' will be completed. It is a point of time to which I have been looking forward for more than ten years and yet

I almost shrink from approaching it. I have sometimes felt as if I would be glad to retire from the conflict and spend my days in silence and obscurity, unknowing and unknown except by you,—but it must not be. I can claim no such exemption from the responsibilities of life. 'To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin.' Mary, do you ever feel such a shrinking from responsibility?

"Notwithstanding the violent opposition to Oberlin our buildings are crowded with students and the village is growing faster than at any former period. We have never had as many students as now. Is this the shortest letter I have ever sent you? Pardon all its errors and believe me ever your own,

"J. H. F."

"*Oberlin, July 19, 1841.*

"——— ———:

"The evening is far advanced, but I must make it long enough to write a letter to you.—To-morrow has come sooner than I anticipated when I wrote the last word. Two of the seniors, Kedzie and Baldwin, came into my room just then and nothing would do but I must help about their Commencement addresses, give them subjects, etc. They seemed to take it for granted that these were of more importance than my letter to you. So we talked the last hour of the evening away, and more too. Kellogg Day was here yesterday directly from Arkansas. He is engaged as a teacher at one of the missionary stations in the Cherokee Nation north of you, near the Arkansas River. And let me tell you one interesting item of news about him. He will be married in a few days

and will proceed to Arkansas some time in the fall. Perhaps I shall accompany them but it is not certain. You must not expect me until I come—if that is possible, and then I shall come *unexpectedly!*

"What would you say, Mary, to our going into that Indian Republic as missionaries too? There is room for us to labor. But then the Board are afraid of Oberlin Theology, and hence we shall probably not have an invitation.

"We have had a very interesting revival here for two or three weeks past. Our class have been deeply interested to obtain a preparation for their work. I think the Lord has blessed some of us with more precious views of Himself and of His gospel than we have ever had before. My own soul has been deeply interested and I think not unblessed. The promises of assistance from on high have seemed to me more encouraging than ever before, and the unreasonableness of unbelief has been more manifest. I have learned to believe others,—I could trust to your faithfulness without any misgiving,—but when the Saviour has promised I have turned away incredulous. How long we are in learning that there is a God in heaven, and that He is able and anxious to supply the minutest want of our being. My greatest temptation is to worldly-mindedness,—not a desire for wealth or honor in any determinate form, but to pursue my employments in a worldly spirit, without a consciousness deep in my soul that I am not my own.

"The young ladies of the senior class are to prepare essays for Commencement. Miss H—— writes on a subject I assigned her—'A Young Lady's Apology for Pursuing a Collegiate Course of Study.' I have

not lifted a goose quill upon my speech yet. I have helped others enough to make one. We have about three weeks of study before examinations. I shall be very busy until Commencement. If I should not write until then you will not wonder.

"Ever yours and your lover,

"JAMES."

"*Oberlin, Sept. 22, 1841.*

"——— ———:

"There is no special reason for my writing now, but you know I never wait for *special* reasons, the standing reason is special enough. The days begin to move tardily, not because I have time to be idle, but a latent feeling of anxiety begins to manifest itself and now and then my thoughts are dragged away between hope and fear to some scene anticipated in the coming three months. Sometimes the long precarious journey is the object of thought, but oftener such trifles are forgotten and the interesting events which cluster around that journey's end stand in the foreground of the picture. The Ohio River is lower than usual—thirty inches of water at Cincinnati and above. The Red River must be low, too, unless there has been rain since you wrote last. This affords a dull prospect for travellers. Unless the river rises at Cincinnati within a few weeks I may obtain a horse and buggy and follow you in your wandering way among the hills and forests and caves of Kentucky and Tennessee, to Memphis, where there will probably be some water. Is that a wild notion? It will be a lonely ride, but it is possible and therefore must be attempted. I shall have no 'tent' to pitch at night,

but must commit myself to the hospitality of the 'chivalrous Southerners.' However, this is only a dream and we may forget it at present. If stages and railroads were as common South as here and East, the difficulties would all vanish. You must not expect me, Mary, to remain long in Minden if I ever reach it. I must be at Oberlin on the first of February, and to accomplish that it will be necessary for us to come before the Ohio closes for the winter. But this we can talk over at some future day. There—it rains now, a little—I hope it will continue till the Ohio feels the impulse. I watch the clouds and the showers with as much interest as when you were waiting at Jamestown and I was at Ripley expecting every day to hear that you had gone. No fits of poetry have come over me as yet on the subject. Those awkward rhymes that I produced then are the last thing of the kind that I have perpetrated. Perhaps a view of your southern scenery will kindle up anew the smothered spark, but I am inclined to think it will never be revived.

"I have been very busy for a few days past in preparing our catalogue for the press. There is not much *poetry* in that,—names, names, names, five hundred and sixty,—an increase of eighty during the year. Do you wonder I write such short letters? The truth is I am becoming more and more impatient of writing as the time shortens. I have a whole heart full of things to say, but pen and paper are as impotent as ever. I don't know how many more letters I shall be obliged to write before the day comes for me to go. You will laugh at me for writing so much about going, but it is difficult to think about anything

else. You must make this letter do until I send you a better one. I will make no apologies about it until I see you and can deliver them *viva voce.*

"Farewell, yours alone,

"JAS. H. FAIRCHILD."

XII

A REMARKABLE JOURNEY

IN one of his historical sketches President Fairchild says, "Our theological Commencement occurred late in August, 1841. My brother Henry was married the week following. The event naturally stimulated my purpose to consummate my own engagement. It seemed natural that I should make the coming winter vacation, when I could be spared from my college duties, the occasion for my wedding journey. But time was not all that was needed. Money also was necessary, and I had no provision for this extraordinary outlay." This scantiness of money is not an occasion of surprise, for only this year was he beginning to receive a salary of $400 for his teaching. "But a fellow student appeared," he says, "who had money due in Cincinnati, and he proposed to give me an order on his debtor for the amount, $210. I had perhaps $30 of my own in Oberlin with which to begin my journey on Monday, October 4, 1841."

The journey "afforded opportunity for strange and startling experiences," and the present chapter is devoted to his account substantially as he gave it in a lecture which by request he prepared for the students:—

"I assume that the little story will not be without interest to you because it brings to mind the conditions of the country in those early years, and the

changes through which it has passed. Then too, the experiences of one of the early Oberlin students upon his first looking out into the world may be somewhat entertaining to you.

"You will wish to know in the first place who I was, and with what an outfit I started upon the journey. Well, on this point there is little to be said. I was born a Yankee of the Yankees, was brought up in a New England Colony in this county of Lorain, was just prepared to enter college when Oberlin began. I came to Oberlin in 1834 at the age of sixteen and made one of the first freshman class. In 1838 I had graduated, and in 1841 at the age of twenty-three I had completed my theological course. At that time, as Tutor of Languages in the College, a vacancy occurring in the chair of languages, I was placed in charge of that department. I knew little of the world by personal observation. Twice I had been at Cleveland, a town of five or six thousand inhabitants; once I had gone by steamer to Detroit and out into the country on foot forty miles to spend my Senior Vacation on the border of the beautiful White Lake of Michigan. Once I had gone down the lake to Dunkirk and spent four months as a school-teacher in the neighborhood of Chautauqua Lake. Once I had made a journey to Cincinnati in a July vacation; and finally I had taken a steamer to Toledo and passed over the railroad to Adrian, with the experience of running off the track. This certainly was a limited experience in travel, but was equal to that of most young men of my age and condition.

"My personal habits and views and character were those of a Yankee boy educated at Oberlin, and I had

little acquaintance with any society in which such views and habits did not prevail. The place to which I proposed to go was the town of Minden situated at the head of Lake Bistineau in a northwestern parish of Louisiana, within a few miles of the Texas border; and Texas was then a foreign land, the paradise of patriots who had left their country for their country's good. This distant region reached by a journey of almost three thousand miles was further removed from Northern Ohio and Oberlin in its civilization and its social life than in the space which lay between. Oberlin was a centre and focus of anti-slavery sentiments and action, and in this far southwestern country slavery dominated and shaped all thought and all life, civil, social and religious. It would be difficult to find in the compass of the earth to-day two extremes of society so intensely and consciously divergent from each other. The country was glowing hot with the opposing feeling on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. Three or four weeks before I left home Cincinnati had been for three days overrun by a howling pro-slavery mob that had hunted the colored people from their homes and fired upon them in the street with grape shot. They had chased down prominent anti-slavery men, and had dumped into the Ohio River Dr. Bailey's press and type on which he printed *The Philanthropist.* These were symptoms of the all-prevailing feeling of hostility.

"Here the question will naturally arise, what occasion could a young man from Oberlin have for undertaking such a journey at such a time? I have proposed to be frank with you, to tell you the story as it was, and though the question touches a matter of

some delicacy I will not evade it. Two years and a half before, on the banks of the Ohio, I had parted with a young lady who with her family was borne on the tide of emigration towards the distant Southwest, and she had my appointment to call upon her at her father's home on her birthday, the 22d of November, 1841, and that day was drawing near.

"To be sure of sufficient time I left home on the 4th of October, a bright and frosty Monday morning, thus allowing seven weeks for the journey down. There was a daily wagon from Oberlin to Cleveland, and thus at evening I found myself on board a canal packet ticketed for Portsmouth on the Ohio River. At that time there was no railroad in Ohio, except the short strap iron track from Toledo towards Adrian of which I have spoken. There was a daily stage line from Cleveland to Cincinnati, but by this a traveller must hold on his three days and three nights without any rest. The canal packet was supposed to combine ease and speed, furnishing a traveller his meals on board by day and a shelf to sleep on at night, while three horses driven *tandem* dragged him along through the raging flood at the rate of three or four miles an hour. This mode of travel has passed away never to return, but it had its advantages over modern methods. There was opportunity for acquaintance with fellow travellers, and for the establishment of lifelong friendships. When you were tired you could walk. Friday afternoon, four days from Cleveland I was delivered in safety at Portsmouth, and Saturday evening found me at Cincinnati, one hundred and fifty miles down the Ohio, giving a full week for the journey from Oberlin. The same journey is now

made in eight or ten hours. If the speed should increase in the same ratio, some of you forty years hence will make the journey in forty-five minutes.

"The autumn of 1841 was a yellow fever season on the southern rivers, and when I reached Cincinnati there were no boats leaving for the far South. There were no telegraphs furnishing daily reports. The freshest intelligence at Cincinnati from New Orleans was two weeks old. Hence it was necessary to wait for tidings of a frost, and the abatement of the plague. Such news came after two weeks waiting. And thus I had time to become familiar with Cincinnati and its surroundings. At that time it was a city of 45,000 inhabitants confined wholly to the river terrace, the original forest in sight above and below the city, and covering Mt. Auburn and the other hills which now make the beautiful suburbs of the city. Going out to Lane Seminary on Walnut Hills, I passed more than a mile through the woods. As the school was in a way a mother, or rather perhaps a stepmother of Oberlin, I spent a week among the students there. Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of all the Beechers, and Professor Stowe, the husband of Mrs. Stowe were there in the midst of their work. Mrs. Stowe was there too, but without her present world-wide reputation. Dr. Bailey of Cincinnati, afterwards editor of *The National Era* at Washington, had made her acquaintance, and some years later he sent her one hundred dollars, and asked her to send, for the *National Era*, the best anti-slavery story she could afford for the money. The result was the famous 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the famous Mrs. Stowe.

"Cincinnati was not a good place to gather courage

for the trip down into the dark land. Students of Lane Seminary with whom I became acquainted were kind enough to tell me that they thought it doubtful whether I ever returned, and entertained me with fragments of their own experience along the river to support their opinion. If I had hailed from any other place on the face of the earth than Oberlin, the prospect would have been more cheerful. One of them, a graduate of Western Reserve College, had recently been over into Kentucky to find a school, and he said that when he gave the people his name they looked up an Oberlin catalogue which they kept for the purpose, to ascertain if he was not an Oberlin student. And slight as the sympathy was supposed to be between Oberlin and Hudson in those days, he would have felt safer if the distance between them had been greater.

"The city was in a restless, feverish condition from the recent mobs. The least spark would make an explosion. One evening I went to hear an anti-slavery address by the famous orator Charles C. Burleigh. It was in a beautiful new church dedicated a week before. The speaker had but fairly begun his discourse when a crowd of roughs came into the porch, hurled a volley of stones through the house, breaking the chandelier, and made a rush for the speaker himself. He was immediately surrounded by a cordon of his friends, stern and stalwart men familiar with such scenes and prepared for any issue. They quietly took their friend out at a side door and, surrounded by the raging mob, they conducted him through the streets to a place of safety.

"A slight personal encounter at the Walnut Street

House where I was lodging added to the anxiety. A violent man from Indiana called at the hotel one day and saw my name and place of residence and destination on the register. He had a grudge against Oberlin, and I belonged to Oberlin. He sought me out in his wrath, clutched nervously at his pistol in his breast-pocket, and in spite of my assurance that I was utterly innocent of any wrong to him or his, he told me that if he did not fear God more than he feared his fellow men he would shoot me dead. The evidence of the fear of God upon him was not clear, but I was glad to escape his violence whatever the motive might be. The apprehension of my friends was that he would report me as an abolitionist, on board the steamer which he knew I was to take and thus commit me to the lawlessness and violence of the southern rivers where outrages upon abolitionists were of frequent occurrence. These varied experiences did not contribute to the serenity of one's nerves; but no other harm ever came of it. The way of duty was plain before me, and all that was to be done was to commit myself to the Heavenly Father's keeping and hold on in that way of duty.

"There were apprehensions among my friends in Oberlin as well as in Cincinnati. After leaving Cincinnati it did not seem to me safe to address letters to Oberlin until I should find myself among friends at the end of the journey. But from that remote point it required at least six weeks for a letter to reach Oberlin. Hence there was an interval of three months without a word of intelligence, and the probability grew stronger every day that I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. I was afterwards told that the Sunday morn-

ing prayer at church grew earnest in mention of the wanderer, and the mysterious disappearance seemed now and then to give point or pathos to the sermon.

"An embarrassment less tragic in its aspect but more potent in its reality threatened me; and that was the failure of the financial basis of the journey. I had left home with money sufficient to take me to Cincinnati and furnished besides with a draft upon the treasurer of the Ætna Insurance Company, whose office I soon found. I had been assured that the draft would be cashed at sight. This confidence was unwarranted. At my first call the guardian of the treasury was polite and cool and non-committal. The next time he was positive and decided. He acknowledged that the debt was due but he announced distinctly that he could not furnish me the money. He did say, however, that he would furnish me money to go back home, that it was no suitable time for a man to go South on account of the fever, that it was a dangerous journey for any man, especially one from Oberlin, and that it would be wise for me to go home. I listened patiently, but with as much determination on my part announced that I was going to make the journey and the money must be forthcoming. As a young man I was constitutionally and by habit reticent as to my private affairs, but I saw that the time had come for frankness. As soon as I announced the nature of my errand the ice melted, the man's countenance relaxed instantly, he wheeled his chair, opened the safe door and taking out the bills needed placed them in my hand.

"Monday, October 25, I went aboard the steamer *Caddo*, advertised to sail that day for New Orleans. A quick trip down at that time was a week—a slow

one two weeks. My impression was that I should stop near the mouth of the Red River, and thus I engaged a passage to Natchez with a contract with the officers that they should land me there before the following Sunday. The fare to any of the cities on the lower Mississippi was the same. I paid $30, and this included stateroom and board as well as transportation.

"In my judgment no mode of travel has ever been devised so pleasant on the whole as steamboat travel on our great rivers,—as it was before railroads came into competition. Arrangements were made for the convenience and comfort of travellers such as are unknown at present so far as my experience goes. An ocean voyage is to be endured because it brings you at length to a distant haven. A voyage on our great American rivers as it was then was enjoyable for its own sake. Every hour was a pleasure. There were drawbacks which might call for mention it is true. There were snags, and sandbars, and fires and explosions,—enough to furnish all needed sensations, and occasionally these predominated over the other features of the voyage. Below the mouth of the Ohio we took portions of the cargoes of three steamers that had been snagged and sunk! But the danger was soon out of sight and out of mind. The racing of competing steamers on the river was almost a daily thing and was a dangerous and reckless business, but one soon came into such sympathy with his boat that he could watch with eager complacency the stokers as they crowded the furnaces.

"The *Caddo* was announced to sail on Monday, but the time-table was elastic, and a discrepancy of twenty-

four hours in starting was quite allowable. The passengers were all on board Monday evening, but we still lay quietly at the landing. I spent this evening in the saloon reading a little and hearing more, interested to know who were to be my companions on the voyage. I soon discovered that the company embraced several southern members of congress returning from an extra session called when Tyler succeeded to the presidency after the death of President Harrison. The most prominent of these were Judge White, then an old man, and Conrad, a young one, both of Louisiana. Mr. Conrad spoke slightingly of John Quincy Adams, then a member of the House, as a man admired and praised beyond his merits, and he expressed the opinion that the old man's work was done and that his career would soon end. The wish was clearly the father of the thought. Judge White listened without show of contradiction, but soon quietly took up the conversation and told how he had been interested in watching the 'Old Man Eloquent,' while feeble and vain men were airing their elocution and showing their wisdom on important measures. Adams would not give much attention, would be occupied with his books and his writing until the subject seemed about exhausted, then he would rise and pour forth such a flood of light upon the question as to make all that had been said before seem darkness and folly. White went on to speak of a scene he had witnessed in the House a year or two before, when Adams, catching his foot in a rent of the carpet, fell headlong on the floor and dislocated his shoulder. Judge White and other members gathered about him as he lay, and by the sheer strength of half a dozen men his shoulder

was pulled into place again. The perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead, but not a groan escaped his lips. He said that he noticed the pluck and vigor of the old man and he believed there were fifteen years' work in him still. John Quincy Adams was then in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and he died in his place in the capital when half of the fifteen years had passed.

"Tuesday morning at ten o'clock the *Caddo* with its flags flying moved from its landing along the levee up the river in full view of the city, for the sake of a graceful and impressive sweep in turning upon its downward way. But just at the apex of the curve which was to mark the triumph the proud steamer struck upon a bar. The catastrophe involved no damage, but it was humiliating and ominous. We pulled off and dropped quietly down the stream all sharing in the depression.

"The week which followed was a succession of mild disasters and disappointments. Three-fourths of the time during that week we spent in backing water, and lightening the bow of its load. It was a weary experience redeemed in part by delightful weather and pleasant scenery. The inquiry began to pass around, who was the Jonah on board our unfortunate craft, when all at once the discovery was made that there were several hundred barrels of Cincinnati whiskey in the hold. At various times this whiskey had to be rolled out upon a flatboat, to diminish the draft, and then rolled back again when the bar was passed. At length we reached Louisville and passed safely through the canal which is cut around the falls of the Ohio. Here the captain took a barge in tow into which the

whiskey was loaded thus diminishing the draft of the steamer, and we went on our way with fresh courage. But the tide of misfortune had not turned. We left the foot of the canal at evening and in two or three hours we came to a sudden stop. The barge with its load of whiskey had sunk. We waited the night through and in the morning began the task of raising the boat and its ill-omened load. The day afforded many a lesson in boating and river engineering, but not a mile of progress on the journey. Just as the darkness of evening gathered upon us we were ready to move again.

"And now it was Saturday evening, and instead of finding myself at Natchez, according to the program, I was hardly two hundred miles below Cincinnati. I had never travelled on the Sabbath, and it was settled in my mind that this was not to be done. There were several Christian people on board and among them a Methodist minister of years and standing. They made an arrangement for service the next day and invited me to join them. But this was not in accordance with my plan. I went to the clerk, spoke of the contract to deliver me at Natchez and requested him to refund me such portion of my fare as was reasonable, and put me ashore. He gave me $20 out of the $30 I had paid, and about nine o'clock sent me ashore with my trunk in the yawl. It was on the Indiana shore at a little town called Leavenworth. I clambered up the bank in the darkness and found a small hotel."

In a brief letter written from Leavenworth, Ind., October 31st and sent on to Minden by post, with the possibility of allaying any unnecessary anxiety, he says :—" I have passed over only two hundred of the

fifteen hundred miles that separate us, and now I am laid up for Sunday,—and a queer Sunday it will be. Here I am alone in an upper room of a little country tavern, and a 'powerful' shower is going on without. It would require but a little more like this to make me feel sad and lonely.

"These days may be providential. Perhaps if our boat had gone smoothly on I should now be in the midst of the yellow fever at Natchez or New Orleans. Delay is not so bad as yellow fever. Mary, I was never made for a wanderer. I care not what corner of creation be my home it is more pleasant to remain there than to ramble over the world with no certain dwelling place. Perhaps however after some exercise the *bump* of travel will become developed. I have not the faculty nor the disposition to quiz every stranger I meet and ascertain the height and depth and length and breadth of his understanding. My travelling is all undertaken for the sake of some good at the end of the journey, as in the present instance, and not in the journey itself."

"A quiet rainy Sabbath followed with service in a little church. Monday morning my journey was to be commenced anew, for I was still 1,390 miles from Natchez and the end of the journey was an unknown distance beyond. I watched the steamers as they came down, intending to hail the first that indicated from the sign it carried that it was bound for the lower Mississippi. Our superficial conceptions of an overruling Providence would require that the appointed steamer should soon appear, and that in a few hours I should be borne triumphantly past the *Caddo* tugging still at its sunken load of whiskey, but Mon-

day passed and no boat appeared but such as were headed for St. Louis. At night we could not tell the destination of the steamers, and so I let them pass without hailing. Tuesday came and went but not the desired steamer. In the evening after careful thinking I decided to hail at a venture the first steamer that came down. Soon my ear caught the puffing sound and seizing a firebrand I stepped out upon the bank and gave the hailing signal. The engine stopped, and soon I heard the dipping oars of the yawl as it was sent out to inquire what was wanted. My trunk had been carried down to the water's edge and I was anxiously waiting to learn what was the steamer and whither bound. It ought to have been the *Sultana* or the *Queen of the West*, the two finest steamers in the southern trade, which would have taken me in four days to the mouth of the Red River. It proved to be the *West Point*, bound for St. Louis. I went aboard and hoped for favoring providences at Cairo. The visible fruits of righteousness are not always gathered at once. But at Cairo, Thursday afternoon I found the *Walnut Hills* waiting for me, and I was soon afloat again, on the grand bosom of the Father of Waters.

"But in two days Sunday would come again, and I found it necessary to reconsider the problem of duty. The financial element was a somewhat pressing one. Putting together the hotel bill and the increase of fare on account of the transfer of steamers I found the cost of resting on that one Sabbath was *forty dollars.* There were still four Sabbaths to come before I could reach my journey's end to say nothing of the return. Unless I could look for a restoration of the times of

the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil, I should soon find my purse exhausted, and I had no assurance that faith would replenish it. The practical conclusion which I reached, of the validity of which I have never felt sure, was that since no arrangement was made for stopping on the Sabbath in travelling on the southern rivers, it was reasonable to remain on the steamer till it reached the appointed port, as on an ocean voyage. This view on the whole still seems to me most reasonable. The next three Sabbaths I remained on board the steamer.

"On this steamer, the *Walnut Hills*, I had my first experience of one form of southern high life. The cabin passengers were apparently ladies and gentlemen in easy circumstances, intelligent and cultivated, pleasant and polite. In general their society was very enjoyable. On the part of the ladies I never saw anything unbecoming. The same was true of some elderly gentlemen on board. A half dozen young men, however, who had spent the summer at the North, and who were returning to their business, took possession of the saloon after the ladies and the elder people had retired, and made the night hideous with their bacchanalian revelry. At one time they would organize mock theatricals, and tear all the passions to tatters with their absurd and grotesque representations and their mouthing eloquence. At another they would start a dance or promenade, with marvellous accompaniments of song and shouting; and again there would be a mock battle, the opposing parties shooting each other with corks of champagne bottles. In the small hours the revelry would cease, and in the morning the young men would appear at a late break-

fast as sedate and unconscious as if all had been a dream. At length a gentle remonstrance was heard on the part of the ladies, whose sleep was disturbed, and at the suggestion of one or two elderly gentlemen a court was organized, and an investigation set on foot. Evidence was gathered, indictments were made out, the culprits were confronted with the witnesses, and after all the forms of a trial had been observed, fines were assessed upon the offenders to be paid at the steamer's bar in whatever refreshments the bar might be supposed to furnish,—a sort of homœopathic remedy. These fines I think were fully exacted and paid. To me, an Oberlin student, this was a new phase of life, and I could only occupy the position of a disinterested spectator.

"As we approached Vicksburg, the most northern of the cities that had been stricken by the pestilence and where some of the passengers had their homes, all this dissipation and frivolity disappeared. The dark shadow of the plague seemed to fall upon us two or three hundred miles from the city. The intelligence gathered from the boats we met was not altogether assuring. But the frost had come, and every day the outlook improved. When at length we reached the city the hospitals were not yet emptied, but there were no new cases. Almost the entire population wore symbols of mourning and a majority of the faces showed traces of the pestilence. One in every five of those who had remained in the city had died." This is a plague record that has seldom been surpassed. Zwingli speaks of the ravages of the black plague at the beginning of his pastorate in Zurich, a town of seven thousand persons, of whom twenty-five hundred

were carried off in six months. In the frightful scourge of cholera in 1832 New Orleans lost one in eight of its population.

"It was the season of cotton picking, and we were now passing through the cotton planting region. Gangs of slaves could be seen in every direction busily gathering cotton into bags and baskets under the lash of a mounted overseer; and at evening you would see a long line of men and women and children marching with weary step to the gin house, carrying in baskets on their heads the result of the day's gathering. Each slave had a task allotted and stood by in a sort of terror while his basket was weighed. Any discrepancy was scored on the back with the lash. I witnessed no such flagellation, but this was the system of the country. I do not think the task imposed was in general excessive, but the labor was compulsory and crushing. Work is hard or easy according to the motive we have for its performance. Slave labor was very inefficient because of this lack of motive. Northern men who become overseers or masters had the reputation of being the most severe and exacting, because they had no patience with the inefficiency and stupidity of slaves. With the rarest exception the slave was a shiftless and shirking laborer, and there was little motive for his being anything else. His sole compensation, the peck of corn and the cut of bacon, came at the end of the week, and this was rather a poor support of any high ambition. They were unmitigated eye-servants, working to keep up appearances.

"A lady in Louisiana was telling me of her trials as a mistress of slaves. Her husband had a boy 'Jim,'—a youth sixteen or eighteen years old, as I remember,

whose task was to cut and put up a half cord of wood in the forest each day. A day's work for a free laborer would have been a cord and a half to two cords. When Jim's work came to be inspected it was found that his half cord piles were made up of decayed logs with a layer of fresh wood on top. His master remonstrated with him and asked him how he spent the time. He said that he slept most of the day. 'Well,' said his master, 'you tell me the truth and I will not flog you, but you mustn't sleep any more.' Truth telling in a slave was a rare virtue and would cover a multitude of sins. The next day Jim went out and returned at evening without even raising his pile of rotten wood. His master asked him what he had been doing, 'sleeping,' he said, 'but you promised me, Massa, if I told the truth you wouldn't flog me.' 'But,' said the lady to me, 'I had not promised and I gave him the flogging.'

"A loaded cotton boat was an interesting sight. The cotton was packed in bales at the gin on the plantation. A cotton bale was about five feet long, as I remember, three and a half feet wide, and twenty inches thick, weighing from four hundred to five hundred pounds. These bales were laid up from the lower guards like a wall of huge stones, entirely around the steamer except a narrow opening at the bow to admit the air, and this wall was carried up above the hurricane deck until nothing was visible but the pilot house and chimneys. A steamer would carry from 1,500 to 2,500 bales. Arrived at New Orleans these bales were run through a steam press and reduced to half their bulk in preparation for the ocean voyage.

"As we approached the mouth of the Red River I

found that all steamers going up that river started from New Orleans 275 miles below, and as there was no stopping place at the mouth, my only sure course was to continue to the Crescent City, or till we should meet a Red River boat. Here we left the cotton growing region and found ourselves among the sugar plantations of Louisiana. It was the height of the sugar making season and the work was crowded day and night. From the mouth of the Red River down, the Mississippi begins to lift itself above the land on either side, and the surface declines gently from the river bank to the swamp, a mile or two away on either side. These margins, each a mile in width, make up the northern sugar plantations of Louisiana. At this time these plantations were vast estates working from one to two thousand slaves each. As viewed from the deck of the steamer they presented broad fields, cultivated like a garden. A multitude of slaves were employed in cutting the cane and carrying it to the sugar mills. The mill itself with its tall chimney and its puffing steam, the stately family mansion with its ornamental grounds—its groves and walks and drives,—could be clearly seen, and back at a respectable distance the little village of slave cabins, whitewashed without, but dismal and vile within.

"The Mississippi in this lower portion of its course is not broader than at the mouth of the Ohio, or even five hundred miles above the Ohio, yet it carries all the waters of the Missouri, the Ohio, the Arkansas, the Yazoo, the Red River, and a hundred other tributaries in a current a hundred and twenty to two hundred feet in depth, and always ready to spill over with its fullness. The embankments are in some places fifteen

feet in height and thirty feet broad at the base, and in times of high water are patrolled night and day like the fortifications of a beleagured city.

"And thus, nearly six weeks and two thousand miles from home, I reached New Orleans. It was then a city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, settled in two parts, the old and the new, or the French and the American, with a medley of languages spoken in its streets. One of the most interesting sights to northern eyes was the wonderful fruit market, with its tables loaded with all the fruits of the tropics. The famous slave market I did not visit.

"I was still seven hundred and fifty miles from the end of my journey, and my first interest was to find a steamer bound for the Red River country. This was soon found, and lo! it was the ill-starred *Caddo*, which had set me down on the banks of the Ohio nearly three weeks before, but with her brightness and beauty sadly marred and scarred. She was the first steamer of the season for the Red River, and I was booked for the trip—the only cabin passenger. The whiskey had been unloaded at the Crescent City.

"The brick red color of the Red River comes from the clay of its banks. There is no other river in the land which in comparison deserves the name. The water is so distinctly red that it gives a dull red color to garments washed in it,—and the coloring matter cannot be eliminated by the ordinary process of settling. It never settles. Steamers are obliged to take up a supply of water from the Mississippi for all ordinary uses. In the reflected light of the sun at morning or evening you seem to be sailing on a river of blood.

"If there is a wilder place on the face of the earth

than the country towards the mouth of the Red River; as it was at that time, I have never seen it. For many miles there was not a trace of human life except what we carried on the steamer. The shores were a tangled mass of cane brake and semi-tropical forests, hung with the weird fantastic Spanish moss like mourning drapery. Marshy lakes here and there along the margin were covered with wild geese and ducks by the acre, and what was more startling, at brief intervals a huge alligator would drop lazily from a log into the water, sometimes struck by a shot from some rifle on the steamer; and on the more distant higher banks, wild turkeys and deer often came into view. These were generally beyond reach. But one day as we rounded up under a bluff to 'wood,' a deer, probably pursued by hounds, leaped from the bank above over the steamer into the river and struck out for the other shore. The mate and a boatman sprang into the yawl in pursuit. The poor swimmer had no chance, and we had venison for dinner the next day.

"The *Caddo* won the distinction of being the first boat of the season up into the cotton region of the Red River, which involved the acquisition of trade as well as glory. For myself I shouted with the rest, not for any special interest in the *Caddo*, but from a general interest in the country. The next day, Friday noon, we reached Natchitoches—or Nakitosh according to the local pronunciation. The *Caddo* had now done for me all that she could do. I was still seventy-five miles from the little town at the head of Lake Bisteneau, the natural terminus of my journey, and this fell to me through the highland forest of Northwestern Louisiana. There was no public conveyance,

and worse than this, there was no road in the proper sense of the word. The only mode of travel was on horseback.

"I hired my horse at a livery stable without any one as surety, paying eight dollars in advance for the ride,—all that by a fair estimate the animal seemed to be worth; and with a limited wardrobe stowed in a pair of southern saddle-bags I sallied forth at mid-afternoon, proposing to make the seventy-five miles by the next day (Saturday) night. The calculation was over-sanguine. My *Rozinante* was not equal to the task. A moderately fast walk was the limit of attainable speed; and another unforeseen quantity soon entered into the problem. Two or three miles out from town I came to a crossing of the Red River. It was a rope ferry worked by two slaves. As I came in sight I saw that they were just leaving the shore with a partial load, and signalled them to put back and take me over. But this was not on their program. I waited two hours while they pulled lazily over and as lazily back again. To all my calls there came back over the water the encouraging answer, 'Coming, Massa,' but still they did not come. Here to my satisfaction I was joined by another horseman, a country traveller from Alabama, who I found was going forty miles on my road. For myself I never carried any arms more formidable than a penknife, but he, after the fashion of the country, was a mounted arsenal of pistols and bowie-knives. The day of revolvers had not come in. I felt a sort of security in the arrangement in view of the contingencies of a lonely ride, as there were rumors of robbers infesting the forest. It was sunset when we reached the opposite bank, but we pushed on intending

to lodge at the first cabin, which was eighteen miles distant, and thus we entered the dark solemn forests of the magnificent long-leaved southern pine. The trees were two and three feet in diameter, rising eighty or ninety feet without a limb and with very slight diminution in size,—then branching out in a rich wide-spreading top. There was no undergrowth in the forest and with the help of moonlight we were able to keep the trail. At length weary and hungry we reached the cabin to find every plank in the floor preoccupied by those who had arrived before us from the opposite direction. Our supper was fried bacon and sweet potatoes, and pone—corn-meal wet with water and baked upon the stones before the fire. In this case the corn was ground in a hand mill such as the negroes used on the plantation, and some of the kernels were broken more than twice. The sweet potatoes were grand. Our horses were groomed and well fed with corn and fodder,—there is no hay in that country. For ourselves we crept into a corn-crib, under the husks and slept—so far as the mice rustling among the husks, and the wolves howling around, would permit. In the morning we found a feed for our horses, but nothing for ourselves, and we breakfasted or dined at the next cabin twenty miles further on through the unbroken forest. Here my companion in travel left me. I rode on to the next cabin, ten miles further, and it was sunset—Saturday night. Here was a hotel, so-called, and I shared a bed with a stranger, sleeping in a room with the door wide open on either side looking out upon the forest, and a huge open fire in the end of the room.

"The Sabbath dawned bright and beautiful and I

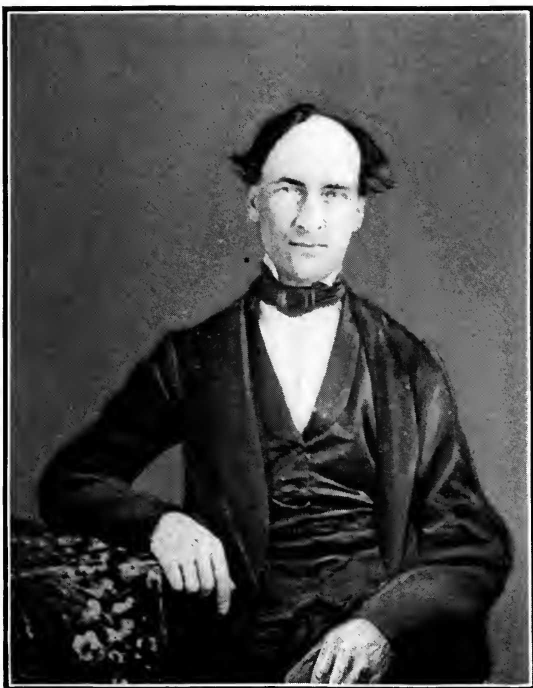
was twenty-five miles from my journey's end. The road lay still through the forest with a single cabin between me and the little town I was seeking. I was now seven weeks from home, and the latest intelligence from the southern terminus of this long journey was nearly four months old; but it was now in my power to keep the Sabbath, and I kept it in the quiet of a solitary cabin and in the depths of the pine forest. I do not present this as an example of duty to others under similar conditions—it was duty to me.

" Monday morning came and I mounted my horse for the last twenty-five miles of the long journey. A few hours more would realize a long cherished hope or confirm the apprehension which is often strongly mingled with the hope in such a crisis. The day was charming and every omen was propitious. At two in the afternoon I entered the beautiful little town of Minden, built in the midst of the primeval forest, and presenting myself at a certain dwelling there, which I seemed to know by instinct, I found the young lady with whom I had the appointment expecting me. It was her birthday, the twenty-second of November—the day so long before appointed for the meeting."

XIII

AS A COLLEGE PROFESSOR
1842–1858

DURING his junior and senior years in college James Fairchild had taught classes in the Preparatory Department. "In a new and rapidly growing school like Oberlin," he says, "there was always opportunity to fill a gap in the absence of an instructor, or to take a Preparatory class for a term. Thus the thought of a life-work in teaching gradually grew upon me, and at the time of my graduation from college such a life seemed more inviting than any other." This method of employing promising students as teachers of the lower classes of the Institution was then common not only in Oberlin, but in other and older colleges of the country. It was approved here as helping the advanced student to funds and a valuable experience, while at the same time making it possible for more teaching to be done in the Preparatory Department than could possibly have been provided without a great increase of expense to the pupil. President Fairchild always considered the teaching function a very important one in education, and he believed that the best teaching quality would be called out in one who stood near the pupil rather than in a purely scholastic world at a great distance from him. This is well illustrated in advice given in 1873 to a nephew of his, then in college, who had re-



JAMES HARRIS FAIRCHILD
Æt. 30

ceived a letter from his father encouraging him to take a long course of graduate work in Europe, and offering to meet all his bills for seven years. "I was pleased," writes the nephew, "and with no thought of refusing the offer went to President Fairchild and handed him the letter. After reading it he looked up with a quizzical smile and said, 'And what do you propose to do about it, Cyrus?' 'I guess I'll go. What do you think of the letter?' 'It's a nice letter. If you want to make the most of yourself you will go. If you wish to sell your life as dearly as possible in the world's work you will not go. You propose to teach. If you take such a course you will get so far ahead of your pupils as to lose sympathy with them. Take a course in a theological seminary. Take a position in a Western college and go to work for your pupils, well ahead of them and leading them, but not out of sight. If you spend seven years in graduate work upon Latin you can lecture and make books but you cannot teach with contagious enthusiasm.'"

We have no record of the subjects at first taught by young Fairchild. But we know that before the summer of 1838 he had been teaching the languages, for he speaks of having in his class a certain young lady,—who left Oberlin that summer,—whom he found it "embarrassing to have to set right occasionally when she made a slip in her languages." He began teaching in the college as tutor on a regular appointment by the trustees in the fall of 1839. He had the freshman class five hours a week in Latin, the same number of hours in Greek, and two hours on Monday in English Composition and Declamation. Twelve hours a week with the same teacher he thought was

"apparently, somewhat monotonous for them, but it was pleasant work for me. For this service my salary for the years 1839 and 1840 was four dollars a week for forty weeks. This did not appear a large allowance but it met comfortably all my expenses for those years."

Timothy B. Hudson, the Professor of Languages, requiring a more active life on account of his health, had taken up the work of an anti-slavery lecturer, and being very successful in that labor, decided to continue it. This left the college without a Professor of Languages, and in 1841 at the completion of his theological course the work of that department fell wholly into the hands of Tutor Fairchild. His appointment as tutor was continued, his salary for the year being raised to $400, and in addition to the Greek and Latin he was to teach Hebrew to the college seniors. "The Hebrew," he says, "fell to me, and fortunately I had training for this not only under the Jew, Professor Seixas, but later under Professor John P. Cowles one of the most brilliant scholars produced at Yale in the early days. My preparation for Hebrew teaching had been of course very limited, but I had read the entire Hebrew Bible in class and in private study."

This was his position when he went South to keep his appointment with Miss Kellogg. On his return to Oberlin after his marriage he found a warm welcome awaiting him. To his friends there he was almost like one coming to life from the dead. "For an Oberlin student to go into the South and return alive was as marvellous as for a Daniel to go into the lion's den and return uninjured." His father had by this time removed from Brownhelm to Oberlin to live

there for a season, and was in charge of the Women's Boarding Hall, and apparently also of the College Farm. The newly married pair lived for a time in the Hall and here their first child, Lucy Kellogg Fairchild, was born November 3, 1842, and became the plaything and the idol of the young ladies in the Hall. At the end of this year, August 25, 1842, the young tutor received a permanent appointment as Professor of Languages in the college. Thus his life work was decided for him. He was not to be a minister, not a missionary, but a teacher. He now set about the building of a house for himself, on the site of what is now 73 South Professor Street. The two large elm trees standing in the front of that lot and the apple orchard in the rear were planted by his hands when he came into possession of the property. He brought his family to their new home when his little daughter was six months old.

In connection with his teaching in 1846 he took up the study of the German language, as is related by one of the early students, H. E. Woodcock:—"I arrived at Oberlin Christmas Eve, 1839, and commenced my preparatory studies January, 1840, under Tutor J. H. Fairchild, Principal of the Winter School. In my first year in the Seminary J. H. Fairchild, and a college student and myself formed a class of our own to learn German. We secured a student to teach us the pronunciation, but we soon found that Fairchild could assist us in our study, and we three were able in a short time to read German."

The teaching of languages was his special delight, and the personal thoughtfulness which he later displayed in so marked a degree manifested itself from

the very first. Miss Clara Royce who began her acquaintance with President Fairchild when he was still a tutor says, "I always felt inspired to do my best work for his class because he was so invariably kind to his pupils." And Miss Harriet Cooley, now eighty-six years of age, writes to say, "Although he was a young man when he taught our class yet I feel the richer for having known him." George Drake,—who went to Oberlin in the fall of 1839 had him as a teacher of the freshman class in Greek. The winter before his marriage Tutor Fairchild had a room, as monitor, in Colonial Hall. "As most of our class roomed there," says Mr. Drake, "he became very intimate with them, always seeming pleased to hear our excuses, grant our requests, or assist us in any way possible. As an example of his genial intimacy with his students I will cite my own experience. As I was leaving his room one day after a friendly chat he passed his arm around my waist and gave me a squeeze. I reciprocated. He exclaimed, 'Oh, Drake, you hug like a bear!'" Simeon Daniels says of his teacher, "He was such a quiet, equable, lovely gentleman that no one who knew him could ever forget the *man*. I used to think he was a special friend of mine. But I rather think he was a special friend of all who were students under him. His is a blessed memory, and its pleasure will end only with life."

The kindness in his heart and the cordiality which shone in his face went together. It did not require a great occasion to make these felt. When Thomas Holmes rang the door-bell of that "first home" on Professor Street and asked to borrow his wheelbarrow, "Do," was the only response, but "the cordiality in

his beaming face," says Mr. Holmes, "has never left me, and I never hear his name without recalling that greeting."

A cordial recognition on the street became a life possession to others. Rev. Smith Norton has always remembered the charm of Professor Fairchild's recognition :—"I was under a dark cloud, lonely, of doubtful mind in many ways. Nobody, I thought, cared for me. I was walking on the old sidewalk on West College Street. The students were passing, and with them Professor Fairchild. As I met him he bowed and smiled, one of his gracious and benignant smiles, giving me a brotherly and most cordial recognition. Words cannot tell what it meant to me. I seemed a new man at once. And the brotherly face of that college professor has remained as a precious inspiration all my life. That act was just *like the man*."

He *knew* the students, and from the first took a real and personal interest in the welfare of each. Just before moving from his first house there arose an occasion which will illustrate this friendly interest—there are many which the historian will never pen. A new student rooming in one of the college buildings was taken sick with a very serious attack of erysipelas, which was considered a virulent disease. The following letter has been received from this student, now the Rev. John Holway :—"I came to Oberlin to study in November, 1848. While rooming in Oberlin Hall during that winter I was suddenly taken very sick and was confined to my bed. One evening Professor J. H. Fairchild came to visit me. He saw my helpless and needy state, and though I was a complete stranger to him he very kindly took me to his own home, and

took care of me till I was convalescent. And from that time till his death he was truly my friend, interesting himself in everything that concerned me."

"Oberlin has never seen a man," says Rev. Sherlock Bristol, "who could solve practical and even theoretical problems so readily. In scholarship he was thorough beyond any of his classmates, and pursued his studies farther than any. To show his scholarly ability I will relate an incident told me by a member of one of the college classes. That class had a decided penchant for mathematics, and was resolved to carry that subject farther than it had ever been carried in Oberlin,—indeed so far as to entangle the professor in charge of that department. The professor was one day called away, and young Fairchild had to take his place. The class was full of glee at the prospect of puzzling the new teacher. Coming into the class-room in haste he called for a book and asked to be shown the lesson. Glancing over the page he passed back the book and said, 'Proceed.' One went to the blackboard and worked a while when the professor said, 'You have made a fatal mistake. Let another take it up and correct it.' The second soon gave place to the third, and so on, until the professor, with no book in hand, took the problem apart and put its parts together so clearly and so easily that the class took a humble view of their mathematical ability. Said my informant, 'We went out with an altogether new idea of scholarship, and of ourselves.'"

All went smoothly in his appointed work, and he seemed destined to be for life a teacher of ancient languages, when an unexpected event occurred which brought a very serious problem before him for his de-

cision. In 1847 Professor Hudson who had recovered his health was ready to return to teaching but he was unwilling to take the vacant chair of Mathematics to which he was invited. He was however willing to resume his old position as Professor of Ancient Languages if Professor Fairchild would take the Mathematics. "It was contrary to my choice," wrote President Fairchild, "but I decided at length to enter upon the teaching of mathematics. This involved the work of a new preparation. Mathematics had not been my favorite study in college and languages had been. I expected to work at a disadvantage, but it seemed a pity to lose so able a professor as T. B. Hudson through my reluctance to make the change, and so I took up the new work." The new chair brought him into connection with a much larger proportion of the students. He gave himself with enthusiasm to the new work, and from the beginning was a new power in the College. No other teacher stood in such close touch with the large body of the students.

His life from the domestic side was all that could be desired. Although economy had to be carefully exercised Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild lived cosily and happily in their first home, until 1849. Here were born to them three other children, George in 1844; Mary in 1846; and Catherine in 1848. The trustees at their meeting in 1848 added a hundred dollars to the professor's salary. This was a very acceptable recognition of his services as teacher, for up to this time although he had been carrying the full work of a professor, and had also begun his duties as a member of the Prudential Committee he had been receiving but a tutor's pay, of four hundred dollars a year.

The records of the trustees for the years just preceding, indicate some of the struggles through which the College was passing at this time, and the carefulness with which the salaries were trimmed to the quick. At the annual meeting in August, 1845, the trustees had voted "that the institution do not hereafter pay more than four hundred dollars per year to any unmarried professor." At the same meeting they "resolved that we all practice a rigid economy." There is no doubt that the special economies of those trying days called for resolution on the part of all connected with the institution. But the movement inaugurated in 1848 to raise an endowment by the sale of scholarships soon began to give relief to the needy faculty. At the trustees' meeting in August, 1849, Professor Fairchild was given further recognition, as the following action shows:—"Voted, to make an appropriation not exceeding $200 to James H. Fairchild for the purpose of making a visit to Eastern Institutions to the end that he may improve himself in his department." He was receiving some of the reward for his willingness to give up the chair of Languages and take up the new work in the department of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He spent one winter with Professor Coffin, a well-known teacher of Mathematics in Easton, Pa. He also visited a half dozen of the prominent Eastern colleges. This was the extent of his graduate study abroad; but few teachers if any, have ever had such a teaching experience in the range of college work at home.

On the death of Mrs. Fairchild's father, her mother Mrs. Kellogg, with a son and daughter, came to the North. She brought with her a woman who had been

a slave and a little colored girl six years old. It had been Professor and Mrs. Fairchild's desire that they should receive Mrs. Fairchild's share of the property in slaves, whom they could in this way be able to give their freedom, and this little girl accordingly fell to her share. Their first little home now proved too small, and an exchange was made by which Professor Fairchild came into possession of the present Fairchild place. The grounds were among the most attractive in the village, with trees, and two elaborate winding walks, with their protected gravel edges, leading up from Professor Street. The two large evergreen trees which have been so conspicuous in later years were however planted there by Professor Fairchild himself. After he had moved into the house and repaired it Mrs. Mary L. Bacon remembers standing with him one day and looking over the winding flag stones leading up to his front door. " And what is this," he said, " a *circumbendibus?*" " I had never heard the word before," says Mrs. Bacon, " nor have I since. I then thought it coined by him at the time." It was a later regret of the family that the *circumbendibus* was not retained.

He was now living near to other members of the faculty with whom he was very intimate. Just adjoining was the home of Professor George N. Allen. The Allen and the Fairchild families were almost like one, and the children were always equally welcome in either home. The first sewing-machine brought into the town was a Grover and Baker owned in partnership by these two families, and run chiefly by the skillful performer of experiments in Natural Philosophy. Only a few steps farther north lived Professor

John Morgan, with whom his fellowship was always very close. Rev. Edwin S. Williams, who as a lad had come from New York City to be an occupant of the Fairchild home, gives a glimpse into the fellowship existing between Professor Fairchild and Professor Morgan. He says, "As far back as 1854 I had noted his long walks with Professor John Morgan, —him of the old Scoth-plaid shawl, the loving eye, the white hair, the sunny heart, and the Irish humor. To my boyish question, 'What do you find to talk about with Professor Morgan? Do you not see enough of him at church, at prayer meeting, in faculty meeting, at daily prayers?' His answer has been with me fifty years, and I understand its meaning:— 'The salaries are not very large at Oberlin and the companionship is more than half the pay.'"

The same testimony which came from his class room in languages in the earlier years now comes from the classes in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. John Haywood testifies to the high esteem entertained by the class of 1850 "for our excellent preceptor in Mathematics. I continued the relation of pupil to teacher by correspondence for some time and even after his transfer to another department. His geniality in class and in our casual meetings and social gatherings was a very marked characteristic. I have many pleasant remembrances of my sojourn as a student in Oberlin, most of which connect themselves at once with Professor Fairchild." Mrs. Ripley recalls "the accuracy he required in mathematics which made us mentally stronger. And more than this he taught us to speak distinctly, not only so that persons could understand us if they listened closely,

but so that they would be obliged to hear whether they wished or not. He was instrumental in establishing a prayer meeting for the senior class, held in Music Hall where he then held his recitations; this meeting is said to have been very helpful." Mrs. Mary Rice Whitney has not forgotten that "he was a delightful teacher making even the dullest studies interesting, and often supplying a welcome spark of humor to the dryest themes. I recollect that a student asked, 'When you measure an angle, why do you use the *sine* instead of the *arc?*' The professor considered a moment and then replied, 'For the same reason that when you want to go up into the air you use a bag filled with gas instead of a potash kettle!'" "One day," says Mrs. Mary Andrews Millikan, "one of the young ladies thinking she could recite if she could only have a little help said, 'Professor, give me the first word.' He quietly replied 'The.'"—And the young lady sat down. Mrs. Eunice M. Blackinton recalls a young lady in the class in mathematics who was deploring the examination soon to come, and afraid that she should fail to pass. "I shan't cry if you do," said the smiling professor. "But," said she, "I shall."

Miss Margaret Alsworth thinks that "as a teacher he was never equalled. His dignified manner in the treatment of the subject at once drew from the students in his classes their confidence and esteem. I never heard a disparaging criticism of him. He had a wide influence in the College." This rare combination of dignity and kindliness in his personality, as a teacher and a friend, evidently made a deep impression upon all who came in contact with him. Miss Julia

Pepoon, who went with a friend to board in the Fairchild home in 1855 or '56, speaks of this:—"Professor Fairchild was in appearance on the street rather reserved and dignified, and I stood in awe of him and did not quite know whether I should feel at home in his presence; but soon without any effort on his part he made us feel that he was a friend,—not dwelling on our faults but on our good qualities." The same testimony comes from H. S. Thompson,—"His innate dignity and wonderful moderation while in the class-room were his peculiar *sui generis* possession. There was not one in a thousand like him. I recall the remark of a fellow student as we passed from Professor Fairchild's recitation room to another. 'We now will go from the sublime to the ridiculous.' His moderate way of putting questions and giving explanations did not divert from the real thing itself. He gave all his strength to clearness of insight with no waste of force in the mere utterance. Professor Fairchild ripened into the great president he later became because of these traits of character which made him in his later life still more venerable and beloved."

Rev. Henry Avery has not forgotten an experience with Professor Fairchild as a literary critic:—"I doubt whether he ever said a word which any student laid up against him. I shall never forget the kindness with which he plucked the feathers from my poetic muse. I think it was early in my sophomore year [1852], that I wrote a monthly oration, and wishing to make an artistic production I wrote a prelude in what I thought was exalted blank verse, à la Milton. In fact I began it with the word 'Of,' and I tried to

imitate the style of 'Paradise Lost.' I think I can see myself brooding and hatching eaglets which were to soar with no middle flight, carefully counting the syllables in each line, eking out one and chopping off another, till it sounded fully as well as my pattern. So it seemed. I handed the article to Professor Fairchild for correction. A few days later I went after it, with my head high in the air expecting a compliment. He showed it to me, with two ominous marks across each little page of the supposed poetry; and putting his finger at the beginning of the prose he said in the kindest manner possible, 'I would begin right *there*.' Alas, what a fall was there!

"'What is the matter with the poetry?' I asked. 'Well,' said he, 'as you go on with your course of study you will see that this is mechanical. It has not the *spirit* of poetry.' I went to my room with my head in no danger of hitting the stars. My eaglets had become goslings, but I had too much confidence in the professor to harbor resentment. I knew that he must be right and that he had saved me from making myself ridiculous in public. I have since that time taken to prose, and now after fifty-four years I thank him for his kindness and faithfulness."

In connection with these personal qualities the memory of which many of his pupils of these early days cherished, some also have not unpleasant memories of his method of reproof in the classroom. Mrs. Mary Gilman Ross says, "Professor Fairchild in the classroom made an impression not easily forgotten. Always a gentleman and kindly considerate of the feelings of the students he nevertheless inspired in them a feeling akin to awe, which acted as a stimulus

in their preparation of lessons. When a student was faulty in recitation or in need of reproof there was no overt demonstration from him—only a smile, a blush, an elevation of the brows, and his part of the ordeal was over. But the recipient of the silent rebuke had added another picture of the indestructible kind, which he took with him to hang on memory's walls." Rev. T. E. Monroe notes the same characteristic of Professor Fairchild's discipline:—"He never *spoke* reproof in his classroom, yet the order and attention were faultless. If anything disturbed that attention he paused an instant in silence; if the inattention did not cease he gave the disturber a steady surprised look, not imperious—not of anger but of surprise that any student could be inattentive. I never knew that look disregarded—no student ever repeated the indiscretion. What Professor Fairchild would have done had this failed I cannot imagine—no instance of the kind ever occurred to my knowledge." But Mrs. Mary Andrews Millikan and Mr. W. A. Bemis are able to supply information which Mr. Monroe lacked in this particular. "It was during a recitation in mathematics," says Mr. Bemis, whose account I give, "that an unsuspected phase of his character was shown to the class one day in the back room of the old Music Hall. The professor was seated behind a small table on the platform and the recitation was progressing quietly as usual when some of the boys in the back of the room were observed having some fun of their own, and failing to give attention. The professor cast a glance in that direction and tapped lightly upon the table with his pencil. A moment or two later he tapped again, but the fun went on, when like a flash, he pushed back

his chair, and stepped around to the end of his table at the end of the platform. His face was flushed, his eyes shone and he looked sternly at the culprits for nearly a minute. Then without saying a word he quietly resumed his seat and the recitation went on. But it was a breathless moment, and the professor never needed to repeat the reproof."

John Day recalls an occasion, when a student who did not get along well in an examination became angry. The professor simply remarked, " Mr. J—— is quite hasty." "The reproof," says Mr. Day, " though gentle was considered effective by the class."

Rev. T. E. Monroe adds also the following, touching the life of his teacher and friend :—" I came to Oberlin in October, 1849, a farmer's boy of nineteen from Connecticut to prepare for college. Professor Fairchild on examination passed me in mathematics through the preparatory and freshman studies, and soon after entrusted to me the teaching of the academic classes in geometry and trigonometry, composed largely of country teachers, which I taught for five years. I had taught a few years in Rhode Island. I used Professor Fairchild's ' Diagrams,' and went to his classroom daily for them. I thus met him constantly and next to my brother esteemed him my best friend. His recitations were so perfectly prepared that he never took a text-book to his class in mathematics, and I am told this was true when he taught the Languages. He was a *friend* to every student, the *confidant* of few. Every student admired him, while few perhaps loved him. He was not a ' popular ' man, but to all who were in his classes he was the *model* man and often so called. The innate unconscious

dignity of his nature, the judicial quality of the man made itself felt. He at times seemed cold, but he was not cold. He was a man of warm feeling, always accessible, always ready to aid, but he was never familiar. There was a line *he never* crossed and you *could not* cross." And Mr. Monroe adds this information in regard to Professor Fairchild's work outside the class-room on Tappan Square:—"I helped him to locate the brick chapel, now burned; and after it was done helped him to lay out the walks and tree groups on the campus."

In June, 1849, Professor Fairchild gave a lecture to the students on "Women's Rights and Duties," which emphasized and amplified all the privileges of true womanly service, but was very conservative as to women's new sphere in competition with men. Miss Julia Pepoon recalls the faithfulness with which he held these ideas before the young women of the school:—"He was modest to the extreme in regard to his own abilities, and yet firm as a rock in regard to any course he regarded the only right one. He thought it was his duty to give the women a talk on their duties and to tell them his opinion of the pernicious influence of so-called 'Women's Rights.' He was very earnest and spoke strongly. One of the class who was rather sensitive felt deeply hurt, and as the lachrymal glands in her case lay near the surface she wept for two days. Not long after, her roommate told the professor how she felt about the matter. He turned and said, 'Is that so?' 'Yes, I not only wept but I felt that if what you said was true God had abused women in creating them. It was not entirely what you said, but what you implied also.' The pro-

fessor said, 'There is nothing to be implied. I spoke quite as strongly as I meant, and even a little more. Your class is a bright one and I thought I saw some tendencies leading them away from woman's true and happy sphere into "come-outerism" and public life, so I expressed myself very strongly, that I might if possible save these bright and happy girls from leaving their own appropriate sphere. Believe me I said all that I meant and rather more!' And the young lady was pacified."

Ex-President Brooks, of Tabor College, says of Professor Fairchild,—"He had a most judicial mind, and when he came to a decision it always carried weight with faculty, students and citizens. In 1855, during the struggle to make Kansas a free state, Mr. Charles Finney, Jr., returned from Kansas and told of the outrages committed upon those in favor of freedom. Citizens and students were excited to a most intense degree. The students met daily in small squads to drill preparatory to going to Kansas. Professor Fairchild was away from home, and it seemed as if the students were preparing to go to the scene of conflict almost *en masse*. Some of the faculty favored the movement. When Professor Fairchild returned he met the students, and in his calm, persuasive but decisive way made it clear to them that if they wished to serve their country they could do it best by preparing for larger usefulness in study—that there would be no lack of men who would go to Kansas." Margaret Alsworth remembers his conducting the chapel exercises on that day:—"After fifty years I can hear the words and the clear impressive voice as he prayed 'that the young men might not run before they were

sent.'" "And," adds President Brooks, "the drilling stopped, and very few students went."

In these early years other duties besides teaching in the classroom, his personal interest in the students, and the larger matters of college business came in to demand a share of his attention. From the very first he preached as occasions arose, and with his own share of acceptance,—even though the church going community of Oberlin were accustomed to such strong meat as was given them by President Mahan and Professors Finney and Morgan. But Rev. H. E. Woodcock recalls a sermon of Professor Fairchild's somewhat shorter than the Oberlin audiences were accustomed to listen to:—"On one Sabbath he selected for his text 'They set Dagon in his place again,' and not finding the subject fruitful he finished his discourse much before the usual time and sat down. Brother Mahan arose and said, 'There are yet fifteen minutes,' and so he proceeded to finish Professor Fairchild's sermon,"—and the congregation was not allowed to form the habit of going before the accustomed time. Manuel Drennan speaks with particular appreciation of Professor Fairchild's addresses and sermons of these days:—"What I remember especially of Professor Fairchild during the years I was under his influence is not what occurred in the recitation room, but his sermons and Thursday lectures, and various occasional addresses to the students. In these last there was often a happy combination of business common sense, of a gentlemanly honorable worldliness with the principle and spirit of the New Testament. It was something greater and better than eloquence or learning or intellect—a manly kind of personality working under

that highest law, love to God and love to neighbor."

He was frequently assigned to duty as Conductor of the Winter School, which was then held in connection with the college very much as Summer Schools are now conducted in many Universities. His services were also in demand by Teachers' Associations, before which he gave many addresses on various topics, especially on teaching. He also gave attention to the affairs of interest in the town and the improvement and elevation of the standards of living in the Reserve. For several years he gave lectures regularly in an Agricultural College in Cleveland, and he gave a course of lectures before the Ohio Agricultural College. The Agricultural Societies of those early days were serious educational institutions and he spoke frequently before these societies. As early as 1844 he addressed the Agricultural Society in Oberlin. His address before the Agricultural Societies of Erie and Huron Counties, delivered at Monroeville in October, 1853, some extracts of which will be found in the next chapter, is full of practical and æsthetic suggestions. All this bears witness to the fact that his life was very far from that of a recluse or a scholastic in an isolated wilderness. The broad and humane wisdom which later characterized him were already clearly manifest in all these addresses.

After the resignation of President Mahan in 1851, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy had been taught by President Finney, with Professor Henry E. Peck as Associate Professor. In 1858 Professor Fairchild who had now filled the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy for eleven years was transferred to the

chair of Moral Philosophy. He also began the teaching of Theology to the students in the Seminary. But so happy had he been in his teaching in the mathematical department that he declares,—" I laid it down with almost as much reluctance as I had taken it up at the beginning." But this new work after all, was to be the real and distinctive work of his life for which all his early study, his unvarying habit of frankness and helpfulness, his mental struggles after religious light and peace had been preparing him. Providence had designed him for a teacher of practical Ethics, and of a Theology growing out of the great central truth of Divine Benevolence.

XIV

HUMAN INTERESTS

THE extracts which follow, taken from the address given by James H. Fairchild at Monroeville, Ohio, October 6th, 1853, before the Agricultural Society of Erie and Huron Counties, will serve to illustrate the breadth of his interests, and his sympathy with that which is distinctively human.

"Mr. President and fellow citizens: We stand to-day where two generations meet. The old men among us look back upon a life's work achieved since the primeval forests of Northern Ohio began to fall before the advance of civilization. Our young men are about to take their places on the field. The work accomplished by the departing generation we may well be proud of. They leave a rich legacy to their successors. The records of the world may be searched in vain for a more remarkable example of the triumph of human energy. The forests have fallen not before ponderous machinery driven by the powers of nature, but by the arm of man, nerved to the work by an indomitable will. And such forests neither they nor their ancestors had ever beheld. A faint-hearted race would have shrunk from the conflict. To-day we rejoice in the fruits of their strong-heartedness. In place of a frowning forest we look upon smiling fields. Churches and schoolhouses greet us on every hand, pleasant villages are clustered along our thoroughfares,

and thriving cities spread their commerce upon inland seas. The locomotive thunders across our farms dragging Eastern civilization in its train, and the electric wires, with the silence and the swiftness of thought diffuse among us daily the news from distant lands.

"However magic-like the transformation from the wilderness of forty years ago, these changes have come by no supernatural causes. The men are alive among us who can explain every step of our progress since the falling of the first huge oak let in the light of heaven upon a soil that had been shaded for centuries. They built the log cabins that preceded these comfortable farmhouses. They blazed the trees that marked the footpath to their nearest neighbor's, they launched the first craft that bore over the waters of Lake Erie the products of Northern Ohio. The nightly howling of the wolf had scarcely ceased from our forests ere we were serenaded by the screaming locomotive."

"But it is not so much my design to review the labors of the last generation, however pleasant it might be, as to indicate some of the directions in which the generation now coming on may put forth their energies. Those labors are never to be renewed.—There is no land between the Mississippi and the Western Ocean so utterly beyond the reach of the appliances of civilization as was Northern Ohio when our fathers found it. How shall we show ourselves worthy sons of our brave-hearted sires? Not by flattering ourselves that it remains for us only to reap the harvest they have sown. They were wise in their generation and we worthily imitate them only when we are wise in ours. The rough work of reclaiming the new country is for the most part done. The work that

remains is of a different character. The wilderness has been changed into a fruitful field,—it is ours to see that the fruitful field becomes a garden. To accomplish this a higher style of agriculture and of the other arts must be attained and new ideas of comfort and convenience must be introduced. The difficulties we encounter are different from theirs and new instrumentalities must be employed."

"A similar advance must be made in all the other arts of life. In the early days there was little occasion for the indulgence of taste. The carpenter who could fashion a plow-beam or construct an ox-sled possessed all the skill requisite in a new country. He could furnish the farmer's cabin with a window sash or a battened door hung on wooden hinges with a wooden latch and a leathern string. A column or a cornice was as little in demand as a fancy carriage or a velvet-cushioned sofa. Those days of necessity and primitive simplicity have passed away. However charming the log cabin as a poetical allusion, and however pleasant the remembrances of those early days we cannot return to them except in poetry and in retrospection. No doubt our fathers were blessed in their rustic cabins without the conveniences enjoyed in older countries. But they made a virtue of present necessity in the hope of a good time coming. Such self-denial is easy when the object to be attained is a worthy one. Some pity those who suffered the inconveniences of the early times. Such pity is misplaced. Those are to be pitied who have not the energy when the comforts of life are within their reach, to attain them. Your mother was content to use her simple room as kitchen, parlor and nursery, but a similar

resignation in your wife would bespeak a lack of thrift and enterprise. On the part of the matron of thirty years ago it was a magnanimous adaptation to circumstances. On the part of the matron of the present day it is an unworthy sufferance of an unnecessary evil. Our fathers and mothers submitted to necessary deprivations, and the necessity saved them from conscious degradation.—The same inconveniences submitted to without necessity will produce in their children sordid, groveling habits.

"Allow me then to call your attention to the importance of a well ordered and pleasant home, and to suggest the attainment of such a possession as one of the prime objects which we should place before us.

"The home which we need is not the product of wealth but of patient care and labor, under the guidance of cultivated tastes, such a home as we can all secure who are blessed with health and the fee simple of a half-acre of ground. If you have your home to build give some attention to its architecture, so that passers-by shall be refreshed as their eyes rest upon it, and so that your own soul shall feel a quiet satisfaction as the home-roof greets you from a distance. Such a structure is a blessing to a whole neighborhood. The influence descends upon you like that of a smiling countenance which you may meet in a gloomy wilderness. The expense is no more than that of the tawdry ornament so frequently bestowed without taste upon cornice and casement.

"But the *interior* of the house is far more important than the exterior, because by day and by night, in season and out of season, it affects the comfort and welfare of the family. First and foremost there must

be a kitchen that is a kitchen. This is one of the inalienable rights of woman. Let the kitchen be so convenient and inviting that the mistress of it shall feel more like a queen than a slave,—so that all the appliances of successful housewifery shall be there to do her bidding. Water in all its requisite forms and in unlimited abundance must be at hand. That old-fashioned fireplace has done good service and furnished you a cheerful light and heat for many a winter evening. But what you need in the kitchen is a convenient apparatus for cooking; and this time-honored fireplace has the disagreeable habit of cooking the cook as well as the dinner. Brick up then without regret that yawning chasm and try the improvements of the nineteenth century.

"An essential accompaniment of the kitchen is the wood-house with its well-seasoned contents. The husband feels at liberty to fret if the breakfast is not prepared in time, and the potatoes must be well baked too; but where is the wood for such a performance? Soaking in a two days' rain, perhaps, or split from a green log last night after supper,—and the wife must be thankful if it is split at all. She can never fret nor show the least impatience if the wood *boils* instead of burns in its excess of moisture. What an addition to her comfort to split that wood a little in advance, and shelter it snugly in a convenient place. If your wife is dispirited and inclined to nervous headaches, with a little tendency to acidity of the stomach, try as an antidote ten cords of dry wood kept constantly on hand. It requires just as many loads of wet wood to supply a family for a year, as of dry wood; to say nothing of the barrels of water so prodigally wasted."

"Next in order comes the family sitting room, the place where you and the wife and children may enjoy each other's society, and help each other in the higher pursuits of life after the labors of the day are over. A home is not a home without such arrangements. There must be time and place for quiet social intercourse—with books and periodicals and objects of taste at hand which shall aid in the development of the mind and heart. The place for these associations is the family sitting room. It is, in fact, the centre of the home, the point to which the wanderer looks back with longing heart when far from his father's house. You supply, then, a great family necessity when you provide a comfortable, quiet, tasteful room with suitable furniture, in all particulars inviting as a gathering place for your family evenings at home."

"A door from the sitting room to the nursery, snug and tidy, spacious and well ventilated, and comfortably warm—not a close sleeping room, six by seven, partitioned off from a corner of the kitchen, as if it had been forgotten until the plan for the house was completed. Of parlor and dining room it is not necessary to speak. The house that presents kitchen and nursery and family sitting room, well arranged and furnished, cannot be a failure. All other necessary things will take care of themselves when these are appreciated and provided for."

"But a house without suitable grounds would be like a diamond without the setting, or a bird's nest in a tree after the autumn wind had stripped it. It is a small chore to plant a tree, but some of us have been taught to regard the trees as our greatest foes, and we seem to have a jealousy of their being installed in the soil from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

which they have been so recently eradicated. We must rid ourselves of this hereditary prejudice. There is no better remedy than to take a brief survey of the different residences in your neighborhood, and mark the fresh and cheerful aspect which trees and shrubbery impart. If this is not enough take a stroll up that shaded walk, or stretch yourself at length beneath that pendant elm, and drink in the quiet joy that distills from its branches; then go home and plant a tree under which your children shall play, and around which their associations shall always linger.

"It is not necessary to be at great expense for evergreens and exotics. A few evergreens judiciously disposed will add a charm; but they are too prim and stiff to give a pleasant character to the home. Foreign trees have a sort of interest, but give us our own native trees,—the elm, the maple, the ash, the splendid tulip tree or whitewood. The catalpa, the ailantus, the larch, however aristocratic their names, can never compare with these in permanent magnificence. Native trees, too, are better suited to the climate and soil, and may be relied on to grow, unless you take pains to prevent it. The street in front of the house is yours by decision of the courts. Occupy it with a row of trees.

"If your house is located as it should be, it stands back from the street fifty or a hundred feet, or more. Do not crowd this front yard with fruit trees. They are not adapted to ornamental purposes. Flowering shrubs and annuals, tastefully arranged and well cared for, may sometimes be added to advantage; but you may depend with entire safety upon the rich green turf beneath, and the spreading trees above. These are a permanent acquisition, while flowers must be re-

newed yearly and cared for monthly, or they become an offense, instead of an ornament. Besides, they never characterize a home and form a link in the associations of after years like a perennial elm or maple.

"An essential feature in the country home is a well selected variety of fruits; and of all the homes on the face of the earth those of Northern Ohio should enjoy this luxury. The apple, the cherry, the plum and the whole tribe of berries and grapes are native here. With even a moderate chance they vindicate their right to the soil. But let us understand that there is a marked difference between a Newtown pippin and a native crab. It is hard for some of us to relinquish the idea that our seedlings are not as good as anybody's apples. But they take just as much room and cost just as much labor as the best of their species—the pippin, the Porter, the Baldwin or the Cooper. It is not wisdom to keep the worse when we can have the better.

"Pears too are thought to be a luxury beyond our attainment. The idea that it requires a generation for a pear-tree to come into bearing deters many from cultivating this delicious fruit. I do not admit the excuse. Let us at least plant a tree or two for the generation that shall follow, and set them an example of faith and fidelity. But it ought to be understood by all concerned that the pear-tree has caught the spirit of the age and is determined to be up with the times. It has taken on a precocious development, and will show you in three or five years from the bud a crop of luscious fruit, as much as its fragile limbs can sustain; and what is remarkable these precocious specimens occupy little more room than a hill of corn.

Inquire then of some scientific nurseryman for the most approved varieties of the pear *dwarfed upon the French Quince.* Be not alarmed at the outlandish names they bear. You will find the fruit better adapted to your organs than the names."

"Berries will have a richer flavor when grown under your own eye than when bought in the market. The ladies of the household may do much to provide the family with these little delicacies, and what is almost equally important the air and the sunlight which imparts a ruddy cheek to the fruit will confer the same blessing upon the fruit grower."

"There is not a man of us all who has not time and taste and money enough to improve and adorn the grounds about his home, and to keep his mind occupied with what we regard as of importance. You owe it to yourself. It will make you a better man. Let us surround ourselves with such objects as shall elevate the thoughts, shall cultivate the affections and appeal to our higher susceptibilities. A man with a soul is more efficient in any honorable calling than a man without one. Civilization increases human power,—not because it gives additional muscular energy nor merely because it adds to our knowledge of the laws of nature, but because it furnishes more powerful motives to exertion. These motives depend upon the development of a higher nature and upon an enlargement of the sphere of enjoyment. You need the influence of a pleasant home as an antidote to the hardening influences of the world. It is one of the means of heaven's appointment for counteracting the tendencies to selfishness, moroseness and misanthropy."

"Again, your wife has a claim upon you for a convenient home and pleasant grounds about it. The home is the scene of her life's labors. She cannot escape from it. She would not if she could. But it is cruel to subject her unnecessarily to constant annoyances which crush her spirit or shut her away from the charms of Nature so bountifully diffused around us. You would have her live to a good old age with the smile of her youth still fresh on her lips. Show then that you appreciate her necessities, and surround her in her little world with objects of beauty which shall reflect back her smile. Her step will recover its wonted elasticity and her heart will become strong to bear the burden of her heaven-appointed work.

"You owe a pleasant and inviting home to your children. No accumulation of wealth for them can compare with such a benefit.

"If you would confer a benefit on your town or village, show what care and diligence can do in making a beautiful and cheerful home. It will do your neighbors good to look into your pleasant grounds, the product not of wealth but of taste and patience. The ostentatious display of wealth would offend and discourage; but the unostentatious exhibition of taste and beauty inspires hope and encourages imitation.

"Patriotism too invites to this good work. We need a more general cultivation of the private virtues which gather about the fireside. The impetuous restlessness of our character and times, needs to be soothed by the gentler influences of the home circle. The excitements of politics and of commerce reach the remotest limits of the land. The homes of our country are the strongholds of quiet and of rational en-

joyment. While these are undisturbed no convulsion can harm us. Here is the corner-stone of our permanent prosperity. Let us lay it so deep and broad that the nation may rear high upon it the pillars of her greatness.

"Our cities are the centres of excitement and feverish restlessness. Hitherto they have produced little impression upon the general system. The times are changed. Our network of railroads and telegraphs makes the whole country but the suburb of the city. The excitements of Wall Street and Pennsylvania Avenue are propagated ere sunset to the end of the land. The city with its business and its bustle, its spasms and its fashions is threatening to overflow us. Against this overwhelming tide of city influence let us raise an embankment of rural quiet and domestic enjoyment. Let us have our own interests and fashions, our comforts and cares, and send back upon the city a refluent tide of quiet and wholesome enjoyment.

"To such a work our country calls us. In ways as simple and unpretending as these we may serve God and serve our generation. Duties such as these are laid upon the men of this generation, and happy he who shall not despise his birthright."

XV

AN APPEAL TO THE CONSCIENCE

THE sermon which follows in brief outline was preached just after a case of discipline in the college, and made a deep impression. It illustrates as near an approach to a revival sermon as President Fairchild ever made. The text was taken from Eccl. 9:18, "But one sinner destroyeth much good."

1. A sinner is one who lives for some other purpose than to do good. One who has not taken note of his duties and obligations to God and men with a purpose to meet those duties. It matters not what else he lives for, or what form his life may take. He may find his pleasure in gross and forbidding pursuits, in an outward life loathsome with all corruption; or avoiding outward evils he may be intensely worldly, occupying himself with heaping up worldly goods; or he may pursue some ambitious scheme, some shadow which men call honor or fame or power; or he may seek for himself all elegant culture and knowledge, the highest personal refinement, the most exalted gratifications of literature and taste and social life,—whatever direction the life may take, the man is a sinner all the same. There are as many forms of sin as there are impulses in the human soul. The common element in all is disobedience to God, neglect of His will, the pursuit of pleasure instead of duty.

2. The proper end and aim of life is to do good and attain good. This is the only life which one can justify to himself, and contemplate with full satisfaction. Other pursuits are enticing, they appeal to our desires and our passions. The life of doing good satisfies our reason and conscience, and fills the soul with peace. It is the life which God lives and therefore we call Him good. It is the life in which God's children live. In their finite sphere they aim to benefit and bless—thus they partake of the character of God, and become the children of the Father in heaven "who makes His sun to rise upon the evil and the good and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust."

This is the life of religion. It gives to God His place, and accepts His will as law,—a life of harmony with Him, a life of obedience and love and faith, a life that brings blessing to him that lives it and scatters blessings on every side.

3. In this life so just and right and good no sinner has a share. God's love is over him, and His providence;—he gathers God's gifts so graciously bestowed, but makes no return of grateful obedience. He need not curse God with his lips or in his heart; it is enough to neglect and forget Him. This is his sin.

His fellow men with all their interests are around him. They need his example and aid to live a life of religion and goodness. He goes on his way giving no heed to this want of theirs. This is his sin.

He is himself by birthright an heir of immortality. Heaven is opened to him, and God's favor is proffered to him. He spurns all this and sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, and this is his sin.

4. Thus the mischief of sin reaches to God. It

cannot pluck Him from His throne, or dim His glory, or thwart the good purpose of His goodness; but the ingratitude of sin must pain Him. "If I be a Father," He says, "where is My honor!"—The wickedness of sin must offend Him. Of the times before the flood it is said that God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thought of his heart was only evil continually, and "it *grieved* Him to the heart." The misery of sin moves His pity.—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life." His rational creatures are His treasure, and there is loss to Him in every soul that fails of hope and blessedness.

The sin of God's creatures is a wrong done to Him. The sinner robs God of His rights. He says to His ungrateful people, "Ye have robbed Me." God's feelings in view of the loss which the sin of men brings to Him are expressed in many passages of Scripture:—"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel?" The Saviour's lament over Jerusalem—"How often would I have gathered you"; the parable of the prodigal given to set forth God's feelings towards His lost creatures. The sin of man mars the satisfaction of God.

5. But God's substantial blessedness is beyond the sinner's reach. He contains in himself a fullness of life and good. Among his fellow men the sinner's life and power operate with greater mischief. They are linked together by so many ties that what one is or does affects a wide circle around him. No one can live to himself in such a sense that others are not affected by his life.

Each one has power, if he employs it well, to bless many others. The grand element of the power to bless is the being what one ought to be, before God and before men,—a righteousness *out of which* grows a right life. The highest blessing we can confer on any one is to persuade him to a life of love to God, a Christian life. Such a life as that carries with it all other good. The chief power we have in such persuasion is to lead such a life ourselves. Goodness is diffusive,—from the heart that loves God there flows forth a perennial spring of blessing. This is not merely nor chiefly a *human power.* Such a soul is God's chosen channel of mercy, and divine beneficence operates in connection with these human sympathies and forces.

The sinner voluntarily throws away this power, shuts God from his soul, and ceases to be a channel and fountain of good. What he might have done to bless is left undone. He has something else to occupy him. He is laying up some other treasures.

To destroy all this good he only needs to be a sinner, and his power to bless substantially his fellow men is as really gone as if he were dead. He retains his intellectual and physical powers, but there is no soul back of them to employ them for good and beneficent and saving purposes. Bnt if this were all it would be fortunate. The sinner is not a mere negation, not merely the absence of power for good. There is positive power for evil. As goodness is diffusive so sin is contagious, and more abundantly. For men are prepense to evil, they take to it without persuasion. They need a constant force to sustain them against it. The example of sin is a sufficient impulse.

The sinner is a power for mischief wherever he may be. He does not need to do anything. He does not have to try to do evil. The mischief is in what he is. Continuing a sinner he must be a curse to the world. He may try to do no harm. All his trying is vain until he ceases to be a sinner. He may keep all his thoughts to himself. His very silence speaks. Thus he destroys much good.

Nor is it very material what form his sin may take. One form may seem directly more disastrous than another. He may have a decent and respectable outward life, but his neighbor, a sinner by his example, with different impulses and passions may give an exhibition of loathsome wickedness. We sometimes comfort ourselves in sin, that there are certain sins for which we have no responsibility. We think of ourselves as entirely clear of them. Little is the ground for comfort. Our respectable worldliness breaks out in our neighbor in loathsome evils, the very things we abhor,—and we turn away from the work of our own hands.

6. The sinner sometimes tries to find comfort in the idea that he does not *intend* the mischief and that he has no wish to do *harm*. Even this if true does not set aside the guilt. He is well aware that there is harm in his example and that it leads men astray, yet for his own pleasure he pursues it. This is the common form of sin. It is not a purpose or wish to do mischief, but an unwillingness to sacrifice immediate pleasure to prevent the evil or do the good.

Yet it is not rare to find in the sinner's heart a secret satisfaction in seeing harm done. He is willing that others should be no better than himself. He is

pleased when a good man falls. He would be willing to put a temptation in his way, and then publish his failure. Worldly men are willing and glad to see the entire community as worldly as themselves. The selfish and ambitious student hopes the time will come when he can pursue his schemes without any pressure from the better sentiment around. And so throughout, every sinner sets himself against the good which is opposed to his particular indulgence. The willingness to suffer good to be destroyed is the essence of all dishonorableness.

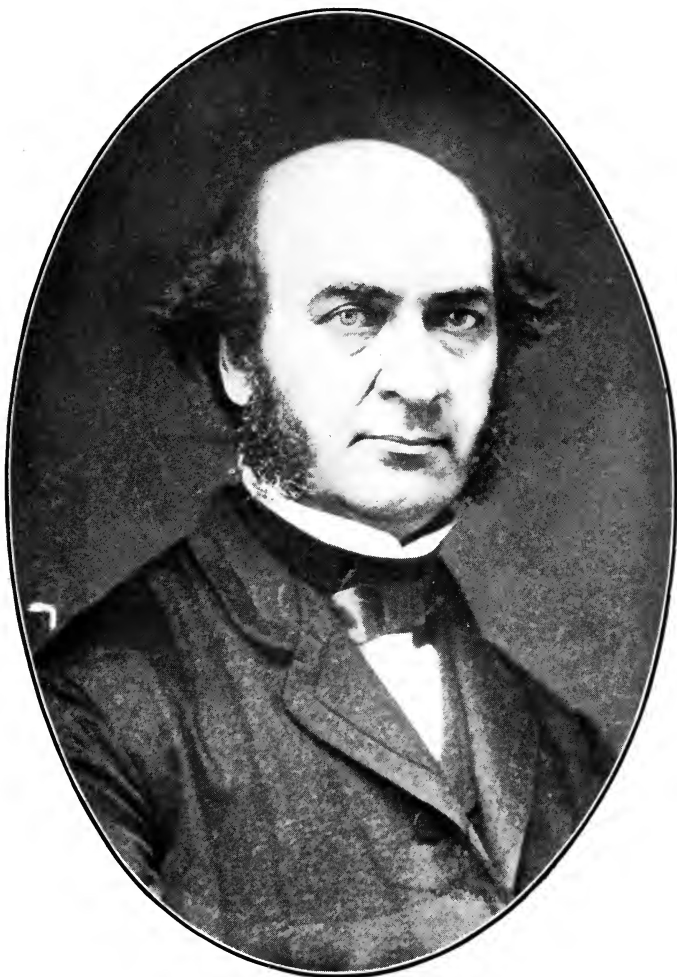
7. But it is upon the sinner's own good that sin works with the surest and most fatal effect. Others may escape the snares he spreads,—his own soul cannot escape. Over his own good, by divine appointment, he has absolute control. The purity, and peace, and satisfaction of righteousness he foregoes, and takes instead the defilement and darkness and turmoil of sin. God's favor and love and the joy of His presence forever,—his by birthright, he turns away from, and accepts instead the dark doom of the sinner, the shame and everlasting contempt which must be the portion of those whose lives are in conflict with the good which God is endeavoring to do.

O my friends, who of us can bear the responsibility of sin!

XVI

PROFESSOR AND PRESIDENT, 1858–1889

WHEN Professor Finney accepted the presidency of the college in 1851 it was with the definite understanding that he was not to be confined by the routine of the office to the detriment of his greater work outside. His greatest evangelistic service abroad was rendered after this event. From the time of his acceptance of the position he did not find his strength sufficient for the minute administrative duties, and the Faculty appointed a chairman to whom these were assigned. "For some years," says President Fairchild, "this form of service fell to me in addition to the work of teaching. Of course," he modestly adds, "the administrative work under such conditions would naturally be reduced to a minimum, and would be distributed among the different professors and heads of departments,—not equally because some are capable of such work and readily accept it, others are sometimes incapable and sometimes unwilling." Dr. Morgan and others were very helpful, but the larger share of this important service was entrusted to Professor Fairchild. For this particular kind of work he had been well prepared not only by his intimate knowledge of all that belonged to the Oberlin history but by his personal esteem for the great evangelist and acute theologian now to be its President.



JAMES HARRIS FAIRCHILD
Æt. 50

Seven years later, in 1858, at the time of President Finney's last absence in England, Professor Fairchild, "to meet the pressing necessity," was called to the position of Associate Professor of Theology and Moral Philosophy. Ethics and theology in those early days were extremely practical subjects, developed from the impulses of earnest and conscientious living. It was no accident that the theory of Christian benevolence became fundamental for both. The spirit of evangelism which had preceded and led to the Oberlin enterprise had ripened into a Christian Ethics and a Systematic Theology which were the embodiment of that theory. Theology was truth rather than mere science, and moral philosophy the highest ideal of Christian living expressing itself under the guiding genius of common sense.

Professor Fairchild's forty years had been years of closest study, and yet he knew life in the concrete. Argument and reasoning had been traditions from his earliest remembrance, and no questions were forbidden to the circle into which his study had introduced him. And yet obedience and not doubt had been the habit of his life. The charm of demonstration, the scientific acquaintance with laws and principles, the simplicity and exactness of language, his intimate knowledge of the Bible, his quiet trust in the ruling of Providence,—all came into fruitage in this new field which was now to engage his powers. The real work for which he had been divinely endowed had at last come to him, and in the full vigor and maturity of his years he set about its performance with a will. When Mrs. Julia Fairchild Hall, his brother Henry's daughter, was a student in Oberlin, Professor Fairchild one day asked

the members of one of his classes what they would do if they knew that they had but six months in which to live. After giving them a moment in which to think it over he asked first one and then another. Then she asked, "And what would you do, Uncle James?" He replied, "I hope I should feel that I ought to do just about what I am doing now."

For a few years President Finney continued to give lectures in Theology when he was in Oberlin, so that there were two presentations of that subject in close connection with each other. Rev. Isaac Allen narrates an incident which occurred when President Finney was delivering a course of lectures to the Theological class of 1862. Mr. Allen had proposed to the president that the class be required in turn to give a synopsis each day of the previous lecture. The president had heartily adopted the suggestion, and added, "We shall expect from you to-morrow a synopsis of to-day's subject,"—which was, "How do we attain to a Knowledge of the Moral Attributes of God?" President Finney had based his lecture on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and drew the inference that purified souls by contact with the Divine attained a sort of *sixth sense* whereby they see and feel Him directly, literally. Mr. Allen in his résumé could not accept the interpretation, and held that we attain to the knowledge of the Divine attributes not directly but indirectly, by analogy from human attributes. As moral agents we possess moral attributes. God as a moral agent must have moral attributes, only in perfection. President Finney listened a while and cried out, "What's that! What's

that!" A sharp discussion was in progress when Professor Fairchild came in, and presently began also to take a part, and eventually the hour closed with Professor Fairchild taking Mr. Allen's place in carrying on the discussion until the bell rang. To have had these different conceptions brought out by two such masters in intuitive insight and metaphysical analysis furnished an intellectual stimulus not to be found in the common classroom.

If Oberlin's ideals in the earlier days were found in evangelistic preaching they were now to appear in its ethics and moral philosophy, whose practical principles covered the whole range of individual and national life and sought to make everything Christian and sane. That the same spirit of Christian benevolence which inspired the early evangelism was working in the new is the testimony of those who came under its influence. The new Professor of Moral Philosophy, like his predecessors in that chair, made it the end of his teaching to develop manhood and to secure Christian service in their wider relationships.

His work in this field began too early to bear the marks of any specialized interest in the anthropological development of conscience or the mere psychology of religious experience. He had little interest in the curiosities of knowledge, even of scientific knowledge. He was not studying religious history, he was helping to make it. Consequently he is free from every trace of that pedantry which has sometimes been known to characterize University study. His teaching of theology and of ethics was for the purpose of revealing the great fundamental and eternal laws of Being and making them conscious forces in bringing men nearer

to each other and to God,—to establish the moral and religious unity of the Universe.

What student will ever forget the new vision of life which came into his soul when he heard for the first time this exposition of the law of benevolence, and realized that the same principles which we are expected to embody in our lives are those by which God Himself is governed. No more surely did the student of the natural laws of light feel himself dealing with a fraction of the solar system, than did the student of Moral Philosophy under Professor Fairchild discern himself at once related to humanity and to God in the universality of moral principles. It was a liberal education and epoch-making, to spend a year in personal contact with such a teacher. Many a young man was awakened to the realities of a greater world and brought to face the duty of choosing a life of Christian service in it.

How often the enthusiastic college student was heard to remark of his teacher of Moral Philosophy, "What a supreme court judge he would have made!" And a judge in the highest sense he was as in his quiet and masterly way he solved for the students some of the most important questions of life. "It was my good fortune," says Henry Cowles Smith, "to be a member of his class when he delivered his first lectures in Moral Philosophy from manuscript. I have always thought there was never anything better." It was not till in 1869 that he published these lectures in a text-book entitled *Moral Philosophy, or the Science of Obligation.* It was a bold thing for a man brought up in one little community and doing his life work in it, to write a book covering the whole sphere of indi-

vidual, social and civic duties, and it speaks volumes for that little world that its natural spokesman should find himself drawn to treat of universal well-being, and should lay bare with confidence its eternal foundations.

Kindness and thoughtfulness in James Fairchild had long since become a habit. All who knew him in these busy days have the same story to tell. Quietly, and without show of hurry, he was able to touch many lives. It was his habit for years to reserve a little time from his afternoons for the doing of the true pastor's work among students and townsmen, and this was done without noticeable interference with his other duties. He not only held in mind large plans and general principles, but in a wonderful degree all the details. "Busy as he was, no one was quite so thoughtful to look up and call upon old students when they came to town. He also took pains to know the new students—not merely those in college and seminary, but he looked up the preparatory student who had just come. Some years ago a lady who had never been a student at Oberlin made her will, leaving her property, $20,000, to Oberlin College. She gave as the reason, to Professor Parker, of Iowa College, "that when her brother, an orphan boy from Scotland, went to Oberlin as a preparatory student, and fell sick and died, it was Professor Fairchild's manifest sympathy and tenderness which won her heart to the college. That with all his duties he should thus interest himself in a preparatory student and a stranger made a lasting impression upon her."

The new Professor of Ethics and Theology had a quiet part, which he cheerfully performed, in con-

nection with the noted Oberlin-Wellington Rescue Case. It was on Monday morning, the 13th of September, 1858, that John Price had been decoyed from town, kidnapped, and later in Wellington rescued from the custody of the Deputy United States Marshall. President Fairchild, in his sketch of the "Underground Railroad," says: "To show how easy it was to become a transgressor, I may say that I was myself a resident of Oberlin at the time, but had driven out in the morning with my family to a neighboring town for a visit. I had never seen nor heard of the boy John. But soon after I reached home in the evening two neighbors of mine in whom I had confidence, James Monroe and James M. Fitch, came to my door and asked me to take the poor fellow in. He was three days and nights in the back chamber of my house; but no suspicion fell upon our house, and the United States Marshall never gave us a call. But in giving the poor fellow a shelter I had exposed myself to penalties of imprisonment and fines which would have broken up my home. Such were the tender mercies of the Fugitive Slave Law as administered by the General Government in those days." His daughter Lucy remembers how the children that evening were requested to remain in the front room with the door closed. It was recognized that something unusual was occurring, but they did not know what it was. They could hear the steps of persons hurrying up the stairs, and for several days their father was seen by them going up to a back room carrying food for some one.

A working man in the town, through an accident in a shop, became one of the special objects of Professor

Fairchild's attention. A flying piece of iron had struck this man in the face and almost killed him, leaving a frightful wound. For many days Professor Fairchild made a daily call and with his own hand dressed the wound as carefully as a trained nurse in a hospital. Others could have cared for the sufferer, but he wished Professor Fairchild because "he would not hurt him more than was really necessary." For many years afterwards this man received the clothing that had been worn by his college friend, enough not only for every-day wear, but for Sunday too—even though the fit was not always perfect. One day, long afterwards, word came that this man had fallen from a roof and was dangerously hurt. President Fairchild was able to reach his colored friend just in time to be recognized by him and to let him place his hand in the strong warm hand of his benefactor and die in peace.

Says Rev. E. S. Williams, "His was a 'simple life,' without a trace of asceticism in it. I asked him one day why he never drank soda water. 'I like it,' he said, 'but there are so many young men working their way here, who must deny themselves luxuries, that I will live simply among them.'" Mr. Williams also adds the following incident: "Secretary M. E. Strieby, his classmate and personal friend, brought him a beautiful gold watch from New York 'on such terms that he could afford to keep it.' Not long after, at a Thursday lecture in the old church, the watch was borrowed by the speaker and placed on the pulpit. The open hunting case shone so conspicuously that Professor Fairchild's face became as deep colored as the gold. When my curiosity sought the reason for

his embarrassment his answer was, 'I thought that was rather an expensive looking watch for an Oberlin professor to carry.'"

In this same vein is the following incident from one of the later classes: "I was calling on President Fairchild one day," says Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, "and very naturally happened to mention the fact that he had a little time before been made a doctor of divinity —I think I ventured to call him 'Dr. Fairchild.' I remember perfectly the wave of red that passed over his face, and the genuine sincerity with which he deprecated receiving the title. Those were the old, old days at Oberlin when simplicity was greatly emphasized—perhaps over emphasized."

Towards the end of February, 1862, an accident occurred which came near bringing his career to a sudden close. He had driven to Wellington on Saturday to preach the following day. Returning on Monday morning he found that the waters of Black River had risen and covered the road leading to the crossing, and a thin coating of ice had formed on the surface. As he knew the road he had no fear of being able to keep it, but he did not think of the trouble to the horse from the cutting edges of the ice, until he had driven well into the water and could not safely turn back. He therefore stepped into the water, which came up to his waist, and began to break the ice with his hands ahead of the horse. Finding himself becoming chilled from being so long time in the water, he called for help, but no one came. He pushed ahead to the shore breaking the ice as he went, and fell unconscious on the bank. His last call had brought help. He was carried into a neighboring

house and vigorously rubbed until consciousness returned. A wig which he had begun to wear some years before as a protection against colds, is said to have received a goodly share of the whiskey which those kind hands externally applied in connection with the rubbing. He was confined to his bed for a number of days, and was barely able to stand upon his feet two weeks later and perform the marriage ceremony of his eldest daughter Lucy to Professor Carlos A. Kenaston, of Lansing, Mich.

In order that the personal allusion made in the above incident may be faithfully dealt with in this story a final remark is called for respecting the professor's wig. Mrs. Louisa Allen Kellogg disposes of the subject:—"When in 1865 President Finney resigned from the presidency it was a question who should succeed him. Professor Morgan was urging Professor Fairchild to consent to have his name presented, when he replied, 'But you look so much more venerable.' 'Pull off your wig and you'll look venerable,' said Professor Morgan. And, sure enough, he did. I remember the first day that he came into class afterwards. I was already in the classroom alone looking over my lesson. I glanced up but did not recognize him. I thought, 'It is probably President Mark Hopkins on one of his visits,' and went on studying. I looked up a second time and saw the embarrassed teacher without his wig. In reply to his 'Good-morning,' I said, 'I am so glad. That was the only thing I ever had against you.' He laughed and bowed gracefully and replied, 'I am happy to meet your ideal so completely.' By that time the class was assembling. Each one glanced at the unfamiliar-

looking teacher, and took his seat with an effort at self-restraint. Before the opening hymn Professor Fairchild made some humorous remark which justified the explosion of laughter from the class, in which he heartily joined, and then things moved on as usual."

The question of a successor to President Finney as it was taken up and finally solved by the trustees is related by President Fairchild in his Autobiographical Sketch:—"In 1865 President Finney sent in his resignation to the trustees. And when M. E. Strieby and James Monroe had been successively invited, in June, 1866, at a special meeting of the trustees I was asked to accept the place. It was not an ideal appointment, but no other seemed available. My whole life as student and professor had been passed here. Oberlin, its history and its work, was familiar from an unbroken residence of thirty-two years since the beginning. I was then forty-eight years of age and every department of instruction except the laboratory of chemistry was familiar ground. I knew Oberlin and a little of the outside world, but beyond the Oberlin circle I was essentially unknown. Making me president scarcely changed these conditions. Mr. Finney was always kind and cordial to me but I do not think he approved my appointment. He met me the next day and recommended that I should have my work lightened so that I could furnish the students a great sermon every Sunday. I told him that was not in my thought, to be his successor in the sense of taking his place or doing his work. That if I were to be in any degree useful to the college it would be by finding my own place and doing my own work. He seemed to assent, and always afforded me his counsel and help. I held

the position until 1889—twenty-three years. At the same time I continued my work of instruction in Ethics and Theology."

Rev. Roselle T. Cross speaks of the student enthusiasm when he was elected president:—"After Phi Kappa had adjourned, the college boys marched to his house, crowded round his front porch and called him out. He came onto the porch and said a few modest words, asking our help and coöperation. He was loudly cheered. We trampled down the plants in his yard that night, but he never laid it up against us,—he knew what prompted our visit."

The apprehension on the part of the trustees that Professor Fairchild's native diffidence might hinder his efficiency as president was evidently shared by many of the students. Rev. H. B. Fry speaks of this student feeling:—"While he was a man of strength and dignity he was retiring in disposition. He said to a friend much like himself, 'You and I cannot press our claims.' When he had been chosen to the presidency of the college all felt that he was almost too diffident to occupy the position, although they realized that he was the ablest man that could be found for the place."

Those who knew President Fairchild intimately, understood how he continued to suffer more or less all his life from a "superabundance of susceptibility"; but reason and an overflow of that benevolence which was inherent in his nature, speedily came to the mastery. There was no appearance of shyness in his cordial manner or noble bearing. He quietly rose to the demands of the new position as he had always done in those of the past, and became one of the most

gracious, dignified and efficient of presiding officers, and the delight of all who knew him.

But President Fairchild never gained such composure as to take kindly to extempore speaking. He never wished to give an address without ample time for preparation. "A committee," says Ex-President Brooks, "having failed in a speaker, went to Professor Fairchild and asked him to give the address. The time was very short and he said, 'No; I can't speak on short notice. Go to my brother. He can make a speech any time, on fifteen minutes' notice,'—and his brother Henry gave the address." He did, however, occasionally allow himself to be caught unprepared, as a later incident related by Rev. B. A. Imes, will show: "We all thought that President Fairchild was, in his plain and dignified way, equal to almost any occasion; but one day in November, 1876, we saw him outdone. A young woman of the class was to go to India as a missionary, leaving one year before graduation. 'We boys' arranged to give her a watch, with the class motto and her initials engraved inside the case. The president was requested to spring the surprise on her, by presenting the watch in connection with the exercises of the Bible class. At the close of the hour he stood up to begin his 'remarks'—calling on Miss F—— to 'please stand.' But the remarks failed to come. The president hesitated, and finally, in a very few words, stated what he was asked to do by the class. For once, he could not extemporize. But his unusual emotion only deepened the tender interest of the occasion."

The angry forces which had been gathering strength in North and South for a generation, came into mortal combat in the War of the Rebellion, which raged from

1861 to 1865. If Oberlin had been fervid in her feeling against slavery, she was as loyal in her response to the call of her country for volunteers. The immediate effect of the war on the college was very great. Not only were new students prevented from coming by their enlistment in the army, but, of the young men already in the school, more than sixty per cent. went to the war. The Theological Seminary suffered even more severely than the college, for in 1866 there was no class to graduate from that department.

It was almost a new Oberlin which had to be built up with the commencement of President Fairchild's administration. In addition to other embarrassments, the price of all the necessaries of life during and following the war was high beyond all comparison with the salaries, so that for a number of years the financial pressure was almost as severe as in the most strenuous days twenty years before. What was to happen to the college no one could foresee. The seriousness of the outlook can be inferred from the following words of tribute to President Fairchild and the Oberlin faculty by Rev. T. E. Monroe:—"He was capable of noble sacrifice for principle. He was forward in that grand act of the Oberlin faculty, which, when war came in 1861, bound itself to stand by the old anti-slavery college so long as each professor could receive four hundred dollars—the carefully computed minimum for his daily bread." An incident related by Rev. Sherlock Bristol shows how thoughtful President Fairchild was of his colleagues in their financial trials: "Returning from a trip to California, I stopped at Oberlin, and, calling on the professors, I left with each, as a token of regard, a twenty-dollar gold piece. As I was about

to leave town I took a walk with President Fairchild, and in it I handed him one of those twenty-dollar pieces. He refused to keep it. But I insisted, saying I had no further use for it. He led the way to the office of the treasurer, and said to him, 'Mr. Bristol has given me twenty dollars. Put that down as a donation paid on my salary, and deduct it from the amount due.' I remonstrated. But he said, 'My salary is all I ought to have while the professors' salaries are so small, and I shall take no more.'"

That he was appreciative of the work done by his associates, is testified to by all. Says Roselle T. Cross: "He had an encouraging word for beginners. Soon after becoming a member of the faculty, as its youngest member, I was called on to take my turn in giving a Thursday lecture. I had just come from revival work, and gave a crude, but perhaps an earnest revival sermon. At its close President Fairchild took pains to commend the straightforward earnestness of the sermon, but said nothing of the faults, which he could not help noticing."

Mr. Cross also calls attention to the fact that "in the early years of his presidency he himself answered all the letters sent to the President of Oberlin College. Of course, there were many, and it was a great burden to answer them, in addition to his teaching and other duties. It was before the days of the stenographer and typewriter. It was suggested that the college hire a clerk for the work. His reply was that most of the answers required thought and good judgment. He finally announced that letters which related to particular departments he would hand around, according to their subject matter, to the professors in those depart-

ments, and thus get their help." It was not till in 1880, when his hand began to tremble in using the pen, that he bought and learned to use a typewriting machine—which proved a relief both to himself and his many correspondents, although he never became an expert typewriter.

That he showed no disposition to be a dictator in college affairs is alluded to by the same member of the faculty:—"He doubtless had a policy of his own as president, but he had none to force upon the faculty. All questions were fully discussed in faculty meeting, each one giving his judgment in turn, and the president giving his, modestly, but clearly. The vote of the majority decided the matter. President Fairchild's opinion had all the more weight, because so moderate, and because there was no disposition to have his own way. He swayed all by his modesty and his 'spirit of sweet reasonableness.'"

The broad judicial temper so notable in the teacher of Ethics found full exercise in the president. As Rev. Henry Mills says, "The outstanding fact in the personality of President Fairchild, always recognized because always recognizable, was the fine balance of powerful faculties. He had a genius for sanity." An early incident illustrating this "balance" is given by Rev. H. B. Fry:—"He could not be betrayed into any hasty speech or act. When the Free Masons were preparing to start a lodge in Oberlin they requested the use of the First Church to hold a public meeting. The request was granted on condition that opportunity be given for public discussion. But when their glorification of Masonry was over they at once dismissed the meeting. This so offended Dr. Morgan's sense of

justice that he hurried up the steps to come upon the platform and hold the audience. The president who was sitting on the platform, seeing his agitation, put forth his hand to hold him in check; and his persistent efforts to gain the platform were in vain, for the president was as persistent in hindering him."

As an administrator for Oberlin under its new conditions he was ideal. The stable qualities of mind, which he possessed in unsurpassed measure and his remarkable placidity of nature, were what were needed to establish confidence in Oberlin, at home and abroad. With his breadth of sympathy and his welcome for others' views, he was as truly loyal as one could be to the aims and ideals in Oberlin's history. Rev. T. E. Monroe with much discernment says of his teacher and friend, "He was a president by nature, not in the modern sense of an organizer and business administrator, but in the old sense, the all-competent dominating mind of the college, able perfectly to fill any position in the great institution—as he did in language, mathematics, philosophy and theology, with equal equipment—not a genius but an example and a monument of universal completeness won by scholarly work; an ideal example to every college student—calm, sagacious, scrupulously just, inflexible, universally kind—warm-hearted beyond what men knew. He was not an incident maker;—his was an organized life regular as the stars."

His clear vision and firm grasp of the principles of life gave him that steadiness and certainty of action which is the characteristic of the judicial mind. The two incidents which follow have a psychological interest in illustration of this stability of character. The

first is related by Professor A. B. Fairchild of Doane College, a son of President E. H. Fairchild of Berea College, Ky.:—"I was consulting my Uncle James in reference to a certain phase of the Southern problem, and incidentally remarked that my father had made a certain statement. He immediately replied that my father had never said anything like it. He admitted that they had never talked together on that particular subject but he knew that his brother Henry could not come to such a conclusion. I afterwards learned that I had been mistaken. Both of them explained the ground of President Fairchild's assurance of the matter. From boyhood they had thoroughly known each other's purposes and views as to general principles, and while they did not often consult as to particular questions they knew beforehand what the general principles involved, and hence were never mistaken in cases like the one I had instanced." A second incident very much like it, is related by Rev. Cyrus G. Baldwin:—"During my residence in Oberlin President Fairchild was called as a witness in a case at law. The purpose in having him called to make a deposition was to discredit a man of his own age who lived in a distant city. He was asked various questions about his acquaintance with the man, and an attempt was made to have him say that he would not believe the man's testimony in any case. 'In 18—(some forty years before) did you not say *so and so?*' 'No, sir.' 'Did you not say *so and so?*' 'No, sir.' 'Do you remember that you did not say so?' 'No, sir.' 'How do you know that you did not say so?' 'I never say such things, sir.'"

This stability of character made him naturally con-

servative. "At one time," says Mrs. Mary L. Bacon, "the question of phonetic spelling was up for consideration in Oberlin. Professor Mead dryly remarked that some members of his classes already practiced it. President Fairchild said, 'I can never write "filosofy,"—how insignificant it looks.'" And he had no interest in the modern speculative views originating in Germany. They seemed altogether too fanciful for his clear common sense mind. "A student," says Rev. H. B. Fry, "who had gone to Germany for philosophical study delayed his return. President Fairchild became anxious about him and wrote to him to come home, lest the variety of opinions he was receiving from the different schools of thought should cause him to become 'bewildered.'—And as the event proved, his fears were well grounded. One day he said, 'You have many ideas that I probably shall never have.' But no one in his society ever thought of him as showing limitation in breadth."

As a result of this conservatism he had nothing of the fanatical in his nature. After Calvin Fairbanks had been released from prison in slaveholding Kentucky, where he had gone to engage in an active campaign against slavery and in helping slaves to gain their freedom, "he came to Oberlin," says Mrs. C. P. Chapman, "and told his story. Miss Holly who had at one time boarded in Professor Fairchild's family proposed that we canvass the town for contributions to aid Mr. Fairbanks to replenish his wardrobe. I called on Professor Fairchild and told his story. In very strong terms he disapproved of Mr. Fairbanks' course in Kentucky. But," says Mrs. Chapman, "during the war I called on Professor Fairchild and after a hand-

shake, he said, 'You recall our discussion over Mr. Fairbanks. This war has changed the opinions I then expressed.'"

President Fairchild could easily handle any question of discipline which arose in the college. "I remember one case," says one who is now occupying an important executive position in the church, "in which I myself figured with no great honor. The gentle but persuasive kindness of President Fairchild not only secured the hearty confession of wrong-doing but cemented a love already warm, for the president." The same story is told by another, now a leader in one of the most important mission fields :—"I shall never forget one personal interview I was expected to have with President Fairchild because of delinquencies which were entirely too frequent at that period of my development. In view of the failures reported one Monday morning, I was told to 'call on the president.' I crept into his office with no idea but that a rebuke awaited me, as I knew it was richly deserved. The president was alone and invited me to sit down. He then conversed with me on several topics and drew me out in various ways, but made no reference to the object of my call. The bell rang and I was obliged to go. Just as I was going out of the door the president said, 'Mr. A——, I trust this will never happen again.' I said, 'No, sir.' And it never did. No mention was made of what the 'this' was, but whatever it was one student made a mental resolve that he would never confront that wise and good man again as a delinquent. He knew the heart of a boy and how to reach it. To know him was to love him." And another picture of like import is given by Rev. S. E. East-

man:—"One scene comes to me now. It was in the college chapel. It was evening. We were all there to listen to a lecturer from out of town. The train was an hour late. President Fairchild and two or three others were on the platform. During the delay we became uproarious. It started with conversation and laughter, but like run-away colts, our speed increased until what would have been proper enough on the campus was unseemly in chapel. Every now and then our eyes would turn to where the president sat in perfect composure. When the commotion reached a degree bordering on the disgraceful, he arose, stepped forward, his face calm and expressing only good nature, as if loth to spoil fun. In a few moments all became quiet and orderly and he sat down. He did not speak a word. How we loved him!"

"I knew him in September, 1836," says Cyrus H. Baldwin, "when Oberlin was in swaddling clothes; I graduated from college as he was graduating from Theology. Our relations and intimacy grew closer and warmer to our last interview. I never met a man of so large, so varied and so fine powers so evenly *balanced*. His earnestness never rose to excitement, his conservativeness never fell below the level of his sound discretion. I never knew him to lose his balance however trying the surroundings. He was devoid of the spirit of 'clan.' Christian manhood was his ideal for himself and for all. Life to him was uprightness and its *completeness* was to be measured by it."

And Rev. J. H. Laird, for a few years at the head of the Preparatory Department says:—"President Fairchild was not a genius in the common use of that

term. A genius has some conspicuously strong qualities and very often weak ones. As I reflect I can fix my mind upon little that is separable from the general tone of his life. Yet he impressed me as no other man I have known. I have found no other man to this day who seemed to me more fit to be a model to shape a young man's life by. It has been a common habit to ask myself 'What would President Fairchild do in the case?' Yet with all his weight of wisdom there was no other member of the faculty whom I could approach with so much ease."

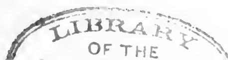
Every one who ever knew President Fairchild felt the power of his benevolence, and seemed to make the discovery for himself as if no one had ever made it before him, that President Fairchild was the living embodiment of his own great theory of Christian Benevolence. One day when he was riding in a railroad car, a perfect stranger who had been occupying a seat near him, came and said to him,—"The benevolence in your face has been a benediction and I wanted to tell you how much good you have done me by your very presence." "The kindness of his manner and the graciousness of his features," says Ellen J. Mason, "have remained a blessed memory to me." And says Rev. E. S. Williams, "Well did a little fellow speak the thought of many of us when he said,—'As I looked around in church and saw President Fairchild's face this morning I thought how the Saviour must look.'"

Several incidents in a preceding chapter have indicated that President Fairchild was not weak in his good nature. The responses from the Alumni which compose the closing chapter will call attention to sev-

eral occasions when his soul was stirred by the discovery of moral baseness in the college world. Others refer to a scene in the seventies. It had always been a great source of satisfaction to those who had known Oberlin that the college had been free from every phase of hazing. Now, after ten years of President Fairchild's administration, there occurred an annoying case of the use of tar paint. It was not the result of class rivalry, but the attempt of a few to impose forced humiliation upon one who was distasteful to them. No one of those who witnessed the righteous indignation of President Fairchild in the chapel when he announced the outrage will ever forget the scene or think of him as good naturedly weak in his care for principles. "If I had been told this morning," he said, "that all the college buildings had been burned to the ground I should have felt less disturbed. We could build new buildings with honor and self-respect. But by this act we are humiliated and disgraced. Young men, burn our buildings to the ground if you must, but spare our good name." The speedy punishment of the wrong-doers had a wholesome effect, but it was the revelation of a great personality standing for the principle of personal liberty which made a lasting contribution to Oberlin's life.

The great work which was to engage the thought of President Fairchild in his ripening years was to be performed not in the president's chair, but as a teacher of Theology. Rev. J. H. Laird speaks of him as he was just beginning his work in this capacity :—"During most of my college course and through all my Theology he was my teacher. There was a system and a clearness about his instruction that gave the

highest satisfaction to us all. But the charm of class work with him lay in the indescribable presence of the man. It may have been his unequalled self-poise, unfailing good sense, his unobtrusive command of the situation, the keen quietness of his requirements. A lady classmate who came to give her excuse for being late—'I did not intend to be late,' was met with a quiet 'Did you intend *not* to be late?'—a new idea that spurred her to a new habit. We who, with almost childish disorder, exasperated a professor during one hour, showed the utmost of the manhood and the womanhood there was in us during the next hour under Professor Fairchild. The high impulse of scholarship was upon him from the first. His scholarship was built upon a very broad foundation of native ability. It was not to be measured by the undergraduate or graduate work he had done, but by the personal element that reduced what he acquired to intelligible use—stamped it with his own discerning common sense." And Rev. H. B. Fry says of him:—"As a thinker his natural endowments were marked. His perceptions were intuitive, and he could not be prolix. His thoughts penetrated to the very heart of a subject, and any prolonged discussion of it he had no taste for. When presenting a lecture to a class in Theology one of the class remarked the absence of framework in the lecture. He answered, 'I am weak in that direction. I weave my discussions as a spider does its web. I unravel my thoughts as they come to my mind until they are all given out, then I stop.' But his pupils got the truth, and when he had expressed his opinion on any subject he was right. But while he had no liking for mere discussion he allowed time and freedom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for free exchange of thought so long as the spirit of caviling was not manifest."

Rev. Cyrus G. Baldwin makes an interesting comparison of the real power of two of his early teachers:—"In my studies at Andover it was my good fortune to be closely associated with Professor Edwards A. Park. Suffering from serious trouble with his eyes, and not being willing to have his lectures of the year before read to the class, he insisted on revising them, and asked me to take them from his dictation and read them to the class. I was thus able to note his wonderful discrimination in the use of words and to follow his powerful arguments many hours every week. He became my ideal of intellectual ability and scholarship. I was therefore surprised to find that in case of conflict of views between President Fairchild and Professor Park which occasionally occurred, President Fairchild absent was more influential with me than Dr. Park present. On no point did he succeed in changing the views which I had received from President Fairchild."

In this same trend is an observation given by Rev. C. J. Ryder: "I remember some years since going down the Hudson River with a famous scholar and journalist of the East. He said to me, 'Whom do you consider the most original and philosophical mind that America has produced?' I guessed at several names. With great emphasis and impressiveness this friend said, 'In my judgment, James H. Fairchild is the greatest original philosopher America has produced.' And," adds Dr. Ryder, "I could easily agree with him." This may be extravagant appreciation; but it is at least not hasty to say that the

theology of Oberlin as it stands embodied in the thought of its two greatest personalities, has made a real contribution to the development of theological thought in America.

In the early years of that great transitional period which began a half century ago in the theological thought of America, there was no more acute theologian than Charles G. Finney. His was a new voice crying in the wilderness. No theologian in recent years,—nor in any years for that matter,—had ever used the intuitive perception in a more masterly way and with more tremendous effect than did he. The intuitive insight, the logical sequence, the appeal to common sense, the quickening of conscience, the awakening of a sense of human responsibility, the enunciation of moral government, the universality and eternity of moral obligation, the mountains of moral motive rolled upon the heart of the sinner by the obedience and humility the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, the inevitableness of punishment for the rebellious and the unrepentant—all these had never been presented more rationally and forcibly than in the preaching-theology of this man.

President Finney's successor at Oberlin made no fundamental changes in this newer theology, but he brought a wonderful change into the theological situation. James H. Fairchild was one of the most placid theologians standing out prominently in the newer theological front. He does not pass over into the new age. He makes no developments with the definite aim of bringing in a new age. To him none seemed to be needed. In the marvellous harmony of his own calm personality he seemed to be living already in the

Eternal Age. By his birth, his training, and his life-work he was fitted as no other American to stand forth a reassuring personality between an old world and a new. He was hopeful, but he was astonishingly conservative. He welcomed every deep revelation of truth, but he held in rigid restraint every wild and radical tendency. Standing out in the forefront of one of the most free and aggressively evangelical communities in all the Puritan land, and facing squarely and hopefully towards the future, President Fairchild was one of the noblest conservatives which our American Puritanism has yet produced. By his clear and comprehensive grasp of the fundamentals of Nature and Revelation, by his wise and frank agnosticism in the presence of unrevealed mysteries, by his calm and trustful cheer extended to the inquiring doubter, he was a bulwark of strength for a transitional age. And to James H. Fairchild more than to any other one man is due the fact that conservatism and progressiveness came into a new harmony, and an era of good understanding dawned in our new world. No greater contribution could have been made towards a safe and healthy development.

This broad service in the world of American thought bore its local fruits. If any were still disposed to question Oberlin's right to esteem and confidence President Fairchild was pointed to as carrying in himself the embodiment and justification of its life, and confidence was again established. Strange misconceptions concerning the real character of Oberlin prevailed in many quarters. The quickness with which these misunderstandings were dispelled by President Fairchild's reasonableness and breadth of thought—as

fog-clouds vanish before a benignant sunrising—is illustrated by an incident furnished by Rev. W. S. Ament, of Peking, China :—"I well recall what President Angell of Michigan University, when United States Minister in China, said of President Fairchild. He did not hesitate to acknowledge that he had formed the opinion that Oberlin was a resort of people with queer notions, and of a quietistic type of piety. President Fairchild was invited to preach in Ann Arbor, and took for his text that favorite passage of his, from Micah 6 : 8. The presentation was so rational and uplifting that it resulted in an entire change of view on the part of many and especially of President Angell himself."

Rev. J. B. Davison gives two earlier incidents in illustration of this service which President Fairchild rendered :—"His remarkable power to state the most abstruse metaphysical truths so clearly that the average mind at once grasped and readily accepted them, together with his gentleness of temper made him the ideal teacher he was. I think it was chiefly because of these two characteristics that he was able to win over many who were strongly prejudiced against Oberlin. The hostile minister who called on the president, had a quiet talk with him and with him looked over the college, generally went away with all his dislike gone. The president's Christlike affability and his common sense statement of Oberlin doctrines disarmed critics and transformed them into friends. When Dr. W—— was called to Plymouth Church, Cleveland, I was told that he said that Providence had given him this opportunity to rid Congregationalism of all complicity with the Oberlin heresy. When the

next Seminary class, I think it was in 1861, applied to the Cleveland Conference, he and the delegates from Plymouth Church opposed their licensure. Conference adjourned to meet in Oberlin to discuss the matter further, and long and earnest was the discussion. Strong men were examined, but he voted against all the candidates but one. All, however, were licensed, one by the casting vote of the chairman, Father Keep. Very soon a correspondence was begun between Dr. W—— and Professor Fairchild which continued for some time. Dr. W—— was a great enough man to change his mind when he saw that he had been wrong. As chairman of the Committee of the State Association two years later, he reported strongly upholding Oberlin Seminary, became a trustee of the college and remained thereafter its warm friend.

"When the State Congregational Association met in Oberlin in 1868 or 1869, the students of the seminary were very few and the subject of its continuance was up for consideration. The pastor of the church in Hudson, whom I later knew intimately, vigorously attacked Oberlin and I thought with much exhibition of prejudice and anger. President Fairchild came forward and replied to him and, with that perfect calmness of which he was such a master, quietly brushed away the sophistries and carried the association with him. While he was so calm in voice and manner I could see the muscles of his body quiver all through his speech showing that every nerve was vibrating, yet by the grace of his self-possession he seemed entirely undisturbed by the cruel attack."

The happiness of President Fairchild was complete in the great Jubilee Reunion of 1883 when so many

of the Alumni and friends—there were as many as three thousand guests in all—returned to renew old acquaintance, and share in the celebration. He had prepared for the occasion his book, *Oberlin, the Colony and the College, 1833-83*, the Preface of which is very characteristic of the man:—"Fifty years have passed since a community and a college were planted together in the woods of Northern Ohio. An invitation has gone forth to all who, during the fifty years, have been numbered with the community or the college, to return to the family heritage for a brief reunion. As a help towards rendering the occasion a season of interest and profit this brief record has been prepared. No one can feel more sensibly than the author the inadequacy of the presentation. The struggles and triumphs of the fifty years cannot be written. There are many single lives that have been wrought into the work, any one of which could only be inadequately presented in a volume like this,—the inward and spiritual history must be left unrecorded." Of his modesty in the preparation of this book it has been well said,—"While the older generation of Alumni can hardly think of Oberlin apart from James H. Fairchild and his work—no other man being so identified with its history as pupil, professor, and president,—yet in his history his own picture does not appear among the others, and his own work is scarcely noted."

Many were the distinguished visitors; and many the notable addresses, and letters of congratulation, which have been preserved in a rich little volume, *Oberlin Jubilee*, edited by Professor W. G. Ballantine. President Fairchild's sermon for this occasion, on the

"Providential Aspects of the Oberlin Enterprise," was one of the most important historical and analytical narratives ever presented by him. This historical meeting wherein old and new could cordially blend once more before it was too late, helped to usher in a new era of prosperity, which continues to the present time. As Professor Ballantine well said, "The Jubilee was a fitting crown for the work of Oberlin during the past half century, and an earnest of yet greater things in the years to come." It was the signal for the inauguration of a building era. The era of brick which had succeeded that of wood, was itself now to be superceded by the era of stone.

The enthusiasm which had been engendered on this occasion at length found its appropriate expression in the raising of a Fairchild professorship, the income of which was to be his for life, that with undiminished salary he might spend his closing years in comfort. It was a loving tribute to one who had richly merited it, and the noble affection which prompted the gifts touched him deeply. For just this once in his life he allowed the love of others for him to have its own way. "I am sure," writes Rev. E. S. Williams, "that when by the request of the Alumni Committee I accepted a special relation of helpfulness for raising the Fairchild professorship, my printed and spoken enthusiasm tried my venerated friend not a little and brought more than one sensitive blush to his cheek. His soul shrank from any scene gotten up for his benefit. Yet his strong sense ruled. He knew that we all loved him, and that the ultimate interest of the movement would benefit the Oberlin he loved."

In 1887 the chief lecturer and spokesman at a The-

ological Institute held at Yankton College was President Fairchild of Oberlin. It will not be an anticlimatic closing of this chapter to call attention to the scrupulous exactness with which President Fairchild kept the simplest engagements. He had promised Rev. D. B. Nichols that if he came to Yankton he would preach for him, in the little church of which he was the pastor and founder. "On Saturday afternoon it was announced that President Fairchild would preach at the communion service the next day in the Yankton Church—the Mother Congregational Church of the Dakotas. He at once arose and stated that he had a previous appointment for that time. Efforts were made to dissuade him but in vain, and he preached at the little church of Mission Hill with great power to an overflowing audience." President Fairchild never assumed that the call of Providence lies in what the world may consider the "main chance." He heard the divine call in the duty which lay nearest him.

XVII

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, AUGUST 22, 1866

THE trust which you commit to me, fathers and brethren, is one of gravest importance, and if I were obliged to feel that it must fall on me alone or chiefly, I could not accept the responsibility. The fathers under whose fostering care the work has been carried on for these thirty years and more, are still spared to us. The habit of looking up to them for counsel and encouragement, indulged through many years of connection with the college as pupil and teacher, must cling to me still; and while they live and labor here it will be a relief to know that the burden rests first on them. Under such genial shade it has been my privilege and joy thus far to live and work. God grant me the privilege for many years to come.

In the others associated with me in the common work I find abundant ground of confidence. The harmony absolutely unbroken in the past will continue in the future. Each will take his part of the burden, and make that easy for all which it would be impossible for one to bear alone. This mutual confidence and coöperation has been hitherto a pillar of strength. We have every promise of its continuance. Those added to our number by recent appointment are men of the same spirit. They have been tried here and elsewhere, and have not been found wanting.

The principle and habit of good order, and the earnest life among our students, furnish another source of satisfaction and assurance. In past years the young people collected here have entered into the spirit of the enterprise with a generous appreciation of the efforts and intentions of their teachers, and have thus made the abundant labor more a pleasure than a burden. Our students of to-day show the same spirit, and we shall not look in vain for their coöperation in any movement that tends to wholesome discipline and success in study.

The people of the place who came at the outset to sustain the enterprise have not failed to show a cordial interest in the welfare of the school. Without their hearty coöperation no success could have been achieved. Their influence has always been on the side of good order, and has added strength and character to the general movement. The feeble colony which in the beginning embraced the college has grown to a thriving and wide-spread village; but the same cordial good will remains, and proves an invaluable auxiliary in the discipline of the school. Such aids as these greatly lighten the responsibility of the position you assign me, and give some degree of assurance to one who finds little ground of confidence in himself. With God's continued favor the work will go on and prosper.

Oberlin College is now entering upon its second generation, one-third of a century having elapsed since the foundation stone was laid. During this period it has borne a prominent part in the work of Christian education in the West, and in addition has contributed its share to the solution of some special problems,

educational, social, political, ecclesiastical and theological. The general work has always been made paramount, and other interests have been admitted only as they seemed to grow out of the work, or to promise some help towards the grand result. It is doubtful whether an equal amount of educational work was ever performed by any other school in the country during the first generation of its existence. This will not be regarded as a boastful claim, for no human foresight generated the forces by which this result has been accomplished. The first annual catalogue presented a preparatory or high school, with a total attendance of one hundred young men and women, and contained the expression of a hope, on the part of the sanguine founders, that advanced classes would be formed and furnished with instructors, as the progress of the pupils should require, until all departments, Preparatory, Collegiate and Theological, should be fully organized. To all human wisdom this was an extravagant expectation, but in one year or a little more from that time, every department was in full working order, with classes in every stage of advancement, even to the senior theological year.

The work began thus with a vigorous impulse, and has continued until now with little, if any, abatement of interest. There have been changes from time to time in the outward form of the activity, but the resultant movement has been ever the same. This rapid growth indicates great energy in the forces which gave the school its form. The men who imparted the first impulse were themselves examples of intensity of character, and came to the work glowing with the revival heat of those years. The early colonists and students

partook of the same spirit. To the young people who came in large numbers from their eastern homes to the school in the wilderness, it was essentially a missionary enterprise. Thus the work itself was an inspiration. There was everything to do—a great opportunity to those who had a mind to work. The very difficulties to be overcome roused the energies to the highest endeavor. Every tree that fell, every house that rose, was a sign of progress, and left the impression that patient labor must achieve results. This was but the beginning. A year later there came upon the field the man who, more than any other, had been in the front of the great religious movement that had swept the land, himself instinct in every fibre of his being with the spirit of aggressive Christian work. His magnetic power was alone sufficient to move the little community to its intensest action. But he was not alone; there came with him men of like spirit, fit associates for the great enterprise—men that were alive to every promise of improvement, and ready for every well directed advance. At the same time the students of Lane Seminary, charged with the electricity of the approaching anti-slavery tempest, came in upon us; and others, who smelt the battle from afar, gathered to the scene. Here was a magazine of living energy; would it be smothered and suppressed by the overhanging forests, or go off in some mild explosion for lack of scope for beneficent action? By those not in the spirit of the movement sometimes one result was predicted and sometimes the other, but neither occurred. There was plenty of rough work to be done that engaged all the physical energy that could be brought to bear—forests to extirpate, houses

to build, a rugged soil to subdue, roads to construct, and a college to rear. All these were done; but these were not enough. So much earnest life could not exhaust itself in mere material advancement. The moral elements were moved to their profoundest depths. The narrower the field, the deeper and more thorough was the culture. As there was little material without upon which the spiritual activity could employ itself, it was turned inward upon the work of self-improvement. The individual Christian life was thoroughly analyzed, all its possibilities and liabilities canvassed, and many blessed experiences resulted, transforming and energizing the life and character.

At the same time great intellectual activity prevailed, especially in the domain of religious thought and philosophy. Questions in theology and morals, theoretical and practical, were brought forward and discussed with as much earnestness as if they had never been examined before. Unanimity of opinion by no means came from oneness of purpose. The reasons were demanded and given and were accepted or rejected with complete and conscientious freedom. Professor and student, pastor and colonist, stood on the common platform and exercised the common right. No doctrine was accepted because it was old, or rejected because it was new. Possibly the presumption was held to be in favor of the new, but the old never yielded without a vigorous struggle. These oscillations of opinion never transcended the limits of orthodox belief. The law and the testimony settled every difference; but the *standards* were sometimes disposed of with most irreverent freedom.

It was not possible that all the vitality of the place

should be expended at home. The outer world was somewhat rudely jostled in various quarters by the activity which originated here. Anti-slavery lecturers sallied out to summon the faithful to the latter-day crusade. Preachers who had accepted the old gospel with a new baptism, went forth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Every student, going to his winter's school, became a propagandist of the new ideas; and thus the world's quiet was disturbed. The old Whig and Democratic parties that had divided the vote between them as their rightful heritage, found, one evening, upon returns of an election, that Oberlin religion had meddled with politics. The experience was distasteful, and there was serious talk at the county seat of summary violence upon him who was supposed to be the head and front of this offending; but better counsels prevailed, and the meddling continued until the county and the state and the nation had accepted the ideal. Young men who had seen the college spring into a vigorous life from a small beginning, naturally inferred that a like thing could be done again; and flourishing schools in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, all modelled after the original, are the growing fruit of their conviction and their persistent labor. It is doubtful whether so many enterprises of the kind ever before emanated from a single centre in a single generation.

The young preachers who went forth with the suspicion of heresy upon them, were not always welcomed to establish pulpits and comfortable livings; but there was always room in the "regions beyond." Home missionary aid was hesitatingly and sparingly ex-

tended, but Congregational churches,—almost the only possible churches for an Oberlin minister to found in those times,—were established "in advance of all others." In many cases they were only known as abolition churches and Oberlin churches, and years elapsed before they were embraced in any "healthy organization"; but in the interval between the Albany Convention and the Boston Council, they were generally received into the common fellowship.

The aggressive movement extended even beyond the boundaries of our own land, planting missions among the Indians of the Northwest, the freedmen of Jamaica, and in Western Africa, besides reinforcing other missions already planted. To sustain and extend these operations, a Missionary Association was organized, an instrumentality providentially raised up for the special gospel work of our time—the elevation of the freedmen of our own land. To a great extent, this association has found its missionaries among the young men and women trained here. In a school thus kept in sympathy with the great movements of the day, it was impossible that the call of the country, in the hour of its peril, should not meet an earnest response; and so we parted with our young men, in scores and hundreds, glad of the spirit of Christian patriotism that was in them, and sorrowing most of all that the faces of many of them we should see no more.

Thus during the years past the work has gone on among us, primarily a work of Christian education, but an education charged with energetic, aggressive life, acting in many points upon the interests of the outer world. As the immediate numerical result, our

catalogue presents the names of 243 who have taken the theological course, 502 who have graduated from college, and 392 who have completed the ladies' course of four years, in all 1,137 graduates; and some *fifteen thousand* others who have enjoyed the advantages of the school for a single year or more. Of such results it is proper to make grateful mention. The work has been arduous, carried on with limited means, and in the face of formidable difficulties, but always full of interest and yielding a rich reward. There is no higher honor than to be called to share in such labors.

But it is not so much my purpose to speak of results as to call attention to the somewhat unusual style of college life which has sprung up in connection with our work, and which has characterized our school down to the present time. College life with us is not peculiar, occupied with its own exclusive interests, pursuing its own separate schemes, and governed by its own code of duty and of honor. Each student belongs still to the world, not isolated from its sympathies and obligations and activities. The ends he pursues are such as appeal to men in general, the reputation he desires is the same that will serve him in the work of life, and the motives to excellence are the natural motives which operate on men at large. The student still shares in the responsibilities of common life, and is here for the purpose of a better outfit for the work before him.

The prevailing spirit shows itself in the discipline and order of the school. Our work in this respect has often been a wonder to ourselves. Notwithstanding our large numbers, we have been favored with an unusual degree of good conduct, of fidelity in duty, and

interest in study. The instances calling for disciplinary notice have been comparatively rare. A word from a teacher in the way of private suggestion has in general proved sufficient. Among the multitude of new-comers in the lower departments it is not so rare to find one who affords no promise of a successful course, and who before the close of his probation is furnished with a permanent leave of absence, but in the regularly organized classes of the college and ladies' department, such an event has probably not occurred on an average more than once in five years. In one instance a period of ten years or more passed without a single exclusion from these classes. It is not because grave offenses against order and propriety have been over-looked. They have not appeared. A year has often passed without a single case calling for disciplinary attention on the part of the faculty. The general sentiment in favor of good order is a powerful re-straint, even upon the wayward. The earnest and manly attitude of the pupils puts him in sympathy with the purposes and aims of the faculty, securing mutual confidence and good will. The relations be-tween students and faculty are such as result from mutual respect for each other's feelings, and a common interest in a worthy object.

No use has been made of the system of grades and honors, nor even of prizes. Our marking system is for the more definite information of teacher and pupil, not for public use. Each student finds his position under a free public sentiment; his natural ability, his success as a scholar, and his social and moral qualities, all blending to give him the position and influence that belong to him. The danger of per-

sonal jealousies and bitterness is almost wholly averted, and the motives which excite to endeavor are such as will operate on the man when he takes his place in general society.

Under the prevailing college sentiment the relations of classes to each other have been usually wholesome and generous. No hereditary feuds exist among them. No freshman was ever *hazed*, no sophomore ever *rushed*. The class feeling is sufficiently strong to secure unity of interest and hopeful action, and to make a centre of pleasant associations and memories; but the minor perturbations of college life, intense in proportion to their insignificance, vindicating the prerogative of cane or hat, have found no place. Secret societies, chafing by their powerful underworking in college life and politics, have not been known among us. It is true they have been prohibited by authority. So have they been elsewhere, and still have come into being. They do not seem to be the natural product of student life here. In a word, the type of college society and influence realized among us is like that of well-ordered general society, in the relations that subsist, and in the influences it generates. Students here are still members of the community at large, and share in its interests and responsibilities. The irregularities which occur are of the same kind as those which may occur in any well-ordered community, and are not the disorders peculiar to a university town. These facts, thus briefly stated, seem to indicate some unusual arrangement of educational forces, yielding a result, in our judgment, as desirable as it is perhaps unusual.

It may be supposed at first thought that these acknowledged advantages of manly spirit and of college

order have an offset—that such an intimate sympathy with the outer world, involving a share in the duties of common life, must be a drawback upon successful study. It is not an unnatural thought that concentration upon study requires seclusion, and that ordinary college life, taking the student out from society into a distinct community devoted to the single purpose of study, affords the conditions of highest success. But in effect a new society is thus instituted, making equal if not greater demands upon the thought and attention of the students. The excitements of ordinary college society are not less, probably greater, than in ordinary life. The matters of interest are not of themselves of weighty concern, but they take the place of weighty matters. A community of students must have something to expend their excitability upon, aside from the regular order of study. If the interests of the country are excluded college politics will take their place, and the little community is more deeply stirred by the election of a president of a literary society than of a president of the Republic. It is even questionable whether the presence of graver matters would not consolidate the character, and dispose to a better use of time and opportunity. Study will be effective in proportion to the motives which induce it, and he who lives in sympathy with the movements of the world and feels its claims, is most likely to give himself earnestly to a preparation for his work.

But if there were an actual expenditure of force required to maintain an interest in these graver matters, it is by no means clear that the expenditure would not be wise. The college is a place for education, not merely for the acquisition of learning. If a knowledge

of books was the only requisite, perhaps a cloister would be better than a college. But the great object is such a discipline as qualifies for service in the world. Learning has its place, but it is to be contemplated as an instrumentality, not an end. Successful education must give power, and must use study for the development of power. This power comes from generous impulses and noble aims, a knowledge of men and a feeling of their wants, a knowledge of God and sympathy with His work. A human mind charged with learning but without any kindling of soul towards God or towards man is not a power. The simplest heart that loves God and pities men is mightier far. No one ever questions that a pervading religious influence is essential in any desirable system of education, and he who is educated apart from such a molding force, lacks a prime element of power, not to speak of the great loss to his own heart and character. A similar power attaches to the living interests of the world to impress and energize the students. Humanity and religion alike are needed to inspire to generous action. It cannot but be desirable that these forces should operate upon the character, during this molding process of education. Without this there must be a loss, and there is danger that it will become permanent. That style of student life which shall most naturally keep open the channels of sympathy with the great interests of the world, at the same time that it brings the faculties under rigorous discipline, must be the true ideal. Thus the forces which act upon the character in its formation are the same that will prevail through life, the normal forces of society. The student naturally grows into the life he is to live, and his work

comes upon him not as a strange and new experience, but simply as an enlargement of the life he has already lived.

Here an important question occurs:—Is not the spirit of aggressive energy which has seemed to characterize the school in the past, the result of temporary forces acting at the commencement of the work, which must necessarily disappear as the school becomes consolidated, and the extraordinary impulse of its origin is expended? Is it possible to maintain as a permanent characteristic that vital connection with the living world which has yielded a fruitage of earnest life and character? Is not such a hope in itself unreasonable?

No doubt there was an intensity in the early movement which could spring only from the emergency, and which can never be reproduced in connection with this work. It was appropriate in the circumstances, but can never be a normal condition of life. The circumstances were unusual, and so was the resulting life. It is not desirable that either should be permanent. There was an unusual energy of thought and feeling and action throughout the country during the war of the rebellion. It was the product of the war, and must subside with it. It was desirable and inevitable while the occasion existed, but rest from both is a blessing. So our day of conflict has passed by. But an earnest sympathy with every good work, a controlling interest in human life and its objects, is always to be desired and maintained. This is no extraordinary experience depending upon unusual causes. It is the only wholesome and worthy kind of living—the only force under which generous and effective character can be formed. Such a spirit in our own

school it is desirable to maintain, and the prospect of its maintenance is a matter of grave concern. Is there ground of hope that our past experience may be continued? There are some things in our institutional arrangement that have contributed to this result thus far, and which seem to be permanent in our constitution. Let us refer to these briefly:—

The embosoming of the college in a sympathizing Christian community—a community itself alive to all living interests, is one of these influential facts. It is not enough that a college be locally near to a thriving people, who can supply the material wants of the youth that gather to its halls. It is of far more consequence that the college form a part of that community and share in its responsibilities—that the churches embrace the young people so as to establish a common religious and social life. In this respect we have been greatly favored, and have every reason to hope for the future.

The school and the place had a common origin and have a common history. No jealousies or misunderstandings have prevailed to produce separation. This fact itself, so unusual, requires explanation; but whatever the cause, the fact is unquestionable and is fruitful of good results. Every one belongs in a sense to the community and needs a good standing in it. His circle of personal acquaintances may be small, but he feels the public sentiment and finds an impulse in it. This good understanding we hope to maintain. There is in it a great mutual advantage. A body of students in a community but not of it, living a separate life, is not in general an element that contributes to good order. Jealousies and antagonisms arise which make

the relation uncomfortable. It seems a higher wisdom not to have any partition walls, but to bring the school and the community under a common responsibility. We have found a blessing in this relation; some care and thoughtfulness on both sides will be necessary to maintain it, but we have a good beginning and no indications of any interruption.

Contributing to this community of social life is the somewhat peculiar social constitution of the college. Young men and young women have been gathered here together from the beginning, enjoying the common advantages. The arrangement has been regarded with disfavor by many and with bare toleration by others, even of our friends, especially those of Eastern education. An experience of a generation should afford some grounds for a positive opinion, and such opinions are held by those who have shared in the responsibility here. Probably no one of them has ever seriously questioned the desirableness of the system. We have a full conviction that it tends to good order, elevates the standard of college morality, operates as a stimulus to individual exertion, even beyond a system of grades and honors, and not least of all, it secures to the student the wholesome influences of common home life during his years of education. He finds himself still a member of society, responsible to its sentiment and dependent upon his good name for a fair standing. This all-pervading influence is a mightier restraint than any college police or discipline, and to a great extent removes the necessity for these artificial restraints.

Another feature in our system is our Preparatory Department, as it is called, embracing large numbers

in the earlier stages of education—not children, but young men and women of suitable age to go from home to school. These are here not simply to prepare for the higher departments, but to obtain that general education necessary in private and business life. They are our house of commons; we could not well spare them. They not only afford the material from which our higher classes are supplied, but these primary classes present a field of earnest labor to our most advanced students. In this work forty or fifty of the students of more mature scholarship and character are engaged. In this relation they become interested in the progress and welfare of those under their care and are naturally led into labors interesting and fruitful of good. Sustaining the double relation of teacher and pupil, they accomplish a work which as students merely, they would not undertake, and which permanent teachers could not do. The system was the outgrowth of our narrow means. The wisdom of it is not merely human.

Closely related to this in its bearing is the arrangement by which our students in large numbers find employment for the winter vacation in the schools of the surrounding country. The extent of this work is almost surprising. Five hundred teachers or more have sometimes gone out in a single year; a large majority disposed and qualified to do a good work. The immediate result to popular education is a matter of great importance. Its effect as a recruiting enterprise for our ranks at home is very marked. A knowledge of the world and a sympathy with its needs are wrought into the permanent habits of thought and feeling of the young teachers which render their

knowledge of books and their literary culture elements of effective power. Perhaps this feature in the system may explain the passion exhibited by our students for founding and organizing schools and colleges. This arrangement too, was the outgrowth of pecuniary necessity; it may be that our necessity has brought us a blessing.

A theological department was in the original plan of the school, and has been one of its prominent features. It has embraced young men of decided character and leading influence, and has tended to diffuse their earnest purpose throughout the school. This relation of the department to the school has reacted upon its members to bring them into harmony with their chosen work and to keep them in the true spirit of it. The department has paid for itself in this home influence, elevating the tone and spirit of the entire school, and giving to the work the character of a great moral enterprise. Of the direct results accomplished in furnishing to the Christian ministry a goodly number of earnest, self-denying, useful men, who have found a good work to do and have done it, I do not propose to speak. Such men are still in demand and the call was never more pressing than now. A large school to furnish material, a vigorous spirit of Christian labor animating the large body, many influences favoring the development of Christian activity, a location between the East and West where Eastern culture and Western enterprise might well meet, and where Southern destitution opens its wide door—it seems a good point at which to look out upon the great harvest fields and to equip for the work. Those of us who have had our training in this prophet's school, besides

the decided impulse received in the direction of our chosen work, have occasion to make grateful mention of views imparted in theological philosophy, which to our thought illuminate the whole field of theoretical and practical truth. The Edwardian doctrine of virtue, as here modified and elucidated, is a part of the inheritance in which we rejoice. It is doubtful whether the same power for good could have been secured here upon any other philosophy.

Another feature of our work has brought us into connection with the world without, and has contributed to give direction to our efforts. I refer to the attitude of the college towards the colored people of the land. It is not necessary to review the history. This one fact alone of maintaining equal privileges for the colored race would have saved us from stagnation during the generation past. It has been a privilege to the colored student to be admitted here. It has been an equal blessing to his white brother to be so educated as to take naturally a right position on the great question of our country and our time. Our educational work would have been greatly marred if this work had been omitted. But it is not a fact of the past alone; it reaches into the future. The work of the education and enfranchisement of the colored people is before us for another generation. The war has not completed but merely introduced it. A share in this work is laid upon us, in the providence of God, by our constitution and our history. We cannot withdraw from the conflict if we would.

But all these internal arrangements and outward relations will avail to hold us to a course of progressive Christian activity only as the individual and collective

Christian life of students and teachers and people shall respond to the call that is upon us. If the teachers and officers of the school should lose their warm interest in the great gospel enterprises of the time, and should become occupied with their studies and callings simply as intellectual pursuits, rather than as involving the higher interests of men and of the kingdom of God, the character of the work would be greatly changed. A school can be kept up to a warm and earnest sympathy with the great interests of life only under the impulse of men who themselves live in those interests.

If our students should fail in their share of the responsibility, and allow the trivial matters which sometimes encroach upon student life to exclude the aims and purposes which are more generous and more excellent, the result would be equally disastrous. There is no mightier force in determining the character of a school than that of the students themselves. Our school was fortunate in the beginning, in a class of young people who came with serious views of life, and impressed their own character upon our college arrangements and institutions. Down to the present time we have been favored with young people who have accepted these traditionary habits, and have improved and extended them. Such associations and impulses, transmitted to us through several generations of students, are a rich heritage more valuable to our school than an endowment fund. The maintenance of these wholesome and elevating associations is the responsibility of the students of coming years.

Nor is it a question to be determined solely by those who are gathered at this centre. The life of the

churches of the land will be represented in the students that come to us. Coming from Christian homes and Christian communities, awake to all the interests that give value and significance to life, they will bring a blessing with them. A single generation coming in upon us, destitute of these impulses, with low aspirations and sordid views of life, would do much to extinguish this hereditary good.

Such are the treasures which the past hands down to us, such the responsibilities of the present and the hopes and encouragements for the future. We may go forward with the assurance that He who has laid the work upon us will not fail those who commit to Him their way, with the prayer that the work of their hands may be established.

XVIII

FOREIGN TRAVEL, DECEMBER, 1870–AUGUST, 1871

THE following pages which present the story of President Fairchild's trip abroad, are furnished by Mr. W. C. Cochran, who was his travelling companion amid most of its scenes:—

For thirty-six years President Fairchild had led the life of a student, teacher and administrator in the little town of Oberlin. His labors had been unremitting, his life sedentary, and his knowledge of the world derived chiefly from books. Few men possessed more of abstract learning, few had less need of the concrete. He apprehended intellectually and with wonderful clearness the characters of alien races and nations, the currents of international life and action and the great historical agencies that had been and were at work upbuilding or undermining civilization. But it would be a satisfaction to him to compare his ideas of people and things with the reality, and to confirm or amend them, in accordance with the evidence of his senses. One of the objects President Fairchild set before himself was an earnest study of, and an effort to appreciate, the art of the old world, its architecture, its sculpture, its paintings, its parks and gardens, its museums, and its social display.

In casting about for a travelling companion his thoughts fell upon a recent graduate of the college—a

son of one of his dearest friends in the early college days—who also needed a vacation. An invitation was extended and accepted and so it chanced that the enthusiasm of youth and the eagerness of an unfilled mind, were joined with the wisdom and moderation of middle age to make the trip delightful and profitable for both. The young man studied the maps and guide-books, planned the day's work and acted as guide to the scenes of interest. The elder furnished the historical commentary and the critical notes for the day's experience. In practice the association worked charmingly. A typical conversation, oft recurring, was the following:—"William, I feel tired after our morning in the museum. Do you really think this thing (something planned for the afternoon) worth doing?" "Why, certainly!" "Would you feel *much* disappointed if we let this pass by?" "I should not like to come so far and then go home and say I had not seen it." "Would you go alone, if I decided to stay in my room?" "Yes, I really think you *ought* to stay and rest." "Then, William, I shall go too. I ought not to consult my ease if there is anything anybody else thinks worth seeing,"—and go he would. But he did not have the *Wanderlust* which infects so many of our people; a sense of weariness would overpower him at times and longings to be at home and engaged in his college work found frequent expression in his letters, and became the fabric of many vivid dreams. From Florence, Italy, he wrote, January 8, 1871:—"Our changes are so frequent and we see so many things that it is not easy to take up the story where I dropped it. A week seems like a month and I find it difficult to believe that it is only

six weeks since I bade you good-bye. I do not venture to look forward to the long months that must pass before I turn my face homeward again. I expect to get through them somehow." From the Nile:—"Twelve weeks have now passed since I left home—the longest twelve weeks I have known since I was a child. A day sometimes seems like a week. Last night I dreamed that I broke off my journey and went home. When I reached home you all gathered about me and I remarked that it seemed to me I should wake and find it a dream—and so I did. Thursday last, if I count right, the term began at Oberlin. It seems as if I ought to be there. I hope that I shall not be missed much and that no harm will come from my absence. More care must come upon somebody and some things will be left undone; but in the end I hope there will be no loss. How much I am to be profited by the journey does not yet appear, but I trust it will not prove useless."

Trips to Europe are so common now, and the information about what is to be seen there is so well diffused that it will not be profitable to give a detailed description of the journey. It will suffice to give a skeleton itinerary and to refer to such matters as made the greatest impression on his mind, or such as brought out in strongest relief his characteristic views and habits of life and thought. They embarked on the steamer *Calabria*, of the Cunard Line, at New York, December 1, 1870. The voyage was cold and stormy, the vessel being delayed nearly two days by head winds and high seas, and they did not disembark at Liverpool until the morning of the 13th. They encountered a fierce "nor'easter" which lasted two days

and raised a very angry sea. The waves frequently broke over the bow of the boat, and the spray swept it from stem to stern. The spume from the wave crests flew like snow in a blizzard. In the home letters he speaks of this with his usual moderation :—

"This gave us a remarkable specimen of the angry ocean which we could not well afford to be without. I suppose it was not a desperate storm, but we did not feel disposed to ask for more." And his conclusion about an ocean voyage as a whole was, "It is desirable only as a means to an end." At the custom house in Liverpool he was amused to find that the only dutiable articles which the officer searched for in the baggage were *tobacco and the Bible.*

At London President Fairchild was met by his brother-in-law, Augustus Kellogg, who took him to quiet lodgings in Arundel Street, Strand, within easy walking distance of many of the objects of interest he came to see. Here he spent a week "walking in the midst of historical characters and the memories of a thousand years," visiting the Parliament building, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, Bank of England, Guild Hall, the British Museum, National Gallery, Kensington Museum, and many other places, finding a deep interest in the highways and byways, quaint old chop houses and taverns. There was no disguising his nationality, and as the controversy over the Alabama Claims had then reached a crisis, and public feeling ran high on both sides of the Atlantic, he was frequently challenged to a discussion or bantered in an offensive way. The perfect serenity of his poise and the smiling way in which he said he had come abroad to make the acquaintance

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of his English cousins and not to contend with them, and that both countries had entrusted their interests to persons much more competent than he was, was a lesson in diplomacy.

After a late dinner one evening, at a Fleet Street tavern, the Americans were invited by the proprietor to stay and attend the meeting of an open debating club. They did so. The members dropped in one by one until there were some thirty or forty present. A glass of ale, two long-stemmed clay pipes and a tray containing matches and tobacco were placed before each member. Then the meeting was called to order and the subject for debate was announced—"Is the ground taken in the American President's Message on the Alabama Claims, correct?" Those present were plain, intelligent looking persons of the middle class—tradesmen, clerks, bookkeepers, students and newspaper writers. The debate was rather dry, and the affirmative seemed to have great difficulty in making out a case. The president was totally unused to the barroom accompaniment, and the dense blue smoke became painfully offensive (he never could endure tobacco in any shape), but he remained, partly from feeling that it would be discourtesy to go out while the debate was in progress, and partly because this was one of the surviving customs he must study and comprehend.

No one present knew anything about the character and position of President Fairchild, but at the close of the debate the chairman turned to him and said, "We are fortunate in having with us to-night a gentleman from America. I am sure you will all be glad to hear from him, and that he will consent to address the

club." There was a rattle of applause and, thus appealed to, the president rose to his feet. He commended their patriotism and love of country as evinced in their remarks. If there should be war old England could justly count on every man present to fight her battles. They didn't look it, but all commended the sentiment with a pounding of glasses on the table and shouts of "hear! hear!" He said the Americans were like them in their patriotism and love of country; that in the late civil war one million men had volunteered to serve in her armies and two hundred thousand had yielded up their lives; that the survivors had all retired to civil life, but would be ready to a man to step to the front again if war was threatened. They had not only valor and patriotism, but experience. The half million men that America could put in the field in thirty days probably had no equal on the earth as a fighting force, unless it be in the German army (then overrunning France). "But," he said, "there is something nobler than the love of *country*—that is the love of *justice*. The first makes us blind to all our country's faults; the second makes us see both sides of the question. The first may fill us with hate of our fellow men; the second may fill us with abounding charity. Among the English people and the American people the love of *justice* should be supreme. The government should not dare to do wrong, lest the love of country should fail them, when the consequences of such wrong-doing were about to fall upon them."

He then drew a picture of England engaged in war with France or Germany, and a swarm of swift, black, armed vessels issuing out of the ports of the United

States and preying on her commerce, sinking the fishing fleets off the coast of Newfoundland, the whalers in the Pacific, the merchantmen homeward bound from India, China and Australia, and eluding the men-of-war sent to capture or destroy them. "What would you, good people, say of the United States if she permitted such a thing to happen in the hour of your distress? What the Americans now desire is *justice*. If the way can be paved for a judicial inquiry, or an arbitration, in which England's action during our Civil War can be adjudged right, or wrong, and in which just damages can be awarded, if she was in the wrong, what more can any man ask, be he Briton or American? If such trial cannot be had, the sense of wrong will rankle and smart, and some day when England is least prepared for it the cry of *revenge* will be heard, and the love of country will drown the love of justice and naught but evil can ensue. There should, moreover, be no more danger of war between the two nations, than there is of a personal conflict between ourselves to-night. Let the matter be discussed by those in authority, and settled by some disinterested tribunal, and all will be well." His manner was calm, judicial, conciliating; his voice was never raised above the conversational; the one other American present was reminded of the Professor of Moral Philosophy discussing some abstruse question of ethics; his sentences were measured, epigrammatic, beautifully balanced. He created a profound impression. As the landlord said when it was over, "Those fellows talked like penny newspapers; your friend talked like a *book*."

He had an opportunity, even in London, to demon-

strate that his principles would bear transportation. Both the travellers persisted in drinking water, hot or cold, in every part of Europe for nearly a year, and never suffered the slightest discomfort. They concluded that "bad water" was a mere advertising trick to enable vendors to dispose of their wine and beer. On more than one occasion they were obliged to pay extra for their table d'hote dinner, because they bought no wine. "Our habits of not drinking or smoking are a marvel to the natives. At a restaurant in Hanover we were taking our beefsteak when we were asked whether we would have beer or wine, and told them we drank only water, the waitress looked disconcerted and told us we were making fun of her. The people can give us anything to drink more readily than water." He observed the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship, wherever circumstances would permit. He would not travel from town to town, enter any public conveyance, or visit any gallery or museum, on that day. The temptations were great, for throughout Continental Europe, Sunday afternoon and evening were given up to enjoyment.

The president attended church twice on Sunday, wherever it was practicable, and would take a short walk or stroll in the afternoon; but he would walk a mile around to cross a river on a bridge rather than to enter a ferry-boat plying regularly across the river where he stood. In London he attended morning service in Westminster Abbey, where he was seated in the Poet's Corner, and afternoon service in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. The first service was impressive but not instructive, Dean Stanley failing to make himself heard distinctly. The last was instruc-

tive but not especially impressive, until the great congregation of 3,000 persons rose and all joined in the singing of a familiar hymn. Then the president's face flushed with emotion and one could read in it the expression of heartfelt devotion,

"The Lord is great, and greatly to be praised!"

Crossing the North Sea from Harwich they visited Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Würzburg, Munich, Milan, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Venice and Triest. They attended Christmas Mass at the church of St. Gudule in Brussels, where a full military band furnished the brilliant accompaniment, and a New Year Mass in the Cathedral in Milan, sung by a powerful Antiphonal Choir supported by two organs. The music was stirring and inspiring, but to the president's mind, wholly lacking in *religious* quality. He said, in coming out of St. Gudule's, it sounded like a "Hurrah for the Blessed Virgin Mary!" and he would not stay through the mass at Milan. Of this last he wrote: "There was no sermon, not one word addressed to the people, not one word that was not sung or *intoned*. The whole matter looked mechanical. It does not seem to me to involve serious thought or feeling on the part of the priest or the people. Perhaps this is because I am not in sympathy with the operation and do not understand it. Out of doors around the very steps of the cathedral all sorts of little marketing goes on, such as selling papers, fruits and boiled chestnuts, and all sorts of knickknacks and ornaments. The heavier business seems to be suspended on Sunday in these European cities, but the lighter kinds of trade are as lively as ever."

In another letter he said,—"It is difficult for me to appreciate the sincerity of these devoted Catholics, or to feel any sympathy with them in their reverence for their shrines. One after another would step into a little enclosure, cross himself, deposit a coin for the benefit of the Virgin, to whom the church was devoted, kiss a case which contained some relic, and pass out with a sense of relief—all sins forgiven." "Everything seems utterly mechanical, the worship mere machine work on the part of the priests and the people. Men will mumble their prayers, all the while watching you as you pass along; women will pray a while and then whisper and visit. It seems strange, but—I am not sure but that we have very much the same mixture of things at home, only a little different in form."

He did not get much more comfort in the Protestant Chapels he visited. He wrote from Amsterdam the following summer, June 4, 1871:—"Our Sabbath opportunities are not great in these European cities. We always look up some English service if we can find one; otherwise we drop into some German church. Last Sabbath we attended the American Union Chapel at Berlin—not a face that we had seen before, and the sermon by some young man was not inspiring. To-day we attended an English Reformed Church, whatever that may be, near our hotel. It was a quaint old church. Each seat was supplied with a large quarto copy of the Bible printed in 1700. The hymn books were almost as old. If the sermon had been of the same age I think it might have been improved. Certainly it was not mature." And from London, July 2, 1870:—"My impression is that we have not been greatly favored with good preaching

since we left home. We have not had many sermons that furnished any stimulus, intellectual or spiritual."

Another habit which bore transportation was that of family worship. He seldom retired without first reading or reciting aloud a Psalm or chapter of the New Testament, and offering thanks for God's loving care and protection, and invoking His blessing on our further course. The family in the Oberlin home was always remembered. He had learned the whole of the Psalms, Proverbs and the New Testament by heart, and could repeat any chapter which might be called for and begin at any verse. No candles were required for his devotions.

But to return to the itinerary:—In crossing to Belgium, December 21, 1870, it was a new experience to sit at the table with men and women of different culture and refinement, and not be able to comprehend what they said, or to be able to make them understand him. He found the long table d'hote dinners with their eight or ten courses very tedious. Of the hour and a half or two hours consumed at such meals, two thirds seemed to him to be a sheer waste of time.

Brussels was full of French refugees, driven from their homes by the Prussian invaders. Cologne was crowded with officers and soldiers, some on the way to the front, some on the sick list, some wounded and on their way home. The railroads were crowded with commissary and ammunition trains. The air resounded with "Die Wacht am Rhein," and spiked helmets glittered in the sunlight. Yet, right here, where the war pulse beat so strongly, a concert was given in the dining hall of the hotel,—"For the benefit of the French prisoners." This touch of humanity, rising

superior to race antagonism and war spirit, touched the president.—" The nation that can do that," he said, " deserves success." And it may be added, that all he saw later, of German cities and people only served to confirm this first impression. " Tidiness exalteth a nation."—Nowhere else did he see such thrift, exactness, regard for appearances, such well dressed children, such school attendance, such general regard for higher schools of learning.

The weather was intensely cold; one could not walk about the streets with comfort; and it was almost as hard to stand in the insufficiently heated galleries, museums, and cathedrals. The warm colors in the stained glass windows failed to compensate for the absence of good hot-air furnaces. The unequal struggle between the beautiful and the useful was emphasized in more than one church by the thrusting of an ugly stove pipe through one of the stained glass windows, no flue having been provided in the construction.

The compartments in the cars were warmed only by long tins of hot water placed on the floor and renewed at stations several hours apart. The president said they reminded him of the little foot stoves which women used to carry to church, supplied with a few coals from the family hearth. The " Vine clad hills of the Rhine " they saw for the first time through holes melted in the frost work on the car windows. The hills were covered with snow and the river was full of ice floes grinding against each other and gorging in the narrow places. " The rocks and castles and skeletons of things we could see, but the softer aspects we lost." There has been much improvement in travel since 1870, and one would hardly experience

such discomfort at the present day as attended every stage of this winter journey. Yet throughout all, the president retained his serenity unruffled and appeared to suffer no ill consequences.

Of course the cathedrals, public buildings, art galleries, armories and museums were visited in each place. He greatly admired the carved-wood pulpits, choir screens and altars, and the ornamental iron work in the Netherlands and Belgium, some of the canvases of Rubens in the churches, and the bronze statues and fountains which abound in Brussels. In passing through the art galleries of London and Europe, few paintings held his attention for any length of time. To him the *subject* was everything. He detected at once the anachronisms with which mediæval art abounds,—such as Mary and the Saints in Flemish costumes, the Madonna holding the infant Jesus in her lap and reading about Him out of the Elzevir edition of the Bible, the manner of sitting up at the table in high backed chairs instead of reclining, etc. In one picture of the Crucifixion, the Roman guards were equipped with cross bows and arrows, in another with muskets! He could see nothing else in such pictures. They were false in fact, and the art with which they were depicted counted for nothing. Turner failed to interest him after he saw iron chains and shackles floating on the water in the picture of "The Slaver." Low life and the *genre* did not attract him, and therefore he could not admire the pictures of Teniers, Ostade, Netscher, Dow, and the Dutch and Flemish artists generally. Paul Potter's "Bull," the sheep of Verboeckhoven, the dogs and wild animals of Landseer, "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander

and Diogenes," and such story tellers won his attention. He was impressed by the greatest of Rembrandt's work and by his portraits, and by some of Van Dyke's and Holbein's. His attitude can be understood by those who are acquainted with the two great pictures of the Dresden Gallery,—" The Sistine Madonna " and the " Holbein Madonna." He said:— " I presume it is a part of my Oberlin heresy, but I really prefer the Holbein to the Sistine; there is more in it."

The nude in art, whether displayed in cold marble, unyielding bronze, or warm colors, at first offended him. He admitted that Greek sculpture was faultless in form and modelling; there was nothing about it that he could criticise; the only question was whether it was proper and wholesome. At the end of an afternoon spent in the sculpture gallery of the Vatican, he said to his companion:—" Am I right in saying this is the finest sculpture gallery in the whole world?" His companion thought that such a remark would be substantially correct. " Then," said he with emphasis, " I will never enter another sculpture gallery as long as I live. It was my *duty* to see this one, but it will be my *pleasure* to keep away from them hereafter." A few days before, he had glanced at the contents of the " secret chamber" of the Naples Museum, where many paintings and statues recovered from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum were exhibited. He came out blushing and indignant, and said vehemently:—" They ought to be buried out of sight. Sodom itself could not have tried the patience of God as did these people!" His feelings would not permit him to enjoy anything else that day. Late that evening he said:—" I

perceive a distinction between nudity and obscenity." But as his companion argued, from this, toleration for the former, he added :—" Yet is there not a natural tendency to run from one into the other? *Will passion stop at mere love of the beautiful?* "

At Trieste he parted company with Mr. C., joined a party of Cook's tourists and sailed for Alexandria. He visited Cairo and the Pyramids, ascended the Nile to the first cataract, examined the ruins of Thebes and Philæ, and returned to Cairo whence he journeyed via Ismailia, the Suez Canal and Port Said, to Jaffa, in the Holy Land. He would have preferred a trip to Mt. Sinai, instead of the Nile voyage, but found it impossible to organize a party. It was a hazardous and expensive trip, requiring a large outlay for transportation (camels) and guards, and few besides himself cared to undertake it.

At Jaffa a caravan was organized with a total of about one hundred persons, including forty-five tourists, two dragomen, cooks, waiters, muleteers, etc. Among the number were a Methodist minister from Cincinnati (who afterwards became consul at Jerusalem) and his wife; a wealthy widow, a parishioner of theirs; and the widow of the distinguished actor, Sheridan Knowles, who, though sixty-five years of age, and weighing over two hundred pounds, rode horseback, and endured all the hardships of the journey as well as the rest. She consumed several bottles of beer each day, and offered the president a bottle. He declined, with thanks, and said that he never tasted liquor. She looked at him a moment, to be sure he was in earnest, and then said, with a sigh :—" I am sorry for you; but then every one knows his own weakness." One day the

lady parishioner was much depressed by the aspect of the country. The next morning, after partaking of a bottle of Mrs. Knowles' beer, she came riding up to President Fairchild and said: "Yesterday I was in the valley of the shadow of death, but to-day I feel that I am dwelling in heavenly places." Looking up, she detected a twinkle in his eye, and asked with sudden concern, "You don't think it was the beer, do you?" And then both indulged in a hearty laugh.

As the conditions of travel in Palestine have changed a good deal in recent years, it may be interesting to quote somewhat at length from his letters:—"The procession stretched out for half a mile or more, in single file, wound in and out among the hills, presenting a picturesque appearance, as seen from the hill-tops. There are no roads in Palestine, only bridle paths up and down the hills and along the mountainsides. We are roused by the gongs at 4:30 to 6 o'clock in the morning. In one hour, breakfast, and in another hour we are in the saddle, and on our way. After four hours' ride we lunch by the wayside. While we are at lunch the pack mules, with our tents pass on, and when we reach our camping place we find our village of white tents all ready to receive us. Sometimes we see the tents in a valley apparently just before us, or below us, and still have to ride a full hour by the winding mountain path before we can reach them. Our tent is of white canvas without and lined with blue cotton within, elaborately ornamented with yellow and red cotton, worked in pleasant figures. There are four of us to occupy it. We each have an iron bedstead with a comfortable bed, and these are arranged around the side. Our room is a little circumscribed, but there is

little occasion for room except to sleep. It is like a perpetual picnic, but it soon grows into every-day business, and, at the end of four consecutive weeks, will very likely become tiresome."

They visited Hebron, Solomon's Pools, the Monastery of Marsaba, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Bethlehem, Jericho, Bethany, Jerusalem—"still beautiful for situation"—the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Tiberias, Mount Hermon, Damascus, Baalbec and Beirut. Of course, the guide pointed out the house of Simon the tanner, the house of Mary and Martha, the tomb of Lazarus, the house in Damascus where Ananias ministered to Paul, and the tree on which Judas Iscariot hung himself. Credulity was never a weakness of President Fairchild's, but his consideration for the guides and those who wished to believe, would prompt him to say, when appealed to by the skeptical:—"It would be very difficult to prove that it was *not*." The filth and desolation of most of these places, and the degradation of the inhabitants, were revolting, and led him to write: "I expect to enjoy these scenes more as I recur to them hereafter than I do now."

At Beirut he took steamer for Cyprus, Smyrna, and Constantinople. At the latter place he spent several days noting the dogs, beggars, confusion of tongues, and visiting the mosques, the bazaars, and Robert College.—"The latter stands on a height 260 feet above the water, and gives a view of many miles up and down the Bosphorus, the finest view probably commanded by any college. I have never seen so fine a site. A tenth part of its beauties would be an addition to our situation at Oberlin, but we could not afford to ex-

change one tenth part of our moral advantages for all these external beauties."

Leaving Constantinople he sailed to Piræus, and visited Athens and the Acropolis—familiar ground once more, and so on by way of Syra, Corfu, and the Adriatic back to Trieste. On his way north to join Mr. C. at Dresden, he visited the wonderful cave at Adelsberg, spent two or three days in Vienna and one in Prague.

At Vienna he attended the opera for the first time and heard "Fra Diavolo," a vapid composition which was not calculated to overcome any prejudice he might entertain on the subject of the opera in general. When he rejoined Mr. C. he asked him if that opera was a fair sample of the whole and was assured that it was not. "Then," said he, "if you will pick out one you regard as *best* I will go *once more* with you." Mr. C., realizing the importance of this final test of a great art, decided on "Faust," "Tannhauser," or "Lohengrin" as the representative opera, but oddly enough neither one of them was performed during the fortnight they remained in Dresden, nor at any other place they visited. It would have been interesting to observe the impression made upon such a mind and temperament by a really good performance of Faust.

Once more with Mr. C. as companion and guide, somewhat more competent by reason of three months' study of the German language, they started on their continental tour, going in rapid succession to the Saxon Switzerland, Leipzig, Halle, Weimar, Gotha, Eisenach, the Wartburg, Hesse Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, the Hartz Mountains, Berlin, Potsdam, Minden, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, the Hague,

Rotterdam, and from there back to England, as the season was not far enough advanced to make travel in Switzerland safe or desirable. No one will accuse President Fairchild of lacking sentiment when he learns that the only reason for stopping at Minden was that it bore the name of the little town in Louisiana, where he and Mrs. F. were married.

The trips in the Saxon Switzerland and Harz Mountains were pedestrian and the travellers walked fifteen or twenty miles a day, sometimes in snow and rain, as the month of May in Germany is much like April in Ohio. At Halle he visited the University and called on Professor Tholuck, then about seventy years of age :—" He speaks English very well indeed and thinks it much easier to learn than German. The University has a very unpretentious building and its apparatus, library, natural history collection, etc., are very moderate. It makes very little show. There are about seventy professors in all departments. Their salaries are paid by the government and are not larger in sound than ours at Oberlin. But living in Germany is less expensive in spite of the beer and tobacco which almost all use. The students do not look more brilliant or profound than our own, and some of them probably are not."

At Berlin President Fairchild purchased some two hundred volumes of standard German literature for the College library at Oberlin, including the complete works of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Koerner, Jean Paul, Klopstock, Auerbach, Wieland, Hegel, Kant, Schelling, Fichte, Letters of Beethoven, Humbolt, Mendelssohn, Goethe, Schiller, etc., mostly bound in half morocco,—and all for about $125.

They travelled "second," and even "third class" much of the time in Germany, and observed the common people who were more interesting to him than the museums :—"The German people seem very good natured and agreeable. It is a great relief to find such comfortable looking people after passing through Egypt and Turkey. But it is a strange sight to see such multitudes of women at work in the fields—in Prussia four women to one man I think. Men fill the armies and offices and other public positions on railroads, etc., and drive teams, and the women do the digging in the fields, carry heavy burdens on their backs, draw carts in company with large dogs harnessed to the same vehicle, and tend stalls in the market. The idea of any special delicacy belonging to a woman, making her an object of consideration, does not seem to exist in Germany. In this respect the power of women appears to diminish as their strength increases. If the people would give up their beer and tobacco, many of the women could come in from the fields."

Returning to London they were able to give more time to the collections they had already seen and to push out into the suburbs, to Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Richmond Park, Windsor, Eaton, Woolwich, Greenwich, etc. The president was well supplied with letters of introduction to individuals in various cities, but seldom presented them for reasons which he states :—"The chances are that a call here (London) will consume half a day. This is expensive to a traveller whose time is short. For this reason I have presented very few letters of introduction. Such an introduction involves social obligations which I can scarcely afford to entertain.

It would be interesting and in some respects profitable to form acquaintances here, but for such a purpose I should need months instead of weeks or days."

The trip planned for England and Scotland had in view chiefly English cathedrals and ruined abbeys, the great college towns, and as much of natural scenery as could be embraced without a wide departure from the direct line between important points. The itinerary was as follows:—Portsmouth (dock yards, etc.), Isle of Wight, Cowes (Queen's palace and yachts), Carisbrooke Castle (where Charles I. was imprisoned by Cromwell), Farringford (Tennyson's residence), Southampton (birthplace of Watts), Netley Abbey, Salisbury, Stonehenge, Wells, Bath, Bristol, Chepstow, Tintern Abbey, Monmouth, Gloucester, Stratford-on-Avon, Coventry, Kenilworth, Leamington, Warwick Castle and Park, Oxford, Cambridge, Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Ripon, Fountains Abbey, Durham, Newcastle, Melrose, Edinburgh, Sterling, The Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Glasgow, Oban, Glencoe, English Lake District, Furness Abbey, and so back to London.

The president manifested real enthusiasm over the architecture of the great English cathedrals, and the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. He doubted, however, whether the former could ever be used for anything but processions and dumb show of worship. The picturesque Highland costume did not appeal to his practical ideas of comfort in dress:—"It does not look comfortable nor pleasant. But after seeing all sorts of people and styles of dress, it is difficult for me to tell what is *decent*. Some of *our* ways would look very odd to others."

He was shocked and grieved at the amount of drunkenness and disorderly conduct to be seen in Scotland. The conduct of young couples in the public parks and suburbs would put ladies to the blush. Dickens should have travelled in Scotland before writing his *American Notes*. He writes from Glasgow:—"Sunday is a very quiet day here, no omnibusses running, nor cars, but in some parts of the city the streets are full of dismal looking people. There is a vast amount of drinking here as in all English towns. The poor people do not look as comfortable and tidy as in Germany. They are dirty and ragged—multitudes of barefoot women. This I did not expect."

Once more to the Continent via Dover and Ostend, Brussels, Cologne, Bonn, up the Rhine—this time by steamer—to Mayence, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Waldbach (the home of Oberlin), Schaffhausen (Falls of the Rhine), Zurich, Righi Kulm, Lake Lucerne, Lucerne, Berne, Lausanne, Castle of Chillon, Martigny, over the Tête Noire to Chamonix, Mt. Blanc, Mer de Glace, and the Mauvais Pas; back to Martigny, Lausanne, Neufchatel, Dijon, Paris, London, Liverpool, and home in time for the opening of the fall term, 1871.

The trip through France was saddened by the ravages of war and the still greater ravages of "The Commune." At Strasburg the travellers had ocular demonstration of the power of artillery. From the spire of the cathedral, looking north to the fortifications, there was hardly a house standing. Of the pilgrimage to Waldbach he writes:—"Friday afternoon we started off into the Vosges Mountains to visit Waldbach in the Bam de la Roche between thirty-five and forty miles from here (Strasburg). This is where

John Frederick Oberlin lived, after whom Oberlin was named. It is an out of the way place, in a retired valley beyond the reach of railroads. We went fifteen miles by rail, then fifteen more by carriage and walked the last seven miles, reaching the place about eight in the evening. We found Pastor Vitz, a grandson of Oberlin, living in a house which Oberlin built and where he lived and died, and preaching in the old church where he preached. His family consists of his wife and daughter and a young minister, Pastor Meyer, who is Pastor Vitz's colleague. Dr. Vitz is sixty-five or seventy years old. They gave us a hearty welcome and we stayed over night with them and came back yesterday, walking fifteen miles over the mountains to get to a railroad station. We crossed a mountain half a mile high."

Pastor Vitz could not speak English and could not or would not speak German. The visitors could not speak French. It seemed impossible to converse until the president remembered his Latin. The pastor understood and responded in Latin, and thus the dead language became a medium of communication between the living. For over an hour conversation was carried on between these learned men in grave and deliberate tones, in a language which neither had ever dreamed of using in that way. There were marked differences of pronunciation, but each readily understood the other. The next morning the pastor took the president into the church and showed him many curiosities, and then took him to several homes in the village and showed him how the people lived. In every home was a hand loom where they wove linen and cotton tapes, silk ribbons, etc. One member of the family

worked the loom until exhausted and then another took his place, and so the shuttles kept flying all day long. The earnings for each day's work ranged from one to two francs, and the outlook for these people was gloomy enough, for large factories with looms driven by water power and steam were being erected in the neighboring cities and the hand loom could not keep up the competition. The young people were being drawn away from their mountain homes to the big mills. Their breakfast consisted of black bread, and coffee plentifully diluted with milk. Supper consisted of bread and milk without the coffee. Dinner consisted of soups and vegetables. The family seldom had meat and when they did, it was given to the weavers to support their strength. Others must not partake. The clothing was mostly homespun. The manner of life was not different from what Pastor Oberlin had succeeded in establishing in the early part of the century; but the conditions of the external world had greatly changed, and Oberlin's industrial scheme had soon come to naught. Whether Pastor Vitz could find a new and more profitable channel for the communal industry was problematic.

The last Sunday on the Continent was spent at a little French inn near Chamonix. His last letter home was written from this place, August 5, 1871 :—" This day is most delicious, cool and bright and quiet. Mont Blanc, with his entire range of summits and glaciers, is in full view from my window as I write, brilliant and calm and grand. We should have to go two or three miles to find a church of any sort and so we climbed up five hundred feet on the side of the valley opposite Mont Blanc among the rocks and

spruces, and spent our Sabbath morning there." It was a fitting climax to a most eventful experience, and from this noblest summit in nature's realm, he hastened to the little village, by nature unadorned, where love and duty awaited him,—love and duty for which he was ever ready to sacrifice all other earthly joys.

XIX

AN APPEAL TO THE UNDERSTANDING

THE substance of the sermon which follows was preached first to an Oberlin audience, and afterwards, with some additions, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Michigan. It called more attention to President Fairchild's broad conception of the religious life than any other ever preached by him :—

The Duty of Religion as Known to Every Man

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah 6 : 8.

There is a prevailing impression among men that religion is encompassed with mysteries; and so it is. We can scarcely move a step in religious inquiry without finding that our thought leads off into the mysterious and the incomprehensible. We find on every side things too high or too deep for us; things that we do not know and things that we cannot know.

One class of mysteries embraces facts yet unrevealed; not in themselves incomprehensible, but in the order of nature and of Providence, still hidden from our view. Thus the grand scheme of redemption through the Messiah is spoken of in the Scriptures as a mystery

in the earlier periods of revelation. This mystery was at length disclosed. Paul speaks of his "knowledge in the mystery of Christ, which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit." So far as revealed, it then ceased to be a mystery.

Other facts still remain mysteries, but will be unfolded as the ages move on. Thus the course of God's providence and plans in the future history of the world is all a hidden fact, except as revelation or prophecy lets here and there a ray of light into the future. They are mysteries of time, not of eternity. They will, at length, become past history. So the details of our life hereafter, our condition and relations in the world to come, are mysteries to us now, all lying beyond the veil. All that is necessary for present use we know in reference to the future life, the general dependence of that future upon present character. But what are the conditions of the disembodied spirits? What of the body of the resurrection? What the employments and enjoyments of heaven? What the forms of wretchedness of the soul forsaken by God forever?—These are not revealed. They are mysteries of our future, to which we are pressing on.

The other class of mysteries embraces the things which we *cannot* know, which in their very nature are unknowable to us because they transcend our faculties. Of this class are many of the facts which gather about the nature and the attributes of God. While in a sense we are permitted to know God, still the infinity of His being is beyond our grasp. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Al-

mighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" We necessarily think of God as the eternal, the omnipresent, the omniscient, the omnipotent, and these conceptions, in a form, satisfy our thought. But when we attempt to compass their full meaning "we wander in endless mazes lost." Who can comprehend God's relations to time or space? How does the future, so impenetrable to us, stand revealed to God? How can He scan the universe at a glance and manifest everywhere at once His power and providence, ordering the vast movements of the natural and the moral worlds, guiding the sparrow and painting the flower, all with perfect wisdom and equal care? How was God employed before the foundations of the world were laid, and what have been His thoughts during the past eternity? Such questions almost shock us, as if they were profane. No answer comes to us, nor can ever come. These are eternal mysteries, unrevealable. It is sometimes useful to ask such questions. They disclose to us the limits of our thought, and teach us to stand in awe in the presence of the Unsearchable. We may stretch out our little measuring line upon the infinite and learn humility.

Truth has these mysteries, and religion brings us face to face with them, because its doctrines lay hold upon the foundations of truth. Religion does not create the mysteries. It only recognizes them. Blot out religion, natural and revealed, and you have not escaped the mysteries. They still yawn before you an unfathomable abyss of darkness. In a great first cause, a personal God, these mysteries harmonize with each other and with our rational convictions. Take

Him away and all is contradiction. You have a finite, dependent world, and nothing to depend upon; dependent links in the chain of events, and no grand staple to sustain the whole.

These mysteries, then, can constitute no objection to religion. They are found in religion, rather than in physical and social science, because its doctrines touch these boundaries of thought, while the range of the other sciences is far more circumscribed. Gathered about the being and the nature of God where they belong, these truths, which we know but cannot comprehend, constitute an everlasting foundation for our faith and hope, a support and rest for the soul. What boundless resources open to us—"The depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!" This is the significance of the eternal mysteries to the soul that accepts God. It is the Infinite Father encircling His children in the everlasting arms.

But, aside from these acknowledged mysteries, the doctrines of religion present many questions of grave importance and great difficulty; questions upon which the ablest and best men have differed in the past; and will, perhaps, continue to differ to the end. Some of these questions require great research, in order to an intelligent opinion. In reference to some of these an independent opinion is scarcely possible to men in the ordinary walks of life. They may involve a wide range of study and thought, familiarity with the rules of evidence, acquaintance with the history of religious thought, with the original languages of the Scriptures, or a philosophic culture which qualifies for clear and sharp discrimination and definition. Some of these questions are the unsolved problems of the ages; and

the most that any age has been able to accomplish in regard to them is to eliminate, here or there, perhaps, a single uncertainty from the problem, and thus transmit it to the succeeding age. Some of these questions may be considered settled and will not probably be raised again. Others, which have been thought to be settled, will occur again in other relations, involving some new element. The domain of religion embraces a wide field of unsettled doctrine.

But in this respect religion presents no peculiarity. Such unsettled questions appear in all the practical sciences, and the more direct and important the bearing of the science upon the interests of mankind the more these unsolved problems multiply. It might seem desirable to have all these questions settled, and yet a great part of the interest and the discipline of life is involved in such investigations. It is no disparagement to religion that many such problems are presented in the domain of doctrinal opinion. It is even a question whether it would have been a blessing if God, in a revelation of undoubted authority, had given us a key to them all. The solution of such a question is good when it comes to us in the normal way, through the exercise of our own faculties. Given us by authority, it loses its value. It is, in fact, no solution. We need not accept the old paradox that the pursuit of truth is better than the attainment. There can be no earnest and profitable pursuit without a full persuasion of the importance of that which is pursued; and that persuasion must not be an illusion and the result a disappointment. The truth attained must fulfill the promise, else the pursuit itself will fail and ought to fail. Only a child can pursue the rain-

bow; and he will not repeat the experiment. But a part of the value to us of religion as a system is in these occasions of thought and inquiry which it affords; and it is even conceivable that the life of heaven itself should derive somewhat of its interest from these occupations. It is not to be denied that these questions pertaining to religion are, many of them, of grave importance. The power of religion over the hearts of men, its adaptation to their wants, is involved in them; but religious truth remains full of interest and power, whatever view may be held upon these doubtful points.

Passing from this realm of opinion and doctrine to that of *practical duty*, we still find room for doubts and difference of opinion. To one undertaking the religious life, many perplexing questions present themselves, involving his usefulness and welfare. Grave mistakes are possible, possibly inevitable. Religion is a life; but what form of life will best meet its requirements and serve its uses? It is an attitude and experience of the soul; but shall the religious man be content simply with the inward experience, or shall he make an open profession of it to the world? Shall he publicly associate himself with others in the confession of his faith and hope? Then, too, there are various organizations of such men, with varying types of doctrine and discipline and worship. With which of these different bodies shall he connect himself? What religious labors shall he undertake? And what *secular* calling shall he pursue to make his life of highest service to God and to mankind?

Such questions of duty arise at every step to one who has accepted religious duty as his controlling principle; and much depends upon the right settle-

ment of these questions in the way of personal usefulness and growth. But on such points no absolute certainty is attainable. The question of duty is often unevenly balanced, and men of equal discernment, and equal honesty, stand on different sides. We have indeed, the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." But to be perplexed on a question of practical duty may not imply that lack of wisdom which the promise was intended to provide for. It is a part of our needed discipline to be thus perplexed, and we are not to expect the heavenly Father to rob us of this opportunity of growth.

But let us not overlook the fact that these questions upon which we honestly doubt and differ are never fundamental, and can never involve the favor of God or our eternal welfare. In a matter of doubtful duty, whichever course we honestly take, we have the assurance of God's favor and blessing and at the end the sentence of approval:—"Well done, good and faithful servant." Where there is room for doubt to the honest soul, either course is the road to heaven. Not that the same man can take either road. We must be determined by the predominance of evidence to our own minds, as absolutely as if we had a revelation from God in reference to the duty; but our neighbor, with a different honest view, may take the other road and reach heaven just as soon. "It is required of a man," in belief, as well as in other duties, "according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not."

We reach the conclusion then, that the peace of God in the soul and final salvation turn upon duties in

reference to which there is no room for doubt. What God requires of every man as a condition of His favor is known to every man. "What doth God require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" This is the embodiment of God's requirement; and the soul that responds to this obligation presents the essence of religious duty and religious experience, and the life which grows out of such an attitude of soul is a truly religious life. To acknowledge this obligation is to acknowledge the obligations of religion. But where is the rational being that doubts this duty, or that ever doubted it? To be religious is to be honest, and earnest, and truth-loving in heart and life; and what room is there to question this duty? To have an honest heart is to be ready to give God His place; to open the soul to all the evidences of His being and character and providence, and render Him the honor and service that are due; to walk humbly and reverently with Him. To have an honest heart is to give our fellow man his place; to regard his well-being as our own; "to do justly and love mercy." What moral excellence can be wanting to one who has a right heart? It is the germ of all the Christian graces, and the full harvest shall at length be gathered in heaven. But did any one ever doubt the duty of having a right heart? Can there be any possible ignorance as to this great fundamental duty of righteousness? No, my friends, we all know, and have always known what rightness of heart is. No one can ever tell his neighbor what it is, nor how to attain it, nor convince him that he ought to possess it. These apprehensions and convictions are the birthright of every rational being. We do not

preach to convince men that they ought to become honest and true in heart and life, "to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly," to be truly religious; all this every human creature knows by virtue of his moral nature; but we preach to persuade them to *do* what they know.

It appears then, that the only room for honest doubt in religion is in reference to its doctrines and theories and upon questions of practical duty which meet us in the religious life. As to the obligation to enter upon such a life and pursue it, there is no room for doubt. It is the only duty upon which there can be no doubt. The duty lies closest to our knowledge and our convictions. There is nothing we know so well. This knowledge of duty belongs to every human soul.

There is a loose and vague idea prevailing that the subject of religion is encompassed with so much uncertainty and difficulty that one may with propriety excuse himself from attention to it; that these difficulties and doubts avail to set aside the duty; and nothing is more common than to hear these difficulties presented in justification of an irreligious life. Men go on in a life of self-indulgence and worldliness and sin because, as they imagine, they have doubts or positive disbelief upon some point of doctrine. They misinterpret their own attitude of heart, and overlook the real reason for their neglect of religion. There is no bewilderment or skepticism or unbelief so profound as to touch the primary *duty* of religion. What is presented as a reason is simply an excuse, and with the first honest movement of heart towards duty this excuse must vanish.

One cannot admit the inspiration of the Scriptures. He has probably not given the subject any profound attention. He may not be capable of such an investigation. The question is an important one and full of interest to a religious man; but what bearing has it on the duty of "doing justly, and loving mercy, and walking humbly with God"? The duty of religion still remains, however the question of inspiration may be decided.

Another questions the Mosaic account of the creation, and thinks the Darwinian hypothesis of the origin of man more scientific and reasonable. But the duty of religion does not turn upon the question of man's origin or creation, but upon his present nature and relations. He finds himself in the world, a moral being, under the obligations of reverence and obedience towards God and love towards men. The duty of a religious life is upon him, without reference to his origin. What is required of man he knows full well. Let him meet first this great duty, and study at his leisure, in this world or in another, the natural history of man.

Another still finds difficulty in the Scripture doctrine of the punishment of sin—the idea that any soul shall be left an outcast from God forever. But the duty to confess and forsake sin, to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with his God, is not affected by the question how God, in His wisdom and goodness, may deal with the persistent sinner in the ages to come. The duty is manifest and pressing, whatever may be true of the doctrine.

Again, one doubts about the mystery of regeneration—the new birth, of which the Saviour speaks.

The duty of a new heart, "perfect, and right, and pure and good," of an upright and pious life, is no mystery. Let him respond to this duty, and study the mystery as his experience shall unfold.

And still another is perplexed with the whole scheme of redemption, the atonement, pardon. How it was necessary or what it accomplishes he cannot comprehend. But is this any reason why he should not cease to do evil and learn to do well? The work of redemption, of atonement, falls within the sphere of God's responsibility, not man's. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We may well leave Him to explain that work of love in His own time and in His own way. But the least we can do, in response to His love, is "to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with Him."

But another finds himself in great uncertainty as to the person and nature of Jesus the Christ. That a wondrous beauty and glory gather about His character and His life he clearly sees, and that that character and that life have blessed mankind as none others have ever done; but that He is God manifest in the flesh he fails to see. And yet he is asked "to believe the testimony which God hath given of His Son," and without this faith it is impossible to please God. But an honest and upright heart, ready to meet all duty and to accept all truth, is all that God requires of any man. "His commandments are not grievous"; and does this perplexity throw any shade of doubt upon the duty of doing justly, and loving mercy, and walking humbly? The entrance to the religious life still

lies plainly open, and the doubter may go forward ready to receive any light which God shall give. With such a spirit God is well pleased.

But the question returns:—Must he not have *faith* in the Son of God, and is not this the Gospel condition of salvation, "that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have everlasting life"? Undoubtedly, there must be faith; but the spirit of obedience, of rightness of heart, is the spirit of faith. It is that element of faith for which man is responsible and which God requires. A heart to receive and do the truth, as it is known to us, is the very soul of faith. Thus the faith of a child who can only say, with trustful love, "Our Father, who art in Heaven," and of the Apostle who was "caught up into the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words, not lawful for a man to utter," are in essence the same, and are alike accepted of God "according to that they have." Cornelius, who had not heard of Jesus was in the exercise of saving faith. His prayer was heard and his alms had come up a memorial before God; and it was an increase of his knowledge rather than his faith when he received with open heart the Gospel which Peter brought him. His faith pleased God at the beginning and at the end. The way to obtain light is to come with an open, honest, and truth-loving heart, ready for all duty and all righteousness. For this we have the Saviour's words:—"If any man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of Myself." The full knowledge of the doctrine follows the obedience and the faith; and then faith embraces the fuller light. Thus the obedience, in turn, is strengthened and the religious life en-

riched. To such growth in religious knowledge and in spiritual life we find no end, either in this world or in that which is to come; and he who takes the first step in it has entered upon the path to glory and to God. He is in the way of faith, as truly when carefully guiding his pilgrim footsteps by the dim and feeble light, as when he stands at the open gates of the Celestial City, which "has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, because the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

But there are doubts still darker and deeper. Here and there we find a soul that sees no evidence of God's government and providence, no proof that God cares for men. To him there is no light in the heavens which declare the glory of God, or in the earth which shows His handiwork. It is all a vast mechanism with no indication of a divine and infinite love that presides over and pervades it all. He may go even further and reject the very idea of a personal being back of the laws and forces of the material universe. Nature is all, and he himself is but a momentary product of these laws and forces. Is there any light to penetrate the darkness of this abyss of atheism? Yes; the same eternal law of duty reaches him still. The law of obligation is one of the laws of Nature, as inevitable as the principle of gravitation. He is still bound "to do justly and love mercy," and maintain a right and honest heart, open to all truth and ready for all righteousness.

It may be too much to expect that in such bewilderment and unbelief any mere rational perception of the claims of righteousness will hold a man against the

drift of passion and impulse and the worldly life. But this is his sin and not his necessity. He finds himself gifted with exalted powers, surrounded by interests worthy of his regard, capable of a life of excellence and dignity and usefulness, as well as of a life of self-indulgence and passion and shame. The duty of such a life is upon him even if that life is to go out in the darkness of the grave. More than this, he has reason to suppose that he has not attained to all wisdom. Men as wise and good as he do see in nature the handiwork of God, and rejoice in the belief that they are His children, heirs to immortal life. No unbelief can set aside the possibility that all this is true. Until the atheist has traversed the universe, has scaled all its heights and fathomed all its depths, has gathered all that is past and forecast all that is to come, he can have no certainty that he may not find himself, at any moment standing in God's own presence. It is the weakness of presumption to say: "Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." It is wiser to consider that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Hence, the honest soul, in such darkness—if, indeed, such darkness ever befall the honest soul—will walk reverently, inquiring after God. The possibility that in Him he unconsciously lives and moves and has his being imposes this duty—the duty of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly," under the apprehension that he may sometime meet with God. The very spirit of religion and piety is still in place, and no other is becoming. The Apostle speaks of those who "seek the Lord if haply they might feel

after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." From such seeking no one can ever be excused, by any degree of darkness or unbelief. Even the privilege and the duty of prayer follow the soul into this deepest darkness. A traveller lost in the wilderness at midnight lifts his voice and cries. He has seen no human footprint there, has heard no sound of human life, no light from a distant habitation has reached him. But the possibility that his voice may fall upon some ear, makes it his privilege and his duty to call; and such a call has often saved a life. May not a soul in darkness, weakness, and fear, lift up his cry even to the unknown God? Will God despise the prayer coming up from a soul in darkness, but longing for the light and ready to follow it? No spiritual darkness can rob us of the privilege of prayer. Can we say that the prayer of a soul that has not the assurance of God's existence is not the prayer of faith? It is at least a reasonable and proper prayer; such a prayer as an earthly father, yearning after his lost child, would answer. How much more the Heavenly Father, who longs to give good things to them that ask Him?

Thus, throughout the entire range of religious doubt, in every possible condition, the duty of entering upon the religious life stands directly before us. This simple duty of a right heart, ready for the truth, and of an obedient and reverent life, we cannot escape. On this subject no one can claim ignorance. The duty meets us just where doubt is impossible. The *duty* of religion is far removed from the *mysteries* of religion, and from its difficult or unsolved problems; and we greatly impose upon ourselves when we attribute sim-

ilar uncertainty to both. We may have good reason for not accepting a doctrine, because, although it may be true, the truth of it is not within our reach. But the *duty* of religion we can have no reason for putting off, because it is independent of all doctrine and all belief and fastens upon every man by virtue of his moral nature. The irreligious man is, therefore, always the unreasonable man. Some other motive than the reason of the case must account for his irreligious life. Honest doubt is possible, but honest impiety is not possible. The doubt affords not a shadow of reason for the impiety.

The idea that one needs to have his doubts cleared away, his difficulties of belief removed, and a multitude of questions settled before he can enter upon a religious life is an entire misapprehension. The doubts and difficulties may be made an occasion of neglecting religion, an *excuse*, but not a reason such as the intelligence can approve. We may very properly endeavor to satisfy the doubts and remove the difficulties, because they serve as temptations, and truth clearly apprehended is a moral force to bring the unwilling soul up to a known and acknowledged duty. When men are unwilling to follow the light they have, we give them more light; not to convince but to persuade. But it is the immediate duty of the doubting soul to take up at once the work of a religious life and then go forward in the acquisition of truth and the solution of his doubts. No other course is reasonable or right.

Thus we find that there is no path so plain as the way to heaven. It opens at our very feet; we have no occasion to grope around, uncertain as to the conditions of acceptance with God. He hath shown thee,

O man, what is *duty*, and with such a sacrifice He is well pleased. What is *truth* He will give us an opportunity to learn here and hereafter. By patient continuance in well doing we attain unto glory, and honor, and immortality and eternal life.

In your progress and growth as students, you may sometimes find occasion to fall back upon these simple principles of the Christian faith and the Christian life. You have accepted this faith and life not because you "understand all mysteries and all knowledge" as related to religion. New views will open to you as you go forward, and old beliefs which have been sacred to you from childhood may come into doubt. You may find the opinions which you have inherited, and which have helped to form your character and your life, called in question. These opinions you will be compelled to review and readjust upon grounds which will satisfy your own intelligence. What has been traditional with you, received on authority, must become matter of intelligent acceptance, so that you shall be "able to give a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." In this readjustment of thought and opinion, to which every student is called, if at times you should walk in darkness and doubt, and feel almost that the very foundations of your faith are to fail, your experience would not be different from that of many who have gone before you. In such a conflict of thought and feeling, it will be helpful to remember that none of the questions which perplex you can touch the obligations and duties of the Christian life. These duties still stand whatever else may fail. The life of simple fidelity, of patient continuance in well doing, of honest and reverent

regard for all truth and all righteousness, of earnest looking to God for light and guidance, will still be before you. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one tittle of these high duties and privileges can fail. On this bed rock you can lay your foundations, and neither wind, nor rain, nor floods shall ever move you. You can meet the ordeal without fear or trepidation. No detriment can come to your character, or your faith, or your essential hope. You can enter upon the revision and the formation of your religious opinions with the utmost freedom, because your religious life is not staked upon the result. On that point you are fixed never to be moved.

Then, too, with the great question of practical life settled, the work of forming religious opinions can be safely carried on. The process will not be disturbed by the pressure of impulse or vain desire. To know the truth will be your aim; not to find a warrant for a self-indulgent life. You will not be tempted to reject the truth because it is inconvenient. Thus you can go on your way with cheerful freedom, and gather the harvest in the field of religious thought. The truths of religion are so simple that a child can embrace them, and so grand that an angel may desire to look into them. There is no range of thought more worthy of your attention. God bless you in the work.

XX

VALUE AND USE OF CREEDS

THE spirit of creed formation—so native to Congregationalism—came into special activity again in the seventies and early eighties. At the National Council of Congregational Churches held at St. Louis in 1880, Professor Hiram Mead of Oberlin Theological Seminary presented a paper advocating a new creed—his last public service to the churches. President Fairchild was made chairman of the sub-committee, upon which was laid the duty of preparing the creed, which, with final modifications, was presented to the churches by the Committee of Twenty-Five, and is now known as "The Creed of 1883." It was in connection with this discussion that President Fairchild prepared the treatment of the subject which follows:—

1. Of the value and importance of doctrine in the church, there is no room for question. Christianity is better than paganism or Mohammedanism because of the grand truths which it presents. In these truths lies the power of Christianity. The spirit of God works in the hearts of men only through the instrumentality of its truths. One form of Christianity is better than another by reason of its better presentation of these truths.

2. This importance attaches primarily to the great facts of religion and of the gospel as presented in the

Scriptures,—the facts of God's government and providence, of sin and redemption. These great facts embody the Christian religion in its elements.

The speculative views and theories which gather about these Scripture facts have a subordinate place; and yet they are only less important than the primary facts themselves; because they greatly determine the vitality and power which these original Scripture truths shall have in the minds of men. Theories pertaining to God's sovereignty and man's responsibility, to sin and holiness, to the atonement and regeneration, and to future reward and punishment, have much to do with the power of Christianity among men. A false or inadequate theory may so obscure or pervert the fact as to rob it of its proper power, or cause it to be rejected by many without thorough examination.

3. Of course our great reliance for the exhibition and maintenance of these truths is upon the Scriptures, which we accept as God's embodiment and expression of the truths of religion. In the wide diffusion and thorough study and inculcation of the Scriptures we shall find the great support of Christian doctrine in the church and in the world. But human thought in its apprehension and expression of truth necessarily goes beyond the mere fact as the Scriptures record it, to the underlying and unexpressed reason of things. The man who most persistently discards philosophy will still have his philosophy of Divine sovereignty and human agency, of sin and the atonement. He may insist that his views are derived directly from the Scriptures, without any addition or abatement, but the fact will be that his doctrinal statements will be merely his view of the teachings of Scripture.

Such theories and speculations upon the facts of religion will be more necessary to some than to others, but they constitute an indispensable part of Christian doctrine. There must be truth in the direction of these theories; and those who pursue it will be more or less successful in its attainment. It may be suggested that if these truths were important to the prevalence and power of Christianity they would be presented in the Scriptures, and not be left to mere human wisdom to discover. The suggestion has no foundation in fact or in reason. There are theoretical views, which all must hold more or less distinctly, which are *not* presented in the Scriptures, whether we can explain the fact or not. But this omission does not prove that they are of little importance. Peter speaks of some things in Paul's Epistles hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest as they do also the other Scriptures to their own destruction. Correct interpretation and explanation of these points must be important. It is entirely in harmony with God's methods to leave the problems of Christian philosophy to His people as a means of culture and of growth, possibly too as a necessity of their nature.

4. The Church then must undertake the work of supplementing Scripture teaching with the results of science and philosophy. These results constitute an important element in the religious instruction which is needed in the world. The work must be done chiefly by an educated ministry, trained in Scripture interpretation and in habits of philosophic thought, and familiar with the history of Christian doctrine. The results will appear in preaching, and in religious pub-

lications; and will thus become incorporated into the prevalent religious thought.

A later step is the expression of these results in creeds and confessions, intended to be a statement of the doctrinal views of considerable bodies of Christian men,—not merely as the Scripture facts but including as well the principles and reasons which underlie these facts. These confessions will be imperfect—only approximations to the truth; but they are of use in the church as a means of instruction and as a support and defense of Christian doctrine. The very tendency in human nature which makes these confessions valuable, the disposition to cling to them as standards of faith, renders them liable to abuse. They may become a hindrance to the progress of thought, as well as a help to it; but this is not a sufficient reason for dispensing with them. Indeed it is, in a sense, impossible to dispense with them. Creeds like constitutions are both written and unwritten; and no body of men can coöperate in Christian life and labor without a generally accepted system of doctrine—either the consequence or the condition of their coöperation, or both. Those denominations which have made it a point to discard creeds have found at length that a creed has grown upon them against their will; and those denominations which have adopted written creeds, and have intended to cling to them unchanged as their standards, have found at length an unwritten element coming in to modify their written formula; and what was meant to be an exact statement of faith, is at length accepted "for substance of doctrine." The reëndorsement of the old confessions by synod or council or conference, cannot annul these additions or improvements. The

creed of Congregational churches to-day is not found in the Westminster or Savoy confessions, however often reaffirmed, but in the prevalent theology of our ministry, our churches and our schools. The same is true of the other denominations of the country.

5. Hence a creed is not a form or mold to be imposed from without upon any church or group of churches, into which Christian thought and life shall be compressed; but is the natural outgrowth of that thought and life, extending and changing its form to meet the growing thought and life of the church. The change is never fundamental except in the case of a general apostasy from Christianity, because the creed has its root in the Scriptures, the great repository of Christian truth, and is evolved from them by the vitalizing power of living thought and experience. It must always be the best expression of those great truths of which the church is capable, with such elucidations and explanations as the prevalent thought requires. The effort to make the creed a permanent form to which all thinking shall be conformed, is always futile.

6. Still less is there propriety in the effort to set up an elaborate creed at the entrance of a church for the purpose of admitting those who have been able to bring their thought to that particular mold, and excluding all others. Those excluded on such a test will still be in the church of Christ, and those admitted will still have the liberty of revising and correcting their belief, unless there is to be an end of all vitality and growth. The natural and the Scriptural idea of the church is a collection of Christian people, drawn together by their common interest in the Christian life

and chartered with the privilege and duty of improvement in thought and deed. The church is a training institution, a place for progress in all things pertaining to "life and godliness," and not a collection of those who are finished in thought and character.

Nor is the idea well founded that, in order to profitable church relationship, there must be such harmony of belief among the members as is implied in the acceptance of an elaborate and minute creed. In the first place harmony thus secured is not desirable. The result must be narrowness of view, and a stifled growth; and in the next place the harmony cannot be permanent. The natural and spontaneous differences in Christian thought are wholesome—a part of the general variety of nature, interesting and profitable in the church, as in the family, and in the world generally. The mistake has not rarely been made of barring the entrance to the church by a creed. Both written and unwritten creeds are liable to the same abuse. The examination in *Christian experience*, is sometimes carried so far as to suggest the idea that maturity in the Christian life is indispensable to admission to the church. To the trembling believer who comes and says, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" some zealous Philip will reply, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest," with no better authority for the rigid inquiry than a dubious passage not found in the oldest manuscripts. The church is the household of Christ, where we are to find the weak in the faith and babes in Christ.

The real object to be aimed at is to receive into the church every one who can be reasonably regarded as having entered upon the Christian life. The Christian

life, in its very beginnings implies some apprehension and acceptance of gospel truth. To this extent the church may properly inquire into the faith of those who ask admission, as well as into other matters of experience and life. It is an inquiry for evidence of Christian character.

It would seem to be a natural and proper arrangement then to receive from the candidate a confession of his faith in the Scriptures and in the leading facts of the gospel, such as all Christians find in the Scriptures. Thus our creed as exhibited in the reception of members would be limited to what are called the fundamental doctrines of the gospel—those accepted by all true Christians.

As an important means of instruction it would seem desirable that this statement should be tolerably full and complete,—not the bare utterance of that truth which the least enlightened Christian may have embraced. The lowest creed possible to a genuine believer, would be comparatively valueless as a means of instruction. The fuller and more satisfactory statement would seem to go beyond the reach of the candidate. Such a candidate should be received on the confession he can make, with the probability that his subsequent training in the church will give him a wider and better view. Children are to be received to the church too young even to comprehend some of the essential doctrines. Unenlightened persons who have not been favored with a Christian education must also be received. The door of the church should open freely to all these, that their education may be carried on within the church itself. No such rigid application of the creed, as would exclude such per-

sons, is called for. If assent to the confession is a part of the form of admission, it should be understood that assent is given with these limitations.

It seems desirable that the reading of the confession should form some part of the established service. If the statement of doctrine is not abstract or cold, as it should not be, the reading seems appropriate upon the public reception of members. Thus the church maintains its testimony to the truth before the world.

8. A much fuller confession may be required by the church of those who are to sustain the responsibility of religious teachers. They are to give evidence not merely of Christian character, but of qualification to set forth the gospel in its symmetry and fullness. Yet even here a rigid enforcement of theoretical or philosophical views is out of place. In the field of Metaphysical Theology the public teachers of the church have a right to freedom of opinion and expression; and such freedom will conduce to the establishment of the truth and to the edification of the church.

9. Again, the refusal to make the acceptance of a full and elaborate creed a condition of admission to the church, does not indicate that doctrinal views are held lightly or treated as of little account, or that they are to be kept out of sight in the public instruction of the church. Each group of churches will still have its generally accepted theological views, and will have a great advantage in the inculcation of those views when they are no longer made a condition of membership or fellowship. The truth will stand on its own merits, and will have an open field. The result will be a harmony of theological views in the individual church, or associated group of churches, much more effective

and intelligent than any harmony secured by a formal acceptance of the creed on entering the church. The prevalence of Old or New School views, of High or Low Church views in particular portions of the church has not been secured by making the acceptance of these views a condition of membership. Calvinism and Arminianism have cut across all denominational and church lines in spite of creeds, and will continue to do so, until a resultant shall be secured which is better than either. The intelligent propagator of a doctrine will not wish the acceptance of it made a condition of membership. Such an arrangement narrows his field and puts him at a disadvantage.

The following is the "form of a creed" which President Fairchild proposed in 1883 as embodying the common faith of Congregational churches, and which he says, "was presented by me as chairman of the subcommittee of the Creed Commission provided for by the National Council of Congregational churches":—

Proposed Articles of Faith

The Congregational churches of the United States, while differing among themselves in minor matters of belief, and in various points of speculative philosophy affecting their doctrinal system, are in essential harmony upon the following cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith:—

I. We believe in God, the creator and ruler of the universe, eternal, omnipotent, infinite in wisdom and perfect in goodness—one and indivisible in His nature as a personal being, existing from eternity as God, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and revealing Himself in

the incarnation as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

II. We believe that man was made in the image of God, capable of knowing and obeying Him, and of enjoying His favor,—that our first parents, through disobedience, fell from purity and blessedness into sin and ruin which follows sin; and that all their posterity, coming into the world with a weak and temptable nature, fall under temptation, and become involved in the guilt and ruin of sin.

III. We believe that, on account of this weakness of human nature, and the persistence of men in sin, there is no hope of their recovery to righteousness and to blessedness in the favor of God, except in God's gracious purpose and movement for their redemption; and that for this end He has revealed Himself, and ordered His providence through all the history of the race.

IV. We believe that in carrying forward this work of redemption, God has sent into the world His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, the eternal Word made flesh, the God-man, to be the Redeemer and Saviour of men, and that He, by His humiliation in the incarnation, His life, His death and resurrection, has made atonement for sin, and now offers to save from its penalty and its power all who will accept Him as their Saviour and Lord.

V. We believe that God, seeking access to the hearts of men, has sent His Holy Spirit into the world, to convince of sin and turn to righteousness, and that those who open their hearts to Him are thus regenerated and sanctified, and kept through faith unto salvation; while those who reject the grace of God and

close their hearts against the truth, and thus die in sin, will remain under the power of sin, and suffer forever under God's displeasure.

VI. We believe in the resurrection of the dead and the final judgment, when all mankind shall appear before God, and receive according to their deeds, those who have been turned to righteousness being made partakers of everlasting life, and those who have rejected the grace of God going away into everlasting punishment.

VII. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are a record of God's revelation of Himself to the world in the work of redemption,—that they were written by men under the guidance of the Holy Spirit,—that they contain the great truths pertaining to life and godliness, and are given to men as their divinely appointed guide to salvation.

VIII. We believe that God has provided for the spread of the gospel in the world through the coöperation of His people, and that they are authorized and required, wherever they may be, to associate themselves in churches for the maintenance of worship, for the observance of the sacraments, for the promotion of Christian growth and fellowship, and for the preaching of the gospel; and that for the furtherance of these ends He has instituted the Sabbath as a day of rest from secular employment, and for worship and religious instruction.

IX. We believe that the sacraments of the gospel, instituted by the Lord, and committed to His church for perpetual observance, are Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, symbolical exhibitions of the great truths of the washing of regeneration, and the continued de-

pendence of the renewed soul upon the Lord Jesus Christ for spiritual life,—that the Lord's Supper is for those only who have received the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and that Baptism is for these and their infant children.

X. We believe that the proper evidence of God's grace in the heart is the Christian character and life, and that those only are in the way of salvation who by faith are attaining the victory which overcomes the world.

XXI

A TRIP TO HAWAII, 1884

AFTER his first trip abroad in 1870–71, President Fairchild made occasional tours in distant parts of this country—generally on the invitation of friends. In 1872 he and Professor John M. Ellis visited the Northwest where they were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Williams at Glyndon, Minn. Here Mr. Williams displayed his skill at shooting on the wing, by dropping an occasional prairie chicken at the feet of the admiring president, "who clapped his hands in glee—as he had never done over a recitation in mathematics." With Mr. and Mrs. Williams as escort an excursion was made at this time to the White Earth Indian Reservation, of which however no records are preserved.

His most striking experiences in travel, after those of 1870, occurred in the summer of 1884, when he was able to visit California and view the beauties of the Yosemite Valley. After the enjoyment of this tour he found a delightful surprise awaiting him. An extension of his journey had been planned for him, into the fascinating toils of which he was easily led. This was a visit, rare in those days, to the Hawaiian Islands. "Six old Oberlin students and friends" prepared the surprise, and provided for the expenses of the trip with a willing generosity. It was a twofold pleasure which was anticipated; he would see the

wonders of this "Paradise of the Pacific," they would have the joy of seeing him for a brief season in these new scenes. The plan was in every way successful, more than realizing all expectations.

The steamer from San Francisco arrived in Honolulu harbor on Friday, August 7, 1884. Eight or nine Oberlin students were at the wharf to give him a welcome. Robert W. Logan and Mary Logan had left their regrets behind them, being compelled to sail for Micronesia just before the president's arrival. In a letter written by Henry Castle to his sister then in Germany, he said, "The sensation with us just now is the presence of President Fairchild, who reached here day before yesterday. We were down to the steamer to meet him, of course, standing out on the end of the wharf and straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of him as the boat went by. We recognized him as he passed, and then we started off at a lively pace for the Oceanic Co.'s wharf. It was delightful to see him, I assure you, and brought back old times in a very lively manner." W. A. Bowen, in a letter to Robert Logan writes of the scene:—"With my hat off I walked down the wharf beside the good old president, and felt so full of joy and pride that it seemed as if I really should burst!"

The president was entertained at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Whitney being a graduate of the Literary class of 1859. That evening a reception was held, over a hundred invitations having been sent out. Chinese lanterns in great profusion were strung along the avenue of palms from the great archway to the house. Hon. W. R. Castle, one of the leading attorneys of the islands, and a former Oberlin student, made an address

of welcome, in which he ventured to make a play on President Fairchild's name which was not uncomplimentary to his dignity :—" While Honolulu is justly celebrated for the beauty of its children, it is safe to say that we have never before looked on such a *fair child* as this!" "President Fairchild, with his usual modesty," writes Mrs. Whitney, "turned the attention which had been directed upon himself to the college he loved: —'I appreciate, of course, that the cordial reception given me to-night is not because of any interest that I inspire, but it is for the college which I represent,'" —and then he gave the facts of particular interest about Oberlin, which he, better than any other, knew how to make real and to estimate at their true worth.

The sight-seeing began at once. "Yesterday" [Saturday] wrote Henry Castle, "we took the president up to the Pali. The president, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, and Mr. Rice (Mrs. Whitney's brother) rode in a double-seated carriage, while Dr. and Mrs. Hyde, myself and some others rode horseback. We stopped at Luakaha, but lunched farther up the valley. I thought President Fairchild seemed to enjoy everything very much. He thought the Pali very fine, and compared it to the Yosemite, where he had just been." The reader who has not made this climb, and from the summit seen the ocean on both sides this narrow part of the island of Oahu, and the charm of the landscape stretching out and losing itself in the ocean, and the ocean losing itself in the indistinct lines of the sky with all the hues of blending color, can hardly realize what a justifiable pride must have inspired these friends in giving President Fairchild this vision. A glimpse of the scene from the high point of the summit is sketched by Henry Castle in

that letter of August 9:—" Mr. Rice, Carrie Gilman, May Atherton and myself climbed that steep height immediately to the right hand of the Pali as you go up. It was a tremendous climb right on the verge of the abyss, about five hundred feet I should think, above the road. Words, at least my words, cannot adequately set forth the beauty of that wide stretch of landscape, green with pasture and cane fields, flecked with alternate shadow and light, dotted with groves of brilliant kukui and dark ohia and hao, bounded by the keen line of surf startling the eye by its whiteness—nor of that broad belt of sea whose blue was shading into purple, under the gloom of storm-clouds driving up from the immeasurably distant horizon."

The president was laid hold of for a sermon on the first opportunity—the next morning at Fort Street. " The sermon," wrote Henry Castle, " was an excellent one. It was of the Oberlin length, forty-five minutes. I found it a great treat to hear him again. We hope to have him here to stay before he goes. I intend to take him up Punchbowl. I must also propound some questions to him now that I have the chance."

The president, like all favored guests in Honolulu before and since, was not allowed to remain long at rest. Besides the picnic at the Pali on Saturday there were also similar outings to Waialae, up the Manoa Valley, off to the salt lake just back of Pearl Harbor, and " all the drives around Honolulu." The president did not refuse to avail himself of the opportunity to make a trial at sea bathing in the Pacific, the first attempt at Waialae, and then at the famous Waikiki beach.

But the one great trip of the visit, and indeed of a lifetime, was that which was made to the volcano on the island of Hawaii, which was then in a state of violent eruption, and affording a scene of unsurpassed grandeur. This is a trip by itself, as it necessitates a short ocean voyage through the islands, of a day and a night, and the currents are swift and billowy. But being a good sailor, President Fairchild suffered no special discomfort. Spending a Sunday at Hilo he preached in the foreign church there, his text being from Eccl. 12: 13, 14, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God will bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing whether it be good or whether it be evil." —"It was a good sermon. Every word and expression was one of dignity and power."

The island of Hawaii, the largest of the Hawaiian group, rises gradually from the ocean to the volcanic summits near the centre some forty to sixty miles from the sea. The two highest points, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, more than three miles in height, are covered with snow in winter. In 1880 one of these volcanoes had been violently active, sending down its side great streams of glowing lava, one of which came within half a mile of Hilo. On the side of this immense cone is the volcano of Kilauea, four thousand feet above the sea. It is Kilauea, the largest living volcano in the world, that is visited by the traveller and the scientist. Its crater is nine miles in circumference and about six hundred feet in depth. The walls are precipitous cliffs partly covered with vegetation. The lava floor of this vast pit is traversed

by cracks and fissures from which steam and sulphurous vapors were continually arising, while near one side of this inferno was the burning lake which language has been exhausted to describe.

From Hilo to the volcano is a ride of thirty miles, which was then more difficult than now, for there were neither stage road nor steam cars. The party to accompany the president was made up of Mr. Dyer—a school-teacher, and two Oberlin graduates—Rev. W. B. Oleson, their host in Hilo, and Mr. Bowen who furnishes the narrative. They breakfasted at the early hour of five o'clock and were ready to start at six. But as usual for Hilo, with its eleven or twelve feet of rainfall in the year, it was a rainy morning. Indeed, it was a pouring rain into which they must push as they took up their plodding journey. But they were well protected by rain-coats and leggins, the president wearing a hat which "looked like an inverted galvanized iron bucket." He was cheerful, but he appreciated the situation and remarked that "if this were at Oberlin it would be called a crazy venture." It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when, "worn and somewhat stiffened," they arrived at the Volcano House, which stands on the very brink of the crater.

"The next day," writes Mr. Bowen, "we were to go down into the crater. But a physician who was stopping at the Volcano House frightened us about the president's going down :—'He is just of the build, age and habit to have an apoplectic attack, especially if overheated, as would likely be the case when coming out of the crater.' The president, who was consulted, at once decided that the only prudent course under

the circumstances was to heed the warning and not go down. We were very much disturbed. He had certainly not taken this long tedious ride for the pleasure of it, and it seemed too bad that he should not see what he had come for. But the president was perfectly calm,—not the slightest show of disappointment in his face. I told him that it was a rough jaunt anyway; and I would keep him company at the hotel. The doctor, however, finally moderated his prohibition and decided that if the trip could be made by easy stages it could be accomplished without risk, and we all went down together.

"The descent into the crater is about six hundred feet. Then comes the long walk of nearly three miles across the bottom to the lake of burning lava. We of course had our guides. We made the start at two o'clock in the afternoon, so as to make our first observations by daylight. Everything showed that we were walking over what had once been a seething mass of fiery fluid, which had taken all sorts of shapes when it cooled,—eddies, pools, waves and rivulets, with here and there great fissures, out of which came sulphurous gases with their offensive odors. The thin crust creaked under our feet like the snow at home on a frosty morning. After times of resting we finally reached the first of the fiery lakes,—Halemaumau. From the banks we could see playing at one time as many as six or seven fire fountains,—the edge of the whole lake was lined with fire, and we could hear the swashing of the waves of fire as they went dashing and breaking against the sides nearest us. Mr. Oleson and Pastor Cruzan, who had joined the party, were very venturesome, going to the edge, and heaving great

blocks of lava into the cauldron. It is needless to say that the rest of the party, including the president, did not indulge in these indiscretions,—the president 'would not risk *his* wife's happiness in that way.'

"When the party passed on to Dana Lake it seemed a cold mass, like a frozen pond, with nothing in particular to attract our attention. From all appearances one could have safely walked all over it. But one could hear the ominous washing of the waves against its sides, and in a few minutes there appeared in one corner a little crack of fire, and the guide announced that a 'break up' was about to begin. Another crack, and another—and the great boiling red waves rolled up out of each opening. The cracks widened, the waves rolled together, great cakes of lava bumped against each other, and the whole surface was in an undulating motion, with steaming, hissing fire rolling out everywhere. Now the cakes melted as fast as they formed, sometimes slipping on end, and being sucked down into the unfathomable depths below. The whole mass was now one lake of fire. All this was in the daytime. But what shall I say of the scene at night? Everything now stood out in more intense vividness. We could see to read by the light. The clouds above reflected the brilliant color. When the 'break up' came it was simply indescribable. No words can possibly convey the impression made upon our minds of the grandeur and awfulness of it all.

"Between the 'break ups' the party took refuge behind a bulwark of lava blocks to keep off the cold winds, and amid these weird surroundings there were many brilliant displays of wisdom on many subjects of science and philosophy, which the members of that

group will never forget, but which cannot here be reported. When we turned away and finally started for the hotel the president remarked, 'Now I feel as if I had commenced my homeward journey.' The tedious return was taken up by the party in single file as they had come, with a half dozen swaying lanterns and each man with his staff trying to keep in the steps of the guides, and avoid breaking through the crust which in places was so thin that one of the party would occasionally pierce it, but only to the more substantial foundation of lava beneath.

"The long zigzag climb up the precipitous sides of the crater, concerning which we had our lingering fears, was at last undertaken, and made more comfortable and safe by the use of two poles, with helpers at the ends, the president holding to the poles in the middle, the leader pulling and the follower pushing, until after occasional restings it was safely accomplished, and the hotel reached at a late hour." As can readily be imagined this jaunt was followed by welcome but not dreamless slumbers.

The journey back to Hilo was made on the following day, an unusually hot and sultry one, this time because there was no rain to cool the atmosphere. As can be imagined all were tired travellers at nightfall. Before taking a final leave of this island and while the steamer was loading at one of the ports for the return, the president was given a ride on the little railroad leading up to Kohala. This is an exceedingly crooked narrow gauge road, almost doubling on itself, so that some of the curves "make the newcomer shudder as he turns them." "Yes," said the president, "it is the most marvellous piece of engineering for a railroad that

I have ever seen. If I could have seen this with a bird's-eye view before undertaking the journey I doubt if I should have been willing to attempt it."

While the president was away from Honolulu on his volcano trip, a discovery was made in the home of Mrs. Whitney which resulted in adding a valuable historical relic to the Oberlin College library. "At this time," writes Mrs. Whitney, "my father, L. L. Rice, discovered among his books and papers the famous Spaulding manuscript"—of great historical value in relation to the origin of Mormonism. "The remarkable thing about this discovery was that the manuscript had been lost and looked for for fifty years or more. The family had moved from Painesville, Ohio, to Cleveland, thence to Columbus, to Oberlin, and finally after my mother's death my father had come here to spend his last days with us. On leaving Oberlin he destroyed, as he supposed, all his old letters and papers, without discovering the manuscript. When the president was leaving for his trip to the volcano he asked my father if he had not some anti-slavery literature he would like to devote to that department of the Oberlin Library. It was while looking over his papers in response to that request that he found the manuscript. When father and I were alone at lunch he remarked, 'A wonderful thing has happened to me to-day. I have found the Spaulding manuscript among my papers, all of which I supposed I had destroyed.' When the president returned from the volcano we told him of the circumstances, at the table. I have often laughed to think how he stretched out his arms in surprise, and was so absorbed with interest that when the butter, and pickles and jelly were passed, instead of

helping himself he set them down by his plate, making a circle about it, till he at length laughingly came to himself again."

The exciting pleasures and discomforts of this charming Hawaiian trip came to an end amid leave takings even more affectionate than the greetings which had marked its beginning. His visit however proved not to be a mere summer outing. It had done good to the cause that lay near to his heart. "To-morrow," wrote Henry Castle, on August 31st, "President Fairchild leaves for home. He has evidently enjoyed his visit to these islands thoroughly, as we certainly have, and he goes home I think carrying many pleasant recollections of these happy shores. A number of students from the islands are to be added to the college." Among the letters to be opened on the homeward voyage was one from Mr. B——, which not only spoke of pleasurable memories but contained a more substantial token of affection in the form of a $500 gift to the college, "a student's first loving return to his *alma mater*."

The return from the coast was made by the Northern Pacific route, and its chief diversion was a tour in the recently opened Yellowstone National Park. Here President Fairchild was joined by his son George, and together they viewed its beauties and the many caprices of nature which compose its attractions. It was not till after the fall term of the college had opened that he was back again from his remarkable summer's outing, brown and refreshed for his arduous work, and with memories for a lifetime.

XXII

AN APPEAL TO THE SENSE OF EQUITY

THE following sermon was preached by President Fairchild on baccalaureate Sunday, June 27, 1886. It is one of the earliest treatments of the Labor Problem in America, and is introduced to illustrate his comprehensive grasp of the ethical principles involved.

THE GOLDEN RULE AND THE LABOR QUESTION

Matt. 7 : 12. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The Saviour's instructions are in general characterized by self-evidence. They strike us at once, in their simplicity and authority, both as rational axioms and Divine revelations. The Golden Rule, as a measure of the duty of man to man, has never been questioned. Every human soul assents to its reasonableness; yet the self-evident principle seems never to have been formulated until it fell from the Saviour's lips. The negative form of the precept ascribed to Confucius, "Do nothing to others which you would not have them do to you," seems rather a prudential maxim, aimed at the protection of each from the assaults of others. It would be fulfilled if each should go his own way, and leave others to take care of themselves. The

Saviour's precept on the other hand, sets every man upon the positive duty of caring for his neighbor's welfare; and the measure of the duty is the regard he may reasonably ask for himself. It may be justly paraphrased :—" As ye *ought* to wish that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The special significance of the rule is, that in determining our duty to our neighbor we are to put ourselves in his place, and thus get a fair estimate of his interests and his rights. These must be the same as our own would be under the same conditions. Our own well being is committed to ourselves as a special trust, but in securing it we have no right to trample upon or even overlook our neighbor's welfare, or to forget that in a very important sense his welfare is our responsibility.

The Golden Rule seems rather intended to move the heart than to enlighten the mind, and this is probably its chief significance. It brings each man face to face with his brother's interests, and asks him to treat these interests as they ought to be treated. It is not so easy for him to turn away again, and live and act as if he were in no sense his brother's keeper. There is value and power in that mutual acquaintance. The Rule suggests a permanent state of the heart which we are to maintain among our fellow men, which will prompt to the study of the situation, and to the action that is suited to the case. It gives no specific instruction, but requires that careful and thoughtful regard for others which is the love that fulfills the law.

The world of human interests is so constructed as to afford naturally the widest scope for the operation of the Golden Rule. In every sphere of human activity each one finds himself occupied in doing something

for others. From the beginning to the end of his life, if engaged in any worthy employment, he is bringing something to pass for the benefit of others. True, he looks ultimately for benefit to himself, and he may make this his only conscious aim, overlooking entirely the immediate result. But he must secure the benefit to himself by doing something for others for which they can afford to compensate him. The tiller of the soil generally recognized as the most independent of the workers of the world must find some one who needs his products, or they become to a great extent a burden to him, and all motive to effort fails. He is dependent like other men, in the midst of his abundance. The solitary gold digger in the mountain gorge, a hermit as he seems by choice or necessity, must now and then come in contact with his fellow men, or his gold is as worthless to him as the sand from which he washes it. Without knowing it or without intending it, he is working for his fellow men, and he secures good to himself only as he affords good to others. The proper outcome of all work is some contribution to the common stock of good, material or spiritual; and every one who shares in these contributions, whatever form his labor may take, has a claim to be regarded as a worker. The satisfaction of human want is the ultimate result of legitimate labor, and the distinction between producers and non-producers, among those whose efforts contribute to this satisfaction, is superficial and insignificant. The completed product is good to mankind, and every one is a producer who contributes to that good. If his entire aim and purpose be self-centred, with no thought of good to others, he must still submit to the great law of reciprocity, and throw in his con-

tribution to the common good before he can make any draft for himself. By such irresistible forces has the heavenly Father secured the mutual interest and coöperation of His human children; and the principle is so inwrought into every moral nature, that it must be the law of heaven as of earth, of eternity as of time. Every moral creature is born to work for others as well as for himself.

Here comes in another Divine appointment, that the most satisfactory work is that which we do for others. The man who obeys the Golden Rule finds his satisfaction quite as much in what he does for others as in what they do for him, or what he does for himself. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is a fact wrought into the nature of things, and all human souls are adjusted to it by their own constitution. They can set themselves against the law in their own will, but they cannot escape its force unless they can escape from themselves. The most naturally satisfying work is that which is seen to contribute to the good of others. We pity the man who has only himself to work for, and there is ground for the pity—not simply in the fact that he is a solitary being and needs companionship. He needs the motive and impulse which make work easy and elevating instead of burdensome. For this cause "God has set the solitary in families" over the face of the earth, that every toiler may have the satisfaction of toiling for others rather than for himself. He cannot escape the necessity of eating his bread in the sweat of his face but he has the satisfaction of sharing that bread with others in whom he has an interest. The toil is lightened and the resulting good is multiplied.

But there is still broader ground for satisfaction in the relation of labor to the common good. The laborer has the privilege of knowing that his work counts in the great aggregate of effort for the family of mankind. The product of his labor and skill meets, somewhere on the face of the earth, a want to which it is fitted, and the world is the better for every stroke of his honest work. He may be but a humble toiler—one of the thousand grading the track of a great railway that is to traverse the country. His work is essential to the enterprise, and he has a claim to an undivided share in all the benefits and blessings which that enterprise confers upon the land. Myriads of homes and millions of lives are brightened and elevated and blessed by the concentrated effort. The humble toiler receives his wages as the work goes on; but if the spirit of the Golden Rule has entered his heart he will rejoice in the abundant good accomplished, and his work thus assumes the character of a beneficent ministry instead of an ignoble task. This elevation of the common toil of life is within the reach of every burden bearer on the face of the earth. It is not a speculative fancy, an ideal unattained and unattainable. To a greater or less extent it is realized in every honest and worthy life.

It may be difficult to secure for this idea a controlling force in cases where the bearing of the effort is so remote. The benefit to mankind is just as real, but the recipients of the benefit are unknown to the worker, and his imagination can scarcely grasp and hold the reality. He is tempted to think of himself simply as a part of the machinery employed, with no more reasonable connection with the result than the

spade that he wields, or the barrow that he trundles; and thus he fails to look beyond the return which comes to himself in the form of daily wages. It is a satisfactory element in any labor that the ultimate benefit, in good to human beings, lies near at hand, visible without special effort, to the worker himself. Thus his effort brings him a double blessing—first in the compensation received, and finally in the benefit conferred—a real satisfaction to every man who has any interest in his fellow man. If he cannot trace the benefit to beings whose personal welfare he desires, he is liable to fail of this part of his natural and just compensation.

Thus the personal relationship of the worker, and the personal bearing of his work become matters of grave importance in the question of satisfactory occupation. If he works for himself alone, with no acknowledged obligation or responsibility to any other, the problem of satisfaction becomes a simple one. The man is his own taskmaster and paymaster, and there is no question of work for wages or division of profits to perplex him. The condition seems one of entire independence, but it is the least desirable of all the relations in which the laborer can be placed. No toil is so hopeless or degrading. It is not strange that the man finds himself a hard taskmaster, and sometimes is ready to surrender voluntarily a life so burdened. God has not doomed any creature of His to such a life.

It is a great advance beyond this condition when one gathers a family about him and expends his labor upon their support and education. There is the satisfaction of immediate result in comfort and blessing to the objects of his interest. Such a motive to labor

makes the roughest toil endurable, and lightens the tasks of even the longest day. If in addition, he is permitted to devise his own plans and give direction to his own energy, on his own domain, he must be reckoned among the favored of the world's workers. Let such a man enlarge his thought and take in the wide circle of human interests affected by his activity, and his work becomes a sacrifice acceptable to God. And to such service every human soul is called. His ambition will not be to accomplish as little as he can, and work the fewest possible hours, but to bring to pass as much as possible and give to the work as many hours as are essential to its effectiveness.

But it is not permitted to every one to hold an independent position in self-directed labor. During the entire history of the world, in all conditions of civilization, some men have found it desirable to attach themselves to others as employees and work under their direction. It often requires ability and opportunity and success to secure an independent position. To many this is unattainable, and thus arises the relation of employer and employed, of proprietor and paid laborer. It is often a privilege to a man to find a field for his labor in the enterprises of another, and receive such compensation as the business will afford. He is, in a sense, a partner in the enterprise, sharing in the income, but not directly in the risks of the business. He receives his daily or weekly or monthly dividend, with little or no anxiety as to the financial results of the business as an enterprise. He has a natural interest in his employer's success, because on that depends his own opportunity for work and compensation. He has a natural motive for efficiency and fidelity in

his service, because thus his position is made secure, and reasonable compensation assured. These motives are found in his own self-interest. But beyond this there is an appeal to his good will in behalf of his employer, under the Golden Rule; and there is the wider outlook of the benefit to humanity at large in their common enterprise. In this direction his privilege is equal to that of his employer, and thus all the high motives which belong to a rational being remain to him. In such a relationship there is nothing inherently offensive, or unworthy; and ordinary reasonableness on both sides makes it comfortable and even desirable. The normal relation of employer and employed is one of mutual confidence and good will, and in these simpler forms, as they stand face to face with each other, or rather side by side, we may look for hearty respect and even friendship. Such results are common, we may almost say general. If there be hardness on one side, and carelessness and suspicion on the other, there must be more or less of friction as in all human relationships. But the natural situation is as nearly satisfactory as can be looked for in our earthly condition. The Golden Rule even moderately applied would relieve all essential embarrassment. The question of wages rarely makes difficulty. The mutual good will of the parties, guided by the market price, solves the problem.

But in our modern civilization the relation of employer and employed has become greatly disturbed. The processes of production, involving the use of labor-saving machinery, are immensely complicated, requiring a vast outlay of capital to provide the plant for economical and successful manufacture. In general this

capital surpasses the resources of a single man, and a joint stock company must be organized to furnish it. The real proprietors often do not appear in the establishment. The business is conducted by paid agents who assign to each workman his task. The workman comes at the call of the whistle, drops into his place in the midst of the machinery, keeps up the monotonous motion assigned him during the appointed hours, and stops when the machinery stops. It would not be strange that he should come to account himself a part of the machinery, with as little responsibility or interest in the on-going of the work. He may work in the genial air and sunshine, with comparative quiet and comfort about him, or he may face the glare and heat of the furnace with fiery missiles falling around on every side, or he may be let down into the depths of the earth, to toil in darkness and danger that the movement of modern civilization may not be interrupted. Whatever the outward conditions, he seems to himself and sometimes to his fellow men, but a necessary link in the mechanism by which the material wants of society are met. If some complex wheel or universal joint could take his place, he would be set aside without any consideration of his personality. From time to time the range of machinery is extended by a new invention and the workmen are crowded out remorselessly. That he should seem to himself cut off from human sympathy and in a measure from the obligations of humanity, would not be strange. His employer is a soulless corporation, of the personality of which he has little knowledge, and these persons know even less of him. They only know that their company works so many hundred hands, Irish, German, and

Bohemian, but do not know their families, their wives and children, nor the names or faces of the men. Often it is impossible that there should be any personal communication between those who have furnished the capital, and those who perform the labor, and thus all responsible interests and amenities are excluded.

The obligations of the Golden Rule still hold, on one side and on the other. Those who constitute the company are bound, to the extent of their ability, to look after the interests of their laborers, and the laborers are bound to render honest and faithful service in the interests of their employers. But how can the stockholders of a railroad, and the workmen, a thousand miles apart, take each other's places and know each other's hearts, and thus determine their mutual rights and duties? The Golden Rule works at a great disadvantage under these conditions of modern society. Personal influence and opportunity are to a great extent eliminated, and there is left a blind struggle of conflicting interests and forces, with a very slight sense of personal responsibility. The laborers are thrown together in crowds to talk over their common grievances, real or imaginary. They study the situation with little light but that which comes from their own misapprehension and suspicion. As in all such cases the heat grows with the increase of numbers, but not the light. In general any one of a thousand men, relying on his own best judgment, is wiser than all consulting together and exasperating each other over their common wrongs; and at length they sally forth together to burn and pillage and destroy, when not one of the whole number would by himself lift his hand to such an outrage. The fact of numbers increases the sense of

power, and diminishes the sense of responsibility. The temptation is too great for ordinary human nature, and the workman, originally well disposed, is transformed into a criminal. The case supposed is a strong one—in a sense extreme, but it is typical. A considerable portion of the labor of the country is performed under such conditions, and it is in such centres as these that the labor convulsions originate that agitate the land. A prominent feature in every such arrangement is the lack of the personal element—a free communication between employer and employed, an opportunity for personal interest to exist and manifest itself.

It would be easy to find, scattered over the land, many establishments where labor is employed in all the processes of modern manufacture, in which these difficulties are overcome, and master and workmen stand side by side in mutual confidence and helpfulness. The enterprise is a common interest. There are all the essential elements of a coöperative establishment, although the income is distributed in wages rather than in dividends. The proprietors in these establishments have the confidence of their men, because they are worthy of it; and the men have the respect and good will and constant interest of their employers. The aim of the establishment is not to make the largest possible dividends for stockholders, but to carry on a permanent and prosperous business, in which all parties concerned including the general public shall be benefited. The higher character and better spirit of the workmen, secured by sympathetic interest and well-directed effort on the part of the proprietors and managers, sustain the enterprise even in

troublous times, and no calamity, like the closing of doors or the discharge of workmen occurs. On the other hand, no strike is organized among the workmen. They are satisfied that if the business will permit an advance in their wages it will be made. If they suffer any grievance or hardships their employers are at hand, just and reasonable men, ever ready to hear and to right the wrong. If a careful study of these successful enterprises be made it will be found that they have grown up under the personal supervision of wise and benevolent men, who have made it their aim to secure the personal welfare and elevation of those whom they gather about them. They do not meet their responsibility by placing over the establishment some thrifty and driving manager whose first aim will be to show the largest margin of profit at the end of the year. They are found themselves in the midst of their men, knowing their faces and their names, and acquainted with their families. The mechanism of the establishment does not exclude the human and the vital. "The spirit of the living creature is in the wheels." The workman finds his personality recognized and respected, and human nature responds generously when thus appealed to. A man who is personally respected and trusted by his workmen, will be able to fall back upon them in many a financial emergency. Mutual confidence and ability will carry them through.

These examples of successful business enterprises, involving satisfactory relations between employers and employed, are sufficiently numerous and varied to afford a ground of hope, and to suggest the direction in which we are to look for the solution of the labor

problem. So much and such organization as will promote this personal relationship must be helpful, and such organization as rules out personal influence and responsibility must be harmful.

This proposed solution is essentially moral. It is a question of human feelings and dispositions and kindly relationship, the products of moral forces, not of any mechanism. Of the value of the various devices proposed for securing satisfaction on the part of the laborer, and harmonizing the interests of capital and labor, we may judge by considering their bearings upon the personal relationship involved. The most prominent of these at the present hour is the establishment among the laborers of wide-spreading unions or societies, holding their meetings under the seal of secrecy, and coöperating for the protection of labor. It is claimed by those who favor these organizations that they provide such a concentration of power, that employers will be obliged to adjust themselves to demands thus presented and sustained. An advance in wages or a diminution in hours must be granted, when the demand is backed by these great organizations. If the present price of the product will not warrant the increase of wages then the price of the product must be advanced. Thus it is expected that the capitalist or proprietor or employer will be prevented from wronging the workman. On the other hand it is hoped that the workman will be steadied by the fact that his interests are in the keeping of so powerful an organization, and that he will not move in any strike unless it is ordered and approved by the central authorities.

It will not be in place to discuss at length the ground of these great expectations. The questions at

once arise, what evidence is there of knowledge on the part of those at the head of these great bodies as to the price which can be paid for labor in all the different occupations brought under control? Whence comes the wisdom to regulate these vast interests? And what proof is there that when the rates of wages have been satisfactorily advanced, the price of commodities will not be so much advanced that the laborer will suffer a loss instead of a gain? So far as the world has yet ascertained there is no human wisdom that can determine what ought to be paid for labor or for the product of labor. These matters are under constant adjustment by the operation of the natural forces of society. The attempt to substitute for these forces any wisdom that the organization can furnish must yield only disappointment and disaster.

What reason have we again to expect that the governing force in the organization will embody the highest wisdom? Such an organization is the natural field for ambitious schemers. Restless and impulsive and unscrupulous men will sooner or later be found in the lead, generally very soon, and wisdom and confidence will fail together. And again, what organizing principle is to hold the vast body together for any affective work?

But aside from all these difficulties the system must be mischievous in its operation upon the personal relationships of employers and employed. The individual workman is lost in the secret organization. He no longer stands upon his personal responsibility, governed by his own judgment and his own conscience. He cannot enter into any independent contract with his employer, in which his personal fidelity is appealed

to or can be relied on. A distant and hidden power claims his allegiance and controls his movements. His personal character and worth must count for little in the relationship, because he is not his own master. Unseen hands are moving the pieces on the chess board, and the man must work or strike as he is bidden. He cannot stand face to face with his employer, presenting his interests and his wants and his rights, and guaranteeing faithful and efficient service for honest pay. The Golden Rule loses its force and application. The parties are drawn up in battle array, watching each other's movements and prepared for counter movements. This may seem a strong statement of the case, but it is not an over statement of the uncomfortable relations of employers and employed in many parts of the land. Nor is the mutual opposition merely formal. Intense passions are excited because vital interests are depending. That violence should be resorted to, to make a strike effective and hasten the end, is the uniform experience. The police are on hand in solid column ready to give and to receive desperate blows; and thus the hostile position involved in the organization breaks out in open war. All parties at length weary of the conflict. The workmen are anxiously waiting to return to their work and may have no difficulty with their employers which an hour's honest consultation would not adjust. So subversive of all neighborly relations between employer and employed must every such far reaching secret organization become. The stronger it is in the direction in which strength is aimed at, the more mischievous it must be.

A combination among employers instead of the

employed, to control wages and workmen, must bring similar if not equal danger. It restricts the freedom of intercourse and adjustment between the parties and puts mechanism in the place of personality, chilling confidence and breeding suspicion. How often the fact appears in connection with these labor troubles, that if employers and employed could deal directly with each other, unembarrassed by outside pressure or intervention, the difficulties would disappear. Such a privilege is one of the common rights of humanity which we cannot afford to have sacrificed to the so-called rights of labor.

There is doubtless an expectation on the part of those who favor these great organizations that they will tend to do away with the sharp competitions which are the bane of the business world, and a constant menace to the laborer. But the conflicting interests all remain. The problem transcends human genius. The only conceivable remedy for competition among our human interests, is conscience applying the Golden Rule.

If with the socialist we give up all hope of relief in these voluntary organizations, and make the civil government our dependence, what is the outlook? The proposal scarcely needs discussion. The government itself, simple as it has been in its aims, presents one of the most difficult of social problems. It has baffled the wisdom of the wisest to get even the few things undertaken by the government performed with moderate honesty and prudence and sagacity. Let it undertake the regulation of the myriad interests embraced in our modern civilization, and how hopeless would be the task. The most that government can accomplish is to

restrain the aggressions of human selfishness and passions, and furnish an open field for individual enterprise and responsibility. No greater harm could be done to human character and well being than to subject personal interests and relationships to governmental control. The result is the extreme of tyranny, in place of free and wholesome government. "Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

The scientific economist sees hope in "enlightened self-interest." A clearer apprehension of the case, it is thought, will reduce to harmony the conflicting interests of labor and capital. The interests of employer and employed are naturally in harmony, and any disturbance is the result of misapprehension. If each pursues his own interests with true discernment all collision will disappear.

The principle of the harmony of human interests in the kingdom of God is unquestionable; but it is a harmony which is realized only in the prevalence of the spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The world has always known that "honesty is the best policy," that no good ever comes from aggression and violence. Yet the world has been filled with violence and crime since the days before the Flood. There is no blindness like the blindness of selfishness and passion. Greedy and grasping men will always hope to get the advantage of one another, and to steal a march even upon the great law of righteous retribution. It is not enough that they know the law; they must accept it as the principle of their lives. The conflict arises in human selfishness and passion, and the only remedy is in the law of righteousness established in the soul. Enlightened selfishness is but a poor dependence. The danger is

that it will merely help a man to get the advantage of his neighbor. The world was not made to run in harmony under the prevalence of enlightened selfishness, but of honest benevolence and good will. With this in control we can get on with comparatively little enlightenment.

Yet there are great facts of economic and social science which need to be constantly presented and enforced, principles applying both to capitalists and laborers which are the foundations of all proper relations between them, and which must be recognized and accepted. Even with the best disposition on both sides, there is a steadying influence in the truth of the case which must always be needed. Such principles as these will be helpful;—that labor and capital are both necessary to production,—that labor can no more do without capital than capital without labor,—that in the product of the joint operation both labor and capital have their just rights, the laborer to his wages and the capitalist to his dividend; that there is no other source of compensation to either than the product of the enterprise,—that the laborer as well as the capitalist is interested to have this product as great as possible,—that the success of the enterprise is of real interest to the laborer, because his wages and the permanency of his employment depend upon it,—that the necessary rule for the distribution of the product between the laborer and the capitalist is the market price of labor and capital, and that any enterprise must be relinquished at length, which does not yield ordinary wages and ordinary interest,—that special and long continued success in any enterprise may require that the capitalist shall supplement the wages of the laborer with a divi-

dend; the market price, though the best rule attainable to men, is not infallible,—that the purchasing power of wages is the measure of their value and not their amount in dollars and cents,—that the laborer is therefore quite as much interested in the cheapness of commodities as in the advance of wages; and that if wages are generally advanced, their real value must be diminished. Such facts as these, and others like them, are essentially laws of nature, and there is no wisdom or power or shrewdness that can set them aside. Men must adjust themselves to these as to the ordinances of heaven.

There are again certain general facts, social and moral, which it is profitable to remember, such as these:—that there is no prospect or even possibility that there can be such an increase of wealth or of producing power by the improvement of machinery, or in any other way, as shall remove from men the necessity of toil. The power of the individual man has been increased a thousandfold; yet human want has kept even pace with the power, and the pressure was never greater than to-day. There is no indication of the abatement of this pressure. It is inherent in human nature that want should follow close upon the ability to meet it—a gracious provision to secure to mankind the discipline of work. No greater disaster could come to men than to escape this necessity. It is not a misfortune for which they are to be pitied but an opportunity, a discipline, for which they are to be congratulated. There is a choice in the kinds of labor, but the least desirable is better than none. Not only the great mass of men, but essentially all men, must continue to be workers, and our highest wisdom is to

adjust ourselves to this necessity with the cheerfulness of patience. It is doubtful whether life has richer gifts for any man than for him who earns his daily bread by daily work.

Still, again, the increase of wealth in the land is in no sense a disadvantage or menace to the poor. Wealth, in the main, brings advantage to the poor as it does to all. It is distributed in great industrial establishments where the comforts of life are cheapened and multiplied, and where work and wages are provided for the laborers,—in the vast railway systems and steamer lines by which these comforts of life are brought to every man's door at the least conceivable cost,—in improved public buildings, schoolhouses, churches, colleges, charitable institutions, public parks, gardens, libraries and galleries, open and useful to all—to the poor as well as the rich. For all this wealth, public or private, the world is a better world and offers better opportunities for every man. It is rare to find the wealth even of the richest man so employed or invested that it does not contribute to the general good. In this respect the world has made great advancement, and the outlook for the future is more hopeful. The man of a hundred millions to-day, building and buying railroads and steamers, would have been a leader of a plundering horde five hundred years ago, ravaging the country and pillaging the cities. He may be as unscrupulous to-day, cornering the market and corrupting the court, but how limited comparatively is the mischief he can work! To the common laborer, that wealth seems vast in contrast with his own meagre wages, and he is annoyed with the vague impression that he has suffered great wrong

because the hundred millions have not been equally distributed. It would help him to consider that in such a distribution among the people of the land, his share would be less than a single day's wages—and this not in available property but as stock in some railroad which serves the public interest more than its owner's. The man who uses strong drink or tobacco wastes more every year than the division of the wealth of all the railroad kings of the land could bring him.

The labor question is full of interest and importance, and will call for the thoughtful and prayerful attention of Christians and patriots for the coming years. There seems no prospect that we shall attain any complete or exact solution of the problem, but every effort to improve the personal relations of employer and employed, to give better opportunity and wider scope for the operation of personal influence and character, on one side and on the other, must help towards the desired end. If the Golden Rule could be practically accepted as the principle of action, all other questions could be adjusted without serious difficulty. It is essentially a question of character—of reasonableness and righteousness; and every reliance without this must prove a broken reed. The method proposed may seem slow in its operation, and remote in its result, but the work will be sure and permanent. Every blow will tell, and every honest and faithful soul will contribute his share. The skies will brighten with the passing days and years, and at length we shall realize the significance of the angel song,—Peace on earth to good-willing men.

XXIII

HOME LIFE AND LAST YEARS
1889–1902

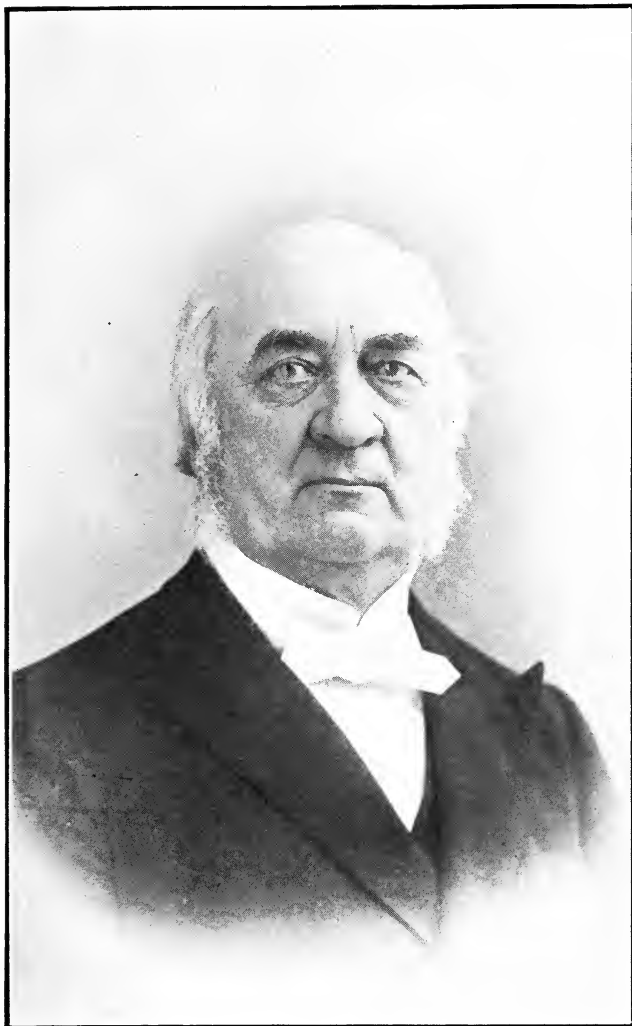
ON November 17, 1887, President Fairchild reached the age of seventy. At the trustees' meeting in January, 1888, in accordance with a purpose formed long before, he handed in his resignation as president of the college. He showed no signs of a loss of intellectual vigor, but he had always intended to lay down the office "while he had full possession of the faculties with which to do it." As the trustees declined to accede to his request to be relieved, he renewed it decisively at the close of this year, and in June, 1889, his resignation was formally accepted.

He may have been strengthened in keeping to this plan, in order that he might make room for one of his colleagues whom he expected to see in the presidency, and who was growing old as rapidly as himself. Professor John M. Ellis had been an indispensable helper in every emergency, and had lifted many a heavy burden from the shoulders of his "friend and elder brother." He had not only stood very near the president during all his administration, and rendered his full share of that assistance which every teacher in Oberlin is expected to the extent of his ability to render, but he had worked for the college in ways for which President Fairchild felt himself less fitted.

When President Fairchild laid down his position as

chairman of the faculty, with great dignity and genuine affection he declared that he relinquished the presidential duties with all the more assurance and cheerfulness because there had been at his side for many years—turning his full gaze upon Professor Ellis—one who could take up the work which he was laying down and carry it forward with efficiency and enthusiasm, whom he commended to the favor of his colleagues. But for two years no successor was appointed. At the end of that time the choice fell upon a younger colleague, the brilliant scholar and most efficient teacher of Hebrew, Professor William Gay Ballantine, who had come into the Oberlin faculty and fellowship in 1878. Ex-President Fairchild gave to the new president his cordial support from the first, and himself went on as he says, "with his regular work in theology and somewhat in ethics," for nine years more. The relationships in the theological faculty were most cordial, and the presence of Ex-President Fairchild and President Ballantine in all the meetings of that department brought a strength and good cheer which will never be forgotten.

In 1892 he published his *Elements of Theology*, in which he treats of the Christian doctrines with his own peculiar clearness and force. In 1897 he was made Emeritus Professor, and in the following year gave his theology to the seminary students for the last time,—turning the work over to Professor Henry Churchill King who had been designated as his successor two years before, and who by his native ability, training and experience was peculiarly fitted to become President Fairchild's successor in the chair of theology, as also later in the presidential chair. But his active duties as



JAMES HARRIS FAIRCHILD

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a member of the Board of Trustees and of the Prudential Committee he continued to perform as before.

The home life of President Fairchild is to come more and more before us as this chapter advances; and many little glimpses and incidents have been waiting to be presented. After the early years four more children had been born into the family,—Alice, Emma —who fell a victim of scarlet fever before she became five years of age—Grace, and James. In the early years, when a young professor in the college, he had bestowed his kindly care upon his own children in the home. Mrs. Margaret Alsworth who lived in the family for some time when a student in the college says, "I remember well his many wonderful fatherly characteristics; here he was the perfect father endued with sweet motherly sympathy." Rev. Edwin S. Williams has never forgotten the picture which greeted his eyes, when in the spring of 1853 he went to live in his home:—"His beautiful child Alice was upon his knee when I presented to him my letter of introduction. No child ever seemed to trouble him. With commencement cares on him, when distinguished guests were in the parlor, and high converse going on with such intellectual souls as Mark Hopkins or Newman Hall, he could stop and patiently untie a knot in a child's shoestring. From the time I became an inmate of his home until privileged to wheel his invalid chair to the big tent at the reunion in 1900, I never heard him speak a sharp word in his family—and I never heard of any one who ever testified to any unloveliness on his part."

Mrs. Mary Andrews Millikan who was in the family during the year of 1857 has always regarded it one of

the great privileges of her life:—"I never knew one," she says, "who did so much to influence the life and character of those about him, or did so little apparently with that end in view. It was his own character that made his influence great. He was a model of industry, faithfulness, modesty, purity, and perfect truthfulness; and in his presence you felt it, and that it was unworthy to live in any other way. He did not often command, he rarely reproved, and if he did either it was with exceeding delicacy. If little Emma became unruly at table he would wait patiently a little while, and carry her away to his room, and shortly return with a subdued child. We never knew his method of discipline, but were sure it was not corporal. In my later experience I have wondered how with his large family and small salary he managed to make ends meet, yet there was always generosity towards those in his family, and I cannot remember ever hearing a word expressing any straitness of means."

"In his home," says Ex-President Brooks, "he was at his best—dignified but most hospitable, and always the same loving friend ready to hear one's trials and give counsel which was always convincing. He was very patient in his treatment of the children.—I remember when Grace was a little girl in her high chair at the table she frequently was uneasy. He repeated to her many times in a soothing tone, 'Fret not thyself!'" Mrs. Frances Steele Pratt gives several charming little pictures from her life in his home:—"President Fairchild was in every way a perfect head in a large household of children and guests. About nine o'clock in the evening he would come from his study into the family circle,—and no one ever thought of

changing the conversation to something more worth while because he had come. He would join in the chatter as interested as any one and add his hearty laugh. The president in his oriental looking dressing gown and with the Turkish fez on his head—and Alice cuddling close to his side with her head on his shoulder—made a picture which was never forgotten. And his tender care of Catharine, whom he would draw out to speak of something she had read, and for whom he proposed a typewriter to spare her eyes, made a great impression on the guest, and found abundant response in that child's love—who was always testifying of him, 'Father is as lovely as ever.' At the close of the pleasant hour with his family, as ten o'clock drew near, he would first draw from the members of the circle who were ready to respond, some passage of scripture, and to these he would afterwards add his own; or if no one else spoke he would give a pillow text of a whole short psalm, or of some other passage from the storehouse of his mind which was so rich and so very full. Then with a few words we were put into the Father's keeping for the night."

One evening several of the young people were talking freely in his house, the conversation being mainly about a young friend who was not present. There was nothing malicious. It was simply gossip. After enduring the talk a considerable time he called from the study, "There, there, children, haven't you had enough of that sort of talk?" "It produced a marked impression upon me," writes one who was present, "and fixed my idea of idle gossip."

The childhood of the youngest member of the family fell within the busiest years of his father's life, and it is

interesting to see the great busy man from his point of view :—" I remember how faithfully he answered one small boy's questions. Often the question had to be repeated several times in order to arrest the absorbed attention of a busy man, but it was at length answered, and always with patient courtesy. My Fairchild uncles often talked with the small boy, seemed to ask his advice and seek out his opinion on various matters. They made conversation with him. It was the same way in which they talked with their own children, as I have since learned.—Not so my father; and yet the children never felt any lack of intimate, affectionate relations. At the same time they held their father in great respect. They never took any liberties with him.—In the best sense of the word they feared him. In their younger days a quick 'Take care!' and later the raised eyebrows were sufficient to restrain them. A sharper rebuke would have deeply grieved them.

" It is the fate of some men and women, at some time, to be found out by their children, to be discovered to be only of ordinary clay after all. My father's children never made that discovery. The thing very apparent to them was their father's uniform bearing at all times and in all places. They saw no formal putting on of dignity when he appeared before the public; they saw no coming down from a height when, in dressing gown and slippers, he again took his familiar place at home, the centre of its every-day life and love. There was nothing to put on. There was nothing to put off. He was enshrined in their hearts in childhood, and the passing years never changed their thought of him. Rarely did he impose restrictions;

not often in words did he urge to certain conduct. He had wonderful confidence in the steady influence of a right life. Such a life has been and continues to be an inspiration towards something which one would like to reach, and it throws a clear light on the way. What he wanted us to be that he himself was."

This natural harmony of his life with child life, which so beautifully displays the greatness and genuineness of his human interest, has its endless lights and side lights. After the arduous duties of one of the earlier commencement functions he proposed to his little grand nephew, Freddie Hall, two and a-half years old, to go for a walk. Hand in hand they started off together. The president asked, "Freddie, how are you feeling; are you pretty tired?" "Yes, Uncle James, I am just tired looking pleasant at folks."—And according to the legend the president decided that possibly some of his weariness arose from the same cause. Another nephew, now a professor in a Western college, recalls how President Fairchild made one Thanksgiving dinner memorable for the children by announcing that he proposed on that occasion to reverse the order of serving the table, and begin with the youngest. In the large family gatherings of the original Fairchild family in the early days, the grandchildren—some fifty in number—were never neglected. Some time during the celebration they were expected to stand up in a row and tell their names and ages, and the family to which they belonged. On two Thanksgiving occasions—in 1895 and 1896—President Fairchild related to the "Faculty" children his experiences as a boy in a pioneer home. It was a beautiful picture which these Thanksgiving afternoons presented,

—the venerable man with his kindly face, sitting in his chair with his hands resting upon his cane, surrounded by the little children sitting close to him on the floor, and the older ones standing in larger circles farther away!

"No doubt," says Mrs. Millikan, "every one will recall his hospitable way of throwing the door wide open to admit any one who might be standing there, whenever he responded to the ring of the bell." Who that has made a call on President Fairchild can ever forget the greeting he received.—That erect form, that beaming face, that quick thrusting out of the kindliest hand you ever found pressing yours! It was always the same genuine welcome that awaited you.—There was never a listless handshake, never a perfunctory attempt at cordiality, or that superficial repeating of stereotyped or meaningless inquiries, which those in official position sometimes resort to in order to cover the embarrassment of a lack of interest.

All felt this. Says Rev. S. E. Eastman, "I shall never forget his first greeting. The grasp of his hand took me, a senior preparatory student, into his great heart, and I, a bashful youth, felt at home in his presence at once." As Miss Mattson says, "He was so genial, so great-hearted that students all felt at home with him." And she adds a simple illustration of his quick recognition which illustrates another of the charms of his greeting:—"I remember once at an Alumni dinner, I had been so long absent from Oberlin and these family gatherings that I felt much like a stranger,—when President Fairchild noticing me called out in his peculiarly cordial manner, 'Why, Henrietta! —and I felt immediately at home again." This

incident is in the same vein as another from Judge Herrick:—"J. H. Fairchild was one of my ideals as a man, as a teacher and as a college president. From 1858 to 1862 he was the *friend* of nearly every student at Oberlin—and there were about twelve hundred. If he did not remember every one, the one did not know it. In 1900 at the reunion of all classes at Oberlin, I saw President Fairchild at the tent, growing blind, but affable and lovable, as usual, and I longed to speak with him once more. I had not seen him for years—doubtless he had forgotten me. He was leaving the platform led by General J. D. Cox who knew me well. I shook hands with both. The general said, 'Colonel Herrick,' and I said, 'President Fairchild, I remember you well.' With instant recognition the president exclaimed, 'Is this *John F. Herrick?*'—It brought tears to my eyes, and it will always remain one of the most grateful remembrances of my life."

"I called on President Fairchild with a friend," says Lucy Rider Meyer, "to ask his help in one of those cases of conscience that were such real and formidable troubles to many of the early students. It was about some trivial matter as to whether we could with a clear conscience attend certain tableaux,—or something of that general character. The president received us in his study and gave us unlimited time. I do not remember on which side the question was settled. I fancy he did not settle it at all for us but instead gave us some general principle by which to settle not only this case but the similar ones that he knew we would meet in life. But the sweet approachableness of the man—for we were very little ones among the thousands of students,—the generosity of his interest and sympathy,

—these are the things that rise first in my mind and even at this distance of time and space bring tears to my eyes."

Many were the distinguished guests who were entertained in his hospitable home, and they were well entertained. "His home," says Rev. E. S. Williams, "was open always for all who came,—not only to General Garfield or President and Mrs. Hayes, to Governors Chase and Cox, but to John Box Brown, Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, and the fugitive slave eluding his captors." Dr. Newman Hall's visit has become known to the public by a little incident which even the family only later discovered because it was so quietly enacted. The correct version of this story of President Fairchild's blacking the shoes of a noted English visitor is given by Mrs. Frances Steele Pratt, and confirmed by the oldest member of the family. Dr. Hall on retiring at night had set out his shoes to be blacked. Finding them in the morning still as he had left them he brought them down with him and set them in the lower hall. President Fairchild on coming in to breakfast saw them there, and recalling the English custom but having no house servant for the purpose, and not being able to get word to some member of the family, he served those at the breakfast table, and then quietly excused himself for a few moments; after blacking the shoes with his own hands and placing them in fine order by their appropriate door, he resumed his place at the table as if nothing had happened.

His humor which was one of the marked elements of his disposition was a playful running over of good feeling, and rarely if ever of that scintillating or merely

witty kind which lends itself so easily to quotation. It came for the most part from his faculty of seeing things in broad human lights. It is hard to illustrate this charming feature of his character because it was the whole genial personality of the man which made the pleasure of the occasion, more than that which was spoken. He asked his niece, Julia M. Fairchild, on the morning following her graduation how she felt over it. "I feel," she said with youthful emphasis, "like a perfect fool." "O," he answered mildly, "that's encouraging, very encouraging!" "Once when there was a gathering of students at his house," says Mrs. Mary L. Bacon, "one of the ladies present wore a trailed skirt. In the crowd one of the young gentlemen stepped on it, and I think tore it. The poor fellow blushed in his confusion and made all the amends possible under such embarrassing circumstances. The president who was near and had noticed the affair, turned to the young lady and smilingly said to her, 'Now ask his pardon!'"

Mrs. L. A. M. Bosworth recalls a visit in the president's parlor when the conversation turned upon a scheme of philosophy which was just then seeking to get itself before the world:—"The scheme came dangerously near disproving the truth of Solomon's statement that there is nothing new under the sun. Its author had interviewed the loved ex-president in the interest of this child of his brain. And now to the question, 'Is there anything in it,—Has it any value?' With the kindliness that was so characteristic of the man, President Fairchild replied, 'It may have—some time;'—then with a sudden ripple of mirth and a gay chuckle he added, 'But—it's *too deep for me!*'"

Miss Alice Cole, who was "the only outsider" in the president's family in the fall of 1871, says that, "ever after that he was my ideal of a husband, father, and man. I can recall only one incident in which he ever *joked* about anything which had gone amiss. It happened one day at dinner that the butter was strong. The president, who was the one who made the discovery, asked, 'Where *did* we get this butter?' Mrs. Fairchild replied that she was surprised that Mr. J—— should have given Jamie such butter. Jamie, then a little fellow six or seven years old, did not want any injustice done his friend the groceryman, and called out very promptly, 'Mr. J—— wanted to give us good butter, for he smelled real hard of every crock before he gave me any!' The president without a trace of a smile said in a very grave way, 'James, the next time you go for butter be sure and ask Mr. J—— to please smell a little harder.'" When Mrs. Mary Steele Ricker was visiting him in his home in 1900,—after all the deep affliction through which he had passed, she found him as bright as ever. He told her of his reciting at school the poem beginning,—

> "And now the evening shades prevail
> The moon takes up her wondrous tale."

He assured her however that it was another boy "who actually reached around and lifted the tail of his coat when reciting the second line!"

During the last years of President Fairchild's life the home circle in Oberlin was called upon with tragic frequency to give up its loved ones in death. The waves of a great swelling tide poured in upon this happy home again and again, carrying away now one

and now another. After the death of little Emma in 1859 all had gone well and happily until 1876, when Alice, in the loveliness and charm of her young womanhood, was seized with a malady which suddenly ended in her death. Later the domestic happiness seemed once more secure, and no break for another decade and a half occurred in the immediate family. Then the tide began to turn and change its benignant character. President Fairchild, who had ministered to so many others in sorrow—no one in the community being called upon more often to speak the closing word of comfort than he—was now himself to be stricken more than they all.

He had felt very deeply the death of his brother Henry in the autumn of 1889. But the premonition of a great loss to befall his own home came when in the winter of 1890 Mrs. Fairchild, the beloved wife of his youth, was disabled by a paralytic stroke. For ten months she lingered in great nervousness, an object of his deepest solicitude and care. It was on an October day of this year that he gathered the family about her bedside and made a prayer as the last moment came, thanking Him in whom they had together trusted "for sparing her to them for so many years. Now they would give her back to Him." The physical strain upon President Fairchild during these weary months of care and watching was very great, but his heart suffered more. For a time it seemed to him as if darkness was to come prematurely and permanently into his life with the going out of the flickering light in this frail lamp of clay. But he took up his work again with an effort at mastery, and that which at the moment seemed impossible was bravely achieved; life

went on in home and college and community with much of the old time brightness and cheer; and the returning Oberlin students and visitors found him ready to receive them as cordially as he had done for so many years in the past.

The respite was a short one. The fall term of 1893 had just opened and work fairly been entered upon for the year when his daughter Grace, whose career had begun auspiciously at the head of the School of Art, was obliged to undergo a surgical operation and could not rally from the shock. The waves beat upon his soul, but he was strong and calm. No questionings and no complaints arose in this Christian home. But hardly had the flowers withered upon this new made grave when the family circle which had drawn all the closer together, was broken again.

When in the early seventies, the Oberlin Hook and Ladder Company went to state firemen tournaments and, against all competitors, returned repeatedly with the state championship prize, it was George Hornell Fairchild, their captain, who as a young athlete, led them to victory. Now, after a brief business career, suffering with a painful disease of the heart, he came back to die in the old home, February 9, 1894.

Hardly had the strong man thus sorely stricken, fitted his shoulders again to the duties of life when death began to claim its victims in the college circle which for so long had remained unbroken. Failing health had sent his close friend and counsellor, Professor John M. Ellis, to seek relief and a possible recovery in the milder air of Southern California. But he was not to return alive; in March, 1894, on his way back to his Oberlin home, he died, worn out by hard

work and disease at the age of sixty-four. This was a severe shock to President Fairchild because of their great love for each other, and it came with double force because following so closely the bereavements in his own home.

The remaining daughters in the household and their father took up their work once more, and knit their affections anew. For nearly three years they lived their cheerful and happy life together. Many visitors appeared to win as of old the pleasure of a few moments' conversation with the universal friend. His heart was strong and his body erect. It was a beautiful picture which greeted them—of the benevolent man in his easy chair on his veranda in the mild days, and by a cheerful fire in the days of storm. He attended church and taught his Bible class, and carried on his accustomed work in the college. He also gave addresses on various occasions, mostly of a historical character. Old age seemed to be staying its progress, or to be approaching with such a benignant and tardy pace as to deceive all beholders. This cheer of his home seemed secure for him. But it was to endure only for a brief season. Mary, his strong support, failed him. The second time the hospital with its dreaded operating room and only its faint hope, brought the sudden end, and in January, 1897, the reception room of this home was once more sealed and hallowed by the presence of his dead.

From this time on he allowed himself no delusions of hope. The hold on his home life and on the world outside was loosening. His daughter, Mrs. Kenaston, who had come from her home in Salt Lake City remained, that she might make possible the continuance

of the home for her father, and became the stay and comfort of his last years. His son James with his family brought new life for the summer vacation. With trembling hand he spent many hours of this summer penciling as best he could the Autobiographical Sketch which Dr. Leonard, who was preparing a history of Oberlin, had induced him to undertake. This sketch was made four years before he closed his active connection with the college, but it stands in a peculiar sense as his valedictory,—with its retrospect and its look into the future. Of himself he said with that charm of genuine simplicity and sincerity so characteristic of him:—"My teaching work in the college has been continuous since 1839—fifty-eight years. The life from an outside view may have a monotonous and even wearisome aspect. To myself it has been more enjoyable than I could reasonably ask or hope for. It has not been of my planning. I have never had occasion to ask for more abundant or satisfactory work, or larger salary. If a blank had been given me at the outset to fill out as a program of my life—so far as pertains to personal advantages for improvement or opportunities for usefulness, the satisfaction in friends and home, I could not have done so well for myself. I speak of the opportunities which life has brought me—not of any special results."

Of the view backwards upon the college he said, with the modesty peculiar to himself:—"So far as human effort has been involved it is the outcome of many earnest lives. Even the builders who have been most conspicuous could never look upon it as especially their own, and have never been disposed to do so. My own share in the common enterprise has by no

means been conspicuous. I could only see that every one of the sixty years some one has been needed in the place which Providence has graciously assigned to me. Many others would have done my work better, and many others have done work I could never have done, which was more necessary than what I did."

Of a noticeable change in the religious life which he met on every hand, he says with a broadness of charity in which his life abounds :—"In one conspicuous fact I see a change. There is a less distinct impulse to cultivate religious experience, and less intensity of experience than formerly. To one who looks back over fifty years it is startling to hear in a religious gathering of young people so little of the reaching out of the soul for God, and so much of the merely outward adjustment of Christian activity. It would be hasty to call such experience superficial, in view of the fact that when the call comes to prove the consecration it is not dishonored."

Of the outlook and the great principles which are to be permanent blessings he says, with a love as broad as the world :—"No one standing where I do, looking back upon sixty years of Oberlin, can undertake to set forth in detail what Oberlin should be for the years to come. Its work is not completed. Its charter at the outset was as wide as the wants of mankind and the work of the Kingdom of Heaven. Her work is to be wherever human want and human sin appear, and in whatever form. She cannot be true to her birthright except as she maintains her place among the aggressive forces of righteousness in the work of Christian education."

And of some of the distinctive elements in the

simple life of Oberlin, he says, loyal and true to his broad but earnest Puritan ideals and his genuine American instincts:—"Every improvement in forms of Christian activity must find hospitality here. Whatever is unprofitable and harmful in college life should receive no welcome here. Even at the risk of seeming singular and out of harmony with what is accounted the cultured life of the world we must still exclude from our homes, our private studies, and our banquet halls, the wine cup and the use of tobacco. Nor will any intelligent friend of Oberlin be inclined to attempt to advance the dignity of its officials or the influence of its students in the American society of which we are a part, by gathering up for us the cast off garments of mediæval times. They are not adapted to the movements of the earnest worker.

"May the Master Himself give us understanding in all things."

He had hardly affixed to the above paper his signature and the date "September, 1897," when his son James, who had gone for a few days outing to the lake, came back sick. The sickness proved to be long and most critical. For days together a foreboding hung like a pall over the family—the balances wavered now on this side and now on that between life and death. Was his youngest son, too, to fall in the midst of his years? After long waiting the answer came in the favorable turn and slow recovery. But the anxiety and strain of these days and nights upon the president, following so soon upon the death of his daughter Mary made heavy draughts upon his reserve of strength; and from this time his erect form began to stoop and tremble.

In the latter part of the following winter a Southern trip was planned in the hope of relieving the tension of his mind and of favoring the health of his daughter Catharine. Mrs. Kenaston was their efficient escort. This trip he enjoyed very much. It was his first visit to the South since that eventful one made so many years before. How alert he was as they set out from Cincinnati,—on a steam boat as he had done before,—to discover and point out the old spots and recall the old scenes! They found friends awaiting them at all the stopping places of the journey. Three enjoyable weeks were spent at New Orleans on the way to Daytona, Florida. The return was made through Eastern Virginia and Washington, D. C. At Hampton, Va., he had a few days of charming fellowship—his last visit—with two of his college classmates Rev. M. E. Strieby, and Rev. W. B. Brown. He returned home much worn from the physical discomforts of travel but otherwise refreshed by what he had seen, and especially by the kindly greetings of so many friends of earlier days. Those who saw him on this last of his journeys cherish the memory of his benignant face, for to them the joy of greeting was mingled with the sorrow of last farewell. But with all his cheerfulness he carried with him a deep sense of his bereft condition. When the Oberlin friends at Fisk University welcomed him, Miss Matson called upon him and finding him alone, said, "Your daughters are with you, are they not?" With much emotion he replied, "Yes, all the daughters I now have, are with me."

During the months following his return his eyesight began to suffer an eclipse. A shadow like a curtain from above seemed to be slowly but inevitably de-

scending to darken his closing days. When coming out of the house, or returning from the weekly meetings of the Prudential Committee, with his cane in one hand and shielding his eyes with the other, he would pause and ask if there was an unusual amount of smoke in the atmosphere. Time after time he would thus test the daylight—and himself, by this inquiry. The proof was always conclusive that the brightness of sunlight and landscape, and the light from the faces of his friends were slowly but surely being darkened. But the greatness of his good cheer was in no way lost, and his mental brightness was not dimmed. During all these years he had always been in his place at the public chapel exercises. Now it would no longer be safe, with his dimmed sight and uncertain step, to climb the chapel stairs. I well remember the Prudential Committee meeting in which he made his half apologetic announcement that he would have to give place on the chapel platform to younger men. A humorous vote was proposed that after sixty-three years of continuous attendance any one should thereafter be excused from college chapel!

His memory showed no signs of failure. Scripture sentiments came as if native elements of his being and in their exact form. Inaccuracies in quotation always troubled him. In the prayer-meetings during his last years he seldom spoke except to quote some strong cheering verse of Scripture. His thought-forms all his life long had been dominated by these chaste and vigorous conceptions. But the classics and the poets, and occasionally the best writers of fiction served him. That he did not quote more frequently from these sources was not due to lack of memory but to his own

clear view of the objects in his intellectual world. He saw truth so clearly and could state it with so much exactness that illustrative quotations seemed rather to obstruct the vision than to illuminate it. His power to recall the simplest forms of thought has already been abundantly illustrated in his reminiscences of early school days. As an example of memory—or failure of memory which has some interest in it for the psychologist, I present the following incident related by Mrs. Mary Andrews Millikan :—" He came home from church one Sunday, and stroking his face as was his custom when he had something amusing to say he remarked, 'I have just made a discovery. Some time ago I used four lines which I supposed were my own, and I found the same four lines in one of the hymns sung in church to-day! I was never very proud of them but I really supposed they were original.' "

A striking example of his power of exact memory occurred in connection with a reception given in Talcott Hall just after John Henry Barrows, that giant among pulpit orators and world citizen, had been elected to the presidency of the college. President Barrows had delighted those present by a brilliant speech, in connection with which he had referred to the days when his father and mother were students in Oberlin College. He especially amused the company by reciting the first verse of a poem which his father had written when a student here. President Fairchild, when called upon for a few closing words, astonished every one present by reciting without hesitation or break, the remaining verses of the poem. The boyish flush on the cheek of the ex-president and the twinkle

in his eye showed that he appreciated the ovation which he received.

His memory of persons had been an unfailing source of comfort to himself as well as to his friends. One whom he had once known he did not lose out of his world; as one of his students once remarked, "As far as you ever get into his acquaintance, there you stay." Only once did I ever know him to be unable to remember one who sought his recognition. It was in 1901. A lady had called who said she was once a student in the school. He could not recall a circumstance connected with her, and all later efforts to remember her were in vain. He was greatly annoyed that he should forget a student, and curious to know how it could happen. He was partially relieved when he failed to find the name among the graduates of the college.

It was during these last months that one of the most honored members of the faculty and six of the board of trustees were taken away by death. And what men those were with whom he had been associated in the service of the college, who almost without warning fell at his side!—In July, 1898, the brilliant and affable teacher and experienced statesman, Prof. James Monroe. In 1899, from the trustees, E. W. Metcalf and Judge J. E. Ingersoll; Rev. James Brand, the bold and sweet-spirited successor of President Finney in the old First Church pulpit, and Albert Johnson. And in August of 1900, the soldier, scholar, Christian gentleman, Gen. Jacob Dolson Cox. Oberlin was stunned by the severity and the suddenness of these irreparable losses. President Fairchild felt himself especially bereaved. These were blows upon a great heart already

sensitive and sore as no other we have known. An ever increasing sense of loneliness was stealing over him. But his soul was no longer disturbed by what he suffered—he was passing on towards these who had preceded him. From this time forward he thought of himself as having turned the brow of the last hill and as facing the sunset.

In the summer of 1901 he laid down the last remnant of his public duties, though continuing as emeritus professor and an honorary member of the board of trustees. The Bible class which he had taught in the Second Church ever since its dedication, thirty-one years before, he gave up in August of this year, thus closing his direct services to the community. The last serious mental exertion of his life was put forth in behalf of the children, whom he always loved so well:—"Several of my grandchildren having come to visit me this July, 1901, my children have suggested that it would be interesting to them if I could tell the tale of my life, that they may jot it down for their children to read in years to come. If this is ever to be done it must be done now, as I am in the middle of the eighty-fourth year of my life, and my eyesight has failed so that I can neither read nor write any more." Then follows one hundred and fourteen manuscript pages which he dictated for them, and called "Grandfather's Story," covering much of interest to the elders as well as to the children.

Only twice more was President Fairchild to witness the passing away of those who had been very closely associated with him in the administration of the college and in the home. In the autumn, October 26, 1901, Prof. Fenelon B. Rice, one of the rare Christian char-

acters of Oberlin, for thirty-two years the director of the Conservatory of Music—this great school is the fitting monument of this man—was smitten at his post of duty.

In February, 1902, his daughter Catharine, whose health had been uncertain, was taken with a sudden illness. All his children had been dear to him, but if he ever had a favorite child it was Catharine, whose whole life had been spent in close intimacy with his. Through all the later experiences of his life she had been his constant companion. He had noted her similarity to her mother,—"Kittie is just like her mother," he was often heard to say. Now his beloved child is to go from him. Before a night and a day passed,—February 21st,—she had fallen on the sleep of death. This was one of the last billows of that great tide which had been rising about him, and was to hasten his own departure. One who had just been through great sorrow herself and who had found in his sympathy the comfort she craved, was made strong by his strength this day:—"The peace which passeth all understanding possessed him, and was beautiful to see."

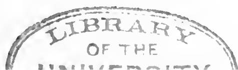
It had been President Fairchild's lifelong habit to be a liberal contributor to all the ordinary objects of benevolence. When his salary was but $500 he voluntarily surrendered $100 of it to the college; and for many years afterwards he gave a regular sum every year to help out its limited funds. In the early days, at a time when some of the Oberlin people were complaining as if they were losing money in taking boarders, he quietly remarked that he had always noticed that in his home they had "more money for

benevolence when they kept a few boarders than when they did not." No object for which others gave was ever allowed to fail of his notice also. Generally he was among the first to be interested, and his name among the first on the multitudinous subscription lists which have circulated in Oberlin. Many objects which never came to the notice of others were carried upon his heart.

In the last years he always made a condition with his subscriptions, "You may expect from me such an amount—if I live." But why was he so careful to leave no debts of honor behind him? The reason became apparent when on February 26, 1902, he consummated a cherished desire of his heart by deeding to Oberlin College the beautiful home in which he had spent so many blessed years. It is not difficult to imagine the tenderness with which this loving act was performed. No one but himself will know how much it meant to him in hallowed and sacred memories. In making out this deed to the college, to which he had always given his best, he closed his active service—his sixty-eight years with a Christian college.

He was spared the weariness of long sickness and pain. March 19, 1902, after a few days of confinement to his bed, he entered into his well-earned rest. Not the least of all his gifts, and great beyond all human estimate of value, is the sacred influence of the noble life of James Harris Fairchild—an imperishable legacy not only to all who knew him, but to the generations that are to follow.

The words which close this chapter were spoken at his funeral by President John Henry Barrows. They have an added pathos because the prophetic allusion in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them was fulfilled on June 3d, following, when he himself was interrupted in the midst of his labors, by the summons of death:—

"For three years I have been a message bearer from groups of alumni in different parts of the country, who have sent him through me their messages of grateful and reverent love. It was pleasant to see the quiet joy in his face, a face that reflected all the Beatitudes. A few days ago I brought him such a grateful message from his friends in Southern California. As the physician was in waiting I could not remain to tell him all that I had to say, and his last words to me (and how significant they are) were these:—'We'll talk over the rest of it later.' These words are a comfort to all of us. We shall not see this master in our Israel again on the streets which he made radiant by his presence, but it is his faith and ours that the fellowships of time are to be continued beyond.

"To-day in our sorrow we are thankful for a life which shames the ostentatious vulgarity which often belongs to sudden wealth; a life which gives new meaning to those words of the Apostle 'the simplicity that is in Christ.' We are deeply grateful for the career of him whose simple manhood is the chief glory of a college, founded not upon money but upon God. And we are grateful for what he has wrought. That the moral conditions of the Mississippi Valley are as wholesome as they now are, is due to him quite as much as to any other man. We are rich in our academic heritage because of him who takes rank with Mark Hopkins as an ideal college president. He has added to the spiritual wealth that is our imperishable

inheritance. He has been a teacher of the old, old truth that the path of duty is the way to glory.

"The sources of President Fairchild's spiritual leadership and moral power are open to all. The Fountain-head of the life we praise and mourn and rejoice in was far up among 'the shining hills of God' whence we may draw our life. Perhaps his finest and widest ministry will be in years to come.

"'The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity.
He was a teacher; why be grieved for him
Whose living word still stimulates the air?
In endless file shall loving scholars come
The glow of his transmitted touch to share.'"

XXIV

RESPONSES FROM ALUMNI

OF the many responses from the Alumni some have already found place in the preceding chapters. A few, more of the nature of monographs, will be found in this closing chapter. Expressions of admiration and love for President Fairchild have come from all. In attempting to delineate the character of such a man one readily shares the feeling of Mrs. Pratt when she says, " I am in despair, I can say so little that gives any idea of the character of the man who in his quiet way wrought such wonderful things in our lives. And yet I think you have before you an easier task than if almost any other man were the subject of the biography, for you can hardly exaggerate." One can appreciate the despair of Mrs. Potter of Harrogate, England :—" To attempt to do justice to his great attainments and the charm of manner yet dignity of bearing which invariably characterized him would be futile." And one can join in the tantalizing aspiration of Mrs. Alsworth, " Could I only express what I feel of that splendid personality ! " Here are some of the expressions from the pages before me :—

" Endowed with a diversity of gifts—excelling in all of them, but less conspicuous on account of his symmetrical proportions."—*Mrs. Mary Gilman Ross, '57.*

"I recall the modesty and eloquence in every one of his features."—*Curtis T. Fenn, '61.*

"A spirit of sweetness and light, doubts and discouragements vanished at the sight of that noble face." —*Miss Mary P. Dascomb, '60.*

"The most courteous of all the faculty of Oberlin College."—*James M. Jones, '49.*

"As near perfection as any person I ever knew."—*Miss Julia C. Pepoon, '57.*

"He had the power of looking on all sides of every subject which he handled."—*Joseph R. Kennedy, '53.*

"He was always and everywhere the open-hearted, fair-minded, serious, sympathetic, wisely judicial, noble man."—*Mrs. Minerva T. Ellis, '58.*

"One of the limited half-dozen or so of the friends I have had the pleasure of making during a long and adventurous life who impressed me as Nature's gentlemen, perfect alike in character and conduct, in word and deed."—*Rev. Isaac Allen, '60.*

"The most even-tempered man I ever knew."—*Rev. W. M. Brooks, '57.*

"No man ever made the impression that he made. His quiet dignity, gentle sympathy, and at the same time keen humor, won us all. Always fair, never a special pleader,—truth to him was spherical and he looked all round it. Every memory I have of that great and splendid man is a loving and helpful one which stimulates towards all that is best and truest."—*Rev. Charles J. Rider, '75.*

"No one ever knew him and was without respect and admiration for him—truly a man without guile and without defects."—*H. P. Stebbins, '59.*

"I remember his stately form and manly bearing—one of the noblest specimens of a Christian gentleman I ever saw."—*Mrs. Clarissa H. Aldrich, '56.*

"It seemed to me in my boyhood and youth, and it seems to me still, that there was in him a strength, a solidity, a steadiness, a serenity, a sanity, and a sweetness such as no one else possessed in as great measure."—*Rev. W. F. Blackman, '77.*

"His greatness was not displayed in brilliant speech but in the generous and beautiful actions of every day. 'A profound thinker, but withal a genial and lovable teacher,' would be the eulogy pronounced by the thousands of pupils who knew him."—*Miss Laura E. Holbrook, '52.*

"A more sincere, more genuine, more simple, more humble great man never walked the earth."—*Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, '72.*

"A Christian scholar and gentleman to be classed with such men as William Ewart Gladstone and others of like endowments and character."—*Mrs. Ann M. Potter, '57.*

"The most perfectly rounded character I have ever met. The key to his splendid personality may be found in his favorite hymn, especially the last stanza:—

> "Be Thou my pattern; let me bear
> More of Thy gracious image here;
> Then God the Judge shall own my name
> Among the followers of the Lamb."
> —*Mrs. Margaret R. Alsworth, '56.*

The following letter is from Mrs. Mary B. Shurtleff, wife of the lamented Gen. Giles W. Shurtleff—student, soldier, professor, trustee, and valued friend of Oberlin, who died May 6, 1904: —

"I first met President—then Professor—Fairchild on November 23, 1864. It was my wedding day and he made a trip of one hundred miles with Mr. Shurtleff

[then colonel of a regiment at the front] that he might perform the ceremony. After that was over, the three of us travelled together to Cleveland, the first stage of the trip being made in a cutter, from Austinburg to Geneva. It was severely cold, and the snow was badly drifted, making the ride a tedious one. But he made no reference to this. I thought him the most genial man I had ever met, and wondered at the marvellous fund of information from which he drew at will. He discoursed mainly on the great conflict then going on between the North and the South, every detail of which he was closely following, and seemed pleased to talk with one who had just come on furlough from the seat of war. As we rode towards the West the sun sank below the horizon and the red glow of a star appeared in its wake. Professor Fairchild called our attention to it:—'That is Mars,' he said, 'and I fear the god of war will dominate your fortunes for the present.' But very soon we noticed the clear white light of another star, near to the first. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'Venus contests the field with Mars, and I hope for your sakes that she will soon win the day.'

"I came to Oberlin to live soon after the close of the Civil War, when Professor Fairchild was in his very prime and seemed easily to carry the heavy burdens laid upon him by the college and community. Not yet elected president he nevertheless, as chairman of the faculty, had most of the responsibility pertaining to the position, and he and his brother Henry were associated as pastors of the Second Church. He was in constant request at all manner of gatherings, public and social. Whenever any question of general interest was being discussed the people desired first of

all to learn his views, and whatever course seemed right and wise to him was almost sure to be adopted.

"Though mainly occupied with matters of a serious nature, President Fairchild never neglected little things or undervalued their importance. About January 1, 1870, he was active in forming an association of members of the faculty and their wives, familiarly called 'The Club.' Various topics were discussed at its meetings, and at first the gentlemen seemed mainly to occupy the field. Perhaps President Fairchild thought the wives were not improving their opportunities as they ought. At any rate he proposed the topic 'Christian Propriety in Regard to Dress' and asked that some of the ladies be selected to introduce it. Mrs. Dascomb very properly took charge and with two other ladies presented papers to the club bearing upon the subject, after which there was a general discussion. I well remember the substance of President Fairchild's remarks as to the propriety of following the prevailing fashions. 'I cannot tell,' he said, 'why it is that I always feel awkward and uncomfortable in a coat that is cut longer or shorter than other men are wearing, but it is a fact, and I think it right generally, to spare myself that kind of suffering. I would not discard a good garment simply because it was out of style, but in buying new clothes I try to select those made as other men of my age and calling wear them.'

"I have referred to his delightful characteristics when officiating at weddings. I soon came to know that he was unsurpassed at funerals. His remarks never contained any platitudes or any flattery. Two such occasions I remember with unusual distinctness.

The first was that of Father Keep, who was a familiar figure in the Second Church during the later sixties, being uniformly present at its services to the very last, though he reached the venerable age of ninety. He was hard of hearing, and President Fairchild always remembered to place a chair for him, on the platform close to the speaker's desk. Despite his years he did not seem like an old man, and he was a general favorite because of the atmosphere of good cheer and innocent pleasantry he always carried with him. President Fairchild gave a delightful sketch of the man at his funeral, bringing out his fine services in the ministry and for the college, the beautiful spirit of his later life, the calm and sweetness of its close as 'he gently passed away, leaning on the hand of his daughter.' At Mrs. Dascomb's funeral President Fairchild fell into a poetic strain not unusual with him. He contrasted her work and influence with that of President Finney. His was that of the thunder-shower which struck down obstacles and cleared the atmosphere, while hers was like the reviving dew and gently dropping rain.

"As a near neighbor I learned one accomplishment of President Fairchild which I presume very few ever suspected him to have. He had manual as well as mental skill, and could use his hands, on occasion, to as good purpose as his head. During one of Mr. Shurtleff's long absences as financial agent of the college one of our windows got out of order so that the utmost exertion would not move it an inch. I called on Mrs. Fairchild to ask if she could tell me of a carpenter not far away, who could adjust the difficulty. I was not a little embarrassed an hour later, to find

President Fairchild at our door, armed with a chisel, insisting upon being shown the way to that window. He knew just what to do, and in less time than it has taken to tell it he had that window swinging up and down with the greatest ease!

"I think the characteristic of President Fairchild which I remember with more pleasure than any other, was his unaffected friendliness—a friendliness which included 'all sorts and conditions of men.' He had no pride of intellect or learning which created a barrier between himself and those not so highly favored. Young persons and even children found him easy to approach and full of sympathy in whatever interested them. I well remember, aften an evening which he and his wife spent at our house, the delighted expressions of our older daughter, then about fourteen years of age, 'Oh, mamma, I do like President Fairchild *so much!* He really talks to me *as if I were somebody!*'"

Oberlin, O.

From a letter by Professor Adelia A. F. Johnston, of the class of '56:—

"Oberlin College as it exists to-day is largely the result of President Fairchild's administrative wisdom. Other influences worked mightily in the early days but it was President Fairchild who unified these influences and brought them into a working organization. He was nominally president only twenty-three years, but he was virtually president thirty-eight years; for when Mr. Finney, against his protest but in response to the urgent solicitation of the trustees, accepted the office of president it was with the understanding that he

should never be called upon to administer the details of the office. These he delegated to President Fairchild then professor of mathematics.

" President Fairchild's administration was emphatically democratic. While a man of strong convictions he never forced his opinions upon others. He insisted that the will of the majority of the faculty should be the law of the college. He used to say that there was likely to be more wisdom in the united opinion of many honest men than in the opinion of one honest man, and when the many were mistaken it was educational to have the mistake rest upon the entire faculty. He was always loyal to this democratic theory. When out-voted, as he sometimes was, he administered the law as faithfully as if he had advocated its passage from the beginning.

" President Fairchild was a graceful and forceful presiding officer and that with the least possible show of authority. It is difficult to say just where in this field his power lay. Always calm and seemingly unmoved himself he presided over the most exciting discussion in such a judicial manner that not a man felt for a moment that he had escaped from control—at the same time every man knew that he had the liberty to express his views freely.

" President Fairchild jealously guarded the interests of every department of the college. The straitened condition of the treasury forced him to build slowly but he built broadly and laid foundations upon which we may continue to build for centuries.

" He was a superior teacher. His power lay in his simplicity and directness of statement. He had great patience in the class room and would explain re-

peatedly a difficult point to a student who did not understand, this so long as he felt the student was honestly feeling after the truth; but for the student who was seeking display he had no mercy.

"Students felt that they had in him a genuine friend and wise counsellor. Few college presidents ever came into such close touch with individual students—few if any ever built themselves into the lives and the love of others as did President Fairchild.

"But it was not simply in the college that his influence was felt—he took an active interest in everything that affected the good order of the community. Every one looked to him to right his wrongs. Men turned to him for counsel, children appealed to him for sympathy. A homesick girl, looking out of her window and seeing him pass exclaimed, 'I wonder if President Fairchild knows how much sunshine he leaves behind him when he goes through the street.'

"President Fairchild had a wholesome, far reaching influence upon his day and generation, but it was the influence of the strong, quietly flowing river rather than of the rushing torrent. One is reminded in this connection of what he once said in a public lecture,—'Of the many positive elements which make for the betterment of society, the least valuable is noise.'"

Oberlin, O.

From a letter by Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, of the class of '47, and '50 Theological:—

"When I first went to Oberlin President Fairchild was Professor Fairchild. He had been a theological classmate of my brother—[Rev. William B. Brown, D. D.] and for the brother's sake—with a gracious

dignity which made me all the more appreciative—he showed friendliness enough to the awkward young girl who had come alone to the college among total strangers, to make the kindness remain sunshine in her memory for sixty years. Later, helpfulness even more generous, makes it a pleasure to give reminiscences of President Fairchild as I knew him.

"It was a friendliness of good will, not from kindred views—except in the great essentials—but almost because of an antagonism of opinion frankly accepted; and especially upon the then freely agitated 'Woman Question.' Zealous both to establish myself on firm ground and to convince others, in 1847 I prepared an exegesis of texts on Paul's exposition to women to keep silence in the churches and not to exercise authority over men. This 'Composition'—a class requirement—I read before the senior college class and it somehow came to the attention of President Mahan who sent to me asking to see the paper. After reading it he decided to publish it in the *Oberlin Quarterly Review*, of which I think he was joint editor with Professor Finney.

"To Professor Fairchild was assigned the work of superintending the publication of the *Review*. It so happened that in the same quarterly number he himself published an essay, lofty in tone, choice as literature and altogether delightful from the established point of view of 'women's sphere,' and quite on the other side from mine. In order to make some suggestions as to verbal changes Professor Fairchild had occasion to call at the Ladies' Boarding Hall, of those primitive days. His manner was without a shadow of protest, sarcasm, or rebuke. He went over the essay

from beginning to end, making a suggestion here and there—perhaps only as to the replacing of a comma by a semi-colon—not with cold courtesy but with sincere kindliness and smiling good nature. 'It is rather odd,' he said, 'that you and I should be called on to go over this paper together.' Are there many college professors with clear cut opinions of their own, so magnanimous? Who can tell of a better instance of generous toleration in recognizing the right of even a girl to think and speak for herself in a matter of grave importance?

"But the test of consistent liberality and broad-mindedness was perhaps still more severe many years afterwards. From being sincerely orthodox at that time, in the course of events I became heterodox—so called. The difference between the two seemed much greater then than it does to-day. After standing outside of all church relations for some years, I decided to unite formally with the Unitarians who most clearly represented my religious attitude. With hesitation, I asked President Fairchild to give me 'a recommendation' to the new religious home. Again, Christian charity and broad-mindedness came triumphantly to the front. He gave me all I asked or needed; as one more than willing to testify to his belief in my honesty of religious convictions.

"Yet President Fairchild as I understand him, was tenacious of his own views and not given to ready changes of opinion. That he was steadily progressive we know; but it required strong evidence to convince him that an opinion once formed needed to be modified. While I was a student in Oberlin he said, I think in a public address, that it was unfitting for a

nation or for individuals in any way to interfere with the affairs of another nation, however strong the temptation might be. More than half a century later, when England, as it seemed, was unwisely and harmfully regulating the immorality of India in its military stations, an English organization with which an American one was associated, besought us to join them in vigorous protest. Asked for influential names of others who might sign such a paper, I gave that of President Fairchild hoping that in a case like this he might think it almost a duty to interfere. But President Fairchild—I believe he was already ex-president then—consistently withheld his name on the same grounds taken so many years before. Possibly if he had lived through the administrations of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt he might have seen that there may be occasions where international suggestions are both fitting and of great value.

"The friendship between my brother and his much honored classmate continued to the end. In 1898 President Fairchild, Dr. Strieby and my brother spent several weeks together at Hampton, Va., when all three were very old men. On the last page of some reminiscences which my brother wrote for his family are these words—'A letter just received from Oberlin (March 17) informs me that President Fairchild is but just alive and that another classmate, Dr. Amzi Barber, died a few days ago. When President Fairchild is called home, if I am then living, I shall I believe be the only remaining member of the class of 1841.' President Fairchild joined the great majority that week and my brother some months later.

"President Fairchild's gentle dignity, his almost stateliness of manner with the unmistakable deference, sympathy and kindness for others showing through it as through a transparency, were exactly the qualities for a teacher who would gain the enthusiastic appreciation of his students. It was just that combination of forces, it has always seemed to me, which gave him a unique position among many admirable co-workers.

"Once when visiting Lucy Stone in Boston we were both invited to an Oberlin Reunion—the first, I believe, held in that city. President Fairchild was there, apparently much enjoying the occasion which was delightful and enthusiastic. It was known to most of the older students that the Theological Seminary at first did not endorse women ministers. As long as Mrs. Lettice Holmes and myself were in the seminary a star was attached to each of our names with the accompanying footnote:—'Resident graduate pursuing the theological course;' and when we had completed the studies our names were wholly dropped from the theological catalogues.

"At that reunion, as we women were invited like the others to speak, I improved the opportunity to say I had a dream, which had become a conviction, that I should wake up some day to find that Mrs. Lettice Smith's name and my own had taken their rightful places in the quinquennial catalogues with the others of the Theological Class of 1850. Happening to glance that way I caught a twinkle in President Fairchild's eye that tended to hopefulness. Sure enough, a few years later, on opening one of those bulky catalogues, there were the two names duly recorded in their rightful

places without a word of note or comment. The dream had come true."

Elizabeth, N. J.

From a letter by Mrs. H. A. Burhans, of the class of '47:—

"My acquaintance with President Fairchild began when as a giddy girl of seventeen I entered Oberlin Preparatory Department. The social side of Oberlin was not very prominent at that time, the occasional class gatherings being the only outlet for social expression. At these gatherings Mr. Fairchild displayed a wonderful tact in encouraging members of the junior classes who were timid, and not at ease among so much light and learning as the senior classes were supposed to possess. During the years of my student life I ever found President Fairchild graciously helpful and rich in knowledge of human nature.

"Many years later, returning with my husband to Oberlin that our three sons might share in the advantages of the colleges we found the president had not forgotten the student of years gone by, and the friendship was maintained to the end of his life. About a year after the death of my husband, to my surprise I received an offer from the late D. L. Moody to enter upon the work of matron and assistant teacher at Mt. Hermon, Northfield, Mass. This I found was the outcome of President Fairchild's personal interest in my work. Later on returning to Oberlin, it was through the president's suggestion that I was invited to a position as church visitor in Dr. Sturtevant's church (now Pilgrim) Cleveland, Ohio. At the close of this engagement, I again returned to Oberlin, and for sixteen years

conducted a large class of adults in connection with Rust Methodist Episcopal Church, colored. President Fairchild constantly advised in the pursuit of this interesting work. I very frequently took to him the strange and perplexing questions from that field and he cheerfully and promptly answered all, even at times going to the trouble of writing fitting replies and sending such helps as were necessary. He was a loyal and valued friend of the colored people."

Saugerties, N. Y.

From a letter by Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, D. D., of the class of '49: —

"My acquaintance with James H. Fairchild began when he was twenty-six. I spent several years in his family and always remained on terms of the closest intimacy with him and his wife. Yet out of all my remembrances of sixty years I can hardly recall a single thing connected with them that can be called an incident. Simple uniformity and unfailing adequacy distinguished him in every situation and in every relation. The most amiable of men, his firmness of principle and of action, as every one knows, were fully equal to his amiability. No one ever depended on him for anything or in any place and was disappointed.

"His power of retort was so keen and so extinguishing, that one would have thought it would have left a series of repartees in college memories, yet it did not. That, like everything else about him, was so delicately adjusted to the immediate purpose, that, as it never rankled in the mind of the person addressed—I can bear witness to that—so it never seemed to draw

the notice of any one else. He often made me think of the executioner who is said to have been so skillful in decapitating people that they never knew they were beheaded until they tried to nod.

"Going to Oberlin as a student at sixteen, and remaining there as professor, president, and professor *emeritus* until he died at eighty-four, he took the college into his inmost being. He was with it in its embryonic state, through all the fermentations, ascetic extravagances and fanaticisms of its earlier years—by which he was never touched; when it had well outgrown these but was still a name of scorn in the church and in the state; after Congregationalism had finally adopted it, and when at last it had broadened out so widely that the geographer Reclus can speak of it as *la fameuse université d'Oberlin.*

Indeed the college may almost be said to have become his church and country. He cared nothing for denominations, and while a thoroughly faithful citizen, he seems to have had little active, and next to no instinctive patriotism. He was zealous for the Union in the War, yet he reproved me for saying with Brownson 'Country gone, all is gone,' remarking that we should fight for the nation, because there was then nothing better to fight for.

"The wide unlikeness of our natures helps to explain our long intimacy. He lamented to me once his utter destitution of mysticism, with which my Quaker ancestry had sufficiently provided me. While thoroughly brotherly towards all Christians, from Pope to Congregational Deacon, he cared little for any outward form beyond the utmost simplicity of Puritan worship. Indeed, Christian ethics had a far deeper

hold upon him than any form of Christian devotion.

"He had a deep religious experience, yet as all know he seldom expressed it except indirectly. With Pietism, in the morbid form which it once showed in a certain circle at Oberlin, he was so utterly out of sympathy that he did not so much as recognize its existence. And to him a religion compatible with loose accounts and crooked testimony was absolutely unintelligible. In this he and Dr. Dascomb were emphatically of one mind.

"Of the importance of seeking out 'unexplored remainders' in the Scripture he had not the slightest sense. On the other hand he had not the slightest sympathy with the wooden notion that belief in the historicity of the valuable book of Jonah—that 'earliest apostle of the Gentiles'—was as necessary to Christian faith as belief in the resurrection of Christ. He was too consistent a Protestant to ascribe to the early church any infallibility in receiving or rejecting particular books, although he would doubtless have agreed with Dr. Martineau that the Christian consciousness had not gone far wrong as to the canon. Yet he remarked to me once that every book must stand trial for itself, before the judgment of the present church.

"I never knew a man more completely identified with original Oberlinism. Yet he never imagined Oberlin the corner stone 'of the standing or falling church.'"

Andover, Mass.

From a letter by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, of the class of '57:—

"As I recall my student life at Oberlin, nothing is more vivid than my remembrance of Professor Fairchild, the ripe philosopher and genial lover of literature, for whose kingdom fate had selected the department of mathematics, presumably to prove that neither conic sections nor the differential calculus could effectually extinguish a really great man.

"I can hear his mellow, musical voice, and see the air of patient courtesy with which he listened to the most blundering attempts at demonstration, aided, as I now suspect, by a quiet but inexhaustible sense of humor. I remember his simple comprehensible statements of truth, his unfailing grace of manner, and his genial interest in all student affairs, and I wish it were possible more definitely to recall facts and incidents that might convey to others any adequate idea of the influence upon the students of his personality, apart from his work as a teacher.

"But fifty years is a long vista through which to look back, and while my impression of the man is neither marred nor blurred by the lapse of time, it is an impression of *character*, rather than a recollection of what he said or did. He had emphatically that convincing power which Emerson calls 'a reserved force, acting directly by presence, and not means.' Clear, calm, judicious, self-controlled, when he sat before his classes, sham and pretense seemed to wither in the light of his steady, expectant eyes.

"In those early days the young men were required to make oral report at the Monday morning Bible classes, of their success or failure in living up to the requirements of college law, and the statement was purely a matter of personal honor which was never

questioned. 'But you have to tell the straight truth to Professor Fairchild,' said a rather reckless young man; 'when he levels those eyes on me I feel as if he could see my soul, and I more than half believe he can.'

"The most valuable thing that students ever get from their college training is that which comes to them from the personal influence of their teachers, that subtle power which sets its stamp upon character, and turns sometimes the very issues of life. Many a man who has forgotten his Latin and Greek, and lost the clue to all he ever knew of higher mathematics, has kept through life the memory of some teacher of his youth, glorified perhaps by boyish enthusiasm, but winning his place by a noble personality, and potent always to stimulate and direct.

"On the roll of every class that passed through Oberlin during the long period of his service, one surely might find the names of a goodly multitude that, either here or yonder, so remember James H. Fairchild."

Englewood, N. J.

From a letter by Professor J. A. R. Rogers, D. D., of the class of '51, and '55 Theological:—

"I knew President Fairchild quite intimately for half a century, and loved and revered him in no ordinary degree. I lived in his home, had him repeatedly as a guest, and kept up a correspondence with him as long as he was able to write. I had something to do with his transfer to the theological department.

"My intimate acquaintance with him began in the winter of 1848–49. As he wished to devote himself

especially to the studies for his new chair of mathematics, he spent the long vacations, which at that time were three months in the winter, in the study of mathematics. In the winter of 1848–49 he asked me to join with him in those studies. We spent the morning hours in study in the southeast recitation room of Tappan Hall. Though I was but twenty years old and only a sophomore such was his Christian courtesy and brotherliness that he, a learned professor, treated me as if I were an equal. His treatment of me was characteristic of his treatment of every one. In all the years I knew him, and I knew him under all kinds of circumstances, I never saw anything in him which was not most noble and generous. He had strong emotions, and I have seen the color mount to his cheeks when he was justly displeased, but he kept his feelings under perfect control. I was often disturbed because he was not duly appreciated, but he took all things calmly and, if I spoke of any annoying thing, he would say, 'Never mind, that will all come out right in time.' When in his early years as a professor he received a smaller salary than others, only $400, he was quiet and patient without the least irritability. This was not because he had not abundant self-respect and a due sense of his own ability. He did not at all overrate his ability, but had full confidence in any judgment he had deliberately formed. He did not pretend to know what he did not, and often confessed his ignorance, but without any diminution of reverence for him on the part of those who knew him.

"In my personal relations with him I had the opportunity of learning the fixed habit of his mind of

thinking every subject clear through. He could not leave any matter in the least befogged, even such as many regarded as sufficiently clear. There were certain things in natural philosophy, which in the college text-book then in use did not seem to him satisfactory; and he laid them before the author, then perhaps the most famous man in the country in his line, with the result that the superior acumen of Professor Fairchild was admitted.

"His clearness in metaphysical studies greatly impressed his pupils. He combined the logic of Finney with the insight of Bushnell. Withal he was a man of rare prophetic insight so that he could forecast the future in a way that seemed marvellous, as what he foresaw came to pass. Many an institution of learning owes much of its success to his wisdom directly and indirectly. I wish as a matter of gratitude to testify that this was emphatically the case with Berea College.

"The last time I saw President Fairchild was not long before his death. He was in his large armchair sitting in calm dignity a Christian philosopher, with a few friends about him, and at that hour with his faculties kindled up to their full force. He recalled the past and if I mistake not—his vision extended into the future. I never saw in him more pronounced manifestations of affection, but tempered with a heavenly calmness. As often as I recall the scene I am reminded of the last hours of Socrates surrounded by his disciples.

"He was one of the greatest and best men our country has produced."

Woodstock, Ill.

From an address at the Memorial Services June 24, 1902, by Lucien C. Warner, M. D., of the class of '65: —

"It is given to but few men to fill so large a place in any public enterprise as has been filled by President Fairchild in the history of Oberlin. In a special sense he is both the pupil and the teacher of Oberlin. His mind was quickened and developed under such great leaders as Finney and Morgan, but his own personality was so great that he was not dwarfed by these mighty intellects.

"President Fairchild was in a remarkable degree the builder and conservator of Oberlin. He was a man of keen perceptions, of profound knowledge and of almost perfect mental balance. Oberlin was radical in its early days, and radicalism easily becomes rant. It is but a step from the reformer to the crank. That Oberlin escaped this danger was largely owing to the clear vision of President Fairchild. He was for all in all the wisest man I ever knew.

"It was as a teacher that President Fairchild exercised his greatest influence. It was my good fortune to be in a class that enjoyed more of his services than most other classes. He taught us in Kame's *Elements of Criticism* and Butler's *Analogy*, as well as moral philosophy. As I look back upon this experience the characteristic of his teaching which impresses me most is his absolute truthfulness. Casuistry had no place in his mental or moral code. He was always perfectly frank in acknowledging his limitations, and when asked a question which he could not answer he would say so in the simplest language.

"The clearness of his mind shone out in every les-

son. He had a way of thinking out a proposition to the end and anticipating every objection which could be brought up against it. His doctrine of the simplicity of moral action did not admit of half truths, but with him every action was either right or wrong.

"The fullness of his mind was a constant surprise to us. Some of the richest hours we ever spent with him were those in which some question suggested a line of thought not contained in the text-book, and the greater part of the hour would be filled with a digression rich in thought and experience, and of more value than many lessons learned from the book.

"He had a keen sense of humor, but it was always used with sweetness and never to inflict pain. I remember one instance when he was enlarging upon the fact that a person is more interested in his own acts and words than in those of any one else, as illustrated by the fact that if he were looking over a pile of letters he would naturally select and read with most interest those he had written himself. A lady in the class asked how one would get his own letters, as persons did not write letters to themselves. With a twinkle in his eyes he replied, 'Sometimes it happens in the vicissitudes of fortune that the letters which one writes get back again into his own hands.'

"President Fairchild was a progressive and liberal minded man, always ready to welcome new truth or to listen with an open mind to the position of others. He was not one of those who have a positive opinion upon every possible subject that arises, so that we feel constantly oppressed by the dictation of their opinions. He was very positive on essential matters and on any subject that had a clear moral bearing, but on unessen-

tial and unimportant matters he never urged his own views.

"President Fairchild's influence on the college was to make the student body respect honesty, genuineness and thoroughness, and to dislike cant and hypocrisy in every form. Among all the acquaintances of my life there was no man that I loved and admired so much, or whose influence was greater in shaping my life and character."

New York City, N. Y.

From a letter by Prof. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D., of the class of '50:—

"James H. Fairchild is recalled by me with the deepest respect and love. My memories of him run back to 1844, when I entered the Preparatory Department of what was then Oberlin Collegiate Institute. After I entered college in 1846 I became personally acquainted with him as my teacher. Through the more than fifty-eight years that have intervened I have cherished for him a growing admiration as I have occasionally met him, and become familiar with his published writings. He was one of Oberlin's noblest and best men, scholarly, courteous, and refined, a universal favorite among the students of those early days, greatly beloved as a professor and a friend. He was the gentle master of the class room; patient with all weakness and dullness, open to all questionings, full of encouragement to all sincere workers. He was never brusque nor hasty in judgment of boyish infirmities. I cannot recall in all the years of my college life, a sharp or harsh word that fell from his lips as a teacher. He was our friend, and we trusted him, won by his friendly

trust in us. His genial benign face always gave us a welcome.

"By the side of Mr. Finney he was not a great preacher who thrilled and held us in his grasp. He was quiet and calm in manner, but as we listened to his thoughtful words we found him clear, exact and logical in his thinking and weighty in his conclusions.

"I think of him as a quiet, calm, loving man, full rounded, seeking and holding truth above all things, —never partisan. There were no peculiarities that stand out in our memory of him. Three addresses were given during my college course by three of my professors that were later published. They were on The Allies of Labor, and were the talk of the students for many a day. Professor Fairchild's theme was Learning and Labor, and was characteristic of him."

Harrisburg, Pa.

From a letter by Rev. D. J. Jones, of the class of '53, and '60, Theological:—

"It has been nearly sixty years since I first came to know President Fairchild. He was then a young man less than thirty years of age, and like the youthful David of Scripture record, was of a 'ruddy and fair countenance.' As a young preparatory student at that time I did not often meet him save on days of class examination or when occasionally I heard him speak at the Thursday afternoon lectures.

"After entering college I came into frequent contact with him both in the recitation room and elsewhere. This was partially due to the fact that during a portion of our college course he was called to act as our instructor in several branches other than those re-

lated to his particular department of mathematics. The college had little or no endowment fund from which to meet current expenses, and its very existence was threatened unless such a fund could be speedily provided. Accordingly a heroic campaign was instituted to raise the first hundred thousand dollars for this purpose. Several of the college faculty were delegated to go out and assist in the raising of the needed money. There were no funds available to call in extra help, and so of necessity those members of the faculty who remained at home were compelled to assume added and in some instances double burdens in the way of teaching. Thus it was that Professor Fairchild came to be the instructor of several of the college classes in a varied and unusual capacity. Owing to the severe taxing of his time he was obliged to hear our recitation in Greek after supper in the evening. During our whole college course there was no other member of the college faculty whom we met more often or who was more frequently or closely related to us as an instructor.

"In 1858 he became my instructor as professor of moral philosophy and systematic theology. In this capacity as in the others he readily rose to the demands of his new position. Naturally of a conservative and a judicial temperament, he evidently followed the apostolic injunction,—'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' Purely speculative theories did not seem to interest him, but the philosophy of practical godliness found in him an able expositor.

"In still another capacity I came to know him, when as a subordinate member of the faculty [tutor of Greek and Latin, 1859–1861] I had frequent observation of

his quiet but forceful influence in matters of college administration. Ever ready to listen to others and to discuss with them debatable questions, yet when well convinced of the wisdom or unwisdom of any proposed measure, he was slow to yield his ground, though never factious in his opposition. As a counterweight to the rather more impulsive tendencies of some of his colleagues he was of great service in administrative councils.

"That President Fairchild won the well nigh universal esteem and love of the great body of the students in all departments of the institution may be said to 'go without saying.' No soubriquet was ever popularly coupled with his name. And in this connection I am reminded of a remark made by one of the students—that she could not think of anything that could be said in disparagement of the professor unless it were that he might be one upon whom woe is pronounced 'when all men speak well of you.'

"And now on looking back in review of the president's career as seen through the vista of nearly threescore years I am impressed not more with each single quality than with the cumulative excellences of his character. Not so much by noting singly as by grouping his characteristics can we form any just estimate of his personality. Evident to all were his shining virtues as a man and a Christian, as reflected in his unvarying kindness and courtesy, his modesty yet dignity of manner.—All this and more, taken in connection with his acknowledged ability and success in discharging the varied and often difficult duties of his several responsible offices seemed to make his life record one that has few parallels for uniform excellence and length of service.

"'A noble life is not a blaze
Of sudden glory won,
But just an adding up of days,
In which good work is done.'

"With the death of President Fairchild there passed the last of the instructors at whose feet I sat during my student life in Oberlin. I revere the memory of every one of them—but of none is that memory more fragrant to me than that of President James H. Fairchild."

Chicago, Ill.

From a letter by Gen. A. B. Nettleton, of the class of '63:—

"It happened that through many years I came into close touch with President Fairchild under rather special conditions, and was favored with his friendship and confidence in a way which has proved a lifelong inspiration to me—hence the personal note in that which follows. In quoting his utterances in private conversations held years ago I do not pretend to give the exact language used, but the substance has remained as clear as his own personality.

"My school days at Oberlin fell within the eventful years from 1857 to 1861—years which both precipitated and witnessed the culmination of the anti- and proslavery controversy; said school days ending with enlistment in the Union Army shortly after the outbreak of the Rebellion. During that period Professor Fairchild was in his early forties, his maturing manhood. My first experience in common with him was in September, 1858, in connection with the exciting and history making episode with the official captors of John

Price, the young Kentucky slave. Our community of interests on that occasion consisted in this:—first, as a youth of nineteen, my bosom swelling with my new discovery of Oberlin benevolence, I carried a big stick to Wellington and there helped to overawe the United States government in its unnatural capacity of fugitive-slave-catcher. Second, Professor Fairchild concealed and harbored the rescued lad and then sent him on his way to Canada and freedom. Third, in spite of which both of us kept out of the courts and out of Cleveland jail; he because he was too conservative and prominent to be suspected, I because I was too obscure to be wanted—an illustration of the providential way in which, in presence of a common peril, safety sometimes comes from opposite directions at the same moment.

"About the same time I was somewhat similarly associated with Professor Fairchild in a journalistic way. The Oberlin *Evangelist* of blessed memory was then in its vigorous old age—the bi-weekly conductor for President Finney's incomparable thunderbolts and the vehicle for occasional sermons by Dr. Morgan, Dr. Cowles, and Professor Fairchild. My own distinguished contribution towards effecting and distributing all this theological truth consisted in addressing the wrappers for the successive editions through many long months, at the neat compensation of $1.50 per issue. But as the price of board at the Ladies' Hall was $1.37 per week, I had a comfortable margin left over for the mild undergraduate dissipations of that Arcadian period. A little later the *Lorain County News*—now the *Oberlin News*—was started by Messrs. Shanklin and Harmon, and the first editorial honors

thereof fell to Prof. Henry E. Peck as the editor in chief, and myself in charge of the local department. Occasionally our duties lapped over into each other's domains, as absence or mental exhaustion over our strenuous journalistic duties required, and I have not forgotten the ever kindly way in which Professor Fairchild, to whom I had already turned for counsel, suggested certain much needed tonics for my printed English and certain quite as necessary modifications of my printed bumptiousness and occasional ill-placed levity.

"As a member of the Board of Trustees of the college during twenty years of the Fairchild presidency, from 1872 to 1892, during which Oberlin was ever in a chronic state of financial stress, my opportunities were excellent for observing the quality of his administrative and executive ability and methods. These facts impressed me:—In matters of routine, about which he would naturally know better than any trustee, he always had a definite program, clearly stated, which commended itself by its reasonableness and which was always confirmed for substance. On questions involving new departures or changes of policy, with courtesy and deference he stated the case and invited discussion and thus seemed to evolve a plan from the suggestions and consensus of the board, while in fact a closer scrutiny showed that the conclusion reached usually embodied his own well-matured thought and previous judgment. He was careful to have it understood that in matters affecting the college faculty or their work, they had been fully consulted and had approved the suggestions submitted by him. He was never other than open-minded and hospitable to new suggestions, provided they were reasonable.

He was uniformly modest in presenting his own views on a controverted point, yet without timidity. As the presiding officer of a business board he was ever the gentleman in business, never the autocrat nor the dogmatist. I cannot recall an instance in which the president's judgment in matters financial as well as educational did not prove to be sound and far sighted.

"His unvarying courtesy, however, was not incompatible with a blazing indignation over an act or a proposition which seemed to him to involve dishonor. Such a suggestion once came before the Board from an outside source, and the swift and conclusive denunciation of the proposal which came from the head of the table was a refreshing reminder that thunder and lightning as well as sunshine could come from the Fairchild skies.

"As he was temperamentally disinclined to undertake the direct task of money raising for the college endowment, the college management was adjusted to this situation. It is not unsafe to say that, very likely, had he possessed the money raising aptitude he would not in some other vital regards have been the President Fairchild whose character and work are built into the enduring foundations of Oberlin, and whose memory we delight to honor. His noble personality and the superb ability and simple dignity which characterized his administration, furnished a basis on which it was not unduly difficult for others to build financially.

"Immersed in affairs, yet cherishing a profound interest in things spiritual and permanent, I early came to regard President Fairchild as my ethical and theological 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' My pilgrimages to Oberlin to attend board meetings were

much more important to myself than they were to the college, for they furnished periodical opportunity for me to readjust myself to the cosmos through long and delightful talks with my patient and sympathetic mentor. One summer when the president was spending some vacation days among the trees bordering Lake Minnetonka, and time was transmuted into leisure, I drew him out in a manner and to an extent that would have rejoiced the most inquisitive, persistent and indiscreet college senior. In these conversations, which consisted mostly of questions from me and informal but comprehensive answers from him, the topics ranged from the Ethical Aspect of Bad Manners to the Possibilities of Eschatology, the Ultimate Nature of Matter, the Probable Extent of the Physical Universe, and the Final Outcome of the Human Race on this Planet!

"In clearing up formidable-looking fog-banks of uncertainty, and quieting apprehension lest all theological foundations were to be swept away, President Fairchild was at his best. If he helped many others to keep their feet under them as he helped me, he has an enduring monument of gratitude. On one occasion, speaking of Robert G. Ingersoll and his attacks upon both the story and the ethics of Christianity, the president said:—'Mr. Ingersoll has never approached the question in a scientific or even a serious spirit. His temperament and his mental equipment unfit him for the work of an investigator or a teacher. For the most part on the platform he has erected before his audience an absurd and often monstrous creation of his own, labelled it Orthodox Christianity, and then demolished it with rather coarse ridicule and vitupera-

tion—to the confusion of many unformed and shallow minds. Yet I suspect that Mr. Ingersoll has had his uses. It is both a surprise and a relief at times to observe the extraordinary agencies utilized by Providence to accomplish salutary results. In so far as Ingersoll and others of his school have warred against the sporadic survival of mediævalism in Christian theology they have consciously or unconsciously rendered a genuine service to all truth. To what extent this service will offset the harm they do in other directions is a different question.'

"As to the tremendous and continuous advance in scientific knowledge and critical methods as the mainspring of the new Theology, Progressive Orthodoxy and what may be called The Great Transition, and concerning the alleged duty of all ministers and teachers not only to adjust their thought to the changing conditions, but boldly to proclaim the new truth as fast as they perceive it, the president expressed this opinion :—'The "transition" is moving quite as rapidly as is best for either the transition or the general good. Suddenness or precipitancy in such a matter is not helpful to any valuable interest. At present there is quite as much danger of premature, extreme and erroneous statement, tending to produce mental and spiritual chaos and unfaith among the people, as there is of hurtful tardiness in accepting and propagating modified views on theological problems. Sincerity on the part of a public teacher requires that he shall sift, season and mature his changing views, and at least summer and winter with what seems to him to be a great new truth, before he feels bound to proclaim either from the housetops.'

"President Fairchild seldom inveighed against specific vices or against particular individuals who yield to them. In his intercourse with mankind he seemed to me scrupulously to refrain from invading the domain of personal liberty and to content himself with urging general ethical principles and leaving them to work upon the conscience and judgment of well-meaning persons. In conversation covering the matter of indulgence in 'pleasure drugs,' including particularly the non-medicinal use of alcohol and nicotine in their several forms, he expressed views much more positive than any found in his published writings. His definite reasons expressed thus privately, for opposing the use of tobacco under any and all conditions would prove a wholesome tonic for those who advocate a policy of letting down the bars in favor of smoking in colleges. He summed up by declaring the custom inherently unbenevolent, because of the resulting injury to the smoker and the discomfort to others—and hence impossible to one who intellectually apprehends its unbenevolence and at the same time aims to conform his life to the requirements of moral obligations.

"Speaking of the relentless hold which the tobacco habit has on its votaries and the distress and mental incapacity which often attend accidental, enforced abstinence, the president referred with amusement to this episode:—A doctor of divinity of international reputation was his guest over Saturday and Sunday, with an appointment to occupy the First Church pulpit. Late Saturday evening the guest discovered to his dismay that, owing to over indulgence while travelling, his supply of cigars was exhausted. He took his host into his confidence and confessed that he did not dare

attempt to speak on the morrow without his preparatory smoke. The situation was acute, and disaster seemed imminent. But, as in many another crisis, the president privately consulted Professor Ellis, with the result that notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a way was found to secure a dozen cigars, and the large congregation of the following day never suspected to what was due the eloquence of the sermon by the visiting divine."

Chicago, Ill.

From an address before the graduating class of the Theological Seminary, May, 1902, by Rev. Dan S. Bradley, D. D., of the class of '82, and '85, Theological:—

"There must come to you as there comes to me a feeling of loneliness, as we miss the face and form of that chivalrous man whose life has been coincident with Oberlin's whole history, through all this tract of years 'wearing the white flower of a blameless life.'

"Whether in the vigorous young manhood of student days—in the time when the college dwelt in its tabernacles of slabs, or in the later days when as teacher of mathematics he held his students to the exact truth of that exact science—or later still as the executive of the great institution for men and women—through the stirring days of the war, and in the later period of theological reaction and change—he was the same brave, serene, courteous, chivalrous man—as simple-hearted as he was great—a man of colossal brain and expanding thought and childlike faith. Whatever moral struggles and intellectual struggles passed within his soul, to the men who saw and knew

him best there was the outward unruffled calm of him 'who looks upon the front of God' and is not afraid.

"For these two generations of preachers he has been the inspiring voice, the steadying, commanding spirit of one who dared to look fearlessly at the truth and never hesitated to follow wherever it led him. When in the coming on of the doctrine of evolution, timid men grew frantic and shallow men denounced the hateful doctrine, he was serene and sure that if it were true it could not be dangerous, and if it were not true it would be proved to be false and cast away. He dared to part company with the older theologies —to denounce publicly and before his class with all the quiet strength of his mighty words that which he counted dishonorable in some of the doctrines of the atonement. Yet he was not destructive—he was constructive. He built his present out of the past. He reverenced the past though he was unfettered by it. No right minded man came out of his class-room without reasoned and reasonable and reverent faith.

"But it was not so much as the theologian that he laid the spell of his life upon us—it was as a manly Christian man 'who spoke no slander—no nor listened to it, who led a sweet life in purest chastity—and who in that noble life of his taught high thought and amiable words and love of truth and all that makes a man.'

"I remember when once a crime had been committed and he gathered the men of the college to speak of it—it seemed to me as if it were the day of judgment as that righteous man sat there with white face and quivering lip to denounce the sin which he abhorred. For days afterwards every man in Oberlin

walked softly. And yet I remember how gentle he was with those who erred not deliberately but foolishly and carelessly. I recall with what tenderness he placed his hand upon the head of my first-born—and how lovingly he added his grief to ours when God took her away. Great, sincere, brave, sympathetic soul, of utmost purity—as true a knight as ever laid his hand in Christ's and swore to reverence that King as if He were his conscience, and to reverence his conscience as his king. No wonder that the men and women of Oberlin who went out from his presence have laid down their lives cheerfully, to teach the heathen and uphold the Christ in every land and sea—no wonder that even yet, when the name of Oberlin is spoken, there rises before the vision the generous form, and the marvellous face of James H. Fairchild. And God grant to you, young men, that when he passed in these last months as you sojourned at this school of the prophets—your eyes were not holden from the fiery horses and the fiery chariot that bore him home—if so be that taking up his mantle, a double portion of his great spirit rests upon you."

Grinnell, Ia.

From an address delivered at the Memorial Services, June 22, 1902, by Rev. Judson Smith, D. D. of the class of '63, Theological :—

" Recalling the death within these recent years of Professor Ellis, Professor Monroe, and President Fairchild—three men with whom all my life at Oberlin was so intimately associated—the words of Longfellow in the Sonnet—' Three Friends of Mine '—come to me with peculiar power : —

"'When I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory.'

"The college that has a storehouse of memories like these is enriched above the power of all endowments in money and houses and lands. And we do well to-day to gather here and pay the tribute of love and reverence and regret to him who gave himself so unreservedly to the college through more than three-score years, and whose name and deeds are enshrined in the hearts of the thousands of all her living alumni. So strong and deep and wide is the hold he had on college and church and town, on faculty and students and graduates, on trustees and thousands of friends far and near, that if on this day we 'should hold our peace, the very stones would cry out.'

"It is mine to speak of President Fairchild as a *Colleague* and as an *Educator*—two only of many high relations which he filled, in all of which he excelled. How well I remember my first meeting with our beloved friend—though more than forty-four years have passed over me since that day. It was just after the tragic death of Professor Hudson, and a heavy pall rested upon college and town. I called on Professor Fairchild, then in the Chair of Mathematics, to describe my previous studies and find my place in the life here.

At his front door, just coming in from a class in the old Music Hall, he met me, with the frank smile and outstretched hand so characteristic; an erect and manly figure, in early maturity, dignified in bearing, winsome in countenance and speech. He was direct, unpretentious, appreciative, and instantly won my confidence and regard. My studies placed me in his classes in physics and astronomy, and I found him a most exact, clear and inspiring teacher. The impression of that first meeting never was radically changed; it was deepened, cleared up in some particulars, carried out over a great variety of conditions; but to the last he seemed to me what I saw him on that bright April morning in 1858.

"My senior year was passed in Amherst College, and then I returned to study theology here, and found Professor Fairchild transferred to the Chair of Moral Philosophy and Theology, and thus I became his pupil again for three eventful years. In 1866 I came to the Professorship of Latin, at the same time that President Fairchild entered on his duties as the official head of the college. Four years in Latin and fourteen years in Church History gave me a long and intimate association with the president as a colleague in the faculty.

"I found in him a most appreciative colleague, friendly, sympathetic, always giving me free range in the administration and development of my department, loyally supporting me, generously opening the way to advancement whenever possible, frankly commending my work and rejoicing in my success. I had towards him the feeling of a son rather than of a brother; often I found the word *father* on my lips as

I conversed with him. No teacher in any college at any time ever received from his president more loving, generous, inspiring and unselfish treatment than I had from President Fairchild from the first day to the last. He shared with his professors all the honor and repute and glory that came to the college during his administration. We were made to feel that the college was *ours* as truly as it was *his*, that its success depended on *us* as much as on *him*, that we were equal partners in a great enterprise into which it was our duty and our joy to throw all our enthusiasm and gifts and powers and to devote to it our lives themselves. We all knew that *he* was the *great* man among us, that he meant more to the college than any one of us ever could; and it was a privilege to work with him, under his leadership, in a great task to which his presence gave dignity and a priceless worth.

"In faculty deliberations he was most courteous, appreciative, just. We did not always think alike, and opposing views were freely expressed; a new thought or plan must justify itself, but was hospitably entertained and the youngest member was encouraged to speak his mind as freely as the oldest. As president he never imposed his judgment or will in an arbitrary way; the conclusion reached was the voice of the majority, reached after ample debate. An ideal presiding officer, a modest leader, a generous colleague, a true and magnanimous friend; 'he hath not left his peer.' Among the most endeared memories of all my life are the recollections of my association with him in the faculty here.

"After an absence of seven years I became again associated with President Fairchild in the Board of

Trustees, and for eleven years we served together in that capacity. All that I had known him to be when we were together in the faculty he continued to be among the trustees; and I only speak the common judgment of that body when I say that his presence and counsels there were a prime element of dignity, thoroughness, wisdom and harmony in all our counsels. He was most deferential and considerate towards his successors in the presidency, most loyal to their administration, and most courteous and generous towards his colleagues, so many of whom had previously known and loved him as their teacher and personal friend. His formal retirement last November seemed to us all to take away from us our glory and our crown. And to-day how fitly may we use of him the words in which Tennyson enshrines the memory of the Duke of Wellington:—

> "'Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
> Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
> Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
> * * * * * *
> Rich in saving common sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.'"

President Fairchild held a high and honored place among the great educators of his time. His whole active life was spent in college halls and college life; and he was wont to deal with large questions in a large way. An advocate of the principle of coeducation from conviction, he yet could argue the case so as to move the thoughts of those unfamiliar, and even of those opposed to it. His inaugural address was a broad and catholic plea for the system of education

existing in Oberlin, so temperate, so forcible, so convincing, as to produce a deep impression upon all who heard him. The superiority of the *Humanities* as a means of culture he fully believed in and ably vindicated, yet with such sincere recognition of the value of the study of nature as to conciliate the teachers of science, and strike out the middle path of our enlarged courses of study. The elective system he recognized as necessary, in the multiplicity of subjects demanding a place in college education, and he was ready to adjust the course to this demand; but he never lost his clear sense of the value of required studies, and the place they must hold in the training of those who are too young wisely to choose their own way. The golden mean of a discipline that preserves order and decorum on the one hand, and that appeals to the manliness and sense of right on the other, he seized upon, and applied with rare success, and defended with signal affability and persuasiveness. The comparative value of the text-book and the lecture as a means of instruction he estimated with a wise discrimination, as far removed from rigid conservatism as it was from rash enthusiasm. His was a singularly open and receptive mind; he marched with the marching times, easily, naturally, but never with closed eyes of slumbering judgment. On all the questions of the educational world he was informed, interested, and ready to express his convictions and to give a reason for the thought that he expressed.

In educational circles he was always a welcome figure, a voice of wisdom, and an influential advocate. Modest almost to a fault, he did not push his views, or press himself on public notice, or sound the trumpet

before him; and he was, doubtless, far less widely known than many who lacked both his ability and his wise experience. But to those who knew him—men like President Barnard of New York, President Angell of Ann Arbor, President Hopkins of Williams, President Patton of Princeton, he was a man of weighty judgment, of ripe experience, and recognized authority. Through the colleges of the interior, many of them founded or presided over by Oberlin men, President Fairchild wielded an influence in educational problems equalled by few and exceeded by none. A list of the men of the past generation who are to be ranked among the great educators of the nation would contain President Fairchild's name not only, but would place it among the first in the list. Living all his active days in this quiet village, giving all his time and strength and rare gifts to this college and to its best development, rarely seen in the great assemblies of the times, but ceaselessly at work in scholarly lines to shape college and community, students and people, to the highest aims—his bow has ever abode in strength, his line has gone out through all the earth, the impulse and light of his thought and life have reached to the deepest springs of the nation, and have encompassed the globe. As the Academy under Plato shaped the noblest thought and life of Greece, so this modern Plato from this sacred shrine has touched with healing and help the culture, the manhood, the institutions and the life of our nation and the world.

END

List of Publications on Various Subjects

By James Harris Fairchild

Fourierism. Oberlin Quarterly Review, November, 1845.

Learning and Labor. Oberlin Quarterly Review, August, 1846.

Science and Labor. Oberlin Quarterly Review, November, 1846.

Woman's Rights and Duties. Lecture given before the students of Oberlin Collegiate Institute in June, 1849. Oberlin: 1849.

Faithfulness in the Discharge of Present Obligation. Oberlin Evangelist, December 17, 1850.

Keeping the Heart. A chapel lecture to the students of Oberlin College. Oberlin Evangelist, March 31, 1852.

Joint Education of the Sexes. A report presented at a meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, at Sandusky City, July 8, 1852. Oberlin: 1852.

A Sketch of the Anti-Slavery History of Oberlin. An address before the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Oberlin, May 13, 1856. Oberlin Evangelist, July 16, 1856.

Progress and Present Condition of Oberlin College. A statement presented at a general gathering of the Alumni, August 26, 1856. Oberlin Evangelist, September 24, 1856.

The Pilgrim Fathers. An address given at Oberlin December 20, 1857. Oberlin Evangelist, January 6, 1858.

Abraham's Faith. A sermon. Oberlin Evangelist, March 24, 1858.

The Risen Lord. A sermon. Oberlin Evangelist, March 30, 1859.

Memoir of Professor William Cochran. Oberlin Student's Monthly, January, 1859.

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Our Duty as a Church. A discourse. Oberlin: 1865.

Educational Arrangements and College Life at Oberlin. Inaugural address, August 22, 1866. New York, 1866.

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Coeducation of the Sexes. An address given before a meeting of college presidents at Springfield, Illinois, July 10, 1867. Barnard's Journal of Education, January, 1868.

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President Finney; Baccalaureate Memorial Sermon, July 30, 1876. Congregational Quarterly, January, 1877.

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Mrs. Marianne P. Dascomb. An address given at her funeral, April 6, 1879. Oberlin Review, April 16, 1879.

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An Effort for Temperance. The Independent, February 9, 1882.

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