

James Petigru Boyce
God's Gentleman

By
DAVID M. RAMSEY, D.D.



SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



James Petigru Boyce God's Gentleman

BY DAVID M. RAMSEY, D.D., Greenville, S. C.

FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS, JANUARY 11, 1924.

Back to the Seminary after thirty-five years as applied to me is a difficult thought. I do not seem to be older than thirty-five. However, in the meantime, I returned to deliver the first alumni address of the institution speaking then on "Love, the purpose of the *In Memoriam*," and now I bring the exemplification of the theme of the great poem—James Petigru Boyce. The return to the Seminary recalls Tom Brown's return to Rugby after a lapse of years. You remember how he wandered among the scenes of his schoolboy experiences. The changed conditions here give an element of pathos that the Englishman did not feel. With him the buildings were there—only the men had gone; while here neither buildings nor men of former days are present. The old Seminary buildings are not recognizable, and the immortal quartet, Broadus, Boyce, Manly, Whitsett, are gone to their long home. I feel honored with the invitation to speak on

Founder's Day, and I could wish that I might speak words level to the occasion and worthy of the great name. Dr. Broadus has written a noble book on Dr. Boyce, and what shall he say who comes after the King? There may be some fitness in having one speak on this occasion who has lived fifteen years in Dr. Boyce's native city and for about the same period has been an educator in the city of the Seminary's first home, which is the speaker's birthplace. The present occasion is made more interesting by the circumstance that three generations are represented here today—the founders of the Seminary, the speaker of the occasion and the present student body. Since Dr. Boyce was born in 1827, the period covered is nearly one hundred years, allowing thirty-two years to the generation you have the customary number of years for each generation.

There will be no effort to make a profound speech. Someone has said that he did not preach profound sermons for two reasons: one was that his audience did not understand such discussions and the other that he did not understand them himself. The plan will be to use data that has not hitherto been published. The definite theme may at first appear inadequate and unworthy, but I trust the development may justify the subject selected—James Petigru Boyce—God's Gentleman.

At the outset, let us present certain illustrative incidents taken "close up" in the life of Dr. Boyce showing what manner of man he was. Here we must have no unworthy definition of a gentleman. We are not deal-

ing with that perfumed and powdered variety with hair parted in the middle, a connoisseur in selecting ties and matching colors, but a man whose inheritance, rearing, and environment are shot through with the Christian religion, and whose life is modeled after that of the Perfect Man. Dr. Boyce was a perfect gentleman. Someone has said that a gentleman is a man who could not be even unintentionally rude. Such a man was Dr. Boyce. Think of him as being the kind of gentleman that Jesus was. We read of Him that the people marvelled at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. With Boyce, as with his Master, graciousness marked his every act and utterance. Dr. Boyce was fortunate in the matter of heredity, his father being a descendant of Scotch-Irish stock and his mother belonging to the brilliant Carolina Johnston family still conspicuous in producing lawyers, judges and statesmen. It is significant that his father named his eldest son for his personal friend, the ablest lawyer in that part of the South—James L. Petigru. Petigru was one of the four great men who came, about the same time, from Dr. Waddill's famous log cabin college in Abbeville district, South Carolina. The big four were, James L. Petigru, Hugh S. LeGare, George McDuffy and John C. Calhoun, than whom the Palmetto State has produced no greater unless this boy named for the Charleston lawyer is greater, which is probably true. Dr. Boyce was reared in Charleston, one of the most cultured and exclusive American cities of that day, and the lad had access to the best

homes of the city. He was educated at the old Charleston College, Brown University and Princeton Seminary, acquiring distinction at each institution; so you see the best of three centers of culture were placed under contribution to his education. The lad lost no prestige by joining the First Baptist Church of Charleston. I am in a position to know that in that day the best people of Charleston gathered at the old First Baptist Church. The church records show that Lord Cardross and Lady Axtell were among the members, and recently an eminent lawyer of Charleston told me that many of the leading members of the exclusive "St. Celia" society were descendants of these old families of the First Baptist Church. Young Boyce came under the influence of many of the greatest American preachers in his native city, such as Basil Manly, Sr., Richard Fuller, Drs. Crawford, Bradley, Jerideux and Thornwell.

Now I am going to take a little time to relate from my personal knowledge and from that of my friends, some unpublished incidents illustrative of the quality of gentleman that I have under discussion. In his home he was perfect in his deportment to visitors and members of his family. In those early days in the village of Greenville where there was no public library, his personal library was at the disposal both of the citizens and of the Seminary students. In his home life, ease of manner, good humor, jest, playfulness, mingled with earnest conversation, marked all his relations. One day Mrs. Boyce called him Jim, and he

turned and said with apparent seriousness, "You called me Jim. Sarah called Abraham, Lord." "Yes," she replied, "but you must remember we have no such men in our day as Abraham." Dr. Cody says that a woman, after hearing Dr. Boyce preach in the First Baptist Church in Greenville, was going home to dinner with his family and said, "Dr. Boyce, I do not know what to say about it, for Dr. Broadus does not like to have his sermons praised, but this was a great and helpful sermon you preached today." "Oh, well," the Doctor replied, "that is all right for Dr. Broadus, for he gets so much praise; not so with me, so come on with your good words." Dr. Dill, of Greenville, says he remembers that when Dr. Boyce returned to the Seminary from Atlanta, after getting \$50,000.00 for the Seminary from Governor Joseph E. Brown, he told of a remark made by Governor Brown's daughter to the effect that she was very happy that her father had given \$50,000.00 to the Seminary. Dr. Boyce replied that for her father to make the gift was very noble, but for her to want him to do so was more beautiful. A woman now living in Greenville told me that when she was a little girl she saw Dr. Boyce when he was making a speech to a great gathering, and that he impressed her as the best natured man she had ever seen. She poetically said that he had a "twinkling face." Dr. Dargan says that when he was a student at the Seminary Dr. Boyce was absent through all the years in Kentucky making arrangements for the removal of the Seminary. He came home for commencement and Dargan said to him,

“Doctor, I am sorry I am graduating without ever having sat in your class.” He replied, “That may be very well for you, for you might not have graduated if you had.”

Some effort should be made to set forth the peculiar interest Dr. Boyce always felt in the students of the Seminary. Owing to the fact that he had much to do with the management of the institution, including the finances, he came into very intimate contact with the students in dealing with their own practical problems. This circumstance probably explains the fact that he called them his boys. Eternity alone will reveal his helpfulness and acts of kindness to struggling students. Dr. Sanders of Greenville says that a student borrowed \$50.00 from Dr. Boyce and, while thinking of the kind of paper he should give, the Doctor said, “Now are you quite sure this \$50.00 is enough to meet your demands?” They tell around Greenville to this day, how with his own hands he would carry from his elegant home nourishment for sick students. Ernest Cook, of Richmond, says that when he had a long spell of typhoid fever at Louisville, all the professors showed kindness in every conceivable way. He remembers that when he was convalescent how Dr. Whitsett sat around like a family cat but talked like a philosopher, and that the conversation of Dr. Broadus was so brilliant that it sometimes caused a rise of fever—a price he was always willing to pay for the visit. But he affirms he will never forget to his dying day the sympathy, rest and peace “Jim Peter” would bring with his visits. A curious and contradictory

thing was that Dr. Boyce had a dignity of manner that seemed slightly exclusive. Young Broadus being introduced to him by Poindexter of Virginia, on their way to the Southern Baptist Convention, thought the young man to be somewhat cold in his manner, yet no student ever held that dignity to be a fault. Students did not put an arm around the Doctor or take his arm while walking the street, but they counted him their unfaltering friend and spoke of him familiarly as "Jim Peter." However, he was not called Jim Peter to his face. This term was used when the student and the professor were in different localities. F. H. Kerfoot at Eutaw Place Church, Baltimore, came into his pulpit one morning feeling poorly prepared for his sermon and finding Dr. Boyce sitting in the audience. Kerfoot told me that he resolved not to preach to him and went down and told him so, but when the Doctor stoutly refused to preach, Kerfoot, said with dignified playfulness, "Get thee behind me, ——." The good Doctor sat at the back of the pulpit and the young preacher did well, for he knew that the visitor was praying for him.

I wish to relate an incident that illustrates the generosity of Dr. Boyce to the students. When I was managing "the Waverly," a few days before Thanksgiving I received a note from Dr. Boyce asking me to make purchases for everything needed for a good Thanksgiving dinner. He said, "Let the turkeys be fat and let there be abundance of cranberry, celery, fruits and nuts, and be kind enough to send me the bill." I give you to under-

stand that I followed his instructions without stint, but had some hesitation in presenting the bill because of its size. When the bill was handed to him he adjusted his glasses and said in fatherly tones, "Why, Brother Ramsay, this bill is entirely too small. I fear you did not get enough for a good dinner." That was the eternal gentleman in him. I suppose that the professors of the Seminary keep up the custom of giving Thanksgiving dinner to the students. I feel sure that if this is done and he could know about it, it would be quite as pleasing to him as is the observance of Founder's Day. I recall a story which illustrates the jealous care Dr. Boyce had for the good name of the students. One Sunday morning the Courier-Journal carried the statement that a Seminary student had been arrested the night before in the red light district but that the officer released the student, not being willing to expose a Seminary student. However, to let the thing go in that way did not suit "Jim Peter." I remember how he brought the policeman to the old Waverly and made each one of us fellows file before him for identification of the alleged evildoer. When the last student had passed and the officer said that the man he had arrested was not there, Dr. Boyce exclaimed impulsively, "I was willing to bet my life that it was not one of our boys." It turned out that the fellow was a medical student.

The following story will illustrate the beautiful reciprocal affection existing between the student body and Dr. Boyce. When young Sampey was to be ordained at

the Forks of Elk Horn Church in Central Kentucky, it transpired when the people had assembled for the ordination, that the candidate's church letter had not arrived from Alabama. Dr. Boyce was in the ordination council. He advised that the church go forward with the ordination, which was done. This was contrary to Baptist custom. At least certain brethren said so, and as a consequence a hot controversy followed in the Western Recorder which was very painful and embarrassing to Dr. Boyce. Doubtless some were honest in their contentions, but it was thought at the time others took opportunity of the incident to show bitterness to the Seminary and its great leader. To prove their sympathy, the class in Theology purchased a handsome walking cane and one day at the end of the class I was asked to present the cane. I did so in a few feeble remarks, referring to the unfortunate incident and the newspaper controversy, assuring the Doctor that the boys thought it all folly and that they were indignant. With that I reached under the desk and brought out the cane of ebony and gold, remarking that whatever other people might do, your boys are going to *stick* to you; and the stick was passed over the heads of the boys to the professor. He arose with every feature quivering with emotion and big tears chasing each other down his cheek. He said some very beautiful and appropriate things, but about all the boys could remember after it was over was that we all cried like babies. Leigh West said that he wanted to start a protracted meeting on the spot.

One of the most outstanding facts about Dr. Boyce was that he was a gentleman in the use of his money. He was the son of a rich man, receiving a large legacy, which he greatly increased during his lifetime. Contrary, however, to what seems to be customary with preachers having large means, his money never secularized him, but rather made him more spiritual. No difference how he used his money, whether in giving \$40,000.00 for the erection of the Citadel Square Church in Charleston, or \$10,000.00 for the erection of the First Baptist Church in Columbia, or helping to pay the salaries of the professors of the Seminary in Greenville in those lean trying days of the war and during reconstruction in the South, or helping struggling students to meet their bills, so they might continue at the Seminary, there was never a moment's embarrassment on the part of those who were the recipients of these gifts. I believe the acid test of a gentleman is the way he uses his money and the way he relates himself to his fellowmen whom he helps and to the institutions where his money is placed. We are just beginning to learn the function of money in the development of character and in carrying forward the business of the kingdom.

Now the greatest thing about him was not merely that he was a gentleman in every relation of life, to all kinds of people, in small things and in great, but the outstanding thing of his life was that he was determined that his students should be gentlemen. So it came to pass that in one of his classes he lectured in detail with all the earnestness

that he did on the decrees of God in his Theology class, on how to eat with knife, or rather not to eat with knife, but with fork and spoon; how to carve a turkey, how to sit at the dinner table, how to place a lady's chair at the table, how to answer letters and notes, how to conduct funerals and weddings, how to visit a home when a child was born there, how to deport oneself in church meetings, in the pulpit, in the administration of the ordinances, in denominational gatherings, in short how gracefully and efficiently to perform every act a Christian minister is called upon to discharge. In giving this instruction in detail he had no apology to make for doing so. The unrest of the dude, who thought he knew it all in advance, and the impatience of the good brother, who felt that a seminary course was almost time thrown away and who wanted to get off and start a protracted meeting at once, made no impression on the teacher. He went straight along doing the necessary things. I am venturing to believe that nothing Dr. Boyce ever did was more worthy of a great teacher or bore richer fruitage in the denomination than did this line of teaching. Our people were just emerging from the rank and file of the folk. Moreover, they were a rural people with limited social and educational advantages but a worthy people capable of all kinds of development. Dr. Boyce helped to make the Baptist ministry of the South gentlemen.

II.

Let us now give a slightly different turn to the discussion, taking a step forward by

viewing Dr. Boyce as God's gentleman loving men. Any man relating himself affectionately to his fellowmen presents a pleasing conception. A gentleman's interest adds a new touch, but God's gentleman loving men is the activity of a human soul rendering service of extremely high grade. It is scarcely less than surprising to one well acquainted with all the circumstances to find this Charleston youth coming to love men with a soul-consuming passion. It is not quite easy to see how this love came into existence, or how it grew, or what it fed upon, or what atmosphere it breathed, or what showers sustained it. With all respect to the old historic city, this lad seemed an exotic growth on the battery. It was an aristocratic circle that surrounded him and in truth he, himself, was an aristocrat by nature and rearing, but be it said to his everlasting praise, he was a democratic-aristocrat of the Thomas Jefferson type. With him, as with the great Virginian, the best in art, literature, oratory, social life, and religion was not too good for any of his fellowmen; so it came to pass in his early life that he conceived an ardent purpose of helping his kind. This impulse appeared early and lasted to the end, turning this son of fortune to the Baptist denomination, causing him to choose the ministry for a life calling, inditing the sentiment, on the day of his ordination when asked about his future plans, that he would continue in the pastorate unless he should become a theological professor or build a seminary. There is something mysterious about the origin of the plans of this rich man's son. His pur-

pose to achieve these exalted philanthropic ends dominated his early life, becoming a master passion, obliterating self-love and supplying a boundless pity for human misery and ignorance. It overleapt all limits which his family and comrades has known, making him pronouncedly evangelical in his thinking and evangelistic in all his efforts. Students remember how lenient the professor was on some "blue Monday" when the young preacher had used up his strength the preceding day preaching. They remember how considerate he was in marking examination papers and how accommodating in giving other examinations to the young preachers who had been holding a protracted meeting during the session. All former students remember his interest in Missionary Day at the Seminary and his devotion to outgoing and returned missionaries. No one doubts that all these expressions of interests were due to his overpowering sense of the preciousness of the human soul. It cannot be out of place to compare Dr. Boyce with other men of far-reaching purpose. Moses chose with vehement earnestness to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, and gave freedom to a race of slaves. Daniel purposed in his heart that he would face the worst fate that an Oriental despot could visit upon him rather than defile himself eating the king's meat, and hence devoutly opened his window toward's Jerusalem. Wycliffe with similar purpose spent his life in giving a translation of the Bible in the tongue of his fellow countrymen and became an incomparable

benefactor. From his early teen Charles Spurgeon with relentless zeal purposed in his heart to give the gospel of the Son of God to the plain people of London and with glorious results. Likewise, with red-blooded purpose of heart not inferior to that of anyone named above, James Petigru Boyce resolved to give a great seminary with its educational advantages to Southern Baptists. My contention is that no other theory than that of an overwhelming and soul-consuming love for men will account for James P. Boyce and explain his career. This passionate love was the motiff that directed his thinking in those early conferences and in the preparation of those papers which led to the establishment of the Seminary. It gathered about him kindred spirits like that of John A. Broadus. This purpose to help his fellowmen ran through all his plans, through his conversation and writing, his preaching and teaching as the scarlet thread runs through every foot of the cable of the English navy. It was the ground tone which sounds in all the traditions and reminiscences and published documents of that early day. This zeal for souls called out the finest sensibilities of his being as the morning sun causes the dew laden flowers and plants to bend toward the god of day.

III.

The other thought which I would present in this discussion is God's Gentleman's love of his God. Let the thought embrace both the subjective and objective love—man's love for God and God's love for man. I am won-

dering, after these years, what was the greatest thing Dr. Boyce did for us and the truly great thing that he left to posterity. This greatest thing would not be found in buildings or even in organizations or institutions—indeed it would not be a thing but a spirit. In its highest conception it is connected with the love of God. That supreme love expressing itself in his teaching and preaching. He ever dealt with fundamental truths. He was reared in a city where two quite opposite ideals of civilization obtained. At times the contrast was sharp. I refer to the ideals of the Puritans and the ideals of the Cavalier. The sturdy Scotchman and serious Englishman with their earnest views of life and nonconformist methods made a tremendous appeal to young Boyce. On the other hand, the spirit of the jolly Cavalier, brought over from France and England, receiving prestige from the fox hunting parson and the leaders of society in the city by the sea, must at times have lured the cheerful optimistic spirit of this son of fortune. But he safely passed the breakers and turned away to Princeton Seminary to become a most conscientious student of the deeper Pauline doctrines, which at that time were interpreted in the more drastic terms of election and Calvinism. I think Boyce accepted a somewhat modified form of Calvinism. The radiant cheerfulness of his own disposition along with the dominant methods of the Cavalier in his native city, conspired to soften the severer doctrines of the Calvinist of the Hodge School of Theologians. So I think when Dr. Boyce came to teach God's

attributes and that group of truths relative to the love of God and His sovereignty, he was an unsurpassed teacher of Theology. I am not sure he has been fully appreciated in this respect. The subject matter was so profound and in some of its bearings so inexplicable that the students did not know how great the teacher was. I remember that we used to say that if Broadus were teaching Theology he would simplify the subject. I know now that the real difference lay in the profound truths discussed and that to simplify would have been to become superficial.

It is understood that Dr. Boyce was not as eloquent as Broadus and Williams. Probably the Princeton teaching of Calvinistic doctrines along with the prosperous career of this rich man, prevented his having some of the tenderer touches of those great teachers with whom he was compared, but in the matter of expounding the doctrines of God with great knowledge and vast reaches of feeling he was unsurpassed. All the men to whom I wrote for opinions concerning Dr. Boyce included in their replies their impression of two great sermons that they had heard him preach: one on "The Lost and Found," in the fifteenth chapter of Luke—an exposition of the everlasting love of God the Father, and the other a sermon on the text, "In the Beginning God." Ernest Cook heard this last named sermon in Broadway church in Louisville, and when the service was over he rushed to the preacher and told him impulsively that it was the greatest sermon he ever heard on earth. The thing I wish to emphasize in this connection is that

all the way it was God's gentleman expressing the love of God. You never missed that conception.

Now let me point out how this phase of the love of God in Dr. Boyce affected his own character. He was the most devout man I ever knew. He was mighty in prayer—that was the universal verdict of his students. I now shut my eyes and call back the past. I see him come to his desk at four p.m. in the old classroom, picking up the box of matches, lighting the gas jet, waving the match slowly until at last the blaze is extinguished, then saying—"Let us Pray." Short, simple, but oh, what spiritual reaches! Edwards of Georgia was not a very apt student. Returning the fifth year he apologized saying that he did not mind coming back,—the board was cheap and that no man living could pray like "Jim Peter," and he affirmed that he stood in need of prayer.

Another of the marked characteristics of Dr. Boyce was his patience. I believe for my part that since his Master walked the earth no man ever excelled Dr. Boyce in patience. Patience had its perfect work. On a lazy afternoon when the class was deeply enmeshed in the labyrinth of Calvinism, Arnold with dogged persistence objected to many points of the theory. For full ten minutes the teacher put forth every effort to explain the subject. When he had disengaged himself from Arnold, a fellow sitting far back in the classroom, who had been asleep, awoke at four-thirty p.m. and asked the identical question that Arnold asked ten minutes before. Now what would you have

done? What do you suppose the teacher did? He knew the fellow had been asleep. He did not revile him or admonish him but without faltering he turned back with Christlike patience and trod the same intellectual road, step by step, that he had walked with Arnold. At first we were provoked with the sleepy brother, and then it all dawned on us—that Christlike patience of the teacher and we sat utterly amazed. Literally his patience never failed. I think his love never failed, but I know his patience never did. I have seen him become indignant but never impatient. But at last I think the greatest quality in Dr. Boyce was that of reality. He was as simple hearted as a child. I remember coming out of the Mediterranean Sea from Naples early one summer morning, and looking out of the port hole of my stateroom I saw Gibraltar. My first impression was that I had often seen it but upon reflection I remembered it was only the picture I had seen, notably that great picture of the Prudential Life Insurance Company which it gave to the public. I walked back and forth on the deck gazing at the massive pile of rock, thinking of its wonderful history, trying to imagine what rivers of blood would flow before this mighty rock would be allowed to pass from the nation that owned it, until at last I caught the difference between the picture and the reality. So I came to think of Boyce. At first he was like other men I had seen, but later I came to think of him this way—that other men had some qualities of reality but that Dr. Boyce was reality. Other men were lowly of spirit, he

was meekness. Other men tried never to compound with their conscience—he was conscientiousness.

It seems to me that at last the greatness of Dr. Boyce as a teacher is summed up in the relation of father and son. I feel confident that the deepest soul struggle that this young Charlestonian had in the formative period of his life, reared as he was in that festive city where Cavalier influences were dominant, was over the acceptance of the doctrine of Calvinism. He resented the suggestion that the doctrine of election was a reflection on the goodness of God. His strength was put out in defense of the doctrine of preterition, that dismal account of the destiny of the non-elect. When he was teaching, it always seemed to me that here was a loyal son defending the ways of his father. He often seemed grieved that men did not know his Father. It has been said that Dr. Boyce had no doubts. Probably in a large sense this was true, for he had met and conquered his enemies through faith, and the reward of victory shone forth in all of his thinking and teaching. Sometimes in the class discussions a Newfoundland fog would settle over us but through the darkness there was ever one gleam of light—Boyce's face with his great blue eyes shining on. Memory wings its way back across the years. I see Dr. Boyce in the old Fourth avenue lecture room the last day of the class, which was the last time I ever saw him. I left him there. Also I left many of my doubts and difficulties on the same spot. My religious life, I trust, has expanded, my creed grown shorter and deeper,

but like the face of a young man whom I know whose characteristic features are practically the same as they were at two years of age, only grown more mature, so has my creed on Calvinism and free grace. It is in essence what it was in Boyce's day. As I think of it now I doubt very seriously whether any man taught these intricate and inexplicable doctrines better than did my old teacher of Systematic Theology. In some great way Boyce became to the more thoughtful students the exemplification of certain qualities of God's character. You caught the spirit—you did not worry about the mystery. As I think of it now, I know two things that I did not then understand. First, I did not fully appreciate Dr. Boyce in those days, thought I held him in very high esteem. He was a vastly greater man than I knew him to be. The other thing is that Dr. Boyce had far more influence over me and planted more principles of truth which have dominated my thinking, than I knew of at that time.

It is the custom of a benevolent order that when one of its members dies all the members pass the open grave and each throws upon the casket a sprig of acacia. I would here offer this small meed of praise as a token of appreciation. Emerson says that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man. The criticism upon this aphorism is that it takes more than one man to make a great institution. That is a significant fact in the growth of this Seminary, but we cannot now pause to distribute praise. All this is fully understood. On the occasion of

Dr. Boyce's funeral, Dr. Curry said that when Arnold of Rugby went into the school-room his friends counted it a waste of great talents which would have shone so brightly elsewhere; but I recall that Jowett said, referring to the same Arnold and his co-laborers—"Rigorous masters seized my youth, trimmed its fires, purged its zeal, pointed away to the great white star of truth, there bade me gaze, there aspire." Another has said that the greatness of England did not come from its battlefields and legislative halls and marts of trade, but from the playgrounds and classrooms of the school of Arnold of Rugby. Some such praise might be given for the work of this Seminary in the development of the South in all higher things. If suddenly you could delete the influence of this institution from our Southern life, it would be like a total eclipse of the sun. Judge Humphreys said at Dr. Boyce's funeral that when this man brought the Seminary to Louisville he did more for the honor of the city than if he had belted the earth with a girder of iron or transferred to Louisville all the looms of Manchester.

My concluding thought is an appeal. Dr. Boyce, his co-laborers and his generation did their work well. Before their departure the Seminary was firmly established, but we have come to a new day in which the Seminary is embarrassed not by failure but by success. The old buildings will meet the demands no longer, the same is true of the faculty. They have wrought well, none better, but there is not enough of them, that's all. The present situation is serious if not a re-

proach. It is at least an unspeakable misfortune that the Seminary did not get a larger share from the 75-million campaign. Now here in the sight of the graves of Boyce and Broadus, we must sound the clarion call of progress. L. O. Dawson tells us that on that cold January day in 1889 when the Seminary boys turned from the grave of their great leader embowered alike with the wealth of flowers and affection, they resolved to keep their promise made by definite resolution a few days before near the casket of their teacher, to consecrate their lives more fully than hitherto to the cause for which his life was spent. As Hamilcar laid his hand on the head of young Hannibal, his son, and bade him carry out the life-long purpose of his father in behalf of Carthage, so I today call upon you to renew your deathless devotion to the cause of the Seminary. Our motto is not "*Carthago delenda est,*" but "The greater Southern Baptist Theological Seminary shall be built!"