

REMINISCENCES

Biographical and Historical

RANDOLPH CLARK

FOREWORD TO THE 1986 EDITION

A second printing of the facsimile edition of Randolph Clark's *Reminiscences* seems particularly appropriate in this year of the Texas Sesquicentennial. We at Texas Christian University are mindful that we stand on the shoulders of those who preceded us. Our gratitude to them is deep and abiding.

William E. Tucker
Chancellor

REMINISCENCES

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By Randolph Clark

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RANDOLPH CLARK

Dedicated to
MY WIFE

FOREWORD

Friends have requested a number of items connected with the early history of the Disciples in Texas and with AddRan College and its founders. Soon after brother's death a number called for his biography, which would have been written by one more competent, but, for kindly considerations, the task was left for me; that is why it was never done. I thought to furnish a series of sketches that would partially answer all these demands. I decided that a few months would give sufficient time in which to compile material that would furnish some future historian, who had more time and means than I have, the data for a more exacting history; but the months passed into years and the work not done.

I find that the man who preaches eight sermons a month, answers frequent long distance calls to funerals, weddings, school addresses, and reunion occasions, and adds to this list one or two protracted meetings in the summer, and, with all, has acquired the orchard, garden and chore-boy habit, has little time for writing books. The preacher cannot afford to go before his audience with warmed over sermons, that he prepared long ago when he knew everything. The shepherd must not lead his flock to stagnant waters. He may have a mind well stored with knowledge, but he will have to study to know how to apply to the present world conditions what he has learned. And he will be surprised to find out how imperfectly he has learned things he thought he knew well. Instead of writing of the past he needs

every moment of his time to study his Bible anew, and to read the productions of the greatest thinkers of the present that he may keep his people from going war-mad—that he may preserve the patriotism of the Kingdom of Heaven. From these demands I have taken a moment now and then and penciled these sketches. I send them forth hoping they may give some moments of pleasure to the remnant of the old AddRan family and that some student of today may be helped to learn that the joy and success of life is service. This is my apology for this very imperfect production.

“Mr. Randolph.”

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CHAPTER I

J. A. CLARK

“Biography is history teaching by example,” says Bolenbroke. Channing says, “Every human being is a volume worthy to be studied;” and Quarrels makes the stronger statement, that “Each particular man is a short story of mankind, written in his own dear experience.”

The record of lives that are worthy to be kept is valuable as a guide to others passing over the same highway.

The most valuable lesson to be learned from this sketch is that with right teaching and environment, principles can be so fixed in one's being that the inclinations and tendencies will naturally be for right; that there is a law of gravitation in the intellectual and in the spiritual world, and that when the life is fixed to the right center all actions will be in harmony with God's laws, all things will fall into right relation.

The subject of this sketch had the advantage of a good start in the race of life in that he was well born. His father, Joseph Addison Clark, came from that rugged stock of pioneers who colonized North Carolina, the first of the colonies to declare their independence of kings and state religions, and who have been prompt and united in defending their liberties.

Joseph Addison Clark was born Nov. 6th, 1815. All the child-life allowed to him was spent near Columbia,

and Clarksville, Tennessee. At the age of twelve years he had to assume the responsibility of caring for a widowed mother and two sisters. The books do not record the hardest fought battles nor tell of the greatest heroes. No embellishment of fiction, nor pictures of imagination are needed to make thrilling the story of a boy standing helplessly by while the agents of the law sold the home, every article of furniture and even family relics to satisfy claims, just and unjust; then taking up the fight for a place in the world and a shelter for loved ones, often to be defrauded of hard earned wages and to be offered all comforts at the price of honor; to find hypocrisy where he looked for pure and undefiled religion, to receive scorn when he hungered for sympathy, and then to find that those, "Who hope against hope," and unfalteringly press toward a prize of a high calling, may find a place among the best, and may become companions of the great.

This boy had a premature manhood forced upon him, but accepting the responsibility as a sacred trust, with a brave heart and an exalted purpose, he began life's battles. At the age of eighteen he was editor and proprietor of a newspaper in a thriving town. He sold the paper for a sum that would support the family and give him a year in the University of Alabama. He applied himself to the study of law and mathematics, and before he had reached his majority he had completed the required course in law and was also a scientific surveyor. One incident shows the self-assertive element in his nature. The ancestral record shows a long line of Bible names: Moses, Aaron, names of prophets and

of apostles, were represented in the family genealogy. He had been given the name Zachariah, but when he took control of himself he dropped this and took the name Joseph Addison. To him at that time religion seemed unreal. The prophets and mythologists were all of a class. Addison was real and human, he wanted to belong to the modern, moving world.

On leaving the university he returned to Kentucky and taught school for three years near Lexington. He was successful as a teacher; the school developed into a flourishing academy. Offers came from larger towns wanting his services. His disposition to avoid the public, get away from the multitude, caused him to give up teaching. He sold what property he had acquired and with his mother and two sisters started to Texas. August 15, 1839, they took steamboat passage at Louisville for New Orleans; from there they went by sailboat to Matagorda, Texas; from there to Austin their conveyance was an ox-wagon.

The congress of the republic was in its first session at the capital. Politics with the personal equation dominating was rife over the state. His legal attainments and newspaper experience fitted him for this field of activity, but he avoided the crowd, wanted no public position. He secured employment in the printing department of the government and remained in Austin till January, 1841. In a few years he had lived a long life and at every turn there was some sad event. His mother had taken sick on the voyage across the Gulf and died soon after arriving at Matagorda. The elder sister had married. Now having the care of only the

younger sister, he decided to return to Kentucky; he secured a horse and vehicle, and, with his sister, started to make the journey overland in mid-winter. They reached Nacogdoches County when the winter storms and swollen streams prevented further progress. Here he soon found profitable employment, untangling conflicting land titles, caused by recent locations overlapping old Spanish grants. This and the adjoining counties offered great inducements for one so well equipped to engage in the land business, but he seemed to have little desire to make money for the pleasure of having it. He never allowed himself to be in want, and provided bountifully for those depending upon him; made no debts, allowed no store accounts; this was a rule with him as long as he provided for a family.

On his surveying tours he had made acquaintances among the settlers in Nacogdoches, Shelby and San Augustine Counties. Many of these were in culture and refinement, such as the best he had known in the older states. He found a very congenial folk in one community where he had much work to do. He came to feel much at home with a family with whom he had secured board and a room for an office in which to plot his surveys, and work out his field notes. The stay here proved fatal to his plan to return to Kentucky. He abandoned the trip and decided to give his life to Texas.

Joseph Addison Clark and Hetty (Esther) D'Spain were married January 21, 1842, in Nacogdoches County, Texas. The D'Spain contribution to the making of America was different from that furnished by the Clark

family. They trace their lineage to the French protestants, who were pilgrims and strangers in many lands till they found a resting place in America. As far into the past as this generation knows of them they were zealous disciples of Christ, taking no religious name but Disciple, or Christian; no creed but faith in the personal Christ as our Savior, and God as an ever present Father; acknowledging no authority in religion but the Word of God. Before the Campbells started the movement for undenominational Christianity, before Christian Union was preached in America, a few of these peculiar people were among the settlers in Alabama and Tennessee. They nor their descendants were troubled with trying to harmonize church doctrines with the teaching of the Bible. They studied the Word of God to know truth as it is revealed to common folk.

At the time of his marriage, J. A. Clark had no sure religious convictions. He had allowed himself to be classed with unbelievers. He was certain he did not believe in the phases of religion he had seen expressed in the lives of many believers and that he had heard expounded by preachers. He was led to examine the Bible as a system of teaching. He came to respect religion and to have confidence in professed Christians by the revelation of Christianity that came to him in the every-day life of his wife, by that beautiful faith that produced an ever-cheerful, trusting personality and manifested the spirit of Christ in every condition of a busy serving life. He secured the best books of that time on Christian Evidence and studied the Bible as he had studied the law books. In the Old and in the

New Testament he found a complete system of teaching, a perfect law designed to restore man's complete oneness with God, and to enlist man as a worker with God to recover the world from sin and its blighting effects. This was a revelation to him, a real birth into a new life. He now had solid ground upon which to stand in accepting Jesus as the Christ, and he lost no time in finding an opportunity to confess that faith by being baptized into Christ.

On becoming a Christian and refusing any denominational name or creed, he learned something of the power of religious prejudice. He had decided on teaching as his life work, had selected a suitable location and had built a house with the purpose of establishing an academy. He had begun teaching, and every prospect was favorable for a successful school. The community was giving a united support to the school. On the morning after he had been baptized, a concourse of citizens, led by the preacher of the community, assembled at the schoolhouse and demanded that he give up the school, and vacate the house, which was his private property. He asked what were the charges against him; for what crime was he to be disfranchised and his property confiscated. The answer was, that he had joined the Campbellites. He was innocent of any purpose of joining a sect; the people with whom he had taken fellowship did not trace their succession to Campbell, nor to any other man. He had simply become a Christian and supposed that, as he had formerly been considered an unbeliever, his patrons would be glad to have their children taught by a Christian. To his astonishment he found that with

some very religious people it was more unpopular to be an unsectarian Christian than to be an unbeliever. The opposition was strong enough to break up the school. He gave up teaching and devoted his time to preaching in defense of the stand he had taken in becoming a Christian, until he had used up what means he had accumulated to support a family, then he resumed the practice of law and the editing of a newspaper.

CHAPTER II

ADDISON CLARK

Addison, son of J. A. Clark and Hetty D'Spain Clark, was born December 11, 1842, in Titus, now Morris, County. From his father he inherited that physical and intellectual fiber that indicates strength. From the mother, in whom were well proportioned physical beauty, bright intellect and pure spirit, he received those mollifying tendencies that gave balance to the forces. His education—that is, the training and influences which fixed the principles that guided and gave direction to all his future, began very near the beginning of life. Home was the school, father and mother were the teachers. Mother came first in laying the foundation for character building and in giving direction to the child impulses. He was blessed with a mother and grandmother, not Eunice and Lois, but Esther and Rachel, and the unfeigned faith that dwelt in them soon became the boy's faith. From them he learned that God is an ever-loving Father, that the world and all things, even the commonplace things, belong to Him, and that the people must be about the Father's work. This child faith never failed him through his entire life and was strongest in the hour of his death. He learned that idleness is sin, and that there are no high and low callings, but that honor lies in doing some needed work well, and that to engage in any work or calling that did not benefit others is a waste of the time

and the talent with which God had endowed him. This was one mother, and the same could be said of the grandmother, who could truthfully say, "I care not for silver nor gold." Riches and worldly honors did not appeal to her as the things to live for. In after years it became the fixed law of his life to settle all questions of conduct and to decide between alternatives by the question, "What is God's will? What is right?"

There was no vacation in that school; all work was play, and all play was work. The only rule was to know and to do the right. There were no arbitrary laws, but there was delightful companionship and home was a Bethel.

Mother taught the fundamentals of book education, reading, writing, history, arithmetic and geography. She was an artist and sketchings from the wildwood, a twig from an oak with a broad leaf and cluster of acorns, painted true to nature, a cluster of wild flowers, an old farmhouse, with calves and colts and barnyard fowls, decorated the rough walls and were the ties that bound the boy to nature. There were no carpets on the rough floors, nor cushioned chairs, but there was a big square piano, whose polished wood added to the refining influence of the music. The instrument was not trained to give out artistic strains nor operatic airs, but it could add to the melody in the heart and bring the life into nearness with sacred things as its notes blended with father's and mother's voices in rendering the old songs which the heroes of the cross had sung throughout the ages. Supplementing these with the ballads of Scott and Burns and closing the evening concert with Home,

Sweet Home, would send the boy to the trundle-bed with visions of angels and a feeling that home was a paradise.

Books were not plentiful in the homes of the early settlers, but there was a small, select library in this home. There were large volumes of history, biography, natural history, and standard authors of English literature. Some of these were calf bound and richly illustrated with steel engravings. With these books spread out on the rough floor, with portraits of the world's great men and illustrations of world events, the boy spent hours, thinking the thoughts and forming the companionship of the great. Supplementing these books, the paper edited by the father, which was more than a chronicle of the local happenings, brought into the family every week a digest of the questions of public interest. The editor attended no political conventions, took no part in street corner politics, but his paper was his medium of teaching on questions that concerned the people.

The time came when the boy must have school advantages beyond what the home could give. He needed the big outside world and was becoming restless for its pulsing life. The father's business and the mother's increasing cares did not allow time for the boy's needs. A glimpse of the social conditions of that time will enable one to appreciate the difficulties in the way of a youth's moral and intellectual development into a well-poised, self-controlled man. Animosities, handed down from the period of the Texas Revolution, dominated public questions, and all political issues and even influenced business affairs. Father had formed a law

partnership with Rufus Chandler, a young man of sterling character and aggressive spirit. Politics had been at fever heat since before the annexation of Texas to the United States. The paper was intensely Whig in politics,—endorsed all of Henry Clay's policies. The other party was the Democratic. Its adherents worshiped at the shrine of Andrew Jackson—with such combustible material it was easy to start a conflagration.

The firm of Clark and Chandler was employed to represent some heirs in a suit involving a large estate. The property was recovered and the case was out of court, but the fight did not stop. Chandler was shot from ambush by the leading lawyer of the opposition. The same fate was planned for the other member of the firm, but being apprised of it, he interviewed the parties and they changed their plans.

After the death of his partner he gave up the law practice for a time and moved the paper from the town of Rusk to Palestine. Soon after this he went to Galveston with the purpose of establishing a paper; but, as the Galveston News was of the same political faith and occupied the territory, he engaged with Willard Richardson, the proprietor of the News, in publishing that paper.

CHAPTER III

HIS EARLY EDUCATION

Texas had no system of public schools. Each community had such schools as the people were able and willing to pay for. Some of the larger towns and wealthier communities maintained academies about equal to the present high schools. These were supported by the tuition of those who went to school. At the age of twelve years Addison went to an academy at Palestine. He had attended a primary school a few weeks at Rusk, and one of the same grade for a short time in Galveston. In the academy there was no system of grades, each student was given the studies for which he was prepared and his progress was determined by his ability and application. On entering the academy Addison parted company with childhood. He found himself classed with young men. The few years in the past were all the child life that was allowed to him. He ranked with the young men in the class room and on the athletic field; he led in the ball game, in swimming, rowing, riding, and in hunting, where he used a rifle and shot for game, not for sport.

The completion of a course in the academy was the end of the school career for most of the young men of that day in Texas. Some would go from the school to some lawyer's office; some, to read medicine with the town doctor, and these would soon be among the professional men; while a few would find their way to college in the East. Addison had set no limit for himself in the

matter of getting an education. There was to be no graduating time, no commencement occasion. He studied to know truth and he was not limited to any narrow field. He was not ambitious for a place in the world, with pay and world honors. He had learned that life is service, and that the world's need is for prepared men, and that to be ready would insure a call to the highest service.

He had one year in the academy at Palestine, and within the following two years he had three teachers in different communities. These men were qualified to teach the high school course, but there was little in it that he needed to study. Father was kept on the hunt for a competent teacher. In 1857, Mr. Hocker, from Lexington, Ky., took charge of the academy at Tennessee Colony in Anderson County. In him he found the teacher, that for the time, he was hunting. With Mr. Hocker, Addison had one year of profitable work. In 1858, Mr. Averett, a Baptist preacher and teacher, took charge of the Tennessee Colony school. In him, Addison found a man worthy the title, Teacher—he measured up to his ideal. He had a teacher's library, such as was not often found in this country at that time. This, of itself, was a college to a boy whose desires and habits were such as his.

Mr. Averett had been president of a college in the East, a position for which he was much better qualified than he was for teaching a multitude of children of all ages and classes. To Addison, he was a university; he gave the boy a vision of a universe of science of which God was the center. In mathematics the philosopher

saw the law that governs the worlds, and, in teaching it, he seemed to think the thoughts that God thought when he set the worlds in motion, and arranged the forces to govern them. In the classics, he communed with the poets and orators, and to him it was better than the richest strains of music to hear a boy scan Homer, Horace and Virgil. He held in contempt teachers who dug out words and chopped up sentences trying to put Latin and Greek into English. This eager boy was with Mr. Averett two years—two memorable years that counted for much in all his after life.

The school went to pieces. The people wanted a teacher for their children, not a philosopher for a few select students. The next teacher was a graduate recently from an eastern college, and brought a letter of endorsement from the college president. This man advertised to teach a limited number of boys and young men. Addison eagerly embraced this opportunity, but soon discovered that the teacher was not master of the subjects he wished to study; that like other graduates he had met, his education, except in a narrow course, was limited. This experience caused him to place little value on diplomas and to have light respect for degrees. All through his career as a teacher he placed little emphasis on credits that led to graduating, but strenuously emphasized thoroughness in search for knowledge that built life. The freedom that came from knowing truth was his constant aim.

CHAPTER IV

THE CIVIL WAR

In 1860 the storm that had been brewing in the political horizon gave evidence of near approach. The people had been made to think of war till they were willing for it to come. Secession was the subject for orators, debators and political wranglers. There were three classes in Texas in favor of secession. The slave holder on the cotton and sugar plantations, from pecuniary interest; the old Texan, with an almost sacred reverence for the Lone Star, and with the memories of the struggles and hardships endured in establishing the Republic of Texas, thought the way out of the political broil was to resume its status as an independent republic; the third party was made up of those tenacious of the doctrine of states' rights, who feared the tendency toward centralized power, many of whom opposed slavery, but thought it a matter to be settled by each state. Two classes opposed secession. One claimed the states had the right under the constitution, as New England had always contended, to withdraw from the Union, but thought it better policy to surrender the right than to disrupt the Union. These were mostly from the middle southern states, and held the doctrine of Henry Clay and the old Whig party. Another party was for the Union without regard to sentiment, pecuniary interest, or political rights.

The northern border counties gave a large majority

against secession, but the state went for secession by an overwhelming majority. The state was out of the Union with all these conflicting sentiments, and a grave feeling of uncertainty as to what would be the result swept over all. The purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy had not fully taken possession of the people. Some "patient waiting" and wise counsel might have spared the Union without the horrors of war. Lincoln's call for volunteers to invade the South instantly welded the factions, all differences were forgotten, every man and boy was ready to volunteer to meet an invading army.

Addison had been taught from childhood that Christians should not go to war. On the mother's side the family history was a record of a people who had suffered affliction for righteousness' sake. When the father became a Christian he accepted the teaching of Christ on all relations of life. He was a Mason, but did not affiliate with the order after becoming a Christian. As institutions of the world, for people who did not accept Christianity, fraternal orders, charitable institutions, might be all right; he had nothing to say against them, but Christ taught universal charity, the Church was intended to meet every want of the human family. This could be done only by the working together of all the members, and doing all things in the name of Christ. In politics, he had decided convictions and knew the issues in the present crisis better than most of the politicians, but he made no speeches, attended no political meetings. He taught that Christians should not go to war. Such a doctrine was contrary to all his early teaching and training. No small effort was necessary for him to ad-

here to the teaching. It was easier to preach non-resistance than to practice it in the face of an invading army.

Addison kept his own counsel, did not discuss the war problems. In writing to a friend who was elated over the prospects of military glory, he said, "It is a good time to be calm, and take one's reckoning. The people will soon know who are the unsafe advisers. Some Washington may arise and lead the people to safety, but just now the political fools are in appearance." He was slow to prophesy of the future. He made up his mind as to his individual duty and advised with no one. He was impelled by no ambition for place or for glory, had no personal or sectional hate to gratify. He volunteered among the first that went to the front. The captain and first lieutenant of the company in which he enlisted were elders in a Christian church, the orderly sergeant was the senior deacon in the same church, and the preacher for the church had gone as chaplain in a regiment whose colonel was a son of Campbell's co-laborer, Barton W. Stone. Many of the boys and young men of the company were members of the same congregation. There were young men in the company who had recently come to Texas from the North, and whose relatives were in the North. They settled no doctrine of state's rights, and were opposed to slavery. The South was their home, it was invaded, they answered the call to defense.

In the knapsack that held his outfit of clothing he placed a small Bible, a pocket edition of Byron, and a translation of a French work on higher mathematics. After many a weary march, or anxious watch on

picket line, the soldier's camp fire became the scholar's study.

He took his place in the ranks, aspired to no office, sought no easy task, was ready for every call of duty. He was soon asked to take office of orderly sergeant of the company, and in a short time was given a commission as lieutenant. He accepted cheerfully all dangers and hardships that came in the line of duty, avoiding easy places, even to the extent of declining an appointment to a position of light service out of the danger on the firing line. On occasions he was given command over men his senior in years and rank. He accepted the honor with a modest self-forgetfulness, and when the occasion passed took his place with his own company. These stoical qualities that gave poise when all was excitement, and prevented passing immature judgment in time of crisis, became more firmly fixed by the experiences of the war.

The early part of 1865 was a period of wearing suspense in the army west of the Mississippi. The Federal forces had been withdrawn and all efforts were being concentrated on crushing Lee and Johnson. A heavy patrol of gun-boats prevented any movement of the Army of the West to reenforce the armies east of the Mississippi. News from the east filtered through slowly. The account of Lee's surrender, then of Johnson's capitulation, the assassination of Lincoln, the capture and imprisonment of Davis, caused such revulsion of feeling that men almost stopped thinking; all things seemed unreal; it was the hush, the daze after the storm, before the mind can realize what has happened.

The Confederacy had collapsed—was no more than a memory; titles and ranks were no more than phantoms of authority. Without the form of surrender the Army of the West went to pieces, disbanded, melted away. Amid the chaos and confusion Addison was of few who were seemingly not disturbed. In Lee's surrender he realized the inevitable. There was no time to mourn when the country was calling for men to rebuild a wasted land, to reconstruct a shattered government. Four years of the hardship of war had transformed this army of boys into men trained to duty's call. With the consciousness of duty done, with fame untarnished by a single act of vandalism, they answered the call to higher service.

On May 22, 1865, we shouldered our knapsacks, leaving much of our soldier equipment behind, and began the long tramp homeward. At the beginning of the war the family were living in Grayson County. Refugees from the war-ridden sections found the border counties in Texas the nearest safe retreat; partisan bands who belonged to neither army used this territory as their base of supplies; the nondescript, that is in such evidence at disastrous fires, was there. These kept the country in such a state of unrest that father sought a more quiet retreat. He found the ideal spot where the counties of Hill, Johnson, and Ellis join. Here he bought a cow-man's home. It was a rich tract of black land with a rude ranch house near a small stream, fringed with scattering trees. Looking south from his door one could see an unbroken expanse of rich prairie covered with waving grass. For sixteen miles this

stockman's paradise was not marred by a single mark of civilization. Thousands of cattle, horses and wild animals roamed unmolested. During the war the stock were undisturbed by the annual "round up." The vesper and reveille were rendered by prowling packs of wolves with an occasional accompaniment by a lone panther. But these were more pleasant than the discordant notes of war.

It was to this home we came. For days and far into the nights, we had walked, coming "nearer to our home." In the afternoon of a beautiful spring day, through the green grass and wild flowers, we came to an eminence overlooking a beautiful valley, through which ran a sparkling stream. Beyond this, in a cosy nook of the valley, nestled an humble ranch house; cattle were lazily browsing on the green; smoke curling from the kitchen chimney, told where the mother was preparing food for any tired ones who might pass that way—while, with every heart-beat, ascended a prayer that her boys might be the next. A little girl sat on the fence intently watching the soldier boys homeward bound, hoping to find her brothers among them.

Here, and only this once in all his life, I saw Addison overcome with emotion. He halted a moment at seeing this picture of perfect peace—this wonderful contrast to the scene of war—and raising his hands to give a shout of joy, he could find no words to express his thanks. Silent tears coursing down the weather-beaten cheeks said more than words could have spoken. We hurried on; the little blue-eyed Mary at the gate could not, in these tattered, war-worn men, recognize her brothers, but the mother was near; she knew her boys, and this was home!

CHAPTER V

TEACHER AND STUDENT

There was no time for lingering with the past; life must be begun anew. There were opportunities for young men in various fields of labor, there were temptations for gain in lawful and unlawful ways. The need was for men to give unselfish service in rebuilding on better foundations, all the business of the country. Those who had been in the front rank in the war must take the lead in bringing peace and good will to the country.

The spring and summer of 1865 Addison gave to helping move the family to a more thickly settled community, and to helping put home in order; then, with the assistance of a few neighbors, he built a small log school-house. Here he taught a few children and some ex-soldier boys, till the fall of 1866. He then formed a partnership with another teacher, an ex-Confederate officer, and taught in a near-by town till the summer of 1867. He had not yet made out a program for his life work. One thing was settled, it must be a life full of service. He said no one could save himself who did not labor to save others. How to make a living was a matter of small concern—the Master whom he served had promised the laborer his hire.

To the young man intellectually equipped, various avenues to wealth and to fame were open. Friends urged him to enter the law and take the lead in politics. Men of distinction in the law and in public life offered a wel-

come into their fellowship, while some flattering offers of partnership in established businesses were offered; ways were open for the best positions. He declined these tempting offers, and set to work to thoroughly prepare himself for service where there was the greatest need.

He found a companion and helper in the person of Charles Carlton. Mr. Carlton was a native of England, and his early training had been in the school of adversity, where those who survive are fit for hard work. He graduated from Bethany College with the men who made the institution famous, and was teaching in Springfield, Mo., when the Civil War made this place the center of the territory torn by warring factions. He moved to Texas, expecting to return to Springfield when conditions would allow him to resume teaching.

Men of his kind are in demand wherever they happen to be placed, and he seized every opportunity to be about his Master's work. No sooner had he found shelter in Texas than he began to teach every day, including the Sundays. At the close of the war, while waiting for peace to be restored in Missouri, he secured a building in the village of Kentuckytown and began teaching. The school was crowded from the first day. Many had been deprived of the opportunities of going to school through the years of war, and lost no time in taking advantage of this privilege. After the second year, he decided to remain in Texas. The citizens of Bonham offered him a suitable building and equipment and he moved and settled permanently in their midst.

The schools at Kentuckytown, and for some years

at Bonham, were not like anything known in modern times, except possibly those conducted in the South under similar conditions. The teacher was the school; students came from far and near, many of them boys in years, who had developed into men by the hardships of war. The school was to them the opportunity for making up for the four years which had been cut out of their lives just when they should have been getting an education. Life's work was calling, urging them; they must be ready to answer.

In the school's program, there was no time for idling. The early hour for assembling was given to Bible study and devotion; from this, the students went strengthened and in the right frame of mind for the day's work. Each student selected the studies he especially needed, finished these and pushed on to others. While the teacher held some in classes, others would be scattered in groups, under trees or in the sunshine, all intent on some task and needing the teacher only when they met some obstacle in the path of progress. Mr. Carlton's personal presence and his daily life before the students were a source of inspiration. Association with such a leader was an education to a young man who wanted to fill a man's place in the world.

Addison joined Mr. Carlton at Kentuckytown in September, 1867. From boyhood Addison had been rigidly systematic, and now his program called for every moment of the twenty-four hours. There was but little in mathematics in which the teacher could give him help, and in a short time he had finished the course that Mr. Carlton had to offer in the classics. He did not accept

this as the end, but, having the instincts of a student, no prescribed course could mark his limit. He and another young man of like purpose procured works on higher mathematics and forged on alone—pioneers in the wilderness, they blazed their own way. In studying Hebrew, he had neither teacher nor companion. He reasoned that as scholars without aid had mastered the language and had left the fruits of their labors to guide others; that anyone should be able with these to learn it.

At this time he began teaching with Mr. Carlton, and rearranged his program to adjust the teaching to his hours of study. Every hour had its assigned work, study or rest. Only one short period, from seven to ten o'clock, Friday evening, was given to social recreation. There was in the Carlton home a young lady of bright intellect, pure heart and modest mien, Miss Sallie McQuigg, Mrs. Carlton's niece. She filled his measure of Christian womanhood. He gave the social hour to her companionship. This was a liberal contribution for him to make to social life. It became the habit of his life to give this hour to social enjoyment. In after years, when the welfare of hundreds of young people was on his mind and heart, the Friday evening, and with it a visit to father and mother, would bring the surcease of toil and care.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY DAYS IN FT. WORTH

Addison Clark and Sallie McQuigg were married January, 1869, on Sunday, in the chapel of the academy, in the presence of a throng of people, President Chas. Carlton officiating. Immediately after the ceremony his wife took her place in the audience and he went to the pulpit and preached the sermon of the occasion. This was characteristic of the man in obeying orders. He went to the pulpit as he had gone to battle, in answer to the call of duty.

From this union were born eight children, all brilliant of intellect. Two died in early childhood and one in young manhood. One is professor of history in the University of Oregon. The youngest son's career was cut short by failing health just before graduation, and he is compelled to live an outdoor life, and is now a very busy man in California. The three daughters are home builders, one in Arkansas, one in Texas and one in California.

Teaching the things that make for life, training the youth for service, was to be his calling. Where to begin for permanent work was the first question to be settled. There was no lack of places and material to work with; it was not of first importance to find the place that offered the best inducements for the present, but the place that would be the best for all time. Citizens of Ft. Worth invited him to locate there. Being on the border

of the undeveloped West and the rich agricultural lands of the East, with an enterprising citizenship, Ft. Worth seemed to fill all the requirements. For healthfulness and beauty of location, the village on the bluff of Clear Fork was unsurpassed. Unmarred by the hand of man, the fertile valleys, the billowy sea of prairie, dotted with islands of live oak, the somber cross-timbers forming a background to the picture,—these created a scene never to be forgotten. Looking back over a half century one can realize something of the feelings of the red man as he saw himself despoiled of his loved hunting ground by the irresistible march of the white man.

The only public buildings in the village of Ft. Worth were the unfinished walls of what was intended to be a court house, a two-story brick building, the upper story of which was used for a Masonic hall, and the lower story for the general purpose of church and school; and a small brick building that served for a jail and sheriff's office. During the war the Masonic building had been but little used and the lower story had been taken possession of by vagrant stock as shelter from storms. K. M. Van Zandt, Dr. Peak, Judge Milwee and Milton Robertson formed themselves into a general welfare committee, appointed themselves trustees of the building and employed a man with ox teams to haul flour to East Texas and exchange it for lumber. He brought back material to put the lower story of the Masonic building in condition for use, putting in doors, floor, window sash, benches and desks. They employed Capt. Hanna, a stranded ex-Confederate, to teach the school. Capt. Hanna was a lawyer, and, like most of the honorable men

of that profession in those troublous times, had time to do something else while waiting for conditions to change. At the close of the school he resumed the practice of law and Col. Peter Smith, of the law firm of Hendricks & Smith, was induced to take the school, while the trustees were on the hunt for a permanent teacher. Col. Smith was a graduate of Bethany College and otherwise well fitted for teaching. Addison joined Col. Smith in teaching in January, 1869. They finished that session together and Addison was to continue the school in that building and published his plans to begin the next session in September.

In the meantime there were rumors that the sleeping spirit of sectarianism was coming to life. It was said that a preacher should not have the school, most especially a preacher of his particular faith. A few brethren advised that he give up preaching while engaged in teaching. In his program, teaching the Bible held the most important place, and there was no provision for it to be eliminated. There was a hurried getting together of the members of the lodge, present, past and prospective members. A resolution passed that the lower story of the house belonged to the Masons, and that a Masonic school would be taught there, beginning the first week in the next September, which was the date Addison has announced for his school to begin. No protest was made to this action. There was an old concrete building in town that, at one time, had been used for a church, but had not been used for some time for any purpose, and was badly out of repair. This was made ready and the school began on time. The enterprise prospered and

everything looked promising for establishing a permanent school. But these were the troublous times of the Reconstruction and the state was under military government. A free school system with compulsory attendance had been created. There were state, district and county superintendents, all appointed by the military authorities, as were also the teachers, who were required to take the oath of loyalty to the government, which meant loyalty to the ruling party. This was known as "the iron-clad oath" that was administered to all officials who were suspected of having been in sympathy with the South in the war. This was the process of reconstructing the "rebels." Teachers and officials were paid high salaries, for there was no limit to the power to collect taxes. The patrons could send to private schools and be exempt from fine for non-attendance upon public schools, provided the teachers of such schools had certificates and authority to teach from the state school board. The way was open to large salary and official position by joining the party and becoming a part of the political machine; but Addison could not adjust himself to those conditions. He secured a certificate from the state examiner. This he took to the county board and got permission to teach in Tarrant County. A description of this board need not be preserved as a part of the history of the county. The system was an episode in the life of the state and passed out when President Grant said: "Let us have peace," and withdrew the military and turned the state government over to the people. The citizens of the town generously supported the private school and paid their taxes to maintain the military sys-

tem, until the civil government was restored to the people.

The building the school now occupied had been erected several years before by private subscription. Now that there was no political disturbance, the religious prejudice began to revive. Some who claimed to have contributed to the building began to agitate opposition to the school and tried to get control of the house. All controversy was stopped by the members of the church deciding to build a church house, and use it for a school building. A one-story brick building was erected on the block now occupied by the Ft. Worth National Bank. On the same block was put up a twenty-four by thirty-six box house, and these two buildings served the purposes of the school while it remained in Ft. Worth.

There had come into Addison's home a child, a delicate boy with beauty of body and mind—the pride and joy of all the family. As he was passing out of his third year he was taken with diphtheria. Medical science was not advanced then as now; the doctors were powerless to control the disease; the little fellow battled bravely for life, lingered a few days and passed out. At times it seems that the veil that hides the other world is drawn aside before a loved one leaves this; in the last moments of this little boy's suffering he asked his father to sing Happy-Land. This request and his actions during the last moments of suffering seemed to indicate a vision of the world into which he was passing. A marble slab in the Pioneer Cemetery at Ft. Worth, inscribed "AddRan," marks the resting place of the body of him for whom the name was coined. During the child's sickness, his father

taught his usual classes, watched with him at night, was with him when he passed on, and then stoically turned to his daily duties. He was the same soldier, who in battle caught a fatally wounded comrade in his arms, gently laid him down, and was at once again in the front of the battle.

Father had secured a plot of ground in the east suburb of the town, on which it was designed in the near future to erect an academy building. This was near the territory that afterward acquired the significant title "The Half Acre." Addison had already built a residence on a block near this place. A change, almost as sudden as the change in Texas weather, came over the quiet village. I give a paragraph here from "Early Days in Ft. Worth," by B. B. Paddock, which accurately describes the hurrying events that brought this change. "Ft. Worth came into prominence in the year 1872, when Col. Thomas A. Scott, who had come into the ownership and control of the Texas and Pacific Railway, in company with Col. John W. Forney, the editor and proprietor of 'The Chronicle,' of Philadelphia, made a trip across Texas for the purpose of selecting a route for this road across the state. Col. Forney wrote voluminous letters to his paper describing what he saw and how he was impressed with the resources of the state. He afterwards wrote a pamphlet entitled: 'What I saw in Texas.' In these letters and in the pamphlet he had much to say about Ft. Worth. In fact, he gave it more space than any other point in the state, and predicted for it a brilliant future. He did not hesitate to predict that it would be the most prominent place in the northern part of the

state. It being generally known that he was a guest of Col. Scott, on the trip, it was quite natural that his readers should reach the conclusion that he reflected the opinion of the president of the railway company.

"A secondary purpose of the trip across Texas and the presence of Mr. Forney, one among the foremost editorial writers of the day, was to educate the public and to influence it in favor of a grant, or subsidy, from the general government in the construction of the road, such as had been granted to the Union Pacific road. A bill was then pending in Congress for this purpose. Forney's paper, as well as others in the East, set forth with great emphasis that this line would be of greater benefit to the nation than the more northern route, inasmuch as it was in a more southerly latitude and would be open for traffic every day in the year, and would not be snow-bound as it was contended the more northern would be at certain seasons of the year.

"Col. Scott commenced the active work of construction westward from Marshall and Jefferson immediately on his return from the Pacific slope, and prosecuted it with all possible energy. He had associated with him Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, who was chief engineer of the Union Pacific, and Mr. Frank S. Bond, who was the financial director of the same road. In the summer of 1873, Scott went to Europe on this mission. It was reported on what was regarded as reliable sources, that he had interested English capital in the enterprise and everyone in North Texas was rejoicing in his success."

Ft. Worth was the much talked of place on the prospective line; it was the coming city of the great South-

west. It was on the great cattle trail from Texas to Kansas. There had been but little market for range cattle since the beginning of the war, and the prairies west and southwest from Ft. Worth to the Rio Grande were an almost limitless cattle range. The longhorns roamed over the hills and valleys by the thousands. Ft. Worth soon became a gathering place for clans of all sorts. A market was opened in the western corn states, and the overland trail to Kansas soon became a turbid stream of animal life. Ft. Worth was a supply station; here the "grub-wagon" was replenished for the long drive to Red River and through the Indian Territory to Kansas. Here the buyers from the North met the cattlemen from the range. Prospectors and adventurers, the genuine cowboys in charge of the herds and the noisy imitation, the tough vagabond and the professional gambler, the latter passing at times for a missionary or a singing master, seemed ever present. Money circulated freely: there was no law against carrying deadly weapons. Business was transacted in the open; and each man carried his own burglar insurance. There was one class, however, which was strictly for business and idled away no time. Many of these had been schooled during the war in partisan warfare; they had belonged to neither army and had fought for revenge or for booty. When the war was over, they "went on the road." Their ranks had occasionally been recruited by boys who had not been in the army, but had imbibed the spirit of war and the desire for adventure and the glory of killing. The Sam Bass gang operated in that section. The name stood for almost any kind of outlawry, and was a talis-

man for almost any band of thieves. They had their rendezvous in the adjacent thickets of Westfork and Elm and collected toll from the freighters, passenger hacks and stages plying between Dallas and Ft. Worth and west of Ft. Worth.

The quiet prairie town was deluged with a flood of humanity. Boys, young men and men of families were caught by this whirlpool of licentiousness and greed of money getting. It came to be a saying that one trip over the trail with a herd to Kansas would ruin the ordinary boy, and that the boy who was strong enough to stand two trips was forever safe, but he would show the scars.

The place selected for a school site was soon surrounded by human wreckage and debris. The saloon with all its confederate iniquities, the red light, the dance-hall and gambling hells, co-operated in making days and nights hideous. The town boys, the boys from the farms and ranches, rough, but clean, were dazzled by this glitter of vice and caught like insects around a street lamp. It might have been the better part of valor to have remained and fought the flames in an effort to prevent the fire from spreading, but we thought more of saving those who could be kept out of the burning, and of building a place to prevent others being caught. One thing was clear, that was no place to build a school to bring students from abroad.

CHAPTER VII

THORP SPRING

At the close of the session of 1873, Addison announced that the school would be continued the next session at the same place. Once having decided on a course to pursue he was slow to change. In arriving at a conclusion he studied every phase of the conditions, carefully analyzed every motive, and when he had reached a decision he could hardly be persuaded to review the case. He saw that Ft. Worth was no longer the kind of place he had selected, but he would have to take time to decide what was best to do. He spent the summer in different parts of the state preaching and, incidentally, making known the plans and purposes for building the school. He was chary of making promises before he had thoroughly proven his work. In his absence, interested parties from Thorp Spring came to try to induce him to move the school to that place. Mr. Thorp had large interests there. The school would enhance the value of property and otherwise benefit the new country. He had erected what was, at that time, quite a commodious building. Mr. Thorp did not offer a bonus to have the school come there, but offered to sell the building for what it had cost—considering the advantages of location sufficient inducement. Addison was absent and could not be reached; this was before the days of railroads and telegraph lines. I decided to return with the messenger and look over the situation and ad-

wise for or against the move. The location was more nearly ideal that I had pictured in my imagination. The Brazos River, the mountains, the valleys, the matchless, never-failing Stroud Creek filled the requirements for student life. The people were not there to furnish the boys and girls for the school, but the rich valleys and prairies would invite settlers who would want the school, and the children from the farms, ranches and cities would come in numbers. The house was well built of good material, but had cost what would be a pretty heavy sum for us to carry. The prospect was good for the Ft. Worth property to sell for enough to pay for the building and leave a sum quite sufficient for further equipment. I see now that I was wholly disqualified to negotiate such a trade. I saw but one side; I knew that we had but little school reputation, had only a vision of what was to be done and a purpose to try to do it. I did not think we should be justified in asking anyone to give a place for us to work out our plans; I did not see that the financial gain was all on one side, and the investment on the other. If the situation had been reversed, I would have gladly given the property to have the school established. I agreed to take the property at the price, subject to Addison's approval, allowing time for us to realize from the Ft. Worth property. I returned to Ft. Worth and took father to see the property and to pass judgment on the transaction. He was pleased with the location and outlook and approved the trade. I left to father all further business with Mr. Thorp. He attended to making out the papers and getting the title to the property. All the business was to

be left subject to Addison's approval. When he returned I laid the matter before him in detail. I painted the picture as my imagination saw it. He did not become enthusiastic, but showed a mingled feeling of pleasure and disappointment. The financial part of the business gave him little concern; he left that to others, but he had selected Ft. Worth as the place to do his life's work and had put three years of his life into it. Part of his life was planted there. He had taken his stand and was slow to retreat; he would have to take the matter under advisement. His only advisor was the Master whom he served. He had advertised to teach another session at Ft. Worth; this he would do if he lived. He had his heart set on the work there; the powers of evil seemed to have the vantage ground just then, but he did not like to give up the fight. After some days of consultation and serious study he decided to employ assistance and teach the next session at Ft. Worth, while I should pioneer the enterprise at Thorp Spring. I went to Thorp Spring in August, 1873, took charge of the building and advertised to begin the school on the first Monday in September. I began on that day and date with thirteen pupils. I did not know of that being an unlucky number and am not sure of it yet. I was not surprised at the small attendance, for that was about the number in the community who felt any interest in the school, and we were not expecting boarders. In fact, there was no school; it was only a purpose formed in the mind, a matter of faith. It was a vision of things yet in the future. I was there to open the door of opportunity for any ready to enter.

Thorp Spring had some reputation as a health resort.

It had been a camping place and council ground for the Comanches before the whites took their hunting grounds. It was a place of rendezvous for frontier soldiers during the Civil War. Before the sanitarium and scientific surgery reached this country, worn out Confederate soldiers and others with chronic ailments camped at the spring, drank sulphur water, bathed in the creek, fished, ate wild meat and got well. This kept a goodly number there through the summer and early fall who had little to do but hear and tell some new thing. The teacher was an innovation in their midst. They wondered what the young man would do in the big house without students to fill one corner. Some prophesied he would be gone with the coming winter, others ventured to encourage him to hold on. To one and all he had the same answer. He was well pleased with the prospects. He was not the school, only a forerunner, a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. The beginning of the second month found an increase in numbers; students enrolled from the four adjoining counties. The session closed in June, 1874, with an enrollment of seventy-five.

CHAPTER VIII

ADDRAN COLLEGE

The first session of the school was but fairly under way when the awful financial crash of September, 1873, caused a money panic throughout the business world. Here I copy again from "Early Days in Ft. Worth" a description of conditions written by one who was in the center of the storm and felt its effects: "Col. Scott was so confident that he had secured the capital to build the road that he had provided a dinner at which all in London, who were interested in the enterprise, were to participate in celebrating his success. While the dinner was in progress a cablegram was received announcing the suspension of the house of Jay Cook and Co., the financial house of the general government at this time. It was this firm who had carried on the negotiations for the United States during the war, and who had handled and marketed the bonds issued to support the armies of the United States in that great contest. This had given it the widest reputation throughout the world and its failure wrought havoc in financial circles everywhere. Very naturally it put an end to Scott's negotiations and he returned to this country very much dejected, but not at all dismayed or discouraged.

"It was a hard day for Ft. Worth. The news fell upon this city like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. From the highest point of expectancy the people fell to the lowest depths of despondency. When the road reached

a point west of its eastern terminal this side of Marshall, Ft. Worth began to grow. People came to the city from all points but more numerous from Kansas and Missouri. But they came from everywhere, bought property, built houses, engaged in business. From the fall of 1872 to that of 1873, Ft. Worth grew from a little hamlet of a few hundred to a city of three or four thousand. Rents were fabulous and business of all kinds was active. Fortunes were made in real estate and corner lots would double in value in a night.

"But the first day of September, the day of the suspension of Jay Cook and Co., told another story. Values declined with as much rapidity as they had gone up. People who had invested their money and paid a part in cash and gave their notes for the remainder; who had commenced houses that were never to be finished; who had ordered and in many instances had received goods for which there was no market, saw bankruptcy staring them in the face. Professional men from all over the country who had left comfortable homes and good business to come here and begin their fortunes anew, faced inevitable ruin. The population dwindled as fast as it had grown. Stores and dwellings were vacated by the score. Business was at a standstill and gloom and despondency were everywhere visible. The road to the eastward was filled with people who were leaving the town in as large numbers as a few days previous they had sought it.

"Meanwhile the road to which so many looked with expectancy and hope was nearing Dallas. It was completed to about Forney, east of Dallas, and the work was continued till the road reached Eagle Ford, six miles west of

Dallas, when it was discontinued and the forces disbanded. Eagle Ford, which had sprung up into a town of a thousand inhabitants, was as quickly depopulated—the people for the most part moving back to Dallas. It was the opportunity for that city. Had the panic broken thirty days later so that it would have been practicable to have completed the road to Ft. Worth before suspending operations Dallas would have been a good county seat town instead of a thriving city and Ft. Worth would now be a city of a quarter million population.”

The school had but just opened when we realized the full force of this financial panic. All our hopes for means to pay for the school building had been in the sale of Ft. Worth property. Now that was gone, for the present, at least. Before conditions could change and property values recover, the interest on the debt would become a burden too heavy to be carried. I went to the man who had been Mr. Thorp’s adviser from the first and who had transacted the school business for him, and showed him the situation. I proposed that as the school had just started, and no one would be greatly injured by its stopping; and that to continue would be to deprive Mr. Thorp of the use of his property and involve us in a debt that we could not pay, the trade had better be cancelled and the enterprise abandoned. He would not consider cancelling the trade but proposed that as this unexpected financial crisis had brought hardship on everybody, had paralyzed all business, that while waiting for business conditions to become normal, the holders of the notes against the college building would have to

bear part of the burden of the accumulating interest. This agreement was not put into writing, and I do not know that Mr. Thorp ever heard of it. I went on with the school, trusting that all things would come out right. I learned more of the business ways of the world as the years went on. At the close of the session in June, 1874, with excellent promise of patronage but with no better financial prospects, announcements were made for the future plans of the school.

Addison moved to Thorp Spring in the summer of 1874. The house had been named a college when built and the school had fallen heir to the title, but Addison was very reluctant to assume the responsibility of making it a college. He wanted to take no chances of increasing the number of “Soonover colleges” that had paraded a while before the public in Texas. The purpose was to make a strong academy in which boys and girls would be taught how to study, would be given a purpose in life, and a foundation on which to build character. He finally consented to obtain a charter for a college at Thorp Spring with the name AddRan, in memory of the little boy for whom the name was coined. This would be an inspiration to labor to make the name stand for something worthy. Whether it would ever stand for more than a memory would be determined by the work done in the school. In every published catalogue he promised less than he expected to do. He would not consent to its being called a Christian college; if it became Christian it would be made so by Christian teachers and would be known by its fruit. He said to call the school Christian in contradistinction to other

church schools in the state was to denominationalize the name.

With chartered rights and privileges of a college came weighty obligations. It must be a college in fact. With no endowment, with but little local patronage and, as yet, no reputation, it would take all the means we had, together with the tuition fees, to maintain a college faculty, not considering other expenses. It was faith and not sight that gave the courage to press forward. He had never wanted a ready made position, and enjoyed overcoming difficulties and making a place for himself. The ship was launched, his hand was at the helm, the prow to an unknown sea, the voyage must be made.

The session of 1874-1875 opened auspiciously. Students came from the Southwest as far as Bexar and Uvalde counties; along the black-land belt from Houston to Red River; from East Texas, North Texas, and from the great cattle ranges of the West. After the railroad reached Ft. Worth that point was the nearest railroad station. From here the stage and private hacks furnished transportation to the college. Many students came in wagons and hacks distances ranging from a day's travel to more than a hundred miles. Even after the railroads reached Weatherford and Granbury, many still came by private conveyance. At the beginning and close of each session the caravans gave the village the appearance of a busy market town. These all found free hospitality; there was one big barnyard shaded by a grove of stately live oak trees that furnished food and shelter for the teams of all who came. In the home was a cheerful woman, one of the elect, whose cruse of oil and measure

of meal never grew less. Under all circumstances there was a glad welcome to every tired traveler. By some kind of magic there were rest and refreshments for all comers at any hour of day or night. The children grew up, accepting it as their mission in the world to minister to others, and found their pleasure in this service.

Before the close of the session in June, 1877, it was evident that the debt against the building must be settled. By unwavering courage and continuous toil of a few who had never lost faith in the future of Ft. Worth, the railroad had been finished to that town, and several other roads were moving in that direction. There was some appearance of returning life, but business was cautious. There was a reasonable prospect that in the near future our property there would more than pay the debt, even with the accumulated interest. By one unacquainted with the expense of maintaining a college and the losses in tuition, it could be figured out that the present large patronage could be made to meet expenses and allow a sum to pay the debt. It seemed to such that it would be good business to own the building, employ just enough teachers to manage the school, and thus realize a profit. It had not occurred to them that a rock house and a pleasant location would not of themselves make a college. The parties chosen to settle the business were not very careful each to please the other; not much effort was made to harmonize and settle to the interest of all. Mr. Thorp decided he had rather have the school building than to take the chances of the Ft. Worth property's paying for it. His proposition was accepted; the deeds were cancelled and the notes re-

turned. The school was to pay rent at the rate of fifty dollars per month to the close of that session. At that time unless other arrangements could be made the school would be without shelter.

The school now had a reputation of money value if it was desired so to use it. Citizens of Granbury offered to build such a house as we would designate and give Addison a residence, to have the school move only three miles. Other places offered buildings, some offered lands of a value that would have insured the erection of buildings and a foundation for an endowment. But against all these tempting offers was Addison's word that he had settled at that place permanently. On that assurance several persons had moved there, bought property and made homes. Unless he could remunerate them for all losses he would remain; besides, he had no intention of adding this to the number of failures. He announced that the session of 1877-1878 would open on time at Thorp Spring. AddRan college would remain and must have a shelter. Besides an expensive building it would cost a goodly sum to procure a suitable site on which to build. A plot of 6½ acres was secured at a cost of \$650.00. Addison gave little attention to this phase of the enterprise. Father attended to the details of making contracts with workmen, paying for material and superintending the construction. The task of getting the money fell to one poorly qualified for such work. I had an architect make a draft of the building that we would try to erect. Father made a contract for the stone walls, agreeing to pay for each story as finished. The money for the first payment was

obtained by the sale of Addison's home and my home in Ft. Worth. These were sold at a price just equal to a year's rent on them in 1873. Another sale was of 320 acres of land belonging to my wife. This land is in Collin county, and the location tells its value, but not what was received for it. Another was wife's childhood home in Bonham,—improvement and five acres of land within two blocks of the courthouse square. I do not look back on these transactions with any feelings of pride or assurance of having acted wisely. The only palliation is the purpose for which the sacrifice was made. What these sales lacked of furnishing the means was raised by sale of scholarships covering tuition and board for four years. This entailed a heavy burden. To pay tuition and feed boys when the money for these things was in stone walls was more than a hardship—somebody had to suffer. It is often the case that men get credit and their praises are sounded for doing things when the reward and the praise was due to the silent partner who toiled in the home. In that Great Day who will hear the Master say, "Well done?"

Temporary buildings were prepared for the beginning of the session of 1877-8, and by the end of the first term the new building was ready. The ship had weathered one storm, but there was rough sailing on the high seas.

The school had made some reputation for thorough work and high moral standard. Emphasis was placed on doing well every task undertaken and on clean living. This character was sustained by the co-operation of a loyal faculty who stood by the president in his every

purpose. The faculty meetings, which were held one evening every week, were marked by a seriousness and gravity bespeaking the earnest solicitude of the entire corps for each student.

Second only to the president in maintaining the high standard in work and conduct, was one of the youngest members of the faculty, John Enoch Jarrott. He was rigid in discipline, but never harsh or unsympathetic. It was in a very extreme case that he would consent for one to be expelled. After a young man had fallen by the way several times, and the faculty had given up hope of saving him and decided he must go, Mr. Jarrott took him to his room, made a companion of him and saved him. He was a leader and the students followed. He came to the school just as he was coming into his full manhood, and at the time of the school's greatest need, when its plans and policies were being formed. He lived for and with the students, in his devotion to their welfare he sacrificed his life. After a night spent watching by the bedside of a boy dying with typhoid fever he went to his own deathbed, and as we bore his body to the grave we walked lower down into the valley of shadows than ever before. His standard of integrity and high moral purpose continued with teachers and students. After a half century of learning men and their motives, I think I have never known one who more nearly filled the measure of the real teacher.

The school was very fortunate in having, in the person of the youngest member of the faculty, the versatile T. M. Clark, ("Mr. Tommie") who was ready for every emergency; if it was to head the Department of Music,

Language, Mathematics, Public Speaking or Physical Culture. He added much to mollify the strenuous life of the college by his readiness always to see the beautiful and to mingle the social element in all the hard work of the college. He made distinct and definite contributions to the curriculum, the policies, the ideals and life of the school; and individual lives were ennobled and the institution's usefulness largely increased by his untiring zeal and labors.

As the world estimates pay for the work done these teachers received little compensation for their labors. Sessions passed in which the janitor received more money than the president of the college. The soldier in time of battle cannot reflect on the surroundings nor take account of personal dangers; he thinks only of the cause that is calling for the best that he can give and of the hope of success.

The welfare of the students was always the first consideration. The prohibition of all intoxicants and of tobacco early became a fixed policy of the school. No question was ever asked as to the possibility of enforcing a regulation, when it was decided that it was right and to the interest of the students.

The President thought that all things right could be done by the help of the Power that guided him. He adopted the plan of teaching six days in the week, deciding that every day should have its apportionment of work, rest and recreation. Christmas was properly observed, but little time was lost in holidays. Vacations were taken as they were needed. When the long winter of hard work was passed, and the green prairies and

trout brooks began to call, the President would appear in chapel and say: "I am going to take a three days' trip to Paluxey. All who want to walk the 18 miles with me, be ready at a certain hour. A wagon will follow to carry camp equipment and to pick up the stragglers and those who fall by the way."

Addison believed that punishment should follow wrongdoing as a natural result. One typical illustration will suffice. When on an outing to Comanche Peak, eight miles away, some students in a freak of malicious mischief, tried their skill by throwing rocks at a woman's wash pot—to its utter ruin. When the boys returned to the college he wrote a receipt in full for the wash pot, and had them retrace their steps, pay for the pot, get the receipt signed, and return with it to him.

The following from an address by James H. Kirkland of Vanderbilt University on: WHAT IT IS TO BE A COLLEGE PRESIDENT, speaks Addison's sentiments and his rule of action as perfectly as if these were his words. "To labor constantly for the world with no thought of self, to find indifference and opposition where you ought to have active assistance, to meet criticism with patience and the open attacks of ignorance without resentment, to plead with others for their own good, to follow sleepless nights with days of incessant toil, to strive continually without ever attaining—this it is to be a college president. But this is only half the truth. To be associated with ambitious youth and high-minded men, to live in an atmosphere charged with the thoughts of the world's greatest thinkers, to dream of a golden age not in the past but in the future, to have the exalted privilege

of striving to make that dream a reality, to build up great kingdoms of material conquest, and make daily life richer and fuller, to spiritualize wealth and convert it into weal, to enrich personal character and elevate all human relationships, to leave the impress of one's life on a great and immortal institution—this is to be a college president."

The college was now recognized and its reputation had a money value. Prosperous towns and prospective cities made splendid offers of grounds, buildings and equipments to have the college move to one of these places. A large body of land could have been secured which would have enabled us to erect and equip the college building, and left the larger part of the land for a future endowment fund. The proprietors were again forced to a decision. If the college was to continue beyond the lives of the present workers it must have an endowment. These might toil on till worn out and others might not be found to take their places. It was decided to give the property to a board of trustees for the Church. This was thought to be the surest and quickest way to get the college endowed and firmly established, and there was no need of a better location. The title to the property was held by J. A. Clark, A. Clark and R. Clark. An inventory was taken of the building and furnishings and appraised at \$43,000. This was considered a cash value at that time, but only a small per cent, of what it had cost. There were two valuable tracts of land, not appraised, included in the gift. One of these was 640 acres in West Texas, the other 160 acres in Kaufman County. There was \$5,000 indebtedness; this

the Kaufman County land would have paid in a short time and left a surplus.

All assets, visible and invisible, were a free gift to the cause of Christian education. Father had not given money to the building of the college, but he had given his time and labor while the house was being erected and for years afterward without any compensation. A. & R. Clark paid him, as I now remember, \$2,000, and he joined in making the deed to the trustees. The charter was altered and the name changed to AddRan Christian University. We did not agree to the change in the name. We thought it not wise to denominationalize the name Christian by using it to distinguish the school from other church schools, and to call it a University carried the implication of a change in rank.

The enrollment the year the transfer was made was four hundred and twenty-six, representing eighty-two counties of Texas and six other states.

When the school was private property all bids for its removal were refused. Now that a board of trustees were in control it was for them to decide on the future of the school. A proposition came from Waco to move the college to that place. Addison was fixed in his judgment as to location, besides to move would cost the loss of his home; but he would not let personal interest interfere with the prosperity of the school. The trustees were business men. If it was their judgment that a move to a business center was necessary for the success of the school, he would not be in the way.

He preferred they would take the school and leave him, but he was the school and must go. Few ever

knew what it cost him. He said to me; "I would rather work here the rest of my life, die and be buried in these hills, than go anywhere, or have anything, any city can give." He went as if going from the grave of AddRan, but as he had gone to every battle of life, cheerfully answering the call of duty. After the move to the city, it became evident that a change in the methods of controlling the students, and somewhat in the policy of the institution, was desired. It was thought that the rigid discipline and supervision of the president partook too much of paternalism; that it was not university method; that this would do for a country school, but was not becoming a university. Addison took no offense at this. In mapping out his life work he had followed no college or university precedents. His purpose was to train for character, to lay the foundation on which to build life. He had decided on a course of action and could not conscientiously change. He did not claim perfection nor that some other might not be a better way. He was willing for the trustees to adopt whatever policy in their judgment was best. His own might be out of date, but he did not know how to change policy to suit others. When the trustees made some rules to govern the president in matters of discipline, he placed his resignation on file. Some thought he was disappointed, perhaps offended; some talked of ingratitude and wrong treatment. None of these understood the man. Few seem to ever understand a really unselfish man; one who puts the Kingdom of God first, and allows no consideration of self to have weight in deciding a course of action. I remember but one time that he expressed disappointment at the ac-

tion of the trustees after the move to Waco, and that was when he could not persuade them to retain the property at Thorp Spring and allow it to be used as a training school for the university. I know of no incident in his life in which he felt slighted, or thought he was not treated with due consideration.

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS, IDEALS, AND TEACHINGS

On public occasions he avoided platform reservations and conspicuous seats. He was an attentive listener and would select a seat where he could see the speaker and get every word and facial expression. On one occasion, when W. J. Bryan was to deliver an address, the committee of arrangements informed Addison that a seat was reserved for him on the speaker's platform; but, when the crowd assembled, he was found in the audience in front of the speaker. At the Jubilee Convention at Pittsburgh, there was a special time and place for the assembling of the pioneer preachers. They were seated according to seniority; representatives were called to give reminiscences of their times, places and work. The most distinguished of the seniors had delivered addresses and they were approaching the age that embraced Addison's class. A brother arose and asked to be permitted to introduce "the distinguished pioneer Christian educator of the great Southwest." Addison saw the trend of his introduction and whispered to one sitting by him; "If I am not here when the audience is dismissed I will be just outside by the door," and stooping, he slipped out by a near side door. When his name was called there was no one to answer.

In his sermons, addresses and writings he avoided all allusions to self. With him the measure of greatness was

service and the teacher was the greatest servant of all. He believed that the greatest opportunity to serve mankind, the greatest responsibility comes to him who takes upon himself the task of molding young life and forming character for time and eternity. He considered no one worthy to be called teacher who measured his service by money value and who could not find joy in self-denial and hardship that would make him worthy to be a leader of the young.

Addison knew no secular and religious side of life. It was for or against Christ in all things. "Study to show yourself approved by God" he considered as necessary an injunction for young teachers of today, as when Paul gave it to the young men of his time; and, as for the reward, he believed that if one put first the kingdom of God and His righteousness all necessary things would be supplied. In preaching he was at his best as teacher; he thoroughly prepared every sermon; delivered none off-hand. In studying to know the truth, he was bound by no system of doctrine; was not troubled with trying to harmonize truth with established systems of theology; and never feared the bugbear of "inconsistency," considering that if in error the wise thing to do was to change. He taught that Christ's mission was to redeem man from all iniquity and lead him to become a zealous worker for all right things; that salvation is to be saved from the love, practice and guilt of sin. He saw in the plan of salvation a process of molding character into Christ's likeness. All ordinances and acts of worship are designed to bring man into closer relationship to God, the Father. The individual is born into a new life and must

grow into the fulness of the likeness of Christ. His chapter and verse for the order of worship was 1 Cor. 14:40, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" and Eph. 5:19, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

To be decent and orderly there must be harmony; the songs and exhortations must be in harmony with the occasion and with the worship of God; the singing must be with melody in the heart to God, and not for entertainment. He taught that music had great power either for good or evil; it stirs the emotions, arouses the passions, directs the impulses and thoughts. If the music and the words be of the frivolous ragtime sort, it stirs the sensual emotions and the life is started on the incline plane downward. He loved music, studied it when a child, but would never sing nor listen to foolish or vulgar songs. From the time he was twelve years old he took an active part in the congregational singing. To him it was a means of spiritual growth. The hour of prayer and song was a season of fellowship with saints and with God; and all his life he took part in the song service with the congregation, unless the singing was of the frivolous, having the form of Godliness with the power of evil.

The following letter gives his views on the question of music, and the spirit that guided him in all his teaching and preaching. It was in answer to a letter by a daughter of a very dear friend and brother. She was raised in a congregation that would not use the instrument in the worship, and had been taught that it was sinful. She had married and moved to a congregation that used the in-

strument; her husband needed her companionship in the worship; she needed his. There could be no complete harmony in the home without this. What must she do? She wrote for his advice as she would have done to her father had he been living. She referred him to the various passages she had been taught to rely upon as condemning the use of instrumental music in worship. He wrote her as follows:

“September 21, 1901.

“It is a most delightful task to reply to your beautiful and refreshing letter. It brings to mind the lovely girl, that long-ago day when I first saw her in the old home, and all the interesting years during which she grew into pure sweet womanhood—but to the subject of your letter. First of all, let me say that the promptings of your heart just now, re-enforced by unbiased judgment, strengthened by prayerful study of God’s Word should be followed. To the Lord, to your husband, to the cause of the Master, to yourself, and to your home do you owe it to take a stand with the congregation of Disciples at your home. Your father and mine were grand men of God, serving the Lord faithfully and heroically, during their time and under their circumstances, acting according to their best judgment and light; but they cannot act for their children in that great day when everyone shall give an account to God for himself. Old people are like old vines, they become fixed in their ways by long habit, do not yield readily to new environments. They are apt to regard a new method of doing some familiar thing as an innovation on the Lord’s plan of doing that thing; when the Lord’s plan was that the thing be done heartily

unto the Lord and not unto man. The passages to which you allude, 2 Tim. 3:16, 17; 2 Pet. 1:3, teach the entire sufficiency of the Word of God for all Christian work and worship. It does this by furnishing the fundamental and guiding principles, not by giving minute details of method. The gospel of Christ is God’s power of salvation, and it is foolish and wicked to try to substitute any other gospel for that; but as to the various methods by which the gospel shall be given to the world, that method is best which best succeeds in reaching the largest number of minds and hearts with the gospel. It may be proclaimed from pew or pulpit, housetop or street corner, whispered by lips of sympathy to suffering and dying mortals, breathed by gentle song by consecrated singer. Anyway, every way, so Christ be preached. One thing is certain, God has no plan whereby His people can fold their arms and do nothing. The Lord has no method of idleness. As to the music question, the Scriptures are equally full and explicit, and just as wisely silent as to detail of method. We are commanded to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in the heart to the Lord. There can be no melody in the heart if there is discord in the voices. Hence a system of music has been invented by man for the purpose of guiding the song service. The notebook is an instrument for guiding the eye, an organ is an instrument to guide the ear. Both are for having mechanical part of the music so orderly that the mental and spiritual may not be disturbed or embarrassed, thereby the melody of the heart be as nearly perfect as possible. You know by your own experience how difficult it is to keep the mind on the sentiment of the song when the

music has been set out of tune, or there arises a discord in the parts. It is by the same principle that you lose much of the benefit of a sermon or lecture by having an uneasy seat, or having some disturbance, by having someone whispering or a baby crying near you. The woe pronounced by Amos was upon people who, in addition to other sinful performances, had prostituted the sacred instruments used by David, to base, sinful amusements. By reference to 2 Chron. 29:35, you will see that David placed those instruments in the worship by the direction of the Lord, through the prophets. The passage referred to in Romans 14, teaches us in brief, how we should deport ourselves incidently, in matters where our conduct might influence others injuriously. The word offend in the New Testament means to cause another to stumble or to fall. So Paul said if eating meat caused his brother to stumble, fall away, be lost, he would eat no more while the world stood. Paul had reference to meat offered to idols and had afterward been sold in the market. Such meat was no more to Paul than other meat, but if some weak disciple who had been recently converted from idolatry and been accustomed to an idolatrous use of such meat and seeing Paul use it might be caused to go back to idol worship, if this made the weak brother stumble he would eat no more meat while the world stood. We must deny ourselves to help others, and bear and forbear that there may be peace among the people of God. Did I belong to a congregation which did not favor instruments, notebooks and such things that give aid to the music and could not convince them in a quiet way of the error of this opinion I would submit to the will of the majority;

or on the other hand should I not favor such instrumental aids in the music, but a majority of the active working members favored them, I would submit to the will of the majority. It is hardly possible for all the members of any one congregation to be of one opinion in all the affairs of a busy church, and there can be no peace only by the minority yielding to the majority where there is difference in mere matters of opinion. We can be of one faith, but of one opinion we can never be and there must be liberty.

“I have been somewhat lengthy in this reply, but could not be more brief without omitting some important points. I shall always be glad to hear from you when you feel like saying a word to me.

“Much love to you and yours,

“Affectionately,

“A. Clark.”

CHAPTER X

HIS LAST WORK AS PREACHER AND TEACHER

On retiring from the college, Addison engaged to preach for the church at Waco. His preaching had been mostly to students, those with whom he lived and taught day by day. He was unused to the methods and customs of a city church, but no one knew whether he was pleased with the work or not. With him it was to decide what he ought to do, and it was his pleasure to do that with all his might. He felt that one accustomed to doing that kind of pastoral work would succeed better than he would. He would rather sit up at night with a sick man, wait on him, cut his wood and make his fires than to spend the time making social visits. At Thorp Spring in mid-winter, with snow and mud on the ground, he walked six miles after school in the evening and sat up till after midnight in a log cabin with an old man who was slowly dying. He would walk home in time to get a little rest and be ready for chapel at the usual hour, eight a. m. He found pleasure in this kind of visiting, for he knew he was brightening the last hours of a sufferer.

From Waco he accepted a call to Amarillo; here he found congenial work. This was a new enterprising western town, rapidly filling with strangers; he found opportunity to pilot some of these to safe harbors, and could of-

ten help some health-seeker to get a cot in the open and extemporize ways and means to cook his meals. He had a weekly Bible class, published a "Weekly Visitor" for the members, and with preaching twice every Sunday, attending Sunday school and mid-week prayer meeting, he kept busy and enjoyed the work. His fraternal fellowship with all the preachers of the town was beautiful. This was to him a source of joy, for he held that the union of Christians was our mission, and to help bring this about he accepted every opportunity for fellowship in work with all Christians. The last Sunday that he spent with the church at Amarillo, the day he was to bid them farewell, the preachers of the town came in a body and took possession of the service and bade him take a seat, while they conducted the service in his honor. This was a precious memory for the rest of his days. He marveled that such demonstrations of respect should be shown him, and said he would accept this as his funeral ceremony, and was glad to know what people would say when he was gone.

Although busy and enjoying the work, there were reasons for deciding to change. His wife had been in failing health for several years, he had hoped that the high altitude and dry climate would be beneficial to her, but it had proven otherwise. The climate of the lower country suited her condition better. He felt that he was not using his time to the fullest measure of good, that preaching to the ordinary congregation on Sunday would not advance the cause of Christianity as would the day-by-day training of the youth. At this time, some business men of Granbury and Thorp Spring proposed to re-equip the

college buildings at Thorp Spring and give them over to him to build an academy. He accepted the offer at great financial loss and returned to his old home to the old work; not to build a college; it mattered but little with him whether he was called president of a college or a teacher of children. His highest ambition was to be worthy to be called Teacher. When it became known that he was leaving Amarillo, some of the most desirable locations with churches in the state were offered him; he declined them all, and returned to his former work. He spent years of joyous work, teaching without a salary and walking three miles to Granbury every Sunday, preaching morning and evening, walking back by starlight and receiving for a salary one-third what he might have had as pastor of a prosperous church.

He had no thought that his returning to school work would be misunderstood and disapproved of by the Christian University management. But the university was having a hard struggle to get on a safe basis, and while it was compelled to have a preparatory department, they thought it unwise to allow any of the patronage to be diverted. He and the teachers he had associated with him were not willing to be put in the position of a rival of the church school. He had taken up the work at a financial sacrifice and giving it up entailed a burden of debt on some of the teachers associated with him. No one knew the pain it cost him to give up the work so dear to his heart. His family being at Amarillo, he returned there, but not to preach. His wife's health was still declining, and upon the advice of physicians he took her to Southern California. She did not improve, though he cared

for her, nursed her, anxiously watching by her side, for days and nights, through weeks and months. Finally, mentally and physically exhausted, he succumbed to a severe case of sickness. This was the beginning of his last sickness. He was soon up and at the bedside of his invalid wife. In a little while he brought her worn-out body and laid it to rest by the side of loved ones in the village cemetery at Thorp Spring. He was suffering, but no one knew it, for he never complained. He went to Mineral Wells, Texas, hoping to find relief, and while there preached for the church. Physicians gave him little satisfaction as to what was the cause of his suffering; he had no critical examination to ascertain what was ailing him. He had never had any serious sickness, and with such a vigorous constitution he thought by care and endurance to wear out the malady. He continued his work, meeting promptly every appointment. The last Sunday that he had an appointment to preach, he arose early, and while taking his usual morning bath, became unconscious and, falling, burned himself against a stove. He was alone in his room and did not know how long he had lain on the floor unconscious. Coming to himself, he dressed and went to church; the congregation had assembled and he made an effort to preach, but had to give up. He was confined to his bed for several days. I had kept in communication with him and would see him as often as once a week. But now, not hearing from him for several days, I became uneasy and went to him. He had employed a man to stay with him until he was able to be out of bed. I found him packing his books preparatory to leaving.

We cleaned out this, his last workshop, a room in an apartment house; collected his tools, and he sought rest at the home of his eldest daughter in Comanche. Here he thought to rest awhile, and again be at work. In his severest suffering he would say: "If this is to prepare me for some harder work than I have yet done, I am thankful for it; or, if it is to fit me for some greater work in the higher service beyond, I am glad to be made ready."

In all his suffering, he never lost interest in the great world movements. He was especially interested in all that was being written concerning Christian Union. He considered this the special plea of the Disciples; without this they had no mission. On the day of his death, as he sat supported in bed by pillows, he had around him a number of late papers and journals, from which he had several selections read to him. With unabated interest and strong voice he commented upon them. In a short while, however, the paroxysm of pain returned and he lost consciousness and never more returned to the things of this world. At no time did he think he was sick to death. He was expecting to have an operation to ascertain what was the cause of his suffering, and said to me, if he did not recover from the operation, to have his remains taken to the little church at Granbury. He wanted no funeral display, but would like for Bro. J. C. Mason to conduct the funeral. The little band at Granbury had endeared themselves to him. While he was with his invalid wife in California, they sent regularly to him the salary he had received while preaching for them.

E. C. Boynton knew Addison as the students knew him,

entered into his life, understood the motives, the main-spring of his great, unselfish life. He was present during the last hours of suffering and triumph. The following article was written for "The Courier" just after the funeral.

CHAPTER XI

ADDISON CLARK GONE HOME

“As these words are written the great heart of the brotherhood, already stunned by the tidings of irreparable loss, are sadly awakening to the realization that the earthly labors of Addison Clark are ended. On Saturday morning, May 13, 1911, at twenty minutes past one o'clock the great leader quietly passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lyman Russel, at Comanche, Tex. After the announcement some two months since of his serious and probable fatal illness, the public was not altogether unprepared for his death. He had, however, rallied sufficiently to be up and about the house for a few days and the family and intimate friends had begun to hope that he might even yet with his iron constitution, conquer the disease which had fastened on him. He himself was hopeful that an operation might restore him to his usual health, as soon as he could gain the necessary strength to undergo it. About ten days before his death he began to fail and was soon confined to his bed. Though he had expressed himself earlier as willing to go “if his work was done,” he remained hopeful to the last. He feared only if he could not recover he might linger to need the care of others—so characteristic a feeling in one who never in his life had wanted anyone to be put to the least inconvenience on his account.

Friday afternoon he seemed to be in splendid spirits, and his faculties were never clearer. His daughter had

been reading to him at intervals throughout the day articles from various magazines and journals. That afternoon he asked us to read a contribution to the current “Outlook” on “The New Bible” and discussed with keen and unflagging interest the questions which were near his heart. He seemed to be as one preparing by study and reflection for a great life work. His only reference to death was the direction given to his brother Randolph as to the funeral service in the event of the unexpected failure of the operation which he still believed could be performed in a few days. As his attendants left him for a little while, he himself read the daily paper which had just come. Life was never more full of meaning to him than at that moment.

About nightfall he was seized with a hemorrhage from the bowels and soon began to grow weaker. His physician administered an injection of morphine, and about nine o'clock the self-forgetful patient turned to his family: “Don't sit up here with me; lie down and rest, for you need it and I am going to sleep.” He soon had given himself to slumber—the last of earth. His waking was with the loved and lost where they shall run and not grow weary, and shall walk and not faint. Funeral services were held in the little chapel at Granbury, on Sunday, May 14, 10 A. M. It was Bro. Clark's request of many years' standing, that if he should be taken first, Bro. J. C. Mason should conduct the service, which he did in a spirit worthy of its great subject. Bro. H. M. Bandy, one of the early AddRan students, and Bro. V. R. Stapp, pastor of the Granbury Church, which had so long and faithfully loved Bro. Addison, assisted in the service. At one

P. M., under the leafy bowers of the cemetery at Thorp Spring, while the tender songs of the Thorp Spring College choir fell upon the air we sadly laid beside the form of his beloved wife the manly form of Addison Clark, and turned away to face a world from which his leadership was gone.

That he founded and was the first president of AddRan College, now Texas Christian University, is generally known to the Brotherhood, and yet to the great mass of Disciples he was a stranger. His modesty was so characteristic and thoroughgoing that he withheld himself from the public notice at all times, unless the occasion called for his service. When he heard that call he responded at whatever cost to himself. He sought that others rather than himself should be preferred in honor. He seemed unconscious that he had ever done anything of special merit, and while he felt strong affection for hundreds of friends and former students he could scarcely realize the almost boundless love that multitudes lavished upon him. When he, our greatest Texas preacher, would revisit the scene of his university labors and the students at chapel would cheer the mention of his name, it was always a fresh surprise to him. And even in his last illness, when his daughter would read the letters of personal affection that came like a flood, he could not comprehend why he was the object of so much solicitude, and would say to her: "This reconciles me to being sick." And yet beyond all of his modesty the fact remains that the entire state is his debtor. Men of strength, in forum or in legislative halls, great jurists who sit in responsible positions in our higher courts, physicians of worth and ability,

ministers of the gospel of more than local fame, sturdy toilers of the farm and leaders in the business world, to say nothing of homemakers, whose solid worth is the guaranty of our civilization—these, by scores and hundreds owe their whole conception of life and noblest impulses to him whose services can be given to his Master's cause no more.

He was a man who grew younger with the years. He was a close and careful student, a clear and profound thinker to the last. His childlike love of truth was to every young man among us a challenge to preserve the open mind; his resolute maintenance of whatever he conceived to be right an inspiration to us all to dare and do for duty's sake. We shall miss his clarion call in our great prohibition battles now upon us; we shall miss him in our councils in the Church of God; we shall miss him in the halls of education and progress. But in the hearts of his "boys and girls" who knew him in the years long gone will live forever the picture of "Bro. Addison," sage, prophet, leader, teacher, friend. And time will but deepen the impress the life of him than whom, it may be said without exaggeration, the Disciples have produced no greater personality since Alexander Campbell went away."

From the many articles that appeared in different papers, I have selected a few as showing how he was known by busy men in different walks of life. I have not included any of the many letters from personal friends and close associates. Dr. Wysong and Addison were associates only in school. In their very busy lives they met but few times.

As a friend and college associate of the late Addison Clark, I beg the privilege of offering a tribute of respect to his memory through the columns of your paper. He and the writer first met as students in the old Kentucky Town Academy of which "Uncle Charley" Carlton was the principal. A warm personal friendship soon sprang up between us which grew into a riper friendship after moving with the school to Bonham. Since our separation there our lives have touched but at one point, in 1870, through our fields of respective labor—a fact which enabled the writer to keep closely in touch with the labors and growing influence of this man of God. The genial, kindhearted, unpretentious friend, the stainless Christian gentleman, the splendid soldier of the Lost Cause will be with us no more, but we will ever cherish a feeling of the highest admiration for this great leader and organizer of men as we look through the record of his services, of duties performed, sacrifices made, of trials and sufferings heroically endured. In all his life work one can see exemplified in his character the rounded finish, the grace and symmetry of an almost perfect man. His was a life devoted to the highest interests of humanity—a life in purpose, in ambition, in deed worthy of the fondest emulation.—James Hopkins Wysong, Hico, Tex.

As recognized by the secular press:

Addison Clark's work and influence was like the silent, but incomputible forces of nature, great without ostentation. If modesty and self-depreciation—that is the extreme manifestation of it—were ever a fault in anyone they were in him. He seemed never to suspect the greatness of personality in himself, that his friends and inti-

mates saw in him. When told of these estimates of him, by his friends, he looked incredulous and treated them as the exaggerated expressions of personal love and interest. In all the planning of his great work self was never seen.—The Granbury Democrat.

Addison Clark has crossed over the river and rests under the shade of trees. He was truly a great man—great in thought, particularly great in his service to humanity. He felt the power of the invisible and he met in joyous spirit every demand it made upon him. There was no pretense about Addison Clark, and vanity he knew not. His one great ambition was to do his duty in that state of life to which God had called him and he never faltered. When the storms beat fiercest, the spirit within was calm and sweet and resourceful, making it easy for him to succeed. Somehow as we contemplate this man, heaven seems to be nearer and the things unseen become indeed the realities. The world is gainer many fold by reason of the career of Addison Clark.—The Waco Times-Herald.

San Francisco, Cal., May 25, 1911.

I am shocked and grieved to hear of the death of Bro. Addison Clark. I feel his departure as a personal loss. Since I first met him in the year 1877, when for a short time I was an inmate of his home, I have counted him among my warmest, truest friends. In all the years that I have known him, I have known him only to love him. He possessed many of the qualities that go to make up a princely man. Not the least among these was his modesty. At the time that he was the most outstanding fig-

ure among our people in Texas, he was as modest and unobtrusive as a little child. After the frosts of age had whitened his hair, I met him only at infrequent intervals—the last time at the Brotherhood meeting at Pittsburgh. I love to think of him as I first saw him in the prime and vigor of manhood,—a figure that would have attracted attention in any company.

He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.—W. H. Bagby.

Personally I mourn the death of Addison Clark; he was a dear friend of mine. Twenty-five years ago I was Sunday School Evangelist in Texas, he with others stood by me in the work when enemies sought to overthrow it. Had he turned me down I would not have spent twenty-five years in Texas and Texas work. I shall never cease to revere his name.—J. H. Rosecrans, Breakabeen, N. Y.

The transition of this great and good man is a serious loss to the cause of Christ on earth, but no doubt a great help to the cause in the spiritual realm. Addison was not only a talented and logical reasoner, but also an humble but powerful preacher of the gospel of Christ. He was an educator of the highest type; and as the founder of AddRan which developed into Texas Christian University, left a legacy to Texas and to the world which will bless mankind to the end of time and be realized in eternity.

He was a reformer on all lines of life; and taught both by precept and example wherever he went and in whatever position he was placed. There is no death, he has only cast off his earthly garments and passed on to a higher and happier state, where physical poverty, sin

and suffering cannot come; and where he will continue his labors for the good of man, with a tenfold leverage of love, wisdom and power. His pathway will ever be onward and upward in the pathway of divine truth in the sunshine of God's love.—E. L. Dohoney, Paris, Tex.

Addison Clark has gone home to all that the Father has in store for him. I believe that this means more than what we think of when we speak of rest. That would not satisfy the spirit of such a man. Surely there is a place for service, for growth, for doing the will of the Master over there; else how can such as our brother call it heaven? Since the year 1869 his influence and prayer and diligent effort have been for the cause of Christian education in this great Southwest land of ours. And right nobly has he labored and right earnestly has he prayed. What must have been the feeling that thrilled his great soul when he contemplated the work which is following that which he and his brother planted almost half a century ago. I have known Bro. Clark for more than thirty years, and our paths have crossed each other many times. It would be strange, indeed, if two men should be thrown in such close contact for so long a while without passing points where they felt strong differences which existed. This has been true with us. But I can stand beside his grave and say with truth that there never was a moment when I did not revere the integrity, the candor, the bigness of heart of my brother. When we differed the strongest I wrote him letters saying just what I am saying after he is gone. And he has written kindred words to me in the kindness of his great heart. He never struck in the dark, never shut himself from his

brethren in the spirit of spite. He never failed to acknowledge his mistake when it was pointed out to him; he never pouted because he was not "appreciated" and never sulked because he was not treated "right." He was too big a man for such baby performances as these. And because he was a man his brethren respected him tenderly—loved him whether they agreed with or opposed that which he advocated.

A prince in Israel has fallen; a mighty man of valor has laid aside the armor; a hero has gone to his rest.—Chalmers McPherson, Ft. Worth.

The following is one of a series of articles to "The Courier" on:

SOME PIONEER PREACHERS AMONG THE DISCIPLES IN TEXAS

Addison Clark

"It seems strange that someone that has the data has not written a biography of this great and good man, the man who has done more for the cause of primitive Christianity than any man who ever lived in Texas. If such a book was written there ought to be 20,000 copies sold and each copy sold would be enshrined in the hearts of living Disciples and do good for the ages to come. I do not know when his father, J. A. Clark, came to Texas, or when Addison began to preach, but think it was soon after the war between the states. Neither can I state when he first entered the school. Perhaps no man ever had the power to mold young men and women and impress his character on them more than Addison Clark.

As they would come from his college they would quote his sayings and adopt his mottoes and imitate his actions and praise his patience and kindness, even his justness in discipline. It was as a preacher I knew him best, as it was my good fortune to be with him in a great many meetings. It was a common saying among the Disciples that Addison Clark was the best preacher in Texas, and no other felt envious over it. This was a rare combination, that he was so well rounded on all sides that he could be the best teacher and the best preacher at the same time in Texas. In our association in meetings he always insisted that I should preach time about with him. This was a great burden to me, for I was young, inexperienced and uneducated, but his kindness and loving consideration and suggestiveness always brought me through. Many a night have I sat up nearly all night trimming my sails for the next day, that I might not fall down before this great man. He often would correct in a gentle way my quotations, pronunciations, historical statements and errors of grammar and give me the rule by which I could profit in the future.

He had a happy faculty of suggesting that never seemed like criticizing. He always praised young preachers and tried to make them feel like he was no better equipped than they were. After a long separation from him he asked me how I had made such improvement and I answered by association with you and such men as you, and when I looked in his eyes he was shedding tears. His eloquence was of a peculiar kind, not eloquent as the world calls eloquence, but always plain, direct, argumentative and sympathetic, with the earnestness of his whole

being thrown in. There was never an effort at word painting for self-glory. Jesus Christ, God the Father and His Word were his only themes, for these his whole heart was taken up. He glorified the Church because it glorified the Christ, for these he gave his heart, body, mind and soul and labored excessively and wore his body out and laid down his armor and went to a premature grave in the midst of his usefulness when he was better equipped than ever, but he carried along the love of thousands of hearts he had won to the Christ.—J. A. Lincoln.

Note—In a personal letter to the editor in regard to the above article, Bro. Lincoln says: I feel like I said nothing as it ought to have been said about Bro. Clark; but I hope his friends and brethren will appreciate my love for him and fill in their own minds all I have left out. I could not write for shedding tears over the tender recollections of the years we were together. Perhaps it may not be long till we meet again.

The following was his last message to his brethren:

Comanche, Texas, May 8, 1911.

To The Texas Christian Missionary Convention,

Assembled at Ft. Worth, Texas,

Dear Brethren:—

On my sickbed I dictate a few words of fraternal and Christian greeting. May the jubilee convention be the best of all the twenty-five, both as to fruits and to outlook. I regret very much that I cannot be with you in person as I am in spirit. I have missed very few of the annual

meetings of the association since its organization, and would have missed none, if higher duties or sickness had not prevented. In all your deliberations, plans and purposes may the Lord guide you.

Faithfully and fraternally,

Addison Clark.