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LEE ON TRAVELLER

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JANUARY, NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

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## A NEW YEAR'S WISH



*“Let me but do my work from day to day  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When fragrant wishes beckon me astray,  
‘This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done, in the right way:’  
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.”*



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### General Lee as an Educator\*

DR. HENRY LOUIS SMITH

*President of Washington and Lee University*

**A**MID the wreck and ruin of 1865 the immortal leader of the Confederate armies, a soldier from his youth, finding himself without a profession, sought to reinvest his life for the benefit of his stricken land.

Offers of ease, wealth, leisure, and high position poured in on him from every side. The headship of the Egyptian armies, with a rank next to that of the Khedive himself, a princely estate in England, with all its revenues, a fabulous salary as the nominal head of a great Southern corporation, all these with the rest and freedom from care, which his worn soul and body craved were laid aside at the call of duty.

Across the Blue Ridge Mountains, in a borrowed coat, riding a borrowed horse, his traveling expenses met by borrowed funds, the representative of the Board of Trustees of George Washington's bankrupt and war-wrecked college had come to offer to him the headship of his great kinsman's institution, promising him a salary of \$1,500 per annum, but admitting that the institution was already \$4,000 in debt for unpaid salaries and must trust to the General's success as an administrator for its future solvency.

At the opening of the war, with sublime self-sacrifice, General Lee had refused the headship of the Union Armies, and with full knowledge and foresight of the inevitable future, had elected to tread the fiery path to ruin with his native state rather than prove false to his ideals of patriotism and duty.

His choice at its close reached even higher levels of heroic self-sacrifice, and I know of no more pathetic and sublime picture in American history than General Lee on his war-horse, Traveller, making his way alone across the Blue Ridge Mountains, and riding quietly



LEE AS PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE

into the little village of Lexington to take up the burdens of a new profession and rebuild in a time of universal bankruptcy the fortunes of a disorganized and impoverished institution.

His immortal kinsman, being rich, had endowed the college with his money. General Lee, like his divine Exemplar, being poor and without a place to lay his

\*This article was prepared by Dr. Smith for this issue of THE VOICE. We greatly appreciate so splendid a tribute to our great General. Doubly valuable is it because of its source and the environment from which it comes.



GENERAL LEE'S OFFICE

head, followed His divine example and gave himself—thus enriching the institution for all time.

With tireless devotion, he threw himself into the work of education and administration. With an educational originality many years in advance of his time, he added to the old-fashioned classical curriculum of Washington College, schools of engineering, journalism, English, modern languages, commerce, and law; gathered students, teachers, buildings, and endowments on Washington's foundation; fixed for all time the institution's ideals of character, honor, and chivalry; and then, worn out by his ceaseless and indefatigable labors, fell at his post and bequeathed to it his ever-widening influence, his sacred dust, and his incomparable name.

Thus the five years' work of Lee the Educator fittingly crowns and supplements the five stormy years of Lee the Soldier, and undoubtedly when the long roll is finally called and his contribution to the uplift and betterment of the human race finally assessed and determined, his self-sacrificing labors at Lexington will outshine and outweigh all the more transient glories of his amazing military career.

Long since has the verdict of impartial history crowned Robert E. Lee as the real hero of Appomattox. Out of the battle smoke and dust of conflict of that stormy era his majestic figure has been steadily rising in the eyes of the world as the purest and loftiest character yet evolved by our Christian civilization. To perpetuate and extend his influence is to bless and enrich mankind.

Thrice fortunate is the South, and through her the nation and the world, that whenever and wherever, through the long ages of the future, she lifts her eyes

toward the lofty figure of her ideal hero, she sees floating over his head as the one flag of his undivided and eternal allegiance, not the stars and stripes which he so regretfully furled and laid aside, nor the stars and bars that disappeared forever amid the smoke of the battlefield, but the starry banner of the cross—that flag that has never yet been furled, that knows no surrender nor defeat, no Gettysburg nor Appomattox, which shall yet float in universal triumph over land and sea.

#### THE FIRST SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM IN AMERICA

Bulletin No. 21, of the 1918 series, published by the U. S. Bureau of Education, is entitled "Instruction in Journalism in Institutions of Higher Education." It was written by Professor James Melvin Lee, director of the department of journalism of New York University, and is an authoritative history of the origin and development of journalism as a learned profession.

The world has been so dazzled by the military career of General Robert E. Lee, that few, even in the South, are aware of his genius and wisdom as a great educator.

In an age when college education consisted mainly of classical and philosophical studies, his first step at Washington College was to establish a practical school of civil and highway engineering to rebuild a devastated South. With even greater originality and foresight, he became in 1869, a generation ahead of his times, the founder, in America, of Journalism as a learned profession. For the story of this far-sighted effort to provide the New South during its stormy reconstructive era with trained leaders of public opinion, the thoughtful reader is referred to the above bulletin.

## "A College Boy's Observation of General Lee"

The following short story depicting the modesty of General Lee appeared in *The Nashville Tennessean* last January, having first appeared in Professor F. K. Riley's book, "General Robert E. Lee After Appomattox." The article is by the late John B. Colyar of Nashville, who was a student at Washington College when General Lee was its president.



FEW years after General Lee accepted the presidency of the then Washington College, I was sent to be entered in the preparatory department, along with an older brother, who was to enter college. The morning after we reached Lexington, we repaired to the office of General Lee, situated in the college building, for the purpose of matriculation and receiving instructions as to the duties devolving upon us as students. I entered the office with reverential awe, expecting to see the great warrior, whose fame then encircled the civilized globe, as I had pictured him in my own imagination. General Lee was alone, looking over a paper. He arose as we entered, and received us with a quiet, gentlemanly dignity that was so natural and easy and kind that the feeling of awe left me at the threshold of his door. General Lee had but one manner in his intercourse with men. It was the same to the peasant as to the prince, and the student was received with the easy courtliness that would have been bestowed on the greatest imperial dignitary of Europe.

### HAD NO PRINTED RULES

"When we had registered, my brother asked the General for a copy of his rules. General Lee said to him, 'Young gentleman, we have no printed rules. We have but one rule here, and it is that every student must be a gentleman.' I did not, until after years, fully realize the comprehensiveness of his remark, and how completely it covered every essential rule that should govern the conduct and intercourse of men. I do not know that I could define the impression that General Lee left on my mind that morning, for I was so disappointed at not seeing the warrior that my imagination had pictured, that my mind was left in a confused state of inquiry as to whether he was the man whose fame had filled the world. He was so gentle, kind and almost motherly, in his bearing, that I thought there must be some mistake about it. At first glance, General Lee's countenance was stern, but the moment his eye met that of his entering guest it beamed with a kindness that at once established easy and friendly relations, but not familiar. The impression he made on me was that he was never familiar with any man.

"I saw General Lee every day of the session in chapel (for he never missed a morning service) and passing through the campus to and from his home to his office. He rarely spoke to any one—occasionally he

would say something to one of the boys as he passed, but never more than a word. After the first morning in his office, he never spoke to me but once. He stopped me one morning as I was passing his front gate and asked how I was getting on with my studies. I replied to this inquiry, and that was the end of the conversation.

"He seemed to avoid contact with men, and the impression which he made on me, seeing him every day, and which has since clung to me, strengthening the impression then made, was that he was bowed down with a broken heart. I never saw a sadder expression than General Lee carried during the entire time I was there. It looked as if the sorrow of a whole nation had been collected in his countenance, and as if he were bearing the grief of his whole people. It never left his face.

### WAS VERY MODEST MAN

"He impressed me as being the most modest man I ever saw in his contact with men. History records how

## Lee's Birthday, January 19

"When the future historian comes to survey the character of General Robert E. Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity and he will have to lift his eyes toward heaven to catch its summit.

*He was a foe without hate,  
A friend without reproach,  
A Christian without hypocrisy,  
A man without guile.  
He was a Caesar without his ambition,  
A Frederick without his tyranny,  
A Napoleon without his selfishness,  
A Washington without his reward.*

"He was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a true king.

"He was as gentle as a woman in his life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."—*Tribute to Lee by Senator Benj. H. Hill.*



GENERAL LEE'S HOME ON THE CAMPUS, NOW OCCUPIED  
BY PRESIDENT SMITH

modestly he wore his honors, but I refer to the characteristic in another sense. I dare say no man ever offered to relate a story of questionable delicacy in his presence. His very bearing and presence produced an atmosphere of purity that would have repelled the attempt. As for anything like publicity, notoriety or display, it was absolutely painful to him.

"Colonel Ruff, the old gentleman with whom I boarded, told me an anecdote about him that I think worth preserving. General Lee brought with him to Lexington the old iron-gray horse that he rode during the war. A few days after he had been there, he rode up Main Street on his old war horse, and as he passed up the street, the citizens cheered him. After passing the ordeal, he hurried back to his home near the col-

lege—he was incapable of affectation. The demonstration was simply offensive to his innate modesty, and doubtless awakened the memories of the past that seemed to weigh continually on his heart. The old iron-gray horse was the privileged character at General Lee's home. He was permitted to remain in the front yard, where the grass was the greenest and freshest, notwithstanding the flowers and shrubbery. General Lee was more demonstrative toward that old companion in battle than seemed to be his nature in his intercourse with men. I have often seen him, as he would enter his front gate, leave the walk, approach the old horse, and caress him for a minute or two before entering his front door, as though they bore a common grief in their memory of the past."

## Member of the Association

Captain Robert E. Lee in his life and letters of his father, speaking of General Lee's interest in the Young Men's Christian Association at Washington College, where he was president from 1865 until his death on September 29, 1870, says:

"He was the earnest friend and strong supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association and an annual contributor to its funds. Upon one occasion, at least, he placed in its library a collection of suitable books which he had purchased with that intention. In his annual report to the trustees he always made mention of the association, giving an account of its operation and progress."

There hangs in Lee Hall at Blue Ridge a facsimile letter from Lee to the Young Men's Christian Association at Washington and Lee, which reads as follows:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VA., 4 June, 1870.

"My Dear Sir:

"I have recd. your letter of the 3rd inst. announcing my election as an honorary member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington College, a Society in whose prosperity I take the greatest interest and for the welfare of whose members my prayers are daily offered.

"Please present my grateful thanks to your Association for the honour conferred on me & believe me very respt. your obt. servt.

R. E. LEE.

"MR. A. N. GORDON

"Cor. Sect. Y. M. C. Assn.

"Washington College, Va."

## The Recumbent Statue and Mausoleum

**I**N the day of General Lee's funeral a Lee Memorial Association was formed to erect some fitting monument as a token of the love and admiration of his countrymen. The president of the association was General John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky; the chairman of its executive committee, General W. N. Pendleton, General Lee's chief of artillery.

Mrs. Mary Custis Lee was consulted as to the nature of the memorial, and at her suggestion the celebrated sculptor, Ed. V. Valentine, who had just modeled from life a bust of General Lee, was called into consultation. At Mrs. Lee's suggestion also, it was decided to adopt a recumbent figure of General Lee, asleep on the field of battle, and place it on a white marble sarcophagus suitably inscribed and decorated.

The commission was formally awarded to Mr. Valentine on November 24, 1870, a year later his model was approved, and on April 1, 1875, the monument was completed in Mr. Valentine's Richmond studio.

The students of Richmond College asked the privilege of bearing the expenses of its transportation and furnishing an escort. On April 13, 1875, a great procession accompanied the figure to the boat-landing, and four days later the long river journey was ended and the statue formally consigned to the guardianship of the students of Washington and Lee University.

The executive committee then turned its attention to the still greater task of erecting a suitable mausoleum, and in 1877 approved and adopted a design kindly furnished, as a labor of love, by J. Crawford Neilson, a leading architect of Baltimore.

In 1882 the mausoleum committee, having exhausted their funds, offered to transfer the building and monu-

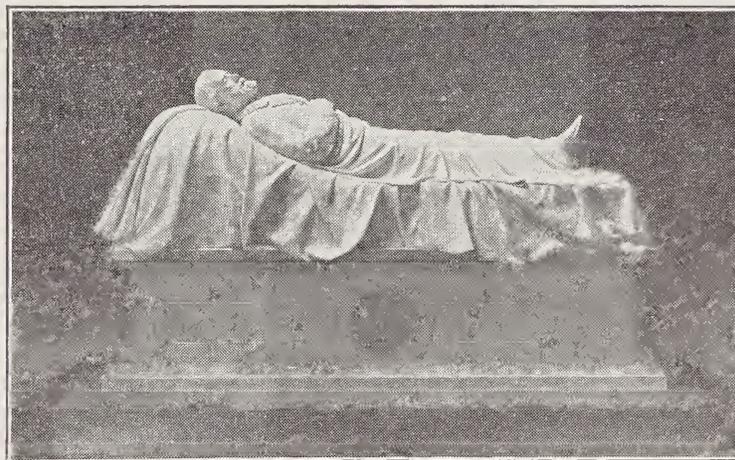
ment to Washington and Lee University if it would complete the work. This proposal was accepted, the mausoleum completed, and the 28th of June, 1883, was selected as the day for the formal unveiling and dedication.

Honorable Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, were selected to deliver orations, the first on General Lee's military career, the latter on his life and character as a citizen. Mr. Davis, however, to the regret of all, was prevented by ill-health and growing infirmities from making the journey.

On the 28th of June the monument was unveiled amid a vast assemblage of ex-Confederates and leading citizens from all parts of the country. A great procession first visited Jackson's grave and covered it with flowers, then returned to hear Senator Daniel's thrilling oration and the reading of "The Sword of Lee" by its celebrated and beloved author, Father Ryan.

Fifty survivors of the Rockbridge Artillery, using two of their ancient First Manassas guns, now in the keeping of the Virginia Military Institute, under their old leader, Col. Wm. T. Poague, fired a last salute as the mausoleum doors were thrown open and the statue was unveiled by Stonewall Jackson's daughter, Julia.

It was a great and solemn day in the history of the South and of the nation; a great and immortal name, a heart-stirring oration worthy of its theme, a majestic monument typifying in spotless marble the purity of a matchless character, a second Mount Vernon where never-ending streams of reverent pilgrims shall evermore be hushed and uplifted, a great and sacred shrine, the South's Holy of Holies, where the spirit of the heroic Past keeps watch and ward forever over the mighty dead!



## Quotations From the Victor Over Defeat

*"Human fortitude should be equal to human adversity."*

Just before Appomattox:

"How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over. But it is our duty to live; for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to protect them?"

"We have humbly tried to do our duty. We may, therefore, with calm satisfaction, trust in God and leave results to Him."



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT WHICH HANGS IN THE LOBBY OF ROBERT E. LEE HALL AT BLUE RIDGE

"God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him."

"All good citizens must unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They must not abandon their country, but go to work and build up its prosperity."

"It should be the object of all to avoid controversy, to allay passion, and give scope to every kindly feeling."

"It is wisest not to keep open the sores of war, but to follow the example of those nations who have endeavored to obliterate the marks of civil strife and to commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered."

"The thorough education of all classes of the people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, of promoting the prosperity of the South."

Refusing the offer of a splendid estate and an ample annuity in England: "I am deeply grateful, but I cannot consent to desert my native state in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes and share her fate."

Refusing a salary of fifty thousand dollars per annum as President of a large Southern corporation:

"I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

"I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

"Ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, learn to forgive our enemies?"

"There is a true glory and a true honor: the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."

### THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST

Watching a fire in the mountains, the company admired its scenic grandeur. General Lee remarked: "It is beautiful, but I have been thinking of the poor animals that must perish in the flames."

Near Richmond as a storm of shell swept the field, General Lee ordered his attendants to the rear, and while attentively surveying the area under fire was seen to stop, pick up a fledgling sparrow which had fallen to the ground, and carefully restored it to a nest overhead.

Amid the carnage of Chancellorsville his orders to the Confederate surgeons were, "Treat the whole field alike."

At the Petersburg crater, in the midst of the battle, he dismounted to help a wounded man, and kneeling over him, finding him past hope, was heard to say:

(Continued on page 16.)



LEE HALL AS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE

## God's Hills

MISS ELLENE RANSOM

(A Member of the Blue Ridge Working Staff of the Summer 1922.)

*I know those far blue hills hold messages for me—  
 God loves them as He loved the hills He walked in  
 Galilee,  
 He talks with them at twilight  
 And then they tell me all  
 The story He has told them  
 As the purple shadows fall.  
 And the purple of the shadows is for suffering and  
 pain,  
 And I know from what the hills say, that Christ endures  
 again  
 All His agony and sorrow  
 As he walks the hills alone  
 With none to watch beside Him  
 While He prays for all His own.*

*I know those sunlit mountains hold messages for me  
 Christ loves them as He loved the hills He walked in  
 Galilee.  
 He talks with them at noonday—  
 With His hills who understand—  
 And the hills flash me the message  
 In the sunlit valley-land,  
 And the glory of the sunlight is for service, pure and  
 high  
 In the life that Christ has lived for us to model our  
 lives by,  
 And the hills send out the challenge  
 Of the Christ-like to the plain,  
 The challenge of the privilege  
 To follow in His train!*

*I know those rose-veiled hill-tops hold messages for  
 me—  
 Christ loves them as He loved the hills He walked in  
 Galilee.  
 He talks with them at dawning  
 While the gold haloes His head  
 And the mist becomes the seamless robe  
 Of Jesus never dead.  
 And the hills tell me the story of His love who died  
 for me  
 Who loves me as He loved His friends in far-off Galilee.*

## God in His World\*

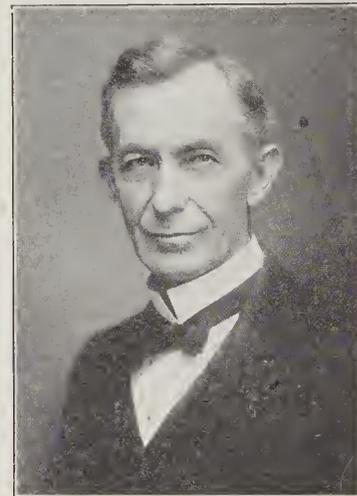
DR. J. L. KESLER

**W**ISH we might be able to think of each other this morning not as speaker and auditor, but as friends in a little conversation about things that matter to the daily life. It would seem inappropriate to live among these beautiful hills for a whole summer time without thinking and speaking at least one day of their chief Resident and Proprietor; and so I have decided this morning to speak about "God in His World"; not One Who did live and has vanished from His universe; not One Who did work and quit it; not One Who did speak to the ancients in oracles divine, but speaks never a syllable more to listening hearts. That was a significant name He gave Himself to Moses on the plains to carry back to Pharaoh. "Say to him, I Am sent me." That eternal present tense. I sometimes wish we had not forgotten the name He gave Himself and maybe we would not have forgotten Him out of His world.

And then, God the Worker. The Pharisees had interpreted Him as quitting work on Saturday night and never setting hand to work again. You remember on that Sabbath morning when Jesus healed the man born blind, and they said, "As for this fellow, we know he is bad, because he worked on the Sabbath day." Now you will recall how Jesus reacted to that interpretation. He said, in effect, "God did not stop work. He works clean up to this present moment, and I work." He would have none of the priest's fumbling. He took sides with the prophets. He believed in God the Worker, Sabbath or no Sabbath.

It is a habit we have had from the beginning among all peoples that at first we find God in things about us and within us. To be sure, there is much fetish and superstition in it, but as we live and grow older we gradually detach Him from this and that and the other, until at last we have a tendency to dismiss Him from our world with thanks and locate Him in some remote sphere and call all this secular, except in some recluse or remote spot on certain occasions where we commemorate Him with ritual, or some performance to remind us of Him, and think of His rule that shall be in another world where we shall find it after we have left this. And yet, those same Pharisees, you remember, almost worshipped the Book in which it was said, "My word runneth very swiftly," and then immediately added, "He giveth snow like

wool"—a very natural phenomenon. "He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes" (in the present tense). "He casteth forth His ice like morsels, He sendeth out His word and melteth them." What we would call now natural law, included in the expression "the word of God." We would say it was radiant energy, or more simply, heat; but the psalmist said it was God. And so do I. Or, "Thou who clothest Thyself with light as with a garment; Who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain; Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; Who maketh the clouds his chariot; Who walketh upon the wings of the wind." When I, as a child, saw Him in the clouds and felt Him in the winds, in the pine



DR. J. L. KESLER

trees, I was not so far wrong. "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man." Why, His springs "run among the hills." I saw some of them this morning. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap (you notice I am quoting); the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted." Or, if it were here, He would probably say, "That oak in front of this building or those tall black gums or the maple yonder." He is in nature manifesting Himself.

"Thou makest darkness, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God," "That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit (in the present tense), they

\*Report of an address delivered at the Southern Summer School for Social Service and Christian Workers, Blue Ridge, North Carolina, August 13, 1922. Dr. Kesler is the professor of religious education in the Southern College of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Nashville.

are created (just as they are created now), and thou renewest the face of the earth." It is God. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou created them all; the earth is full of thy riches." "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth (earthquakes); he toucheth the hills, and they smoke (volcanoes). I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord."

Yes, to one who does not worship a detached God, One Who rules the world by a foreign policy, to such a one, how his own heart sings and is glad as he finds God at hand, resident in his own hills, walking with him as he climbs and feels His presence there and yonder and here.—How can we keep Him with us? I am reminded of Sam Walter Foss' two boys.

"A boy was born to little things,  
Between a little earth and sky;  
He dreamed not of the cosmic rings  
Round which the circling planets fly.

"He lived and worked with little thoughts.  
Where little ventures grow and plod;  
He paced and plowed his little plots,  
And prayed unto his little God.

"And as the mighty system grew,  
His faith grew faint with many scars;  
The cosmos widened in his view,  
But God was lost among his stars.

"Another boy in lowly days  
As he, to little things, was born;  
He gathered lore in woodland ways,  
And from the glory of the morn.

"As wider skies broke on his view,  
God greatened in his growing mind;  
Each day he dreamed his God anew,  
And left his older God behind.

"He saw the boundless scheme dilate,  
In star and blossom, sky and clod;  
And as the universe grew great,  
He dreamed for it a greater God."

I think, too, of what Wordsworth said:

"One impulse from the vernal wood  
May teach us more of man,  
More of evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can."

God is in the hills and God still speaks to listening hearts here and now.

I think of that pathetic verse that I used to quote to myself so often, of Thomas Hood (wasn't it?):

"I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.

"It was a childish innocence,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I am farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy."

We are not farther off from heaven than when we were boys if we keep with us the consciousness of the presence of God, Who is here, resident and immanent in all of His works. I think it is a pity that we have neglected this source of the understanding of God. If we take Paul for our guide, we would think it was a splendid place to build a theological seminary out here in the wild hills. He was talking in that first chapter of Romans, you know, about the turpitude of these pagan peoples, and after speaking of their moral relationships, he says that they are entirely without excuse for all their unrighteousness. "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them (covering the whole field); for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." And we have gone on all these centuries and neglected it. I remember a man saying that none of these things could be found in nature. I believe they can, and believing it, I dare to worship Him yonder under His first temples, conscious of His presence in His world, not far away from any one of us.

The greatest crime of the Middle Ages was excommunicating God from His World. To them these natural bodies were vile and they used all sorts of instruments to harry our bodies into poverty and weakness, so that they might gain a larger measure of divine presence. Not only our bodies were vile, but matter was brute—dividing God's world against itself—and the worst thing that could be said about anything was to say that it belonged to time and sense. And science was submerged for ten (as Carlyle calls them) "charlatan centuries," and people did strange things in the name of an absent Jehovah in those ages of darkness. Discreditable—both to the children and the Father—but we are beginning to wake up to a little sanity and to come around again to the consciousness of these two united hemispheres in the one whole house of Jehovah, present as much in matter as in spirit—

the one God, present and beneficent. We are beginning to welcome Browning when he says:

“Let us not always say,  
 ‘Spite of this flesh today  
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole.”

“As the bird wings and sings,  
 Let us cry, ‘All good things  
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh  
 helps soul.’”

To get God’s world together and let it minister to us in its totality and to be one with Him in all His creation, this is the problem of life.

Yes, we are beginning to come to this noble point of view: an exchange of the “absentee God sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath” (as Carlyle puts it), for the God at hand, for the immanent God, for the God in Whom all things consist, “closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet.” “For of Him and through Him and to Him,” as Paul says, “are all things.” He is in the midst of the fleet molecules in rock and stalwart tree. He is the affinity of the atoms, and He holds his planets in their spheres by gravitation alone. It is all the manifestation of Him. I would not want to lose Him from His world, because I am afraid I

would lose Him altogether. There is the chemist, and for the veriest tyro, who throws his mint of potassium on the water, it breaks in purple flame as beautiful and as divine as did the fires in the water ditches around the prophet’s sacrifice on Mount Carmel. There is your oxygen and hydrogen, passive and safe, mixed together in the laboratory. Touch them with but a spark, an explosion, a flash of fire, a miracle, a new form of matter—water. It is God. Touch this building here, which to some of us stands in the midst of the mountains like a shrine to Jehovah, with but a match and for a little while the great red flames will lick the air, and then all this weight of timber will recline on evanescent wings in the invisible sky—chemical affinities settled into a higher stability, with just a little ash left behind, and energy enough released to carry an engine half around the world. It is God. There shines the sun on the green grass—hot; it vibrates there a moment and is locked in potential molecule that in the new mown hay fills the evening air with fragrance. After awhile touch it with a spark of fire, and it gives back the energy of the sun. There is the miracle of photosynthesis, light building, making the food for all who live or have lived. In that green grass that we fain would rub our dirty feet upon, or the green slime we loathe, the miracle of miracles sweeps divinely on. In everything that lives or breathes or crawls there comes the message that



Robert E. Lee Hall

THE CENTRAL AND MAIN BUILDING ON THE BLUE RIDGE GROUNDS

nature is divine, the work and expression of His divinity Who is the Maker and Ruler of all.

We always say that only God can raise the dead, that whoever does this miracle has given full proof of his divinity. At least I've always heard it so and take it to be true. And yet, wherever there is a living cell, that miracle is constantly going on. Dead matter sweeps in from without and climbs the dizzy stairway, step by step, to more and more complex labile chemical compounds, until at last it slips across that invisible border between the dead and the living into life, and there it trembles a moment in the high ecstasy of living, and back again to dust and death. It is God. I can not do without God in my thinking, or in my feeling, when I face the sunlight there and its marvels of work and life; nor can I do without Him when I face the inner chemistry of the stream of protoplasm forever renewing itself from the mystic forces of inanimate nature.

Watching through the microscope the nettle hair, the algal nitella, or one of the plume-like staminal fringes of the spiderwort's blue flower, so beautiful here in the mountains, we see, as many of us have seen with strange wonder and elevation of heart, the surge and storm of flowing protoplasm, as if it were restless under its narrow boundaries. But these are not the only places we find it. It is everywhere, in bud and leaf and tree. Standing out under the forest trees this morning I thought I could almost hear what Huxley described in such beautiful terms, when he says: "In all these myriads of cells in the forest trees, if our ears were atuned to those tiny maelstroms, we would be stunned as with the roar of a great city." It is God.

Or, as I pull some lichen thallus from tree or stone here on the mountain side in all their varied colors, I remember that there are two distinct plants in each, little mold filaments joined with some green alga cells, united into one life—an old-time marriage. Who knit those bonds together? There are eight hundred species of them, each one as distinct as that chestnut oak there, in these hills. What shall the answer be to intelligence? I think we will have to say that it is the power that manifests Himself everywhere in the universe—science has said "*uni*-verse," *One*, and I think science is right. We have in this mystery and complexity the manifestation of one God, a unity and divinity.

Some of you have been showing me Indian Pipes; the little boys, particularly, have been bringing them to me. I saw some yesterday. They had been in the old-time habit of living a complete life, a co-operative life, of sun and air in the synthesis of light upon the green; then they got the bad habit of profiteering, and they have lost their photosynthetic power of independent direction and control of the sources of their energy, and now they are dependent upon their lowly mold help-

ers in their parasitic decrepitude. They have lost the power they would not use, even as you and I.

All this wealth of forest here and everywhere around this globe has also the co-operative life with unseen mold helpers, out of sight enmeshed about their little root hairs there underground, busy in a service to one another, and mutual sacrifice. Not once for the world, and not for one kind or species only, but everywhere God has shown his method of united and co-operative service, and when the sacrifice is mutual we have that symbiotic relation that reveals the whole method of life. Even in the body alone and with alien helpers such as these are the processes of God revealed. If those little mold-helpers should disappear, all the wealth of forests of all this earth would disappear also. Or, come back to ourselves—we have a hundred or a thousand chances a day for death's swift scythe to cut us down and carry us to our graves, but somehow we are so made that we protect ourselves against the invading toxins by manufacturing the antitoxins of our security. Or if the bacteria put up their residence there and die and disintegrate within the tissues, we immediately manufacture bactericides that depopulate the invaders, or else by some strange miracle affect the invading army of germs so that they become delicious morsels for the phagocytes that stream in in great armies to devour them literally; and we are safe.

Suppose I turn from these, as Emerson reminds us, to the wide world, and say, "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown? But every night come out these envoys of beauty and light the universe with their admonishing smile." What do we do? We make them commonplace and pass them by, forgetting—and God is far away.

I have a notion to quote that little doggerel of the "Fish and the Lark," written by Dr. Minot J. Savage, which I quoted here once before. I want some of you to hear it; if you have never heard it, it will bring you a suggestion that you will not want to miss.

"Where is the sea?" the fishes cried,

As they swam the crystal waters through.

"We have heard from of old of the ocean wide,

And we long to see the waters blue."

Where is the sea?

"A lark flew up on the morning bright,

And poised, and sang on sunny wings;

And this was its song:

"I see the light, I look on a world of beautiful things,"

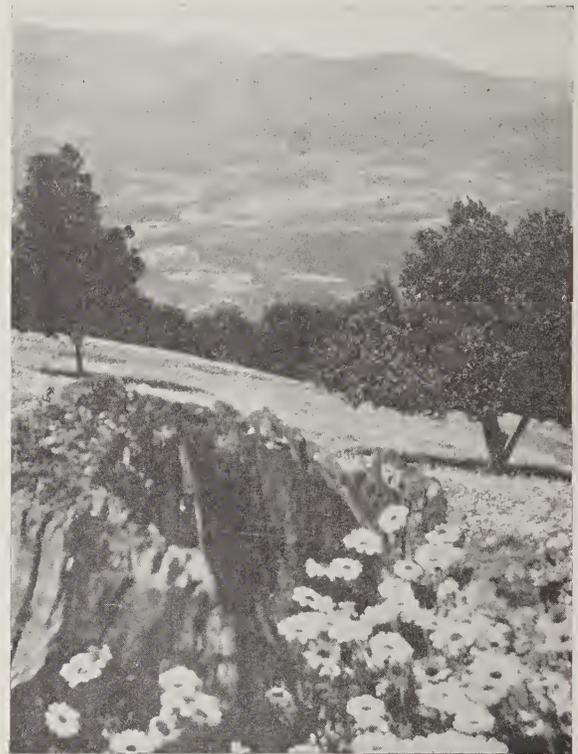
But where is the air?

Like the fish in the sea and the bird in the air we live and move and have our being in God, and go saying, Where is God? when He is not far away from any one of us—here in the hills, in all the things that are.

One other remark and I am done. I wanted to remind ourselves that all these things from slime mold to man are God's handiwork, His children, and they live in our parish, our divine brothers. Let no man cast a look of scorn or a word of depreciation on any of the divine work which God has made. It were well if we should see that vision of Peter on the housetop once more and learn the lesson even better than he learned it. "What I have cleansed, call not thou common or unclean." I remember ten or fifteen years ago I was out in my garden right early in the morning and I saw one of these splendid running spiders, black and gray, with a great bag of eggs in a silk cocoon attached to the posterior end of it, and I said, "What a splendid specimen for my laboratory!" I ran in and got a bottle about a third full of formalin. I cornered her, and she seeing the opening dashed into the bottle as a way of escape, but feeling the acrid reaction of the drug inside she dashed out again. As she dashed out the egg sac broke loose and fell off. She ran almost a foot away before she discovered the loss, and then she retreated and dashed into the bottle and died with her progeny. I could never describe to you the strangeness of that moment—how I felt it! She had sacrificed her life for her potential progeny! Is mother-love vile because a spider has it? or, shall we see in this wider invasion of mother-love a greater universality of the instinctive goodness in the universe? Isn't it strange?

Let me tell you another story that I have told before. If anybody has not heard it, he will want to hear it. I suspect most of you have heard it—that of the old Catholic priest traveling in the mountains when he was eighty or ninety years old, and a traveling man, who had seen him a number of times at the hotel, at last ventured to ask him the question: "Why is it that you are traveling about the world at your age when most men are staying quietly at home waiting for sundown?" He said, "I will tell you. I had a dream. I dreamed that I died and went to heaven; and when I got there and knocked at the door, Peter opened it, and God took me by the hand and said, 'How did you like that good world I gave you?' I was silent. I had nothing to say. I had never seen it. I woke up. I thought of the forty years I had been preaching of the beauty of the world to come, and I determined to see something of God's good world that he had given me capacity to see, to enjoy and to use, before I died." Isn't it strange that one who thinks of the beauty of the world to come in which God dwells should neglect the beauty of this in which He dwells also? Isn't it strange that one who is to

preach the miracle of the new birth should know nothing of the natural birth, its representative? Isn't it strange that one proclaims the love of Jehovah and will look at none of His craftsmanship in His magnificent art, in His world of miracles in the laboratory and field? It reminds me of what I saw in the Sistine Chapel, a man reading some biography of Michael Angelo, who never stopped to look up at the divine touch of the artist on those divine ceilings. It seems strange that men walk about the world and proclaim the love of its Maker, and yet look upon and admire



FROM BROWN'S PASTURE ON BLUE RIDGE GROUNDS

nothing that He has made! It is a tragedy. I do not think I have brought you what I wanted to bring you this morning, a consciousness of God in His world, but if we let even a grain of yeast have its natural function within us, we shall yet grow intimate in our comradeship with Him in these hills.

"O blind, blind seeker to the primal cell,  
Tracing this Spirit with the dissecting knife,  
Dost thou not hear in every passing bell,  
In pain and darkness, in sin and doubt and strife,  
The voice that breathes through heaven and earth  
and hell,  
Sun, moon and farthest star: 'I am the life'?"

## Equipment for the New World Challenge\*

DR. W. L. POTEAT



THE new world which is rapidly forming about us belongs to the young. Its inheritance of dissolving traditions with the new times of freedom into which they will be recomposed, the control of the transition and the leadership and administration of the new order—the very traits and capacities of youth impose upon it these responsibilities. In the first place, the mind of the youth is too young to be preoccupied with the past; it is not closed and set; it is open, receptive and adaptable. The native boldness of youth has not been disciplined by the feet. The enthusiasm of youth have not been cooled by experience. The energy of youth is unjaded. Its adventurous spirit is ready for any task on any path into the opening future. To be young now is to be the favorite of Providence; to be young and enlightened now is very happiness; to be young and Christian *now* is inspiration.

### THE CHALLENGE

May I dare to suggest the challenge of the situation and ask about your equipment to meet it? I referred a moment ago to the new world, but at the bottom the world today is the same old world, a general mix-up of personalities and classes and nations, mainly bent upon their own interests and having the same capacity and needs and aspirations. What is new about the present world situation concerns itself mainly with the externals of life, with its machinery and apparatus, not with life itself. And yet I think that we may say that there are at least three new things about the world, coming to it or already arrived. One is the scientific attitude. Another is democracy with a sense of the obligations and responsibilities of brotherhood and good will. And the third is the growing spirit of internationalism. I think that your challenge will lie mainly in these fields as your opportunity of service will relate itself primarily to these great conceptions. Of course, I do not presume to speak to you about your professional career. Only let me hope that you will not let religion get lost in the gymnasium. The very variety of provision which you make for the varied needs of young men is at once your pride and your peril. I am thinking rather of your opportunity to preserve and set forward higher values of human life, to promote and guide public opinion in support of the cause of righteousness in all human relations.

I think of you as a sort of priesthood of the new

order. Now what is the priest? I remember to have read in an ancient writing, "The word of the Lord came to Ezekiel, the priest." A priest, as I conceive him, stands for God amidst the mystery and pain, the sin and sorrow of the world. In an intimate and solely personal relationship he is utterly trusted, and in a sacred confessional with deep and ever hopeful compassion shares the burden of broken hearts. There is a place for your service. The priest shares also the distress of confused and defeated minds. O the eagerness of the early inquiry! O the wonders that flashed in the microscope and telescope and spectroscope and dynamo, the wide vision and inspiration of evolution, and over all looms the figure of law, somber, gigantic, cold, inexorable. When the young explorer pauses for breath in his search into the science of the time, he remembers home, the church, the religious beliefs which took shape in the old horizon, and is bewildered; and unless a prompt and steady hand is stretched out to him in this darkness and doubt, he is in danger of being lost. . . . Are you able to be a priest to him then and, in the gracious ministry of pouring the essentials of the old faith into the new moulds, compose his discord?

There is more general mediation that is open to you. The truth of Christ needs to be mediated for a period that has been emancipated by science, and that is self-contained and independent by the growth of democracy. You must show to scientific complacency that the word of Christ is endowed with a perpetual contemporaneity, that Christianity is workable, that the law of the Cross lurks in the heart of nature; that the Sermon on the Mount is practical on the plains and not a mere ideal to guide our vague aspirings. It is rather the way of life, the only sure method for the settlement of personal and national problems. I assure you that no range of intellectual interest, no breadth of intellectual horizon will come amiss to a man who has this high mediation to discharge?

Again I suggest that the economic system of the time shows some tendency to disintegration under the impact of the Christian spirit. It will be yours to forestall the outbreak of the anarchy that boils in the heart of it, to enthrone humanity and fraternity and justice in all the relationships of the industrial order. Have you the large and liberal mind, that practical wisdom which we call tact, for this high ministry?

One of the fine things about the Young Men's Christian Association to my mind is its international fellowship. It serves over national boundaries among all racial groups. What an opportunity to break the back

\*Commencement address in part, given before Southern College of the Young Men's Christian Associations, Blue Ridge, N. C., August 29, 1922.

of the god of war, to dispel the factitious flames of the military career.

War brings out some glorious qualities of the human nature, but war itself is never glorious. It will be yours to assist in the correction of an atmosphere in which the repetition of the folly and crime of 1914 will be an impossibility. And do try to help our dishonored country back into respectability and to fellowship with the organized intelligence and conscience of the world.

#### THE EQUIPMENT

Now I will say something to you about equipment. You are to work at foundations of the new social order which Christ inaugurated two thousand years ago under the name of the Kingdom of God. That great design is far from being accomplished and in the course of the long, sad centuries it has come into our hands. We shall not be true to the Master of our Souls if we do not consecrate to it all our resources of body and mind and soul and bring to it an equipment that reaches the last limit of possibility. Your real equipment is but just begun. It is to be enriched by experience. You are to live in the world if you are to save the world and remember that this world moves, and the man who proposes to modify it in the name of humanity and of God has got to keep up with it, and maintain a vital and adequate contact with the task which he has undertaken. Be on guard against the canker of professionalism. Be professional, but do not

let anybody know it. The mind that does not grow has already begun to die. Even extraordinary minds need to be fertilized by the great minds of all time. Read great books and love people. Establish outposts, if you can, in every sphere of intellectual achievement and do not be afraid to look into any dark corner, or walk on any of the far-looking heights of God's universe, for you will find Him everywhere in proportion to the range and penetration of your vision. And finding Him, keep to the shelter of His companionship, and I think you will discover the burden which He imposes to be your strength, the struggle your triumph. Bow to the sovereignty of truth from whatever quarter her great eyes look down upon you.

Out of the laboratories of the world, where skilled fingers and keen eyes pick reverently a little path of light into the mystery which envelopes our life she comes to say, "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen in the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

I am so glad that the final stage of your formal equipment has been completed in this lovely spot. While you have been rounding out your science and your sociology, I hope you have met God afresh, in a new intimacy of apprehension and fellowship in the mystery and the beauty and the peace of these hills, in a way that will confirm your consecration to the realization of His will among men.

An important part of your equipment for the great



SUNSET HOUR IN THE BLUE RIDGE

life career before you is confidence in the conquering Friend of man, confidence that His dream of a regenerate human society is one of reality, that He will see the travail of His soul through all of the centuries and be satisfied. Doubt anything, but never doubt Him. By the burdens He has lifted, by the fetters He has broken, by the doors He has opened, by the rising levels of human life wherever He has walked among men, by the hopes which He kindled in His own dark time, breaking through these centuries to this hour, His dream is coming true. One can see the kings and the nations of the earth bringing their glory unto Him, and in moments of a lofty clairvoyance may not one hear what seems to be the great voices in heaven saying, "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ, and He shall reign forever and forever?"

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#### A WORD FROM CHINA

Several days ago, a letter inclosing a two dollar bill came from Miss Rankin, asking us to continue her name on our subscription list for two years. Along with it came the lines which we are printing. If you do not know Miss Rankin you will be interested in this short sketch prepared by Dr. O. E. Brown.

"I had seen, I had not heard—  
There was no form, there was no word,  
Yet when I crossed the little bridge  
I felt the "Spirit of Blue Ridge."  
July, 1921.

"Class work and sunset song soon brought  
The rest and inspiration sought—

In China, now, my friends rejoice  
To read with me the BLUE RIDGE VOICE."  
October, 1922.

"Miss Lockie Rankin is a pioneer missionary of China, of the Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South. She was placed in charge of a mission school in Shanghai, China, in 1878, even before the organization of the Woman's Missionary Society, but at the organization of that society she was immediately adopted as the first representative of the society in its work abroad. Since that early day, Miss Rankin has been working most faithfully in China, taking very few vacations from her work and putting her whole life and thought and energy in the school work at various centers in the territory occupied by the Southern Methodist Mission.

"Miss Rankin has lived so long and so completely with the Chinese that she understands them as few people do, and thinks in Chinese as very few of our missionaries can, and speaks the Chinese language with great readiness. After having spent her long years of service in the educational work of China, she is now in charge of the Social Center Work in Huchow, China. Age has not told upon the spirit of Miss Rankin, and she is enabled to make an attractive home center in that far non-Christian city. In her recent furlough, she very greatly enjoyed a few days at Blue Ridge. Her visit will assuredly not be forgotten by the many friends who were privileged to enjoy Christian fellowship with her in the Missionary Education meeting at Blue Ridge. It is a pleasure to find also that Miss Rankin has not forgotten Blue Ridge. Miss Rankin is a native of Tennessee, regarding Milan, Tennessee, as her home town in America."

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#### NEW YEAR'S GREETING

"New strength, new courage, new hopes and aspirations;  
New aims and purposes, new consecrations;  
New opportunities, new trusts for sacred keeping;  
New possibilities, new fields for future reaping;  
New realms of thought, new breadth of mental vision;  
New need for earnestness and prompt decision;  
New duties, joys and sorrows, new partings, and new meetings;  
All these and more come with our New Year's greetings.

"Another year is but another call of God  
To do some deed undone and duty we forget;  
To think some wider thought of work for God;  
To see and love with kindlier eye and warmer heart,  
Until acquainted more with him and keener-eyed  
To sense the need of souls—we serve  
With larger sacrifice and readier hand mankind."

THE BRAVEST AND THE TENDEREST  
(Continued from page 6.)

"Alas! poor soldier! May God make soft your dying pillow!"

At the door of his home, having given alms to a poorly clad man begging aid, he pointed to his retiring form and said to one near him, "That is one of our old

soldiers now in necessitous circumstances. He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now."

Crossing the Pennsylvania line with his army he announced, "We make war only upon armed men," and on one occasion, in the presence of his soldiers, dismounted and put up a farmer's rail fence which they had torn down.

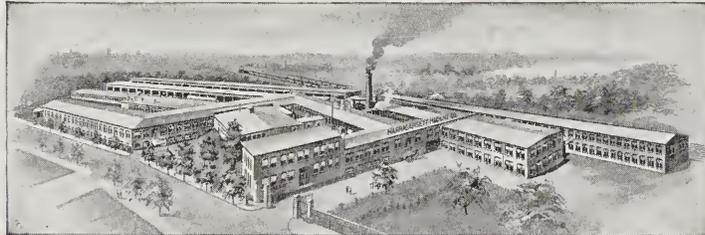
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