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Funeral Services of Dr. Wm. Royall at Wake Forest College, Jan. 5th, 1893.

After devotional exercises conducted by Elders N. B. Cobb, J. B. Boone, and Columbus Durham, and the reading of selections of Scriptures by the pastor, Elder W. R. Gwaltney, the latter said in substance:

How the life that is now closed could have been better or more faithfully spent, those of us who have known Dr. Royall for more than thirty years cannot possibly see. Nothing but circumstances entirely beyond his control could keep him from the performance of any duty, great or small. In Board meetings, in committee meetings, in faculty meetings, in meetings with the young preachers on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons, giving them instruction in the word of God, in church meetings, in prayer-meetings, and in all the Sunday services, he was present, ready to do earnestly his part. The weather and other causes of absence to many who are young and stronger were no causes of absence to him. His presence and help could always be relied on. I never knew one who seemed to have so much relief for his work and for all his work. Ever since I came to this place, it has been a mystery to me to see the amount of work he could do. How he could do so much and be always promptly at the place and time for its performance, I could not understand. How he could have spent a day or an hour more faithfully or more usefully, I cannot see. It would seem impossible for an observer of his daily life to idle away his time or to waste his opportunities. His life was a standing rebuke to any one recreant to duty. He ever set the Lord before him, and in everything he sought the approbation of his eye. Last spring, when we were holding the funeral services of Mr. Lowery, he said, "If I knew that the Lord would come this evening, I would not change my course, but would go on with my work as I am doing it to day." And in Savannah, last Sunday, he said to Mrs. Landrum, "If I knew that the judgment would come this evening, I should not change my course." He said on Monday evening, the day before his death, "It has always been a mystery to me that there should be in the Episcopal Prayer Book a prayer to be delivered from sudden death, for if it should be the Lord's will, no manner of death could be so desirable." I never knew one who seemed to be so ripe for heaven. I never came into his presence without feeling a desire to be a meeker and a better man. When I heard of his death, I thought of the twenty-fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Genesis, "Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him." Our loss in this death is great, is irreparable, but our earnest prayer is that the death of him whose life has been such a benediction may be greatly blessed to us all, and we are persuaded that our prayer is not without faith.

Dr. John Mitchell said:

The dear brother whose remains lie before us, was one of the purest and best men I have ever known. He was my friend, and I thank God for such a friend.

I had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time in Greenville, S. C., in 1854. Was intimately associated with him in Furman University, and learned to love him as a friend and brother, and to esteem him very highly for his work's sake. He was a fine teacher, popular, cultivated, wise, winning, and apt to teach. His scholarship was accurate and extensive. He was a born teacher.

His gentleness made him great. He was a christian philosopher. To me he was an unusually fine preacher. In November, 1855, he was with me in a meeting of days at Ebenezer church, in Greenville, S. C., and for two weeks, day and night, preached the word with great earnestness and power, and with great acceptance. The people flocked to hear him, and many souls were converted. The little church of twenty-three members a little more than trebled its membership, having received forty-seven new members.

Dr. Royall was a devout christian, a man of large faith, and zealous for the truth.

Like Enoch "he walked with God; and was not, for God took him."

PROF. MILLS SPOKE OF HIS CAREER AT WAKE FOREST.

Dr. William Royall came to Wake Forest in January, 1860, as professor of Latin and German. At that time the methods of instruction in our colleges generally were mechanical and unphilosophical to an extent hard to conceive of at this day. And this was especially true in the department of ancient languages. Dr. Royall's method of teaching was analytical, logical and philosophical, and created great enthusiasm in his own department. Its stimulating and quickening influence was felt by the entire college.

When he came to Wake Forest, the class of 1861 had read the course of Latin laid down in the catalogue, but by special arrangement we read under him the Satires of Juvenal, Persius, and Horace's Art of Poetry. Under his guidance, Latin became a new thing and the reading of Latin poetry a delightful and profitable exercise. Stimulated by his teaching, I read with much pleasure Ovid and the Odes of Horace while in the Confederate army in 1862 and '63.

In those days we began college work at daylight and continued it through the forenoon, and with a brief interval at noon, through the afternoon to about four o'clock. This did not give Dr. Royall enough time for work. He taught German at night. Besides, he gave his Saturdays and Sundays to preaching. He was in the prime of manhood and was the most enthusiastic and persistent worker I have ever known. "In labors more abundant."

In 1861 he published a valuable book of about one hundred pages, "Analysis of the Latin Cases." After it came from the press, he found that the same ground was about covered by a larger and fuller work on the same subject published about the same time. Hence he made no effort to push the circulation of his own book.

In January, 1867, the work of the College was resumed by Drs. W. M. Wingate, Wm. Royall, and Professors W. G. Simmons, W. B. Royall, and L. R. Mills. To Dr. Royall more than to any other man is due the organization of the course of study into schools instead of the curriculum.

He left Wake Forest in 1870 and organized the Raleigh Female Seminary. A few years afterwards he moved to Louisville, and thence on account of failing health, he went to Texas. His health was restored, and he returned to Wake Forest as Professor of Modern Languages in June, 1880.

REMARKS OF PROF. LANNEAU.

We think of the man who animated and glorified the now cold body within this casket. My acquaintance with him was begun thirty-six years ago in South Carolina, his native State, and mine.

A stripling, just graduated from the Citadel in Charleston, I was invited to Furman University to serve as tutor of mathematics. Among the noble men of the faculty who kindly welcomed and encouraged me in my untrod work was Prof. Royall.

In our frequent faculty meetings his gentle firmness and wise views were always inspiring and strengthening. He was then in the vigor of early manhood, and had already developed his rare power of masterful analysis, so essential to the true teacher.

I give a single suggestive incident: To supplement my own training, which had been mainly scientific, I took a private course in Greek under the incomparable teacher of that most perfect language, Prof. P. C. Edwards, whose mantle seems to have fallen on his then eager pupil who now so ably fills the Chair of Greek in this College.

While pursuing my studies under the lamented Edwards, I was wonderfully assisted by a compact, thoroughly digested epitome of the essentials of Greek grammar, which had been skillfully wrought out by Professor Royall, and published for the use of his own academic classes. It threw a flood of light on Kuhner, the standard authority then.

Towards the close of our three years' association in the University, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was founded in Greenville. Then came the days of Greenville's phenomenal pulpit power, when men were moved by John A. Broadus and William Williams, the Apollos, and Jas. C. Furman, who was to South Carolina what the persuasive Wingate was to this State. At such a time even, and in such association, Doctor Royall commanded admiration as a preacher of great power.

In 1860 our paths parted; widely separated for thirty years, when, most gratefully to me, they met again in our pleasant association here. So had he impressed me that in all these years he stood out prominently before my mind's eye as a stimulus to duty. Many men fade from one's recollection. But who that once knew Dr. Royall will ever forget him!

The gentle-voiced, sweetly dignified man as we all knew him in the golden autumn of his life, such was he in the days when he gathered his friends in the pleasant home on the bank of quiet Reedy river, when these sorrowing sons and daughters were, for the most part, prattling children. They must needs mourn their measureless loss which is his incomparable gain.

He lived to serve. "Having served his generation, by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

DR. ROYALL AS A PREACHER.

Prof. W. L. Potot said as follows: Shortly before his death, the eminent English historian, J. R. Green, said, "I

know what men will say of me—he died learning." Nothing now occurs to me more characteristic of Dr. Royall. Next to his love of Christ, his master passion was love of truth. Indeed, I doubt whether in his own thought he distinguished between the two. He was deeply enamored of truth and pursued it with unabated zeal to the day of his death—pursued it in health and in sickness, by all methods and into every hiding-place. A year or so ago he said to me, "I feel the necessity of study now that I am old more than ever before; for," said he with a smile that already anticipated the joy of the heavenly quest, "the more I can find out here, the higher up I shall start in the University above."

His mind was of the logical order, with a power of analysis and insight surpassing that of any man whom it has been my privilege to know. He remarked to me incidentally, not many weeks since, that he had some trouble in recalling names and dates and isolated facts, but that he never forgot a line of reasoning that he had once mastered. But there was nothing uncompromising and cold in his rational method. On the contrary, overspreading the course of the most exacting argument there was the play of a generous glow of feeling which allured the less gifted and somehow seemed to make them sharers in the investigation and in the triumph of the conclusion. In all my association with him, the moments most precious in my memory now are those in which in private conversation he allowed me to follow him as he moved cautiously about the roots of being, or discussed profoundly and reverently the personality of God and the conditions of the soul's untrammelled existence. Such deep themes seemed ever in his thought. The freedom and the confidence of these disclosures of his inmost mind I shall always treasure with gratitude.

It could not be otherwise that such a combination of qualities and powers should produce a great preacher. Though not conspicuous in some of the lighter accomplishments of the popular orator, which are of small worth as compared with clearness and grasp of intellect, he never failed to grapple my attention, to instruct me profoundly, and to stimulate me intellectually and spiritually. Every text which he treated wears for me now a new complexion, more satisfying, more beautiful, more luminous. His method was conversational—ever the most effective. With steps not too rapid, he went straight to the heart of the text and laid it open. His illustrations, which always illustrated, were drawn for the most part either from his wonderfully rich experience or from the realm of science. He studied science sympathetically and unremittingly in all its branches, and mainly, I believe, for the light it might throw on the truth of God. No man was ever more loyal to the Bible, but he was not shut up in a particular view of it, inaccessible to new truth. He was on the alert for fresh light to break upon it from the revelations of the physical universe. Not content with a superficial and mechanical harmony of the facts of science and the Divine truth, he sought the true harmony, which is fundamental and vital. And herein lay the stimulating suggestiveness of his preaching. Not long ago he told me he was trying to discover what Jesus meant, when he said, "I am the light of the world." "For six months," said he, "I have been reading all I can find in the Library on the subject of light—Tyndall's Lectures, Roscoe's Spectrum Analysis, etc.—but I can't preach on that text yet."

The last sermon which I heard from him, that of thanksgiving day, on the text, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee," was a typical one. After briefly setting forth the delights of public worship, he advanced to his main point, which contemplated the kingdom of God as a watch tower, a point of observation, from which the facts of individual and of universal experience might be seen in their proper perspective and relation. In this elevated position he was a cordial optimist, and saw how the progress of science, the discord of the industrial world, the sifting of Biblical criticism, and the ambitions of evil men were but factors in the growing good of the world, converging upon the consummation of the kingdom of God.

I do not think of Dr. Royall as dead. I think of him, in an unbroken life, with the same tastes that controlled him here, pursuing his studies of the Divine mysteries in the University of God, where all is light. And in God's own time I would fain follow him there.

THE STUDENT'S VIEW OF DR. ROYALL.

Bro. I. T. Newton, in behalf of the students, spoke as follows: In speaking of Dr. Royall, it remains for me, as a student, to speak of his life as we (the students) saw it.

First, in his work in the class-room, he never seemed to desire to make the impression upon us that he had a great store of knowledge from which he would give us a bit here and there as we were able to receive it, but he seemed to come among us as our brother, yes, if I may say it, our servant. And here his christian character seemed to manifest itself as clearly as at any point; for he seemed in this way to be seeking to follow Christ, who said of himself, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." As has already been said of him, he continued to seek after knowledge himself, and at the same time helped us in our efforts to higher attainments. If I may so illustrate it, he seemed to be reaching out

with one hand for more and yet more, and with the other to be taking hold of us to assist us to his own level.

Again, in his government of the class, he did not control by the exercise of his authority as a professor of the institution. Surely he could have done this as well as any man, and his superior reputation and scholarship would have given him a greater right to have done so, but he did not rule in this way. His great heart, full of love and interest to all, gave him control of those under his care.

He also manifested a special interest in the young ministers. We all felt as free to go to him and seek advice as to our own fathers. There was a glow of sunshine always about him which seemed to invite us near. On Sunday evenings he met a class of young ministers to which he gave instruction from texts of Scripture, and otherwise looking to their assistance in future work. A few days before his departure he was heard to remark that he enjoyed his Sunday evening class more than all the other work of the week.

I cannot help thinking of this institution as being a family in which there are larger and smaller children. When the father of a family is called away, the larger children, realizing their responsibility, may bear it better; but the little children do not see how they will get along without him. So we, as the little children of this institution, do not just now see how we can do without the influence of this man. True, there are others whose influence over us will be good, but all men are not alike, and we will greatly miss the special influence which his life had upon us. It seems to me that, if I had been standing by him when his spirit was called away, I would have felt like saying, in the language of Elisha, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." I esteem it a privilege to pay this tribute to the memory of him whom we not only respected and honored, but whom, in our inmost hearts, we sincerely loved.

The subject allotted to President Taylor was,

DOCTOR ROYALL AS A TEACHER.

He spoke as follows: How can one speak briefly, as I must, and yet adequately, of the great educator who is gone from among us? That he was a great educator, no one can question. If a list of the foremost teachers that the South has produced should be made, his name would stand very high upon the roll. Long before I had ever met him, I had come to associate together the names of Hooper and Royall and Curtis, a triumvirate of scholars who ennobled, especially among Southern Baptists, the calling and work of a true teacher.

Time is allowed me to do little more than mention just a few of the reasons of this pre-eminence.

1. He was thoroughly equipped for his work. Few, I imagine, have any idea how broad and accurate were his attainments. In his early life in Charleston, as I have reason to know, he memorized many of the Odes of Horace and passages from other Latin and Greek authors. His college training was received under the great and good Dr. Thornwell, who was in the South what Dr. Wayland was in the North. Those who knew Dr. Royall not only saw in him a type of an old-fashioned Southern gentleman, but also a representative of the best liberal culture of a time when learning had not become so specialized as it is now.

2. In all his work as a teacher, he never forgot that he was a preacher of the gospel. I well remember that at a time when my own mind was agitated by the question of going into the pastorate or of occupying a professor's chair, he presented with clearness and force the considerations which had led him, while a preacher, to give so much of his life to the instruction of the young. And those who know how he impressed himself, or rather, the Christ that was in him, upon others, and what large service he rendered in helping to prepare others to preach more effectively, can never doubt the wisdom of his course.

3. His faithfulness. He was at all times ready to undertake even more than his just share to be done, and when he had undertaken it, he did it, not perfunctorily, but with all his heart. Not infrequently have I seen him on his way to his recitation room when I did not believe that he was well enough to leave his fireside.

4. He commanded the respect of all who studied under him. No one could take liberties with him. He was always easy of approach to those who needed his counsel or assistance, but there was a dignity in his bearing which repelled unwarranted intrusion. He could be genial, but was never flippant. I never knew a word or anecdote to pass his lips which would bring a blush to the cheek of modesty. And yet, while he thoroughly commanded respect, and while never sought for popularity, he was one of the most beloved of all the teachers in the State.

5. He grew to the last. He never ceased to be a student. Few men of his age have kept their minds as fresh as he did. His eyes and ears were always open, and his mind and heart receptive, for new truth or new phases of old truth. This is one reason why he was so successful a teacher, for when any man ceases to be a student and a learner, it is high time that he quit teaching. No man, as Arnold of Rugby used to say, can get a refreshing draught from a stagnant pool. Dr. Royall brought into his lecture-room and into the pulpit a mind freshened by constant activity and laden with the spoils of recent acquisition. Such men never grow old; they never wear out.

It is with sadness—not for him but for

ourselves—that I contemplate the vacancy that has been made in our number. Whither shall we go to find such another man? We might possibly find one of as deep piety, though that were hard to do. We may find some specialist who can carry as well the work of his school. There may be others who can preach with as much freshness and fullness and unction as he. But where shall we find one man who is a scholar, a student, a teacher, a preacher, a christian, and a man, can take his place?

After the conclusion of the exercises in Memorial Hall, the long procession wended its way to the cemetery, where Wingate and Wait and Brooks and Walters and Simmons sleep. There by loving hands the remains were laid to rest.

ELIZABETH BAILEY ROYALL.

Had my dear father been called upon to name the human influence that had operated most powerfully upon him, in stimulating him to all noble endeavor, in inspiring him with hopefulness and courage and patience and charity, those who know the estimate he placed upon her who walked hand in hand with him for well nigh half a century, need not be told what would have been his response. When sometimes in the course of a sermon he would draw his most telling illustration from some incident of real life, any of the family who might be present would at once recognize in the principal character the cherished one, of whom, within the hallowed precinct of home, he was wont to speak as the bravest and most self-forgetful of beings.

After her death, which occurred on July 24th, 1892, the desire being expressed by members of the family that some account of her life should be prepared for publication, he declared his purpose to do this himself so soon as he might venture to undertake it. Two or three times, when reference was made to the subject, he would simply remark that the time had not yet come. So interwoven had been their lives that the least jar still caused to bleed afresh the wounds their temporary severance had made.

My mother was born at Mount Pleasant, near Charleston, S. C., Aug. 26, 1821, and was the oldest child of Dr. Robert S. Bailey, a well known and highly esteemed physician in his day, having received his professional education in London and being a contributor to one or more of the leading medical journals of this country. She was a sister of Dr. Thomas P. Bailey, late President of the Medical Association of South Carolina.

On Oct. 12, 1843, she was married to my father. Into this union she entered with the full consent of her mind to be a preacher's wife, and never was station more faithfully, more heroically filled. Forty years ago amid the wilds of Florida, my father, often absent for weeks on the frontier as a missionary, bravely and lovingly she did her part as the help mate of the Lord's servant. Nor did one of the little ones, over whom so tenderly and faithfully and wisely she watched, ever hear from her lips a whisper of discontent at her lot in life. Her exalted conception of the preacher's calling was such as to invest that calling in the minds of her children with a wholesome sacredness and dignity, while it left untrammelled the man of God, who knew that all was well at home so far as a heart loyal to his Master and his Master's servant could make it so. Wherever duty found him, whether in the pulpit, the country school, or the professor's chair, her unwavering confidence in the integrity of his purpose rendered her an intelligent and cheerful sympathizer with him in every detail of his work. When there was no token of appreciation from others of arduous task performed, her "well done" was often to his soul as the prophecy of the Master's plaudit.

When she was taken from his side, though the ambition to fulfil his mission seemed to suffer no abatement, all desire simply to live was gone; to depart and be with Christ seemed far better.

The last two years that my mother spent on earth were in some respects the sweetest and brightest years of her life. Though paralyzed and in a measure helpless, her presence was to us all a well-spring of gladness.

"The King hath called her higher
Into his royal dome,
The trumpet tone hath sounded,
Her willing voice replied;
Now with enraptured glory,
She sitteth at his side,
Christ's perfect "blood that cleanseth"
Was all her entrance plea;
That crimson stream which floweth
Hath set her spirit free,
And, "I am trusting Jesus"
Was the keynote of her life,
She realized his power
Throughout her earthly strife."

W. B. ROYALL.

A minister in the East recently said: "My brethren, the collection will now be taken for my expenses for a trip, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive, the longer I can stay." The largest collection ever made in that church was taken, and the question now being considered is whether the size of the collection was a compliment to the preacher, or the reverse. —The Standard.

Self-knowledge is that acquaintance with ourselves which allows us what we are, and what we ought to be, in order to our living comfortably and usefully here, and happily hereafter. — Mason.