


1908

William Wallace Duncan, an Appreciation

John C. Kilgo

Trinity College, Duke University

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William Wallace Duncan



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Jas. C. Kilgo,
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John -
July 12 '08.

To B. L. Kilgo

from

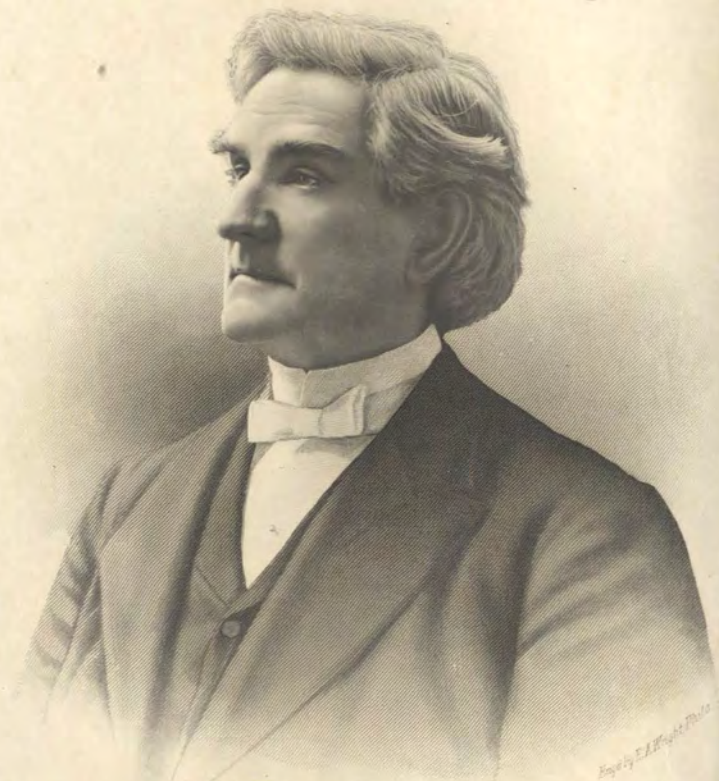
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To W. S. Duesen
from

B. L. Kilgo.

1934



Affectionately
W. W. Duncan

WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN

IN APPRECIATION
BY
JOHN CARLSME KILG

Published by
1876



Affectionately
W. W. Duncanson

WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN

AN APPRECIATION

BY

JOHN CARLISLE KILGO

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1908

FOREWORD

President John C. Kilgo, of Trinity College, prepared the contents of this volume to be presented in manuscript form to the members of Bishop Duncan's family. He was for many years closely associated with Bishop Duncan and between them there existed the warmest and most intimate friendship.

A number of Bishop Duncan's friends and admirers expressed a desire to have a copy of this appreciation in permanent form, and Dr. Kilgo has kindly given us permission to have the manuscript printed. We are issuing this volume as a tribute of respect to one whose life and labors have been the richest benediction, and whose memory we cherish as a priceless heritage.

It is very fitting that this tribute should come from Trinity College. He was one of its most loyal and sincere friends, and was an alumnus in that he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the institution.

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J. C. WOOTEN

June 20, 1908.

WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN.

I.

As one who has toiled hard and toiled successfully through a long summer's day falls at its close quietly to sleep without a restless moment or a disturbing dream, so, on the morning of March 2, 1908, Bishop William Wallace Duncan quietly passed from earth. His work was done and, without a quiver, his heart ceased to beat, and the earthly career was ended. As one who knew him and loved him I want to tell something about his great self and his heroic character as they appeared to me.

I had passed out of the mimic life of childhood and was fully into the earliest stage of youth when I first saw him. It was a good time for me to have one of his kind to come into the circle of my vision. For early youth is one of the richest periods of human life. It is the time of largest and most enthusiastic awakening. The imagination is then most active and most trustworthy. Manhood with all its meaning, with all its big responsibilities, with all its glorious

prospects, engages the imagination and sets it to work on aspirations and plans and far-away dreams. The world has such large proportions, and the battle of life as it is being waged by real men has such an enticement for youth! The men of giant mold seem wrapt in a splendor that stirs youth's deepest ambitions and faiths.

It was at this period that this splendid specimen of manhood came into the circle of my thought, the realm of my life. I made no analysis of him. Youths are not philosophers. They do not work their way to conclusions by slow and laborious methods of thought. They have little use for logic, they know nothing of psychology. But they have intuitions—active, keen, bold intuitions. So they jump to conclusions, but they generally make a safe landing. And when I saw this magnificent illustration of manhood, then entering upon its fullness of form and energy—for he was at that time about thirty-eight years of age—I felt at once, as all who ever came into his presence have felt, that he was a man, and I yearned for that strange something in him which made him what he seemed to be—a real, a big, a noble man.

Great men are not the products of chance, the creations of fate. We may be unwilling to

believe that all of human character can be explained by the laws of science, yet we are not willing to say that nothing of human character may be traced to its sources. We ask in all seriousness why was this man a marked man? Why was he so distinguished, having powers not given to all men and achieving things not within the reach of all other men? Such an inquiry is not only proper, but to a large degree it is answerable.

Nature can tell some of the story; it knows some of the secrets. For nature is not a blind sort of jumbling of great heaps of matter, but rather it is God at work. It is old and has been at work through countless centuries, and it has a method of preserving its results, lest at some period it should become exhausted. This method of preserving forces is as true in spiritual and moral things as it is in physical things. Back of every distinguished man nature has done much of high work. He is the climax of a long history.

The name Duncan which this good man wore is an old and an honorable name. In the tragic history of Scotland and in the eventful history of England in every generation for a thousand years, it has been celebrated by some immortal deed. In every field of honorable endeavor Dun-

cans have won lasting fame. They have been kings, warriors, legislators, inventors, painters, musicians, sculptors, poets, philosophers, teachers and preachers. There is not on this globe a greater people than the Scotch, and in no other land has there been made finer history than has been made in Scotland. More than once the Scotch have been the saviors of all that is vital in our modern civilizations. And in the roster of her heroes no other name is more splendid than the name Duncan.

Bishop Duncan never talked about his ancestry. He loved his father and his mother, but they were to him his parents, not the descendants of great ancestors. He would tell many fine things about his father—his opinions, faiths, habits, and wit. The purpose, however, which I have in mind does not require many facts of the family history. Bishop Duncan was the son of Professor David Duncan and Alice Amanda Pilmont. The father was born in Ireland and was a Scotch-Irishman, or rather, a Scotchman born in Ireland. He graduated from the University of Edinburgh, Scotland's great seat of learning. It was a good place for a young Scotchman to get his university training. Everything in Edinburgh had something to teach. There is not in the world a

more picturesque city. The great mountains whose sides and tops are crowded with houses, and the far-stretching landscapes of hills and rivers and lakes make Edinburgh one of the most attractive cities of the world. But everything in the city was full of interest to a young student. There was the old castle crowning the rugged summit of Castlehill, and Holyrood guarding the foot of the mountain at the opposite end, while St. Giles Cathedral, standing between the two forts of royal life and tragic traditions, the throne from which the brave preacher, John Knox, uttered his maledictions against royal sin and papal despotism, were familiar sights to the young student. Every house was a volume of history, while not far away were Stirling Castle and Bannockburn and Melrose Abbey and Dryburgh and Abbotsford. Centuries of legends and history were repeating their immortal stories to the college youth, stories that appealed to all that was noble and great and heroic in the spirit of youth. It was in this mold that the mental training of the father of Bishop Duncan was formed. And when he went from the University into the English navy he was following the traditions of the Duncan family and yielding to the historic voices that had spoken to him during the years at college.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, when David Duncan was a student in the University, the ideals and methods of education were not as they are today. Human knowledge was then confined within comparatively narrow limits. There were no sciences as we understand science, no social problems as we have them, and no international life with all its spheres of activity as it is at this day. Then the modern agencies and instruments and other facilities of study were not in the dreams of the most renowned scholars. Mathematics, philosophy, theology, Greek and Latin were the main subjects, while the methods of teaching them would not be approved in these times of much learning and accurate scholarship. But somehow those methods and those studies made men—big, strong, daring, mighty men. If they gave small attention to the accents of Greek verbs and little time to the tenses of the subjunctive mood, they got at the heart of the people who lived and thought and wrought out civilizations with their literatures and arts and commerce and military triumphs. And after all is it not better to know Cicero than it is to tell why he used a certain tense? Is it not better to feel the force of Plato's doctrines than it is to quarrel over the proper syllable to accent? At least one thing is

true, Professor David Duncan came to be at home with Greek authors and to make college boys feel the might of the Greek heroes.

Professor Duncan quit the English navy, came to America and taught Southern youth, first in a high school in Norfolk, Virginia, then at Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, and last at Wofford College in South Carolina. Bishop William Wallace Duncan was born December 20, 1839, in the home of a college professor of the classics. Both of the boy's parents were devout Christians. That was high birth. Of course, he was not born in the lap of material luxury, a luxury such as money can buy. It was a home where wise economy was cheerfully practiced and in which a splendid simplicity prevailed. The show, the indolence, the extravagance, the artificiality, the indulgences, and the worldliness of wealth were not there to weaken and to dissipate mind and morals. But it was the home of a far better luxury than money can purchase—the luxury of learning, high thinking, pure living, genuine fellowships, fine companionships, and all things that make up great life. What a rich past breathed upon the children of the college home! What a high level of thought and faith was that in which they began their earthly histories!

Bishop Duncan's birthplace was in Mecklenburg county, Virginia. That is a good State in which to be born, and the year 1839 was a good time to start life. The first half of the nineteenth century was a period of marvelous awakening in the world, an awakening that marked the transition from the old to the modern order of life. And upon Bishop Duncan the forces of this eventful period made lasting impression. It was the time in which science threw off the follies of scholasticism and went at the study of nature in a serious and earnest spirit, and the outcome was the railroad, the telegraph, the cotton gin, the sewing machine, and all the other discoveries and inventions that have changed not only the whole machinery of industry and commerce, but also the world's civilizations. Then there were great political problems that were stirring American thought and engaging the statesmanship of some of the greatest publicists this country has ever produced. When Bishop Duncan was a boy there were still living men who had seen Washington and Jefferson, Franklin and Madison. He heard much of Webster and Clay and Calhoun, the three national leaders who were shaping the political thought of the two sections of the republic. And when he entered college, Douglas and

Lincoln were in a desperate struggle for political supremacy. Emerson and Lowell and Whittier were in the prime of their strength. But not only were there remarkable men in the field of politics and letters, there were giants in the pulpit of America. In the South, Leigh and Pierce and Bascom and men of their mold were pulpit leaders. Those were stirring times. There were great issues in state and in church, but there were mighty men to grapple with them.

Wofford College was opened in the fall of 1854 and among the young students who entered its first freshman class was Wallace Duncan, for his father, who had been for years a professor in Randolph-Macon College, had been called to the chair of Latin and Greek in this new South Carolina college. The faculty of Wofford was a small faculty, but the men who composed it were not weak men. Dr. Wightman, afterwards a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was president, and Dr. James H. Carlisle was professor of mathematics. Perhaps some of Bishop Duncan's teachers lacked the professional training required of college teachers at this time, but no youth ever had a teacher who could fill his mind and his spirit with more inspiration, who could stir his soul with higher motives, and who

could appeal to every sense of honor with more irresistible power than could his young professor of mathematics. And after all that may be said about scholarship and the values of standards and methods, that which is most lasting and most potent in the life of the college graduate is not the amount of information he gets, but the memory and the force of the strong man who uplifted his whole being. College graduates forget their Greek, but they never get rid of the transfiguring power of a lofty personality. With his father, who was a learned and a strong man, to direct and protect him, Bishop Duncan had rare opportunities while he was a student in college. However, it is true that he was not what is known as a "star student." He did his work, yet he belonged to that class of students whose active temperaments seem to unfit them for the patient and steady application of the scholar.

During the formative period of Bishop Duncan's character there was in the South a fine type of manhood and a superior order of social life. "The Southern gentleman" was not a myth, or a sectional conceit. He was a real type. Dignity, honor, courtesy, chivalry, simplicity, fairness, virility and bravery were some of the prominent traits of character which distinguished him and

gave him his wide reputation. Besides these obvious traits there was in him that indefinable something that made him majestic and threw about him a regal air. Free from all the artificial trappings of a cheap and conventional refinement, he was nature's gentleman. Nor was this the type of a single profession or a single class, but it was the type of the learned and of the unlearned, of those who had wealth and of those who did not have wealth, of those who lived in the city and of those who lived in the country. The high qualities of the Southern gentleman were never better illustrated than they were in the character and the conduct of Bishop Duncan.

In what I have said up to this point I have only tried to outline something of the background of this good man's character and life. Centuries of history, cultured parents, refined home fellowships, superior intellectual companionships, the great transitions of thought and material progress, the notable men who filled all the places of leadership, and the high ideals of social life were some of the rare forces and influences which, during the period of his childhood and youth, combined to shape his thought and his character.

II.

After graduating from Wofford College he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and joined the Virginia conference. By what tokens he recognized his call to the office of the holy ministry is not a matter of concern. But to the personal assurance of this call his whole life bore unbroken proof. With him the ministry was not a profession, nor did it admit of one's engaging his thought with the ambitions which would be entirely legitimate to men in other callings. When Bishop Duncan gave himself to the work of the ministry he did it without mental reserve or conditions. Because of this completeness of consecration, this oneness of mind, through a ministry of fifty years, he was free from that feverishness which so often mars the characters of men and leads the world to suspect the quality of their purposes.

That the call to the ministry is a prerogative which Christ has reserved for Himself, a right which He has never conferred upon synod or pope, is an article of faith steadfastly held by Methodist people. However, this belief does not interfere with the right of one to select for himself the church in which he shall render his service. While one may safely claim for himself

a divine call into the ministry, he has no sound basis for a divine order to the church in which he shall preach. Such a choice is left to the man. In the exercise of his own judgment he decides this question for himself. So Bishop Duncan was a preacher of the gospel by divine appointment, he was a Methodist preacher by his own choice—a choice which he did not hesitate to make and one which he never dreamed of regretting. He knew when he entered the ministry what were the terms of its membership, the order of its work, the system of its government, and the probable returns for his labors. He had the right to stay out of it, but he chose to go into it. And having assumed its vows he was never restive under them. That ugly type of fretting which shows itself either in threats of rebellion or in the pettishness of an unholy temper was an abomination in his sight. Nor could he ever understand why one should chafe under the restraints of his ministry. It is to the discredit of human nature that the man who brings least to a task is generally the most jealous of his dignity and exceedingly extravagant in the valuation of his contributions. Through a long and responsible ministry, covering a most eventful period of our American history, Bishop Duncan kept, with-

out spot or blemish, the ministerial vows which he took at the altars of his church, and left to his church an example of fidelity that will abide as a holy inspiration, a legacy of immortal worth.

He began his ministry as a pastor in the Virginia conference and was associated with some of the most conspicuous men in his church, among whom was his own brother, Dr. James A. Duncan. For a young man to begin his public work among a body of men who have attained large influence and wide reputation will have one of two effects on him. Either it will depress him or it will stir him with high aspirations. Which of these effects such surroundings will have upon a young man will depend upon the quality of his own spirit. If he is essentially weak, large men will depress him; if he is well endowed, they will inspire him. There is a silent despotism in great characters against which young men should maintain a sanctified rebellion, but against men of large mold they should never assert an arrogant and anarchistic antagonism. For the despotism of a mighty man is a wholesome thing if it be wisely interpreted and sanely regarded.

In the case of this young itinerant, Wallace Duncan, there was not the slightest danger that great men would depress him. He was used to

them. His education had introduced to him the immortal men of all ages and all civilized nations. Such companionship dignifies human nature and makes one feel at home among the great. Besides his education, he was born on the high level of a free manhood. So by the right of his training and the affinities of his nature he was at home among commanding men. They did not embarrass him, they inspired him. To them he was at all times respectful, but before them he never was menial; from them he gathered strength, but he never allowed them to discourage him; and he found in them the best of teachers, but kept them from being his despotic masters.

Of his pastoral work I have only a general knowledge gained from isolated incidents, talks with those who were under his pastoral care, and such information as conversations with him gave me. To the closest friend he talked seldom of, and then told very little about, his own experiences. However, it is clear that he carried into his first work high ideals of what a preacher should be and what a preacher should do. His ideals were not merely entertaining dreams, but rather stern duties. They were voices to him which had in them the note of irresistible author-

ity. In the homes of his people and before the general public, whether in the streets or in the pulpit, he was at all times an example of neatness in dress, courtesy in manners, and propriety in conduct. He was in his appearance such a man as any member of his congregation, from the humblest to the most pretentious, would be glad to point out to a stranger as the pastor of his family. Yet he was all this without the marring effects of prudish care. His neatness and good manners were natural to him.

It is true that when he was in the pastorate the duties of the office were not as complex and as difficult as they are at this time. Preaching and visiting were the chief things, while to these have been added within recent times many societies, large financial affairs, and endless social and general calls. The pastor must have care of all these affairs and meet the demands of a less sympathetic public. But to the duties required of him Bishop Duncan gave his constant care, especially doing much work of an evangelistic kind, a work in which he took marked delight. He knew his people not only in a social way, but he knew their religious habits and conditions. He made it a business to know these things and to know them in detail—the number of children in the

home and the name of each child, the class of literature that circulated among his people, and all other matters that a pastor should know if he would wisely do his work. To the success of his pastoral work the abiding love of his former parishioners bears ample proof. Among the most precious friendships of his whole life were those formed between him and the members of his congregations. They always seemed to feel that they had a sort of proprietary right to him, and this was especially true among those who were the children in his churches. Nor did his elevation to the high office of the episcopacy ever disturb this sacred sense of fellowship. As I turned from his grave I saw in the great crowd a friend, and I went to speak with him. He had come from a distant city to pay this tribute to the memory of the good man. We spoke only a few words, but in tones of grief he said: "The Bishop was my pastor when I was a very small boy in Norfolk. I have loved him through all the years and I felt that I had to come to his burial." Nearly forty years stretched between the child in Norfolk and the sorrowing man at Bishop Duncan's grave. The grief of hundreds like this friend is the highest eulogy that could be paid the holy memory of a faithful and loving

pastor, a memory that through the years has lingered a sweet perfume to remind of sacred fellowships in other happy days.

In 1875 the young pastor was elected to the chair of philosophy in Wofford College. But to his duties as a teacher were added the duties of financial agent, the object of which office was the raising of an endowment fund and the arousing of an educational interest among the people. At that time his distinguished brother, Dr. James A. Duncan, was president of Randolph-Macon College in Virginia and was pouring out his brilliant powers in heroic efforts to do in Virginia what the new professor in Wofford College was expected to do in South Carolina. As necessarily more than half his time was spent away from college, he had the poorest opportunity to do the work of a teacher. Yet he managed to carry on his classes, though inevitably in an unsatisfactory way and with unsatisfactory results to him. But he impressed his students. If, in the technical sense, he fell below the standards of hard classroom work, his strong personality was one of the most telling forces of the college in the formation of the mental and the moral character not only of his own classes, but of the community of students. His presence was educating because it

was refining and exalting and invigorating. No other picture lingers more distinctly in the minds of the Wofford student during Bishop Duncan's connection with the college than the picture of his fine figure and his manly walk as he passed from his home through the pines to the college building.

As financial agent and as an educational campaigner he rendered the State an epoch-making service. He came to it in the moment of supreme crisis. The issues of the war and the subsequent misrule and political thievery had made life hard in the South. There was not lacking a feeling of hopelessness among hosts of Southerners. To throw off the fetters of misrule and rebuild destroyed institutions and reorganize a civilization under conditions of dire poverty, made a task, that seemed almost impossible to accomplish. It took more courage to face bravely this task than it required to fight the battles of the war. Among the hard problems which demanded solution was the problem of Southern education. In the old South education had been ranked among the luxuries, but the new conditions arising out of the revolution which the war had wrought made it a necessity not only for the better classes of citizens, but for

all classes of them. To this new necessity, this new interpretation of education, the people had to be aroused. There had to be created a new educational sentiment. And this was not an easy thing to do. The problem of bread and the problem of resuscitating industry were more pressing than the question of schools. Education could wait until the South should get itself into better shape politically and industrially. This was the situation when Bishop Duncan began his campaign for education in South Carolina. In the light of present progress and of the enthusiastic interest in education, it is impossible to imagine the stupendous obstacles which confronted this man when alone he set himself to the task of arousing South Carolinians to the great work of educating their children.

Nor should it be forgotten that the State college was at that time in the hands of political misrule and was open to the colored race. The public school system was not only a farce, it was a disgraceful fraud. The State was prostrate and could do nothing to promote education. The burden of this work fell upon the church colleges, and Wofford College was the first college in the State to undertake the task of creating an educational sentiment among the people. For ten

years Bishop Duncan gave his whole strength of body and of mind to this work. His soul was in it, and, measured by the highest standards, there has not been in the history of South Carolina a more heroic example of unselfish patriotism and a finer illustration of splendid statesmanship than this man displayed during those ten years of arduous labors in behalf of the children and youth of the State. In every city, in every town, in every village, in every region of the country, by day and by night, his eloquent voice was heard pleading with the people for the education of the young. Amid all the confusion of that period of political revolution he fought the battle of education. Today it is popular to urge the cause of the schools; then it was not popular. But the unpopularity of the cause seemed to inspire this man. He put the cause on the conscience of the church, he aroused the ministry and made of them an army of preachers of education, he stirred merchants and bankers and manufacturers and farmers and mechanics. He was opposed especially by leading politicians, but none of these things moved him.

Now that conditions have changed in the South and education has become the pet cause of politicians and educators and of men in other

sections of the nation, there is a disposition to forget, even to ignore, the heroic work of those who bravely cleared away the rubbish of destroyed faiths and social orders and laid deep and broad and strong the foundations upon which the structure of the new order rests. But justice and honor unite in demanding that these men be given the highest place among Southern statesmen in the halls of educational fame. Dr. James A. Duncan in Virginia, Bishop Duncan in South Carolina, Bishop Haygood in Georgia, and later Bishop Galloway in Mississippi and Bishop Candler in Georgia, did more to create the progress of Southern education than any other men who have wrought in the South since the war. To Bishop Duncan the State of South Carolina owes a debt of gratitude which every sense of justice requires should be appraised at its true worth and celebrated in a manner becoming the patriotic service he so wisely and so faithfully rendered the commonwealth. Standing upon the foundations which he laid and buttressed by the strong sentiment which he created, the whole structure of public and church education in South Carolina is a lasting monument to his unequalled labors, while to him must be most largely credited the

supreme place which Wofford College has held for more than twenty-five years among the colleges of the State. And my knowledge of the facts makes it safe to say that, in proportion to his wealth, he gave more to the cause of education than any other South Carolinian has given since Benjamin Wofford lived. The thousands of children and youth in the State who today fill its schools and its colleges should always remember that this good man, this wise statesman, hewed the way through a dense wilderness and gave them access to the benefits of education.

At the General Conference of 1886, held in Richmond, Virginia, Dr. Duncan was elected to the episcopacy, the highest office in his church. That he was the first of four who were elected at that time shows the prominence he had attained as a churchman. This was not a created prominence, it was an irresistible prominence, one that followed as a logical result from the high order of the man and of his work. He had been a member of the General Conferences of 1878, held in Atlanta, Georgia, and of 1882, held in Nashville, Tennessee, but the records of these conferences show that he was not one of the speaking members. As a member of any deliberative body he was noticeably retiring. He did

not have the peculiar faculty of presenting many resolutions and of defending any measure without a moment's warning. He rarely spoke before the body, and then his speeches were short. I once asked him why he followed this policy and his reply was: "What good would it do? Others like to do such things and I am entirely willing that they should do them, though I am also persuaded that the majority of them would render a better service if they would talk less. But you know some men feel like old Atlas—the whole world rests on their shoulders." However, this habit in him as a member of conferences was nothing else than one of the points at which his timidity manifested itself. By no method did he ever seek to make himself prominent. He never took his destiny in his own hands. He left the issues of his life to the simple merit of his labors. So his prominence in his church was nothing else than the prominence which fidelity to work forced upon him.

But he was eminently fitted for the grave duties of the episcopacy. Aside from his distinguished and commanding address and other physical traits of leadership, he was a man who had rare business talents, deep insight into human nature, an excellent poise of mind, a wide

compass of vision, a notable power to put things in their right relations, a striking ability to discern between the essential and the non-essential, a remarkable capacity of final decision, a genuine and manly sympathy, and withal he was a superior judge of men. These were some of the qualities he had for the work and office of a bishop, and the long and laborious service he gave the church fully vindicated its wisdom in placing on him the responsibilities of the episcopacy. In all truth it may be said that he was a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, according to the discipline of his church. No man ever took on himself the vows of the office at the altars of his church who had a deeper sense of their meaning and more completely dedicated himself to all the duties involved in the episcopal vows.

Though he was a man who possessed the virtue of high-mindedness and was sensitive to all things of honor, he was utterly free from putting the honors of his office above the responsibilities of it. To him the episcopacy was not an office of "absolute authority," but an office of terrible responsibilities. He did not shrink from doing his duty as he saw it, but he never sought to protect himself behind the breastworks of

official authority, nor did he ever defy criticism by flaunting in its face a despotic interpretation of his official prerogatives. He showed that he was large enough to be unconscious of official superiority and great enough to be conscious of the meaning of authority.

Bishop Duncan, Bishop Galloway, Bishop Hendrix and Bishop Key were elected to the episcopacy at a period of transition in the church. Methodism had given its energies almost wholly to evangelistic work and had brought together in a great and growing organization a host of people of all classes spread across the whole country. Methodism had to learn to do the work of the pastorate. These people were to be trained and the vast resources which they commanded were to be rightly used. This was a new work. The Methodist preacher had been an evangelist and now he had become a pastor. The whole church had to be shaped to this new dispensation of things. Church buildings and other equipment had to be rebuilt or renovated. It was a hard task that faced these new bishops, but three of them were young men, full of faith and zeal, and they seemed to know the work before them.

With his large vision and his keen business judgment Bishop Duncan measured his task and

at the beginning fixed for himself the things he would labor to achieve. There was a deliberate purpose, a definite aim in his work. For the ministry he was a circulating chair of pastoral theology, especially for the young preachers. The vast majority of Methodist preachers had had no training in theological schools, while only a small proportion had had even a college training. Yet the work of the church called for well equipped men. That he might come in closer touch with the preacher and his work, Bishop Duncan made much of the district conference, attending as many of them during the year as it was possible for him to attend. This conference of the church gave the opportunity to investigate into the details of the work of the ministry and to correct unfortunate and hurtful habits. All who ever attended a district conference presided over by him know with what minute care and persistence he inquired into all the affairs of pastoral work. And when a pastor could not tell the number of church papers taken by his people, whether the stewards owned disciplines and conducted family prayers, the number of young people in church schools, and showed a lack of definite information as to any part of his duties, it was the occasion for rebuke and often burning exhortation. Many

preachers charged him with harshness, but this did not change his aims, though it gave him great grief. However, the main thing was not his popularity, but the making of strong and accurate pastors for the church. Nobody ever saw him rebuke an imaginary blunder or exhort a man of straw. Now that the faithful servant has ended his labors and his wonderful work stands in the full perspective of his life, it is clear that Southern Methodism has wiser and more efficient pastors because he went through the church correcting their mistakes and exhorting them to better ideals.

The most delicate, as it is the most difficult, function of the Methodist episcopacy is the appointment of the preachers to the pastoral charges of the conference. The responsibility of this work is placed by the law of the church upon the bishop. From his judgment there is no appeal. So in the final analysis the destiny of the itinerancy is in the hands of the bishop, and that it has been successfully worked for more than a century in this republic is a high tribute to both the character and the judgment of the men who have hitherto administered the system. When the preachers and the people lose confidence in the judgment or the motives of the episcopacy, the

itinerancy will come to an end. In the performance of this function of his office Bishop Duncan inspired the confidence of the church. All knew that he was far above any sort of discreditable motives, and that his wisdom and patient care fitted him for this difficult work. Preachers who criticised him—and he knew of their criticisms—received his kindest consideration in the making of their appointments. But the welfare of the church was always the main thing he considered. To this policy he strictly adhered. He did not move men for the fun of moving them, he did not move them to gratify worldly laymen, he did not move them to gratify the ambitions of the preachers; he only moved them when in his godly judgment the interests of church required a change. For two reasons he often said he was opposed to moving men. First, it made the ministry restless, and, secondly, a move was a costly and a painful thing to the preacher and his family. The doctrine of rotation for the sake of rotation was abhorrent to him, and he spoke of it in strong terms of condemnation. He did not regard the itinerancy as an ecclesiastical lottery manipulated by a bishop for the gain or honors of the ministry. I have heard many presiding elders who assisted him in making the appointments pro-

nounce him one of the most careful, sympathetic, and patient men in the work of his cabinets. This is a tribute which men in all parts of the church gladly paid him.

The one thing which seemed to give him supreme anxiety in the matter of making appointments was the comfort of the wife and the children of the preacher. In fact, his concern for them nearly unnerved him. He said the preacher was a man and could care for himself. Besides, he was constantly the guest in homes which bestowed upon him the best possible hospitality, but the mother of his children and the children were alone in the parsonage, frequently in a miserably located parsonage, and upon them fell the brunt of the itinerancy.

The Methodist preacher's wife and children had in Bishop Duncan a genuine, a faithful, and a devoted friend, and they were his friends. I recall an afternoon session in a district conference over which he was presiding. He had been inquiring minutely into the condition of church property, and especially into the location and condition of the parsonages in the district. He had severely rebuked much carelessness which his inquiries had discovered. At the conclusion of this investigation, with deep but controlled

emotion he said: "Brethren, I am deeply concerned about the homes in which the wives and children of these preachers live. I am not so much concerned about the preacher. He is much from home and gets the best the people can afford. But his wife and his children stay at the parsonage you have provided for them. That good, patient, and heroic woman who has gone into this itinerancy deserves the best of care. She has in her tender heart all the love of home without the hope of ever having a home. Her little children whom she loves more than she loves her life can never have a home of their own. She has given up all these noblest ambitions of a woman's pure heart and gone into this work with her husband. Oh! what lonely hours these itinerant mothers see! What sadness there is in their lives! They cannot even stay near the graves in which they put their precious little ones. I stood a few weeks since in a country graveyard by the side of a slab on which was inscribed the name of little Mary, who had died when her father and his family were on the circuit. They were then two hundred miles away. As I stood there I seemed to see the mother sitting in the lonely parsonage thinking of the little grave she had left behind her and wondering if anyone ever put a

flower on the mound. I wondered how often in thought that precious mother came to the grave in the country churchyard. Well, she cannot care for the grave of Mary, but must go on the way of duty. Thank God, the time will come when she will have a home in the Father's mansion and little Mary will be with her. Brethren, be good to these precious wives of your preachers." This is a sample of the holy sympathy he had for the homes of the Methodist itinerants, a sympathy worthy of a bishop as it is worthy of a big-souled man.

As a presiding officer Bishop Duncan was strict, accurate, and duly cautious. While he knew the law of his church as well as parliamentary law and was strict in the enforcement of both, he did not impress the bodies over which he presided as one who was a stickler for worthless things, or as one who made a specialty of studying the technical details of law. He was not what the public would call a brilliant presiding officer, but he was what was of far more importance, a correct and an entirely trustworthy president of a body. He adhered with consistency to that injunction of the discipline that preachers are to obey the law, not to amend it. And when he attended a conference in which loose customs had

been developed he was quick to discover them and faithful in correcting them. Especially was he a master at a moment of confusion. He never lost his head. He seemed least confused when others were most confused, and at such a critical moment he saw at a glance the center of the difficulty and the remedy for it, and his power of decision and his commanding mind eminently fitted him to control the situation.

Bishop Duncan was not a specialist in his official administration of the affairs of the church. He did not throw the weight of his influence upon one enterprise, but he gave due consideration to all its enterprises. The security and care of church property, the financial methods of church boards, all the interests of the various societies of the church, as well as the doctrinal unity, the spiritual growth, and the peace of the church were equally important and fully emphasized by him. He had little patience with carelessness on the part of either pastors or official laymen in attending to all the affairs committed to them. Perhaps the following incident will show the deep concern which he felt for all the interests of the church's life and work. Within the bounds of a circuit, inaccessible by railroad, there had sprung up bitter strife grow-

ing out of political differences and party antagonisms. Not only did this strife rend the church, but it involved the peace and success of the pastor. To do what he could to restore harmony, Bishop Duncan, in the snows of the winter, travelled more than five hundred miles to attend a quarterly meeting on the charge and to preach to the people and to do all else within his power to bring about harmony among them. This example of his genuine concern for the welfare of that charge is an illustration of how he carried on his heart and on his mind all the burdens of the church.

His active interest in the work of education was a natural interest, while his experience at Wofford College made him a most competent adviser in matters of education. For years he was the chairman of the board of trustees of Wofford College, a member of the board of trust of Vanderbilt University, and chairman of the board of trustees of the Payne Institute, a college for the colored people. He regularly attended the meetings of these boards and kept himself informed as to all the conditions and movements of these institutions. The sense of personal responsibility which he felt toward the official relation he sustained to them was illustrated in a most striking

and most pathetic manner in his last visit as a trustee to Vanderbilt. The University was involved in a controversy and this meeting of the trustees was felt to be a very important, even somewhat critical meeting. Bishop Duncan was exceedingly feeble, for the disease which took him away had already made fearful advance. He was physically unable to attend the meeting of the board, but he did not think he should absent himself. Amid the excitement and the necessary strain of the commencement occasion, all his friends thought it wholly advisable that he should return home. Their opinion was made known to him by one who had his confidence. His reply was characteristic: "I shall stay until the board finally adjourns. It is a critical time. Jim [the familiar name by which he called Chancellor Kirkland] needs me and to desert him at such an important moment would be unfaithful, and I could never make him understand. Besides, my duty is here, and I shall stay to the end." When assured that Chancellor Kirkland would not censure him, he insisted, "Jim has always been faithful to me, and I shall stay, for he may need me." And the feeble man remained where he thought both duty and friendship called him, though all knew that not only his own comfort, but the interests of his life called him home.

Just after he had been elected to the episcopacy a very prominent member of the General Conference asked Dr. James H. Carlisle, "Can Wallace Duncan preach up to the standard of a bishop?" Dr. Carlisle replied, "Wallace Duncan at his best is equal to the best." That may be taken as a fair judgment of him as a preacher. He was a great preacher. Not a profound expositor of the Scriptures after the type of Bishop Wilson, not a master of facts marshalled with irresistible logic like Bishop Haygood, not an interpreter of the mystical depths of truth like Bishop Keener, not an imperial orator like Bishop Galloway, but after his own manner he was a great preacher. He was always practical in his pulpit aims, belonging to the type of preachers to which Phillips Brooks belonged. His preaching was inspired by some problem that was to be solved. His eye was always on the movements of men, and, like a prophet of Israel, he sought to point out the way of truth and of righteousness and to convince men of the truth. He never made what is usually called a set sermon. On the contrary, the theme and the treatment of the theme were chosen in the light of some need which appealed to him. To him the world was a working world, men were toilers at desperate

tasks, and the issues of destiny were in all the duties and labors of men. As a preacher he must be estimated in the light of his own view point, in the light of his own convictions.

He had all the fine physical equipment of a great preacher. In this respect no man in the American pulpit in his time, if even in any other time, was his superior. Force and grace were combined in every movement, while his wonderful voice under full control gave him a wide range of physical expression and a rare power of emphasis. He was an eloquent preacher. It was not a premeditated eloquence, one that patiently clothed itself in the fine forms of rhetoric, not the sustained eloquence of which Bishop Pierce was a master. It was the eloquence of awful impulse, the explosion of deep feeling, the rush of a defiant purpose. Dr. Broadus says that eloquence is extremely practical, and this was the type of eloquence displayed by Bishop Duncan. From the moment he began his sermon or his address he was strikingly clear and engaged the full attention of his audience, but when he came to a climax in the development of his theme and wished to enforce the truth which he had presented, his own soul all aglow with a spiritual light, his spirit burning with consuming convic-

tion, and his mind inspired with heroic allegiance to duty, then he burst forth with a torrent of eloquence that had in it the rush of an overwhelming force which swept his audience before it. He did not intend to be eloquent, he could not avoid it. He was himself swept by the same impulse that swept his listeners. In such moments he was superb in description and appeal. Then he was at his best and he was equal to the best.

But great preaching must be measured by the impressions it makes. Preaching is a peculiar type of speaking. It is more than stating the truth. It is stating the truth and quickening the spirits of men. Many exceedingly fine preachers are exceedingly poor, even unbearably poor, preachers, not because what they say is not magnificently said and logically correct, but with all this it is poor preaching, simply because it does not stir the conscience, quicken the faith, and inspire the moral force in men. Does the sermon convince and move men? This is the standard by which all men, the learned and the unlearned, judge a sermon. The preaching of Bishop Duncan produced these results to a wonderful degree. He made men think, he made them feel, he made them act. His sermons stayed with his hearers.

Many vital truths he fixed in the minds of the people in the form of striking epigram and impressive illustration. His congregations went away from the church with a sense of definite elevation and a compelling desire for holy things and noble living. But chief among all the moral sentiments he aroused in men was the virtue of heroism. He would have been a good man to preach to a martyr just before his execution. The sermon would have nerved him for his sufferings. By these tests I give Bishop Duncan a high place in the roster of great preachers, and the tests are the highest tests by which to judge a sermon and to estimate a preacher.

III.

Somewhere in his Quillian Lectures Bishop Hendrix says, "Progress is not the creature of circumstances, but of personality." This reverses the popular method of studying the man from the point of his record, and establishes the only correct method, that of studying the record from the point of the personality. The man is before the history, he is the key to the history. So Joseph Parker maintained that Christ was the explanation of His miracles, not His miracles the explanation of Him. There are exceptional

men who have the masterly power of making a first impression, that is, impressing the minds of men distinctly and forcefully at first sight. It matters not when you meet them or where you meet them, they leave their mark, distinct and abiding. They force acquaintance. They take possession of you. This is a rare power, given to comparatively few men. But it would be difficult to find a man who possessed it to a higher degree than Bishop Duncan. There is no rule by which this strange type of genius may be explained. Men do not wish to explain it, they do not stop to question it. They accept it and they admire it without the thought of prying into its elusive genius or resisting its superior force. They know that it is not an art, but a divine gift, and they stand before it as though they were in the presence of a sacred altar.

Cast in the mold of strong manhood and dominated by its spirit, he was preëminently a man of action, a doer of things. He had all the nervous restlessness of a man driven by an irresistible determination, a sort of impatience that resented the idea of inactivity. To one of such a temperament inactivity is a severe punishment. He must have something to do. His mind is constantly in search of some new field of opera-

tion. By every trait of character Bishop Duncan was a man of this kind. He had no ability to rest, to be quiet. It was as necessary for him to be at work as it was for him to have food. This disposition may not be the ideal disposition, for every man should be able, at some time, to relax his mind and his body and come to a complete standstill. There is a center in the seas that can call the wild waves to quiet, and there is a force in the forest that can bring the storm swept trees to a hush. And so a man should cultivate the power to rest, but Bishop Duncan did not cultivate it and in truth he did not have it. Nor did he seem to think it worth cultivating, for he always peremptorily dismissed the exhortations of his friends that he should rest.

It was this disposition that made it impossible for him ever to have been a scholar. He was not indifferent to scholarship, he did not underrate its worth, he did not lack an appreciation of scholarly ideals, but by nature he was designed for other things. Scholarship is the achievement of patient research. Not only does it require mental strength, it requires the power to shut one's self away from the world and divorce one's self from all the affairs of industrial activity. Bishop Duncan could not do this, though he appreciated the man who could.

But Bishop Duncan was a student. He was a most thoughtful reader, always having some book in easy reach whether he was in his library or whether he was on some trip. However, the books which interested him most were biographies, especially the biographies of the most heroic men. It is easy to see why a man of his type of mind should like biography. It was the story of a man, truth in living form. Beside biographies he naturally read those books which dealt in a practical way with the pressing problems of society. He liked Freemantle's "The World as the Subject of Redemption" more than he liked Liddon's "The Divinity of Jesus;" he preferred the sermons of Phillips Brooks to those of Frederick D. Maurice; he read with more delight the addresses of John Caird than Butler's "Analogy," and he found more profit in reading Edersheim's "Life of Christ" than in reading Ottery's "The Doctrine of the Incarnation." Through magazines and the best class of other current literature he kept well informed on all the movements of the day in all quarters of the earth. He also read standard literature and the works of modern writers. Entirely free from the slightest tinge of pedantry, he loved learning but never paraded it. For the high and serious

uses of knowledge he had a sacred regard, but for the adornments of it, the mere glitter of scholarly reputation, he had little tolerance.

To him the Bible was not only the book of God, but the god of books. During the first half of the nineteenth century the Holy Scriptures held the place of preëminence among books. It was read systematically, and a knowledge of it, even among the uneducated classes, was far greater than it is at this time among many of the best educated men and women. In the early years of Bishop Duncan's life he was trained by his devout parents to read the Bible in an earnest, devout, and habitual way. Early in the morning when his mind was fresh and before anything had occurred to distract his attention, he read the Scriptures. Nor was this habit broken by his surroundings. Whether at home or in the home of another or on the train, he observed faithfully this custom of daily studying the Bible. And the copy which he carried on his long journeys shows many signs of long and persistent use. It is marked from beginning to end. He did not read the Bible as a religious fad, a sort of religious exercise for the comfort of conscience, but he read it for its divine truth. Often would he raise his eyes from the page,

his face showing marks of meditation, while he was evidently enraptured by some holy impression or profound thought. From these moments of suspended reading he would awake as from a reverie and return to the book. To see him read his Bible was a good lesson in the study of holy things.

That he did not write has seemed strange to many. He had fine academic training, he was brought up in an academic home, and he had much contact with academic men. Then why did he not write? To those who knew him thoroughly this is no strange thing. He did not have the writing nerve. He was afraid of the pen. He dreaded the ink bottle. No man could put in clearer and more forceful words the idea he wished to express, but his ability to do this did not displace his fear of the pen. He even trembled when a friend undertook to write an article or a book, and he was full of caution in his advice. Then, the pen was to him a tedious method of expression. It takes a high order of patience to talk through a pen, and his restless, active nature made the act of writing a heavy burden. Besides there was in his strong composition an element of timidity. Perhaps many may doubt and others may positively deny the assertion, but

the fact remains that it was in him, and consciously in him. He had a fine art of subduing it, yet one who was much with him knew this element of his nature. And it was most sensitive toward the matter of writing. It made him underrate his ability to write, and underestimate everything that he wrote. In every great character there are qualities that put checks on strong traits. It is well that it is so. And in this strong man's character a fine element of timidity was a restraining power over him.

The gamut of his wonderful nature and of his high character seemed to have in it all the notes of noble life. There were the heroic notes, strong and clear, and when they were struck they gave forth the rapid rush of a great chorus as it reaches a sublime climax. It was the music of the storm, it was the spirit of the battle, it was the soul of the conqueror. When the occasion called for it he could rise to the most desperate task. Truth and duty never found him halting and calculating and cringing. He knew full well the voice of duty and did not mistake an impulse of his own heart for a mandate of duty, nor did he mistake a personal prejudice for a line of righteousness. He knew the distinction between these things. So, when the imperatives of duty were

upon him, his soul was ablaze with quenchless courage, his heart was nerved with the strength of iron, and he threw himself into his work with mighty force.

Bishop Duncan was not what men call a fighter. He did not love contention, he did not seek a battle, but when a conflict was inevitable, when the cause of justice and right came in unavoidable conflict with error, he did not offer compromise, he did not shun the struggle. While he was not a fighter, the blood of the warrior was in him. I never saw him in a controversy except once. At the time he was a professor at Wofford College and a member of the South Carolina conference. For some time there had been growing criticism against some policy in the management of the college. Of this criticism Dr. Duncan, as he was then called, had known. Finally the issue came. The opposition was led by men of influence and force. It was evident that there was to be a battle between the giants. When it was on, Dr. Duncan seemed to be unusually quiet. He submitted to all interrogations and answered them calmly and fully. At last his time came. There was grim determination written in every line of his face. The attitude of his body, the tones of his voice and the flash of his eye served

notice on all that he asked no quarter and that he would grant none. He brought forth the facts upon which he relied for the defense of his cause. Then he steadily built them into an impregnable argument, and, his argument being complete, he hurled himself against the position of his opponents with the rush and force of a battle charge. His magnificent figure towering to its fullest height and quivering with indignation, his fine gray eyes flashing terrible defiance, and his great voice ringing out its imperial notes, he swept everything before him and sat down a hero in the eyes of his hearers. It was one of those exceptional hours that one never forgets.

But what a mysterious genius nature shows in the wonderful blending of extremes into glorious harmonies! The mountain and the valley compose the landscape and its beauty is in the concord of them. In the roar of Niagara one seems to hear the blending of many notes. Even on its turbulent and violent bosom shifts and shines with heavenly grace a perpetual rainbow. Nature's diapason seems to have no limit. Heaven's music is written upon an immeasurable scale. The eternal keynote of redeeming love brings into harmonious music the splendors of the Transfiguration, the shades of Gethsemane,

the blood and groans of Calvary. The logical consistency of the universe is in those depths of a mysterious unity; the discords of good and evil will be understood when men come to know the laws of eternal harmony.

So Bishop Duncan was not only a man of heroic mold, but he was a man of gentle soul. If the mighty notes were in his nature, no less distinct were the softer notes. He loved everything that was fine and gentle and beautiful. He loved flowers and music and paintings and everything else that a fine soul should love. His magnificent voice could descend with the ease and grace of a grand organ from the strong tones to the gentlest and most pathetic. To the suffering and the bereaved he could speak inspiring words in the gentlest spirit.

As the level of Bishop Duncan's character was a high level, so he gave us a fine illustration of fidelity to all the relations of life in which he was placed. In his twenty-second year he was married to Miss Medora Rice, of Union, South Carolina. From that day to the end of his life she walked all the journey by his side, and in her queenly character, embodying all the virtues of pure, quiet, loving, and noble womanhood, lies the secret of much of his own wonderful success.

He knew it and he acknowledged it. In her he found the expression of the graces which sanctified in his thought the excellencies of woman's character and which gave him a hallowed appreciation of the wife, the mother, and the homemaker. His devotion to her was a holy devotion and he expressed it in every possible way. He was no less an ideal husband than an ideal father. In fact, his home was the earthly center of his life. He was a lover of home. Not that it took him away from the noise of the world, but simply because its fellowships were the most precious fellowships to him. In all the delicate and responsible relations of the head of the family he showed superior wisdom, he acted with prudent firmness, and was an example of unexcelled devotion.

Beyond the home circle lies the circle of one's friends. Sanctified friendship is the sacred bond that unites the spirits of men and keeps life in an atmosphere that is pure and invigorating. But it is not given to all men to possess friendship or to inspire friendship. There are some desolate souls who lack the exalted genius of making friends. Cold and awkward, they drive men from them. When they do their best to attract men to them, they are most successful in driving

them away. They envy others the gift of making friends, and they even covet the friends of others. But the fatal incapacity to inspire friendship stays with them to make life more and more desolate and to drive it farther and farther into a despairing isolation.

Yet there are others who draw men to them by a magnetism of soul which cannot be explained, and needs not to be explained. For friendship is the voice of one's own soul echoing back to him from the souls of his friends, it is one's self translated to himself through the spirits of others. Napoleon is quoted as saying, "Friendship is but a name. I love nobody." The heart that does not love can only deny that there is love, and the soul that has no immortal words to speak in the ears of others will drag its dreary way through the world without ever knowing the friendship side of it. Life is an investment and a return. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Alike both in kind and amount is the return of the things each man gives forth to men. This law is constant and its enforcement is without exception. How often do we see men playing the game of politics and dramatizing the arts of friendship and utterly ignorant of the fact that their tricks are not

well hidden, and what they take for faithful friendships in others is no more than a mockery of their own hypocrisies. While on the other hand there are those high, those genuine souls who play no tricks, who speak no unknown language, who stand in no shadow, but give out sincere and unreserved confidence, and with them friendship is no mere name or foolish fad among men. Like Emerson they are certain of both the reality and the sanctity of friendship which he expressed when he said: "My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstances, at which He usually connives, and now makes many one." What an infinite chasm stretched between the paths of the bloody warrior of France and the quiet sage of Concord!

It is not given to men to make truer, stronger, and more loyal friends than Bishop Duncan made. By the affinities of his own lofty spirit he drew men to him, he bound them to him, and they were faithful to him. This was not an art with him, for he never sought, after the manner

of the professional, to make friends. He loved men and they responded to him with their love. Of conditional friendships he knew nothing. Only upon righteous grounds would he contract friendships, and these relations could never be used for unholy ends or be plead as an excuse for questionable methods. He despised commercial friendships, and resented every suggestion of making an unholy use of his friendships. To that sickly sentimentalism which parades in the form of friendship and flatters every kind of deed and every sort of scheme lest it wound its friend, he was utterly a stranger. For to all the grave responsibilities of confidence and love he was steadily faithful. He reprov'd wrong in his friend, he exhorted a friend, in short, he was genuinely true to a friend. And he never had a friend who did not know him to be spotless in his fidelity and brave in all his dealings. Nor did he ever forget to do the smallest thing which friendship required should be done. He went far beyond requirements and filled every possible office of a sanctified love.

For days, even for weeks, before the Christmas holidays he gave himself to the one work of gathering and sending to many of his friends, men and women and children, in all parts of the coun-

try tokens of greeting and good wishes. To see him engaged in this work of love was one of the most beautiful and inspiring exhibitions of thoughtful friendship. It was not done as a fad. He gave it his earnest thought. He knew the character of each friend and he fitted the gift to him. Nor would he allow any suggestion that such and such a gift would do. For he was not dealing in makeshifts. He would go again into the street and search diligently for what he thought was the best thing, not the merely admissible, and if he could not get what he wanted, he either sent nothing, or wrote an apology for what he deemed unsatisfactory, often putting the blame on a limited market.

Bishop Duncan never seemed to grow old. There was in his nature a fine and becoming spirit of youth that kept the passing years from leaving their marks upon his magnificent face or taking from him a joyous interest in people of all ages. He was at home in the nursery, on the playground, in the parlor with laughing youth, in the counting room with burdened men, and by the chair of the aged. There is an intuition in babes that seems to guard them against the approach of unsympathetic natures. Their little spirits recoil from such persons. And they also

have the intuition which guides them in discovering and trusting a loving spirit. The verdicts of these intuitions are not debatable. The babes and the children intuitively bore witness to the genuineness of his soul and the purity of his love. They loved him, and children do not fall in love with unlovable men, or men who do not truly sympathize with them. He knew their language and could speak it. Any man may learn the vocabulary of childhood, but a vocabulary is no more than half of a language. One can only speak a language when he can feel and express its spirit, and the best effort at mimicry of its spirit will be detected by those who live in it. Somehow this good man kept with him his youthful soul which gave him admission to childhood confidences. And among the most enthusiastic and loyal friends he had were young men and young women. He never entered a home without gaining the lasting admiration of the young members of the family.

This fine spirit of youth, taken with his spirit of humor and his powers of conversation, made him the best of company. He invited people of every age to talk with him. Some men by every expression of face, every tone of voice, every look of the eye dare you to open your mouth in

their presence. They intimidate you, they seem to say that they belong to an unapproachable order. But with Bishop Duncan it was quite the contrary. There was freedom in his presence, though he never compromised a becoming dignity in order to inspire it. It was the freedom which one feels when he knows that superior qualities do not make one arrogant and put him on severe guard lest some one fail to discover them and rightly regard them. One who is certain of his strength is not obliged to build walls about himself. There were no artificial walls about Bishop Duncan. He enjoyed to the fullest a joke, told an anecdote with exceptional success, and took pleasure in teasing a good friend. It was unfortunate that his humor in the form of teasing was not always clearly understood by some sensitive persons, but was, in many instances, taken with a degree of seriousness. And when this was true it gave Bishop Duncan genuine pain. He was too brave to wound unnecessarily any person, but with his friends he took the liberties of an unsuspecting confidence. Nowhere did he practice this type of his good humor with more enthusiasm than in his own home upon the members of his own household. There was never a knife in it, for he never used a covered knife.

In keeping with his breadth of mind and generosity of spirit was a fine catholicity of feeling. He was free from the spirit of exclusiveness. Though a strong churchman and a loyal Methodist he entertained the most fraternal feelings toward other denominations, not only avoiding sectarian controversies, but trying to promote a genuine fellowship among all Christian people. Sectarianism was wholly distasteful to him whether it was in a preacher or a layman, in a Methodist or a Baptist or a Presbyterian. And as he was not sectarian in religion so he was not sectional in his patriotism. He was a thorough Southerner, and loved the traditions of the South. He contended for its rights, and had some active part in its most tragic experiences. But he was a nationalist, a patriotic American. All forms of provincialism were offensive to him. The horizon of this man was a complete circle visible at every point, and encircled within it were all sections of his own country and all the nations of the earth. He had the cosmopolitanism of Saint Paul and was by every measurement of his faith a world-man.

Bishop Duncan's large and sensible faith in mankind made him a true democrat. I have qualified the statement, because there are so many

ideas of democracy held by men that one scarcely knows what is meant by the term when it is used, and what a man believes when it is applied to him. If democracy means the natural equality of men then it cannot be said that Bishop Duncan was democratic. For he knew that this French heresy was without any basis of truth, a mere vagary promulgated by thoughtless partisans in the interest of their unholy ambitions. The diversities among men are facts about whose existence there can be no denial, nor can they be referred entirely to the accidents of conditions or the artificial arrangement of society. They are as deep as nature, a part of nature's system. And to undertake to reverse this order would be inexcusable folly, as it would prove a hopeless project. Socialism is the dream of an artificial order against which nature has issued its irrevocable edicts. Bishop Duncan had not the slightest socialistic taint in him and he had little patience with that modern type of democracy which is at heart pure socialism.

Nor did he have any sympathy with that spirit of democracy which discredits culture and refinement and pretends to have great pride in the common and the careless. The commoner was not Bishop Duncan's conception of the ideal

democrat. He was every whit a gentleman and the coarse was utterly repellant to him. When Charles I. was tried before the court of the Commons they did not remove their hats from their heads, and, when he was taken from the hall after the sentence of death had been passed upon him, the members of the court blew tobacco smoke in his face and threw their pipes at him. So the executioners of Louis XIV., animated by the same idea of the meaning of democracy, did not remove their hats during the solemn act. A democracy that glories in vulgarity is a gigantic evil. And the man who must repudiate the spirit of the gentleman in order to assure himself of his democratic rights puts himself beyond the respect of all men who have even the slightest taste for civil conduct and the smallest consideration for virtue. It is unthinkable that Bishop Duncan should have tolerated such sentiments.

And with no less positiveness did he resist that type of democracy which sets up the supremacy of the individual against the community and prides itself upon a rebellious spirit toward social order and those in authority. It is at heart tinged with mobocracy, a sort of modified anarchy, if it is at all modified in any degree. This spirit of an overwrought individualism has been the peril

of all democratic governments, and its widespread growth in recent years, not only in political realms, but in ecclesiastical governments, is one of the most uninviting tendencies in our American life. It is showing itself in every line of work. Organization is becoming more and more difficult and men are becoming less and less able to work contentedly within organization. Such a sentiment breeds discontent—unwholesome, illogical, and immoral discontent which is subversive of sound government.

The democracy in which Bishop Duncan believed and which he strikingly illustrated was a democracy which had its taproot in a rational and a steadfast faith in mankind. The sincerity and the clearness of his mind, combined with his sense of justice and his unbending loyalty to truth, saved him from setting the merely incidental above the essential and from judging men in the light of outward conditions. He believed in the man without regard to his ancestors, or his wealth or what other show he might make of non-essential things. "Behind fine silks and glittering jewels there often beats the meanest heart, while wrapped in homespun linsey-woolsey and unbedecked with a single gem are often found God's tallest men and purest saints," is a sentence I recall from a sermon which I heard him preach

thirty years ago. He did not say this because he thought it was eloquent, but because in the depths of his heart he believed it. And in his associations he demonstrated his faith. While a member of the South Carolina conference his friends did not belong to one class, but to all classes. The humblest circuit rider was his appreciated friend. As a college professor and as a bishop he went as gladly to the little country church as to the city church. His services were for men, not for a special class of men. He held that every man should have the opportunity to make of himself all that he was able, and he opposed any scheme that tended to lessen this right, or to make its realization more difficult. He did not patronize men, he did not coddle them, he did not flatter their conceits, and he did not encourage their weaknesses, but in a manly, brave, and upright way he honored them if they were worthy of honor, and he trusted them if they were worthy of trust, and for all, even the meanest, he held out the hopes of life. He believed in the maxim which John Marshall laid down as the maxim of a sound democracy, "A strict observance of justice and public faith, and a steady adherence to virtue." Through a long career, during which he had large associations and dealings

with men of all classes, he illustrated in a notable manner this principle of a true Americanism.

His restless energy, his spirit of ceaseless activity, his passion for work, his unconquerable eagerness for a place in the front ranks of struggle give the key to his character and to his history. They gave coloring to all his thought, to all his interpretations of truth and to all the articles of his faith. The fundamental truth in his religious faith was not only that God is, but that He is a working God. Religion is such a fine thing, the religious nature is such a high nature, that men have always showed a disposition to remove it from the ordinary and to protect its sanctity in temples and by solemn forms of worship. Indolent priests have mumbled prayers at gilded altars and assumed a supernatural superiority to all earthly things while they have guarded their creeds with superstitious zeal and brutal intolerance. This has been the gigantic heresy of the ages. It has brought religion into disrepute and made thoughtful and serious men hate it as a superstitious fraud. With this conception of religion Bishop Duncan had no sympathy. It made no appeal to his respect. Had he lived in France in the eighteenth century he would have been either an infidel or a reformer, most likely the latter.

submerged his own will beneath the will of God as that will is made known through Christ? Is this allegiance invincible and eternal? Is it verified within the consciousness by a sense of reconciliation and a filial consciousness attested by the Holy Spirit? Is the one uncompromising aim of life to build up in the earth the things which Christ seeks to establish among men? These were the chief things in his creed, the constant aim of his preaching.

Lacking the speculative disposition of mind he naturally could take but small interest in the speculations of theology. As a matter of fact, he did not think these things were of any serious or vital concern. Some men may think his attitude of mind to these subjects and theories incorrect. I do not discuss that question. Bishop Duncan would not have discussed it. He would have graciously allowed the judgment as to his position. Higher criticism did not greatly disturb his mind. He simply dismissed it as one of the academic problems which was in a chaotic state and which might be left to those who felt that the universe depended upon its settlement. He did not feel that way about it and he did not worry himself over it. The general attitude of his mind was that of an unshaken faith in

truth and he believed that in the end truth would come forth, however chaotic the situation might appear at any given point in the stage of its development. He had very much the same attitude of mind toward the proposition to revise the Articles of Faith of his church. He simply could not become intensely interested in the question because, from his point of view, he could not see anything of vital importance in it. He thought the change would do no good and he did not see that it would do any great hurt. According to his observation those Articles had done no harm in the past, they would not likely do much in the future, simply because the main thing with Methodism was not the making of creeds but the redemption of men. He did not think the proposition worth the while. He asked, "What good will it do to change them?" and when he in turn was asked, "What harm will it do?" he replied, "None, so far as I see." That was his position, a position which had its moral and its logical consistency in the constitutional methods and character of his mind.

In all these matters he showed a fine poise of mind. While he was in every respect far removed from being anything of a free thinker, he was, nevertheless, a generous minded man

and had a very distinct breadth of mind. He had tolerance; however, not the tolerance of the unbeliever, but the tolerance of the strong believer. Charles James Fox laid down the formula, "The only foundation for tolerance is a degree of skepticism." Measured by this standard it was impossible for Bishop Duncan to have developed the grace of tolerance, for he believed something and he had to believe something. It was the necessity of his nature. The formula of Fox is not true. There is a tolerance that rests upon positive convictions of truth, and is yet marked by a genuine sympathy with those who honestly do not see the truth as you see it. Such a difference is no occasion for bitter warfare. It is the occasion for patience and forbearance. Robert E. Lee was never bitter toward the North, yet he was never untrue to the South. And the tragedy of Calvary is an eternal revelation of a grace that has no end of sympathy and love and help for those who maliciously oppose truth and the truth teacher. This grace was conspicuously illustrated in the character of Bishop Duncan, not in one direction, but in all directions. He believed in truth, he believed in progress, he believed that progress could only come through truth, he did not believe that all truth had been

discovered, and he welcomed the man who brought to light some hitherto unknown truth, or gave the world a deeper and a wider interpretation of some old truth.

After long years of heroic service, on March 2, 1908, Bishop Duncan's final hour came. The last moment was struck, and the splendid life came quietly to its close. A vast multitude went with sorrowing hearts to the cemetery and stood with uncovered heads as the body of the noble man was put in the tomb. In the silence and grief of that solemn hour was paid the fullest tribute of love and esteem which friends could pay his sacred memory. Now that death has removed from him all earthly tokens of human honors and vestments of official dignity, and the light of eternity falls full orb'd upon him, that which is greatest and sublimest is the man himself. He rises high above earthly position, he towers above temporal honors, he stands enthroned amid the glow of a majestic personality, while his whole public career pays everlasting tribute to the saving glory of divine love and celebrates the immortal dignity of human living. For like Gladstone he was "inspired with the belief that life

is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny;" and so he proved it to be in all the walks along which he moved.

