



Mr. & Mrs. H. G. McCausland,

With the love of

J. A. Charles

Lexington, Mo.,

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A. T. Kemper

THE LIFE

OF

PROF. F. T. KEMPER, A.M.,

THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR.

Ames BY
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INTRODUCTORY.

"Who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than king."—MILTON.

THERE are several classes of great men. There are some whose grandeur of spirit never manifests itself, except to the small inner circle of special friends. Another class of the world's élite,

" . . . the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die,"

succeed in securing a place upon the scroll of fame, and as poet, painter, sculptor, and historian, photograph their memory for future generations. These are of two widely distinct classes, the intellectually great and the morally great. It is a curious and sad fact that many if not most of those whom the world has delighted to honor have achieved their distinction by virtue of mental rather than of moral power. Run the eye down the galleries of the temple of fame, and you will find that the towering and conspicuous statues are of those who have extorted the homage of mankind by making the widow sigh and the orphan weep. They "have paved their way with human hearts." They have changed the map of nations by new boundaries, traced with the red lines of human blood. They have changed the cur-

rent of the world's history by choking its channel with the bodies of their victims.

“ . . . On history's fruitless page,
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.”

Of a few, happily, this is not true. One of the greatest of uninspired men is here the most illustrious example. He was merely a student and a teacher. He never wore a warrior's hemlet nor drew a soldier's sword, and yet his influence over human thought in western civilization, for nearly twenty centuries, was well-nigh supreme. To-day, though no “storied urn nor animated bust” may exist to perpetuate his memory, yet in the text-books and the languages of Christian civilization, and in the thinking of the world's sages, he possesses a “monumentum ære perennius,” and the college senior as well as the learned philosopher unite with the schoolman of the Middle Ages in calling Aristotle “The Master” in the realm of human thinking, even as Dante saw him, in the world of departed spirits, “seated amid the philosophic train,” “*maestro di color che sanno*.”

But they are the world's true heroes who are so written in the heraldry of heaven. The man who brings his selfishness, his genius, his life, and lays it all upon the altar of service to his fellows, shows a spirit likest unto His who went about continually doing good, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give His life a ransom for many. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of self-renunciation for the sake of others.

It is not meant that every one who does a kind act is entitled to be called great. Eminence is essential

to greatness. A great conqueror must show skill beyond that of the average of soldiers. The great thinker must display an intellectual vigor which elevates him above his compeers. So the man for whom the highest of all claims is made, that of moral grandeur, must be one who has distinguished himself by a spirit of generosity and by deeds of benefaction. Every rivulet is not a river, nor any pond a sea. If we call every hill a mountain, what name shall we give to the peaks that pierce the clouds and crown themselves with the eternal snows?

But there are grades as well as kinds of greatness. A hill may not be a mountain, and yet it is not a part of the valley or the plain. Within the limits of a district more or less wide, to his own generation and in his own profession, a man may be eminently useful, far above his contemporaries and associates, and yet he may not attain unto the first or even the second rank of the heroes of the race. A great mind, or a warm heart, or a strong will, used for a grand purpose, makes a great life.

It is such a life that we are now to consider. A life rooted in the soil of true humility, but lifting its trunk and magnificent branches above the surrounding forest—a banyan in its wide-spreading influence, a cedar in its evergreen freshness, an oak in its majestic strength, an apple in its generous fruitfulness, a tree of knowledge from whose laden boughs hundreds of eager souls have eaten and been made wise. FREDERICK THOMAS KEMPER was a man among men. Richly endowed in intellect, in feeling, and in will, he devoted his life, with all its wealth of resource and with a heroic singleness of

purpose, to the work of raising his fellow-men from ignorance and vice to intelligence and virtue. Forty years he spent in the school-room. Forty years of labor, patient, persevering, self-sacrificing, intelligent, efficient, successful. A teacher, a professional teacher—more than that, an educator; a worker upon and within the human mind; the developer of thought; the purifier and elevator of affection and desire; the trainer of habit; the fashioner of character; the maker of men. The giddy, greedy, ambitious world did not know him. No listening senates nor applauding multitudes ever recognized his merits. No roll of musketry nor roar of cannon sounded their coarse praises as he was laid to rest. But to hundreds and thousands who did know him well, he was the simplest, truest, noblest soul ever met in these days of sham and mediocrity, these days of energy and intelligence. As we shall review his life and study his character, we shall be taken to Mount Olympus, and there see him a veritable Jupiter Tonans, wielding the sceptre of conscious power, and reducing to unquestioning obedience every soul around him. But we shall also be led up the height of Calvary, and there behold him as “the disciple whom Jesus loved,” as the gentle, generous spirit to whom a dying Saviour would have intrusted his weeping, desolate mother.

This volume is a biography. It is, however, not so much a record of events of a startling or even an impressive nature, as it is an attempted portraiture of a strong and noble character. In the life of the most earnest and successful teacher there is little to gratify an idle curiosity or to enlist the interest of

the reader of romance. Those for whom it is specially written will be most gratified where the draughtsman shows the least of his art and the most of his subject. His fellow-workmen will appreciate it in proportion as they shall find in it a true and living description of their foreman.

In one sense it is a volume of memoirs, in another it is not. While it contains some personal recollections of his friends, these do not form a prominent feature of the work. It is, however, a piece of mosaic. Most of the beautiful squares were furnished by the master himself. Indeed, it is largely an autobiography, and the purpose has been to make it as much so as possible. Let him be seen as he was, and as he revealed himself in his own acts and words. He kept a journal from his earliest manhood; not of his acts (for there is very little of his outer life in the records), but of his thoughts, feelings, purposes, plans. Thus has he for himself set forth his inner life.

The work, as has been already suggested, is a bouquet, its richest beauties cut by the great teacher himself. But other flowers have also been contributed. Of these, some of the chief are from his sister, Mrs. Sarah M. Boccock, whose graceful pen and tender, touching thoughts will be recognized in the earlier portions of the life. His cousin, Mrs. Louisa A. Kemper, of Cincinnati, has also furnished a very interesting sketch of the family history. But, except himself, the work is chiefly indebted to the woman who for nearly twenty-seven years had the honor to be his cherished and respected wife. There is no one, perhaps, "with soul so dead" that he can read un-

moved her simple recital of his closing hours, or with an undimmed eye can turn the pages which tell of the seven little graves that were made before their father was laid beside them.

To the reputed author of the volume has belonged the humbler service of furnishing the tie which binds these flowers together. It is hoped that the band, which is not of silk, will not be seen; or, if seen, will not be noticed. It need not be said that the honor was by him unsought. "It is no easy thing to write for the public eye an account of a deeply venerated friend whom death has newly taken. It is a task on which one might well shrink from entering, save at the wish of those whose desire in such a matter carries the force of a command. He who makes the attempt can scarcely avoid two opposite perils. Strangers will be apt to think his admiration excessive. Friends more intimate than himself, on the other hand, will find a disappointing incompleteness in any estimate formed by one less close than they,—one who, seeing only what his own nature allowed him to see, must needs leave so much unseen, untold. Between these conflicting dangers the only tenable course is one of absolute candor. To fail in candor, indeed, would be to fail in respect. Obedience is the courtesy due to kings, and to the sovereigns of the world of mind, the courtesy due is truth."

It was only at the call of Mrs. Kemper, supplemented by the urgency of several common friends, that the work was undertaken. It has been a labor of love; nay, more, of reverential gratitude. The writer was put under Mr. Kemper's care in the year 1845,

and continued with him until the summer of 1854. No other pupil was so long under his tuition. Since his manhood he has felt more and more that in this he enjoyed an inestimable privilege. Moreover, contrary to every expectation of his early life, he has been led, in the providence of God, to the teacher's profession. This has given him a sympathy with his old master and an appreciation of his character, which he could not otherwise have enjoyed. No one who is not himself a Christian is in a position rightly to estimate the character which is now to be reviewed ; for, as will be most clearly seen, the foundation of that character was a reverent trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners.

The author has accepted the trust with a reverent purpose to discharge it to the best of his ability, and to inscribe upon the effort, as the chief end to be sought, the sentiment, so fully realized by Mr. Kemper, and by him often written in his journals—

Δόξα τῷ θεῷ.

THE LIFE

OF

PROF. F. T. KEMPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY HISTORY.

"It is indeed a blessing when the virtues
Of noble races are hereditary,
And do derive themselves from the imitation
Of virtuous ancestors."

NABB.

IN this land of democratic ideas we find several evil tendencies, so far as family pride is concerned. Of these, the worst, undoubtedly, is the disposition to pay court to wealth. Money is not a thing to be despised in itself. Indeed it is a good and necessary thing. Moreover, when it is associated with generosity and intelligence it deserves to be honored. Still more, when it is the symbol and proof of frugal, persevering, wisely directed, and honest industry, in those who have amassed and hold it, it becomes the index of mental and moral qualities which challenge our esteem. But surely in civilized lands there can be no more abject idolatry than that which fawns upon and flatters the rich merely because they have money. Nevertheless there are thousands that do it. The wealth may have been gotten by trickery, or by open dishonesty, or by grinding the faces of the poor ; it may be associated with ignorance, boorishness, and depravity, and yet "the cloth of gold," as Hare says, "hides all these blemishes," and the wicked, ignorant millionaire is looked up to as a demigod, his wife is

courted in society, and his children are flattered as paragons.

But men who may not bow at the gilded shrine of mammon may become excessively democratic in disparaging the nobility of birth. But heredity is a law, both in the natural and the moral worlds. God wrote it, with his own finger, on the stony tablet, when he declared that the iniquity of the father should be visited upon the children of the third and fourth generations, and that his mercy should be shown to thousands of pious generations. It is a law which is seen written in the flesh and bones, in the habits and character, to a more or less marked degree, of every family in every community. Like every other law, it is subject to modifications, from the co-operation or opposition of other laws; so that the exceptions are but the operation of the composition of forces. It is a great thing to belong to a good family. It is a blessing to come of a healthy stock; so that the soul has a good house in which to live, and good tools with which to work. It is a greater blessing to come of an intelligent stock, to inherit a mind capable of conceiving and of executing great and noble plans in life. It is perhaps a greater blessing to come of a gentle, cultured stock; to be cradled and trained in the nursery of refinement and social elegance. It is the greatest blessing of all to come of a pious stock; not from a family of Pharisees, but from one whose various branches can say, "The Lord has been our dwelling-place in all generations;" and of whom others may say, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people."

They whose family has no claim to consideration beyond its wealth vulgarly magnify the value of riches. They whose family record is either negative or positively besmirched, upon whose escutcheon the bar sinister is a conspicuous feature, naturally under-rate all family pretensions. They whose ancestral record is chiefly negative, but also contains some bright and it may be brilliant pages, and yet themselves are at best but negative, are prone to overvalue the blood which infinitesimally they inherit; while the genuine "blue blood" of a truly noble ancestry, as it now courses through the veins of the undegenerate sons of worthy sires, is but a stimulus to emulate the virtues which have served to make their ancestral name honored or illustrious.

As will be seen from the family traditions now to be given, the Kempers were immigrants to this country from Germany, and were of a generous stock. It is believed, however, at least by some of the family, that they were originally Danes. Mrs. Louisa A. Kemper, the accomplished wife of Andrew C. Kemper, M.D., of Cincinnati, furnishes, in a letter to the wife of the subject of this volume, the following interesting statement of the ancestral history:—

"I have 'dug and delved' until I have pieced out the records so satisfactorily that, as far as they go, they may be relied on as authentic. I doubt not Missourians will be glad to know that Frederick T. Kemper and Bishop Jackson Kemper were of the same lineage, the good bishop being a grandson of John Jacob Kemper, who settled in New York in 1741. His elder brother John had come to Virginia

in 1714. John Kemper was the great-great-grandfather of Frederick T. Kemper.

"My own personal correspondence with Bishop Kemper's grandson, Mr. Adams, and with Miss Eliza S. Quincy of Boston, has settled beyond dispute the fact of the brotherhood of John Kemper of Virginia and Jacob Kemper of New York.

"From the fact of three brothers bearing the names of John, John Heinrich, and John Jacob, it is presumable that their father bore the name of John. This John Kemper was a colonel in the army of the Prince Palatine (Frederick I. of Prussia), but after being severely wounded was forced to retire upon a pension. He was made Hereditary Commander of the fortress of Boeckrack on the Rhine, in his native province of Nassau.

"Kemper is a Dutch name, signifying a champion, a soldier, a defender, a striver for. [It is probably the German Kaempfer, which has the same meaning. There is a German name Kaempfer, seen in the author of the "History of Japan and Description of Siam." Q.] These Kempers were Palatines by birth and education, and seem to have zealously espoused the cause of the German Calvinistic Church. They became restive under the restraints of 'Church and State,' and two of them set out for Holland, where there was greater religious freedom. Shortly after reaching Amsterdam, John Kemper, the oldest brother, joined a colony about to set out for Virginia. The names of the twelve men composing the colony were John Kemper, John Fishback and his brother Holtzclaw, Utterback, Hoffman, Weaver, Martin, Coons, Wayman, Handback, and Hitt.

"This was the colony settled by Governor Spotswood on his place in Orange County, and known as 'Germanna.' But these sturdy Palatines were not content to stay with so hard a taskmaster as the governor; and so, about 1717, John Kemper, the Fishbacks, and some others decided to push northward into the woods of Lord Fairfax. This new settlement was called Germantown, and is now to be found a few miles south-east of Warrenton.

"John Kemper married Alsey (Alice) Utterback; and John Fishback married Agnes Hager, 'daughter of Parson Hager.' John Kemper and his wife Alsey had nine children—John Peter, Catherine, John, John Herman, Mary, John Jacob, Dorothy, John Henry, and Elisabeth.

"John Peter Kemper married Elisabeth, daughter of John Fishback and his wife, Agnes Hager, Dec. 7, 1738. They opened up the tract of land, given by his father, known to us as 'Cedar Grove.' Here were born to them ten children—John, Peter, Sarah, Frederick, Judith, James, Charles, Elisabeth, Agnes, and Ailsie.

"Frederick, the fourth child, was born June 20, 1748. The house in which he was born is still standing. Over the door was the Bible verse, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house,' carved by a knife in a board, in German. I saw it when at Cedar Grove in 1875, and will send you a photograph of it, if you would like to have one. Frederick married Mary Jeffries, and they had five children—William, Agnes, Sarah, Susannah, and Lucy. He died Nov. 20, 1783, aged 35 years and five months. He was thrown from a horse

and killed, or he died from the effects of it. He lived at 'Pig Mountain,' Fauquier County, I suppose, from references in grandfather's diary. For many years the entry is made, 'Rode to Pig Mt., and saw sister Molly, all well.' 'Spent the night at Pig Mt.—had a settlement with sister Molly.'

"I suppose you know William Kemper (the father of Frederick T.) came to Cincinnati nearly eighty years ago, to study under his uncle James. There seems to have been a very strong attachment between them, a proof of which William Kemper gave in naming a son (the Governor) for his uncle. Governor Kemper told me that he was grandfather's namesake.

"I have run out an outline for you, showing your husband's 'line of descent' unbroken. There is much else in my books and 'in my head' which I will fully give if it is wanted.

"That in Germany the Kempers were somewhat better than the ordinary line of emigrants is proved by some of John Kemper's possessions. The family Bible, and books were extant and perfect when last seen (1834) by living witnesses. I made a fruitless journey into Garrard County, Ky., three years since, to find and see the Bible, which is described as a huge brass-bound book, weighing fifty-three pounds. At Cedar Grove is a gun, sent from Germany to John Peter Kemper, that proves, by its workmanship and elegance, to have been too costly a present for a peasant.

"The Germantown people talked and worshiped in 'a German dialect,' up to the time of the war of independence, when they became merged in their surroundings.

“The Kemper likeness is something quite wonderful, cropping out as it does in the most unexpected way. Governor Kemper and my husband are wonderfully alike. The pictures of Bishop Kemper’s little great-grandchildren are very much like my own. The children of Dr. Kemper, of Muncie, Ind., descended from John Herman and John Henry Kemper, are strikingly like my own. Here in Cincinnati the prevailing ‘ear-mark’ is the brown eye, known as ‘the Kemper eyes.’”

Mrs. Sarah M. Bocock writes: “The two ancestors of the Kemper family of this country came over from Germany about the year 1700. They were said to have been Danes originally, and to have gone over into Germany from Denmark during some political troubles. Two of them came to this country and settled, one in New York and the other in Virginia. The descendants for a great while were principally an agricultural and also a godly people.”

From these statements it will be seen that the Kempers were Germans, that their earliest known ancestor was Colonel John Kemper, of the Prussian army; and that the genealogy of Professor Kemper in the male line runs: Colonel John Kemper, the father of John Kemper, the immigrant to Virginia (wife, Alsey Utterback); the father of John Peter Kemper (wife, Elisabeth Fishback); the father of Frederick Kemper (wife, Mary Jeffries); the father of William Kemper (wife, Maria E. Allison); the father of Professor Frederick Thomas Kemper.

Of the Kempers of this country there are at least four, besides the subject of this volume, who have been distinguished men: The Rt. Rev. Jackson Kem-

per, D.D., LL.D., bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who first presided over Indiana and Missouri, and subsequently over Iowa and Wisconsin. He was of the New York family.

Colonel Reuben Kemper, born in Fauquier County, Va., the son of a Baptist preacher. He settled in Mississippi, and became one of the most noted characters of that south-west country during the first quarter of this century. He was the determined foe of the Spaniard, the leader of several expeditions against them in Florida and at Mobile, the commander of the Americans who went to help the Mexicans throw off the Spanish yoke, and the trusted assistant of General Jackson in important and perilous duties connected with the defence of New Orleans. He was undoubtedly a strong character and a man of unusual courage. Kemper County, Mississippi, was named in his honor.

The Rev. James Kemper, Presbyterian Bishop of Cincinnati, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, was perhaps as remarkable a man as either of the preceding. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., Nov. 23, 1753; was the son of John Peter Kemper and Elisabeth Fishback; and it is over the door of his father's house that the Scripture verse, already alluded to, is to be found engraved. When he was thirty-four years of age he was licensed, by the Presbytery of Transylvania, as a catechist, on the condition "that he would not, by virtue of this appointment, attempt to explain the sacred Scriptures, preach the gospel, or dispense the sealing ordinances thereof." He was licensed to preach, by the same presbytery, when he was thirty-six years of age, and

ordained to the full work of the ministry at Cincinnati, Oct. 23, 1792. Of him the Rev. J. G. Montfort, D.D., says: "Perhaps no man in the valley of the Mississippi has been a first pioneer in so many places and departments as James Kemper. He was the first catechist ever appointed west of the Alleghanies and south of Virginia; the first student of theology; the first licentiate of the first presbytery; the first supply on the north side of the Ohio, in answer to the first request for preaching. He preached the first sermon in Ohio that was preached by a representative of the Presbyterian Church. He was the first minister ordained on the north side of the Ohio. He preached the first sermon at the first meeting of the first presbytery that met in Ohio, it being his own ordination sermon. He received the first call, and was installed the first pastor on the north side of the Ohio. Moreover, he preached the first sermon at the first meeting of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, and of the Synod of Cincinnati, in 1829. He was elected the first Moderator of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, and also of the Synod of Cincinnati." He settled Walnut Hills at Cincinnati, and was largely instrumental in founding Lane Theological Seminary.

The last of the four is Governor James L. Kemper, the youngest brother of our Professor Kemper, still living in his native county in Virginia. He was a General in the army of the Confederate States, and was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, where he greatly distinguished himself. He was chosen Governor of Virginia in the fall of 1877, and served his State to the satisfaction of the people.

From this survey it is manifest that the Kempers

are a family of positive characteristics, among which the most marked have been intelligence, courage, enterprise, and piety.

Of our Professor Kemper's family history, on his mother's side, we have no extensive information. There is, however, one character among the maternal ancestors so remarkable that every reader will thank Mrs. Bocock for the sketch of her which she has furnished for our perusal. It is the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary D. Allison. Mrs. Bocock says:—

“ Mrs. Allison's maiden name was Dorothea Stadler. She was the only child of Colonel John Jasper Stadler. He was a trusted friend of General Washington, and the engineer to whom was intrusted the planning of the fortifications of three States—Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. His child thought that she had never known so perfect a character as her father, and long after his death would amuse her children and grandchildren by telling them how she knelt and kissed the prints of his horse's feet as he rode off to headquarters, after a visit to her and her mother in their Stafford home.

“ Her early life was one of singular happiness in her own home, and she and her mother enjoyed together the society that gathered about the old town of Fredericksburg in that day. She married Mr. Thomas Lawson Allison, a man of many attractions, but too fond of wine and sport. Both of her parents died soon after her marriage, and in a few years her husband died, leaving her many debts and five young children. Her father had received from the Government for his services a grant of a large body of land in what is now Kentucky, and on a part of

which Lexington stands. While surveying the land they were surprised by the Indians and some of the party killed. Before it was safe to return, Colonel Stadler died. His only child being a daughter, and she in what seemed to be prosperous circumstances, but little effort was made to secure her Kentucky land. Thus before arriving at middle life she found herself a widow, in totally changed circumstances pecuniarily, and poorly fitted to battle with adversity.

"In order to meet her husband's debts she sold her home and the greater part of her servants, and moved to a cottage on a small farm about ten miles above Fredericksburg, where she tried to adapt herself to her new conditions. Here she sought and found Him who is, as He promised to be, the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

"Many were the anecdotes told of her faith and its rewards. So powerfully were her neighbors impressed by her life that some of them were in the habit of recording her strange experiences. From these I send you two.

"After she had become somewhat tranquil in her new life, a debt of considerable amount, of which she knew nothing, was brought against her. She felt almost powerless to meet it. Nevertheless she sold her gig and horse and whatever else was not necessary for her comfort, and still quite a little sum was needed to make up the amount. Her habit now was to commit all her ways to the Lord, who, she seemed to realize, was indeed her 'Father in heaven,' and thus she was enabled, in an unusual degree, to 'wait upon Him.'

"One night she dreamed that a letter was handed

her, which on opening contained a bill or draft of just the amount needed to finish paying her debt. It was from Mrs. Race, then living in Genesee, N. Y., who had been her intimate friend in prosperity, but from whom she had not heard for a long time. Very soon after a neighbor, Colonel Briggs, rode by to tell her that he was going to town that day, and would attend to any command from her. She sent for some little purchases, and asked him to inquire at the post-office, as she was expecting an important letter.

"The next morning a servant came, bringing the package, but no letter. Later in the day Colonel B. rode over and said, 'Well, Mrs. Allison, I suppose you received your package and letter?' She told him of her disappointment, and he assured her that he had not only got a letter, but had noticed that it was from Genesee, N. Y.; and as it had been a long while since they had heard from their friend there, that was one reason why he had come over that day. He at once rode back, made the servant show him just which way he had walked, and found the letter. It was from their mutual friend, and *contained the sum needed to finish paying the debt.* Mrs. Race, feeling anxious to hear from her old friend, and knowing of her reverses, had written this letter of inquiry, asking her to accept the inclosure as a memento of their early friendship.

"At another time she was very anxious to attend a meeting of presbytery, which was to be held in Fredericksburg. Having no suitable conveyance now, she 'made her request known unto God,' as she believed she had a right to do. She became satisfied that she would go, and made all needed prepara-

tion. On the day on which presbytery was to meet she dressed herself ready to start, put up such clothing as she thought would be needed while there, and *laid out her bonnet* ready to put on. When her family and servants spoke to her about it, she told them that God knew her desire to mingle with his people in worship, in his sanctuary on that occasion, and that she believed he would grant her request.

“Toward the middle of the day a friend, Mr. Grinnan, who lived in Madison County, forty miles away, drove up in a gig. He sent a servant in to say that if she could get ready in a short time he would be very happy to have her company to town, but was sorry that he could not wait long, as *he had a note to meet in bank on that day*. She put on her bonnet, sent her little baggage by the servant, bade a loving adieu to her family, and was on her way to presbytery in a few minutes.

“She never doubted the direct providence of God in these and many other incidents in her life. The light of her faith shone round about her to her dying day, and remained as a beacon to guide and animate surviving friends for generations afterward. The directness and clearness of her faith was what impressed all who came in contact with her.

“Her servants confided in her and loved her, and her God was worshiped by them as their God and Guide also. Though but a little child when she died, I well remember with what awe I listened to her voice at her family evening prayers, and how she would conclude the services by calling on ‘Uncle Jack’ (an aged Christian slave) to pray. I recall as yesterday the tearful, earnest manner in which he

would beg for blessings for every member of the family.

“The two aged Christians, mistress and slave, have long since been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. In heaven they have loved their Saviour and each other none the less for the relation which providentially existed between them here, and which both so beautifully adorned. Doubtless their prayers have stood as a memorial before God through succeeding generations; and it may be seen yet, in the unfoldings of eternity, that the great grace given the subject of your memoir was partly in answer to those very prayers. Certain it is, he always cherished the most loving and tender memories of his grandmother, whose love for him, as her oldest grandson, he valued as a rich inheritance.

“‘Uncle Jack’ lived a good while after his old mistress’s death. I well remember his pleading prayers, after her death, when I was older and could be more attentive. It was in Stafford County, forty miles from our home. Our mother was in the habit of going there in our childhood. She, too, enjoyed Uncle Jack’s prayers.”

From these two recitals it is clear that good blood, both from the father’s and the mother’s side, mingled in the veins of Frederick T. Kemper, and, as we shall see, showed itself in his character. His masculine virtues seem to have come from the paternal line, while the softer graces of his nature were an inheritance from his mother’s ancestry. With regard to both, we are reminded of the Psalmist’s words, “God is in the generation of the righteous.”

CHAPTER II.

HOME AND EARLY LIFE.

" I love that dear old home ! My mother lived there
Her first sweet marriage years, and last and widowed ones.
The sunlight there seems to me brighter far
Than wheresoever else. I know the forms
Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell ;
Its waters gurgle like a tongue I know ;—
It is my home."

MRS. FRANCES BUTLER.

THE father of our Professor Kemper, as we have already learned, was William Kemper, who in his earlier life was a merchant at Madison Court-House, Virginia. There are probably many readers who are somewhat mystified by the term "*Madison Court-House.*" They will be relieved by the statement that it was quite common, in the settlement and organization of Virginia, to call the county capital or seat of justice the Court-House. Thus we have Appomattox Court-House, rendered famous by the interview between Generals Lee and Grant. Madison Court-House was the village in Madison County where the courts were held.

Mr. William Kemper was a successful merchant, but, tiring of the business, he invested his means in lands not far from the Court-House. He was a man of strong and sterling traits of character. There lie

before me some half a dozen letters written by him to his sons. The earliest are dated 1832. In those days there were no envelopes for letters. Many of us forget how, in these little things, times have improved since our childhood. People comparatively young can remember when mucilage and blotting-paper were unknown; and we thought the old red wafer and the sand-box great conveniences. It was a part of the regular instruction, given by Professor Kemper on the art of letter-writing, to show us how to fold a sheet of old-fashioned letter-paper so that it would be smooth and the direction could be written on the last page. Those, too, were the days when there were no star routes nor expedited mails, and yet every letter cost its writer or reader twelve and a half cents postage if a single sheet, and double that amount if two. In one of the epistles of William Kemper, to which we have alluded, reference is made to a letter on which the postage was seventy-five cents, and the old gentleman very gravely doubts whether its contents were worth the money.

As another illustration of the progress of this country, we read in one of his letters, written in the year 1836, the following about Chicago and Illinois: "You will sometimes see the women wading through the mud up to their ankles, barefooted and barelegged. When you go into their houses, instead of a broom you will see a shovel or a spade to clean out the mud. Then read the description of Chicago, Illinois, in the *Observer*, and you will see how easy it is for people who are interested to paint things in high colors. But the richness of that soil will sustain such a dense population that, I have no doubt, the time is not far

distant when they will sway the destiny of these United States." In less than fifty years that son lived to see Chicago a city of more than half a million of inhabitants and the grain emporium of the world.

One marked trait in the father's character, as revealed in these letters, was a disposition to look on the dark side of any question which greatly concerned him. It sometimes shows itself in a way that is almost amusing.

These letters further evince that he was a man of strong native intelligence. There is a robustness and vigor about his thoughts and modes of expression which make you cease to wonder that the unlettered merchant and farmer should have been the father of a Governor of Virginia, of one of the most distinguished teachers of the country, and of a daughter who is worthy of being named in company with her illustrious brothers.

He was a man of a high sense of commercial honor. It is unnecessary to give the details, but one of his letters clearly reveals this, in the advice given to one of his sons, but a boy, who might be influenced, he was afraid, by the questionable advice of another.

More than all this, he was, without doubt, a man of sterling though modest piety. He was an elder in the church for many years; and there is hardly one of these letters which does not show that with him religion was "the one thing needful." A few brief extracts will here be interesting. He writes: "I have one request to make of you, and that is, to make a business of writing to your younger sisters and brothers, separately and by name. I am the more anxious for this because I think you can make

a more powerful appeal to their tender consciences, and a deeper and more lasting impression on the subject of religion, in this than in any other way, and think that you can be the means of doing them more good than if you were present." Again : "It would be vain, in such an ignoramus as myself, to say a word on the subject of religion to one who has now been about four years under, I hope, the best and the brightest ; but I will say that I think all knowledge is worth but little without religion. Therefore, read your Bible, and pin your faith to no man's sleeve." Once more : "I know that education is an all-important thing, and I have felt the want of it all my life. But the most of the literary men are poor ; and when I read in your paper last year about the German literature, I had almost concluded that it had made them fools. I have no doubt but many a poor illiterate Christian, who never read anything but his Bible, is happier and will shine much brighter in heaven than they will, with all their mistaken theology."

Frederick T. Kemper was also the son of Maria E. Allison, whose remarkable mother has already interested us. The cases are certainly rare in which great men have not been the offspring of mothers of more than ordinary character. How far the physical law of heredity will account for this it is perhaps impossible to say. There are moral reasons for it, however, which it is not difficult to see. As the whole shape and durability of a house depend on the foundation, so the superstructure of the matured life is generally determined by the early influences which form the basis of the character. These early

influences are mainly furnished by the mother, during those impressible years when her plastic power moulds the habits and fashions the principles which are the foundation of the after-life, and make or mar the man.

Mrs. William Kemper was such a woman, not endowed with masculine or heroic virtues, but gifted with powers which are none the less potent though more gentle in their operation. She was naturally a poet, fond of music and of flowers. Who can measure the moral might of a mother's lullaby, as, with words which breathe the sentiments of heaven and a voice whose melody is that of the angels, she sings her son to sleep night after night for half a score of years? His pupils, at least of the earlier days, often heard him sing Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem." He learned that song from his mother's lips as she rocked him to rest, a little boy on the mountains of Virginia.

Mrs. Bocock writes: "Do you remember a story that brother Frederick used to tell the boys sometimes, in talking to them about the love of a mother and their duty to her? When a boy he had spoken rather petulantly to his mother one day, when she made some request of him. He went off to his duties, but his conscience hurt him so he could not rest. He went to her chamber to ask her forgiveness. She was not there. He looked all around, but could not find her. Then he sat down and wrote her a loving note, asking her pardon for his manner to her that morning. He gave it to a servant, telling her to hunt for her mistress until she found her. After a while the servant returned, bringing him a large, beautiful

rose! She had been found among her flowers, and, true to the delicate promptings of her nature, she sent this beautiful rose, without a word, knowing that his instincts would enable him to understand the meaning it conveyed." Can literature furnish a more exquisite incident than this? Did we not say truly that she was a born poet?

She was also a woman of decided piety. Her love of truth and conscientious fear of deviating from it were such as often created a smile among her friends. To say that Mrs. Kemper made a statement was understood to mean that no further testimony could be needed. What higher element can a character have? No one without it can be rich; none with it can be poor. The Rev. Daniel B. Ewing, D.D., writes in her obituary: "The spiritual welfare of her household was the most prominent object of her life. It was her habit, when her children were young, to retire daily with them, and, kneeling before her God, to commend them with tears to his fatherly care. Who can tell how much of that grace, which has shone in children and in children's children, is due to her prayers and influences?"

Well might each of her sons and daughters say:

" She led me first to God ;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew,
For when she used to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
How often has the thought
Of my mourned mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel !
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since my natal hour."

We shall be interested in the following family notes furnished by the facile pen of Mrs. Bocock:—

“Brother Frederick thought that there were but few homes, even in old Virginia, which combined so many elements of beauty as that of his boyhood. It is still in the family. An old-fashioned brick house, in the midst of shade trees and shrubbery, on an eminence that commands a view in front of over fifty miles of the Blue Ridge mountains, with a wide expanse of hill, valley, and running streams between. To the rear is the Thoroughfare Mountain, a part of the family estate, and between the old-fashioned ‘falling-garden’ and that little mountain is the Family Graveyard.

“Here his taste for the beautiful was cultivated, not only by the surrounding scenery, but under the influences of a gentle, refined Christian mother, whose memory he ever loved to keep green. She lived to be eighty-five years of age, and her love for the young, for music and flowers, for kind and charitable deeds, never abated. Even to old age she was rarely seen without some little flower or sprig of green upon her bosom. She drew and painted quaint pinks and roses until after she was eighty years old. This is a true, though faint, picture of his mother. His pupils will recall, in his talks to them, many an allusion, made with softened tone, to ‘My mother in old Virginia.’

“Here too, no doubt, in the overflowing hospitality of his father’s house, he imbibed that genial habit which was so conspicuous in his social life.

“It is probable also that his ideas of independence on his own farm were acquired from the patriarchal

example of his father, who (and this was not unusual in the South in those days) kept his own mill and shops—shoemakers', blacksmiths', and carpenters'—in full operation for the benefit of his own family and slaves.

“ His father never wanted office of any kind, or he could have had any within the gift of his county. One thing is well remembered: he ardently desired to see some suitable system adopted for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the South. He never thought the relation in itself was wrong, however, and was himself a most humane master.

“ The subject of this volume inherited much of his sterling love of right from his father, who was left fatherless when a child, and lovingly cared for his widowed mother and for his sisters all through his long life. His son Frederick felt the value of ‘a good name’ as an inheritance, when once, while a student at Marion College, Missouri, he needed a sum of money promptly, and went to an old Virginia settler to borrow it, offering good security. The old man replied, ‘If you are a worthy son of your father, I need no security; and if he has an unworthy son, I shall not expose him.’

“ The population of Madison County was always a quiet, moral one. No railroad has penetrated the county to this day.

“ There were eight children in the family—four sons and four daughters. Mrs. Mary Freeman, the oldest child, died recently at her home in Georgia, a consistent Christian. Mrs. Susan Matthews and Mrs. Maria Botts lived honored Christian lives in Culpeper County, Va., and died some years ago. Will-

iam, the second son and third child, went with his older brother Frederick to Missouri, graduated at Marion College, then took charge of a classical school at Raymond, Mississippi, and died there of fever in less than a year. His character was a singularly pure and attractive one, much inclined to innocent merriment, and a joyous, earnest Christian. His death was the first great sorrow of his mother's life. John, the third brother, is proprietor of the old home, 'Mountain Prospect,' and is a useful citizen. James L., the youngest brother, is practising law at the county seat of his native county, after having served his country as a brave officer and his State as legislator and governor."

The family list is made complete by the addition of Frederick Thomas, the oldest son, and Mrs. Sarah M. Bocock, the youngest child. Of Mrs. Bocock nothing further need be said, as she speaks for herself most engagingly in this volume. Her husband, however, deserves special mention. He was a brother of the Hon. Thomas Bocock, one of the ablest representatives whom Virginia has sent to the national Congress. He was the Rev. John H. Bocock, D.D., a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, a man of vigorous intellect, a veritable Titan in the pulpit.

At Mountain Prospect, the family residence, in Madison County, Virginia, on the fourteenth day of October, 1816, Frederick Thomas Kemper, the second child and oldest son of William and Maria E. Kemper, began his eventful life on this earth. We have already learned the influences around him in the family circle.

The scenery of his home must also have made a

great and lasting impression on him. We who have been born and bred upon the rich and beautiful prairie plains of the interior West can hardly have a conception of the blended beauty and sublimity of the mountains. It has been the writer's privilege not only to cross the Appalachian chain of the East at several different points, but also to stand upon the snow-capped summit of the greater Rocky range of the West. What shall one used to a softly rolling prairie say, as he stands at the foot of a real mountain, whose regal height the pines strive in vain to reach, though they gnarl their roots far up on its rocky sides in the endeavor ; whose towering top the hardy grasses, clambering inch by inch, fail to find ; whose majestic coronet is of granite, porphyry, agate, opal, and topaz, and upon whose shoulders there ever gracefully rests a mantle of snowy ermine ? He can only kneel in rapt adoration, and, as he looks still higher, exclaim, "Behold what hath God wrought !" "As we look up to thee it would seem as if God made thee with His mighty hand to notch His centuries in thy eternal rocks." As we see the flower, the grass, and the tree vainly struggle to gain thy pure and lofty summit, we think of human efforts to reach the mount of perfection, where the soil of earthliness is not known, and where all vapors crystalize into the spotless snow of innocence. As we gaze upon thy pure, unshadowed height, our soul longs to breathe thy heavenly air, and we recall to mind a mount higher far than thine own, yet on whose top the tree of Calvary grows, around which the Rose of Sharon exhales its fragrance, and where the Lily of the Valley raises its head in modest but

glorious triumph. It is not strange that mountains should make poets, and freemen, and Christians, and men.

“ My mountain home, my mountain home !

Though valleys fairer lie,

My spirit pines amid their bloom—

It shuts me from the sky.

The mountains holier visions bring

Than e'er in vales arise,

As brightest sunshine bathes the wing

That's nearest to the skies.”

As to the early education of our Mr. Kemper, we know that it was conducted at a home school on his father's place, until he was sent off to college. His father and Colonel Henry Hill, who had a large family on an adjoining estate, for many years employed teachers for the benefit of their own and their neighbors' families.

Of his earlier teachers we know only two by name. Of one, the pastor of the family at the time, the Rev. A. D. Pollock, D.D., writes: “ His own teacher, so far as I know (Alexander L.), was a very ordinary man, a dull man ; anything other than a genius in teaching or in anything else. In fact, the man that is a man usually makes himself, or rather comes out from within himself. Frederick did this in an eminent degree.”

The other teacher of whom we know was William H. Field, Esq., afterward a successful lawyer for twenty-five years in Louisville, Ky., of whom President Laws, of the Missouri State University, once remarked that he was a man of senatorial dignity and intelligence. But he well illustrates what is unfortunately a very large class of the teachers of this

country. They are men, many of them, of very respectable talents, who teach merely as a stepping-stone to something else. Mr. Field made an eminent lawyer; he might have made an eminent teacher. But it is morally certain that he could and did accomplish but little during the few months which he gave to the school-room.

Mr. Kemper continued to attend the home school until the fall of 1829, when he was nearly thirteen years old. From a memorandum made by him on the back of one of his early journals, we know that he was placed as early as this in the store of Finks & Banks, at Madison Court-House, and that he remained in their employ two years. We know that he left Virginia about the first of October, 1831, to go into business as a clerk with Messrs. Lough & McKee, merchants in Market Street, in the city of Baltimore; that he remained with them one year, when he returned, on account of the prevalence of cholera, to Madison Court-House, to enter the store of his uncle, Mr. Henry Allison, with whom he continued until January, 1834. The next two and a half years, until he was ready to leave home for Marion College, were probably spent in teaching his younger brothers and sisters, the first service which he performed in the profession in which he was destined to become so eminently useful. Mrs. Bocock says that he disliked the business of clerking. It does seem incongruous, with all we know of him, that he should ever have stood behind a counter. Boy as he was, he must have felt like Samson when he was grinding in the prison of the Philistines. That he was a popular and efficient clerk we know both from the testimony of the

living and of the dead. We do not doubt this, for he was a man of conscience, and if he had been a boot-black he would have done his work thoroughly and well.

We come now to one of the most interesting experiences of his life, indeed it is the most important, for it was the turning-point in his history. It was in the Fall of 1832 that he was converted to Christianity and joined the Presbyterian Church at Madison Court-House. He had just completed his sixteenth year. About a year before there had been a very remarkable revival of religion in the church at Fredericksburg, under the ministry of the Rev. S. B. Wilson, D.D. We have before us, in one of Mr. Kemper's letters, the testimony of an eye-witness that there were as many as one hundred and fifty anxious inquirers at one time. This meeting produced a great impression in all the surrounding country. In the fall of 1832 the Rev. A. D. Pollock took charge of the Presbyterian Church at Madison Court-House. Frederick T. Kemper had but lately returned home from Baltimore. Dr. Pollock gives this account in a letter to Mrs. Bock: "Dr. Post, of Washington City, was holding a sacramental meeting at the Court-House, and thus I commenced my stationed ministry. When the communion board was spread, three persons came forward and were announced as communicants for the first time. One of the three was Frederick, then a clerk in Mr. Allison's store. That was forty-eight and a half years ago. That good and honest old man, your father, was then an elder of the church."

Mrs. Kemper says: "He was favored with an

intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Ann Swift, the mother of Mrs. Henry Allison. She was a woman of rare accomplishments and earnest piety. She was descended from a wealthy and influential French family, by the name of Roberdeau. The association and influence of this cultured woman doubtless had much to do in forming the character and destinies of the young boy. At this time a series of meetings were conducted by the Rev. Septimus Tustin, and Mrs. Swift attended them, taking Frederick with her, who at an early stage of the meeting became interested for his soul's salvation.

"Mrs. Swift was not well at the time, but she was so concerned for her young charge that she would not stop. So the disease of her throat became so serious that medical skill failed, and she died after a few days' illness, testifying to the last hour her perfect trust in her Saviour. Already Frederick had united himself with the people of God, and this sudden death of one he loved and who had guided his footsteps in the path of everlasting life, stamped most deeply his religious character."

Mrs. Bocock gives a different but not an inconsistent, statement of the attending circumstances:—

"The churches at Madison Court-House were in such a cold state that people said that religion was dead. The ministers who lived there at last resolved to hold a ministers' prayer-meeting, to pray for a revival. The young men were mostly sceptical, under the lead of a young lawyer, who was a pronounced infidel and a cultivated, scholarly man. The general prayer-meeting of the village was a union one, but poorly attended. After a while it was noticed, to the

great joy of the ministers, that there was an increase of the congregation, and they appointed nightly services. Soon some of the sceptical young men were seen in the audience. One night (I have heard brother Frederick tell it with tears in his eyes) the room or house was crowded. There was deathlike solemnity. The ministers invited every one who was anxious about his soul's salvation to make it known, that they might be assisted in their inquiries. To the astonishment of everybody in the house, the infidel young lawyer arose and asked to be prayed for. He said that he was utterly wretched. He knew that he had led others astray, and now would earnestly beg all who had been thus influenced by him to ask God for mercy, and to start with him to the heavenly kingdom. This had such an effect that a powerful revival continued for a long time. Almost all the people of the village, and many around, became Christians. That young lawyer is now the Rev. Horace Stringfellow, who, though now old, is one of the most useful men and ministers of the Episcopal Church. Brothers Frederick and William were brought in at that time. I never heard, however, that either had ever been sceptical."

It is a mighty change in any man's life when he becomes a Christian, whether previously he had been moral or immoral. The Scriptures call it a new birth, a resurrection from the dead, a new creation. These terms are not extravagant, nor meant to be Oriental hyperbole. They express a sober and a pregnant fact. Many, however, Christians and non-believers, mistake its nature. It is not such a moral transformation that its subject immediately becomes

a perfect character. Thus it might have been, doubtless, if God had so thought it best. So far from this, the converted man is, in one aspect, but little more like an angel than he was before.

Habits and dispositions to form habits are the great facts and factors of human character. Habits are a growth, and are necessarily of slow and gradual formation. They are the exhibits of character, and are themselves the outgrowth and the proof of the dispositions that lie back of them and give them being, complexion, and development. When a man is converted, his dispositions are thoroughly and radically changed, but his habits are not. His moral tendencies are reversed, and in this lies the great fact and interest of his renewal. There is a new creation; but it is a new creation, and must be developed. It is a resurrected life, but a life that must be lived, and matured in the living of it. It is a new birth, but a birth into spiritual babyhood, that must have its infancy and youth before it reaches a ripened manhood. There is a new disposition, but this disposition is to cast out the old and form and perfect new religious habits. This may be done very slowly, very gradually; but always as surely as the purposes of God and the efficacy of Christ's atonement and the efficiency of the Spirit's sanctifying power can make it.

It is a great thing then to become a Christian; for it is the starting upon a new road, that leads onward and upward to the higher and the perfect life. It is a great thing to become a Christian, not only for himself, but also for the sake of others. For it is the introduction of a new spiritual force into our ruined

world, which, by the power of its moral attraction, is to lead others with it on the ascending path of purity and piety. Who can estimate the worth of that change in young Kemper's heart, when he was but sixteen years of age? What a different boy he was, and how different a man shall be forever afterward! How much higher and purer have been, and shall be, the lives of hundreds of others for the same reason!

He became a Christian when he was a boy. Scepticism may carp at this, and sneer that religion is for boys and women, and yet praise Epicurus for becoming a sceptic at twelve. But these same boys, when they become men, yea, giant men, with "wrestling thews that throw the world," still cling to their religion as the dearest treasure of the mind. Our Frederick entered the Master's service in the morning, and continued until the sun went down. The brightest, the strongest, the most useful Christians are the early ones. This is the rule, to which there are but few exceptions. The Bible pledges that it shall be so. The law of habit teaches that it must be so. A general observation shows that it is so. The case before us is a brilliant illustration, as we shall see, of this interesting truth.

From the time of his connection with the Church, by a personal profession of religion, the evidence lies before us, in the letters of his pastor and his friends written nearly fifty years ago; that he was an earnest and decided Christian. Boy as he was, he witnessed a good confession, and left behind him in the Old Dominion, among his neighbors and friends, the name of a humble, steadfast follower of the meek

and lowly Jesus. Writes Dr. Pollock : " We were sitting alone together, and talking of our personal troubles as Christians, and his soft voice said of himself (I can hear it now), ' I am not worthy to name His name.' "

CHAPTER III.

LEAVES HOME FOR MISSOURI.

“ Ah ! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of your vessel's track
Seemed ploughing deep into your heart ; you never
Saw day go down upon your native spires,
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.”

BYRON.

FORTUNATELY for us, Mr. Kemper kept a journal, beginning Tuesday, March 29th, 1836, and continued more or less regularly throughout his life. It is not a record of facts, but mainly of thoughts, feelings, purposes ; of his inner, not of his outer life. It is all the more precious and interesting to us that it is such. While we are surprised and disappointed to find that the allusions which he makes to the most important changes in his history are quite meagre, and that to some of them there is no reference in his journal, yet we can bear this with patient gratitude as we turn page after page, richly freighted with revelations of his real self, the hidden man of the heart.

While these lines were all written with the thought

that no curious eye would ever read them, and that they would never be exposed to the garish gaze of public scrutiny, yet they contain nothing unworthy of the man that wrote them, and much that show him to have been a profound philosopher of the mysteries of the human spirit, and at the same time the most humble and unsparing critic and censor of himself.

There is need, of course, of the most judicious care in selecting the extracts to be published. No man would wish his inner life exposed recklessly to the view of the cold, critical, unsympathetic world. There are passages in the lives of us all, which perhaps to our intimate friends are the tenderest and dearest, yet over which, for that very reason, there should be thrown the veil of hallowed privacy.

He is now a youth, something more than nineteen years old. A few pages from his journal, made at this time, will show what kind of a young man he was:—

“Tuesday, 29th March, 1836.—I have this morning made this book for the purpose of keeping a record of my history, and the manner in which I may spend my time in future. I have for some months past wasted much valuable time. May I be enabled, O Lord, so to number my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom.”

“Thursday, 14th April.—Spent greater part of forenoon in writing, or rather in learning to write. Think I have improved some since Monday, when I commenced going to the writing-school, taught at Madison Court-House by Mr. Davis. It is, in my judgment, no small or useless accomplishment to write a fair hand.”

"*May 4th.*—I have, notwithstanding my resolutions, wasted a great deal of my precious time in reading improperly as to manner and matter, vitiating my taste, debasing my intellect, and making myself a smatterer in every kind of knowledge as well as morals. I was thinking of these things this morning, and of amendment. I think I am a being in the universe of God, my Maker. Whether I have talents few or many, I was made for something. What is it? To glorify God and enjoy him forever. To be active, to improve my talents, to be useful. What are the best means to these ends? Study of God's will, in his word and providence; prayer, self-communion; *obedience* universal. Industry from morn till dewy eve. Self-denial, straining up perfection's hill. Order in conduct and distribution of my time. Keeping a strict account of every day's duties and sins, and examining at its close how I have fulfilled these obligations, and complied with these known duties.

"I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast given me health; that Thou hast given me Christ to help my infirmities, and to be my whole Saviour. Help me to follow him daily; yes, to-day, and to-morrow, and all my days. Melt my heart. Grant me repentance and faith, and every Christian grace. May I grow every day in Thy likeness. Give a direction to my thoughts that they may always run upon profitable subjects. Keep me humble, and useful, and holy, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

"I purpose reading fifty pages per day in 'Watts on the Mind,' till I get through that book; and then reading 'Abercombie on the Intellectual Powers.'

As much as that, if I do not spend a good deal of time in reading explanations of his technical words. Lord, enlighten and strengthen my mind. May I improve morally and mentally, beyond my expectation, and all to Thy glory and my good. Amen.

"I will try to rise at 4 o'clock throughout the remainder of the spring and during the approaching summer, and to improve all my time, nay, 'redeem' lost 'time.' I will strive to have my Greek grammar well committed to memory by the first of June, and Watts and Abercrombie both well read, and well understood, and well remembered, and well pondered, and well practised. If this be done it will be but a small month's work, in comparison with the labor of such men as Ashmun.

"I will have also a large portion of the Old Testament (and some of the New) read by the first of June, if I live. Keep me, Jesus, from falling. Keep me low in the dust of humility. Make me vigorous and active."

"*May 24th, Tuesday.*—Am reading 'Watts on the Mind.' Much pleased with it. To extract its sweets, it must be read as his chapter on reading directs that any book should be read.

"Had many temptations to-day. I praise and thank God that the sword of the Spirit was victorious in every conflict. I find more pleasure in quenching one of Satan's darts by the shield of faith, than in all sensual enjoyment. Keep me in my place, O Father, in the dust at Thy feet.

"Did tolerably well in Greek grammar. Have accomplished more than in some weeks of irregularity and sensual pursuits."

"*June 8th, Wednesday.*—I am very sensual ; too much so for a Christian or a student."

"*Saturday, June 18th.*—Rose this morning very late, after breakfast, owing in some measure to being up late last night. Without my morning devotions ; which, I am sorry to say, have been much neglected of late. I went to Mr. S.'s shop, where I met with such company, the keeping of which would justly give me the character of a companion of fools. I must confess that I was not benefited by this company. I have been criminal in keeping it. If I do my duty at my various studies, I have but little time to spend in any company. Of course that should be of the best sort possible. *Lost a day.* Oh, how wicked, how unspeakably wicked ! May I awake to a sense of my religious and social obligations. I have been asleep all my life. Take me out of the pit of sloth, O Lord, and grant that I may walk in the pathway of diligence and usefulness.

"I have had a new confirmation of the importance of beginning the day by prayer to God. I can truly say that, to the best of my knowledge, all my days, begun in this way, have been (all other things being equal) much the happiest and most useful days of my life.

"I have been confirmed in the importance of learning something from every person with whom I meet. In a walk to James City, in a little casual conversation, I learned several things about the growth of wheat. In another casual conversation, learned something about elections, unknown before. I have been impressed with the importance of reading with more attention, and devoting more time to it ;

with the importance of speaking the truth strictly upon all occasions; the importance of order in conduct. Learned something about the culture of tobacco.

"Observed to-day, when an individual was reading aloud in my hearing, that those parts which he understood least he read the loudest. 'Empty barrels sound the loudest.'

"I may be what I have resolved to be, and I may do what others have done, have been confirmed to me to-day."

These copious extracts, from the first pages of his journal, have been given mainly for the purpose of showing from his own pen, his mental and moral condition at this period, when about twenty, and before he had left his home to come under the influence of strangers. They show him as his character was formed and developed by his family, his church, his neighbors, his home. If his father and mother could look upon this photograph of their son, taken with the lights and shadows of the family fireside, they surely need not and would not blush, except as honest pride might mantle their cheeks.

We have come now to another epoch in his life. He is to leave the old Virginia roof-tree, and, in the far distant West, as it was then, continue and complete his preparation for the duties of his mature manhood. He is to leave Virginia. Reared in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, the writer well remembers the feelings of mingled disappointment and pity which possessed him when he first looked on the red hills, the pine forests, and the sterile fields of his ancestral State. Only a few months since he again visited a

county adjoining Madison, and was impressed with the fact that, in many things, the old State seemed a half century behind the progressive West.

All this may be so, and yet he who sneers at Virginia betrays a lamentable ignorance of her history, or a woeful want of appreciation of the highest merit.

“What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfumes to pride.
No,—men, high-minded men—
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.
These constitute a state.”

Tried by this test, the “mother of States and of statesmen” at once comes to the very front. Like the mother of the Gracchi, her children are her jewels; and though she be now and for years back arrayed in the weeds of mourning and humiliation, yet she finds herself adorned with a coronet in which there sparkle the brightest gems in our country’s history. Who gave to our Revolutionary fathers their leader, “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens”? Whose pen was it that wrote the charter of the nation’s liberty, on the fourth of July, 1776? Who was the ablest exponent and advocate of the grandest piece of political wisdom ever devised by man, the Constitution of the United States? All these, the proudest names in our country’s annals, were Virginians. Take the work of

Virginians out of the warp and woof of our national life, and the whole web would fall to pieces. Virginia has furnished the best blood of Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. They are her children, and what they are to-day, in the purest elements of their civilization, they owe largely to the mother state. It was Virginia that nourished Kentucky's greatest statesman, the princely "Harry of the West." It was Virginia that bared her gallant breast to the storm and received the scars of the mighty conflict which for four years shook this continent to its centre. It was Virginia that furnished the able and gallant Thomas to the Union, and Lee, the second Washington, and Stonewall Jackson, the military genius of the age, to the Confederacy. It was Virginia that gave to the world of science the modest Maury, who

"Laid his hand upon the 'ocean's mane,'
And played familiar with his hoary locks."

It is Virginia that has to-day within her beautiful valley some of the most excellent schools in this land. It is Virginia that, on the eastern slope of her mountains, has her famous university, the pride of the Southland, the pride of this country, whose diploma is the highest literary honor given an undergraduate on this continent.

She has been as renowned in the Church as she has been in the state. We speak alone now of Presbyterians, as being more familiar with their history. It is doubtless true that in other branches of the Church she has been as eminent. But to the Church of Calvin and Knox she has given Davies, the Alexan-

ders, the Hoges, the Lacys, the Rices, the Breckinridges, the Browns, Stuart Robinson, and, peer of them all, Robert L. Dabney. There are no more illustrious names in the annals of the Church upon this continent than these, and no other State, north or south, can present such an array.

But the grandest glory of Virginia remains to be told. Eminent as she is in cabinet, in Congress, in the White House, on the tented field, in the halls of learning, and in the pulpit, her proudest honor is to be found in her quiet homes, her yeomanry, her honest, gallant men, her virtuous, refined women. The truest chivalry in this land is in the Old Dominion. She may be poor, but there is less of crime, both in its grosser and subtler forms, within her borders; and there is more of domestic and civil virtue and genuine piety than may, for territory and population, be found anywhere else, perhaps, on this wide world.

Mr. Kemper is now to leave the grand old State and wend his way westward to complete his education on the sunset-side of the Mississippi. This seems to us a strange move. It was not for lack of good schools in Virginia. There was old William and Mary; there was Washington College, now the Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, where his youngest brother, Governor Kemper, was educated. There, within less than a day's ride on horseback, was the great University founded by Jefferson. Why he was not sent to any of these, and why he went over a thousand miles to a college in a frontier State, we may not be able fully to understand. It is perhaps enough to say that the spirit of adven-

turous enterprise, which leads so many westward, and the fame of the college at that time, of which we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter, were the principal inducements.

. At any rate, on Tuesday, August 23d, 1836, he took the western stage at Madison Court-House, and started to Cincinnati on his way to Marion College, Missouri. The meagre notes of his journal will describe the trip :

“ *Tuesday, 23rd.*—From the Court-House to Walker’s, on side of the mountain, this side of Stanardsville. Fine weather. Spent the day at Paris’ Hotel, in Allegheny County. Charged me one dollar for dinner, supper, and washing three pieces. Took stage after dark, and spent Tuesday night at Shumate’s.

“ *Wednesday.*—From Shumate’s to Callaghan’s to breakfast. Dined at the old man’s, who did not *live* there, but *stayed*; did not know beef from mutton. Night at Dean’s.

“ *Thursday morning.*—Breakfast at a long fellow’s house. Have forgotten his name (Morris, perhaps). Dined at a *short man’s*. Excellent dinner. Supped at Kanawha House in Charleston.

“ *Friday.*—Breakfast at ‘a fine old fellow’s.’ Saw Hawk’s Nest, then the Burning Spring and salt works in Kanawha. Dined at Guindotte. Supped on steamboat.

“ *Saturday.*—Breakfast on steamboat. Dined at Cincinnati Hotel.”

He was thus five days going from Madison Court-House to Cincinnati, partly on the stage and partly on steamboat. This was good traveling for that period. The same distance can now be traversed in a day.

He spent several weeks at the metropolis of Ohio in company with his relatives, the family and descendants of the Rev. James Kemper, the noted pioneer preacher. His venerable widow, whom he calls "Aunt Nancy," was then alive.

He manifestly enjoyed his visit, and almost everything he saw made a pleasant impression on him. His kindred lived at Walnut Hills chiefly, which is a most delightful portion of the suburbs of the city. He attended a lecture at the Lane Theological Seminary, and heard Dr. Joshua Wilson preach. There are some interesting entries in his journal made while here :

"*Sunday, 18th Sept., 1836.*—Feel somewhat indisposed. No calm contemplation, *i.e.*, no protracted thought, such as is requisite for forming energy, decision, and perseverance of character. How I have hitherto neglected the study of the Bible and prayer. I have had the path of duty pointed out, but I have not walked in it. I know that I would better omit one meal each day, than not to have time for the study of my Bible and for prayer. *I have time*, but, owing to the bustle of company and continually moving from one place to another, I have not recently *searched* the Scriptures. O Lord, 'pardon my iniquity, for it is great.'

"*Monday, 19th Sept., 1836.*—Walnut Hills has every advantage : good health, good water (for the State of Ohio), rich land, and a location near Cincinnati, where everything brings good prices. People live as well here as they do in Virginia, and more happily, I doubt not. The girls wash, cook, and do anything that is to be done ; nay, *black shoes*. These things

don't detract from their high mental improvement. They have not that affectation and that want of any tangible character which are so often observable. There are no slaves, and often no servant of any kind; yet all is neat, and generally rich. The gilt mirror, the Brussels carpet, the mahogany sideboard are the furniture seen; and the ladies grace the parlor, the library, or the kitchen, as occasion serves. Happy people!

"John H. Kemper's calf, 4 months old, weighs 415 lbs. James Kemper refused \$500 for his bull, 2 yrs. old. One yearling and one two-year-old calf of James Kemper's sold for \$1080. John H. Kemper's Russia breed of hogs will weigh 500 lbs. He took 400 bu. corn from $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres, four years ago, and thinks he has as good a crop this season. Land raises pumpkins enough to pay three dollars an acre rent, for woodland and all.

"*Wednesday, 21st Sept., 1836.*—I find that living disorderly is the very way to live uncomfortably. Whatever ought to be done ought to be done well; and however small, it is true philosophy to devote attention to it, in proportion to its relative importance. I find that when I devote *proper* attention to my toilet in the morning, I have the satisfaction of feeling that something is well done.

"People at Walnut Hills have very few springs. They drink what they call 'cistern water;' that is, rain water drawn from the top of the house and kept in a cistern. It is cool, and not unpleasant. The well water is not so good as ours."

"They do not envy us our slaves. David R. Kemper, while shewing me his cistern, said, 'This thing

cost me seven dollars, and I would not take that for two months' use of it. I would not take a negro for it. No, I would not give it for a negro.'"

"They have tea for dinner, and use preserved tomatoes."

While in Cincinnati he first stopped at the house of Samuel D. Kemper, with whose son, Frederick E. H., he promised to correspond.

On Wednesday, September 21, he left Cincinnati for Louisville, about 11 o'clock A.M. He took passage on the General Pike, a good boat, but which was so crowded that the dining-tables and the cabin floor were covered with mattresses for the sleepers. At 2 o'clock A.M. on the next day he reached his destination, and put up at the Louisville Hotel.

Here he met his maternal uncle, Mr. John Allison, who was living at Richland, near the city. He speaks of him as "a real friendly, open-hearted Allison and Virginian." By him he was introduced to a Mr. Nesbit, at whose house, on First Street above Walnut, he dined. At his table he met a very agreeable old lady, from whom he learned, as one of the instances of change of fortune, that the widow of William Wirt, the distinguished Attorney-General of the United States under more than one administration, was reduced to poverty, and was teaching a school in Richmond, Va.

Mr. Nesbit entertained him in an interesting conversation on the facilities for making money in the West at that time. Among other things, he told him that the aggregate amount of goods sold in Louisville in one year was about eight millions of dollars; that of bagging and bale cord alone, nearly a million

dollars' worth was sold in a year; that "lots at Alton on the Ohio (?), which sold a few years since for six dollars per foot," would then sell for six hundred dollars; that it was an easy matter for men to make money then, by investing their capital in the rapidly growing towns and incipient cities of the West.

At Louisville he met his old friend and teacher, William H. Field, Esq., who was then a young lawyer there.

While he was at his uncle John's he wrote several pages in his journal on the subject of social conversation, from which we give the following :—

"I feel rather dissatisfied with my day's work, because I have pleased too little in the social circle. I feel as if I always made the social hours of those with whom I am not intimately acquainted, drag heavily. If they do not observe it, I feel a degree of embarrassment in their company. If they do not see it, they are influenced by my barrenness at conversation. We *talk*, but it is not conversation; for this implies a flow of soul. Conversation is the spirit of social intercourse, speech is the effect. This should always be the case. But my mind is all the time thinking of something else, lamenting my want of colloquy, etc. Why is this? It may be from an inordinate and proud desire to shine in conversation, valuing the praise of man too highly, uneasiness because I cannot shine as others. Look at that lady. Her company is courted. She is pleasant and agreeable; and yet half she says is nonsense. Can I not do as well? Yes, I can be as agreeable, and speak truth and good sense in a good humor. If you prepare a few subjects, upon which to converse and

make it a business to lug them in, it will look stiff and unnatural, and you will not enjoy the talk, nor will your company. You should be able to converse upon every subject. But this is not the most important thing, for they often please best who know least. The solution is, to be free and easy; let your mind be untrammelled, so much so that you can keep silence without feeling abashed for it."

Sunday, September 25, was a very pleasant day to him. He went with his uncle John and family to hear an Episcopal minister, the Rev. Mr. Page. He was delighted with the sermon, which he characterizes as "a very argumentative, reasonable, plain, terse, practical, pious discourse," from Luke 13:34. He writes in his journal: "There is nothing," said he, "so simple as the religion of Christ. It is to feel that you are spiritually naked, and miserable, and blind, and wretched, and to put your confidence in the mercy of God in Christ, in his atoning sacrifice. When he was telling the 'way,' I was musing, and the fire burned. I felt that it was the way for me. I hated sin. I had an unction, and knew all things. Several Scripture principles were brought to my mind, while I was, as I hope, under the guidance of that 'spirit of truth,' whose office it is to lead men into all truth."

On Tuesday, September 27th, before breakfast, his brother William, who had come down the Ohio on a boat, rode up to their uncle John's. As their cousin, William McCoy, was waiting in Louisville for a boat to carry him to St. Louis, they concluded to take passage with him. Accordingly at noon of this same day they boarded the Clinton for St. Louis; when,

to their dismay, William became aware that he had left his money in his berth on the General Brown. Fortunately, however, it had not been stolen. They made the trip to St. Louis without any recorded incident or accident; and Sunday, October 2, finds them on the steamer Quincy, bound for Marion City, Missouri. This was their landing in Marion County, nearest to Palmyra, the county-seat, their next objective point. They landed the same day, and on the next day, Monday, walked to Palmyra. On Wednesday, he walked to Marion City and back to Palmyra to dinner. In the afternoon he went to Marion College, and he and William were settled as students of that institution, of which we shall give some account in the succeeding chapter.

It had required six weeks to make the trip from his home in Virginia, a large part of which, however, had been passed in the agreeable society of his kindred at Cincinnati and Louisville.

CHAPTER IV.

MARION COLLEGE.

“ At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.” SHAKSPEARE.

THE Presbyterian Church in Missouri has been unfortunate in the most of its college enterprises. While it has always been one of the glories of this church that it has been the steadfast friend of education, and has conducted its schools not only with ability but also with success, yet it is true that there are in Missouri the graves of no less than three Presbyterian colleges—the City University in St. Louis, Richmond College in Ray County, and Marion College near Palmyra. This last was the first and most magnificent failure of them all. As it is an interesting story in itself, and as the college was the *alma mater* of our Mr. Kemper, we shall devote this chapter to an extended account of it, taken from the catalogue of 1835-36.

“ The reputed richness of the soil of Marion County, about nine years since, turned the tide of immigration, previously setting toward the western side of the State of Missouri and the Boonslick Country;

to the north. In two or three years the county had acquired a respectable population. Palmyra, the seat of justice, had become one of the most thriving villages of the State, and the prairie west of that town, in which the college is situated, contained a dense settlement. The inhabitants were principally from Kentucky.

"A few of the residents of the prairie, west of Palmyra, Marion County, applied to the legislature, in the winter of 1830-31, for a charter locating a college in their midst. An ample charter was obtained, eleven acres of land were given for the site, and a log school-house was erected. The Rev. David Nelson, M.D., became at once both the presiding officer, called for by the charter, and the teacher of the school.

"About this time it was determined to endow the institution with the land unoccupied around the building, and depend on its internal wealth and the *physical strength of the students* in bringing it forth, for its support.

"At this time the views of the friends of the college were very limited. A few thousand dollars, it was supposed, would be sufficient to purchase the necessary quantity of land, erect some plain dormitories for students; while, from the benevolent it was hoped that the necessary library and philosophical apparatus could be procured. The principal aid was expected from citizens of Missouri. In this home agency Dr. Nelson was employed, while the Rev. Cyrus Nichols was commissioned to travel east and lay the wants of the institution before the benevolent. These agencies, however, resulted in procuring a

very small sum. A number of log cottages were erected and a small building for recitation rooms.

“Another effort was now made, and, through the agency of Dr. Nelson, a promise was obtained from the General Assembly’s Board of Education (of the church) of ten thousand dollars, with which to purchase the necessary land. A misunderstanding arose between the agents of the trustees and the Education Board, growing out of the character of certain land purchased; in consequence of which the original agreement was annulled, and the whole purchase became the property of the Assembly’s board.

“Disappointed in their anticipated aid from the benevolent, and at the same time aware that the reluctance did not proceed from indifference to the project, but from the incredulity of the public mind as to the practicability of their self-supporting scheme, the only remedy appeared to be in borrowing the funds necessary to make the experiment. As a body corporate the trustees held no property to any amount, and consequently individual private estate must be pledged to effect a loan. Three of the trustees, whose labors had already been the most abundant, and whose confidence in the practicability of the plan remained unshaken—the Rev. David Nelson, Dr. David Clark, and William Muldrow—in April, 1833, borrowed in the city of New York, on their own responsibility, by mortgaging their property, \$20,000 for ten years, at seven per cent interest. A condition of this loan was, that not less than four thousand acres of land should be purchased in one body. With this money 470 acres only were secured in the vicinity of the college. For the body of land required by the

agreement, that it might be obtained at the government price, it was necessary to go a distance of fourteen miles, where, in the midst of a beautiful and well-watered prairie, 4019 acres were purchased. For the purpose of securing timber and coal for fuel, it was subsequently deemed expedient to purchase of individuals, at a higher price, 480 acres additional.

"The individuals above mentioned organized themselves into an association, by the title of the 'Education Company of the West,' and having, for the sake of counsel, increased their number to seven, proceeded to carry out the details of their plan. Accommodations for students were increased to one hundred; a boarding-house and farm-house were erected, and the small tract put under cultivation; while arrangements were made to erect accommodations for an equal number of students on the large tract, and to bring it under cultivation with the least possible delay. As soon as funds, other than those borrowed by the gentlemen above named, began to be used in the improvement of the farms, they, by a deed dated in October last, conveyed the title to the whole property to the Trustees of Marion Collège, in trust, for education purposes, securing only the right to direct the execution of the details of their plan.

"The method of support at this time proposed was to furnish each student, fifteen years of age, with twenty acres of land, which was to be cultivated by employing equal portions for the production of corn, oats, wheat, and timothy grass. Half of the product was his own, while the other half went to defray the expenses of the farm. He was to pay \$50 per annum for his board, and \$20 tuition. A confidence in the

success of the enterprise now began to be felt, and a gradual accession of students commenced, which it was subsequently necessary to check for want of room.

“Recourse was had to the appointment of numerous traveling agents, in order to obtain the funds needed to put the land into a state of cultivation, and meet the expectations of the public. Though many of these agencies were voluntary, others were entered into at a salary, and resulted in bringing the institution in debt. It will not be a little surprising to many to learn that, up to the first of November, 1834, less than \$6,000 had been received as donations by the trustees and Education Company.

“During the last winter the three members of the board of trustees before alluded to visited the East for the purpose of conferring with the prominent friends of education in relation to their plans, and more perfectly enlisting the benevolent in the cause of the institution. This visit resulted in securing a large number of warm friends, by whose counsel it was determined to enlarge the plan, and connect with the college a *theological school*. Accordingly, at a meeting of the trustees, held the 11th day of May last, [*i.e.*, 1835] the fundamental regulations of the Theological Seminary were adopted, and three professors and an assistant teacher chosen. Previously to this, the Rev. William S. Poits, of St. Louis, having signified his acceptance of the presidency of the institution, in August last, the regulations of the literary department were adopted, the college faculty organized, and classes regularly formed. At the same meeting of the board, the Rev. D. Nelson,

Dr. Clark, and W. Muldrow, having stated that the funds to pay the New York loan had been received, tendered a surrender of the direction of the trust estate of the corporation, which was accepted by the board, and the necessary writings ordered to be prepared. By this act the existence of the 'Education Company of the West' ceases, and the whole responsibility and control of the property rests with the corporation.

"The smaller tract of land will be occupied by the classes constituting the college proper. On this, buildings will be erected for the accommodation of the president, professors, and students, a boarding-house, and a house for the steward and farmer. The president's house and a new boarding-house are now under contract, and will be finished as speedily as possible.

"Upon one division of the larger tract is the preparatory department, where accommodations for one hundred students, it is hoped, will be completed this fall; comprising dormitories, a recitation house, a boarding-house, and residence for the steward and farmer, who superintends the labor of the students in this department.

"In the centre of this tract will be the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the professors and students of the Theological Seminary, and the farmer having the supervision of their labor. It is also the purpose of the trustees, should circumstances warrant it, to connect Law and Medical schools, under competent teachers, with the plan. A Female Seminary of a high order will also be located in the vicinity.

“The plan at present proposed for the support of the professors and students is as follows: The president and each of the professors in the Theological School is to receive the net income of five hundred acres of college land, fifty of which is to be cultivated in grain and vegetables, and the remainder in timothy grass. Each of the professors in the literary department and the principal of the preparatory school is to have the net income of three hundred acres, thirty of which are to be cultivated as a garden, and the remainder in timothy. Each student will be expected to cultivate one acre of this land as a garden, and harvest nine acres of timothy. The garden land will always lie in the immediate vicinity of the student's dormitory, and the corner stake of his acre will be marked with the number of his room. This will be worked principally by hand, and in the hours assigned for labor in term time. The timothy will demand his attention only in harvesting and preparing the hay for market, which will occur during vacation. The timothy land will lie some distance from the college, and the students will encamp upon the meadow, and continue there until the whole work of cutting, curing and baling is completed. The hay will be cut by a horse-power machine, and baled by a power press.

“The products of the land of each professorship will be divided, one third to the professor and two thirds to the student cultivating it. By this plan, five hundred acres of land are to support one professor in the theological department and fifty students; and three hundred acres support a professor in the literary department and thirty students. The garden-

land, after supplying the grain and vegetables necessary for the consumption of the boarding-houses, will be used for such crops as the state of the market may, from time to time, dictate as most profitable. The hay will be received by a trading-house at the Mississippi River, established for the purpose, at the fair market price, and by them shipped to the New Orleans market. The tuition fees will go into the treasury of the institution, to be used in keeping up repairs, paying salaries not otherwise provided for, and incidental expenses. One acre of land in the vicinity of the college, cultivated in onions, peas, beans, or hops, it is believed from experiments made, will yield to the student more than a sufficiency to pay his board. The hay market, extending from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, and even to the West Indies, is too extensive ever to be glutted, and the price scarcely ever falls below \$20 per ton (the last season it has brought \$40). The price of freight will not exceed five dollars per ton, giving from ten to fifteen dollars as the fair market value of hay delivered upon the bank of the river in Marion County. The land owned by the college, it is estimated by farmers best acquainted with its capabilities will cut two tons to the acre. From these estimates it will be easy for any one to demonstrate the entire practicability of the self-supporting system proposed by the board of trustees."

So much from the history of the founding of the college, as given in the catalogue. Taking the estimates given as reliable, it would seem that the entire practicability of the self-supporting system was demonstrated.

For each student the yield would be :—

6 acres of hay, 12 tons at \$10.....	\$120
Garden crop of onions, enough for board.	50

Total for each student.....	\$170
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For the president and each theological professor :

150 acres of hay, 300 tons at \$10.....	\$3000
Garden crop of 50 students, $\frac{1}{3}$	1250

Total for each.....	\$4250
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For each college professor :—

90 acres of hay, 180 tons, at \$10.....	\$1800
Garden crop of 30 students, $\frac{1}{3}$	750

Total.....	\$2550
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These sums would seem to have been ample to sustain pupils and teachers well in those early days. But who can suppress a smile as he reads this plan, with all of its details? The *morus multicaulis* craze or the South Sea scheme were hardly more wild and chimerical. Doubtless to the infatuated imagination of Col. Muldrow and Dr. Ely, it was as beautiful as any bubble that ever polarized the light of the sun. But to the common-sense judgment of practical men it was as sure to burst, as burst it did, in less than ten years. A grand university, with college, and theological, law, medical, and female schools attached, to be supported by five thousand acres of raw land in the wilds of the West! The different departments fourteen miles apart; and the students to sustain it, in their leisure moments, by raising onions and cutting timothy hay! Surely, as Dr. Robert Breckinridge once remarked, Presbyterians, in some things, seem to be the Lord's silly sheep. Yet this enterprise had

connected with it, as we shall see, some of the grandest men that ever trod the soil of Missouri, or labored for the salvation of souls within its borders—Nelson, Potts, Ely, and Gallaher.

We shall now, from the information contained in the catalogue, set forth the course of study, plan of government, and other interesting facts concerning the college, at the time when Mr. Kemper first entered it as a pupil.

The course of study was arranged upon the ordinary plan of the graded curriculum. An examination in all previous studies was necessary for admission to any of the college classes. In the freshman year the studies were : *Æneid*, *Livy*, *Latin Composition*, *Ancient Geography*, *Roman and Greek Antiquities*, *Cyropædia*, *Græca Majora*, *Algebra*, *Declamation*, and the *Bible*. In the sophomore : *Bucolics and Georgics*, *Cicero's Select Orations*, *Horace*, *Iliad*, *Græca Majora (Oratorical and Philosophical)*, *Geometry*, *Composition*, *Declamation*, *Reading*, and the *Bible*. In the junior : *Cicero de Oratore*, *Juvenal*, *Critical*, *Miscellaneous*, and *Epic extracts of the Græca Majora*, *Longinus*, *Greek Testament*, *Hebrew (optional)*, *Trigonometry*, *Conic Sections*, *application of Algebra to Geometry and Trigonometry*, *Rhetoric*, *Elements of Criticism*, *Evidences of Christianity*, *Political Economy*, *Original Speeches*, *Composition*, and the *Bible*. In the senior : *Tacitus*, *Cicero de Amicitia and de Senectute*, *Græca Majora*, *Hebrew*, *German*, and *French (these three optional)*, *Mental and Moral Philosophy*, *Natural Philosophy*, *Astronomy*, *Chemistry*, *Geology and Mineralogy*, *Original Speeches*, *Composition*, and the *Bible*.

This seems quite a full course of study, especially in the Latin, where Cæsar and Sallust were read in the preparatory department. In the mental sciences we observe the absence of Natural Theology and Logic. It is noticeable that the natural sciences are postponed until the senior year. But the most important criticism to be made is, that, for the average student, such a long list of studies was impracticable. The catalogue says upon this point: "The course here laid down is simple and practicable, and each student will be required to master it fairly." We may place ourself outside of the current of opinion among teachers, but we venture to say that it was and is a rare mind which could or can master the above course within the limit of four years. It is our belief that this is one of the practical mistakes made by our popular schools of to-day. In the attempt to do too much, nothing is really and fully done. In the senior year of the above course, there are no less than ten different books, embracing nine distinct branches to be pursued and completed. This omits Hebrew, French, German, and the Bible. Seven of these branches are confined to this year. Now we declare it as our judgment, that, for nine tenths of our young people, it is impracticable to master the elements of Mental, Moral, and Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy, and complete a course of Latin and Greek, within the space of nine calendar months. For the remaining tenth it may be practicable, but for them it is unwise.

While the course thus prescribed was necessary for the regular college degree, it was provided that ir-

regular students should receive "at the end of their course certificates from the professors they have attended." We do not approve of the graded plan, which ordinarily obtains in our colleges and high schools. We believe it to be unnatural, and impossible of execution, except at the expense of the best results in three fourths of our students. In Marion College certificates were granted the irregular students by those professors on whom they attended. Why may not this be done by every college working under the graded system? It surely may, and ought to be. Here is a young man, who goes to our State University to study languages. He has special capabilities in that direction, and the university has excellent teachers to instruct him. Why, then, should he, after having studied Latin, Greek, French, German, Hebrew, and Anglo-Saxon triumphantly, be dismissed without any testimonial of his success? He does not merit A B, but he ought to be pronounced a graduate in languages, and have a diploma to attest the fact.

As to the "rules for the internal government of Marion College," there are some points of interest. One of the distinctive features of its plan was, as we have already seen, self-support and the maintenance of the professors by the manual labor of the students. We are therefore not surprised to see among the rules, that each student would "be *required* to labor," in the cultivation of ten acres of land, "three hours per day." In case of bodily infirmity, it is provided that he might be excused from this. Although this was a fundamental principle in the organization of the college, we know that it was not enforced, and

the whole thing was doubtless entirely optional. If a student preferred to pay, he did so ; if he preferred to work, he did so. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kemper often said that the only manual labor upon the college land which he performed, during his stay of five years, was to help a fellow-student one morning to dig his potatoes.

As to religious exercises, a blessing was asked at the table before, and thanks were returned after, eating. Morning and evening prayers were held in the chapel daily. Divine worship was conducted every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and a Bible-class recited in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. All the students were required to attend upon these several services.

An interesting and rather peculiar feature of the college government was the use made of monitors, selected from the students. There was a monitor for each class, taken in alphabetical order, and serving each one week. He kept the class roll, marked absentees from the various recitations and religious services, and reported to the professor conducting prayers on Saturday evening.

The students did their studying in their bedrooms. "All romping, wrestling, scuffling, vulgar familiarities, noise, whooping, swearing, playing with cards, dice, checkers, chess, or any other game," were "absolutely forbidden." No student was allowed to use, have in his possession, or bring upon the college grounds any intoxicating liquor, or to keep or use fire-arms on the college premises. The punishments prescribed were admonition, private and public, rustication, and expulsion. There was quite an unusual arrangement of the terms and vacations. There were

three vacations, the chief one commencing the last Thursday in June and continuing eight weeks, a recess of two weeks from the first Monday in October, and one of two weeks from the first Monday in April. Board was fifty dollars per annum, or one and one fourth dollars per week. That seems cheap, when hay was worth a minimum of \$20 per ton, and "one acre of land in onions, peas, beans, or hops would yield to the student more than a sufficiency to pay his board." Tuition was \$20 per annum.

The trustees of the college were: Rev. William S. Potts, Rev. David Nelson, M.D., David Clark, M.D., J. A. Minter, Joseph Lafon, M.D., Colonel William Muldrow,* James Spear, Samuel Sloane, M.D., Rev. Cyrus Nichols, Theodore Jones, Esq., Henry Dunn, James Porter, Major Henry Willis, John Dunn, Thomas L. Anderson, Esq., Jeter Hicks, and Rev. William P. Cochran.

The faculty of the literary department consisted of Rev. William S. Potts, president, whose memory is blessedly fragrant to the hearts of the older Presbyterians of Missouri; Rev. Job F. Halsey, teacher of mental and moral philosophy; Rev. Samuel C. McConnell, teacher of natural philosophy and mathematics; John Roche, A.M., teacher of Latin and Greek; Samuel Barschall, teacher of Hebrew, Ger-

* This Colonel William Muldrow is said to be the original of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers. He could have sat for the portrait. As we have seen, he was one of the founders of the college, and the originator doubtless of its scheme of endowment. It is said that a gentleman by the name of Hutchison actually called one of his own sons, "Onward Opposition to Bill Muldrow and Marion College Hutchison."

man, and French; Rev. Allen Gallaher, principal of preparatory school.

The theological teachers were Rev. Job F. Halsey, professor of pastoral theology; Rev. James Gallaher (the author of "The Western Sketch Book" and of "The Pilgrimage of Adam and David," and one of the most noted preachers of his day in the West), professor of didactic theology and sacred eloquence; Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D. (the Eastern Coryphæus, who came West to be one of the leading spirits in this, to be, magnificent university), professor of polemic theology, biblical literature, and sacred criticism; and Rev. Charles W. Nassau (for many years afterward the accomplished head of a female school at Lawrenceville, near Princeton, New Jersey), assistant teacher of the original languages of the Sacred Scriptures.

It strikes us as strange that Dr. Nelson, the author of "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity," and one of the really strong men of his time, did not belong to the faculty at this date. He was the original founder and president of the institution. That he was not continued as a teacher is doubtless due to the fact, stated in some of Mr. Kemper's papers, that, with all his splendid talents as a preacher and writer, he was not fitted for the school-room.

The catalogue of students for this year, 1835-36, furnishes some interesting items. There were three seniors, who, we may presume, were graduated. There were none in the junior class. There were seven sophomores. There were ten freshmen, among whom we are interested to see H. A. Nelson, A. L. Slayback, and Sheppard Wells. There were sixty

in the preparatory department. There is no list of theological students, and this fact probably indicates that this department was not opened until the fall of 1836.

It will interest and surprise many to learn that, of these eighty students enrolled in this infant college on the west side of the Mississippi in the year 1835-36, only sixteen were from the county in which it was located; only twenty-eight from Missouri altogether; while Maryland, Connecticut, and Illinois furnished one each; Louisiana, two; Kentucky, Tennessee, and Massachusetts, three each; Virginia and Ohio, six each; and Pennsylvania and New York, no less than thirteen apiece. At least one half of the students came, in those days of slow travel, from a distance of not less than one thousand miles. The old States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, six of the original thirteen, sent thirty-seven students to this college, not yet out of its swaddling-clothes, whose buildings were of logs, and whose support was dependent upon the hay and vegetables produced by its pupils. It is not probable that the annals of education, even in this wonderland of ours, can furnish a parallel to this. We cease to think it strange that our Mr. Kemper and his brother William joined this eastern caravan of youthful pilgrims seeking for knowledge as it flowed from the Pierian spring in Marion County, Missouri. But we do wonder that Iowa sent not a single student, and Illinois but one, while New York and Pennsylvania, with three broad States intervening, furnished almost as many as Missouri itself.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT MARION COLLEGE.

“ Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers.”

FLETCHER.

As we have seen, the Marion College premises embraced two tracts of land. The smaller contained four hundred and seventy acres; was in the vicinity of the point originally selected for the location of the college; was about twelve miles west from Palmyra; and had for its post-office, West Ely. The larger tract, subsequently purchased, contained about forty-five hundred acres; was six miles south of Palmyra, and twelve miles west from Hannibal. The former was known as “ Upper College,” and was the seat of the college proper. The latter was styled “ Lower College,” where the theological seminary and preparatory department were located.

Mr. Kemper was not prepared to enter the freshman class of the college, but spent the first two years of his sojourn here in the preparatory classes. He remained a student of the college five years, with one interval of about eight months, graduating with the

class of 1841. We have the benefit of his journal for less than two years of this period. There is a gap from July, 1838, to 1849. It is almost certain that he kept a record of these years, but it has been mislaid, probably has perished. We are quite thankful for the journal of the early months of his stay at Marion, as it reveals to us much of his character and spiritual history during this period. We shall be tempted to make liberal extracts, as almost every page is replete with interest.

"*Sunday, October 9, 1836.*—To-day heard Dr. Ely preach from 'This is a faithful saying,' etc. I hope the Lord blessed me, though evil and unthankful. I came back to my room and uttered the feelings of my heart in Doddridge's 'God of my life,' etc. I hope that the Lord is leading me, the chief of sinners, to some establishment in the divine life. I feel as if I wanted to 'get away' from sin.

"*Tuesday, October 11.*—I have to-day recited the three declensions of Greek nouns to Mr. Marks [the Rev. J. J. Marks, D.D., now of Springfield, Mo.]. He seemed to be quite pleased with my recitation. I have accomplished very little yesterday and to-day. Why is it? I rise too late. I do not observe regularity in my times for exercise and relaxation. I eat too much. I am getting too familiar with some of the students, and visit too long. I have not commenced the days by fervency of prayer and dedication to God. I have done minor business in the best study hours. Let me to-morrow avoid these sins, and see the effect on the day's study. Lord, inspire me with diligence in business and fervency of spirit. Let me rise and be at my Greek grammar by the

time I can first see to read it. Let me exercise and relax after breakfast. Let me keep at home. Let me commence the day with God. Let me practice my golden rule for diet, eat as much as will support the system in the best way, and best prepare it for the day's work. We never regret having eaten too little, was Jefferson's maxim.

"*Wednesday, October 12.*—To-morrow want to commit adjectives and pronouns in Greek grammar, if possible. Begin long before day, if I can get up. Have regular devotions. I have always felt most fit for the duties of this life when I have felt best prepared to leave it. *Bene orasse*, etc. Eat little. Go into no one's house unless absolutely necessary.

"*Wednesday, October 26.*—Commenced reading the fifth book of Cæsar last Friday. I am further advanced in Latin than this, having read Cæsar and Virgil before. My object is to read them over again simultaneously with my Greek studies. I want to be perfect in the classics.

"*Monday, November 7.*—This evening I attended monthly concert. I hope the Lord was there, and, in a measure, scattered the thick clouds of doubt and hesitation which have hung over my head this afternoon. I felt more for the cause of missions than I ever did before, I think. Felt ready to make any sacrifice for my divine Master. I hope I felt so. Spent good part of the afternoon in digesting some maxims and regulations for my conduct.

"*Wednesday, November 9.*—When at public prayers this morning, Mr. Marks reiterated the importance of improving every moment, and prayed against slothfulness and procrastination, I felt guilty. Yester-

day I did not do a full day's work. My excuse was, that I was weak and feeble from loss of sleep. I suppose it will take me six months' effort to acquire the habit of doing with little sleep. I eat too much to sleep little. I resolved, for the next six months, to live on vegetable food and acquire this habit also. But let me think before I adopt this habit. My plans are adopted too hastily, and I don't enter them from established principles, and thus I am liable to be defeated. At any rate, I will do without animal food until I shall have thought more about the six months' time.

"When a question of duty arises, I must say, 'Lord, what wilt *Thou* have *me* to do?' and in a submissive, childlike spirit, *go and do it*. If I am not willing to do what is my duty, I am no Christian. 'If a man hate not his own life, he cannot be My disciple.'

"This evening Mr. Park invited me to attend a private meeting next Tuesday night, the object of which is to promote a revival of vital religion.

"*Friday, November 11.*—This evening feel that Mr. Park was right. Nothing so simple as the cross of Christ. 'Come, let us all serve the Lord,' was my feeling.

"*Tuesday, November 15.*—To-day read first lesson in the Greek Reader, and second lesson in Sallust.

"*Friday, Nov. 18.*—Teachers' meeting at night. To-day have been vexing myself to know whether I would be willing to do this or that, if Christ should wish me to do so. This is vain. I hope I am willing to do every duty, when it is made plain. I hope I can, calmly and through choice, do every duty, one

after another as they come up. This alone is my business. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. God will bless me in this.

“*Sunday, Nov. 20.*—I hope I enjoy the calm retirement of the Sabbath. I feel as if my ‘Sabbath days can never be too long.’ During the past week I have attended the meeting for the promotion of a revival here. I attended the teachers’ meeting on Thursday night, the debating society on Friday night.”

It is manifest from these entries that he taught in the preparatory department the first year of his stay at Marion College.

“I hope I have entered upon the plan of eating slowly, and only enough to support nature in the best discharge of all her functions. The advantages I find are unspeakable.

“The faults of the week : 1. Want of regularity in hours of retiring, which makes me lose a good part of the morning, and unfits my soul for spiritual enjoyment, and my body for easy, cheerful discharge of its functions. 2. Carelessly wasting moments in the company of students. 3. Devotions neglected or partially attended to. 4. Praying without the understanding; not thinking upon the holiness and greatness of God before adoration, for instance. 5. Not cultivating benignity of spirit and cheerfulness of countenance and expression.

“*Thursday, Nov. 24.*—From loss of sleep I did not rise this morning till the last horn for prayers. Had not time then to prepare my lessons for recitation, and did not know them ‘exactly,’ as Dr. Beecher says. These lessons will take almost as long to review them critically as to learn them at first.

"If I neglect one duty to attend to another, instead of furthering my plans for usefulness, I fail in the very duty for which I sacrificed the other. 'Conjurat amice.' There must be harmony. Order is heaven's first law. An interesting teachers' meeting to-night.

"*Thursday, Dec. 1.*—Have enjoyed more real pleasure this morning in reading and meditating upon Lord Chesterfield's rules for the improvement of time, etc., than I ever could have done in sensual enjoyment. Although they are his, they are good indeed.

"*Sunday, Dec. 4.*—I agreed to open the remarks at the next conference, because I made a remark in conference this evening; which remark made me feel more on the Lord's side than if I had neglected it. I am convinced that, having professed to be a Christian, I should shrink from none of the duties of a Christian, but perform them fully.

"*Monday, Dec. 19.*—Commenced boarding ourselves last Thursday. Live mostly on mush, bread, and molasses. Like it much. With the exception of Thursday, I have breakfasted ever since on bread and water.

"*Monday, Dec. 26.*—I believe that daily self-examination is indispensable to correct habits and my religious walk. I sometimes am persuaded by laziness that it is not my imperious duty. Everything is my imperious duty which helps me in making the most of myself."

"*Sunday, Jan. 1, 1837.*—Glorious indications of a revival of religion. Last night some of the pious students held a 'watch-meeting,' at which several

persons came out and expressed an anxiety for the prayers of God's people.

"*Tuesday, Jan. 24.*—Studying Greek Reader, Salust, Worcester's History, restudying Latin Grammar, and expect soon to restudy Greek Grammar.

"*Feb. 1, 1837.*—I feel a considerable anxiety this morning lest I should not improve this month to the utmost. I never have improved my time wisely. God be merciful to me, a sinner.

"Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak
That trusted in his own !"

"*Thursday, Feb. 9.*—Attended a prayer-meeting to-night in Park's room. I was requested to lead it, and did so ; the first time I ever led, I believe. I have always been deterred from activity in the cause of God, from motives of unworthiness in myself. To-night, however, I took the lead *cheerfully* ; I suppose because of some meditations at my devotions.

"*Monday, Feb. 20.*—Last Tuesday I engaged myself as agent for the American Tract Society, from April 15 to October 15, six months.

"I would here notice a remark of Mr. Marks last Friday, with respect to self-denial. It is as necessary to mental eminence as to spiritual. That man may do anything who becomes so much master of himself as to eat and sleep only enough to support nature. He went on amplifying the thought until my aspirations were as large as the round world. Oh that I would (for I can) attain such a mastery over my passions as to make them complete servants of my intellect and conscience.

"Plan for the day: 1. Get Pantheon till noon. 2. Devotions. 3. Exercise one hour. 4. Dine. 5. Greek grammar, one and a half hours. 6. History, two hours. 7. Recreation, and devotions, and exercise. 8. Get excited, and conclude speech. 9. Commit dialogue.

"The mastery of myself is my object. *Gratia sit mihi addenda.*

"*Saturday, Feb. 25.*—The evidences of the Christian religion should have been a prominent object of my investigation, and I can give no consistent, logical reason of the hope that is in me. As a consequence, I have lived without an abiding sense of Christian responsibility. I have been looking to others to take the lead in religion, when I should have been an example to them. Instead of giving my influence fearlessly to the cause of truth, and instead of forming a model for others, who need it very much, I have weakly formed my habits upon their model. It must be my object to have a consistent chain of argument to support my religious belief. If it cannot have this, it must be discarded. I must also be more intelligently and devotionally acquainted with the contents of the Bible, as well as the evidence of its truth as a whole. That man is silly who suffers his opinions to outrun his proofs, and his character will never stand out boldly useful from the herd of mankind.

"*Sunday, Feb. 26.*—I hope I enjoyed to-night's sermon. I was reminded in it of several things, of which I am too forgetful. Mr. Marks said: 'There is no happiness like dying daily. The man of the world is the slave of the world.' I also called to mind a re-

mark of his, on a former occasion, concerning Edwards, that he resolved there should not be on earth a holier man than himself. I hope I feel that all hope of being better in the future will fail, unless I *now* begin, and now become such as my better judgment points out. If I do not begin this moment, the probability that I shall do it to-morrow is less. Every day that I defer being what I ought to be, I increase the difficulties of being what I ought to be, and, of course, lessen its probability.

“I regard the maxim of living day by day as especially important. An anxious thought about to-morrow will lessen present attainments. If I am this moment breaking off from all sin and ‘learning to do well,’ it is all that the best man can do, and is, at the same time, the best assurance that I shall do well to-morrow.

“*Monday, Feb. 27.*—The subject for spiritual meditation to-day is, entire, universal action for Christ, in eating, drinking, wearing. Singleness of eye. I am bought with a price. I am not my own. The minutest actions of my life must not be done in the sight of my own eyes. But I must walk this day by faith. The tempted soul who resists is higher in moral greatness than the soul that is holy without trial.

“*Tuesday, Feb. 28.*—I will make the following maxims: 1. Always feel that you have enough to do every day to keep you busy. Do not simply feel that you have a great deal to do, and then stand off and dread it, but have it on hand. 2. If you see anything that ought to be done, never stop to inquire whether your motives in doing it would be correct.

If you do, you will probably neglect to do what you confess ought to be done, and your motives by this neglect will be getting no better. On the other hand, outward performance of duty will tend to spiritualize the mind. For instance, I know that I ought to be diligent in study, and accomplish a great deal every day. But I must not be idle, or cease to labor hard, because I fear I am not doing it entirely for God's glory. Do your duty in any respect, and you will be favorably inclined to all duties. 3. In aiming to be strictly religious, let it not create an unnatural sadness of countenance, or a want of suavity and gentleness, or an unnatural demeanor in the performance of any duties. If you do, there will be a reaction, and your supposed sanctity will create disgust, and you will perhaps fall lower than you were before you tried to live above this earth. Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

"*Monday, April 3.*—Have been rising late for some time past. Am getting too fat. This has contributed to it, I think. Rose quite early this morning. Wish to acquire that industrious habit which would be *punished* by lying late.

"*Sunday, April 9.*—I desire to record it here that the Lord has this evening put it into my heart to dedicate myself to him anew. I do hereby reject all dependence on myself, and, in gratitude for any disposition I may now have to serve him, I would depend on that same influence for future preservation. My object is, that I may learn and do the will of God. Is it not my privilege to do the will of my Father in heaven, and, like Enoch, to have the testi-

mony that I please God, and, like Paul, to keep always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men? All my help is in Thee."

Shortly after this last date, probably about April 15, 1837, he entered upon his engagement as colporteur of the American Tract Society. He continued in this arduous, self-denying missionary labor until the closing days of February, 1838. It seems an humble work for a man of his gifts and abilities for higher spheres of Christian effort and usefulness. He did not think so, but manifestly entered upon his mission with the conviction that it was, at that time, the thing which the Lord would have him do. That he did not despise it, nor shrink from its self-denials, is plainly seen in the fact that he continued in the service several months after the originally stipulated period for its termination, and after the fall term of the college had commenced.

There are a few facts, gleaned from his journal, which occurred during the period of this agency. He mentions visiting Mr. Bowling, Mr. Griffin, Mr. William Henry, Mr. Dimmitt, Rev. F. R. Gray, Mr. Tyre Haden, Mr. Peter Leonard, Mr. Bond, Mr. Fike, and Mr. Fisher. He seems to have been very unfavorably impressed by New London, in Ralls County, of which he says: "I suppose it is a Sodom. I should judge there are not ten righteous men in it."

He had quite an exciting experience on one occasion at a religious service. He was allowed to present his cause by the minister, who, however, proved after all to be an ignorant, conceited bigot, and violently opposed him, on the ground that the Tract

Society was sectarian ! He remarks that the minister's own wife sided with the society, and that the opposition did not prevent the sale of books.

One of the gentlemen with whom he lodged, a good man, but manifestly a fanatic, averred and believed that, when he was converted, "he saw Jesus, and was within six feet of him."

When he visited Mr. Fike's the last time, he found him dying, and remarks : " How solemn did I feel ! I felt that I was in the presence of death, and that 'the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged above the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.' "

Amid the bustle and worry of this nomadic life, he found time to write in his journal : " Two of my errors have been called to mind. First, Asking God to give me repentance, when that is the very thing which the Spirit is asking me to do, and I am not doing it." [Yet repentance is the gift of God, and is to be sought for in answer to prayer, Acts 5 : 31 ; 11 : 18 ; 2 Timothy 2 : 25.] " Second, Expecting to get filled with the Spirit during the business and cares of the day, when I neglect or slightly perform my morning devotions. It is very clear that unless I get baptized with the Holy Ghost before business commences, I will not be afterward. This error is as unphilosophical as it is discordant with Bible injunction." " John Wesley was always in haste, but never in a hurry. 'Hence' says he, 'I never undertake anything more than I can perform with perfect calmness of spirit.' Resolved to go only into that company (except to do them good) from which I may get the most possible benefit while in it. A companion of

fools shall be destroyed. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

When he resumed his duties as a student, on the last day of February, 1838, it seems from his journal that he was located at the Upper College; and yet it is even more clear that he was still pursuing the branches taught in the preparatory department, as he mentions modern geography, Pantheon, Greek and Latin grammar as the studies in which he is engaged. It is probable that it was found far more economical, and in every way expedient to bring the more advanced students of the preparatory school to the college, in order that they might be taught by the professors. We know, from a letter in our possession, that the Lower College was abandoned altogether at the ensuing fall session. The wonder is that they should ever have attempted to carry them on fourteen miles apart.

Having witnessed an unprofitable discussion between his brother and chum, he is led to say, "Resolved never to dispute unless with a view of doing my antagonist good, by reclaiming him from error. When it is plain that the talk is verging toward crimination and recrimination, to desist immediately. Also to cease whenever there is no probability of gaining my object—that is, refuting a material error."

"*Sunday, April 22, 1838,*" he writes: "I think every day how circumspect I will be *to-morrow*. Just as if, to use an expression of President Wayland's, a man should be always neglecting his duties, and devising how he would do if he lived in the moon. I am very much one of these *lunatics*. Why, if I ever

do my duty, it will not be done to-morrow. To-morrow is not mine."

About the first of June he made an engagement to deliver the "Comprehensive Commentary" to subscribers at forty-five cents a volume. This work he attended to probably during the holidays, and was the means, doubtless, of providing him with this valuable thesaurus of criticism upon the Scriptures. It became, we know, the basis of all his subsequent study of the sacred volume.

On the 4th of July, 1838, he was made the superintendent of the college Sunday-school, and entered upon its duties with a spirit of earnest and humble activity. This is a signal proof of the highest estimate which was placed upon him as an intelligent and useful Christian, when he was still but a student in the preparatory department.

We are now about to lose the light of his journal for a period of more than ten years. We deeply regret this, for every reader doubtless agrees that the extracts from it form by far the most interesting and valuable portions of this volume. We shall give the last entry, made July 4th, 1838: "The Bible commands me to be above the world; not to fear the world; to keep my conscience void of offence toward God and toward man, though in so doing the whole neighborhood should despise me or laugh in a chorus. There is a rock that is higher than I, which rock is *all truth*. Though I cannot comprehend all truth, though I see in part, yet there is no error in this rock. If I settle upon *any* part of it, I have a clue to the rest. Truth is harmonious, without inconsistency, without disaster. Doing one duty

will aid another. Being humble will help me to be self-denying. Though I am in a thorny maze, and cannot see all the duties, or the propriety of some things which I confess to be duties, yet I will do duty. I will do His will, assured that I shall know of the doctrine. I will be humble. I know that is duty. I know moreover that I cannot err in being humble. I am on the rock. I'll swing to it, though 'earth were from her centre tossed!' (collaterally, I shall thus acquire force of character). Yes, I'll be humble, even if humility is out of fashion. It is delightful to have such an anchor, some lamp, some unerring oracle. Such an oracle is the word of God."

From his journal and some letters that have been preserved, there are a few additional facts connected with his life at Marion College, which may be noted. We have already observed that board was only fifty dollars for the entire school-year of forty weeks. This seems to us very cheap. Our wonder, however, is somewhat lessened when we read of the diet that was in vogue at that time. Twice in his journal he speaks of boarding himself, and of living on mush, bread, and molasses, and on bread and water. Thomas Curd Hart writes to William H. Kemper: "I am still boarding myself, and shall continue to do so. I can study better, and then it is very essential that I practice the most rigid economy. I tell you what, if I should ever be so fortunate as to get a wife, I'll make up for lost time in the way of living. I shall call to mind very often the bread and water of Marion College. You would always have your coffee and eggs, and kick up such a hurrah with

your batters, that it was much more expensive for you to board yourself than at the boarding-house."

We may here say, with regard to Mr. Kemper's younger brother William, that he was thought to have excelled his brother Frederick in scholarship, and gifts of composition and oratory. He became discouraged, however, at the failure of the college to help them pay their own way, and went to Raymond, Hinds County, Mississippi, to teach a private school, and died there in less than a year.

D. J. Garnett writes from Lower College to Mr. Kemper at Upper College: "We are living on corn bread and water, which costs us something less than a shilling a week ; cheap living, but as good as I desire. For while it affords sufficient nourishment, it leaves the mind clearer and in a better condition for hard study than richer food. We generally retire at 10 o'clock and rise at 4 o'clock." His father, in one of his letters, refers to the very meagre diet which he allowed himself, and is apprehensive of its effects upon his health. There are not many students from good families now who would be willing to live on bread and water in order to secure an education. It is certainly a blessing that very few, if any, are compelled so to do. It is more than doubtful whether such a diet is conducive to either mental or bodily vigor. It is a mistake to starve the body in order to feed the mind. It was a cruel and most miserable economy which, a generation ago, prevailed in our boarding-schools, in giving poor and insufficient food to those who were expected to study hard. The hungry days of one's life are those spent in the school-room ; and nature demands, for brain as well as brawn, that an

abundance of wholesome and nutritious food should then be given and received. It is very probable that Mr. Kemper laid the foundation of much suffering, which we shall observe in his subsequent life, by the partial starvation to which he subjected himself during his college days. An abundance of food and of sleep is necessary for a healthy growing brain.

Another very interesting point, settled during his college life, was his choice of a profession. He had been put to service as a clerk in a store when he was not quite thirteen years of age. In this work he had continued at least five years, and for it he had shown an unusual aptitude. While he was at Marion a tempting offer was made him to go into business as a merchant. This, however, he at once and peremptorily declined. It is manifest, from many proofs, that it was his expectation, when he left home for Marion College, and perhaps for the first three years of his stay there, to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. His Virginia pastor, the Rev. A. D. Pollock, D.D., alludes to this fact in several of his letters to him, giving him such counsel as would be appropriate in such a case. Moreover, in the letter of introduction which Dr. P. gave him to Professors Halsey and Agnew, he speaks of his seeking admission to the college as a passway to usefulness in the ministry. He made the impression that this was his purpose on his relatives at Walnut Hills, Ohio, as he passed through Cincinnati. A letter from his father, written not long after his entrance into college, refers to such an intention on his part. A letter from his Virginia friend, Dr. C. W. Ashby, of Jan. 22, 1839, says to him: "I hope you have not changed your

mind in regard to the ministry." His special friend and fellow-student, W. T. Davis, in two letters to him, written early in 1840, refers in decided terms to this expectation, as entertained by both of them. If further proof were needed, we have it in one of his own manuscripts, which is headed, "Notes of a Sermon preached at the Camp-ground of New Providence Church, August, 1838." These notes are indorsed as "No. 2, Weak Faith," showing that he had prepared a sketch of a sermon once before. The text was Rom. 14: 1, and the notes are such as any preacher might profitably use. Had he carried out this intention, he would have made a learned and eloquent preacher and a devoted, faithful, pious pastor.

In the year 1840 he had changed his mind and turned his thoughts toward the law. We have the evidence of one letter, written in 1837, that so early as this he was wavering, hesitating between the law and the ministry. But April 26, 1840, in a letter from his father to his brother William, it is said, "Frederick writes that he intends to turn his attention to the law." As appears from the context, this was not in accordance with his father's judgment, and was, perhaps for that reason, abandoned. It is doubtful whether he would have suited this profession. If he had entered it, he would have been better adapted to the judicial gravity and research of the bench than to the contentions of the bar.

Having given up both of these, he finally and fully decided upon making teaching the profession of his life.

In the year 1839 Dr. Potts resigned the presidency, and was succeeded by the Rev. Hiram P. Good-

rich, D.D. The institution was doubtless like a ship in the midst of breakers during the whole period of its history. The scheme for its support, though devised by practical men, was manifestly impracticable. It is as much as one set of men can do to carry on a university or a college. They must be select men to do that. To expect the same men to manage a farm of five thousand acres and support the college from the proceeds is as Utopian an idea as the uncrazed brain of man ever conceived. We are not surprised, therefore, to see that Dr. Goodrich was compelled to canvass for the college to secure funds for its maintenance; nor that, in the year 1840, the very recitation benches were sold for debt, the entire lot bringing less than four dollars at the forced sale. About the same time Professor Thomson, the able professor of mathematics, committed suicide in the college campus, and Dr. Ely's wife returned from Philadelphia deranged and speechless.

On Jan. 13th, 1840, Mr. Kemper was invited, by a committee of the Palmyra Temperance Society, to deliver an address before them on the evening of the first Tuesday of February. The committee were R. J. Wright, W. P. Cochran, and J. L. Hyde. He accepted, and made the speech. He received the thanks of the society and a very earnest request for the publication of the address. We have no information as to whether he agreed to its publication or not.

In the fall of 1840 he entered the senior class, and having passed through the entire curriculum with distinguished honor to himself, he was graduated with the degree of A.B. in the summer of 1841.

In connection with his life at Marion College he

formed a friendship to which we wish to call special attention, for the reason that it may serve to link with his name the memory of another good man and conscientious, efficient teacher. We refer to William T. Davis. He was born in Washington County, Mo., May 3, 1817, and was educated at Marion College, where he was graduated in 1841. He was a professional teacher, devoting his entire life to the work. He first taught in the country schools around Fayette, in Howard County; then in Columbia; then in Fayette, in connection with Mr. W. T. Lucky; then in the Masonic College at Lexington, of which he was at one time president; and finally at Glasgow, as the principal of the Male High School there, from 1859 to the fall of 1864, when he died a triumphant Christian death, October 14.

He was a man of good mind, unusual intelligence, sound judgment, imperturbable good humor, and sincere Christianity. No kinder, truer husband, father, friend, or neighbor ever lived. As a teacher he was universally beloved and respected by his pupils, hundreds of whom doubtless still live to revere his memory. The esteem in which he was held by Mr. Kemper is plainly shown in the fact that more of his letters were preserved than of any three other correspondents outside of his father's family, and in the further fact that he gave a most cordial and flattering indorsement to the effort to make him professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the State University, in the spring of 1860. His letters deserve this honor, for they are remarkably good specimens of friendly letter-writing. We shall give a few extracts from them. While a country

teacher, trying to make money to complete his education, he writes :

“ My leisure time, for the want of books, has not been very profitably employed, being spent in reading truly ‘miscellaneous.’ But lately I have obtained Glass’s “*Washingtonii Vita*,” which I am perusing with all the interest the novelty of such a work and the subject itself are calculated to excite. The work is accompanied by the recommendations of some of the best scholars in the country. J. Q. Adams says it is written in ‘pure Ciceronian Latin.’ There is something very ingenious, and to me sometimes a little diverting, in the manner in which Glass has adapted the ancient Latin to modern arts, improvements, and names. For instance, he calls *firearms* ‘*arma ignevoma* ;’ the *Quakers*, ‘*Tremebundi* ;’ a *governor*, ‘*gubernator* ;’ *cannon*, ‘*tormenta majora*,’ etc. I have no news to tell you, and my main object in writing is *alere flammam amicitiae*. There is a great deal of sickness in some parts of this county. This exhorts us to be also ready, to have our lamps trimmed and burning, to ‘walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean we must sail so soon.’ ’Tis a solemn though a glorious sight to see a Christian die, to see his lamp of life ‘melt away into the light of heaven.’ But to see a sinner leaving the world, which he had made his home, his all—oh, who can endure the sight? Kemper, my friend and brother, when I think of these things, I feel that there should be more to tell the tale of Calvary, more laborers in the fields, which are already white to the harvest. There is now a great moral battle to be fought, upon the success of which depend our in-

dividual salvation and that of our country, the prosperity of the Church, and the glory of its matchless King. This warfare is for life, and as earnest as the interests of heaven, earth, and hell can make it." "I fear that in our most religious institutions there is not enough of *heart-culture* in proportion to the *head-culture*. The moral powers are of more importance than the mental. They give character and dignity to man, and direct all his other powers, either for good or for evil. Therefore we should be anxious that every college in the land have a high tone of morals—not the cold morals of the deist, but the warm, living piety of the Gospel. For nothing else, I verily believe, will do. He that would serve his country well must act from the law that comprehends all our social duties. 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'" Every line of these letters is worthy of preservation, but space here forbids.

Another of his fellow-students was the Rev. John Leighton, D.D., one of the most scholarly and thoughtful ministers of Missouri. His graceful pen will close this account of Mr. Kemper's college days:

"SAINT LOUIS, April 20, 1881.

"DEAR SIR: Learning of the worthy purpose of publishing a memorial of the late Professor F. T. Kemper, I am prompted to write you. For though I have nothing special to communicate, my recollection of that excellent man covers a period in his life further back than is reached by the memory of most of his surviving friends and admirers.

"It was in the autumn of 1837" [1836, the Kempers entered] "that he and his younger brother William, together with myself, entered Marion College, then an excellent and flourish-

ing institution under the presidency of Dr. William S. Potts. As the college was admirably manned, especially in the chairs of philosophy and classical literature, none of the alumni had the least apology for lack of drill or thorough scholarship. The eminent and life-long career of Mr. Kemper as an educator has been no more than a *practical* reflection of what his *alma mater* was in those her best days.

"After a lapse of more than forty years I retain a distinct remembrance of Mr. Kemper's personal appearance, as a youthful student. His presence was unusually commanding. His bearing was remarkably easy, yet always dignified. His countenance was open. His large genial face was radiant with amiability and intelligence, and seemed always ready to pass into a smile.

"If Mr. Kemper was not always *facile princeps* in his studies, he was certainly never second to any in his class. One peculiarity of his method I well remember. In preparing for recitation, he was not content—as most even good scholars are—to understand well all that bore directly on the subject. If, in his investigations, other matters not understood came within view, he would step out of his path to master these also. The thought then occurred to me that this industrious research would make him a man of wide intelligence. Those who have known him in later life, as I have not, can testify how far this expectation was verified.

"The religious and orthodox atmosphere of Marion College, and especially the pungent and eloquent sermons of President Potts, 'worked wrath,' and occasioned the outcropping of sporadic cases of infidelity among the students. But our friend remained far removed from the young sceptics, whose elevation of mind lifted them above the 'mists of superstition.' While, indeed, he distanced them all in the differential calculus, and easily silenced them in literary debate, in religious things he never pretended to a penetration of mind that enabled him to see any inconsistency between reason and revelation. He remained a humble and avowed believer.

"It was, I think, in the summer of 1843," [probably the spring of 1844] "and during the first year of my pastorate in Palmyra, that Mr. Kemper made me a visit, having in view the establish-

ing of a school of high grade in that place. Bearing upon the project, he gave us an able lecture in the church. But our people were so short-sighted as to fail to see the inviting door he opened. As they that evening gave no response to his overture, he soon after directed his steps toward the Missouri River. In the educational wealth thus conferred on that region during nearly half a century, the people of Palmyra may to-day see their own loss. Thus often upon the pivotal incident of an hour turns the whole subsequent career of a good man's life. A local obstacle in the channel deflects the river's course, and the tide of its healthful influence is shed far and wide over regions otherwise unvisited.

Faternally yours,

"JOHN LEIGHTON."

CHAPTER VI.

IN MARION COUNTY, AFTER GRADUATION.

“ Nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here ;
And there a chancellor in embryo ;
Or bard sublime, if bard may e’er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne’er shall die !
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse should soar so high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf, his paper kite may fly.”

SHENSTONE.

THE first instruction which Mr. Kemper received was at the home school, sustained by his father and one of his neighbors, for the benefit of their own children and those immediately around. Here he remained until he was thirteen years old. He then served as a clerk in a store between four and five years. Whether he then attended school again in Virginia, we do not positively know. He probably did for a year or more ; for he says in the catalogue of 1876 that he “studied Latin for a year or two at a country school ;” and it was most likely done at this time. After this he tells us that “his father built a small school-room in his yard, where he installed him as teacher of his younger brothers and sisters” How long he was the instructor of the family school

we are not told. We know that he left home for Marion College in the summer of 1836, before he was twenty years of age. He had then read Cæsar and Virgil and begun the study of the Greek. He spent the succeeding eight years, or, more accurately, seven years and seven months, from October 2, 1836, to May, 1844, in Marion County. Of this period, six and a half years were passed in connection with Marion College. The last year he taught a private boarding-school at Philadelphia in the same county, less than a mile from the Upper or main College.

He says that he was tutor in Marion College for two and a half years. From the statements made in connection with this in the catalogue, it would seem a natural conclusion that this service as tutor was performed after he was graduated. If so, it does not, of course, include the teaching which he did the first year that he spent as a pupil in the preparatory department at the Lower College. It is manifest from his journal, as already quoted, that he was a teacher at that time, probably until he left to act for the Tract Society. If not, why should he have attended the teachers' meetings, as he did? If this conclusion be correct, then he taught some three years and a half at Marion College and one year at Philadelphia, or more than half the time he spent in the county.

The last six years of this period are the most obscure in his life. We are entirely without the important aid derived from his journal. Of those who knew him then, and were in daily association with him, but few survive. Forty years have rolled their oblivious waves over those scenes, so that where no

contemporary memoranda were made we may look in vain for anything more than the most general statements from the personal recollections of his friends. Yet it must have been an interesting portion of his life, for it covers the entire time which he spent in the college proper and the first years of his professional career as a teacher.

We would call this the period of his apprenticeship in the school-room, did we not fear that his lips, though silent, would rebuke the statement. We have often heard him say that it required a minimum of twenty-five years of faithful, laborious service as a teacher before the best man could claim that his apprenticeship was passed, and he could be considered a graduated journeyman or master-workman in the profession. He often said to us, who were among his earlier pupils, that he was but an apprentice, learning how to teach, and that he should consider himself fortunate should he acquire the art at the end of a quarter of a century. The most then that we can affirm with his approval is, that this was the beginning of his professional apprenticeship.

Before we take our final leave of Marion College, it may be interesting to many to learn what became of it. We know the circumstances of its origin and the facts of its earlier years. It was a grand conception : too grand for those days and for this undeveloped country. As Livy says, in his preface, it was one of those great things that perish by their own ponderous gravitation. Nevertheless it was a great scheme, and was engineered by great men. No more worthy names occur in the annals of Missouri than those of David Nelson, William S. Potts,

James Gallaher, Ezra S. Ely, and Hiram P. Goodrich. They were strong men then, and would be accounted giants now. Under their ministration the college accomplished a great work for the young men who were privileged to enjoy its benefits. It gave them the advantages of a classical and mathematical education which have hardly been surpassed in Missouri since. Some of its pupils have been among the useful and distinguished men of the State. If it had done nothing more than the education of Mr. Kemper, it surely would not have lived in vain.

But a college is like a man. However great its soul, it cannot live without a body. Marion College was a grand soul in the mere phantom of a body. The body perished from sheer inanition, and the soul passed to immortality, in the *limbus collegiorum perditorum*, where it, by no means, finds itself alone. It is to be classed with the visionary manual labor colleges. Its demise occurred probably in the year 1845, when it passed into the Masonic College. As such it was removed to Lexington, Mo., 1847. There it was conducted with some degree of success by the Masonic fraternity, and took a part in the training of quite a number of young men, some of whom have since been well known in the State. It was donated by the Masons to the State of Missouri to be converted into a military school, which was known as the Missouri Military Institute. During the war the buildings and grounds were occupied as a camp by the garrison, and around it occurred the siege of Lexington, which resulted in the surrender of its defenders, under Col. Mulligan, after a gallant resistance, Sep-

tember 20, 1861, to Gen. Sterling Price, commanding the State forces in connection with the Confederacy.

After the war the main building was repaired by the State and a military school opened. Its fame attracted to its classic halls an attendance of seven boys and eight girls, whereupon the State returned it to the Masons. The Grand Lodge generously donated it to the Southern Methodist Church in the fall of 1871; and so, by a series of changes, the Marion College, founded for boys by the Calvinistic Presbyterians, under the lead of Dr. David Nelson, has become the Central Female College of the Arminian Methodists.

Among the letters preserved by Mr. Kemper there is one from John Clark, a student of Masonic College, in which there are some interesting statements. He speaks of the Masons having charge, and of the president, a Mr. Smith, as a jolly old bachelor from the East. They proposed to extend the course of study, and to put algebra, Virgil, Greek Testament, and part of the *Græca Majora* into the preparatory course. Upon this he very wisely remarks: "It should ever be remembered that it is not the number of studies that makes the scholar, but it is the studying well those that he has anything to do with." This idea is not very elegantly expressed, but it shows that John Clark, whoever he was, had caught sight of a truth that many of our teachers fail to see. Cramming, cramming, cramming, as though the human mind were a mere receptacle for the storing away of facts, instead of a living, sensitive energy, whose vital forces are to be conserved, developed, controlled, and directed. In this respect

there is a striking analogy between it and the body which it inhabits. Let the food be of the most wholesome and nutritious character, still it is not wise to gorge the stomach with it. Every ounce taken beyond that which is assimilated, and thus used for blood, and bone, and nerve, and muscle, is not only a waste but a positive injury to the body which is burdened with it. So any truth or fact, no matter how pure and important it may be, that is taken into the mind, and lies there as so much foreign matter, unappropriated and undigested, is an incubus and not a blessing. It is only those studies that improve the mental powers, that stimulate and nourish them, which are of real service. Take any mind, young or old, and ply it with facts, and pile truth after truth upon it until it is all a *crudis indigestaque moles*, and you injure that mind. There are a great many such persons to be seen. The ministerial and teaching professions furnish the greatest proportion of them. They have been aptly styled "learned fools." They are walking encyclopædias. They know more about Latin, Greek, and Hebrew than they do about English. They are more familiar with the past than with the present. The recondite facts of astronomy and geology are as well known to them as are the names of their children. Yet these men are failures as teachers, preachers, or in any other profession in which they may engage. They are not educated men. They are simply learned men. Their minds have been treated as storehouses, and so have become mere lumber-rooms. If they had memorized only one half and thought twice as much, they would have been vigorous, useful, practical workers. The

success or excellence of a school is not to be estimated by the extent of its course, but by the careful, painstaking manner in which it does its work, and especially by the habits of life and thought which it induces in its pupils.

Mr. Clark's letter furnishes an account of quite a tragic scene in the life of the founder of Marion Colledge, the Rev. David Nelson, M D. Dr. Nelson was undoubtedly a great and good man. In his early manhood he had been a sceptic; but his vigorous mind, under heavenly guidance, worked its way out of the fog of infidelity up into the clear, sunlit regions of eternal truth. Thenceforward he became a David in the army of Israel. His book, "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity," is one of the best on the subject, and his voice from the pulpit carried conviction to many an erring and doubting soul. He, however, was not a believer in African slavery. He shared the views, which prevailed at Danville, Kentucky, and which were not uncommon even among those who themselves were the owners of slaves. He probably expressed his views freely and independently. This arrayed against him the ignorant and prejudiced among the slaveholders of Marion County. Mr. Clark writes: "Last Sunday Dr. David Nelson strayed to Little Union, and was asked to take a seat in the pulpit. He did so. In a few minutes Old Bosley walked in. It was soon discovered that there was an evil spirit in his breast larger than a woodchuck. At the close of the sermon the Baptist preacher called on Dr. Nelson to close. Just as he arose, Old Bosley jumped up and said, 'Stop! stop! sir; you are the d—d rascal that

has been running off all the negroes for the last three years!' He then walked up into the stand and took Dr. Nelson by the scalp-lock and led him out of the house. Nevertheless the meeting broke up in tolerably good order. The Baptists have reported Bosley to the grand jury. Dr. Nelson has two suits against him—one for slander and one for assault and battery. He says that he is going to run him to the last notch."

But to us the most interesting portion of Mr. Clark's letter, is that which has personal reference to Mr. Kemper. He writes: "It has been said that the Masons have said that the college cannot go on to any advantage without they get you here as a professor. I do not know how true that is, but I heard Mr. Montgomery say that the Masons would have you here if there was a chance." This lets us know what reputation he had made for himself as a teacher while in the college and at Philadelphia. Mr. Kemper was not a Mason, so that there was no reason of society affiliation why their thoughts should be directed to him. It is one of the stones in the monument of his professional success that he should have been thought, by those who knew him best, to be necessary to the success of the college, whence he had been so recently graduated.

His friend William T. Davis, teaching near Fayette, writes during this period several letters, from which we make a few extracts: "My school goes on this session very much as it did last. 'Victorious Analysis' is toiling away slowly under my direction, digging out Latin roots, clearing away the rubbish from angles and parallelograms, and hew-

ing out equations. Hem ! fine figure that ! Some of my boys are lazy, shirking scamps, and if they had long ears I could give them a still more appropriate name. Others are doing tolerably well.

"I have made one or two attempts to analyze the rule of Position, but have not succeeded to my satisfaction. Yet I think surely it must be susceptible of demonstration, as well as the verification of the result. If you have succeeded, send me your work. I, too, think that every teacher ought to be able to show the reason of the arithmetical rules.

"I have been thinking how it would do to devote one's self entirely to teaching and the study of the sciences and literature. I should like it extremely ; and though I know so little of those that I have slightly dipped into, I scarcely know how to give them up, which I shall be compelled to do if I go to pettifogging. To borrow Carlyle's style a moment, Parnassus is high up toward heaven, and one can stand there and almost converse with the blessed gods (*μανάριοι θεοί*) ; but he can't quite reach the goblet of nectar, and he is too high up to be well supplied with bacon and bread ; also it is very cold there. After all, it seems that poverty, with his grim visage and afflicting scourge, will drive me into a profession in spite of all I can do."

One of the most interesting papers we have seen, in our examination and search for materials for this volume, is the following document, the original of which lies before us :—

"PHILADA., May 1st, 1843.

"*All to whom it may concern :*

"We, the undersigned, taking into consideration the interest of our district, and the absolute necessity of employing a good

and competent teacher for the present term, and also finding the funds appropriated by law insufficient to employ Mr. F. T. Kemper, the present gentleman wanted by the district, do hereby bind ourselves to pay to him, the said Mr. F. T. Kemper, the following amounts respectively subscribed, payable at the end of the session in such articles as may be subscribed :

<i>"Subscribers' Names.</i>	<i>Articles subscribed.</i>
Jesse Ewing,	3 barrels of corn next year.
D. C. Winget, pd.	\$6 in furniture.
F. B. Jeffries, pd.	\$6 in smithing.
John B. Singleton, pd.	\$2 in tailoring.
Wm. R. Walker,	\$5 in trade.
James Z McCormick, pd.	\$1 in trade.
I. M. McCormick, pd.	1 cow at Hickes'.
Joseph Clark, pd.	1 sow with her pigs.
Will. Muldrow, pd.	rent of 12 acres of land in the Ely field."

The private boarding-school at Philadelphia did not continue longer than a year. Its history, however, embraces a part of two years. It was probably begun some time early in 1843, and was continued until April, 1844. We have proof of this in two letters from the pen of Mr. Kemper himself. It was a boarding-school for boys, and received both sexes to the privileges of the school-room. The boarding department was presided over by Mrs. Mary Allison, the wife of Mr. Henry Allison, the maternal uncle with whom Mr. Kemper had served as salesman at Madison Court-House, Virginia. This gentleman had a strong attachment and great respect for his nephew, and had followed him to Missouri in quest of a new field, where he might repair his broken fortunes.

The school was not a failure, and yet it was not without its troubles. They greatly mistake who

suppose that the best schools always sail over smooth and prosperous seas. This would be true, were not human nature a weak and, too often, a wicked thing as well. The very excellence of instruction and discipline is sometimes the cause of provoking the hostility of ignorance and depravity in pupils and patrons. We have known institutions which rode upon the topmost wave of popular approval, but which were merely gilded hulks, whose unseasoned or rotten timbers could not have passed honest inspection, nor stood the wrenching of the slightest storm.

The mission of the teacher is to instruct, to cultivate, to control, to direct the ignorant, crude, wayward, wandering mind and heart. The untamed horse does not relish the curb of the bit and bridle. Nor does the human spirit naturally like the strong, firm master's hand, that demands its obedience and submission to the law of right. There is an aggravation of the difficulty in the well-known truth, that the greater the ignorance and wickedness, the less consciousness of the need and the greater the hostility to the necessary instruction and discipline. The very crudeness and inexperience of the child are, in him, somewhat of a palliation of the offence. But it is one of the severest trials in the life of the honest, faithful, intelligent teacher, that after he has taxed all his powers in the vain endeavor to make something out of a poor, ill-mannered, uncultured, disobedient, and indolent pupil, instead of receiving the thankful and cordial co-operation of the parent, he is visited with his unmerited and ungrateful maltreatment and abuse. To the credit of our race be it said, that such cases are not common, but are the rare ex-

ceptions. Nine tenths of parents do really, if not fully, appreciate the wise and patient efforts of the true educator, and give him a solace for the opposition and insults of the remaining pestiferous tenth.

Mr. Kemper, as is well known, was no mere figure-head in his school, nor did wilful ignorance, indolence, and insolence find a comfortable lodging there. We are not surprised, therefore, to know that there were two cases of somewhat serious trouble during his short stay at Philadelphia. They were the occasions of his writing a letter to the parents, in each instance, copies of which he kept, and they are well worthy of permanent preservation.

“October 20, 1843.

“MR. W—— M——.

“SIR: A man who wants a school for his children at all wants a good one. To secure this object, nothing is more necessary than that parents and teacher should work together: both must pull at the same end of the rope. It is to secure this important object that I write. But I should not undertake to present the subject to your consideration, if I did not think you would view it reasonably and candidly, and in the spirit of a gentleman. I am sure you will.

“In the first place it is manifest that, during the past term, there has not been that co-operation of parents and teacher that is so necessary. There is one very singular circumstance connected with the teaching of your children, of which I presume you are not aware. For I believe, if you had known it, I should have received the most ample justice, instead of the treatment which I have endured. The circumstance is this—that while your children were treated as well or better than any other scholars, they are the only ones, out of upward of fifty, that I could not satisfy. After I found that they were, one after another, leaving the school, until on the last day they had vacated, books and all, I put the question to my remaining scholars (about thirty), whether I had ever treated your children worse than them. They

unanimously answered, *No*. On the contrary, they agreed that my attentions to your children were marked with kindness.

“Every good teacher feels under the most sacred obligations to the parents of his pupils. But the test, whether he fulfils those obligations, should be a fair one. This is a very different thing from condemning him with one-sided evidence, or judging him without opportunity of defence. *Now is it not?*

“In regard to my treatment of your children, I have no explanation to make. The time for such explanation is past. Though I hold myself responsible for all my acts, and rejoice to meet that responsibility, still I must have a fair hearing or none at all. It has long been a maxim with me to do my duty, and let my reputation take care of itself. It will always do it. But the teacher who has to go around the neighborhood and patch up his character every time a scholar is offended, is unfit for his business, and deserves to be drummed out of town. If I do a man a real, or even supposed, injury, I am always glad to make explanations and acknowledgments. But it is surely proper that we come face to face, that we may mutually understand each other. This, I apprehend, is the right way to settle difficulties. But the treatment I have received is not, in my humble judgment, the best way to promote peace in communities, the prosperity of schools, or that sweetness of disposition in children, which is a far more important part of education than the learning of a little algebra or grammar.

“Parents should never intrust their children to a teacher whom they cannot respect. But when they have one who is both competent and faithful, they should sustain him through thick and thin. It is destructive to the best interests of their children, whenever they say or do anything that diminishes a scholar’s profound respect for the teacher. This respect is of the utmost importance to successful teaching, and it may always be secured, even though a teacher is not perfect. Perfection does not grow on earth. The great point to settle is this: Is the teacher capable, and is he willing to do his duty when he knows it?

“The business of teaching is too little understood. I believe that wherever it is understood it is conceded that there is no profession on earth that demands more varied talents and learning, or is really more useful. I can truly say that my labors as a

teacher have taxed all the best powers that I possess. It has been my unceasing study, day and night, to promote the highest interest of my scholars, and especially to infuse into my school mental activity and love of books, instead of that languor and dread of confinement which are so common with young scholars. In order to secure these objects, I have been actuated by principles based on truth ; I have pursued a systematic plan ; I have studied all my teaching beforehand, from the simplest copy that I have set up to the most obtuse parts of arithmetic that have needed explanation. In every case I have succeeded where I have had a chance to bring my plans fully to bear on the scholar's mind. I believe that I can make a good scholar, with just as much certainty as you can make a crop of corn, if I am properly sustained by parents. But it is a hopeless case if I have to work against the bad habits children have acquired at other schools, and, at the same time, under the threats and fault-findings of their parents. Such teaching as I have *aimed* at (whether successfully or not is not for me to say) not only demands the approbation of parents, but their warmest gratitude. Its value can never be estimated in dollars and cents.

"I will give you one incident that occurred with Miss L—— and myself, which will illustrate what I mean by having a chance to apply my plans successfully. It is painful for me to tell it.

"It was an arrangement of my school that in study hours we would have no more talking than there is in church, allotting a regular time for all talking, and playing, and moving about. This arrangement was succeeding admirably, and would have succeeded entirely but for some embarrassments thrown in the way by some of the larger scholars. These were affectionately reasoned with, and persuaded, and admonished, and finally threatened. Miss L—— did well for a time, and promised to do well ; but finally cut loose restraint, and not only trampled the authority of the school under foot, but said, in the presence of other scholars, that she would talk as much as she pleased. This remark of hers she seemed to put into execution, and finally I took occasion to say : '*Miss L——, you must quit talking. You have been laughing and talking a great deal this morning, and it will not do.*' She seemed angry, and appeared in school no more.

"Whether I did right or wrong it is not the business of this

letter to discuss. My object is not to find fault, or I should have written long ago ; and you would never have heard from me about schools if I had not learned that you propose to send to me again. It is with the hope that we may have some more pleasant way of adjusting difficulties that I have mentioned the subject at all.

Yours very respectfully,

“FREDK. T. KEMPER.”

The second letter is as follows :—

“PHILADELPHIA, MO., March 20, 1844.

“MADAM :

“As you probably have some curiosity to know what I have to say about your son’s leaving my school, and as there would seem to be propriety in the measure, I have determined to write you on the subject. I feel the less delicacy in doing this, as I have nothing to say but what is well known here, and can easily be substantiated.

“Your son was formerly on the most intimate terms in this family, and seemed as perfectly at home as if he were in your house. Nor did he only *seem* so, he *said* so. This state of feeling was pleasing to us all, and was encouraged. This intimacy showed itself in various ways—in the interchange of some little present or presents, perhaps some letters, and in the thousand nameless civilities that go to sweeten the intercourse of friends.

“About three months ago his whole demeanor was changed. The day is distinctly recollected. From that time to the day of his departure he has been as sullen and as sour to my aunt as he was before bland and polite. He has sat three times a day within about one foot of her ; I sat immediately opposite to him at table. I do not believe he has ever spoken to my aunt, when he could avoid it, during the time above mentioned.

“This strange state of things was seen by her with mingled feelings of surprise and regret. She expressed these feelings frequently to myself and to several of her boarders. I for a long time persuaded her not to regard it. I attributed Mr. O.’s conduct to a nervous irascibility consequent upon hard study. Long after he got in ‘his way,’ as we called it, I was the same as before, as can be abundantly testified. My aunt, however, was unhappy about it, and deputed two of her boarders, at two different

times, to find out what was the matter, without seeming to be sent by her. They reported that *nothing* was the matter. *Nothing* was the matter, but J.'s conduct got no better. I could now assign no cause but *malignity* for his demeanor, and I determined that at table I would have as little to say to him as he had to say to her. I found this state of things to be so unnatural, and so gloomy, and so different from the former mirth that prevailed at the table, that I determined to have some explanation from J., or to send him away. I would live thus no longer.

"I wrote to him that I wanted an understanding, and nothing more. If I had injured him, or if any of the family had, we would make reparation. In my letter was the following sentence, which was the offensive one : 'Every man has a civil right to be unsocial, taciturn, or grum if he chooses ; but such conduct, after a year or two of warm friendship, is calculated at least to excite inquiry.'

"His reply was, that he was of a retiring disposition ; that at public boarding-houses people were not obliged to be social, and that the friendship between us would never have been broken up if I had not enveloped myself in ' icy chilliness.'

"As to his retiring disposition, he surely had a right to commend it if he chose. But it seemed odd to us that he was so peculiarly retired the *last* three months of his intercourse with us—people of very retiring habits commonly showing it the most on first acquaintance, and not after a year or two of intimacy. As to his being under no obligation to be social, I had acknowledged that in my letter. But still, if he chose to change his demeanor from that of a member of a private family on terms of intimate friendship, to that of a boarder at a public tavern, while he had a civil right so to do, we still thought it demanded some explanation. We thought it strange that a student who was making such progress in the study of the humanizing arts should so utterly forget one essential attribute of true greatness, viz., to be kind and condescending to the meanest servant that ministered to his wants.

"I was truly relieved to learn that he had nothing to allege against my aunt, and that my ' icy chilliness ' was the sole cause of breaking up existing friendship. Whether I am chilly to my other boarding scholars will appear from the inclosed certificate.

It is signed by every pupil who boarded with us. I have taught sixty scholars this term, and I have no doubt that from fifty-nine of them I could get a similar certificate. But the subject is too ludicrous for a very grave reply, and the charge has already excited much merriment among my scholars and my neighbors.

"I believe that J.'s charge of icy chilliness will appear to his calmer judgment as a miserable and disingenuous subterfuge, and that he will class this whole affair among the graver follies of his youth. My hope is that this rupture with him will make him wiser, and conduce to his future discretion and happiness, for which no one is more sincerely desirous than, Madam,

"Your ob't servant,

"FREDK. T. KEMPER."

The certificate referred to is signed by Edw. B. Dyer, William C. McAfee, Thomas J. Montgomery, Isaac H. Jones, and Benjamin Lafon.

These letters reveal the heartaches and sore cares which harass a teacher's life, and at the same time show the tact and good judgment which Mr. Kemper displayed in dealing with them, when he was an inexperienced young man of twenty-seven—a mere apprentice, as he called himself. The last letter is valuable as showing that even a good student may have very crooked ways, give his teacher serious trouble, and by his persistence in evil-doing prove himself unfit to be allowed to remain in a well-regulated school.

The next chapter carries us to the scene of his greatest usefulness and triumph, at Boonville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOONVILLE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

“ Yet is the school-house rude,
As is the chrysalis to the butterfly,—
To the rich flower, the seed. The dusky walls
Hold the fair germ of knowledge, and the tree
Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,
To this low school-house traces back its life.”

STREET.

MR. KEMPER was now in the twenty-eighth year of his life—the maturity of his young manhood. He had seen enough of the practical side of life on the farm where he was reared, and in the counting-room, to lift him above the follies of the mere pedant. He had pursued a liberal course of science and literature, and had been graduated with signal honor from an institution in charge of men of acknowledged ability, and which commanded the patronage of the most intelligent States of the East. After years of hesitation and earnest, prayerful thought, he had finally turned away from the ministry and the law, and dedicated his life without reserve to the arduous, misunderstood, and greatly undervalued profession of education. He had begun his novitiate as the instructor of his own brothers and sisters in Virginia. He had served his *alma mater* as tutor for

three years. He had conducted with success, on his own responsibility, a private boarding-school under the very shadow of the college whose diploma he bore. Now he began to ask himself as to a permanent arrangement for the future. While we do not know that there were any special discouragements at Philadelphia, and we do know that he met with decided encouragement there, yet we may readily see that the disastrous failure of Marion College and the smallness of the community where he had begun to teach, working upon his desire to make his life as largely useful as possible, would cause him to consider whether he might not find a more favorable field for the prosecution of his life work.

At any rate, we know he determined to leave Philadelphia, and that, as we are told by Dr. Leighton, he first offered himself to the people of Palmyra. That they failed to respond to his proposal should not be misconstrued to the injury of Mr. Kemper as an acceptable teacher, nor to the discredit of the intelligent enterprise of the citizens of that goodly town. With the wreck of their hopes at Marion College, we can easily see that the people of that section would be suspicious of any new educational enterprise.

We are told by Mrs. Kemper that his thoughts were directed to Boonville through the influence of a New School Presbyterian minister at that time living there. This was doubtless the Rev. Mr. Slocum, who had a short and not very glorious career in Boonville. This is quite probable from the fact that, up to this time, Mr. Kemper's associations had

been mainly with the New School element in the church. His old pastor in Virginia, Rev. Dr. Pollock, was of that party. Dr. David Nelson and Rev. James Gallaher, both of whom he very greatly admired, were on that side of the question. We are not surprised, therefore, that his first affiliations were with the Slocum party in Boonville, nor, on the other hand, that he turned to the Bell, or O. S. side, as soon as he saw the spirit of Mr. Slocum. As far as the doctrinal issue in the case was concerned, it is doubtful whether Mr. Kemper took the trouble to thoroughly post himself; and if he did, his sympathies may have been with the excised synods on constitutional rather than doctrinal grounds.

But whatever may have been the inducing cause or causes, Mr. Kemper left Marion County in the spring of 1844 and came to Boonville, then the most beautiful, attractive, and flourishing town in central Missouri. It was the lowest point on the river which was readily accessible from the south by means of good roads running over an unbroken country. In those days, before railroads had revolutionized the commerce of the State, it enjoyed a large and lucrative wholesale and forwarding trade with the southern counties, extending to the extreme south-west. When the writer was a school-boy it was a usual sight to see its broad and level streets filled with wagons from Springfield and the lead regions of Newton County.

As this place is to be henceforth, with the exception of five years, the scene of Mr. Kemper's labors, we shall copy from the Centennial Catalogue of the school what is there said concerning it:

“Boonville is near the geographical center of Missouri, on the south bank of the Missouri, one hundred and ninety miles from its mouth. In its aboriginal state, Central Missouri was, on the north side of the river, the hunting-ground of the Foxes, Sacs, and other Indian tribes; and on the south, of the Osages. In 1805 Daniel Boone, who then lived near St. Charles, discovered the Boone’s Lick Salt Springs, in Howard County, thirteen miles from Boonville, where Nathan and David Boone, his sons, settled and made salt from 1806 to 1810. This seems to have been the earliest settlement in Central Missouri, and from it an indefinite region, from St. Charles westward, on both sides of the river, was called the ‘Boone’s Lick Country.’

“Other settlers followed, and as early as 1810 a small community had built and occupied Kincaid’s Fort, a few hundred yards up the river from the present site of Old Franklin (directly opposite Boonville), while another was established in Cooper’s Fort, a few miles above. The south side of the river was settled in 1811. Cole’s Fort was built in that year, two and a half miles below the present site of Boonville, on a bluff overhanging the river. About the same time ‘Widow’ Cole’s Fort was built on the flat ground at the mouth of the stream flowing into the river near the north-east corner of the city. This was the first settlement inside of the present city limits.

“All development of the country was stopped by the war of 1812-15 with England. The Indians sided actively with the British; the forts on the north side of the river were besieged, and the men of

those on the south were shot by ambushed foes. It was at this period that the famous exploit of Miss Cooper was performed. Cooper's Fort was besieged by an Indian force so overwhelming that its reduction was only a question of time. Miss Cooper met the emergency by mounting a horse and riding at full speed over and through the enemy. She was greeted with a shower of bullets, but escaped unharmed, and soon brought a reinforcement from Kincaid's Fort, which broke up the siege.

"The war closed in 1815, and during that year the first house in Boonville, outside the fort, was built by a man named Roup, on or near the site of the residence of Judge Adams, and two or three hundred yards from the school buildings. The stream which runs through the play-grounds is called from him, Roup's Branch." [This was Gilead Rupe, who is said to have been the first white man to settle within the present limits of Lafayette County. It is asserted that he built his house two and a half miles southeast of where Lexington now stands, about the year 1815—the very year in which Roup built the first house in Boonville. We have documentary evidence which makes it somewhat doubtful whether the date assigned to Gilead Rupe's settlement in Lafayette County is correct. It is the original patent issued to him for the very land, S. W. Quarter, Section 9, T. 50, R. 27, on which he is said to have built. It was granted July 30, 1821, is signed in autograph by President James Monroe, and gives the title to "Gilead Rupe, of *Howard* County, Missouri." Cooper and Lafayette counties had both been detached from Howard. We have other evidence which

makes it certain that he did not come to Lafayette County prior to the fall of 1818. There is a Rupe's Branch running from this tract into the western borders of Lexington. This Gilead Rupe kept the ferry at Boonville during these early days.]

"The second building was erected the next year by Dr. Asa Morgan, on the present site of the Central National Bank. The first court in Boonville was held in the house of 'Widow' Cole, inside the fort, in 1816, David Barton [who penned the original constitution of Missouri], afterward United States Senator, presiding. The fear of Indian troubles having passed away with the war, 1816 and the succeeding years were marked by a large influx of settlers. To use the words of one of our oldest and best citizens, who has lived in Cooper County since 1815, 'they came by hundreds.'

"In 1817 Dr. Asa Morgan and Charles Lucas, father of James H. Lucas, of St. Louis, drew the plan of Boonville, but no lots were sold until August, 1819, when, the county of Cooper having been formed, the embryo town was made its capital. By this time, however, the town of Franklin was rapidly developing on the low ground of the opposite shore; and it was not until 1834, when it became evident that the treacherous current of the river would finally sweep it away, that Boonville showed any signs of prosperity. From that time its development was rapid for many years; but the loss of its wholesale trade, caused by the extension of railroads, has materially checked its growth.

"The city now contains 5000 or 6000 inhabitants. In point of educational advantages it has, besides the

public graded schools, seven private schools of various grades. There are ten churches of various denominations. The M. K. & T. Railroad, which crosses the Missouri River here, puts the town in direct and easy communication with Chicago and the East on the one hand, and with Texas on the other. An elegant iron bridge, one third of a mile long, spans the river for its use. The O. V. & S. K. Railroad also gives us Eastern connection through Tipton and St. Louis.

“In healthfulness and beauty of situation, Boonville stands unrivaled among the towns of Missouri. Built on hills which come boldly up to the edge of the river, it enjoys all the beautifying effects of water and undulating landscape, without exposure to the exhalations of low grounds. Cholera visited the city once or twice in its early history, but for many years it has escaped both cholera and small-pox, though they have been very fatal at points but a few miles distant. In the course of thirty-two years the Kemper Family School has lost but one student by death.”

Mr. Kemper came to Boonville during the spring of 1844, the time of the great flood in the Missouri River, when its waters attained their maximum height, since the white man first became acquainted with them. It not only overflowed its banks, but stretched from bluff to bluff, five miles from shore to shore. Not only the houses of the unfortunate inhabitants of its bottom-lands were daily seen floating down the stream, but the steamboats lost themselves in the wide waste of waters. Roup's Branch and the dry ravines that drain into it became unford-

able by reason of the water backed up from the swollen river. The writer of these lines, then a lad of seven, came near drowning in a gully that now runs through the play-grounds of the school, and was rescued by the kindly help of his friend and neighbor boy, George W. Tracy.

Mr. Kemper bore with him, when he went to Boonville, the following letter of recommendation:

“SAINT LOUIS, March 30, 1844.

“I have known Mr. F. T. Kemper as a student in Marion College for about two years, while holding the office of President of that Institution. His progress in study was rapid, and his scholarship sound and thorough as far as he had then progressed. I regarded him as a very promising student, of commanding talents, great prudence, and amiability of disposition. He has sustained the character of a consistent Christian for several years. The vocation of teacher has been assumed by him since I left the college, and of his success I have no personal knowledge, but have every reason to believe him peculiarly well fitted for that responsible work.

WILLIAM S. POTTS,

“Pastor Second Presb. Ch., St. Louis.”

We quote again from the Centennial catalogue:

“The Kemper Family School was opened in Boonville on Monday, June 3rd, 1844, using for a school-room a one-story frame building standing on the present site of the banking-house of Aehle & Dunnica [at the corner of Main and Spring Streets]. The principal was then and for several years after unmarried, and his aunt, Mrs. Mary S. Allison, was matron of the school family. The first family residence was a small frame house, still standing nearly opposite the Methodist Church (on Spring Street). This house being inadequate to lodge the few boarders Mr. Kemper brought with him, an office was used, which stood on or near the present site of

Weber's Agricultural Works [on the south side of Spring Street, between Main and Sixth].

"The boarding department was soon moved to a brick building, still standing on the old Fair Grounds [just east of the city limits, near the river]. After a few weeks the school-room was moved to the second story of the [brick] building standing at the southeast corner of the court-house square, and now the residence of Rev. W. D. Mahan. It had been previously occupied as a school-room by Mr. Jaffray, who sold his furniture and interest to Mr. Kemper.

"The original course of study embraced the entire Cambridge course of mathematics, and the course of classics then current in Western colleges."

It may well excite our wonder how it was possible for one man to teach the alphabet and the advanced classics, spelling and the calculus, and all the grades between. It matters not what may be the mental and physical capacity of the teacher undertaking it, such a thing is an impossibility. Such a thing has never been done successfully, and never can be. Herein lies one of the errors that prevail in our country district schools. Some influential man in the neighborhood has a son or a daughter who has passed beyond the branches appropriate to the preparatory district school. He insists that the teacher shall instruct this child in the studies of the high school. There are forty other pupils in the lower grades. These must be drilled in all the fundamental branches. He is fortunate if he finds them reducible to four grades. With four studies to each grade, these would give him sixteen recitations in a day. During the six hours of the school-day

there would be an average of less than twenty-three minutes to each recitation, making no allowance for recesses. When, then, is he to teach this advanced pupil Latin, algebra, and the sciences? Allowing this pupil four daily recitations, we find that he can give to each of the twenty recitations but eighteen minutes each, allowing himself no time for recreation, morning or afternoon. We are free to say that, in our judgment, no man can accomplish successfully such a task.

Look at it again. Here is one pupil who has already received all the advantages of the district school, and yet claims that one fifth of the teacher's entire time shall be given to him; while forty others, to whom the district school properly belongs, must content themselves with the remaining four fifths. That is, he who has no rights in the case claims ten times as much of the teacher's care and labor as every other pupil, for whose special benefit the district school is conducted. This is not only an injustice, as here set forth, but in its practical workings results either in the breaking down of the poorly paid and overworked teacher, or else in his neglecting the primary classes for the benefit of his advanced pupil. The State law ought to forbid the teaching of the high-school studies in the preparatory district schools.

How was it with Mr. Kemper? How came he to undertake this impracticable task? It was necessary for him to essay this work in those early days of the school. The attendance and the tuition fees did not, at first, justify his employment of help. Yet he did not attempt this work alone. He relieved himself in

a way that no one but a teacher of his genius would have thought feasible or proper. He employed his pupils as assistants. But here was the peculiarity of his practice: he used them, not for the primary or fundamental branches, but for the more advanced. We shall speak of this interesting educational question at greater length when we treat of his plans as a teacher. We merely allude to the matter here, and state that his wisdom in this can be fully vindicated. It is our present purpose to give a history of the school in its external aspects, its incidents, changes, and development.

The record of the opening day shows the attendance of only five pupils, four of whom Mr. Kemper brought with him from his school at Philadelphia—his two cousins, William H. and Roberdeau Allison, sons of his uncle Henry; Edward B. Dyer, of Fulton, Mo., and Isaac H. Jones, of Palmyra, Mo. The Allisons remained as pupils for several years, and were by him trained as teachers. As such they have been a credit to him. It was said of the older brother, when he taught in the district schools of Lafayette County, by the intelligent and discriminating county commissioner, Prof. George M. Catron, that he was probably the best teacher in the country schools of that enlightened and progressive county. Mr. Dyer belonged to a well-known and highly esteemed family, many of whose members are still resident in Callaway County, and one of whom, Mr. Watkins, a nephew of Mr. Dyer, was for several years the successful head of the Ashley Seminary, in Pike County. Of Mr. Jones we know nothing.

De Witt Clinton Mack has the honor of being the first Boonville boy to enter the school, and the only one for several weeks. He died long since, and his widow is the excellent woman whose discharge of the responsible duties of matron at the Fulton Synodical Female College has contributed greatly to the success of that popular institution. One of his daughters is the wife of the Rev W. E. Burke, the Presbyterian minister at New Bloomfield, in Calaway County.

June 24, 1844.—John H. Hogan—"Jack" as we used to call him—George W. and John T. Tracy, William M. Quarles, Alexander B., William, Joseph, and Samuel B. Russell, were entered as pupils—all Boonville boys except the Russells, who were from the county adjacent. The Tracys were sons of Joshua L. Tracy, for many years the head of one of the most popular schools for girls ever established in Missouri. George is still living, a modest but honored citizen of Kirkwood. John, one of the writer's dearest boyhood friends, became a genial man of the world, a wandering cosmopolitan, fond of adventure, and finally died among strangers in South America. Peace to his ashes, and joy to his generous spirit! William M. Quarles became a physician, graduating at the University of Pennsylvania, and was regarded by his friends as a Chesterfield in manners. He met his death as a soldier in the first battle of the war in Missouri, dying alone upon the field. The older Russells are dead, and Joseph and Samuel are living in Texas.

July 16.—John and Mark Ainslie, John R. Lionberger, Horace A. Hutchison, and William G.

Buckner were enrolled. John Ainslie, the son of English parents, was a natural gentleman. He died in the South. Mark was a rough, warm-hearted boy of ultra-sanguine temperament. We cannot forbear recording here an incident, very honorable to Mark and his mother, although it brings a blush to the writer's cheeks. We were both boys in our early teens. I was a professor of religion and a member of the church. Mark made no such pretensions. We were spending the night together in the country. Although I had been taught to pray before I went to bed, and felt it a Christian duty so to do, I was afraid that Mark would ridicule me should I do it in his presence. I therefore compromised with my conscience by determining that I would attend to my devotions after I was in bed. Being ready first, I jumped in, and was composing myself, when, to my great surprise and mortification, Mark said, "Jimmie, my mother has taught me never to neglect my prayers before I go to sleep. So you will please excuse me." It was an arrow to my heart, and I immediately arose, and we kneeled together to commend our souls to God. I acknowledged my cowardice to Mark, and thanked him, as I do still, for the lesson of moral courage which he taught me.

George Ainslie, a third brother, now represents Idaho Territory in the United States Congress. John R. Lionberger has become one of the wealthy and influential citizens of St. Louis—a leader in its financial enterprises. Horace Hutchison, or "Shad," as we were wont to name him, is the popular circuit clerk of Cooper County, a cultivated gentleman and

a poet of genuine genius. "Gill" Buckner is a respected citizen of Brownsville.

William D. and Howard Porteus Muir appear upon the register, with John Young Rankin, July 23. William Muir became a lawyer of acknowledged talent, and was one of the most elegant gentlemen of Boonville up to the time of his early death. "Ports" never returned from the Southern struggle, and now sleeps in a soldier's grave. John Rankin was noted for his big foot and bigger heart. He went to Texas.

September 2.—John B. Holman and Leonidas Moreau Lawson became pupils. John Holman is now a successful practitioner of medicine in Boonville. "Lon" Lawson entered the school September, 1844, and continued to enjoy its privileges until June, 1851. He taught the advanced classes during the school year of 1851-52. He was, without doubt, Mr. Kemper's favorite pupil during the long period of his attendance, and well did he deserve the honorable distinction. He was the son of a poor but very intelligent and worthy gentleman, whose business was that of a cabinet workman. He was very carefully raised by his parents, who were naturally and properly proud of him. He was always *facile princeps* in his classes. Indeed there was no one to dispute his acknowledged pre-eminence in all the branches of the full college course, which he pursued under Mr. Kemper. He seemed to have no special talent, or rather he had a mind which readily grasped and mastered every subject which it undertook. His was a mind among a million. He was equally apt in all the athletic sports of the play-

ground. He could run faster, jump higher, strike a ball better, swim and skate more gracefully than any of us, whom he distanced in the school-room. He was a manly, courageous boy. The writer remembers well one occasion, when, in this, he was sorely tried. We were in the woods near the branch when a difficulty arose between him and several of the boys. He was alone, and more than one of his antagonists were older, stronger, larger than himself. One of these, backed by the rest, attacked him. He saw that resistance was useless. With a calm courage and an unblanched cheek, he received the blows, refusing to strike in return, and as steadily refusing to do what they were seeking to force him to do, until they saw that he was more than a match for them all, and they left him, the undaunted victor upon the field. We have never witnessed a sublimer display of heroism. As a speaker he was without a parallel in the history of the school. In matter thoughtful, and in manner graceful in gesture and eloquent in diction. He was the paragon of the school, the pride of the teacher, and the beau-ideal of his fellow-pupils. He went to the State University, entered the senior class, and although crippled by a spell of serious sickness, he was graduated with the highest honor in 1853. He was at once called to a professorship in William Jewell College, and during its incumbency he studied law, and was in due time admitted to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession, and was soon sent, though quite young, to the Legislature of the State from Platte County, by a majority very much greater than that of his colleague on the same ticket. Very

much to the surprise and disappointment of many of his friends, who looked forward to his reaping the highest honors in the political preferments of the Republic, he turned abruptly from the blooming, beckoning path of professional and intellectual fame that opened before him, and gave his splendid powers to a life of financial enterprise. In this he has succeeded, and he is now a member of the substantial firm of Donnell, Lawson & Simpson, bankers, of Broadway, New York, whose business connections extend from London, England, to San Antonio, Texas.

October 17.—Henry C. Hayden entered the school. He was the son of Peyton R. Hayden, one of the most popular lawyers of the Boonville bar, the compeer of Abiel Leonard, John G. Miller, J. B. Gardenhire, Washington Adams—all men of the first repute in their profession. Henry was a talented boy, and much respected by his school associates. The most serious difficulty which occurred in the school, the first ten years of its establishment, was in connection with him. Those who witnessed it have never been able to forget it. It occurred at the noon recess, and was considered by Mr. Kemper of so serious a character that he spent the afternoon in a solemn lecture to us on the subject. Henry never attended the school again. It was feared that it might prove his ruin, and that he and his teacher would never be friends again. But it proved otherwise. Though for some years he was not what he might have been, he was given what is the grown man's greatest earthly blessing, a wise and faithful wife. He became an earnest, consistent Christian, and in Fulton first and at St. Louis

afterward he rose to competence and eminence as a lawyer, and at his death was regarded one of the ablest advocates in Missouri. His career shows that it is possible to retrieve the errors of one's youth, and thus to pluck victory from disaster. The triumph is all the grander when it is so achieved, and reminds us of the words of the singer of the "Psalm of Life,"

" Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wreck at last,
To something nobler we attain."

During his manhood Henry was one of Mr. Kemper's staunchest friends.

This closes the record of the first term, during which thirty-three pupils in all were enrolled. It seems a strange time for it to begin and end. The arrangement was doubtless due to Mr. Kemper's unwillingness to spend his first summer at Boonville in idleness.

The second session began November 25th, 1844. The records show an attendance of sixty-five during the term. Among these were Henry L. McPherson, for many years a pilot on the Missouri and afterward the captain of several steamers on the same river, now an enterprising railroad builder, one of the most chivalrous, noble-hearted men that Boonville has ever known; Henry C. Gibson, for many years, and now, a successful physician at Boonville; Benj. F. Gibson, the doctor's brother, a farmer, who should not be allowed to sit on his load of hay while it is on the scales, for a reason that every acquaintance will appreciate; Robert Ruxton, a boarding pupil, a canny Scotchman, an intelligent, substantial gentleman, a

subsequent teacher in Saline County, who wrote to his former preceptor:—"Mr. Kemper, what a fearful state of ignorance I have been living in for the last twenty years! And for what reason? Because I had not Webster's Dictionary. I tell you, sir, if I was deprived of this invaluable book, I would ride three hundred and fifty miles any time to read what he says about the letter A. And surely I would ride a thousand miles for the privilege of reading an hour in any other part of it"—a major in the Confederate service, an ardent admirer of his old teacher; Joseph C. Terrell, for a long time now a prominent lawyer at Fort Worth, in the Lone Star State; John W. Houx, a boy and a man that every acquaintance likes, one of the original settlers, and now a prominent merchant of Sedalia; John Y. Leveridge, the executive officer, as secretary of the Fair Association of Kansas City; J. A. Quarles, who was matriculated February 18, 1845, and continued a pupil until June, 1854.

"The first building for the use of the school was erected during the summer of 1845. The ground was purchased of Solomon Houck, May 20 of that year. It had a frontage on Third Street of one hundred and twenty feet. The building then erected, which constitutes the right front of the present main building, was put up by a joint stock company, with the understanding that Mr. Kemper was to purchase their stock in the course of time. This was promptly done." Before the removal to these premises, the family lived for some time in the frame building on the south-east corner of Main and Chestnut streets, which is still standing. We remember this fact dis-

tinctly, although Mr. Kemper does not allude to it in the centennial catalogue.

This first building on the grounds, which have since become historic as the permanent seat of the institution, was a two-story brick, having two rooms and a hall or entry below, and three rooms above. The first floor was for the family. The room in the south-west corner above was Mr. Kemper's bedroom. By the side of this, in the south-east corner, was a small recitation-room. On the north was the main school-room, approached by an outdoor stairway on the west side of the building. Every survivor can doubtless recall our pleasurable emotions on the day when we were transferred from the corner of the court-house square to these new, more comfortable, and, as we thought, elegant quarters. The exact date we cannot recall, and as it is not recorded we do not know. It was probably early in the fall of 1845.

The third session began June 2, 1845, and although held during the heated term, witnessed the enrolment of fifty-six pupils. Among the new ones were: James Preston Beck, who was sent to Mr. Kemper an orphan boy from Lexington, Mo. He gave his teacher more than usual trouble, though he was intelligent and capable. He afterward was sent east, and was graduated in law at Harvard, and also in medicine at some Eastern institution. He became an elegant, cultured person, and was the hero of a romantic courtship in connection with his second marriage. Tyre C. Harris, afterward, in 1847, a teacher of the school. He became a Baptist minister. The records of that large and influential church doubtless

contain the name of no contemporary in Missouri who stood so high with his own brethren and the outside community as Tyre Harris. He was cut down in the flower of his manhood, but honors had crowded thick upon him, and before him lay the promise of a life of distinguished usefulness. Charley Cope, Henry Marquis, William Henry Rector, and W. Woodfin are known as matriculates of this session.

We stop here, for the reason that the school entering its own building chose for itself a new name. Up to the close of this term it was called "The Boonville Boarding School." Henceforth for some years it was known as "The Male Collegiate Institute."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE OF BOONVILLE.

“That heart, methinks,
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherished print
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,
And love and innocence made holyday :
Or that owned
No transient sadness when a dream, a glimpse
Of fancy touched past joys.” HILLHOUSE.

THE fourth semi-annual session of the school now known as The Male Collegiate Institute, began November 24th, 1845, and its register shows an attendance of sixty-six pupils. J. Wellington Draffen was one of these. Mr. Draffen is still a resident of Boonville, and is a proof that the Jewish proverb, “No prophet is without honor save in his own country,” has its exceptions, or is misinterpreted when it is made to affirm that true merit may not be and is not often recognized by those most familiar with its possessor. He has not shown himself a genius of eagle wing, able to fly to heavenly heights of eminence by a few bold strokes of its majestic pinions. But while his upward march has been the slow and toilsome progress of the climber up the steep and rugged mountain-side, in this he has displayed traits of character no less noble

and sublime, and his proud position to-day, as one of the foremost lawyers of Central Missouri, shows the substantial stuff of which he is made. John R. Woodfin is another, and was one of the most assiduous and successful students of the higher branches in these early days. He went to California across the plains a few years after this, and it was remarked, in allusion to very unusual natural endowments which suggested the conceit, that he used one of his ears as a mattress and the other as sufficient covering in the nightly camping on the way.

The fifth term began May 11, 1846, and shows an attendance of seventy-one pupils. Of those enrolled for the first time we observe the name of James B. Harris. He was an older brother of the Rev. Tyre C. Harris, and along with him was an assistant teacher in the year 1847, twelve months from this date. He still lives in Callaway County, and has represented his senatorial district in the State Legislature to the satisfaction of his constituents. He was the presiding student at the reunion in 1874. John Dow, the popular and the irrepressible, and A. H. C. Koontz are new names on the roll. Hiram Koontz was, as he is now, a positive character. He was a very ardent and ultra temperance man during the days of the Billy Ross excitement. He thought that Mr. Kemper was too conservative on the great issue of that day. Since then he has doubtless seen that our teacher was wiser than he.

The sixth semi-annual session began September 21, 1846. Seventy-five pupils were entered during the term. William Brown was one of these. He was one of the marked students of the school.

Obedience to its regulations and earnest in his endeavors for self-improvement, he always stood high in the estimation of his teacher. Having removed to Jacksonville, Illinois, he studied law, and has there practised his profession with eminent success ever since. He has been honored by his fellow-citizens with several important positions of trust, and has been favorably mentioned as a suitable person to fill the Governor's chair in that imperial State of the interior. He is now assistant solicitor-general of the Wabash Railroad, having charge of all its legal business east of the Mississippi River. Leonidas Boyle belongs to this year. He was the son of one of the best men that ever loved the Saviour and served his fellow-men in Missouri, the Rev. Joseph Boyle, D.D. "Lon" was a wayward boy, but of open heart and generous disposition. His life was a checkered one. He became a Methodist minister, and is now dead. John L. O'Bryan entered at this time. His father, Jordan O'Bryan, was one of the most respected citizens of Cooper County in those days, and John is now one of its leading public men. David Gibson and Boyle Hayden were two of the good boys of the school. Dave was a little mischievous and rather fond of sly fun. It was he who was so full of life that on one occasion he whistled aloud in school. Upon being called to account for it, he very naïvely replied, "Mr. Kemper, I didn't whistle; it just whistled itself." This reminds us of another ridiculous incident that occurred in connection with Sam Russell, one of the pupils of the first term. While the teacher was calling the roll, Sam was busy relating to a neighbor an adventure he had had a

short time before. Being very intent upon his story, he had not observed that the time was approaching for him to answer. Just as Mr. Kemper called his name, he was in the act of saying "screech-owl" in his narrative, and so there rang out upon the solemn air of the school-room, from the teacher, "Samuel Russell," and the response, "Screech-owl!" Sam was like Dave, he could hardly realize that he had said it. Mr. Kemper could scarcely believe his ears. But it was unmistakably so, and all, from teacher down, except Sam, laughed in hearty chorus. Elisha S. Rector belongs to this period.

Up to this time, so far as the records show and our information goes, there were no regular assistants who gave their whole time to the work of teaching. Here was a school of seventy-one pupils of various grades to be instructed by a single teacher. We naturally say that it was impossible, and so indeed it was. While we cannot recall who the helpers were, we distinctly remember that Mr. Kemper always freely used his older and better trained pupils as assistants, giving them those classes which needed the least drilling and control. In this way, we were sure, he met the exigencies of the school. As a straw confirming this view, it is a matter of record that, during this last term, John O'Bryan, Frank Chilton, and Well. Draffen were the regularly deputed penmakers of the school. We may infer from this that they were good whittlers. It may be that some of our children may not understand why there should have been penmakers. It is possible that some of them have never seen nor heard of an old quill pen. Be it known unto you, then, dear children, that in

those good old times of which you have heard your grandfathers speak, but which we hardly think that even they would wish to see come again, steel pens and gold pens were unknown. The geese must be plucked, not only to furnish feather-beds on which poor humanity sweltered during the days of the dog-star, but also that their quills might be used for pens. It was one of the necessities of the teacher's profession that he should know how to cut a quill. He might be ignorant of arithmetic and grammar, but he must know how to make a pen. Moreover, when a quill was once fashioned into a pen, it had a naughty way of not remaining so. It was in constant need of repairing, especially when used by the unskilled fingers of those learning to write. Imagine now one man, in addition to teaching mathematics, and the classics, and the three R's to seventy-one pupils, undertaking to make and mend pens for them! We can easily see that Mr. Kemper was wise in calling his pupils to the rescue, and that Draffen, Chilton, and O'Bryan did not have a sinecure. We wonder whether they can make, or as the Germans say, *cut*, a pen now.

In the fall term of 1846, beginning Sept. 21, Mr. Kemper determined to have regular help. Accordingly he made arrangements to that effect with James B. and Tyre C. Harris, two of his former pupils. Mr. Kemper occupied the main school-room, and supervised and directed the movements of the entire body of pupils. Tyre Harris met his classes in Mr. Kemper's bedroom, and James B. Harris his in the other small recitation-room.

In the fall term of this arrangement, seventy-five

pupils were enrolled; and in the spring session, beginning March 8th, 1847, there were sixty-six. Mrs. Kemper found among the papers this interesting statement: "Gross income of Kemper, Harris and Harris for first session of their partnership, ending March 2, 1847, \$655.35. Second session, ending 6th of Aug., 1847, \$551.76." This is a total of \$1207.11 for three men, for teaching an average of seventy pupils for an entire school year. It shows us that either many of the pupils failed to pay, or that the average charge did not exceed twenty dollars for each one.

Among the names of this spring term of 1847 we find Edw. H. Harris. He was not of the same family as the teachers. He is now the head of an interesting family, most of the children grown, and is a prosperous merchant and farmer at Pilot Grove, in Cooper County. He has a son whom he is proud to call Frederick Kemper Harris. Hardage L. Andrews was a pupil for several years, and is now a resident of California. William M. Givens was one of the most mature pupils that ever attended the school. He was successful in his studies, then attended the medical lectures, and is now a physician at Gallatin, Mo.

The eighth session opened Sept. 13, 1847, and is credited with fifty-five pupils. At this time we first find a daily record kept of every boy's lessons, absence, etc. The partnership with the Harris brothers did not continue longer than a year, so that Mr. Kemper was now again doing the whole work, with the help of his pupils. We see that the time for beginning the school year has been gradually changed,

until it is now brought to correspond with the custom of other schools. This was a wise movement, for the manifest reason that it gave to teacher and pupil their period of rest during the enervating days of summer.

The ninth session, beginning February 21, 1848, enrolled fifty-four pupils. Jeff. B. McCutchen died from wounds received at the first battle of Boonville. We sigh as we think of him cut down in the early promise of his manhood. Oberon A. Kueckelhan was the son of Dr. A. Kueckelhan, a graduate in medicine from one of the universities of the Fatherland, and one of the most skilled physicians of Missouri. Obe is a farmer near Boonville. W. C. P. Townsley—"Chan" we called him—was an intelligent and orderly boy, standing well in the regard of his teacher and fellow-pupils. He became a carriage-maker, and worked at this business until the war. He prosecuted the study of the law while thus engaged, and surprised many of his friends by his sudden and unexpected appearance at the bar. He was given the commission as judge of the Lafayette Judicial Circuit of Missouri, and despite his inexperience and the general dissatisfaction at the manner of his entering upon the bench, he made a respectable record as a jurist. He is now in Kansas. His brother, Leopold M. Townsley, is a dentist.

There were forty-two enrolled during the tenth session, which began September 11th, 1848. During this term there first appears upon the register one of the worthiest names connected with the history of the school. It is that of Edward Roberson Taylor. His father was from Tennessee, and a cabinet workman

of slender means. He did not live many years after he settled his family in Boonville. Edward was thus left, an only son, with several sisters to the care of his widowed mother. He continued to prosecute his studies with very honorable success, always maintaining a position among the foremost of his class. Although quite young, he had studied the higher mathematics and read a fair course in the Latin and Greek classics before he was compelled to leave school to aid in the support of the family. He entered the tobacco factory of Mr. David Spahr, and began work as a stemmer. He soon held other, higher, and more responsible positions in the factory. This life, however, did not suit him, and he entered a printing-office, and began to learn "the art preservative of all arts," in the composing-rooms of the Boonville *Observer*. A. W. Simpson was then the editor, and the paper was recognized as one of the ablest organs of the Whig party in the State. Edward's intelligence, industry, and trustworthiness brought him rapid promotion, and before he was twenty-one years of age he was the foreman of one of the best conducted printing-offices in the West. During this time he wrote several poems, which were highly commended by judicious critics. The family then removed to California, and Edward studied medicine, taking the doctor's degree. In this, as in everything else, he was a very diligent and successful student. He was the author of several able articles, which were published in the medical journals, and attracted the favorable notice of his professional brethren. He tired, however, of medicine. He became the private secretary of Governor Haight, and received license to practise

law. He is now of the firm of Taylor & Haight, attorneys-at-law, San Francisco. He still at irregular periods cultivates the muse of poetry, and contributes to this volume one of its chief attractions. T. C. Davis belongs here. "Kink" was our name for him, in allusion to his curly head.

There were only thirty-five pupils in attendance upon the spring session, which opened February 26, 1849. As this is one of the smallest aggregates for any term, we make it the occasion for saying that it does not indicate a waning in the popularity of the school. The most thoroughly established institutions in the land have their ebb and flow, produced by a number of conspiring causes. But in addition to this, and far more important in the history of the Kemper school, is the fact that its founder and head was always favorable to a small and select school, never desiring more than he could himself personally teach and control. From his journal we know that he limited his number this year to thirty. This may seem strange to some, but his wisdom in it will be shown when we discuss his principles and plans as a teacher.

Horace Bingham, the eldest son of the distinguished painter, G. C. Bingham, was one of the matriculates of this term. Frank Lionberger, the artist of Boonville, was another. James Porter, of the Boonville ferry, was another. Lewis Miller, the son of the Hon. John G. Miller, one of the ablest and purest public men that Missouri has ever sent to Washington City, was another. Lewis became a lawyer, removed to Saline, married an accomplished lady, and died a few years since. James P. Dow, who lives on

an island in the Missouri River above Boonville, "monarch of all he surveys," belongs to this period. James Madison Byler is still another. No pupil of this period of the school can ever forget Byler and his pony. As there was congenital malformation of both hands and feet, the pony was indispensable, and he was therefore as regular an attendant as was his master. Byler was very proud of "Pony," and took pleasure in descanting upon his excellent traits. One day he told us that there was one sure mark of a fast-gaited horse, and then pointed to Pony to show us that he had it. Pony, if urged, could gallop probably four miles in an hour. He was a sorrel, and wore his hair short behind. Byler was a good student. That Mr. Kemper regarded him with favor is clearly shown in his employment of him as an assistant in 1851. He is now a real-estate agent at the flourishing young city of Sedalia.

The twelfth session witnessed the enrolment of sixty-three pupils. It began September 10, 1849. Among the number were William B. and Richard A. Hening. The Hening boys were sons of the Rev. John A. Hening, an able, pious, but somewhat eccentric Methodist minister. Dick was a sprightly boy, industrious, intelligent, inquisitive. Many of the old pupils will probably remember his peculiar rendering of Longfellow's "Excelsior," a favorite piece for declamation. The support of his father's family soon devolved upon him. He accepted the trust as a brave, true man, removing to Neosho, in Newton County, that he might more successfully meet its responsibilities, and there he has since died.

Mrs. Kemper sends the following item connected with this term :

“Should the education of females be equal to that of the males?

“*Aff.*—Givens, Quarles, Mack, Taylor, Dow, M. Ainslie.

“*Neg.*—Torbert, Lawson, Mitchell, J. Ainslie, Tucker, Morton.”

As it has been the writer's lot to preside over the education of girls during the best years of his life, he is gratified to find that in his boyhood (for he was only twelve years of age then) he was the advocate of woman's right to a full participation in the privileges of a thorough education. The strength of truth was on the side of the affirmative, but the heavy guns of debate were with the negative. Torbert and Lawson were the orators of the school. J. W. Torbert is another of the most distinguished pupils that the school has known. He was a faithful student, and eagerly ambitious for self-improvement. He was far more mature in years than the rest of us. At this time he was probably nearly or quite twenty-one years of age. He was invited while a pupil to take charge of the city public school, and accepted the trust. He was specially gifted as a speaker. Of commanding appearance, having a fine voice, great fertility of thought, affluence of speech, and grace of movement, he was a natural orator, capable of commanding the attention of any audience he might address. There were lively times in the Boonville Lyceum when he and John H. Hening, Esq., were pitted in debate against each other. They were both vigorous thinkers and effective speakers.

Torbert threw himself into politics, was very popular upon the stump, and was sent by Taylor or Fillmore as consul to the Island of St. Thomas, we believe, and there died. If he had lived to middle age there is hardly a doubt that he would have left behind him a name historic in the annals of his country.

The thirteenth semi-annual term began February 25, 1850, and during its continuance fifty-seven names were registered. For the next school year, embracing the fourteenth and fifteenth sessions, the records have been lost, and we have no means now of ascertaining how many were enrolled, nor the names of particular pupils. As yet the custom of publishing an annual catalogue had not begun.

In 1851 the school building was improved by an addition, which nearly doubled its capacity. It was put up as an ell to the front building, already described, at the north-west corner, inclosing in a hall the steps leading to the second story. This improvement was necessary for the accommodation of those who wished to avail themselves of the benefits of the school. We are satisfied, however, that Mr. Kemper's own judgment did not approve this enlargement. He was always favorable to a small school. We must bear in mind that he was still, and for several years longer, a bachelor, and that the enlargement was not for boarders, but for an increased attendance of day pupils. The addition had a hall and one large room on each of its two floors. Mr. Kemper took the intermediate pupils into the lower room, James M. Byler was given the primaries in the old school-room, and L. M. Lawson took charge

of the most advanced classes in the upper room of the new building.

From statements made in his journal we learn that this improvement cost about three thousand dollars, and that he was expected to pay for it within three years. The centennial catalogue tells us that it was put up by a joint-stock company, with the understanding that Mr. Kemper was to purchase the interest of the other stockholders. This he doubtless did to a great degree by educating the sons of those who had taken stock. We know from his journal that before he had occupied the building a year he had paid more than seven hundred dollars upon it.

The year succeeding this improvement of the premises is noted in showing the largest attendance in the history of the school. In the fall term there were enrolled one hundred and twenty-seven pupils, and in the spring one hundred and twenty-one. These were large numbers for three teachers to handle. They were well graded, however, and in those days the range of studies was not as extensive as now. The largest proportion was under Mr. Kemper's personal care, and the smallest in Lawson's room.

During the first term of the eighth year, beginning September 8, 1851, Elijah Workman's name appears. He was the son of English parents, who lived near the upper landing for steamboats. They did not tarry long in Boonville, but soon removed to California, where they have since resided. Charley Reinhart is still in Boonville, with a pleasant smile and a hearty shake of the hand for any of the old

pupils he may meet. Leverett Leonard, the son of one of the best farmers that ever tilled the soil and improved the stock of Cooper County, carries on a magnificent farm in Saline, the banner county of the State for the richness of its soil. Leverett was graduated at Dartmouth College and studied law, but prefers the more quiet and independent life of the husbandman.

During the spring term, beginning February 9, 1852, William Workman became a pupil. With his name there comes to us a throng of pleasant memories. He was one of the best of boys. Simple, unaffected, generous, true, we loved him as though he had been a brother. In those days his family was poor. As already stated, they went to California, and have there become wealthy, owning extensive orange and lemon groves, fig orchards, and vineyards in Los Angeles. We sometimes wonder whether money has contracted or expanded the noble sympathies of his nature. We should love to meet him again ; but, if not here, then we hope to do so in the amaranthine bowers of the upper Paradise, more beautiful, more fragrant, more perennial than the orange groves of his California home. David Lionberger belongs here ; he was the youngest of five brothers, all of whom were pupils—John R., De Witt C., Frank, William, and himself. Their father was for many years one of the prominent citizens of Cooper County. David studied medicine, and went to Paris to perfect himself in his profession. But his delicate constitution soon yielded to disease, and he filled an early grave. Ralph Augustus Quarles entered during this session. He and Dr. William M. and J. A. Quarles were all sons of Colonel James

Quarles, who became a citizen of Cooper County in 1836. Himself a teacher in early life, he prized the advantages of education, and gave to all three of his sons both a collegiate and professional course. Augustus went to Westminster College, and then to the medical school. Since his graduation he has practised his profession in the city of St. Louis.

The ninth year opened September 20th, 1852, and during its first term one hundred and ten pupils were registered. Scott Benedict, one of the best boys of the school, was of this number. He went to California. John M. Weidemeyer is another. He was one of the most athletic boys that ever graced the campus of a school. He excelled in all kinds of sport, but was specially proficient at foot-ball, where activity, strength, and endurance were all required. He was one of the most popular students of the school—popular with his teacher and loved by his associates. He bore a captain's commission under the Confederacy, and, we are sure, was a gallant soldier. He is now an enterprising merchant at Clinton, Mo. William Wyan Trigg, instinctively a modest, refined gentleman, and Beverly Bunce are pupils of this period. Beverly Bunce has reason to remember the writer of this volume. We were playing bandy. The writer had a stick, on the curve of which a hollow bone had been fastened, to give it weight. He had gotten possession of the ball on a part of the field where there was no one to interfere with him. He prepared, therefore, to give the ball the heaviest possible stroke. Beverly was standing right in front to intercept it. When the stroke was made, the bone flew from the stick, hit Beverly squarely in the forehead, and he

fell as if he had been shot. The striker feared that he had killed him. But fortunately the skull is thick there, and no serious damage was sustained. During the war we saw a Southern soldier, at the battle of Glasgow, with a Minie ball imbedded in his forehead, and yet he was walking around and joking merrily about it.

During the second term there were enrolled eighty-two pupils. William B. Napton, Jr., the son of the distinguished jurist of the same name, was one of these. He became a lawyer, and practised for some years in Kansas City. He has now retired to his farm in Saline County. David W. Thompson. Joseph S. Roberson and James C. Wood, all from Pettis County, belong to this time. Dave was a steady, studious boy. Jo and Jim were rollicking fellows. Jo was smart, and witty, and handsome, and generous, and popular. He and Jim were both fonder of the girls than of their books. Jim lost his heart at Mr. Tracy's, and Jo his at Mr. Bell's. It was love, however, that did not ripen in either case. Jo went West, and we have lost him; but no friend on this broad earth has a greener place in our memory than this same light-hearted, frank, impulsive, noble Jo.

The winter of 1853 marks an era in the history of the school, from the fact that an effort was then made to convert it into a college. For this purpose the following charter was secured from the Legislature of Missouri:—

“AN ACT to incorporate Boonville College.

“WHEREAS, the school known as The Boonville Male Collegiate Institute, located in Boonville, Cooper County, has sustained itself for many years, has fitted pupils for high standing in

the advanced classes of the best colleges, and has been supplied by its founder, F. T. Kemper, with suitable buildings and fixtures; and *whereas*, it is desired by the community sustaining said school to erect it into a college, which shall, in addition to the usual routine of literary and professional instruction, have normal and agricultural schools for the special education of farmers and teachers; the whole to be no engine of any sect, and responsible to no ecclesiastical judicature, and yet remaining as heretofore, under Presbyterian influence; therefore,

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, as follows :

"SECTION 1. That John G. Miller, James Quarles, John Colhoun, William H. Trigg, James Walter, E. W. Brown, Jordan O'Bryan, Smith Walker, Caleb Jones, James M. Nelson, C. L. Loomis, Jeremiah Rice, Richard T. Jacobs, F. T. Kemper, Chester Brewster, William G. Bell, F. W. G. Thomas, and Elisha Stanley, are hereby constituted a body corporate, under the name and style of 'Boonville College;' shall have perpetual succession and a common seal; and, in their corporate capacity, may sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, defend and be defended in all courts and places whatsoever.

"SEC. 2. Said Board of Trustees shall have power to receive, acquire, recover, and hold any money, or real, or personal estate that may be granted, donated, or devised for the use of said institution; and may purchase and dispose of property, in such manner as will best promote the object of their organization.

"SEC. 3. Said corporation shall have power to confer all the literary honors or degrees, conferred by similar institutions, and to create such other degrees as may best promote the education of agriculturalists and professional teachers for common and high schools.

"SEC. 4. Said Board of Trustees is hereby empowered to appoint a faculty, the president of which shall be, ex-officio, president of the Board of Trustees; and to appoint other officers and tutors as the interest of the institution may require. They may also displace the same, and make such by-laws and regulations as will further the interests of the college, provided they be not inconsistent with the law of the land.

"SEC. 5. Said corporation shall have power to displace mem-

bers of their own body, who shall become disqualified for duty by age, infirmity, or otherwise, or who shall fail to perform their duties from neglect of the interests of the institution.

“This act to take effect from its passage.

“Approved February 12, 1853.”

As is manifest from the charter, the design was to make a college for the special benefit of farmers and teachers. Mr. Kemper himself was both, and he took the liveliest interest in the agricultural classes as well as in teachers. His favorite idea, however, was the normal college. We must remember that at that time there was none such in Missouri, and but very few in this country. It was his great ambition to inaugurate such a scheme in connection with his school in Boonville. We have before us an elaborate report on the subject prepared by him and submitted to those who were interested in Boonville College. In it he first states and elaborates the proposition, that “education should be a *professional* business,” “a learned profession,” “that teachers should be professionally educated.” He then suggests “a plan for a school of pedagogics.” “We think,” he says, “a three years’ course of professional training, after leaving college, as little as the wants of the true teacher will admit. . . . In three departments of study and practice. The first scientific, the second educational, the third practical exercise in teaching. . . . In the scientific department we would have teachers not only to review, but greatly extend their inquiries. . . . 2. The educational department. Here let the embryo teacher learn the nature, the history, and the present state of education. Let him study how to govern a school and control his tem-

per ; how to exemplify, before his pupils and the world, the wisdom, and knowledge, and moral virtue which he is to inculcate. Let him study school architecture, the laws of health, the true relation of the teacher to his pupils, to the other professions, and to society ; and last, though not least, the economics of his profession, or the way to make it pay. . . .

3. We would attach to the college a preparatory department, in which all theories on education should be brought to the test of experiment, and in which the results of the wisest investigations might be employed in fitting children for future collegiate and business life "

As an additional incentive to professional excellence, he proposes, with reference to the normal graduate, "Having started him out, a man of real learning and skill in his business, let him, after teaching three years, if he demonstrates his success, be counted worthy the degree of *Doctor of Philosophy*."

One hundred thousand dollars, in addition to the endowment of the college, he thinks would put such a school on a solid foundation ; and he suggests that it be raised "by subscriptions of one dollar each from the patriotic and Christian ladies of our beloved country."

There has been preserved one of these original subscription lists. The heading was written by Mr. Kemper. It is:—

"We, whose names are affixed, agree to pay the sums opposite to our names respectively to the Treasurer of Boonville College, for the purpose of endowing the 'School of Professional Teachers in Boon-

ville College.' July 18, '53.—A. H. Bailey, \$1.00 ; A. S. Jefferson, \$1.00 ; E. J. Slack, \$1.00 ; G. S. Johnson, \$1.00 ; M. McFarland, \$1.00 ; S. B. Hammond, \$1.00."

The plan for endowing the college proper was the one which at that time was quite popular in Missouri, by means of scholarships. There were to be six hundred, at one hundred dollars each. They were transferable. A single scholarship entitled its holder to sixteen years of tuition in the regular collegiate, or collegiate and preparatory course. A half scholarship gave four years' tuition. A scholarship and a half entitled its owner to eight years in the preparatory department, in addition to the sixteen years of the single scholarship. Three scholarships gave the right to perpetual tuition.

Boonville College was never put into operation. There is no allusion to the scheme in his journal. We seriously question whether, outside of the normal features, Mr. Kemper ever had any very great interest in the project. It failed, probably because it was found impracticable to raise the means necessary for its endowment. At that time the Masons, at Lexington ; the Methodists, at Fayette ; the Baptists, at Liberty ; and the Presbyterians, at Fulton and Richmond, having founded colleges, were endeavoring to raise the funds for their maintenance. Another non-sectarian college, "yet remaining under Presbyterian influence," was impracticable. While we do not know it to be so, it is our opinion that Mr. Bell, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and a man of intelligent enterprise, was really the prime mover of the scheme. He was the president of the board of trustees.

We all should rejoice that no college was instituted. Missouri has of them all that will be needed probably for a hundred years to come. But it has no other school which has done or can do the work accomplished by the Family School or academy of Mr. Kemper. We need twenty more of the same kind in Missouri now.

Before dismissing Boonville College we shall be pardoned for saying a word about C. L. Loomis, who appears in the charter as one of the incorporators, and who was the secretary of the board of trustees. He came to Boonville as a Yankee school-teacher, some years before this. He at first taught a boys' school on Main Street, opposite the present residence of Mr. James M. Nelson. It was, in some sense, a rival of Mr. Kemper's. There was never, however, the slightest unfriendly feeling between them. They were both bachelors, and both Presbyterians. Mr. Loomis had rather the harder cases of the town. He did his work well—so well that he was invited by Mr. J. L. Tracy to take the principalship of the flourishing school for girls over which he presided. There he was invaluable. Indeed, he was quite a remarkable man. Very homely in his personal appearance and ungraceful in his gait, he was one of those rare men that seem to know everything and to be able to do anything. To our youthful eyes he was a wonder, and as we look back to him, after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, we can truthfully say that, modest as he was, he was one of the marked men we have met in this world. He married finally Miss Ruggles, one of his associate teachers, and went

as a missionary to Africa. Where he is now we do not know.

The tenth year of the school opened September 19, 1853. During the first term there were entered eighty-five pupils, among them Frederick Kemper Freeman, a namesake and nephew of our teacher. Fred was a sprightly, good-hearted boy, universally popular. He went west into the Territories for a while, then gave his services to the Confederacy during the war, and is now living in Georgia. George H. Houck is a name which prompts a sigh. Poor boy! he has gone to his reckoning, and to his own Master he stands or falls. With many good traits of character, he was utterly unfit for such a school. It would have been better had his father kept him with himself on his trips back and forth to Santa Fé. We know not which to pity most, poor George or his poor teacher. John T. and James H. Chandler, twin brothers, were so much alike that their own father could not distinguish them, and was compelled, therefore, to whip them both, to be sure that he had the right one. Boys of robust minds in robust bodies, substantial characters, but full of mischief and fun. They were good students and fine speakers. They taught in the school the next year, and afterward for several years in various parts of the State. John was a tutor in William Jewell College. They were both Southern soldiers, John gaining a major's commission. James is now loaning money on Kansas City property, and is a resident of that thriving place. John became a lawyer, was sent to the State Legislature from Clay County, has been presented by his

county as its candidate for Congress before the nominating convention, and is now a substantial citizen of Liberty, Mo., and the treasurer of William Jewell College. William Gentry was the son of Richard Gentry, of Pettis County, in his day the leading farmer of Missouri, and one of its most remarkable men. William is now one of the *heavy* men of his native county, an extensive and prosperous bachelor farmer. Philip E. Chappell, from Callaway, opposite Jefferson City, and William G. McCarty, from the capital, belong here. Both good boys and good men. Phil was a favorite. We all remember his bright face and sparkling eyes. He has given himself to a financial life as a banker, and is now the honored Treasurer of the State of Missouri. That his love never waned for his old teacher, and that his pen has not lost its cunning, are shown in the very excellent tribute which he pays in this volume to the character of Mr. Kemper. William Ballantine, then from Brunswick, now of Nebraska City, had all the generous impulses of his Irish ancestry. Dan Woolridge is the popular druggist of Boonville.

There were eighty-one pupils during the second term, beginning Feb. 13, 1854; among them Lewis Nelson, son of James M. Nelson, probably the wealthiest man and certainly one of the worthiest citizens of Cooper County.

This closes the record of the writer's personal attendance upon the school. For nine years and a half he had been a registered pupil. It was an inestimable privilege to sit at his feet for so long a time. He is almost ashamed to confess it here, as such advantages

should have shown themselves in a more fruitful life. It was not the teacher's fault that they have not. The influence of his mighty spirit has been the attending mentor of his life, and, though twenty-eight years have since sped their course, he still lives under the grateful shadow of his teacher's presence.

Another, far more important, fact makes this a proper pause for the close of this chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS MARRIAGE.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man.
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care.
More as the double-natured poet each,
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man.
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm.
Then springs the crowning race of human kind."

TENNYSON.

WE know from his journal that Mr. Kemper did not contemplate a bachelor's life as a permanent arrangement. From our knowledge of his character, it seems rather strange that he should have postponed his marriage to so late a period. As from our



observation and reflection on the subject we judge early marriages the wiser arrangement in all ordinary cases, we have queried why Mr. Kemper did not think so. Several reasons may suggest themselves. Among these there is one, which we know exerted a considerable and perhaps a determining influence with him : it was his unwillingness to ask any one to share with him the inconveniences of comparative poverty. He alludes to this several times in his journal. We do not believe in this principle. A poor man needs a wife as much as a rich one, and a true woman will not hesitate to share the fortunes of the man she loves. Another reason may have influenced him, and doubtless did. It was the fact that he never met the woman of his choice until he saw his wife.

There was at Boonville, almost as far back as we can remember, a flourishing school for girls, known as the "Pleasant Retreat Female Seminary." It was the property and under the control of the Rev. William G. Bell, the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Boonville. It was an excellent institution, perhaps the best in the State at that time. Mrs. Bell was unusually well qualified for the responsibilities of her position, as she was a superior housekeeper, a refined lady, and an excellent manager of girls. The school was quite popular, attracting pupils from all parts of the State. Its students are now among the cultivated women of Missouri.

In the early part of the winter of 1849 there was a vacancy in the school, and Miss Ruggles, who was then a teacher in the Tracy school of Boonville, sent for one of her former pupils, Miss Susan H. Taylor,

of Hoosick Falls, New York, to fill the vacancy. As Miss Taylor had finished the regular course of study in the academy of this place, and was only giving attention to music and drawing, she was able to leave at once, and reached Boonville in the latter part of November. She was introduced to Mr. Kemper the first day of her arrival, at the church prayer-meeting. Six months perhaps elapsed before they were thrown together again. After this they were frequently in each other's company, and became well acquainted by means of the singing-schools, lyceums, and school exhibitions which they attended. Both were members also of the church choir. In this way two years passed, and they recognized each other as friends, bound together by the tie of mutual respect. A Bible class was then formed, composed chiefly of the teachers of the Sunday-school. Hon. John G. Miller was one of its members. He was an elder, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and a devout Christian. Captain James Walter, Thomas Slack, Colonel James Quarles, and Dr. William M. Quarles were also remembered as connected with the class. These are all dead but Mr. Slack, who now lives in Jefferson, Texas. He is a brother of General Slack of Confederate fame, and is remembered as an honest, good man, very fond of singing; which he did, not only with the spirit and the understanding, but also with his whole body.

Mr. Kemper was the teacher of this Bible class, and the prophecy of Daniel was the first study. It was here that the attachment between Mr. Kemper and Miss Taylor began; in the mutual study of God's word their friendship ripened into love. Mr. Kem-

per was a man of strong feeling and ardent attachments. The schoolboy who showed a spirit of obedience and a disposition and ability to learn always stood very high in his estimation. So this young woman, who studied her Bible lesson so as to be able to answer the hard questions of this prophetic and mystical book, at once won his heart. There are some of his schoolboys probably still living who may remember acting as postmen for their teacher. They would take their stand at the door of the Presbyterian Church before the Sabbath-school began, and hand Miss Taylor his letter as she entered to take charge of her class. The answer was taken to the Bible class in the afternoon, and placed inside a book of reference, which was passed over to him at the close of the recitation. But few letters were thus exchanged before the important question was asked and answered, and the engagement sealed by the presentation of a handsomely bound copy of the Greek Testament. A fitting courtship for so high and hallowed a union.

He was anxious that the marriage should take place at the close of the session in the summer of 1852. But chivalry and prudence seemed to forbid, for he said that he was in debt and could not ask any woman to share a life of poverty. Miss Taylor therefore returned to her home in the East.

In the year 1853 his father died in Virginia. From the patrimony which now came to him he was able to free himself from the load of debt and buy a small farm, lying some five miles south of Boonville. This farm, as we shall see, became one of the pets of his subsequent life.

There was now no obstacle to the consummation of his marriage. He always preserved a dignified reticence as to his private affairs. The writer, closing his connection with the school in 1854, was to be sent to the University of Virginia. Hearing that Mr. Kemper was also contemplating a trip to Virginia, he very naturally asked to be allowed to accompany him. The request was refused, without explanation, but for a reason which in due time became apparent. Miss Taylor was now living in Muscatine, Iowa, and there, July 17, 1854, at the house of Mr. David Kerr, she and Mr. Kemper were married by the Rev. Samuel Baird. They made a bridal trip to New England and to Virginia, visiting the relatives of each.

“John Taylor came from England in 1639, and settled in Connecticut. He had two sons—John, born in 1641, and Thomas, in 1643. In 1645, having business that called him back to England, he set sail in a ship of which nothing was ever heard again, except as a vision which is known in history as the ‘Phantom Ship’; one of the

‘Ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.’

“When the boys were grown, John, the elder son, moved to Northampton, Mass., while the younger remained with his mother. The descendants of this younger son enjoyed great prosperity and long lives. Many men and women of influence and learning and piety went forth to bless other communities and portions of our great country. But the elder son, settling in a portion of the country renowned for

Indian warfare and disturbances, many of his family were killed or taken prisoners. Their widows were thus left to struggle with poverty and hardships in raising their children. As a necessary result, there was less of wealth and learning in this branch of the family, but quite as much of sterling worth, and integrity and simple trust in God.

“John himself was killed by the Indians in 1704, leaving a family of thirteen children. Thomas, the tenth child, was in several battles with the French and Indians, but after escaping the perils of war was drowned in the Connecticut River. He left but two children. The youngest, Thomas, was engaged in Indian warfare, and while marching with a company of seventeen men was waylaid near Brattleboro, Vt., by a party of one hundred French and Indians. After a desperate encounter, in which most of his men were killed, Captain Taylor was made a prisoner and taken to Canada. He was kept in close confinement for several months, but was finally released for a ransom. The General Court of Massachusetts rewarded him for his bravery by the payment of fifty pounds, eighteen pounds for the loss of his gun, and ten pounds for the loss of his leather breeches.

“Lewis Taylor, the father of Mrs. Kemper, and grandson of Captain Taylor, erected a handsome marble monument, in 1874, on the spot where so many brave men were killed and his grandfather was captured.

“At an early date this branch of the Taylor family, meeting with so many losses and discouragements, were inclined to emigrate and seek homes in more fertile lands and beneath sunnier skies.

Calvin Taylor, a surgeon in the U. S. service, located in Mississippi as early as 1790. But as he died before the expiration of a year, his brothers were deterred from following his example. But the next generation three of the brothers left their New England home, going first to New Jersey. But the father of Mrs. Kemper was recalled to take charge of his father's farm. The other two brothers went on South. One of them established a celebrated school for girls at Sparta, Georgia. The other, Calvin Taylor, still lives, a hospitable, noble, good man on the Gulf coast of Mississippi.

"This spirit of emigration prevailed to such an extent that at the present day this family has a greater number of representatives in Wisconsin, Iowa, Mississippi, Louisiana, and California than in the New England States.

"All of the numerous branches of this family have been a blessing in communities where they have made their homes.

"That they retain the integrity and virtues of their ancestors is perhaps best shown in the correspondence of Mr. Lewis Taylor, the father of Mrs. Kemper, with Mrs. Porter (the wife of President Porter, of Yale College), who belonged to the Connecticut family of Taylors. Their object was to impart and obtain information about both branches of the family. Their combined research could find no member upon whom any stain or dishonor rested, and there was no record of a divorce or separation of husband and wife.

"Mrs. Kemper's mother was a Webster of Northfield, Mass., and in this family were many gifted

minds and noble characters. An uncle of hers, Ezekiel Webster, who was graduated at Harvard College, was pronounced by his classmates the peer of Daniel Webster, both in intellect and powers of oratory. But just after his graduation he met with an accident that deprived him of his eyesight and compelled him to lead a secluded life.

"Mrs. Kemper's grandmother Taylor bore the maiden name of Christian Field, and was a woman of renowned piety and an active worker in every good cause. From this Field family have gone forth men of enterprise, and worth and goodness to all parts of the country.

"Susan Holton Taylor was born in Barre, Vt., November 26, 1831, and was the fifth child in a family of nine children. When only two years of age her father removed to Hinsdale, N. H., to take charge of his father's farm, situated at the junction of the Ashuelot River with the Connecticut. This was a manufacturing village, and the children had to be sent away from home for an education. Susan and her sister Emily went to Hoosick Falls, N. Y., to prepare for Mount Holyoke Seminary. Emily's health failed, and she was obliged to stop her studies. Susan then entered Miss Lyon's seminary for a three years' course, but after one year there she persuaded her father to let her return to Hoosick Falls. She remained there until the time of her coming to Boonville."

Mrs. Kemper is undoubtedly a representative of the best elements of New England society. She was a congenial companion for her husband. She not only appreciated his many great excellences, but

was also in thorough sympathy with all his tastes and pursuits. Like him she was a scholar and a student. Like him, she was a teacher and an educator. Like him, she was a Christian and a worker for Christ. Their communion of spirit must have been perfect, and of the most elevated character. With all her intelligence and learning, she was a true woman; not harsh and crabbed, as some literary women are. There never was a pupil of her husband, during the twenty-six years and more of their wedded life, that did not love and respect Mrs. Kemper. She won the hearts of all, not by the low arts of the demagogue, but by her gentleness, and patience, and constant readiness to sympathize with suffering and to relieve distress. She was the friend even of the bad boys, and, like Goldsmith's preacher, she

“Chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.”

Happy was our dear teacher in securing such a wife; and happy she in being honored with such a husband; for

“Happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.”

The intimacy of husband and wife is certainly the closest, and should be the most hallowed of the relations of life. No true and pure sensibility but shrinks instinctively and relentlessly from all exposure of these domestic treasures to the cold and curious gaze of the public. These feelings we shall certainly respect. The few extracts from letters

which are here presented will not, we think, be a violation of this principle, as they simply show the common loyalty of man and wife.

“FULTON, MO., Christmas, 1856.

“There is only one thing more sacred than the marriage relation, and that is our relation to God. In thinking of you, I feel that it is cruel to have such ties sundered by death ; but I repress the rising thought, for all our relations here are polluted by sin, and the world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage is our true home. I have brighter hopes of heaven by reason of my relation to you. If the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, the latter has much responsibility, as well as a glorious mission.”

From Mrs. Kemper to her husband in St. Joseph :

“BOONVILLE, MO., Jan. 15, 1875.

“We all miss you very much. Grace says she is in ‘distress’ because her father is away. Stella and Freddy say : ‘We are so lonesome, and wish our father would come home ; but we work some every day and try to be good children.’

“May the Lord guide and keep you, and bring you back in safety to those who have no joy while you are absent.”

From Mrs. Kemper, after starting on a journey :

“ST. LOUIS, July 8, 1878.

“I feel very unhappy about leaving, and would gladly turn back if a sense of stern duty were not resting upon me. Even now I think I would return if Grace did not take a cry every time I speak of it, I hope you will not undertake any hard work ; for your continued life and health are of more value to your family than all other earthly good. Indeed I should be a thousand-fold happier in that old log cabin at the farm with you, than with a gay company in a palace-car, seeing all new places and objects, and traveling the world over.”

“FULTON, June 12, 1857.

“I hope it is well with you and with the child. You are all the world to me, and more. I hope our pilgrimage will be marked

by growing affection, wisdom, and usefulness, and that we, with no more long separations on the way, may be united in the world where the most congenial spirits here will there have the most intimate companionship. Whom could I greet with so much joy on the plains of heaven as I could her who gave me her heart's devotion here? Surely, after my Saviour, none could claim such a glad greeting."

"FULTON, MO., March 17, 1861.

"Last night, in writing to my aunt Mary Kellogg, when I alluded to our dear departed boy I found the fountain of my tears as copious as ever. I felt surprised once when I saw my father's face quiver with deep emotion at the mention of my brother, who died thirteen years before. I understand it now. I have a mournful pleasure in thinking of our dear boy. It is certainly a rich pleasure to think of those we love best as being in heaven. Besides, you and I are more closely one by the common grief, as well as joy, of our lot. I look toward the cemetery as I go to college, and enjoy communion with Eugene and with his mother."

"WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, March 14, 1857.

"We have been enjoying a course of lectures from Dr. Baird. I told him that my wife was reading Greek, and when she felt qualified to take my classes I thought of visiting Greece. But upon reflection I think that I can no more part with you, if there is no better reason for it than learning—stern duty alone must part us. I shall bring on my Greek Testament, however, so that we can read it together in the vacation, and I think we can accomplish more than when I was courting. Good-by. Without you I am 'a bird with one imperfect wing to soar upon.'"

As the fruits of this marriage there were born eleven children, six daughters and five sons. The oldest three were born while the parents were living in Fulton, all the others after their return to Boonville.

Lewis Taylor was born May 16, 1857; Eugene Allison, January 25, 1859; Ida Webster, July 19,

1860; Julia Strong, September 16, 1861; Walter Edwin, August 15, 1863; Grace, March 22, 1865; Theodore, May 20, 1866; Stella Ruth, September 6, 1868; Frederick William, September 29, 1869; Susie Alice, August 19, 1872; May Gertrude, March 17, 1874.

But the angel reapers have been in this precious harvest field, and have gathered more than half to the garnered treasures above. Eugene led the way, and was first shown the path to heaven, January 15, 1861. Then Julia followed, before she had known a single year of earth's sorrows, June 30, 1862. One day after, Ida joined her and their angel brother, July 1, 1862. Lewis, the first-born, who had lived long enough to become the hope, the pride, the joy of his parents' hearts, fell with the leaves of autumn, and his young spirit entered upon the eternal spring-time of the soul, November 22, 1863. Then Walter, another little bud that dared not open its petals to the harsh blasts of this world, unfolded its loveliness to the sunnier skies above, May 25, 1864. Theodore, recognized as God's gift to stricken hearts, spent but a single summer here, and found of all the shortest path to heaven. Last of the sacred seven was Freddie, the father's namesake, the mother's love and hope, whose mind had expanded enough to show somewhat of the undeveloped riches it contained, amid the glories of the centennial year, saw the beckoning nod of the six who had preceded him, and went to join their happy company. Thus they went, five sons—all, every boy that God had given them—and two daughters, sweet companions in heaven for their brothers.

“ Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard.
Sweet household name by name hath changed
To grief's forbidden word !
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed ;
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are ye, my beloved ? ”

“ Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
They sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven. ”

“ Let them die,
Let them die now, thy children ! So thy heart
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimmed
Within it to the last. ”

With such mutual joy as ever waits upon the birth of children ; with such sweet discipline of sorrow, as they saw them, one by one, taken to their home above : how must these parents' hearts have been welded into one, and how must they have been chastened in this seven-times-heated fiery furnace of bereavement ! As we read such a record, that is not without its parallel in many another pious Christian household, do we wonder that probably the very first problem discussed by the pen of inspiration was the afflictions of God's people ? Whether Job be a myth or a real person, he is the type of millions who have succeeded him, and who have needed, in the dark valley of sorrow, not only to read the lesson of his faith and patience, but also the truth, taught by his history, and which God has thrown as a rainbow of peace and comfort across the dark cloud of our earthly trials, “ Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth. ”

The common belief of man has been the contrary. Unusual sorrows he interprets as the proof of unusual displeasure on the part of the Sovereign Dispenser of events. To many a crushed spirit, this has been the most oppressive thought, God surely is angry with me, else why does He pursue me thus? That this is not so, is sufficiently proven by two indisputable facts, that notoriously and confessedly wicked men often greatly prosper, while the good and pure are correspondingly depressed.

“ In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed.”

Why, how is this, if God rules and concerns Himself with human interests? He could prevent all this, did He think it wisest so to do. He does not prevent it. He allows it. He brings it about. We may not fully understand the special purpose in any case. But we do know that He never errs, and that He is always good. He tells us that the sorrows of His people are not the punishments of a Judge, but the chastisements of a Father; not the evidences of His anger, but the sure pledge of His love; that “this present light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory.” The poet Moore caught the inspiration of this truth when he sang:—

“ Oh, Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;

And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !"

So this marriage, begun July 17, 1854, and ended March 9, 1881, a union of two noble Christian people, and sealed by the birth of eleven children, was nevertheless shadowed by the wings of death, if death can shadow a Christian household. Now the mother and four daughters remain, to tarry here a little longer before they too shall go to complete the family union around our Father's glory-circled throne. To them

" Adversity's cold frosts will soon be o'er ;
It heralds brighter days :—the joyous spring
Is cradled on the winter's icy breast,
And yet comes flushed in beauty."

CHAPTER X.

KEMPER FAMILY SCHOOL.

“ I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first.”—GEORGE MACDONALD.

MR. KEMPER had now taught in Boonville ten years. He was nearly thirty-eight years of age. Although up to this time a bachelor, he had always had a boarding department attached to his school. This had been under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Allison. Up to this period no special effort was made to bring the boarding-house into prominence. The school, while never without boarding-pupils, was conducted mainly in the interest of those living immediately around it. Now, however, Mr. Kemper was married, and his wife was a teacher in full sympathy with the profession of her husband. This led to a change in the character of the school. From this time forth the boarding department comes into greater and still greater prominence, until finally it culminates in the exclusion of day pupils altogether.

For the first year and a half it was called *The Boonville Boarding School*. It then received the name of *Male Collegiate Institute*. The change in its character for the coming year is shown in the fact that it is opened, in the fall of 1854, as *The Kemper Family School*. This eleventh year began September 18, and

there were enrolled during its continuance sixty-one pupils, of whom nineteen were boarders. He received the assistance of John T. and James H. Chandler, who were intelligent, energetic, and efficient teachers.

It is worthy of remark that, while Mr. Kemper was a decided Presbyterian, and the school was regarded, as stated in the charter, as being under similar influence, his assistant teachers, so far, were taken altogether from other Christian connections. The Harrises and Chandlers were Baptists; Lawson was from a Methodist family, but has since become a Baptist; and Byler was a Universalist. This, as well as every other act of his life, shows the liberality of his spirit. There never was the faintest tinge of bigotry about him.

The session of 1855-56 opened Sept. 17, 1855, and during the entire term there were entered but thirty pupils. There was no assistant teacher for this year, as none was needed. He determined to limit the number to those whom he could personally teach.

This brings us to a gap in the history of the school at Boonville. In the summer of 1856 Mr. Kemper was elected to a professorship in Westminster College. He accepted the position, and held it for five years. During this time the school passed through several hands. It was continued as a school for boys for one year by the writer of this sketch, who had come home from the University of Virginia to spend a year in the recruiting of his health. The property was then sold and occupied as a school for girls, under the control, first of a Mr. Fielding, and afterward of Mr. Lawson G. Drury.

This break in the continuity of the school, or its

transfer, in a sense, to Fulton, furnishes a convenient place to pause and turn to his journal, that we may glean from it matters of interest and instruction.

We shall give, first, some incidents that occurred in his management of the school, and which he thought of sufficient importance to be recorded.

“*Friday Morning, Oct. 13, 1848.*—I have just heard, by the merest accident, that I have offended one of my scholars—excited bad feelings and a boasting that he was not *afraid* of me, etc. This boy entered the school Monday last, I believe. As I think this case develops certain laws of very common application, I will detail the affair very circumstantially.

“*Imprimis*, I had devised a new plan for teaching punctuation. (See blank book of copies.) I was flushed with interest and pleasure in prospect of having my scholars learn punctuation so readily as I expected ; pleased at the prospect of learning it myself ; pleased at having penmanship learned simultaneously with punctuation ; pleased that all the writing-class, both grammar scholars and smaller ones, could learn at once ; and that in one half hour I could comfortably teach so much ; get and give so much improvement.

“This was the second day that I had been at the first lesson in punctuation. I approached L., found him busy, but employing his time in utter ignorance of *the* very principle to be learned, a principle which I had reiterated again and again. I did not rebuke him exactly, as I remember, but in the flush of my anxiety that all should do well, and disappointment at what I regarded the stupidity of so large a scholar, I told him what he ought to do, referred to my reitera-

tions for two days, wrote his exercise correctly, and left him."

The next incident shows that he was an honest and severe critic of himself.

"*Wednesday, Jan. 24, 1849.*—I have been uncomfortably, though not disgracefully, vexed to-day in the rehearsal of a drama preparatory to exhibition. Causes:—

"1st. I had not severely studied the drama; consequently I knew not the subject-matter, nor had I conceived of the proper character of each individual person. Indeed, some of the persons did not know what parts had been assigned them.

"2d. Of course, boys were unprepared for interesting performance, and misbehaved.

"*Lesson:* I must be prepared in all respects, and know how to prepare my boys. Then I shall have perfect *self* control during the performance, and can control others successfully and pleasantly to them and me."

The next illustrates one of the great practical evils in all our schools, public and private—absenteeism. No pupil ever loses one hour from the regular exercises of school except to his own injury and to the discomfort of his teachers. There are cases in almost every school where the year is practically wasted, the pupil kept constantly behind his class, and the teacher perpetually harassed by this evil. The strangest thing about the matter is that some parents expect the teacher to deduct from the tuition of the child on account of these absences. Such is the case here recorded. We have had such in our experience; we remember one distinctly who sent his son in the year

1856-57. He insisted that we should discount for every day and half day on which his boy should be away. Such pupils give their teachers more trouble than any two obedient and industrious ones that never lose an hour ; and yet the teacher is expected to lose by the very thing which gives him this double trouble. Mr. Kemper, as we shall see, yielded to this unreasonable demand, as did we. But he learned afterward to assert his rights, and did so in a very decided way. We know of a case which shows this.

After he had changed the school to one exclusively for boarders, he limited his number to fifty pupils, for whom he provided rooms, and servants, and teachers. He then published that he would receive no pupil for less than the school year, and that he would hold each parent responsible for the bill of the whole year. A gentleman entered his son and removed him within two months of the beginning of the term, or the time of entering. He was required to pay the bill for the entire year. He objected at first, and consulted a lawyer on the subject. His counselor assured him that he was legally bound for the whole time. This is undoubtedly true ; and while we would not, except in extreme cases, enforce it to the full extent of the bill, yet there are good reasons which justify the doing so.

In the first place, there is the clear contract between the parties. If any parent does not wish to enter his son upon such terms, he is free to keep him at home or to send him somewhere else. Having promised to pay the bill of the year, he is under moral and legal obligation to do so.

Again, the teacher incurs certain obligations on the

faith of these promises of parents. He provides a large and expensive building; he furnishes the rooms engaged; he provides food for such a number; he employs teachers for the entire year. Now, if it is the privilege of one pupil to withdraw, it is the privilege of all. Let all do so, and we see at once that the teacher is ruined.

The same principle applies to many other kinds of business. Let a man engage an architect to build him a house. The workmen are hired, the materials are all bought, and the house is half finished. The owner now suddenly concludes that he will not complete the building. Will the architect be satisfied with payment for the work already done and the materials already used? A landlord rents one hundred acres of tillable land to a tenant for a year, beginning with March. September 1st the tenant gives up the land; does he owe only for the six months he has occupied it?

These cases show that common sense and common justice vindicate the teacher in demanding that those who rent his rooms for a year and then fail to use them, should nevertheless be expected to pay for them. One of the two parties must lose, and, manifestly, the loss should fall on that one who fails to avail himself of the privileges of his engagement.

This discussion has been entered into because there are many good and intelligent men who think that the teacher is almost dishonest when he refuses to lose the time during which they keep their children away from school. If these excellent people were teachers, or would stop a moment to think of teaching as a business, they would see this matter in quite

a different light. In this connection, is it not a significant fact that the teacher, who more than supports his family by his profession, is a rare man in the ranks? There are not twenty-five, among the thousands of teachers in Missouri, who more than make a decent support by their labors in the work of education.

The following incident has suggested these thoughts:—

“*October 25, 1849.*—One parent has to-day withdrawn a boy *at my request*. More than a year ago, having experienced much loss of labor from *absent* boys, I restricted my number to thirty scholars, and made very specific arrangements as to their punctual attendance. Among other cases was that of T. Although his boys had come badly, and I was badly paid in bad lumber badly sawed, I agreed, upon a promise of punctuality, to receive them, and turned off other scholars, cash ones. The promise of punctuality was not fulfilled and *I* lost the time. The boys failed in their studies. One gave up grammar. The other, after extra help out of school in geography, lost so much relish as to be *forced* to get what would have been pleasurable, and declared that he would hold his head as if he were getting his lesson, but would not do it. That is, I might lead him to the waters of knowledge, but he would drink or not as he pleased.

“These circumstances, after the lapse of six months, were detailed to the parents, and the arrangement was made that but one boy should come at a time, and he should be punctual. He has lost the last two weeks or more. His father was advised to remove

him, if there should be any necessity for a recurrence of absences. He has removed him because, as he informs me in a note, he anticipates future absences. Query: how do the past absence of two weeks, and the expectation of future absences, comport in sincerity with past promises of punctuality and past arrangement for the same?"

"*November 5, 1850.*—To-day it rained all playtime, but several boys played town-ball all the recess, who were tardy in the morning on account of rain. One boy, who says he was kept at home by his father for an hour or so, after school let it out that he too would have been here if he had supposed the boys would play."

"*April 10, 1851.*—J. W. good-natured, but don't know how to study. After various troubles and forbearances, found that he did not know how to find answers to questions in arithmetic. We cannot exactly take it for granted that a new scholar knows nothing, for then we could *teach* him nothing. But we must take it for granted that he knows *next* to nothing; that he knows not how to study; that he has been accustomed to disobey rather than do an unpleasant duty."

"*January 24, 1853.*—M. comes into my room this morning, showing considerable passion in his face, and says, 'My pa says if the boys can't let me alone I must quit school.' 'Very well,' I replied.

"Now, first, he is in a bad moral tone himself. Second, his father is the main cause of it. Since his father's return he has been steadily deteriorating. Third, last week I whipped a boy for trespassing upon his rights, and would defend them successfully.

But no one else has been complained of till this irregular and impolite way of departing. He don't want his rights, but is glad of an excuse."

We think that we remember this case, where a boy was whipped on his account. If we are not mistaken, it was F. Octave Bush, a French boy from Louisiana. It was the only time during the nine years of our observation of him when we thought that Mr. Kemper gave an unjust punishment. In this case he gave to Bush what properly belonged to M. Bush was a good boy, and M., at that time, as Mr. Kemper found out the next week, was making himself quite disagreeable.

We shall now present some extracts from his journal referring more exclusively to himself.

"*Monday, Sept. 23, 1850.*—Resolved to emulate the piety of Nelson and Payson, to make this the great controlling principle of my life. Here I will look for symmetry of character. Here I will look for decision of character. Here I will look for happiness. Alms, prayer, and fasting shall be in secret, looking confidently that the open reward will follow without any direct effort for the same.

"*Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1850.*—Yesterday used moderation in eating, and had a hearty play at cat before 9 o'clock this morning. Now at noon my skin is clear. Feelings comfortable. May cheerful hope and joy, such as Christianity inspires, be companions of my way through life. God grant it—my covenant God!"

Mr. Kemper had probably inherited a constitution which was disordered as to its biliary secretions. This native weakness was seriously increased by his

inattention to the laws of health while he was a college student, and for many years afterward. Insufficient and improper food, irregularity of diet, and want of proper rest in sleep all conspired to impair his digestive powers, and to bring upon him, in a chronic form, the unutterable horrors of dyspepsia. He was the suffering and at times the agonized victim of this disease for many years. As late as 1856 we have a statement that he went to bed at half past nine o'clock P.M. and rose at four o'clock A.M., giving himself six and one half hours sleep. With the strain upon the nervous system necessarily involved in teaching and in the management of boys in a boarding school, we are quite sure that this was not enough time for sleep. While it is, in a sense, true that work seldom injures and very rarely kills any one, yet work, and especially care, without proper repose and recreation, will undermine and ruin any ordinary constitution. In his great zeal for professional excellence and his earnest, conscientious desire to do the utmost possible for his pupils, he violated the laws of his physical nature and brought upon himself years of suffering.

In addition to want of sufficient sleep, he injured himself by his habits of abstinence. A man that works must eat. His food should be nutritious, abundant, and in regular quantities. Mr. Kemper imposed frequent fasts upon himself, and at other times abstained from certain forms of food for which he had an evident relish. These were mistakes, in our judgment, for the reason that, being a dyspeptic, he needed to practise the utmost regularity in his diet. He was a man of ardent nature. The drains

upon his physical energies whetted his appetite. He was therefore prone to follow a season of abstinence by one of too free indulgence. This was hurtful. Thus he alternated between extremes, both of which were unnatural and improper. With the daily demands upon him, requiring hard work and constant care, he should have taken daily a regular supply of nourishing and digestible food.

In matters of diet he took the Venetian nobleman, Luigi Cornaro, as a guide. Cornaro gradually reduced the quantity of food which he ate until finally for many years we are told that he lived upon a single egg a day, taking no other solid food. He died at the age of ninety-eight. Such cases are not to be used as examples. Whatever is so extraordinary must be abnormal. Moreover, such a case furnishes no encouragement to irregular habits of eating, fasting to-day and feasting to-morrow. Cornaro found that he could not suddenly increase the quantity of food he took without serious trouble. This was Mr. Kemper's mistake, and is the mistake of many a dyspeptic. Regularity is a necessity for an impaired digestion.

He says that he played at cat between breakfast and the opening of school. For him we question the wisdom of such hearty exercise, so soon after he had eaten. But some of our children may ask, What did he mean by playing at *cat*? This game has now, along with town and hot ball and bandy, gone out of vogue with boys, and they have base-ball as the substitute. This is probably an improvement upon town-ball, which it resembles; but surely the broken bones and bruised faces and blinded eyes

for which it is responsible are a serious damper to our enthusiastic admiration of it. But what is cat? It is a game of ball capable of several modifications, according to the number engaged in it. Three can play it, and it can make room for eight. It requires but a small space, and may occupy a few minutes or as many hours, at the choice of the players. Town and base ball require larger numbers, and space, and longer time. The ordinary game is played by four. There are two bases, facing one another some twenty steps apart. There are two batters, who occupy the bases. Each has one in his rear, who acts as a pitcher to the other batter and a catcher for himself. When either batter strikes the ball, they exchange bases. The catchers seek to win the place of the batters, which they may do by catching, or by throwing the ball between a batter and the base he is seeking to make when they exchange. This last is called "crossing out."

Mr. Kemper not only played at cat, but at town-ball also. He was fond of both games. Indeed town-ball was in a sense the game of the school in the olden times. At noon, before we were dismissed, Mr. Kemper would superintend the division of the players into two parties, or "sides" as we called them. Unless business prevented, he always took part, and was an energetic, interested, and successful player. On the playground, while preserving his dignity, he was always pleasant and condescending. He never used his authority in the conduct of the games; for he would say that in taking part in these sports he made himself one of us, and had no more authority in the game than the rest of us. Perfect

honesty and fair dealing characterized all his acts on the playground. He was always ready to yield a doubtful or disputed point. Several of the boys were more successful players than he, so that he was never chosen the very first on either side. Vachel Hobbs was the best batter we ever had, and Nat Smith the most accurate thrower of the ball to cross a runner out. This participation with us in our sports never abated our respect for Mr. Kemper, while it brought him very near to our sympathies and furnished him much needed relaxation.

While suffering from the depression of dyspepsia, he wrote, July 26, 1851 :—

“I will record my desponding views of my enterprise in B(oonville), and hereafter my cheerful ones, that by contrasting them truth may be elicited. Suppose the house contemplated is put up, and I have one hundred scholars and two assistants. This is one teacher to thirty-three and one third pupils. If they average twenty dollars, it will be two thousand dollars. One thousand will be needed each year for three years to pay for property. Then one thousand divided between three persons would leave for me three hundred and thirty-three dollars. Would this pay fire-wood, food, clothes, taxes, servants, expenses for self and wife?”

Place by the side of this the following, of July 14, 1852, a year afterward :—

“Here I will record some things in my property affairs for which to be grateful. My pecuniary affairs are in a much better condition than when I came to B. Then I rented dwelling and school-room. Now I pay my board by rent of my dwelling, and

get rent for one school-room, having my own free, and am yearly paying for a good house and lot. The past year I have paid upward of seven hundred dollars on it, and some for school furniture. I pay no security debts now : that is about all paid. My library is greatly enlarged, clocks, outhouses, kitchen, smoke-house, wardrobe, bookcase, tables, bed, bedstead, etc. Well."

This he seems to regard as very encouraging pecuniary success. So it was, in comparison with hundreds of other teachers. But surely it is a burlesque on the appreciation of teachers by our people, when one of the most remarkable of them, a bachelor, can congratulate himself that, by eight years of very hard work and patient self-denial, he had succeeded in saving two or three thousand dollars' worth of property.

"August 15, 1851.—Have just finished reading Dr. Ray, in *School Friend*, on the Dominical Letter, a subject on which I have been thinking at intervals for nearly twenty years without the full understanding which I now possess. I have yet to read it repeatedly to make it perfectly familiar, though I now comprehend it.

"August 20, 1851.—Have been to prayer-meeting, and have felt greatly happier than the wealth of this world could make me. Before supper I retired to my closet with a view to prepare for prayer-meeting. Twenty-four hours before I felt gloomy, and was led to think sadly upon the fact that while an acquaintance [doubtless the Hon. John G. Miller, elected to Congress in 1850] was about to visit his Virginia friends in high honor, I am a poor teacher, without

health, wealth, or honor. I was unhappy at the contrast. But I feel happy to-night: happier than earthly honors, or wealth, or pleasure could all three make me. This friend has all that piety can do for a man, and worldly good superadded. His piety is not a *dernier resort* in the way of a substitute for worldly pleasure. Now I feel that the greater includes the less, and is so infinitely above it that the less is not missed—not missed—so far is the want of it from making me unhappy. I learn this important lesson: that men in high life have a kind of pleasure (a poor kind) in attaining laboriously their ends, in serving their ambitious passions. I, through grace, am happy in making my passions serve me. How infinitely superior!"

The summer of 1851 was a crisis in the history of the school. It seems that he seriously contemplated a removal. He alludes to this in the entry of July 26, which has been already given. Again, on Sept. 6 he says: "Until lately I have been in such a state of suspense as to whether I should remain in B(oonville) or not, that I was unfavorably disposed for health." For what reason he felt himself unsettled we do not know. It was certainly not on account of any dissatisfaction on the part of the community with him. This is proven beyond a question by the fact that this very summer, as we have seen, his buildings were almost doubled by his friends and supporters, and by the further fact that the school year 1851-2 shows a larger attendance than any other in the history of the enterprise.

"Sept. 6, 1851.—For several days past, when gloom and despondency have come over me, I have tried

intercourse with my fellow-men, and found it charm away my gloom."

"*April 26, 1852.*—I am *now* happy. This is a heritage better than houses and lands. This is a bird in the hand worth two in your bushes, ye philosophers. Goethe never enjoyed, he says, twenty-four hours of true happiness. He never then properly governed himself for that time, fasted, repented, or communed with God."

"*Sunday, May 23, 1852.*—Here I am in my private room, to *think* and to meditate, to get wisdom, and strength and rest. Oh, how many things have I to reflect upon! How many sins to be sorry for! How many errors to forsake! How many improvements to make!

"There is so much to be *redeemed*, so much to be *done*, and so much to be *improved*, that the most strenuous efforts are required; and yet strenuous efforts often prostrate me with disease, and bring on a season of doing nothing. I shall try to have a *quiet mind*, serenity, and cheerfulness to keep the body, by exercise and moderation in food and study, in a comfortable condition, to have every school exercise *pleasant*, and performed in the most perfect manner possible, down to the singing of a hymn, and a word of comfort and encouragement to every feeble little scholar. God help me here."

"*June 20, 1852.*—I may approach toward God in infinite progression, and I'LL DO IT."

"*June 23.*—This morning have had a season of weeping in my morning devotions, and of prayer to do God's will. Oh for help! The manna I must not

want to store up. A contented and faithful improvement of the present, I *must secure*.

"My plans for knowledge, my rules of diet and conduct, are perhaps too much my masters instead of my servants. A plan seems to conflict with spirit; routine to be inconsistent with new, fresh excitement; plodding, with spirit."

"June 26, 1852.—Have spent three and a half hours this morning in going over the tenth division of history in Lyman's Chart. It is, I think, as difficult as all the rest of the chart. L. L. says he went over the same in one and a half hours.

"June 28.—Have this morning gone over the tenth division in two hours.

"June 29.—This morning went over the same in one and three fourths hours."

"Mr. Temple, the missionary, 'evidently endeavored to be as upright, as sincere, candid, gentle, kind, benevolent, economical, true and good as he expected everybody to be in the millennium. This is nothing more than simply carrying out the surrender which one makes of himself to Christ when he trusts in Him for salvation.' "

This chapter will conclude by giving his opinion of the benefits of fasting, as recorded in the spring of 1853.

"I find my fast days almost the only ones on which I do any one of the following things:—

"Improve my plans, fixtures and ways of teaching. Keep cool under multitudinous petty cares, duties, interruptions, and causes of vexation. Learning lessons so as to know how to answer any questions

which pupils may or could legitimately put to me, and so as not to require more of them than I do myself know. Do every little thing, and see that no law, however small, is a dead letter. Put things to rights that have become confused.

“Reform scholars. Each man’s special faults specified and watched. Have comfort in school duties. Write text-book memoranda or pray. Only days in which happiness is in myself, and not dependent on outward circumstances; in which, after school and walk, can return to the school-room and feel that it is my attractive home, in which I have a proper perception of the proprieties of things in my profession; in which I drive my business, and do not let it drive me; in which I cause my pupils to improve rapidly and get their affections, and kill despondency.

“If this extraordinary abstinence is the only thing that brings me to the performance of my task, then my task is too great. For such abstinence, if continued, is incompatible with perfect health. It is hard to plumb the true track of abstinence, but not harder than to be a glowing Christian. There is a warfare or a slavery—choose which it shall be. Any compromising warfare only insures defeat. It is either defeat and slavery, or glorious victory.”

CHAPTER XI.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

“ Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities !
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there—
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place !”

MOORE.

THE Presbyterians of Missouri are a feeble folk. They number, counting both synods, less than twenty thousand communicants. They are, however, an active, intelligent, enterprising people. This is seen in the fact that they have nearly doubled their numerical strength within the past fifteen years; that they hold a prominent position in all the centres of commerce and intelligence in the State; and that, in proportion to their numbers, they are the leaders in the educational enterprises of Missouri. Of the private schools in the State, founded, owned, or controlled by them, there are three male academies in Missouri, four or five mixed schools, one manual-labor college for orphans and other destitute persons, eight female seminaries, and one male college. In addition, this faith has the honor of furnishing, at

the present time, to the State University its president and at least two of its most distinguished professors.

The Presbyterians of Missouri have, however, had their trials in the prosecution of their educational labors—trials which have been neither few nor trivial. These troubles have been the result of lack of good judgment somewhere in every case. They have made four attempts to establish a college in Missouri, and have failed in three of them. Marion College, Richmond College, and the City University of St. Louis are all monuments of their folly. If all the money which was thrown away on these rash ventures could have been saved and concentrated on the remaining college conducted by them, it would now be well equipped for the great work which it is accomplishing.

This institution is Westminster College, a brief sketch of which will be interesting to many. At a meeting of the Presbytery of Missouri, Sept. 27, 1849, it was resolved, "that the moderator appoint a committee of three to inquire into the utility and necessity of memorializing the Synod of Missouri, at its next meeting, upon the necessity of establishing within its limits an institution of learning, to be under the care of the same ; or the expediency of establishing a Presbyterian Academy within the limits of our own Presbytery ; and that said committee be requested to report at the next meeting of Presbytery. Messrs. Robertson, Bell, and Reed were appointed a committee for said purpose." We are told that Mr. Bell did not favor but rather opposed this movement. The chairman of the committee prepared the memorial, presented it to the Synod, and strenuously

urged its adoption. The Synod, however, voted that it was not ready for such a move.

April 4, 1850, the committee reported its action to the Presbytery of Missouri, and was continued. At the meeting of the Synod the same year the matter was again discussed, and some advance was made.

As there was uncertainty about the final action of the Synod, a charter was obtained, Feb. 18, 1851, for an academy, to be under the care of the Presbytery of Missouri. The grounds on which Westminster College now stands were bought. There were two houses on the premises, one of which made a home for the teacher, and the other was used for the school. The academy was opened on the first Monday in October, 1851, and was continued until it was merged into Westminster College.

At the meeting of the Synod, held at Potosi in the fall of 1851, on motion of the Rev. J. L. Yantis, D.D., it was unanimously resolved, "That we rise up and build." Messrs. Hamilton R. Gamble, William Provines, James Young, M. P. Cayce, James Sterritt, S. S. Watson, P. B. Reed, John G. Miller, and Edward M. Samuel were appointed commissioners to obtain bids for the location of the college. This was done, and at the meeting of the Synod in 1852, Richmond, Boonville, St. Charles, and Fulton contended for the location. Fulton and Richmond were the chief competitors, as the other places offered but small inducements in the way of subscriptions. The offer of Fulton was, the eighteen acres of land on which the college now stands, and fifteen thousand three hundred and ninety-one dollars (\$15,391), guaranteed by the citizens of the town and county; twenty thou-

sand dollars to be raised in scholarships; with a good strong Presbyterian influence in the community. Richmond's bid was less than this. The vote stood, Fulton, thirty-two; Richmond, eighteen; Boonville, three; St. Charles, three.

The charter for the college was approved February 23, 1853. Under the charter the board met March 19, 1853, and elected Wm. Van Doren professor, and Nathan C. Kouns assistant professor. It was resolved that the first session commence on the first Monday in May, 1853, and that the tuition fees be the salaries of the teachers. These steps, however, were only preliminary to the real opening of the college.

The building was erected by Solomon Jenkins, the corner-stone being laid July 4, 1853, on which occasion Dr. Ryley spoke, and the Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D., delivered his famous address on "The Three Great Interests of Man." The name "Westminster College" was chosen by the Synod, on the motion of the Rev. H. P. Goodrich, D.D., former president of Marion College. For most of the facts concerning the founding and early history of this college, we are indebted to the Rev. W. W. Robertson, D.D.

In the fall of 1853, at the meeting of the board held during the sessions of Synod at Liberty, Dr. Rice was elected president, but declined. The following March the Rev. William L. Breckinridge, D.D., was chosen president, and William Van Doren, the Rev. S. S. Laws, and Thomas D. Baird were elected professors. Mr. Laws was at the time preaching at Lexington, Mo., and declined a call to that church to accept the professorship at a much smaller salary.

The call for Dr. Breckinridge's services was prosecuted before the Presbytery of Louisville by Dr. E. T. Baird and Professor Laws. They were unsuccessful, but Dr. Bullock facetiously remarked that they had the argument, but the white handkerchiefs (alluding to the ladies present and weeping in the church) beat them.

The college was founded by the Old School Synod, is owned and managed now by the Southern Synod of Missouri, and is located at Fulton. No more judicious site could have been chosen, as it is the centre of the principal Presbyterian element of the State, is a healthy locality, and is a community noted for its intelligence, morality, enterprise, and hospitality.

Rev. W. W. Robertson, D.D., Hon. Preston B. Reed, and Dr. Alfred A. Ryley were probably the principal agents in originating this college. Its first and largest endowment was due to the energy and financial skill of President Laws. The original board of trustees consisted of these gentlemen and Joseph Charless, Revs. John G. Fackler, R. L. Symington, John F. Cowan, S. J. P. Anderson, D.D., William P. Cochran, D.D., A. V. C. Schenck, D.D., and D. Coulter, D.D., Hons. H. R. Gamble, S. S. Watson, E. M. Samuel, John G. Miller, Drs. William Provines and H. R. Smith, and Mr. James Whiteside. Six of these are still living, but the Rev. Dr. Robertson is the only one now connected with the board. He has been a member continuously from the first, and has never been absent from any of its regular meetings.

The faculty, as announced in the first annual cata-

logue, consisted of William H. Van Doren, A.M., Rev. Samuel S. Laws, A.M., and Thomas D. Baird, A.M., professors, with James G. Smith tutor. Professor William H. Van Doren was a professional teacher who had taught in Lexington, Mo., and who had been in charge of the Male Academy in Fulton, which was the forerunner of the college.

The same catalogue shows an attendance of one hundred and fourteen pupils during the year 1854-55. This was a remarkable beginning. The students are not classified, so that we could not tell how many were in the regular college classes, except for the distinct statement in the catalogue that "about half the number" were pursuing the higher studies of the college proper. This is a good proportion; for in the year 1879-80, of the ninety-five students enrolled, only forty-six belonged to the regular college classes. The pupils came from a wider area than we should have supposed. There were four from beyond the limits of the State, thirty-one more from outside of Callaway County, and thirty-three from Callaway outside of Fulton. Three fifths, therefore, of these first students were not from the town where the college was located. In the year 1879-80, over two thirds were from outside of Fulton.

It is a matter of interest to compare the curriculum of studies, as laid down in this first catalogue, with that now prescribed in the college. The general statement may be made that there is no marked difference. In mathematics, physics, and metaphysics they are substantially the same. In Greek, the catalogue of 1853-4 is peculiar in prescribing the *Cyropædia*, the Gospels and the Acts, Plato's *Contra*

Atheos, Longinus' *De Sublimitate*, Aristotle's Art of Poetry, and Demosthenes' *De Corona*. The curriculum of 1880-81 has peculiar to it in Greek, the Anabasis, Herodotus, the Odyssey, Plato's Crito and Phædo, and Comparative Philology. In Latin, the first catalogue's course contains Ovid, Horace's Epodes, and Terence, which are not laid down in the curriculum 1880-81. On the other hand, this latter has Nepos, Quintus Curtius, Christian Authors, Seneca, and Pliny's Letters, not found in the original course. It is a striking fact that the catalogue of 1853-54 lays down among the preparatory studies, prior to the freshman year, Cæsar, Ovid, Sallust, Virgil, and Cicero's Select Orations. There are but few colleges which would require so much Latin as the condition of entering the lowest class.

Among the students of the first year were T. P. Boteler, J. P. McAfee, James Rickenbaugh, Revs. H. M. Corbett, Alexander Machett, and John A. McAfee, Hons. John A. Hockaday, L. W. McKinney, and Robert McPheeters, John H. Jameson, Esq., Prof. Joseph Watkins, and Drs. E. M. Kerr and B. A. Watson.

The Philologic Society was organized the first year of the college.

The original endowment, as usual in those days of comparative poverty, was upon the specious, but we think necessarily fatal, scholarship plan, proposed by the Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, D.D., who stated that Alexander Campbell had in this way successfully endowed Bethany College. One hundred and fifty dollars gave the privilege of a full college course to the purchaser of the scholarship, and to all his sons after

him, one at a time, for twenty years. If the purchaser had no children, then he might send any pupil, one at a time, for twenty years. The idea was to sell twelve hundred of these scholarships, and in this way to raise one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Such a scheme is, in our judgment, a delusion, and must work disastrously whenever attempted. Some wiser men, and more successful financiers than we, think that the failure was not the fault of the plan, but of the working of the plan. In connection with the finances, it is an interesting fact to record, that, in the report of the board of trustees made to the synod in 1859, the college is shown to be possessed of \$102,-898.78 of permanent endowment property, not including Dr. Wayland's conveyance of land, out of which was subsequently realized in money \$3000; and that the current annual income is said to be \$10,298.12.

Despite the loss of its original endowment, Westminster College has had a long, prosperous, and useful career. It has diffused the light of accurate, substantial Christian knowledge for nearly thirty years. Its faculty of instruction has embraced some remarkable men, and the average ability has been very high. Its alumni number less than one hundred and twenty, an average of about four a year. This is an honorable record, far more so than if there were twice as many. Of these graduates, two are merchants, two editors, eight farmers, seventeen doctors, eighteen teachers, twenty-six lawyers, and thirty-one ministers of the gospel. At least four have been members of the State Legislature, five have been made Doctors of Divinity, two have been Attorney-Generals of the State,

sixteen have been professors or presidents of reputable schools or colleges.

It is in a prosperous condition now. Though by no means adequately endowed, it is out of debt and has a fair financial foundation. The multiplication of Normal Schools and the great prosperity of the State University have together contributed to deplete the attendance at the several denominational colleges of the State. Westminster, however, has, in proportion to the strength of the Synod that sustains it, the most encouraging attendance of them all. Three of its five professors are its own graduates, and are men who would honor their specialties in the best institutions of the East. The grade of scholarship which it demands and secures in its pupils is very creditable. The moral influences surrounding it are the very best. The local community is noted for its intelligence, piety, and enthusiastic interest in the young men gathered there for instruction. Less than a half dozen of its pupils have died during their connection with the college, since its foundation.

We have written thus in detail about Westminster College because Mr. Kemper's life from 1856 to 1861 was in connection with it. He had previously taught in Boonville twelve years. Not one term of all that time had been a failure. Indeed the whole of it was a grand, triumphant success. If he wished a large school, he had it, up to one hundred and thirty-one pupils. If he preferred a small, select school, he had it, down to thirty, the number beyond which he would not go. He had acquired valuable property in Boonville, consisting of good lots well

located, and suitably improved to meet the wants of his school.

In view of these things, we naturally ask why he consented to make so radical a change in his educational plans. Mrs. Kemper says that she advised him to do so, for two reasons chiefly. For his health she thought the change advisable. The personal labor incident to a boarding-school is necessarily very great. When the principal undertakes to do most if not all of the teaching, and to bear all the burden incident to discipline, to the boarding-house, and to the finances, it is enough to task the strength of a combined mental and physical giant. As she believed that Mr. Kemper was exhausting himself prematurely by this excessive labor and care, she thought it wise that he should relieve himself of it.

Again, it is manifest that he could find little leisure for favorite studies while oppressed with all the cares of a boarding-school. We know from his journal that he had serious thoughts of authorship upon several subjects which he thought specially interesting and important. It was impossible, however, to carry out these wishes if he continued to do the drudgery incident to the headship of a family school. This was also an inducement to him to accept the literary luxury of a professorship.

Another special inducement which doubtless exerted some influence upon him was the fact that the president of Westminster found it necessary to go into the field and actively aid in the effort to endow the institution. His place must be supplied. It was difficult to find one suitable for such an emergency.

When appeal was made to Mr. Kemper by President Laws himself, it doubtless seemed to him a direction of Providence.

He was not favorable to making moves or changes of any kind, and Mrs. Kemper says that he never made one without the remark, "This is the last move I wish to make until I am taken to my grave." While God's providences are over all His people, and He doubtless directs their paths, yet it is a question with us whether this was a wise change for Mr. Kemper. The reason for this opinion we shall briefly give. The duties of a college professor and of the principal of a family school are very different. Some men are suited to one, and some are adapted to the other. Mr. Kemper could have filled any one of a half dozen chairs in a college with profit to his pupils and honor to himself. Yet he might not have been eminently useful in the one he undertook to fill; his was not the mind of the specialist, but the comprehensive and accurate intelligence of the broader and more general scholar. Moreover, the school principal is an educator, while the college professor is simply a teacher. We shall discuss this point more fully hereafter. Suffice it to say here that the work of the educator is inestimably more important than that of the teacher. There are many teachers, but very few educators. Mr. Kemper was one of the most successful of the few. In our judgment, therefore, his was the humbler, more laborious sphere of the school principal, rather than the higher, more luxurious, but less useful chair of the professor. It is our conviction that such was his own opinion.

In the summer of 1856 he made all of his arrange-

ments to reopen the Family School as usual, in the fall. He had engaged all the boarders whom he could accommodate. When his plans were thus complete, the overture came in August from Westminster College, urgently asking him to accept a life position in the faculty, and to assume the duties of the general administration during the temporary absence of President Laws. He determined to accept the position as a call from Providence to devote the remainder of his life to the service of the college.

An incident occurred, in connection with his removal from Boonville, which deserves to be recorded. Mr. Kemper was always courteous in his business transactions, and, being perfectly honest himself, was very slow to suspect knavery in those with whom he dealt. He never went to law, but settled all difficulties by arbitration. But he was not pusillanimous, and would not suffer himself to be cheated. The incident to which we refer occurred when he sold his personal effects, preparatory to his removal to Fulton. A shopman in the town had bought some of the household furniture. Mr. Kemper took the bill, with the receipt of payment on it, as a delicate way of collecting the amount, and handed it to him. The man examined it a moment, and then said, "Yes, it's all right—'Received payment.' " He placed it at once in a drawer, and was about locking it, when Mr. Kemper, comprehending the case, threw off his coat and said, "You dare, sir, to do that trick! I will beat you until you will be glad to give back the bill." The sharper was so overawed by this unexpected turn of affairs that he readily paid the amount.

For the first year, during the absence of the president, Mr. Kemper could not have found that he had materially relieved himself, so far as care and work were concerned. Mrs. Kemper was absent, visiting her relatives in the East. He took with him twelve of the boarders, whom he had engaged for his Boonville school. These were under his direct personal charge, boarding with him, and were therefore, as much of a care to him as they would have been in his Family School. The general duties of the executive head of the college devolved upon him. These were as complicated, as delicate, as onerous as those he had left behind. He was compelled to do miscellaneous work as a teacher. As the president was absent, he was expected to take a part of his classes. His special charge was Greek. But in addition to Greek and metaphysics he must take a share of the natural sciences, as that chair was, for two years of the time, vacant. Mrs. Kemper has furnished the following, as a list of the branches taught by him while at Westminster College:—Butler's Analogy, Constitution of the U. S., Composition, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Mineralogy, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, Botany, First Lessons in Greek and Reader, Greek Grammar, Literature, Prose Composition, Memorabilia, Anabasis, Iliad, Longinus, Plato, Aristotle's Ethics, Sallust, Livy, and Horace. Of course he could not have taught all these at the same time; but first and last during the five years he spent in Fulton, he had classes in all of these branches. With the care of his boarders, the executive duties, and the wide range of classes taught, we can see that his position was very far from being

a sinecure, and that the objects for which he had made the change were not likely to be realized.

It is an interesting fact that President Laws insisted that Mr. Kemper should deliver the diplomas to the graduates of 1857, and he actually did so. This was honorable to both the real and the acting president.

Mr. Kemper was the professor of Greek. That was the chair to which he was elected, and whose duties he discharged afterward, as we shall see. That this had been his favorite study and was his choice of all the branches of the college course, we do not know. It is probable that he was assigned to it chiefly because it was the chair which had not been otherwise filled. He could have taught Latin, mathematics, or English equally as well, inasmuch as he had embraced a full course in all of these, among the branches pursued in his Boonville school. He could also have filled the chair of physics, for Olmsted's University Philosophy and Astronomy were textbooks that he had used.

As to metaphysics, embracing mental, moral, and political science, he had given it but limited attention at Boonville. This is a strange, and would be an unaccountable fact, were it not true that a similar neglect of this branch of science is very general. One of the best endowed of the private colleges of Missouri has never paid any attention to it—that is, has never had a special teacher for it. Westminster College, since Dr. Rice's departure in 1874, has suffered its Potts professorship of metaphysics, founded in 1858, to go unfilled, distributing its duties among the other chairs. In our public schools and academies the same neglect is quite common. No better proof

could be given of the materialistic tendencies of our age and country than this. Pope has said, "The proper study of mankind is man." Sir William Hamilton put over the entrance to his lecture-room these words of Phavorinus:— "On earth there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind." If these are true sentiments, and we believe them to be, it is surely a gross mistake that we should allow other things, far less dignified and important, to crowd out the study of the human mind and its higher, spiritual interests. Mathematics, languages, physics, are all of them important. We say no word in derogation of any one of them. But surely the mysteries of the human spirit, which claims kinship and likeness to the infinite, are not to be despised and thrust into a corner, and made to wait till these others are served. "Know thyself," the Grecian sage proclaimed twenty odd hundred years ago. Shall we of the nineteenth Christian century answer, No, we will give ourselves to the material; we will content ourselves with "The Dirt Philosophy"? "*Μὴ γένοιτο!*"

From his election to the chair of Greek in Westminster College, Mr. Kemper is legitimately entitled to be called *Professor Kemper*. If we shall fail to do so, we plead two excuses as palliations of the offence. For over nine years in daily association with him; looking up to him as more than father or mother, the embodiment and representation to us of human law, we learned to reverence and obey him as *Mr. Kemper*. So he was to us, to the day of his death. It sounds sweeter and better, because it brings us nearer to him, and recalls more vividly the

golden memories of long ago. Moreover, it was his own favorite designation. His wife so addressed him, and so speaks of him. He taught even his latest and youngest pupils so to call him. He had a decided disrelish for the title Professor. Can we blame him?

How many professors do you suppose there are in Missouri to-day? We are all sovereigns, and therefore we must all have a title. How many men are there, outside of the penitentiary, that have none? How many inside that have? The whole matter of titles has become a sublime farce. Captains, majors, colonels, generals, judges, squires, doctors, honorables, and professors are as thick as "autumn leaves in Vallombrosa." The commune comes to the help of the meagre, untitled remnant left, and salutes each of the *canaille* as *citizen*. So if it be not General, or Judge, or Doctor, or Professor Stubbins, it shall be at least Citizen Stubbins.

In the flourishing town of Slater, in Saline County, Missouri, we had occasion lately to need the services of a tailor. There were two in the town, and we were politely shown to the shop of the nearest. Feelings of awe almost overcame us as we read the golden legend upon the sign, "Professor Dietrich O'Blatherskite." We doubted whether we should obtrude ourself upon a gentleman of such dignity, as it was only a trivial rent in the pocket of a duster that needed his professional attention. We boldly made the venture, however, and to our great relief found the professor bland and accommodating. He condescended to mend the rent, and our admiration was complete when we found that he charged only one dollar for fifteen minutes' work. It was nearly



Truly Yours,
Samuel S. Laws

fifteen minutes of his precious time that it took. Let us think of it; Professor Dietrich O'Blatherskite of Slater, will not only mend your duster, but he will do so for the modest sum of one dollar for fifteen minutes, four dollars an hour, thirty-two dollars a day, ten thousand dollars a year. Is it not strange that Mr. Kemper refused to be called professor?

Is a reform of this evil impossible? It probably is; but it would be a wise move if effectual steps could be taken to reduce the awarding of titles to something like a reasonable law. For example, let no man be saluted with a military title unless he is either in actual service or has won his name upon the tented field of a real campaign. Let Honorable be prefixed to the name of those only, who are at the time holding prominent official position. Let no man be called Professor unless he is the actual incumbent of a chair, in a regularly chartered college.

There were associated with Mr. Kemper, as his colleagues in Westminster College, three remarkable men. At their head stood the president of the college, the Rev. Samuel Spahr Laws, LL.D. It is not too much to say that Dr. Laws is one of the first men who have ever claimed citizenship in Missouri. If he had turned his thoughts to war he would have been as persistent as Grant, as invincible as Stonewall Jackson, as wise a strategist as Lee. If he had become a lawyer he would have mastered its profoundest principles, and have passed into history as an eminent jurist. If he had courted politics he would have become a Senator, and taken high rank as a practical legislator, as well as an expounder of the Constitution. Medicine would never have suited

him. In early life he was a minister of the gospel and the successful pastor of a church. If he had continued in the pulpit, he would have discussed its grand themes with consummate ability, and rendered plain to the common mind the subtleties of theology. He is a graduate in the sciences, a graduate in theology, a graduate in law, a graduate in medicine. There are but few men in this or any other country who have won these four diplomas. Moreover, he is a skilled financier and a practical inventor. He patented an instrument which is used in every city of this country, and which has brought him an ample competency. But he is not a preacher, nor a lawyer, nor a doctor, nor a financier, nor an inventor. These are his recreations and accomplishments. He is a teacher and an executive, a professor and a president. As an instructor, we have never known his superior. Comparing him as such, with the great men whom we knew at the University of Virginia and the Princeton Theological Seminary, we pronounce him the peer of the best of them. The abstruse points of metaphysics never became lucid to us until we heard him set them forth. As an executive, his ability is proven by the prosperity of Westminster College during his administration, and by the grand success he is achieving at our State University. President Laws is, without doubt, one of the really great men whom our country has produced. His is one of those mighty minds that impress you as having an unlimited reserve of force which it never needs to call into action.

Rev. M. M. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., was the professor of Latin. He is now with President Laws at

the State University, in charge of the same specialty. That he is one of the most accomplished and successful teachers of Latin in this country is conceded by all who know him. That he has the affection and respect of every pupil whom he has ever taught is the universal testimony. His work on "Latin Pronunciation" has made him known by scholars all over this country, and even in England. He is regarded as the champion of the so-called English pronunciation of Latin. We think that he has made a mistake in adopting and advocating this system. It is a grief and disappointment to find him an obstructionist, defending a scheme which is so unreasonable in itself, and which is condemned by the progressive scholarship of English Latinists. The idea of imposing a foreign pronunciation upon a language is apparently so absurd that it should require necessity to justify it. That any one should think of making English the standard of pronunciation for any tongue would certainly seem to any intelligent foreigner the acme of folly. English has no pronunciation of its own. Its anomalous oddities are the sport of every philologist. Rather let English beg an orthoepy from the law-regulated Latin, and not seek to impose its northern harshness upon the rich old father-tongue, which grew to mellow sweetness beneath the sunny skies of pellucid Italy. But for all this Professor Fisher is a great teacher and a distinguished Latinist. Mr. Kemper more than once said, "Professor Fisher is the best teacher of Latin I have ever known."

Professor Alfred Marshall Mayer, a native of Baltimore, held the Charless professorship of physics.

The American edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia says of Professor Mayer, "He was for a time one of the editors of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, and has published a number of contributions to science, of which may be noted: 'Estimation of the Weights of Very Small Portions of Matter,' 1858; 'Researches in Electro-Magnetism,' 1873; and 'Researches in Acoustics,' 1874. Since his connection with the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, N. J., he has made a specialty of acoustics, in which he has made many interesting experiments and some valuable discoveries. He has established the connection between the pitch and duration of sound, has invented a method of determining the comparative intensity of sounds with the same pitch, and has located the organs of hearing in the mosquito. He has also developed new processes for analyzing sound, and has made researches into the nature of electricity."

No Western college has ever been blessed with four stronger men, at one time, than Westminster, when Laws, Kemper, Fisher, and Mayer taught together in her classic halls.

When Mr. Kemper went to Fulton, it was feared by many of his friends that he would find it unpleasant to assume the relation of a subordinate, and that there would likely be unpleasant friction between him and President Laws. A teacher is necessarily an autocrat. Mr. Kemper had for so long a time ruled without any to share the responsibility with him—he was a man of such positive traits, and had such decided convictions as to all matters of instruction and discipline, that it was apprehended he would

not submit to the authority of a president with characteristics equally as pronounced as his own. These fears proved groundless. No two men ever coöperated more harmoniously than did they. This was chiefly due to the fact that each apprehended the true relations existing between them, and each respected the other in his sphere. Dr. Laws organized the college on the university plan into independent schools. Each professor was thus made responsible for the instruction and discipline of his own classes, independent of his colleagues, and was responsible to the board of trustees alone. The plan worked well in the relations of the professors to each other and to the president. Here is Mr. Kemper's own statement, as made to the board in 1860, and published in the catalogue for that year: "For the success which has attended the discipline in the school of Greek, a due acknowledgment should be made to the sagacity and efficiency of the honored president of the college. The division of the work of instruction into distinct schools has been made under his auspices, and has been found most satisfactory in practice. The respect which he commands in presiding over the general interests of the college is felt in every department, while the independence and supremacy of each man in his own sphere secure executive efficiency, and leave no reasonable occasion for collision with president or professors."

The college was very prosperous during the period of Mr. Kemper's connection with it. One third of its alumni were graduated in the five years which cover the time of his professorate. The average attendance was largely in excess of the general aver-

age of its history. We have the catalogue of 1860. It contains the names of one hundred and fifty-six pupils. Of these, one hundred and four were non-resident, representing ten States and thirty-one counties in Missouri. Seventy-four were in the college proper, and nineteen were sub-freshmen. Some of the most distinguish'd alumni were his pupils. These embrace Revs. H. M. Anderson, Charles Fueller, J. P. Forman, R. A. Davison, T. C. Barrett, G. Sluter, C. B. Boyd, A. Machette, J. G. Bailey, John A. McAfee, E. R. Nugent, H. M. Corbett, E. P. Cowan, D.D., J. F. Cowan, D.D., T. Gallaher, D.D., and C. C. Hersman, D.D.; and Hons. John A. Flood, D. H. McIntire, John A. Hockaday, and Charles R. Scott. Of these, we shall be pardoned for particularizing Drs. John F. Cowan and C. C. Hersman, and Hons. D. H. McIntire, and John A. Hockaday. Dr. Cowan is a "country parson," and yet is one of the most scholarly and cultivated gentlemen in Missouri. Dr. Hersman is now the honored president of the college, and is, with varied attainments, especially distinguished as one of the leading Greek scholars of this country. Gen. D. H. McIntire, the present Attorney-General of the State, and Gen. John A. Hockaday, one of his predecessors in the same office, are two of the ablest and most prominent of the public men of Missouri to-day.

CHAPTER XII.

THE KEMPER FAMILY SCHOOL, 1861-1881.

“Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know thyself ! It cannot

Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile.

Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,

Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy ; and the dead man's knell

Is there scarce asked for whom ; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps.” SHAKSPEARE.

APRIL 12, 1861, the Confederates of the South opened fire on Ft. Sumter, and it was evacuated on the 14th. The next day President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 men to coerce the seceding States back into the Union. April 20, the U. S. Arsenal at Liberty, Missouri, was seized by the State guards. April 25, Captain N. Lyon moved the war stores from the U. S. Arsenal at St. Louis to Alton. May 10, Captain Lyon and Colonel F. P. Blair captured Camp Jackson, near St. Louis, now elegantly built over by the city. May 21, General W. S. Harney for the U. S. and General Sterling Price for Missouri made a compromise of peace. June 1, this compromise was repudiated by President Lincoln, Harney was removed, and General Lyon appointed to the command in Missouri. June 13, Governor C. F. Jackson issued a call for 50,000 State militia.

June 17, the first battle was fought at Boonville, General N. Lyon commanding the U. S. troops, and Colonel John S. Marmaduke the State forces.

Thus was civil war inaugurated in Missouri. It was destined to continue for four long, weary, cruel, bloody years, growing worse and worse as the months wore on. The Northern States knew comparatively little of the horrors of this conflict. While here and there a son, or brother, or father went forth to the battle and came not back again, yet they knew nothing of sanguinary battle-fields, of slaughtered heaps, of burning or desolated homes. The North grew rich while all this was going on. Nor did the extreme South realize what a fratricidal contest it was, of neighbor against neighbor, of son against father, of brother against brother. Kentucky, and Missouri, and Virginia drank these bitterest dregs in the cup of civil war. There is not a neighborhood in Missouri where deeds of violence were not perpetrated on one or the other, or on both sides. Non-combatants were imprisoned, property of all kinds was stolen or destroyed, houses were burned, women were insulted, old men were assassinated or shot down like dogs in the streets or on the highways, or even while at work in their fields. Byron describes it :—

“ All that the mind would shrink from of excesses ;
All that the body perpetrates of bad,
All that we read, hear, dream of man's distresses ;
All that the devil would do, if run stark mad ;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses ;
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse,—
Was here.”

Mr. Kemper was at Westminster College when this horrible struggle began. He remained there at his post until the close of the term in June, 1861. There were then several reasons which led to his resignation and return to Boonville. Chief among these, in the judgment of the writer, was his conviction that he had made a mistake when he exchanged the labors of an educator in general for those of a special department; that his was not the work of a mere contributor, but the higher mission of the control and guidance, of the development and moulding of character. Another weighty reason doubtless was, that in some cases of discipline, involving the sons of prominent persons, the faculty were not sustained by the other authorities of the college. It greatly galled him to be censured for doing his duty by those who ought to have sustained him.

The ostensible causes for the change were: that the war probably would cause the suspension of the college; that it was a time for every man to seek the natural harbor of his home; and that his school property in Boonville had been deserted, unpaid for by the purchaser. We are told by Mrs. Kemper that it was his purpose to dispose of the property in Boonville and retire to his farm, about five miles south of the city. There he would open a small select school for twelve boarders, whose education, in all of its details, he could himself personally supervise. This fact shows conclusively the bent of his mind, and his realization of his appropriate work. As he was unable to make any suitable disposition of the building in town, he

was compelled to abandon the project of the country school, and to occupy the old premises again. In this his friends are able to see God's wise and gracious superintending providence. Had he gone to the country, it is quite possible, if not probable, that he would have fallen a victim to the spirit of lawlessness which prevailed and which held no human life as too costly a sacrifice.

A word may be said here as to Mr. Kemper's position on the issues involved in the war. He was Southern born and Southern reared. He had never lived in the North. His associations had been almost exclusively with Southern people of the Border States. His father's family in Virginia were actively enlisted for the Confederacy. His brother was a general in the army of Lee. On the other hand, his journal shows that he was favorably impressed by the Northern society and customs with which he came in contact at Cincinnati, on his first journey West. He had been under the influence of Dr. Nelson, and regarded him with admiring veneration. He had chosen as his wife a lady from New England. We know, from his journal, that he considered the Southern movement injudicious, in its management at least. Putting it all together, we are satisfied that his sympathies were with the South and his judgment with the North, as was the case with many intelligent people on both sides of the line. But we are not left altogether to conjecture; for we are told that one of his pupils asked him during the war, "Mr. Kemper, what are you?" (meaning, of course, Unionist or Secessionist). He at once replied, "I am your teacher, sir."

The school was reopened in Boonville Sept. 16, 1861. There were but two boarders at the outset, but the number increased to about a dozen during the year. There were also enrolled seventy-one day scholars.

For the first time in the history of the school, girls were admitted as pupils. This was doubtless due to an extreme pressure brought to bear on Mr. Kemper, by reason of the fact that there was no suitable school for girls in Boonville during those troublous war times. We are satisfied that this was the case, from the fact that the privileges of admission were granted young women during the four years of the war only. Though one or two were afterward received, it was as a special personal favor. It was a surprise to us when we first learned that he had adopted the principle of the co-education of the sexes. We did not then know that it was a temporary and, as it were, forced arrangement. There are good, and wise, and experienced teachers who accept and practice the doctrine of co-education. There are others, more wise, who reject it. "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." She is different physically, mentally, morally, from her more robust brother. The views of Clarke, as given in "Sex in Education," are sound, as every physiologist and psychologist, as every observant parent and teacher knows or ought to know.

The peculiarities of each sex do not manifest themselves in their fulness at the first. For this reason it is practicable in our public district schools, and in the preparatory classes of our colleges, to unite them. But as soon as boys show themselves masculine, and

girls develop the physical and moral peculiarities of womanhood, it is best for both that they should separate. For reasons of flesh and blood, this is expedient. For mental considerations, it is wisest. The masculine mind is stronger, and is capable of a longer and more exhausting effort. The feminine is quicker, earlier developed, and sooner exhausted. Here and there a girl can go, *pari passu*, with a boy through the regular college course. Such cases, however, are rare and exceptional. When done the boy comes out fresh, and stronger than when he began. The girl runs the risk of finding herself at the close a nervous wreck. The time usually allotted to a school-girl's college course embraces one of the critical periods of her life. She cannot bear an undue strain upon her energies as she is entering upon her maturity. The majority of girls are not physically nor mentally able to pursue a full collegiate course.

For moral reasons it is wisest to keep them separate. "Familiarity breeds contempt." Girls lose the soft blush of feminine delicacy by daily contact, as competing companions, with rough boys. The boys lose the high and gallant regard which they would otherwise have for the softer sex, by being brought into constant intercourse and direct rivalry with them. The tendencies, at least, in both cases are in the direction indicated.

Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith Colleges for women are grand institutions, and are wholly devoted to separate female education. All honor to the noble men and women who founded them. They are, however, above the intellectual reach of the mass of student girls in this country. There are compara-

tively few who can pursue the course prescribed in any one of the three, without serious risk to her constitution. But Cornell and other colleges and universities which invite young women to enter the regular classes with men, and strive not only for the diploma but also for the class honors, are, we think, doing an injury to the physical, intellectual, social, and moral future of our country. These are the harbingers of female suffrage, female lawyers, female lecturers, female politicians, female lobbyists, female drunkards, female ruin. Where are we to find our future sweethearts, wives, and mothers?

“To rear the graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
Well-ordered home man’s best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life :
This be the female dignity and praise.”

Mr. Kemper associated with himself in the joint management of the school Mr. Edwin H. Taylor, A.M., a graduate of Dartmouth College and a brother of Mrs. Kemper. This arrangement lasted four years, and during its continuance the school bore the name of “KEMPER & TAYLOR’S INSTITUTE.” With the exception of Mrs. Kemper, this is the first instance of his securing help from any other source than his own pupils. There was a time when he and Mr. William T. Davis contemplated conducting the school together, but the arrangement was not consummated. It may seem strange to some that he always preferred his own pupils as assistant teachers. Nothing, how-

ever, is more natural and proper. Where a principal has original and peculiar ideas about the management of his school (as every really successful one has), he needs some one to aid him whose ideas and habits are in sympathy with his own. Where can he as certainly secure these as in those selected pupils who have imbibed his principles and are *en rapport* with him in carrying them out? It is the highest expression which a principal can give of his confidence in his own work, when he voluntarily uses as his helpers in preference to others, those whom he himself has trained.

The year 1862-63 began Sept. 15, 1862. During its continuance there were enrolled one hundred and twenty-four pupils in all the departments. Of these, twenty were girls.

This year is noted for the corps of teachers engaged. At their head stood the principals, Mr. Kemper and Mr. Taylor. Then there were Mrs. Kemper, Miss Georgia Bliss, William H. Allison, Hamilton Gallagher, and W. H. H. Hill. Miss Bliss was from Brattleboro, Vermont. She taught in the school this year, returned to it in 1868, and taught five more years, when she was married to the Hon. John Cosgrove. That she should have had a relish for such a school, and that she should have been kept by Mr. Kemper as a helper for six years, shows that she was a woman and a teacher of genuine merit, and that Mr. Kemper acted wisely in occasionally going outside of his own pupils to secure his assistants. It also clearly proves that, in the judgment of Mr. Kemper, there are women who are adequate to the most thorough drill as teachers.

From the time of her marriage Mrs. Kemper has been not a constant but an efficient helper in the class-room. She has taught Latin, Greek, mental and moral philosophy, botany, vocal music, and drawing. The last three were her special department. Miss Bliss had charge of the higher mathematics and Latin. Messrs. Hill and Gallagher were pupils, and at the same time tutors. Mr. Allison, an old pupil and the cousin of Mr. Kemper, had charge of the primary department.

For the school session of 1863-64 there were entered eighty-nine pupils, of whom twenty were girls. The teachers were the same as the preceding year, with the exception of Miss Bliss.

In 1864-65 the primary department was dispensed with, and the school was reduced to its lowest limits, only thirty pupils being admitted.

Mr. E. H. Taylor having lost his wife, determined to return to the East. He accordingly dissolved his connection with the school in June, 1865. This made it necessary to change the name, and so from 1865 to 1874 it was called "KEMPER'S FAMILY SCHOOL." It was the purpose to strictly limit the number of pupils. As the buildings were then, it was thought that about a dozen boarders and thirty day-scholars would be the proper numbers. We accordingly find that for the year 1865-66 there were forty-six enrolled. Mrs. Kemper refers to this as a specially happy year. "It was" she says, "truly a *family school*; for all sat around the same table to study the night lessons. Those who could spare the time from their studies gathered around the open fire to talk, and laugh, and read the papers before bed-time. The

doctor was not needed for a single person during the year, and there was not a case of discipline in the school." Among the pupils were Uncas McCluer and Hon. James Gibson, now Mayor of Kansas City. Of the former gentleman, now the Rev. Uncas McCluer, of Virginia, Mrs. Kemper writes: "I remember, as though it were yesterday, when Uncas McCluer, of St. Charles, applied for admission. Mr. Kemper was not at home. I told him that I was sure we could not take him, for we had already taken two or three over our limits. He very complacently said, if we had taken any over our limited number, we could easily take one more. He did remain, making our number just sixteen. A great comfort and help this same Uncas McCluer was to us, for he had such a good influence over all the others." There were ten counties in Missouri represented in the pupils of this year.

In the summer of 1866 the school-room, now used as a study-hall and detached from the main building, was put up. This added to the lodging capacity of the boarding-house.

The session, which opened September, 1866, witnessed the enrollment of fifty-five pupils, of whom there were about twenty boarders. The States of Virginia, Mississippi, and Louisiana were represented, besides a number of counties in Missouri.

The session of 1867-68 enrolled sixty-four pupils. As the number had increased, it was found necessary to secure the assistance of Mr. Roberdeau Allison, a cousin of Mr. Kemper and one of the original pupils of the school. For several years

there had been no girls in attendance, but this session there were eight admitted.

Since the year 1854, when the writer dissolved his connection with the school, he has not thought it best to call particular attention to any individual pupil. He must be allowed, however, to deviate from this rule in the case of Mr. T. A. Johnston. This gentleman became connected with the school first in 1867, as a student. He was graduated in 1869. He remained two years longer as a post-graduate and tutor. He entered the senior class of the University at Columbia in 1871, and was graduated in 1872, receiving A.M. in 1875. He was invited to accept a position in the University, but preferred the work at Boonville, where he was, from the fall of 1872, associated with Mr. Kemper in the joint management of the school as Junior Principal, until Mr. Kemper's death. He was selected by our revered teacher as, of all his pupils, the one best fitted to be trained as his successor. He now wears the mantle of the master worthily, successfully. No higher honor could we give him. He is a gentleman, a Christian, a scholar, a teacher, an educator.

Only twenty-nine pupils were entered during the session of 1868-69. Mr. R. Allison ceased to teach, and Miss Georgia Bliss, now Mrs. Cosgrove, returned to the school, and continued with it for the next five years. Green Majors was a pupil of this year, and his name suggests the following very interesting incident, related by Mrs. Kemper as one of her pleasant memories :—

“The last day of the year 1869 a pleasant company were assembled at the dinner-table, and among

them Mr. Alexander Majors, the father of one of our students. Mr. Majors was a man of rare interest, a successful business man, and an earnest Christian. Without any advantages to acquire an education, he yet possessed fascinating powers of conversation, and wielded an influence for good over all about him.

“He made a large fortune before the war, owning horses and wagons that traversed the vast Western plains. He would employ no driver who drank liquor or used profane language, and as far as possible he had Christian men in his service. His men were bound to him by strong ties, for he was in the habit of calling them together before every trip and conversing with them separately about their private affairs; and then, while they all knelt down, he commended them to the care and keeping of the God of the universe, their kind Heavenly Father. His power was so great over these rough teamsters that it was rare for his rules to be broken.

“During the war he met with heavy losses, and called himself a poor man, although managing quite an extensive business, and possessing means that made him very independent and useful.

“In the parlor he had entertained us with incidents and startling events of his busy life, and at the dinner-table we had discussed topics of interest. Just before we were ready to leave the table, Mr. Majors remarked, ‘This is the last day of the year, and on the morrow we shall separate, never *all* to meet again; and it is more than probable, before the last day of another year, some of our number will have passed away from earth. Now, that this

day may be remembered by us all, as a golden link in memory's chain, let us, before leaving the table, go around and ask each one what words that our Saviour spoke while upon earth have impressed us most deeply, or afforded us most comfort in all our trials and disappointments. Now, Mr. Kemper, let us hear from you first.

"Mr. Kemper answered, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest' (Matt. 11 : 28).

"Rev. Mr. Jeffries sat next, and he quoted John 14 : 27 : 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

"Professor E. P. Lamkin was called upon, and he replied, 'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven' (Matt. 10 : 32).

"Mrs. Lamkin quoted John 6 : 37 : 'And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"Miss Georgia Bliss said, 'I cannot recall any particular verse, but the whole of John 14 comforts me most.'

"Miss Gertrude Bliss, who had been deeply interested in Mr. Majors' conversation, had left the table just before this subject was introduced, and was so much distressed about it that she requested me to write down the conversation and quotations, so that she might add it to her book containing the *Life of Mr. Alexander Majors*, which she promised to write as soon as she could collect the materials. Miss Gertrude was a young lady of cultured intellect and

refined feelings, and shrank with horror from anything coarse and rude. She was charmed beyond measure with the polish and piety of a man who could scarcely read or write, and who had passed nearly all of his life in the frontiers of barbarism. So she had asked him to let her take notes while he talked, and she felt that she had lost an interesting interview.

“Mrs. Kemper was next in order, and she said, ‘I have never thought of any of Christ’s sayings, as regards choosing the best or most comforting, and will only give one that is very cheering, and seems proper to an occasion of feasting. This is Christ’s words to the woman at the well of Samaria: ‘Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst’ (John 4 : 13, 14).

“Green Majors said that he chose the same as Mrs. Lamkin; Matthew Singleton selected the same as Mr. Jeffries; Landon Rains the same as Mr. Kemper.

“Mrs. McCutchen sat on the right of Mr. Majors, and as she quoted, ‘It is finished,’ Luke 19 : 30, he turned, and placing his hand upon her shoulder, said, ‘My friend, you have come very near my choice. To me there is nothing so comforting to poor, dying, sin-condemned mortals, who have toiled, and struggled, and prayed, and then have such dim hopes of eternal life, as the Saviour’s words to the thief on the cross: ‘To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise’ (Luke 23 : 43).

“We left the table, and an hour afterward the company dispersed, true enough, never to look upon

each other's faces this side of eternity. Only about six weeks elapsed before Miss Gertrude Bliss went to her rest and reward; and in October of the same year Landon Rains died, far away from his home. As far as I know, the remaining persons of that company are living, except the honored host; but we have never looked upon the guest again, whose words of instruction and wisdom made that dinner party an occasion of rare interest, and to be remembered as long as our days shall last upon the earth."

The hero of this incident belonged to the freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, which did such an immense business across the plains before the Pacific Railroad was built. Another interesting fact, illustrating his sterling Christian character, we have learned. He would never permit his teams to be driven on Sunday. It was sacredly observed, by man and beast, as a day of rest. As a consequence, his train would be passed, while resting on Sunday, by those who thought that they could not afford to lie by for a whole day, even if it was the Sabbath. So it would be during the first half of the trip. On the last half it would be reversed. While he still refused to travel on Sunday, his train would almost daily overtake those who had hurried on, giving themselves and animals no rest. Often they would be broken down, and he would help them; and in every case his train would reach the end of the journey in better condition and in shorter time than those who had started with him and had regularly violated the Lord's Day. "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day;

and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 58 : 13, 14).

James Gibson, Hugh Elliott, and T. A. Johnston were graduated this year, forming the first regular graduating class of the school.

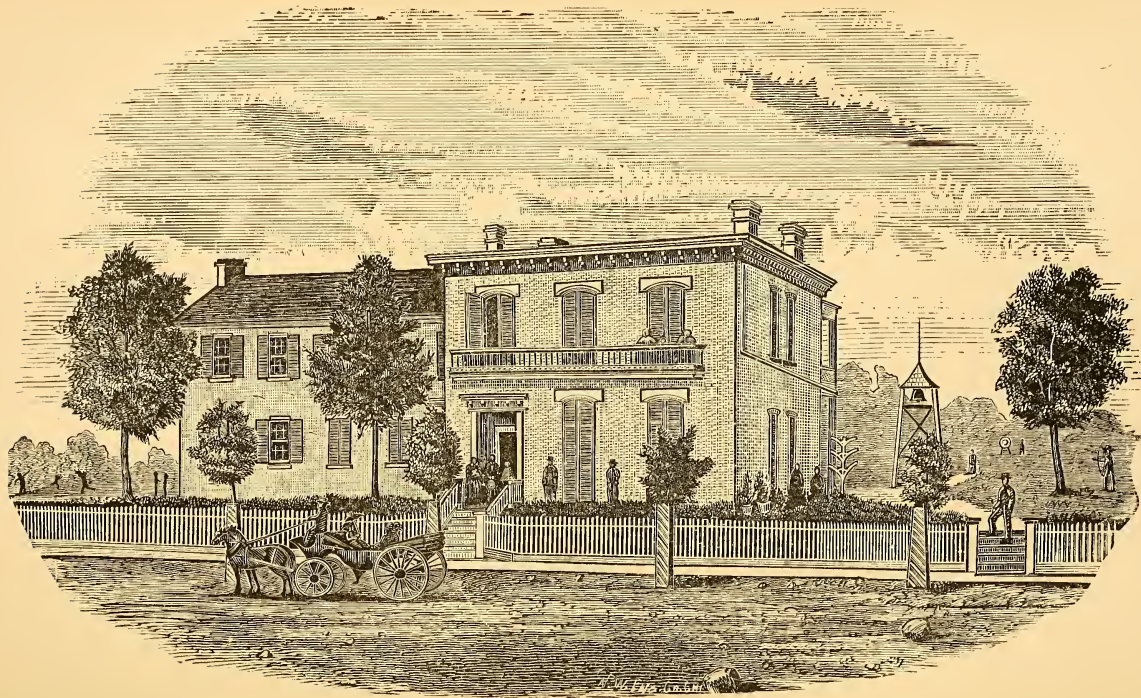
There were thirty-six pupils during the year 1869-70, thirty-five the next year, and thirty in 1871-72.

In the year 1872 the most ornamental portion of the building, as it is now, was put up. It is the main building in front, as seen in the cut of the premises. It cost several thousand dollars, and added materially not only to the beauty but also to the comfort and capacity of the house.

In the year 1872-73 Mr. T. A. Johnston became identified with the school as the junior principal. There were enrolled forty-one pupils.

Miss Georgia Bliss closed her connection with the school in 1873. Miss Maria McCutchen succeeded her, and taught four years. Miss McCutchen was trained for her work by Mr. Kemper. She entered into his plans and appropriated his ideas with intelligent zeal. Since 1877 she has been the principal of a school, first at Brownsville, and more recently at Higginsville. At both places she has proven herself an efficient educator.

During the session of 1873-74 there were forty-two enrollments. During this term William M. Hoge



KEMPER FAMILY SCHOOL, MAIN BUILDING.

The grounds embrace about thirty acres, and there are several other buildings.

and George W. Johnston entered. They were superior students, completed the course with honor, and were graduated from the State University in 1880. They at once returned to the school as assistants of Mr. Kemper, and are now the assistant principals of Mr. T. A. Johnston.

Since the beginning of the year 1871-72 day scholars have been excluded, and it has been strictly a family school. That this is the plan for securing the best results is, in our judgment, true. It is, of course, practically impossible to adopt such a plan for the education of the masses. It must necessarily be expensive, but for those who can afford it, it is worth all that it costs. Day and boarding pupils together are incongruous elements intimately associated. Regulations which are appropriate to the one class are not adapted to the other. That the true work of education may be successfully accomplished and safely guaranteed, the family school system, rigidly excluding all who are not under the domestic regulations, is not only expedient, but we may say indispensable. After the additions made to the buildings in 1872 there was room to accommodate about fifty pupils. This is enough for one family and one supervision, and furnishes a pleasant society in itself.

In the year 1874-75 the name KEMPER FAMILY SCHOOL was resumed and fifty-eight pupils were entered, sixty-two in 1875-76, and forty-seven in 1876-77.

As this was the last change made in designating the school, we will here present in one view the several names which it has borne: Boonville Boarding School, June, 1844, to November, 1845;

Boonville Male Collegiate Institute, 1845-54 ; the Kemper Family School, 1854-56 ; Westminster College, 1856-61 ; Kemper and Taylor's Institute, 1861-65 ; Kemper's Family School, 1865-74 ; the Kemper Family School, 1874--.

Mr. E. L. Yager was another excellent student. He acted as tutor from the fall of 1878 to the summer of 1880, and then went to Princeton College, New Jersey, to complete his studies there. W. M. Hoge, G. W. Johnston, and W. E. Scobey were tutors during this term, as they were the previous year.

In 1877-78 there were fifty-three entries, and W. M. Hoge and George W. Johnston were tutors.

1878-79 enrolled forty-five pupils. This year Miss Mary Jasper Bocock, a niece of Mr. Kemper, entered the school as teacher of French, German, Latin, and piano music. She has proved herself worthy of her lineage on both her father's and mother's side. Mr., now the Rev. Joseph H. Gauss was a tutor this year and the next. He is said by Mrs. Bocock to have been one of Mr. Kemper's pupils, who seemed fully to appreciate him. Mr. E. L. Yager also was a tutor this year.

Fifty-six pupils entered in 1879-80. Messrs. Gauss and Yager were tutors this year.

The thirty-seventh annual session of the school began Thursday, September 9, 1880, and closed June 15, 1881. During its continuance sixty-two were enrolled in the various classes. Mr. T. A. Johnston was the junior principal, Mrs. S. H. Kemper and Miss M. J. Bocock, and Messrs. W. M. Hoge and George W. Johnston were the teachers. Willis Henry Bocock and Miss Grace Kemper (the oldest living

child of Mr. Kemper, and of whom he said that she was everything he desired her to be) were graduated in the classical course, John Joseph Campbell in the Latin course, and Albert Beauregard Fink and Samuel Murrell Sevier in the commercial course. The pupils represented nineteen counties of Missouri; the States of Kansas, Virginia, Illinois, Texas, Indiana and Colorado; the Territories of New Mexico and Indian; and Venezuela in South America. This was the last year of Mr. Kemper's connection with the school, as his death occurred before its close.

The session was successfully continued and completed after Mr. Kemper's death, and the school opened in September, 1881, as usual. Mr. T. A. Johnston is now the principal; W. M. Hoge, and G. W. Johnston are the assistant teachers. The year 1881-82 was one of the most prosperous in the history of the school. The attendance, the health, the studiousness, the *morale*, have all been excellent; and every one of us fellow-pupils may rejoice that our beloved master laid the foundations deep and strong, and that the blessing of the Father above rests upon this school, which has won its way to public favor by discarding all trickery, and offering to its patrons the solid advantages of a genuine education.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REUNION.

“ Oh, these are the words that eternally utter
The spell that is seldom cast o'er us in vain ;
With the wings and the wand of a fairy they flutter,
And draw a charmed circle about us again.
We return to the spot where our infancy gambled ;
We linger once more in the haunts of our youth ;
We retread where young passion first stealthily rambled,
And whispers are heard full of nature and truth.”

ON the 3rd day of June, 1844, Mr. Kemper first opened the school in Boonville, with an attendance of five pupils, four of whom he had brought with him. On the 3d day of June, 1874, he was still in Boonville, and at the head of the school which he had founded thirty years before. Almost from the first he had as many pupils as he desired. Indeed, during much of the time he had felt compelled to admit more than he wished to have. He had enrolled at Boonville and at Westminster College over two thousand names, embracing probably twelve hundred different pupils. Counting the years spent in teaching before he came to Boonville, he had served his self-allotted apprenticeship of twenty-five years, and could claim to have been a master-workman for a half-score of years more.

It was thought by his pupils and friends that this

was a suitable time to do honor to the successful veteran of the school-room. It was determined that it should be done by a rally of his pupils in a REUNION at Boonville. It was a noble thought, because it was a genuine expression of respectful and enthusiastic gratitude to a man who had won it by faithful, intelligent, and successful service to more than a thousand of his fellow-men. These beneficiaries of his skill were scattered far and wide. Lawson was in London, representing the interest of his bank in that metropolis of the world. Taylor was in San Francisco, having followed the sun to his golden setting on the Pacific. Others were almost as far remote in the south or toward the north. They were not only in all climates and latitudes and countries, but they were engaged in all kinds of pursuits. They were farmers with hard hands, but soft and generous hearts. They were physicians, ministering, like angels of mercy, to the suffering. They were merchants, whose stores, like a museum, contained the fabrics and products of almost every clime. They were lawyers, pleading for the vindication of the right and the punishment of the wrong. They were ministers, ambassadors of grace to their guilty fellow-men. They were teachers, like the master himself, striving to make men of the minds committed to their trust. All these, a full regiment of soldiers on the battle-field of life, heard the bugle rally that called them to the quarters of their beloved chief.

They came from the plough and the workshop, from the counting-room and the sick-chamber, from the sanctum and the forum, from the pulpit and the

school-room. The thought and feeling of each heart found expression in these words :

“ I find a pious gratitude disperse
Within my soul ; and every thought of him
Engenders a warm sigh within me, which,
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and enlarge
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.”

The 23d and 24th of June were fixed upon as the time, and they dawned and departed as propitiously as heart could wish—model days of balmy summer softness.

We are happy in being able to lay before the reader a contemporary account, which appeared in the columns of the *Boonville Advertiser*. It was manifestly prepared by one in hearty sympathy with the occasion :

“ The students of Kemper’s Family School have long contemplated a grand reunion, when all could once again meet in friendly commune, recall the past, fraught with long and varied experiences, and talk of the present, where all again would meet their venerable preceptor. The culmination of their intentions, after preliminary workings, took place on the 23d and 24th, and the arrivals on last Saturday and Monday were many.

“ The reunion commenced on Tuesday evening with a grand reception given by Professor Kemper at his residence, and it was indeed a most enjoyable and enjoyed affair. The attendance was large, there being between three and four hundred present ; some who had not met their time-honored professor for

many long and weary years, bearing the impress of trouble and age, were rendered happy and spiritually youthful by once more meeting their old friend and teacher, their old schoolmates; noting the many changes, and recalling old and happy associations.

"Prof. Kemper was surprised and pleased, in the course of the evening, by the presentation of a magnificent and valuable gold watch and chain, as a token of respect and love from his old students. It bore the inscription: 'Presented by Students of Thirty Years.' Mr. Gallagher, of Illinois, with a few significant remarks, made the presentation. Mr. Kemper in heartfelt terms responded. It was not the intrinsic value of the memorial, but that extrinsic value made by association and circumstances, which would render it of inestimable worth to himself. It was a touching scene, easy to imagine but hard to express: to see crowded around the venerable professor the old and young, whose foundation of the great edifice of education he had firmly laid, made happy by the pleasure which beamed from his countenance on the reception of this token of their love.

"Many ladies, fair and beautiful, enhanced the pleasure of the evening with their sweet smiles, sparkling wit and humor. The supper was unsurpassable, the tables being laden with substantials of every kind and luxuries of every variety. Indeed, when Mr. Kemper and his fair lady undertake anything it is invariably a success. The festivities were, to the pleasure of all, protracted far into the night.

"The next on the programme was a public meeting at the Thespian Hall, on Wednesday morning, when several very fine orations by men of talent and

eminence—former students—were made, and a poem was read. Below we give the order of exercises :

“ President, Hon. J. B. Harris, of Callaway.
1. Address of Welcome, Professor Kemper ; 2. Oration, the Rev. J. A. Quarles, of St. Louis ; 3. Poem, G. W. Ferrel, of Boonville ; 4. Speech, Prof. C. C. Hersman, of Callaway ; 5. Speech, James Gibson, of Kansas City.

“ Hon. J. B. Harris opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks. He was followed by the address of welcome, by Mr. Kemper. He spoke in that characteristically strong and precise style, so well remembered by the many students present, bidding all a hearty welcome in his natural and kind way, and thanking them for the interest and kindness manifest in the very inception of this reunion.

“ The able oration by the Rev. J. A. Quarles, of St. Louis, made a deep impression on his attentive audience. He reviewed the field of the educator, showing that his vocation is the most honorable and important one that man can pursue, developing the youthful mind into the strong and vigorous character of manhood, laying the foundation upon which to build the great temple of life. He recalled many features of interest from the bygone past, reminiscences of his school-boy days, under the tutorship of Professor Kemper, to whom many tributes were paid, and kindly and pathetically remembered his many school-mates who have passed away.

“ Mr. G. W. Ferrel then read the following very fine original poem, possessing the great qualification of more sense than rhyme :

" A POEM OF WELCOME.

I.

- " O would that the dead, sweet-spirited Sappho
Might rise from the sea-waves of crystal Ægean,
And strike the Greek harp with tremulous finger,
Where beautiful fancies evermore linger,
But long to leap out in a glorious pean !
- " O would that to us the winds of the centuries,
Fleeted forever and faded in heaven,
Might bear the sweet Lesbian's song with the murmur
And beautiful grace of the long Grecian summer,
As though by the breath of the seraphim given !
- " O would that each heart on this morning of welcome,
Might tremble with music's melodious measure,
And catch the soft lip of the fountain immortal
That gleams through the archway of heaven's wide portal,
A beauty forever, and forever a treasure.

" For blest is the morn
With the perfect and holy,
Sereneness of God resting sacredly, lowly,
In hearts through whose veins
Run the currents of love,
All bright with the tide
Of that brotherly pride,
Binding heart unto heart
And our heaven above !

II.

- " Thrice welcome, O friends from the South and the North,
From the East and the West, who send their sons forth !
Thrice welcome, O bosoms, so brave with the steel
And the armor of manhood, all ready to reel
Into ranks, into armies, and rush to the fray,
With the lances of Right, when the Wrong's in the way !
Thrice welcome ! We meet as we never have met
In the days that are many and younger, but yet

There's a sympathy sweet in our bosoms that beat
With a stroke that is strong, as each other we greet.

III.

" We gather together from near and from far,
With the glory of friendship abeam in each breast,
And as bright as the light of some radiant star
That burns down the beautiful slope of the West !
We clasp the dear hand and we wreath the bright smile,
We pluck the sweet blossoms of love, and beguile
These moments of bliss that we love still the more,
While we hope in the future and dream of the Yore !

IV.

" O the Past, O the Past !
Let us wander awhile
In the sweetness of memory
Down the green aisle,
Where the air of the evermore mystical time
Breathes into the heart from a heavenly clime.
The friend with the silver
Of age in his hair
Goes backward, far backward,
And sits him down there,
Till the ghost of his boyhood
Steals downward and lingers
Beside the old man, and it touches his brow
With pressure the fondest from mystical fingers.
That touch is both mystical, magical, all,
And the shadows roll back like a funeral pall,
As a glimpse of the better day flashes afar
On the eye of the fancy, methinks, like a star.

V.

" Oh, we love to go back, and we love to search out
The faintest of footprints that even yet stand
In the path of the years, where we wandered through tears,
And the sunnier journeys of boyhood's bright land !

- “ Oh, we long to go back, and we long to live o’er
Our school days afar in years of the yore ;
When the glories of youth and the youngest of loves
Beat in at the heart like the coming of doves !
- “ We love to retrace what the suns had to sever—
All the old lessons and all the old faces ;
All of the beautiful, old-time graces,
Wove with a weft of the winsome forever.
- “ But the years have gone by, and the fairies have shifted
The green of the grass and the red of the roses,
Full many a time, and the summer tide
Anew on the hills where the sunshine reposes.
- “ Dear hearts have ceased beating, dear hands have been folded ;
Dear faces have faded away ’mid the beautiful
Flight of the angels, and in the grand temple
Have seen the reward of the sweet and the dutiful.
- “ Hearts that to-day we would love to link fondly
To lives that live only in memory’s keeping,
Lie under the sod ’neath the face of the violet,
Wet with the tears of its own tender weeping.
- “ And distance has parted us—distance which darkens
The flight of the years that sweep onward forever,
And leave but a token of love to remind us
How widely we part, and how often we sever !
- “ By the murmurous sea, on the slope of the golden
And beautiful country that runs to the West,
Are the homes of companions that conned the old lessons
Together with us in the years we loved best.
- “ By the mighty Atlantic and the lakes of blue water,
By the seas of the South where the summer-tides shine,
Still lie the dear homes of the friends whom we welcome
To-day with a welcome complete and divine.

VI.

- “Ye come, O friends, from the fields of the husbandman,
Lying in beauty and waving with gold !
Ye come with the step of the merchant and tradesman,
As happy, as generous, ay, and as bold !
- “Ye come from the desk of the student who labors
From the flush of the morning far into the night !
Ye come with the pen of the journalist, happy
In battling the wrong and upholding the right !
- “Ye come, O friends, from the courts of the lawyer,
All covered with honor for deeds that are great !
Ye come from the place where the people have sent you,
To stand like heroes at the helm of the state !
- “Ye come from the pulpit, with heaven’s own beauty
Abeam in the face and aglow in the heart !
Ye come from the ranks of the mighty physicians,
Ye come from the people—of heaven a part !

VII.

- “Thus do we welcome you, thus do we gather
Again to remember the blessed Old Times,
And the tenderer loves that leap through the bosom
And beat with the tinkle of wonderful chimes !
- “Down the green byways of holy affection,
Down the deep vistas of sweet recollection,
Into a land like an amethyst,
Together we’ll wander again, and we’ll list
To the lute of the angel of memory there,
As sweet as a song, and as hallowed as prayer !
- “The years may glide by like the brooks through the lea,
Like the currents of rivers that run to the sea,
And carry the shadow, and carry the sun,
From morning till eve on their course as they run ;
But sun, nor shadow, nor current shall take
From memory’s tablet, for memory’s sake,

A single beauty, or grace, or love,
That may have fallen from heaven above
With a newer life and a stronger sway
Into the bosom this beautiful day.
It may be that we nevermore
Shall meet each other on time's dark shore,
Banded together and bound by ties
That link us to the eternal skies.
It must be for some hearts to cease
Beating in sorrow to beat in peace
Beyond the wave and the turbulent tide,
Over upon the other side
Of Jordan, where there yet shall be
Reunion in Eternity."

We arrest the reading of the report of the reunion here for a moment, to give our candid judgment, that the commendations above given to the oration and poem were colored by the enthusiasm of the occasion. We do not think that either of them met the demands of the day. So far as the oration is concerned, we were at the time painfully conscious that this was true. The poem is here to speak for itself. We do not propose to criticise it. This would not be proper, and we should not have felt it our duty to say anything about it, except for one very glaring defect it has. There is in it, from beginning to end, no mention of Mr. Kemper, nor the most distant allusion to him. This is certainly the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out. We now resume the report :

"Professor C. C. Hersman, of Westminster College, Fulton, delivered a very profound speech, laying great stress on the fact that the acquisition of truth is the foundation of education, the fountain-head of knowledge.

“Mr. James Gibson, of Kansas City, closed the exercises with a short but expressive speech, receiving the repeated applause of the audience; expressing the sentiments, when referring to Kemper’s Family School, of every old student present.”

We heartily concur with these commendations, for they were pre-eminently deserved. We never heard a more excellent fifteen-minute speech than that made by Professor Hersman on this occasion. It was excellent in thought, excellent in expression, and excellent in delivery. Mr. Gibson was quite brief, but his words were golden. Every heart was thrilled as he repeated these familiar lines, and applied them to Mr. Kemper:—

“About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room he said,
‘What writest thou?’ The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’
‘And is mine one?’ said About. ‘Nay, not so,’
Replied the angel. About spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, ‘I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men !
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God had blest,
And lo, Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest !”

We resume the *Advertiser’s* report:

“BANQUET.—The grand finale of the reunion exer-

cises took place on Wednesday evening, 24th inst., at the Thespian Hall. Many happy faces assembled to participate in the enjoyment of the occasion where happiness reigned supreme. It was a golden summer evening, a refreshing shower having settled the dust, making the atmosphere cool and bracing. All vied in rendering the occasion one long to be remembered.

"Grand preparations had been made. It was a feast for both body and mind. A sumptuous repast was spread, pampering the appetite of the most confirmed and fastidious epicure. Six toasts (non-Bacchanalian) were responded to in most earnest and eloquent terms. The old students of thirty years for the last time mingled in happy intercourse; for the last time, perhaps, on like occasion, paid tribute to their *alma mater*, and bade a long and regretful farewell to their youthful associations; for the last time talked over and again enjoyed the school-day prank. Men of eminence, grown gray in successfully fighting the great battle of life; alumni of Kemper's Family School, having thrown into activity those principles of truth inculcated by their honored instructor; in fact, men from every walk in life mingled with the happy throng, and partook of the festivities of the banquet.

"Immediately after the supper the chairman, J. W. Draffen, Esq., of Boonville, commanded order, and consecutively called each toast, as follows:

"First Toast: Our Honored Teacher. Response by M. M. Singleton, of Boonville.

"Second Toast: Education, the safeguard of the country in the past, and its hope in the future. Response by Professor F. T. Kemper.

“Third Toast: The School, and Class of ’74. Response by W. A. Jacobs, of Greenfield.

“Fourth Toast: Our School Days. Response by Judge W. H. H. Hill, of Sedalia. [Judge Hill was unavoidably absent.]

“Fifth Toast: The Ladies.

“O woman, lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man. We had been brutes without you.’

Response by Hon. J. B. Harris, of Callaway.

“Sixth Toast: To the Dead of our School.

“The first toast, by Mr. Singleton, paying a high tribute of love and respect to ‘Our honored teacher,’ was appropriate and brief. It received twofold value by being delivered in that earnest and natural style (the gift of the orator) that carries conviction and commands the attention of the audience. ‘Those are my sentiments,’ were the whispered accents of many of his auditors.

“Mr. William H. Allison, in the most choice and forcible language, made tribute to ‘Our honored teacher.’ In a review of his history, he followed him through the trials and tribulations of his collegiate course—the honest and industrious student, a member of the faculty of the Westminster College—down to the permanent establishment of the great institution, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as Kemper’s Family School. It was a masterly effort, and many and long were the plaudits. Grand and elevated ideas, evoked by the magic of friendship and that love of the pupil for the teacher to whom he owes so much, were clothed in language which the gifted alone can command.

“ ‘Education, the safeguard of the country in the past, and its hope for the future,’ was responded to by Mr. Kemper in that unassuming and natural style, that exhaustive yet brief manner, in which Mr. Kemper treats all educational questions. No educator in the West is more thoroughly versed, more deeply founded in the profession than Mr. Kemper ; and he talks to instruct and amuse, when the occasion admits, as it did on that evening. The vocation of the teacher is not merely to impart a little knowledge, to instruct the youth in a few of the learned sciences, but to mould the character, to develop true and noble manhood ; and this kind of education alone can prove ‘the safeguard of the country.’

“ The third toast, ‘The school, and class of ’74,’ by W. A. Jacobs, was enjoyed by all, and especially by his schoolmates. Mr. Jacobs is a most estimable young man, and in graceful terms toasted the class of ’74. The audience was highly entertained by his school-day reminiscences.

“ ‘The Ladies’ were toasted by the Hon. J. B. Harris, Senator from Callaway. This is a toast that always proves of interest, especially when responded to in the happy strain and natural style of Mr. Harris.

“ During the interval between each toast, sweet music was dispensed by the Home Orchestra.

“ In conclusion, we extend a friendly adieu to the reunionists, and sincerely hope that they may long live to honor their *alma mater*. ”

There are but few men in the Valley of the Mississippi ; indeed few in this broad land of ours, there is not another in the imperial State of Missouri, who

could properly be the recipient of such an honor as was this reunion of pupils of thirty years. In the length of time that he taught ; in the number of pupils who came under his influence ; in the extent of country from which they came ; in the universal and enthusiastic gratitude which they feel for him ; and, above all, in the character of the work as shown by its practical results, Mr. Kemper stands almost without a parallel among the teachers of our land. The reunion revealed this fact with conspicuous demonstration.

In this connection we call attention to the fact of the indorsement of Mr. Kemper as an educator by the most prominent and practical men in Missouri. As illustrations of this truth, we shall refer only to two. Col. Joseph L. Stephens, of Boonville, was undoubtedly one of the remarkable men of Missouri. Though not, perhaps, what might be called a brilliant man or a child of genius, he was what is far better and higher, a man of massive mind and comprehensive intellect. Reared on a farm, he commenced life for himself in Boonville as a lawyer, overshadowed by the commanding talent of the bar of Central Missouri. It was not long, however, before he was, though still young, one of its most successful and trusted practitioners. We remember well, thirty years ago, when he and Senator Vest (the most gifted man in the State, then partners) were retained upon one or the other side of every important case in the Cooper Circuit Court. Turning from the law to finance, he was equally successful, amassing a fortune and being recognized, at his death, as one of the leading financiers of the interior. Colonel

Stephens put all of his sons under the care of Mr. Kemper, boarding them with him, though his own family residence was only two squares away. Though possessed of wealth which would have allowed him to send them to Rugby or Eton, he preferred his old neighbor, whom he knew to be a "maker of men."

The other case is that of the Hon. James S. Rollins, of Columbia. For forty years Major Rollins has been one of our leading men. Though gifted as an orator and prominent in the political history of our commonwealth, his great distinction is in connection with education. Among all our public men, there is no one with such a record as his, in the interests of our public schools. Our State University is his special pet and pride, to which he has given the best labors of the best years of his life. Indeed he may justly be called the father of the University of Missouri. Major Rollins has intrusted the education of his younger sons to Mr. Kemper.

We have a couple of letters written by him to Mr. Kemper, while one of his sons was a student in the Family School. We shall extract largely from them, not only on account of the distinguished reputation of the writer, but also because of their intrinsic excellence.

"COLUMBIA, Oct. 20, 1873.

"PROFESSOR F. T. KEMPER—DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the reception of your favor of the 15th inst. I approve all the suggestions which you make in regard to my son. . . .

"I am gratified that he is interested in laying his foundation well. As a general rule, so far as my observation extends, our graduates can neither read, write, nor spell. It is seldom in my life that I have met with a *good reader*, even among educated

men. I regard this as one of the highest accomplishments of a scholar and gentleman. I had *almost* said that a man could be neither without possessing it.

"At his age, I desire, above all things, that he should be *accurate* in whatever he attempts to learn or read. I lay as much and more stress upon accuracy in scholarship than Demosthenes did upon 'action' in oratory. The great fault with men is, that they *know* nothing. With rare exceptions, all their information is confused, loose, slipshod. This is true both in regard to facts and principles; and all resulting from inaccurate and imperfect training of the mind when young and pliable. Our whole system of education is wrong in this, that our *ablest* and best *paid* teachers ought to have charge of the mind of the country in its early dawn. 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined.' The apprentice needs no longer his master, when he can handle well the tools himself. But to learn this art, his master should be perfect, not a botch!

"John Randolph, in his first trip across the ocean, asked the captain of the vessel, who was an *educated* Irishman, why it was that in all the atlases a certain town in Ireland was always placed on the *wrong* side of the river. The captain had *never discovered* it! Meeting with John Quincy Adams when I was a very young man from Missouri, he asked me the population of St. Louis. I gave it to him, when he *contradicted* me, and stated it to me *accurately*. He *knew* what it was; I did not. This incident made a deep impression upon me, but I have not profited by it; I am still a know-nothing; but I would have it different with my son.

"Senator Benton once said to me, in his graphic style, 'Sir, if I had not been Senator Benton, I would have been a Quintilian. I missed my profession, sir; I ought to have been a schoolmaster. The boys would have *understood* what I attempted to teach them.' What a grand schoolmaster the illustrious Senator would have been!

"I know that all this depends greatly upon the memory. But how best shall this important faculty of the mind be fortified, strengthened, improved, in order that it may retain what it gathers?

"I have received several letters from my son. He expresses himself well pleased with the school, and also that he has a

determination to excel. . . . For boys of his age, he thinks the school a decided improvement upon the University. He seems to be forming very decided opinions for himself. An occasional word from you will have great weight with him. . . . He has requested me to send him a dictionary and a few good books to read. I will do this from time to time, but with the distinct injunction that his outside reading is not in any way to interfere with his regular lessons. I impress upon him never to miss a recitation, and always to know his lesson well.

"I prefer that he should read but one book until it is completed, and then take up another. For this desultory and irregular reading, on the part of boys or men, I regard as the very bane of all solid improvement.

"I have sent to him 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son,' and requested him to read them carefully, with his English and Classical Dictionary near by, so as to make himself familiar with any quotation or classical and historical reference. While there are many things in Chesterfield which I do not approve, he is nevertheless an easy and graceful writer, and his 'Letters' abound with profitable instruction for observant and smart boys. To correct any mischievous tendencies which he may meet with in Chesterfield, I will send him after a while Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Plutarch's 'Lives,' Goldsmith, 'Chambers's Miscellany,' etc. . . .

"In my correspondence with him, I shall give him every encouragement, awaken in him as far as I can a thirst for knowledge, and impress upon him always *implicit obedience* to your orders and rules of government, and to which I trust you will hold him with a steady and firm hand.

"Commending him to the friendly care of yourself and Mr. Johnston, to whom I ask to be kindly remembered, I am, most truly and respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES S. ROLLINS."

There are sentences in this letter which ought to be put on Major Rollins's monument, especially his reference to primary education and to accuracy of scholarship.

The second letter was written on the occasion of the reunion, and is as follows:—

COLUMBIA, June 5, 1874.

“MR. F. T. KEMPER—MY DEAR SIR : On account of the continued delicacy of my health, and the literary exercises to occur here, in the University, and at the very time of the close of your own school, it will be out of my power to be with you on the occasion of the reunion of your old pupils of thirty years past and gone. Nothing would have given more pleasure ; and it was my purpose to induce my friend, the Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, who will address the two literary societies here on the evening of the 22nd inst., to go with me. I know he would have enjoyed the visit, and you and Mrs. Kemper would have been charmed with him. He is a superb man, and a most brilliant and accomplished orator.

“But the Board of Curators meet just at that time. I am the President of the Board. A large crowd of strangers will be present, and I have on such occasions to make myself as useful as I can. My absence would not look well, indeed it would be inexcusable. These facts will contain my excuse for not accepting your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of your old pupils ; than which, I repeat, nothing would have given me greater delight.

“I am satisfied that my son has done well since he has been with you. I think he has turned a new leaf entirely. His ambition has been awakened, and he has now a high purpose to accomplish in life. He has learned how to control and direct his faculties, and understands the art of studying to advantage. These I regard as nearly half the victory, where a youth has good native endowments. . . .

“I would prefer to make of him a lawyer, provided he has a *tough* physical constitution, a sound *legal* mind, capable of comprehending great principles, discussing subjects logically and *metaphysically* and with *strong* common sense ! I know this profession is crowded. There is a long line of sympathetic mourners, who are grieving for their want of success, and mainly because they are *unadapted* to the *profession* ! They might have made good shoemakers, good carpenters, good farmers, good

barbers, or bootblacks : and I would prefer to see my son *excelling* in any of these, if he has not the ability to reach the *upper story* in the legal profession, where, Mr. Webster says, there is 'always an abundance of room.' . . .

"I may drop you another line before the close of the session. In the mean time present my kind regards to Mrs. Kemper and Mr. Johnston, and believe me most truly,

"Your friend,

"JAMES S. ROLLINS."

Other distinguished men, such as Hon. John G. Miller, Richard Gentry, Hon. William B. Napton, Hon. George G. Vest, and Revs. R. P. Farris, D.D., and B. T. Lacy, D.D., gave their sons to him, and were his ardent admirers and enthusiastic supporters.

CHAPTER XIV.

WELL DONE !

" Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features pale and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

LONGFELLOW.

MR. KEMPER entered upon the labors of the school, in the fall of 1880, with a lighter heart than usual. The general plan of the institution had been perfected. It was a private school, free from the control of sect or trustee. He was the owner of the property, and he had superintended the erection of every building. It was as he wanted it, with school-rooms and bedrooms for the family, teachers, and fifty boys. There were ample grounds for exercise, for garden, and for pasture. Moreover, he had a farm a few miles away, which not only furnished him most pleasant diversion, but also contributed to the comfort of the family school. The school was exclusively for boarders—not a day scholar was admitted—and he had secured the requisite number to fill the rooms, without any drumming, or personal solicitation, or any of the ordinary means by which teachers worry themselves, provoke their rival teachers, and degrade the profession. The school was of such established

and widespread reputation that it did not need to solicit pupils; pupils eagerly sought it, and were willing to pay a reasonable sum to gain its advantages.

The revenues of the school were large, enabling its proprietor to furnish the very best facilities, and at the same time retain a handsome income for himself. The same man who had taught the same school at the same place twenty-four years before, having seventy-five pupils to instruct, and dividing the income with two others, and all three receiving for their year's work but a pittance over twelve hundred dollars—he now was limiting his pupils to fifty, and receiving an aggregate gross return of over fifteen thousand dollars a year.

He had still further and greater cause for gratification in the fact that he had now surrounded himself with chosen pupils as teachers, to whom he could safely commit the details of the grand work of education in which he was engaged. They were men of choice natural endowments, whom he had taken in their early youth, and who, in thorough sympathy with his spirit, had been trained to perfect familiarity with his plans. He had the most complete confidence in these men. He had tested them, and found them faithful; and he knew, therefore, that he could safely intrust the administration and its details to their intelligent and conscientious management.

Still another ground he had for satisfaction of spirit, as he not only realized that he enjoyed the respect of all good men who knew him, but also, and especially, as he could see, on the farm and in the workshop, at the bar and on the bench, at the bedside

and in the pulpit, the fruits of his work, *the men whom he had made*, standing in the forefront of the fight for the right and the true.

Though a veteran of over forty years' experience in the school-room, he had not yet reached his three-score years and ten. Though he had always been more or less delicate, yet he was now as hale as he ever had been. Under all these auspicious circumstances, he withdrew himself from a personal participation in the discipline and instruction of the school far more than he had ever done. He now felt that he could safely and properly do so. He had not only earned a rest, but he saw that it was better for the future of the school that it should be intrusted more and more to the young men whom he had chosen to be his successors. Everything, therefore, was propitious; and while a *dolce far niente* life would never have suited him, it was possible that he could make his labors less irksome, and turn them partially to other channels.

Besides his wife, he had four daughters, whose society he could enjoy and whose education he could direct. He had his farm. How he loved that farm! Partly, perhaps, because it reminded him of his youthful days. Partly because, to a philosophic mind, the country furnishes retirement for meditation. Partly because he loved the truthfulness and freedom of natural life. Partly because it was a change and a recreation from the heavy burdens of the school.

"'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

Partly because it had cost him a great deal of money, and was his favorite place for lavishing it. This farm was undoubtedly Mr. Kemper's weakness. He enjoyed it, and every friend loves to think of the pure and almost boyish pleasure that it gave him. It was his toy.

But, besides family and farm, he had other plans, with which he could pleasantly and profitably occupy the leisure gained from the labors of the school-room. He had for years cherished purposes of authorship. Several hints of this are found in his writings. In one place, for example, he indicates a design of preparing a work on "Biblical Orthoepey," and another on "Professional Teaching." In the same connection he speaks of editing or making a series of text-books. In another place he gives quite a full synopsis of a projected volume, which was to be a "School and Family Bible, with Notes." He had prepared material for school text-books, and for a manual, at least, on the art of teaching; and his mind was richly freighted with treasures of knowledge and thought, ready to be expended on the other subjects mentioned above. For the last three years of his life there is no entry to be found in his journal. We have, therefore, nothing in his writings to the effect that his main object in relieving himself partially of his school cares was to give leisure for authorship. Yet such is our opinion. Just here we shall state a fact which will probably surprise many. It is that Mr. Kemper personally supervised the evening studies of his pupils until this session of 1880-81. He surrendered this duty to Mr. Hoge in the fall of 1880, the very last year that he lived.

Where shall we find a parallel to this fidelity to the details and drudgery of the profession?

With a part of the leisure thus gained he prepared a series of short articles on Ingersollism, which were published in the *Boonville Advertiser*. We shall transcribe the final article, as it contains a summary of the whole, and was probably the last thing that he ever published.

"A Synopsis of the Seven Conundrums on Ingersoll.

"1. When Ingersoll says it is the Christian system that men are taken to heaven for abandoning their families and sent to hell for cherishing them, does he not know that he lies? Certainly every well-taught Sunday-school child, ten years old, knows that that is not the Christian system.

"2. When he argues against the corporal punishment of children, by taking, possibly, a veritable case of some man inhumanly beating a child, 'with cheeks flushed with anger and brows knit with wrath,' does he not commit the logical fallacy of 'a false universal'? Admitting that his instance is not overdrawn, does he not tell the truth as if it were untrue?

"3. What are his merits as a reformer? He expects civilization and science to regulate mankind. It was shown that crime is less prevalent in Ireland than in Massachusetts, and that property is safer in Italy than in the old 'Bay State.'

"4. Is he right in his estimate of Thomas Paine? We adduced a few, out of many, witnesses to show that Paine died a beastly drunkard, and there is abundant evidence that he lived a beastly life. His

physician, the historian Lossing, Dr. Francis, Thorburn, and others prove our position. Thorburn's testimony was never disputed during his life-time. Since his death the infidel journals have made a liar, a plagiarist, and a thief of one of the most interesting characters that have adorned the history of this country. When we have done with Ingersoll we will discuss Grant Thorburn as a matter of justice.

"5. What species of the feathered tribe most fairly represents Ingersoll, in his caricature of religion and its ministers? As in other articles, we raise a question and state some facts, leaving readers to make their own inferences.

"A passage in the life of the Rev. James Gallaher, published in the *Western Sketch Book*, will illustrate our question. About half a century ago Mr. G., with other ministers, was on board a crowded steamboat on the Red River. A certain passenger undertook, very successfully, to amuse the crowd by telling anecdotes at the expense of the clergy. Mr. Gallaher said that he was incomparably the best storyteller he had ever heard. Every story was better than the preceding one. They went up, he said, like stair-steps. They were every one pointed at the preachers, and the vast crowd were spell-bound.

"Having exhausted his artillery, and no one being disposed to answer, he turned to Mr. Gallaher, and asked his opinion of his final joke. Mr. G. declined to discuss that question, saying he was too ignorant of the facts; but with his melodious and powerful voice he called aloud to Major Jenkins, his traveling companion, who was some distance off. His splen-

did physique and inimitable manner at once arrested the attention of the excited and expectant crowd.

“ ‘Major Jenkins,’ said he, ‘do you remember the Sabbath-school address which I delivered the other day at Shreveport?’ ‘I do,’ said the Major. Perfect silence now reigning in the crowd, he resumed :

“ ‘I told the children how I should like to have lived neighbor to the Patriarch Abraham. The special feature of his character on which I dwelt was his disposition to construe charitably the characters of his fellow-men. When Sodom was about to be destroyed, Abraham was confident there must be fifty good men in the place ; and if that could not be, there must be forty ; and so on down to ten !’ Breathless attention now concentrated on the speaker. ‘I told them it was evident that Abraham was not a man to be smelling around for dirty things !’ Rapt attention, and expectation on tiptoe. ‘I went on to illustrate from the feathered tribe. I told those children if, on some fine shining morning, a dove should fly out from its resting-place and sail over the waving grain-fields, bathing its wings in heaven’s sunlight and resting in the cool shade, how peaceful its heart would be ; and at night, if that bird could talk, it would have nothing to tell about but what was beautiful in earth and sky !’ Great crowd now well nigh entranced. ‘But if a buzzard fly over the same grain-fields, bathe his broad black wings in the same sunlight, and rest at noon in the same cool shade, when *he* gets home at night he will have nothing to talk about but *rotten ’possum or dead calf !*’

“ At this point the crowd became uncontrollable. They shouted, they clapped, they stamped, they

waved their hats in admiration and delight. A United States military officer was so excited that he ran up and down the deck, shouting, 'Oh, that buzzard, that buzzard!' The scoffing story-teller got off at the first landing, and Mr. G. heard of him no more.

"6. Does the temper which pervades his writings mark the candid inquirer after truth? We showed that he puts his questions like an advocate, and not like a judge or a cool philosopher; that where he demanded a categorical yes or no, the true answer was yes *and* no, according to facts.

"7. On the moral influence of Ingersollism, we cited the reformation of the Five Points and Water Street in New York by Christian effort, as opposed to the whole tenor of his philosophy.

"I have been led, Mr. Editor, to present these vulnerable points of Ingersollism in a county paper, because his books are hawked about the country, on the railroad cars, and sent to the pupils in our schools, who are easily led astray because they are ignorant. One of our pupils, however, who was a well-read historian, wrote a masterly review and refutation of Ingersoll's book entitled 'The Gods and other Lectures.' Ingersoll's glory, like that of Celsus and Porphyry, and Voltaire and Paine, will fade as the years go by.

F. T. KEMPER."

Another chief use which he desired to make of his partial leisure was to devote it to various works of kindly benefaction. He wished to visit the poor, the sick, the distressed. He wished to take a more active part in the gatherings of farmers, in the conventions of teachers, and in the meetings of the Church. He

made preparation to address the Missouri Legislature on the interests of education in the State. He attended the Synod of Missouri, which met at Fulton in the fall of 1880.

We have already alluded to his strong attachment for his farm, and the large sums which he expended in improving it. He spent a great portion of his leisure there during the last four years of his life, and he had the pleasure of seeing that the fine ponds which he had made were of great practical service during the seasons of drouth. Since his death many of his neighbors have doubtless blessed his memory, as they found a bountiful supply of water on that farm during the protracted drouth of 1881.

We cannot forbear giving an instance of the simple generosity of his nature, which sometimes led him to be imposed upon. Every agent for the sale of farming implements came to know this amiable weakness; and on one occasion, while sitting, with one of his tutors, on the front porch of the school building, he looked up the street and saw a man approaching who was manifestly a peripatetic vender of pumps. Addressing his companion, Mr. Kemper said, "Do you see that fellow coming down the street? You see that he is a pump-peddler. Now he is coming here, I venture, to try to sell his pumps to me; but I do not intend to buy—I have been imposed upon too often." Sure enough, the man came, and Mr. Kemper at first began to bluff him, but before an hour passed he had bought three of the fellow's worthless pumps.

The neighborhood of the farm was quite destitute of churches or of church-going people. He there-

fore at an early day established a Sunday-school in the school-house. This he kept up for twenty-five years, providing teachers from his pupils. It effected quite a reformation in the vicinity, as all the citizens, except the Roman Catholic element, seemed to be interested. For several years prior to his death he went regularly himself to this Sabbath-school. Mrs. Kemper had a juvenile class. The remainder were divided into classes, who recited a lesson to their several teachers, after which he lectured the whole school, explaining and illustrating the subject by earnest and pathetic appeals.

Sunday was his busiest day. After teaching an hour before church, he attended the regular morning service. After dinner he rode out five miles to his farm school, and returned just in time for supper. When supper was over, he met his boys to conduct a reading exercise, and then went with them to the evening service in the church. Mrs. Kemper tried to persuade him that it was best to remain at home in the evening, after his fatiguing labors and cold rides. But he feared that the people might not understand why he was absent, and thought it his duty to set an example of faithful attendance upon all the regular services.

At the beginning of this last school session he said to his wife, "You must try to be relieved from home cares, so that you can go with me to places where recreation or business may call me." She thought to herself: "The time cannot be very long that we shall be spared to each other. Though I am confident, with his vigorous constitution, that he will exceed his threescore years and ten, yet the time is

short, and we must not be separated an hour longer than is necessary.' So she accompanied him to several meetings for teachers in the county, to the State convention of teachers at Columbia, and to the meeting of the Synod in Fulton. They had arranged to spend the Christmas holidays at Kirksville, but the excessive cold prevented. Through all the storms and cold of the winter of 1880-81 they went together to their little Sunday-school, five miles in the country. Two or three Sabbaths the snow was so deep that he thought none of his class could meet, and he did not go to the school. But he did not rest at home; for he said that, as he had so few opportunities to visit the sick and afflicted, he must improve that time.

There is one portion of Mr. Kemper's work, of interest and importance, to which we can barely allude. We refer to his short impromptu speeches, delivered in teachers' conventions, in the church, and especially to his boys at the dining-table. His table-talks are said to have been frequently quite interesting as well as instructive. We have unfortunately no record of them. In these improvised speeches, his native talent, his wealth of knowledge, and especially his warm, tender, pious heart showed themselves. During the week of prayer in January, 1881, at one of the meetings he made some remarks which produced a universal and profound impression on the assembled congregation. He spoke as if his lips had been touched by a live coal from the altar of heaven. Many that heard him seemed to realize that he spoke under the promptings of the Infinite Spirit of Grace, and seemed to them a messenger from above. This was his last public talk.

As Sunday was his busiest day, he had no leisure until he returned from the service in the church at night. This he appropriated to singing his favorite hymns. On the last Sabbath night before he was taken sick he practised with Mrs. Kemper a hymn in which occurs this stanza :

“ The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green immortal ground.”

And another :

“ It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.”

Two days before his sickness he read aloud to his wife the following poem, which he had cut from an old newspaper and pasted in his little pocket Testament :

“GUIDE US TO-DAY.

“ Guide us to-day, O loving care,
Shielding our dangerous way.
The white mist binds the sky o'erhead,
The gulf beside is deep and dread,
Our course a maze, our path a thread ;
Guide us, Love's dearest care,
Guide us this day.

“ Guide us to-day, sweet soul of peace,
Making men's hearts obey.
Our naked breasts bleed at a wound,
Oppression bows us to the ground,
Our hearts faint at a cruel sound ;
Kind, calm, consoling Peace,
Guide us this day.

“ Guide us to-day, O tender Grace,
From zenith shadows stray ;
A sad, deep murmur haunts the sea ;
The summer withers ; and the free,
Fresh wind has sighs of mystery.
Guide us, O tender Grace,
Guide us to-day.

“ Guide us, O Love, and Peace, and Grace !
Guide us, divinest Light !
Through all our work, and care, and woe,
Through all the dizzy joys we know,
Through that ‘ dark valley ’ where we go,
Guide us, Love’s dearest Light,
To-day, to-night.”

We now record the last scenes in the words of the wife, who had been his loving companion and faithful friend for more than a quarter of a century :

“ THURSDAY MORNING, March 3, 1881.

“ Mr. Kemper took charge of Mr. Hoge’s classes, who was absent attending the wedding of Dr. McCoy and Miss Hettie Rush. In the midst of this extra work, he had, to use his own expression, the hardest chill he had experienced for twenty years. He came to the dinner-table and drank a cup of coffee, but excused his class from going to his room to study, and immediately went to bed. He asked that I should bring him some hot drink to take a sweat. But as soon as he was composed in bed, he said that, as he felt so comfortable, he thought he only needed rest and would take a vapor bath at bed-time. At nine o’clock he took his bath and slept soundly all night.

“ In the morning he said that he would have his

breakfast in bed, then dress, and go into the school-room. But he had no appetite for breakfast, and concluded to remain in bed all the morning. About ten o'clock he thought that he ought to see the doctor, who was sent for. On his arrival, he said that there seemed to be danger of another chill, and ordered hot and stimulating drinks immediately. After an examination, the doctor thought there was a threatened attack of pneumonia, which he hoped could be averted. In the evening, having learned that his little pet, Gertrude Cosgrove, was in the house, he sent for her to come to his room. Soon after Mrs. Cosgrove came in with her two boys, and Mrs. Johnston and Bertha made a call. These, with our own children, made quite a crowd in his room. But he kissed the children, and talked with them and their mothers. He also got his Greek books and called Grace to read over her lesson. He did not manifest any weariness, and at night I read to him from the newspapers, and he talked with interest about the items.

"Through the night, however, he was quite restless; but when I asked him if there was any pain, he answered, 'None at all; I am very comfortable.' I was giving medicine every two hours, and keeping the room at a regular temperature; so I slept but very little. Saturday morning he seemed better, and I left Grace with him, while I attended to some household duties.

"Before dinner, Dr. Jones, of Clinton, came, bringing his son. After dinner he went into Mr. Kemper's room and had quite a long talk. When he left, my husband said, 'I am afraid that I talked

too long. I get so interested about the entrance of a new boy, as so many failures are made by not starting with an earnest purpose to do their best. I wanted to present the case fairly to the father. Besides, he was a very pleasant talker, and gave me his remedy for catarrh, which I think I shall try.'

"That night I read the newspapers again, but he seemed to be sleeping most of the time. He had, however, another restless night. Sunday morning the doctor ordered his bed moved into the parlor, so that he would not be disturbed by the noises. He was not quite pleased to make a change, as he said that he was not troubled by the noise. He concluded, however, that it was best, on account of the morning sunshine. From the beginning of his sickness until his closing hours there was no complaint: his bed was comfortable, his food and medicine pleasant to take; there was not a pain in any part of his body. Although he groaned and tossed, he said that it was only a habit, and that I must stop him if it would do any harm.

"As I had not slept for two nights, I was lying on the side of his bed and sleeping some; I did not, therefore, read aloud to him. As the doctor thought that he was doing well and would sleep that night, I concluded to stay alone with him again. But toward midnight there were some new symptoms which made me very uneasy. I wandered about the house to find some one whom I might send for the doctor. But the doors were all locked, and I could not waken any one without making considerable disturbance. So I went back to work alone until daylight; but I never closed my eyes for a moment, nor

rested at all. At five o'clock I sent for the doctor, and he quieted all my fears.

"From this time, however, he aroused from his dreamy, quiet condition, and was constantly instructing the imaginary classes before him. He called the names of pupils, many of whom had gone before him to the spirit world. Those were very pleasant days of teaching. There were no bad lessons. There was no word of reproof, but every scholar gave pleasure. Often he would turn to me and tell me how well his boys were doing. When I would say that it was not best to tax his mind with his classes while he was sick, he would reply that there was no labor, for every boy was doing well. This apparent wandering of his mind, in thinking his classes were before him, did not extend to other things. No one could enter the room, ever so lightly, without his recognizing them and speaking. We could not speak to him on any subject, that he did not fully understand our meaning.

"On Tuesday, about noon, he commenced coughing, but said that it did not hurt him to do so. I felt alarmed at this new symptom, but the doctor considered it favorable. All Tuesday night he tossed and groaned, and I noticed that he held my hand in a closer grasp, and often drew my head down upon his pillow, although he talked but little. Through his entire sickness there had never passed an hour perhaps, without a prayer such as, 'O Lord, help me! O Father, let Thy will be done.' But he never spoke of dying, and I do not think that he supposed his sickness was serious. I never dreamed of the danger, until there was no mistaking the terrible

reality. The latter part of the night I had given him medicine to produce sleep. If that had not been done, his mind might have been clear to understand his true condition. The effect of this medicine was to produce a heavy slumber, from which he never fully aroused.

“When he saw us gathering anxiously around his bed, he said, ‘Sing.’ Asking what we should sing, his reply was,

‘Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe.’

Our niece, Miss Jasper Bocock, and her brother Willis then sang the chorus. Dr. Gauss, our pastor, came in soon after, and asked him how he felt in the prospect of eternal scenes. His answer was, ‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.’ I said to him, ‘Do you think that you are going to leave us?’ and his answer was, ‘I do not feel that I am!’ I added, ‘Is it bright now?’ and he said, ‘Yes, all is calm—no pain, no anxiety!’ He returned our kisses to the very last breath; and he clasped my hand tightly after his pulse had stopped its beating. I believe that he at last realized the leave-taking, but had not strength to express his feelings.

“The doctor says that there was some trouble of the heart the last morning, which balanced the scales against him; for, until that time, there was every prospect of a recovery. This may have been true, as years ago he had complained of some unusual action of the heart, and several of his family had died very suddenly, as though the life-current had been stopped

without any warning. As I look back over his whole sickness, it is my firm belief that no medical skill could have saved his life. But oh, if I had realized that there was even danger in his case, what delightful talks we might have had about the heavenly home, and what words of comfort and cheer he could have left us! That we were denied this pleasure teaches me that our Heavenly Father knew that it was not best for us. We should learn the lesson, that God does not permit all of His redeemed ones to glorify Him in a dying hour; but they must do this in health, and in possession of all their mental powers.

“I neglected to mention that, toward the last, he repeated over softly these lines :

‘Do noble things, not dream them all day long ;
Thus making life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song !’

“God grant that this affliction may be rightly improved. If the youth who have been taught in this school should be led by it to give more earnest heed to the lessons of the past, and consecrate their lives to nobler work, then the death of their teacher may accomplish greater good than all his life labors.”

Thus passed away, like a little child, this great and good man, to join the good and great of earth who had preceded him. Thus passed away this faithful and successful teacher, to join his pupils and to sit at the feet of the Great Teacher. Thus passed away this wise and loving father, to join his seven little ones who were already at home in heaven. Thus passed

away this humble, trusting, useful Christian, to join "the general assembly and church of the first-born," and to sing again with his mother "The Star of Bethlehem," in that city where they "have no need of the light of the sun nor of the moon."

"How fair and how lovely it is to behold
The sun in his splendor approaching the west !
Its race is near run, and, refulgent as gold,
It glides through the ether as hastening to rest.
It sinks, but in sinking 'tis only to rise,
Its grandeur and glory afresh to display ;
It sets, but, in other and far distant skies,
It rises and reigns in the brightness of day.

"Yet far more resplendent than this is the scene
Of the good man approaching the confines of time !
All loving, all peaceful, all calm and serene, -
He passes away with a brightness sublime.
He dies, but no pencil can ever portray
The splendor and glory that burst on his sight,
As, guided by angels, he speeds on his way,
Through the portals of praise to the temple of light."

He died Wednesday, March 9, 1881. The funeral services were held Thursday, March 10, in the Presbyterian Church of Boonville, before a large and deeply moved congregation. All were mourners ; for all—the poor, the church, the community—felt that they, as well as the family, were deprived of a valuable and cherished friend and helper. In token of respect, the mayor of Boonville, J. F. Gmelich, issued a proclamation requesting that all places of business be closed during the funeral. There was a cheerful compliance with this request. He was borne into the church and out of it by his fellow-officers and members

of the church, followed by his immediate family, as well as by his large family of boys, who were most deeply impressed by the removal from them of the venerable founder and esteemed head of their school.

The exercises were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. O. W. Gauss, M.D., assisted by the Rev. B. T. Lacy, D.D. They consisted of the singing of familiar gospel hymns, Scripture reading, and a funeral address. There was no formal text or sermon, but the remarks of the pastor were so felicitous that Dr. Lacy remarked afterward, "I did not say anything, because to touch a thing that is complete is to spoil it." The last hymn was one of Mr. Kemper's favorites, and was sung to the tune which he preferred. It was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion:—

"Palms of glory, raiment bright."

Before the congregation was dismissed, a telegram, just received by Colonel J. L. Stephens from Hon. L. M. Lawson, of New York, paying a touching tribute of respect and love to the memory of his endeared friend and honored teacher, was passed up to the pulpit and read. This will be found in a subsequent chapter.

The procession to the cemetery was long, and made up of a much larger number of genuine mourners than is usual in such cases. With loving hands and weeping eyes, friends laid him in Walnut Grove Cemetery, by the side of the sleeping dust of his children, to await the blessed resurrection of the just.

This chapter cannot be more fittingly closed than with the following extracts from a letter, written soon after his death by his sister, Mrs. S. M. Bocock :

“When the astounding intelligence of the death reached me, almost my first thought was of Spurgeon’s illustration of the ‘*Abundant Entrance*.’ The good ship on her homeward voyage, coming into port on a fair day, with colors flying and music playing, amid the greetings of an expectant throng assembled for the welcome! Then my heart cried out, Must all that gentleness and goodness, that loyal love of Right and Truth, pass away from earth? Can we not keep his example living, though he is gone? I felt that some one must try to photograph the spirit in a memorial volume.

“His busy, loving, brave spirit, as seen in his *every-day* life, is a picture on which my mind will ever love to dwell. His ‘table-talks’ were a perpetual marvel to me. Would that we had notes of some of them! Often, often as I listened, I felt that if those ringing words could have been delivered to an assembled multitude, just as they were spoken there to those fifty boys seated around his tables, what fame would be his! As I looked upon that earnest, beaming face, surrounded by his velvet cap and cloak, as he read and commented on some such Scripture as the 28th chapter of Job or the prophecies about Babylon and Nineveh and their fulfilment, or the latter part of the 11th chapter of Matthew, I sometimes almost imagined that one of the old Reformers had come back to us! But so modest, and so absorbed was he in his life-work that, all unconscious of his greatness, he desired no other audience than his pupils. What an honest pride he had in those boys! I can see him now, standing in his door, hat in hand, on a calm Sabbath morning, gazing on that solid phalanx of fine-looking

boys, from ten different States, all in their uniforms, with their tutors and officers, marching to church. He seemed to feel somewhat as St. Paul felt, when he told the Thessalonians that they were his 'crown of rejoicing.'

"I am spending the most curious winter of my life. I am here at the sweet old home almost alone; sleeping in the chamber of my girlhood; writing on a desk that was my grandmother's a hundred years ago; wandering among shrubbery of my mother's planting; in sight of the graveyard, over the falls (we didn't say terraces in the old times), where my dead sisters and I played in childhood; going over what were my husband's favorite walks in the 'long ago;' sitting where my father sat at family prayers: the very air laden with memories, and I almost 'lingering for the feet, which never more my steps shall meet.' Thank God! all, *all* who are gone were followers of our blessed Saviour, and I doubt not are now together in 'Our Father's House.'"

CHAPTER XV.

THE PERFECTED SCHOOL.

“ Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.”

COWPER.

As we have already seen, Mr. Kemper began his life of teaching under the profound conviction that he was entering upon a profession in which a quarter of a century would be necessary to gain a knowledge of its principles. Those twenty-five years were passed by him with single-hearted devotedness to his chosen work. From the time he taught as a post-graduate in Marion College, 1841 to 1866, when he was the honored head of the Family School which bears his name, his time, his energies, his talents, his means were all engrossed in the work of education.

While he had inherited the conservatism of Old Virginia, which prevented him from making any change for the mere sake of change, or whose propriety might be questionable, he yet had breathed the free Western air in his early manhood, and was ready to put all plans and professed improvements into the testing crucible, and to adopt them, if they

proved to be the genuine gold. Thus it was that those years of self-allotted apprenticeship were years of rigid experiment, of constant pruning, and of equally constant growth and development.

He was permitted to continue his work for fifteen years longer, and yet, to the day of his last service in the field of education, he never thought that his work was perfect. His conceptions and his plans for realizing them grew year by year, so that he probably felt at the last that he was as far from reaching his ideal as he had been when he began over forty years before. Still there was a mighty change. He was a different man, developed both in knowledge and wisdom, as from infancy to manhood. The school, since it began in Boonville in 1844, now that its thirty-seventh year was ending, was as little like its beginning as the oak is like the acorn, or the Father of Waters like the incipient mountain stream. So great were the changes, so many were the improvements, that Mr. Kemper often said to us, who were his early pupils, that we would hardly realize that it was the same school. Had he lived a generation longer, this process of development would doubtless have continued. Every living man is a growing man. As soon as he ceases to grow physically he begins to die. So it is with him mentally and spiritually. Growth is the law of life ; it is the law of every living organism.

It took Mr. Kemper forty years to make this school what it was and is. Every year it was doubtless better than the one preceding ; and he left it, in the vigor of its growth, to the care of a skilled and progressive mind, in the maturity of young manhood,

under whom it will continue to expand, to drink in more of the dews of heaven, and to absorb more of the light of God's eternal truth. The best schools are necessarily the old schools, in the hands of living and progressive men.

We have said so much to prevent a misconception of the title of this chapter. It is not *The Perfect School*. Mr. Kemper would never have claimed it to be so. We shall not do injustice to the memory of his honesty by making such a claim. In want of a better expression, we call it *The Perfected School*—that is, the school as, and so far as, perfected, developed, completed by its founder. In this chapter, therefore, we shall seek to present the school, in all of its salient features, just as he left it. For this purpose we shall use his last catalogues, as setting forth his final views and plans on all the points of which they treat. They say:

“We ask public attention to a few well defined characteristics of our life-work.

“THE SCHOOL IS SMALL.

“Unlike the colleges and public schools, we are limited by the accommodations and discipline of a family. Fifty pupils fill our school-room, dining-room, and lodging-rooms. No day scholars are admitted. The small portion of our scholars from the immediate vicinity board with the others, and every hour of the day and night is faithfully employed in such labor or recreation as will promote our great end, which is

"THE MAKING OF MEN.*

"While assiduously increasing our familiarity with such of the arts and sciences as we teach, and conscientiously preparing for our daily recitations, (giving more time to preparation than when we were novices), we regard the imparting of knowledge as a very small part of our work. What a boy is and does, much more than what he has, determines his destiny. Hence a wise training is indispensable. This consists in an energetic obedience to law. This done, the great work is virtually accomplished, the powers are symmetrically developed, and the youth is prepared for an intelligent, self-controlled manhood.

"While we take no notoriously bad boys, and always advertise that such cannot be satisfied here, such boys are not the most dangerous characters in school.

"PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"A bountiful supply of good food, ample playground, with facilities for rowing, skating, and swimming, regular exercise in the open air, and sufficient time for sleep, are as systematically attended to as study in study hours. Only two pupils have died in this family school during its long history.

* Not long before his death Mr. Kemper was called as a witness into court. To identify him, the usual questions were put as to his name, residence, etc. When asked, "What is your occupation?" he bowed his head a moment, then looked up and replied, "The maker of men."

“MORAL DISCIPLINE.

“Referring to the ‘course of study’ for mental culture, it must be reiterated that the moral part is the vital element in every true man’s life. Education that ignores this is radically defective, and may prove a curse. Besides the daily reading and exposition of the Scriptures there are two Sunday lessons. In one of these the pupils study in a scholarly manner the text of the Bible (English, Latin, or Greek, according to their attainments); in the other they study the whole range of Biblical and church history, as synchronized with the history of the world in Lyman’s Historical Chart. Pupils, while their religious preferences are respected, all attend church with the family.

“But they are not simply taught the precepts of morals; their moral habits are regulated with authority. Industry, obedience, and respect for superiors are steadily enforced.

“SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

“Our regulations are meant first to be based on the laws of man’s nature, and then to be invincible. Giving boys all that a careful regard for their real wants should accord, we still purpose to control their evil tendencies, and to crush insubordination, defiance, and impudence. While it is tyrannous and wicked to break the manly spirit of boyhood, it is alike ruinous to the good boy, the bad boy, and the school, to allow indolence or disobedience to have its way. The true conception of our relation to our pupils is that of a father who has his children on

drill ; while the ordinary idea of being 'a friend to the boys' involves so much pandering to their inclinations as sacrifices their real interests and those of the school.

"SMALL BOYS.

"A few small boys of from nine to twelve years are admitted, if able to read respectably. Boys of this age will room in close proximity to the tutors, that they may be shielded from temptation and guarded in their rights. The younger our pupils are, the less we have to undo and reconstruct ; and the hardest work we have to do is to make thinkers of boys who come to us from the colleges.

"LABORATORY.

"The course of study in the departments of physical science and mixed mathematics is well illustrated. Without the expensive appliances of endowed colleges, which would be out of place here, everything is supplied which our course requires. We have a superior surveyor's transit, a compass, and suitable apparatus for illustrating chemistry, physics, and astronomy. Additions are made from time to time as the progress of science demands. We have also regular weather observations in connection with the Missouri weather service, inaugurated by Prof. Nipher, of Washington University, St. Louis.

"SIDE STUDIES.

"Pupils ordinarily have three recitations daily, of a kind to tax their powers. The invalid may, by order of the school physician, have two, one, or none, ac-

according to his ability. But besides this substantial work of the course, there are many other exercises, at once recreative and improving. Studying the visible heavens when the nights are clear, gymnastics, military drill, vocal music, table-talk in the languages studied, drawing, and listening to the reading of newspapers and other matter, illustrate this feature. Webster's Academic Dictionary is not only used as a book of reference, but its various departments are faithfully studied as a text-book, a kind of culture in the English language almost unknown in the race after novelties.

"Some topics of English grammar, arithmetic, and the English Dictionary constitute a 'table-talk' for the English scholars, corresponding to the conversational exercises of the students of the languages.

"SCHOOL UNIFORM.

"This promotes economy, suppresses vanity, and identifies our pupils on the streets, so that they are not chargeable with street rowdyism. The uniform consists of coat, pants, and cap of cadet gray, cut in the military style. It costs from \$20 to \$30, according to size. It must be worn on the streets, at all public places, and on dress occasions, and one suit must always be in order. But any clothing a pupil may bring with him can be used in the school-room and on the play-ground. Jewelry must not be worn, and all foppery and dash in dress are discouraged as unbecoming the character of students. With the uniform must be worn standing collars and plain black neckties or bows.

“ SLEEPING-ROOMS.

“The sleeping-rooms are used only for sleep, washing, and dressing. It would be subversive of all order to allow undisciplined youth to study in their private rooms. Studying is done in a common room, and always under the supervision of a teacher. Pupils have access, under proper regulations, to the sitting-rooms and parlor. The lodging-rooms are airy and not crowded.

“ POCKET-MONEY.

“No student is allowed to handle pocket-money. Money designed for the use of our pupils should never be sent to them, but to Mr. T. A. Johnston, who will see that it is properly applied. *The best characters in the school spend the least money.* Parents should keep a small deposit of money with Mr. J. for the contingent expenses of their sons. Students are not allowed to go in debt, and parents are expected to agree not to pay debts contracted without our consent. Our pupils are not allowed to receive eatables from home. Their fare is that of a ‘well-to-do family.’ They have an abundance, and superadded luxuries unfit them for work.

“ PARENTS’ CONTRACT.

“Parents are expected to interfere as little as possible with the school government, and it is important that they should at all times give it their hearty support. Ill-advised sympathy may confirm a boy in a course of insubordination that will render it necessary to send him home. Parents are expected to make the following agreement and pledge, which

will be sent them for signature at the time of entering their sons :

“ ‘I understand and accept the terms of the Kemper Family School, as set forth in the catalogue of the past year. My son has not been expelled from any school or college; and as far as I understand his character, he is not likely to give trouble to the government of the school. I will send, or cause to be sent, any money designed for his use only to Mr. Johnston ; I will pay no debts of his, contracted without proper permission ; and I will not allow eatables to be sent him from home. I will claim no refunding of his year’s board and tuition bill in case he leaves school without the consent of the principals or school physician, or is expelled for rebellion or general immorality.’

“BOOKS FOR ALL.

“The following books are used in all the courses, and every student needs them. They may be brought from home together with any others mentioned in the list of studies : Fulton & Eastman’s Bookkeeping, with Blanks; Mason’s Gymnastics ; Webster’s Academic Dictionary ; English Bible ; American Tune Book ; Lyman’s Historical Chart and Key ; Quarto Blank Book.

“PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS.

“Quite a large proportion of our boys enter school professing to have finished various sciences and *ologies*, and yet when a printed page is placed before them they cannot master its ideas or pronounce its words. In order to ascertain who are deficient in matters of el-

elementary culture, our entrance examinations will include more or less extended practice in reading, penmanship, elementary arithmetic, and kindred points, before we admit to classification ; and those who need it will be kept at such work until they acquire proficiency.

“LATIN AND GREEK.

“Latin and Greek are taught with the strictest attention to pronunciation and grammatical structure, and in reading the poets, to the laws of versification. In the study of Latin, both the Roman and English methods of pronunciation are taught and practised. The Roman method is beautifully grand, simple, and scientific, and reproduces the sounds in which Cicero thundered and Virgil sang. The English method, on the other hand, furnishes the easiest way of learning the laws of our own tongue, and is the system which usage has established for the pronunciation of Classical and Biblical proper names and scientific terms. In connection with the study of Latin and Greek we have a system of table-talk, by which the student learns and combines in simple sentences the names of articles of food, dress, and furniture, parts of the body, and other familiar objects. This talking exercise gives the tongue and ear valuable culture not easily acquired in mere recitation.

“OTHER POINTS OF CULTURE.

“All the scholars are exercised in tracing the constellations and using the globes. Spelling is carefully attended to in connection with all written exercises. Written exercises are frequent, and are

made the means of efficient drill in penmanship, use of paragraphs, capital letters, marks of punctuation, and other details of correct writing. Stress is laid on accuracy of pronunciation, and clear, forcible, and correct speaking. Geography and Chronology are taught in connection with history. Special classes are formed on occasion to train those who are deficient in spelling, reading, geography, and mental arithmetic.

“VOCAL MUSIC.

“Music is a short daily exercise for all. Those who are incapable of vocalization are not expected to sing, but they, equally with the rest, are required to learn the principles of musical notation and the art of reading music, as necessary points of good culture. For practice in singing, a choir is formed of those having good voices.

“GYMNASTICS AND DRILL.

“In addition to the studies pursued, we practice a system of gymnastics and military drill, which, without being very elaborate or consuming much time, is of value in promoting precision and grace of bearing.

“TIME OF ADMISSION.

“Every student who enters the school is held legally bound to continue in it for one year, or for the remainder of the year if he enters after its commencement, unless bad conduct or the state of his health renders it necessary to send him home. Except in cases of confirmed bad health, we distinctly

claim the payment of the bill for the entire year, or of the part remaining after entrance.

“ EXAMINATIONS AND EXHIBITIONS.

“ At the close of each school year the classes are examined before their friends and relatives and persons specially invited, in the subjects pursued by them during the year. These examinations are designed to show the proficiency of the students in the subjects studied, and also to illustrate the methods of instruction and drill that are followed. The relatives of the students and the friends of education from a distance are specially invited to attend the examinations. The only public exhibitions are the exercises of the graduating class, which take place in the school building.

“ HEALTH ARRANGEMENTS.

“ The subject of health receives special attention. Two hours' daily exercise in the open air is a school duty, and opportunity is given for three. The best care is taken of the sick. The school physician is a gentleman of thorough medical culture, and is a salaried officer of the institution. He visits the school daily, and without charge to those who are treated, looks after the health of all who need his services. If the serious nature of a case demands it, he will bring to it a consulting physician at his own charge. If any one desires other medical attendance than that of the regular physician, it must be at his own expense.

“ TERMS.

“ Board and tuition in all the branches (except German, French, and piano, for which an extra charge

will be made), including the former extras of physician's fee, pew rent, lights, and sick-room charges, for scholastic year of forty weeks, \$310. French and German each \$2 per month ; piano instruction, \$40 per session ; use of instrument, \$10. Board and tuition are payable, one half at the opening of the session, and the remainder on the fifteenth day of December. Negotiable notes bearing ten per cent interest will be required, if payments are not made when due. Drafts sent must be in St. Louis or New York exchange. Charges on money sent by express must be prepaid.

"The entire year consists of one session ; and any student entering school during any particular session is held bound for the whole or remaining part of it. When the entrance is so late that it is necessary to charge for a fractional part of the year, it will be counted as consisting of thirty-three weeks instead of forty. This rule is adopted to compensate us for the trouble of fitting late students for classes that have already made progress. The same rule is observed in making deductions for absence. All deductions are at our option. We hold bound for the bill of the entire year all boys who leave school without our consent, or who have to be expelled for immorality or rebellion.

"ADVANCE PAYMENT.

"To prevent all misunderstanding as to what scholars are engaged, it is necessary to pay in advance \$20 of the school bill. Places are not reserved against others who comply with the terms unless this is done. The amount is forfeited if the student fails to come.

“INCIDENTAL EXPENSES.

“Parents must not expect us to pay the expenses of boys and look to them for reimbursement. We need our money for immediate use, and besides cannot incur the risk of loss. Boys must not go in debt when it can be avoided. When there is money for a boy's use with Mr. Johnston, he will be allowed to spend it discreetly under Mr. J.'s supervision; but when the amount is exhausted he will not be allowed to purchase anything unless absolutely necessary for comfort. Debt is the curse of business, and a boy should not learn that he has such a thing as credit. Rich parents must not allow their boys to spend too much money. It begets in them expensive tastes which they may some day be unable to gratify, and in school it generates the same tastes in others who have no superfluous money to spend.

“WASHING AND FUEL.

“Washing costs from \$10 to \$25, according to personal habits. Fuel is furnished for all study hours and for sitting-rooms. Boys are not allowed to have fires in their rooms except by special permission, with due regard to health. The rooms are used only for sleeping, washing, and dressing.

“DAMAGE TO PROPERTY.

“Scholars are responsible for all damages to property done by them, and the common occupants of a room or any other property are jointly responsible for its good condition. When damages are concealed,

the cost of repair is divided among all the scholars. We have formerly required a deposit of \$2 to meet such expenses, but experience leads us to believe the moral effect will be better to assess them as they occur.

“ MISCELLANEOUS.

“ Sick boys are placed under the care of the family physician and a competent nurse.

“ Students while here must not use profane or vulgar language, drink intoxicating drinks, or use tobacco, either by smoking or chewing.

“ Reports showing the scholarship and moral standing of each pupil are made and sent to parents every four weeks. Special reports are made if a scholar's case requires it.

“ While our pupils' legitimate correspondence is sacred, and they get their mail as we do ours, we allow no letters to be received from parties in Boonville, without our inspection. This is a necessary restraint upon the demoralizing influence of village society.

“ We occasionally exercise the right to examine express packages sent to the boys, if we have good reason to think that contraband articles are so sent. And if a scholar's condition makes it needful, we limit his correspondence to parties licensed by his parents or guardian. Boys who have been expelled must cease correspondence with any of our pupils, except by special permission.

“ Boys are not permitted to go on the streets without special permission.

“COURSE OF STUDY.

“Our curriculum and drill are designed to fit students in the most thorough manner for college and the United States naval and military schools, and to give those who may not wish to pursue their studies further the best possible substitute for a full educational course.

“Students have the choice of three courses of study, which differ in the relative amounts of the Classics and Sciences. Each course has three classes, and is arranged for the nominal time of three years; but proficiency and not time is the requisite for advancement, and the length of time will vary in different cases. Every student is required to enter and continue in one of the courses, unless special circumstances make a change necessary. If parents desire a particular course for their sons, they should give explicit information on entering them. We provide a more extended course for those who may wish to continue their studies with us after graduation. The names and studies of the courses are given below.

“The subjects in the numbered paragraphs under the name of each class constitute the three daily studies of each member of the class, and are pursued in the order given. Those denominated *side studies* are short daily exercises or weekly recitations.

“CLASSICAL COURSE.—JUNIOR CLASS.

“1. English Grammar completed. 2. Arithmetic completed. 3. Latin begun (Harkness's Latin Grammar and Jones's Lessons); Latin Prose Composition (Harkness).

“*Side Studies*.—Bookkeeping (Fulton & Eastman); History (Lyman’s Historical Chart); Declamation; Letter Writing; Bible; Sacred History; Vocal Music; Drawing; Tracing Constellations.

“MIDDLE CLASS.

“1. Cæsar (Harkness); Latin Prose Composition. 2. Greek begun (Hadley’s Grammar and Boise’s Lessons). 3. Algebra (Robinson).

“*Side Studies*. — Bookkeeping; Lyman’s Chart continued; Declamation and Composition; Latin Testament (Beza); Sacred History; Vocal Music; Drawing; Tracing Constellations.

“LATIN COURSE.—JUNIOR CLASS.”

The studies were the same as those of the Classical Junior.

“MIDDLE CLASS.”

The studies were the same as those of the Classical Middle, except that, in place of Greek, Hooker’s Chemistry and Avery’s Natural Philosophy, or German, or French were inserted.

“SENIOR CLASS.

“1. Cicero’s Orations; Ovid’s Metamorphoses; Æneid; Latin Prose Composition. 2. Moral Philosophy (Peabody); Mental Philosophy (Alden); Logic (Atwater) (*German or French optional in place of Moral and Mental Philosophy and Logic*). 3. Geometry, Trigonometry, and Surveying, with use of Surveyor’s Transit, Compass and Plotting Instruments.

“*Side Studies.*— Double Entry Bookkeeping ; Lyman’s Chart ; Latin Testament ; Church History ; Vocal Music ; Drawing ; Tracing Constellations.

“COMMERCIAL COURSE.”

The Junior studies were the same as those of the Classical Junior, except that Science Primers of Chemistry and Physics were put in the place of Latin.

The Middle Class studies were the same in this course as in the Classical, except that Hill’s Rhetoric, Youmans’s Botany, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy (with German or French optional instead of them) were substituted for Greek and Latin.

In the Senior Class of this course, Geology, Mineralogy, and Steele’s Zoology (with German or French optional for them), Moral and Mental Philosophy, and Logic were put in the place of Greek and Latin in the Classical Course ; and Champlin’s Political Economy was added to the side studies.

“POST-GRADUATE COURSE.

“This course includes Spherical Geometry and Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry and Calculus, and sufficient Latin and Greek to fit a student for the Senior Class in college.

“GRADUATION.

“Those who satisfactorily complete either of the regular courses, and whose morals and conduct have been good during their connection with the school, will be awarded a certificate of proficiency on payment of a graduating fee of five dollars.”

“PRIVATE SCHOOL.

“In contradistinction from the public and denominational schools and colleges, this institution is an independent private enterprise. Responsible to no board of trustees and to no church court, its friends and indorsers are the men it has ‘turned out’ during the thirty-six years of its history. In the strength of this characteristic, it has held on its way without aid from Church or State, and especially without the aid of ‘drummers.’ No pupil enters here at our personal solicitation. Our work is pursued as a

“PROFESSION FOR LIFE.

“The Senior Principal has had more than forty years’ experience. With singleness of purpose and enthusiastic ardor he has ‘magnified his office’ as an educator of men, as distinguished from the mere teacher. While advancing age will soon diminish the amount of his own labor, he has surrounded himself with younger men, graduates of this school and of the State University, who enjoy advantages he never had.

“SUCCESS REDUCIBLE TO LAW.

“This school is not a reformatory for bad boys; such should keep away. But it claims to be an institution for producing the best results with fair material, and WITH THE CERTAINTY OF LAW. ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ Training implies military exactitude in small matters as well as in great. Going with faithful scrutiny into all the details of a boy’s interests, why should we not realize in practice

the desired results? Let the history of two generations of obedient pupils educated here witness the validity of this claim.

“ THE PUPILS’ RIGHTS.

“ Before we demand obedience, we are careful to accord to a pupil all that his health, comfort, and self-respect demand. The school property covers an area of over thirty acres, with the most ample playground. There is a recess of ten minutes out of every study hour, three daily play-times, a weekly and a monthly holiday, and special holidays at Christmas and Easter. All that skilled physicians recommend is provided. A farm of four hundred acres is carried on especially for the school, and the supplies are characterized, without pretentious style, by profuse liberality. Every one has daily opportunity to bring his grievances to the proper authority, and we would rather steal a boy’s money than do injustice to his feelings. On the other hand, grumblers are not tolerated. We know they are more disposed to propagate slander than to get their rights.

“ SELF-DENIAL

lies at the basis of every valuable character. The rose-water theories of education make it rather an amusement than a discipline. We sometimes get young men of fair exterior, who have never had to do anything they disliked. They are here taught, and very practically, that such characters *may* be innocent, but cannot be truly virtuous. Every farmer knows that if he should have a set of boy-laborers, he would have to do the thinking and enforce his

plans with all authority. We do not ignore the homely truth that fixing the attention vigorously and protractedly is harder work than ploughing. Without this habit education is a failure and a snare. Hence the failure of so many sons of the rich. They have never learned to study so as to have higher than sensual enjoyments."

We have copied almost the entire catalogue of 1879-80, in order that, in his own chosen words, all the characteristics of the school might be fully set forth. While there are doubtless features in the management which he himself would have subsequently modified, and other improvements which he would have introduced, still this authoritative presentation of the school as it was at the close of his administration will be interesting to all his earlier pupils, and will become increasingly so, in the changes of the future, to all who enjoyed the benefits of his personal training.

We shall now undertake to present and to bring out more prominently what were the great facts of his professional character as an educator.



American Bank Note Co. N.Y.

T. A JOHNSTON

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EDUCATOR.

“ A pleasant manner and a helpful word,
A manly spirit, from no task deterred,
A wholesome temper held in just restraint,
A soul that long endures without complaint,
A heart in strict accordance with God’s plan,
Are attributes becoming any man.”

THE historical portion of this volume is now complete. We are yet to give such an estimate as we can of the character of Mr. Kemper. Here, at the very threshold, we stand abashed in conscious inability to do our subject justice. For such cold analytical work requires a steadier hand and a less impassioned judgment than belong to the closest friendship. The honest biographer feels himself steering his bark through narrow straits. He fears, on the one hand, that the admiration of the pupil may lead him to fulsome flattery; and in guarding against this he is liable to run upon the rocks of cold, critical indifference. As Mr. Kemper was one of the most honest of men, carrying his heart in his hand, we shall endeavor to set him forth just as he was. As he was a life-long teacher, we shall in this chapter present the salient points in his character as an Educator.

He had a very high ideal of what a teacher ought to be. It may appear to some to have been visionary, so far does it transcend, not only the realizations, but also the aspirations of all ordinary instructors. This will appear from the following extract, taken from one of his commonplace books, written probably in the fall of 1848 :

“ THE EDUCATOR’S FIELD OF LABOR.

“ Hoc age et age solum. Ὁ ἀγρός ἐστὶν ὁ κόσμος.

“ Spelling, Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Speaking, Music, History, Languages and their Literature, Mathematics, Philosophy, Bible, Education, Webster as an Encyclopædia.

“ In all the above the teacher must proceed upon the idea that a book is an evil, a necessary evil—failing in its interest and clearness far more than a written sermon loses by want of gesture, and countenance, and spontaneous feeling of the natural extempore orator. He must be able to go ahead and out of the book, equalling the author in knowledge of the subject, and superadding to this the peculiar technical knowledge and contrivance of the teacher ; exposing the author’s crudities, correcting his errors.

“ The book, then, is a necessary evil. Thinking the great art to be learned. Objects (sensible) to be constantly studied. Much oral instruction and Holbrook exercises to be interspersed. Practical botanists and chemists, etc., by manipulations to be made. Practical accountants and letter-writers to be constantly perfected and turned out as such. The idea that things are best learned practically by being

learned scientifically (*i.e.*, as *they* are) and practically applied, is to be demonstrated and exemplified.

"The affections of his scholars are to be interested, enlisted, by reflecting his own affections for them. He is to be all as a man and a Christian that it is desirable for them to be. To impose no task in which he cannot lead and exemplify. Lastly, to 'Paint for immortality.'

"The extent of this field is best seen by comparing it with other fields :

"1. It embraces the profession of an *author*. The teacher's attention to any one book in learning and teaching it will equal that of the author. So he is a classical editor, mathematical writer, etc., etc.

"2. Professor of Elocution and practical lecturer (*inter legendum*).

"3. Professor of Penmanship.

"4. Professor of English Language and Literature.

"5. Professor of Mathematics.

"6. Professor of Latin and Greek.

"7. Professor of Drawing.

"8. Practical Bookkeeper.

"9. Professor of Music.

"10. Professor and Lecturer on History and Statistics. Statesman.

"11. Professor and Lecturer on Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, and a dozen natural sciences.

"12. Professor of Moral Philosophy, Bible, Christian evidences, Mental Philosophy, Polity, and Political Economy. Lawyer and preacher.

"13. Education. A Pythagoras, Socrates, and a Pestalozzi.

“ 14. A gardener, orchardist, and student of health. Doctor.

“ 15. Student of Webster's Dictionary as an encyclopædia, and of other encyclopædias, large and small, universal and special. Chatham read the dictionary regularly through.

“ 16. A housekeeper, to sweep, dust, wash floors, windows, clean stoves, keep library and school furniture, books, copies, slates, pencils, in place and in order. Carpenter for school architecture. Cabinet-maker for school furniture.

“ Another aspect :—

“ Schedule each boy for every quarter in the day.

“ Synopsis of each schedule, embracing studies and time to each.

“ Time each has been in school, and time he has devoted to each study. Seat each.

“ Characterize each mental condition and means for correction.

“ Destination of each.

“ Who during next week shall receive, and needs, most attention ; who is sleepy, or has dislike to teacher or school ; and who simply has little interest or is in danger of backsliding.

“ Study parents' home government and how its evils are to be removed.

“ Study plans for getting public attention and interest (best done by really subserving this interest).

“ History of past failures and successes, and plans based upon these facts.”

This extract chiefly shows the comprehensive range of duties which, in Mr. Kemper's estimation, belong to the teacher's sphere. The extent of his

scholarship is here partially revealed. It may be more specially stated that his studies were of quite an extensive sweep. There were doubtless branches for which he had a special fondness, and in which he was more than ordinarily successful. He was not, however, in any department a specialist. His scholarship was comprehensive. It embraced the entire range of English literature, oratory, poetry, drama, fiction, history, essays, travels, science, arts, theology, as found in both books and periodicals. He was well read in the classics of Greece and Rome. He had probably read them all, from Homer to Longinus, from Terence to Tacitus. He had studied thoroughly the entire course of mathematics, and was well acquainted with its applications to surveying, engineering, navigation, mechanics, and astronomy. He had familiarized himself, to a greater or less degree, with Hebrew, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. French he had taught. The elements of all the natural sciences he had mastered, and kept himself well informed as to the advances made in these progressive studies. There are few men who were as familiar as he with every department of general history. In the metaphysical sciences he had drunk at the fountain head of Attic philosophy, and had followed the current of speculative thought down through the middle ages, until it spread itself out in modern times under the engineering of Bacon and Descartes, into the seas of materialism and of idealism. He had appropriated Hamilton and Morell. He had made the Book of books a daily study for half a century, until its history, geography, ethnology, antiquities, legislation, poetry, morality,

and theology were as familiar to him well-nigh as his school or his farm. There are not many men, even in professional circles, who had traversed the entire field of liberal study so completely as had he. As far as possible, he had mastered the pantology of sciences.

Mr. Kemper's accuracy in his studies was fully as remarkable as the range of them. Dr. Leighton has alluded to this as one of his early habits. No intelligent pupil or friend could fail to observe it. His commonplace books (of which he left several which are extremely interesting) bear testimony to it. For example, on Nov. 3, 1836, when, twenty years old, he had lately entered the preparatory department of Marion College, he writes: "Take up Adams's Grammar and read over his list of Latin authors, and think what you would give to be able to read them fluently—to read them, as it is said Locke and Newton did, for recreation. Now true wisdom in this matter is to resolve to pass no recitation without having completely mastered the lesson and laid it away in the memory. Learn all about the *derivation*, *composition*, and *proper use of every word*. This mode of study will create an absorbing interest and pleasure in reading Latin, and will eventuate in filling the wish intimated at the head of this page." In this same book, on a former page, he says: "When you enter upon a book or a science extract all its sweets, if it takes twelve readings." Again, studying a Greek Grammar written in Latin, he writes: "'Ὅ, *conson. seq.*—ὅν, *vocali tenui sequenti*—ὅχ, *seq. voc. aspirat.*' Now I could not conceive for some time what '*tenui vocali*' meant; and as to an *aspirate vowel*,

thought I, who ever heard of it? But on reading the Latin explanation, I found that there is such a thing as an aspirate vowel, ὄτι; that 'tenui,' in contradistinction to 'aspirat,' means *smooth*. I know all about οὐκ."

When a teacher he wrote: "Philosopher's stone in studying: Fill up all the little moments in minutely studying small parts of lessons, and persevere till the longest lessons are read in shortest time, say a whole book of Virgil in fifty minutes, whole Chart in two and a half hours or three." One more quotation will suffice: "The teacher must have an entire scholastic course of learning, academical and collegiate, so familiarized that a Saturday afternoon for recreation, after the severer labors of the week, he can read a book of the Iliad, or a tragedy of Euripides, or two books of Virgil, or Lysias against Eratosthenes, or Gospel of Luke, or Dalzell's Miscellaneous Excerpts, or a book of Horace's Satires, or Livy, or a book of Geometry, Conics, or Calculus, or what either of my grammars teaches about nouns, adjectives, verbs, etc., locating pages, also a dialect, with every geographical, historical, archæological, mythological, etymological, syntactical, prosodial, tropical or rhetorical, synonymical, and other allusion." His motto was, "*Divide et Impera.*"

That he fully reached this extremely high standard of scholarship he nowhere asserts, nor do we claim it for him. Such, however, was his ideal, and he constantly strove for its realization, with a success which but very few men have achieved. As we thus review the unusual sweep and accuracy of his attainments, we wonder that no institution ever did

itself the honor to confer upon him that highest scholastic title, the degree of LL.D. When leading universities cast these pearls before swine, giving them to brainless demagogues and pretentious sciolists, it is perhaps as well that his name should not have been written by the side of theirs.

As connected with his scholarship, there is another interesting fact to be noted, in direct relation to his work as a teacher. We refer to his habitual preparation for meeting his classes in recitation. What has already been noticed is of the character of general preparation. In addition to this, it was his custom to prepare specially for each recitation. This was done sessionally, weekly and daily. During the vacation he mapped out his work for the coming year, deciding what branches should be taught to each grade of pupils, and what text-books and other appliances should be used. He reviewed and enlarged his knowledge of all these branches so that he might be a more intelligent teacher than he had been the year before.

A large part of each Saturday was devoted to making himself ready for the instruction of the coming week. As he says in his note-books, "All lessons must be reviewed a week ahead." Finally, each night he made a thorough and conscientious preparation for the labors of the succeeding day. He neglected no branch that he taught, from the spelling-book up to the calculus. In the simplest lesson there might be some word, whose pronunciation, meaning, geography, or history might need elucidation.

With reference to this work he says: "In preparing

for school, inquire—First, Whether *everything* in the lesson is *perfectly* known, so as to change place with scholar and let him try to catch you without success. Second, Whether there would be no shame in presence of a philosopher *inter docendum*. Third, Whether you can give prelections and prepare class for next lesson and not assign one of improper length. Fourth, Are week's lessons in this department within my grasp? Fifth, Session's also. Sixth, Do I know the circumstances and mental condition of each member of the class, and his affections toward me? Seventh, Parents' design in educating him, and the state of feeling between parents, teacher, and child. Eighth, Have I class list and text-book mss. both in good condition, and the time devoted by each pupil to this branch, and whether at school or at home? Ninth, How is it about the whole text-book? Can I find anything dark on fifteen minutes' review? Tenth, How often will a review be necessary to keep the knowledge bright?"

There is no question but that a lamentable and unnecessary ignorance on the part of many teachers is one of the chief causes of their shameful and disastrous failures. This ignorance is largely unnecessary, because it is due to a want of conscientious industry on their part. It is undoubtedly a just rule, that no person is fitted to take charge of a class for recitation, unless he is perfectly familiar with the subject treated in the lesson. He should know it as thoroughly as the man who wrote the book. A teacher who is a slave to his text-book, who must have it in his hand and before him for the asking and the answering of every question, is a stick, a mere

machine, and a very poor one. Alas! there are many such. If such persons had the industry and the conscience carefully to prepare for every recitation, so that, as Mr. Kemper says, they could exchange places with their pupils without shame, they would find teaching a pleasure, and they would be of tenfold more value to the minds intrusted to their care. No teacher should face a class unless he has made special and thorough preparation for the exercises. We have heard some say that they did not need such preparation. Mr. Kemper felt that he needed it the very last year of his life. Agassiz studied fishes till his death. He who does not study has ceased to learn. He who has ceased to learn is retrograding, and will never make a teacher. There can be no life, no earnestness, no glow of spirit, no success in the class-room, unless the teacher burns the oil of patient, persevering, plodding preparation. Young men, young women, teachers, this is one lesson taught by the great example of Mr. Kemper, the prince of teachers.

We have said that Mr. Kemper had a high ideal of what a teacher ought to be. We have seen what this meant, so far as extensive and accurate scholarship and conscientious preparation for his class work went. We are now to look at it from a different and a higher standpoint. He caused to be printed upon the letter head of the Kemper Family School, this device, "EDUCATION, NOT TEACHING, OUR LIFE-WORK." In these five words we have expressed the most important truths of his professional career. They are words which ought to be engraved upon his monument. The principles which they embody, and which

were so fully realized in his life, made him without a peer in the school-rooms of Missouri. There are two main thoughts in them.

He was an EDUCATOR, as distinguished from a Teacher. There are some intelligent people, who do not know that there is any difference between these two characters. There is a connection between them. The educator is always a teacher. He teaches as a part of his work of education. The teacher, however, is not always an educator. He may be, and too often is, a *seducator*, if we may coin a word to express an idea. A mere teacher has to do with the intellect alone of his pupil. Indeed his work is hardly so broad even as this. It may be said to exhaust itself mainly upon the memory. His effort is to store the mind of his pupil with truths and facts. If he succeeds, the pupil becomes a man of intelligence. He has acquired knowledge more or less varied and extensive. Knowledge, says the great inductive philosopher, is power, and is in itself a good and very desirable possession. There is a sense in which it is true that we cannot have too much of it. There is, however, another sense in which a mind may have too much knowledge. This is true when the facts learned are either of a trivial or of an injurious character. But even with reference to important truth, there may be a cramming or an overstocking of the mind. As already said on a former page, the human intellect is like the human stomach. Its digestive capacity is limited. Every ounce of food, beyond the digestive power of assimilation, is not only useless but an injury. It does not strengthen, it weakens. So every truth, lodged in the mind as a piece of un-

appropriated lumber, does not form a part of the furniture or of the machinery of the soul. It is only so much cumbersome rubbish. But, aside from all this, the teacher does, in his proper sphere, a very necessary and important work. Truth is the food of the soul, and, if given in pure and proper quantities is a part of the life of the spirit. The teacher's work however, at its very best, is, as we have already said, extremely limited. At most it is for the intellect alone.

The educator, on the other hand, is all that the best teacher is, and he is infinitely more. His work is to form the character, to mould the life, to develop and to direct the immortal powers of man. The educator is, under God, "a maker of men," ἀνδρωποποιός—not a portrait-painter, but a man-maker. The educator concerns himself with the body of his pupil, its health and comfort, and especially with its proper development, that it may become the best possible home and instrument for its indwelling spirit. He concerns himself with the expected vocation of his pupil, to see whether he is adapted to it, and if so, to prepare him for it. He concerns himself with the mind of his pupil, to learn its aptitudes and weaknesses, that he may take advantage of the former and strengthen the latter. The educator concerns himself with the taste of his pupil, that he may know its tendencies and deficiencies, and direct, elevate, and purify it. He concerns himself with the soul, the immortal, spiritual nature of his pupil, that he may be fitted for a life of happy and holy usefulness in this world and in that which is to come. He concerns himself with all the habits of

his pupil, that these, the outgrowth of his native disposition, his surroundings, and his practices, may be radically changed if bad, and confirmed and matured if good. The educator, as a potter, sees the boy before him in a sense as a piece of plastic clay, which he is to make or mar, to fashion into an Apollo Belvidere, into a Gladstone in embryo ; or else is to dismiss as a distortion, a caricature of manhood, a possible Mephistopheles, a curse to himself and to society. It is a high and holy work that engages the brain and heart of the educator. He is God's truest vicegerent, vicar upon the earth, and needs, therefore, to be most like God in wisdom, love, and patient power. There are many teachers in the school-room ; there are but few educators.

Every good man is more or less an educator. In proportion as he, consciously or unconsciously, influences and elevates the character of others, he is engaged in the divine work of education. Every minister of the gospel who realizes the spirit of his calling is directly and distinctively an educator. This is his great mission with reference to our fallen race. He is God's chosen instrument, first to change the direction of men's lives, and then to cultivate them for the pure and exalted society of heaven. The mother is the chief educator of the race. To her primarily this sacred work is intrusted. The child is linked to her by the chain of its helplessness, during its earliest, most impressible days. Then it is that, in nine cases out of ten, it receives its moral impulse for time and for eternity. After it leaves her side it rarely changes the general direction of its character. It becomes an angel or a devil, as she

has started it upon the path of immortality. She hands the youthful spirit over to the teacher, and for ten years he shares with the parents the chief responsibility for the character of the child. If it is already upon the right road, the teacher is to keep it there, and to aid it to make true and rapid progress in all the elements of a strong and virtuous life. If its moral bearings are downward, if it has already begun the career of ruin, he is to arrest it, to turn it about, to show it the better path, to train it for the skies. If he does so he is an educator; if he makes no effort to do so, the blood of that soul will be found upon his skirts.

Mr. Kemper was a teacher, and a very efficient one. He was remarkably apt and successful as an instructor; and no boy, however ignorant he may have been when he entered the school at Boonville, ever left without a material addition to his stock of valuable information. But Mr. Kemper was more than a teacher—he was an educator. He looked all over and all through a boy, and from the very first day it was his aim to make of that boy all that it was possible for him to become, physically, mentally, and morally. If he failed, as he sometimes did, it was due to one or both of two causes, beyond his power to prevent. Either the boy was already hopelessly ruined, or else the parents failed to sustain the discipline of the school, or both causes conspired to thwart the educator's best efforts.

There was emblazoned upon the shield, "Education, not Teaching, our LIFE-WORK." These two facts made Mr. Kemper what he was. He was an educator, and education was his life-work. There

is surely nothing stranger in the history of our civilization than the false estimate which is put upon the work of the school-room. How many men are there in Missouri to-day, who, at some period of their lives, have undertaken to teach? Of the educated classes, it is doubtless true that a fair majority have done so. How many of these taught five years? How many ten? How many of the teachers in the State to-day have taught ten years? There are more than ten thousand who are now teaching in this broad commonwealth; are there two hundred of them who have seen a decade's service in the school-house? The report of Dr. Shannon, ex-State Superintendent of Schools for Missouri, shows that in the year 1882 there were 10,607 teachers in this State employed in the public schools, besides those who taught in private schools, the State University, and the normal schools. Again, how many of the ten thousand now teaching expect to remain at their post for ten years? How many expect to make it their life-work?

These are serious questions, and the answers show not only that there is, in the outside general community, an almost universal apathy as to the bearing of these facts, but also that, among teachers themselves, it is the exception to find one who intends to make teaching a profession, and to devote his life to its assiduous cultivation. Misses enter the school-room and undertake to teach until they marry. Men do so, as a temporary makeshift, when they have nothing else to do, or as a means to help them to some other and permanent profession. My countrymen, intelligent parents that love your children, it is a

shame that this is true. You do not intrust a suit, involving a thousand dollars, to a man who is not a professional lawyer. You do not call in, to treat your family when sick, a man who practises medicine merely as a stepping-stone to something better. Why, then, will you intrust the education of your children, the most high and solemn charge that any man can receive, to

“Skulls that cannot teach and will not learn ;”

to men and women who despise the business, and intend to quit it as soon as possible ?

Parents, you are to blame for this sad state of affairs in our schools. Until teaching is made respectable, there will be no improvement. Several things must be changed before teaching becomes a respectable profession. Our common schools must be continued forty weeks in the year. The same teacher must be retained for a series of years ; if possible, for life. But, above all, the teacher must be paid a respectable salary. The report of the State Superintendent of Schools for the year 1882 shows that the average annual salary of the public school teachers of Missouri was but a trifle over two hundred dollars—about forty dollars a month for five months' service. Men and women, who respect themselves and who are qualified to educate your children, will not continue to teach for a miserable pittance of forty dollars a month for five months in the year. As soon as we make up our minds that we will respect the teacher as we do the lawyer and the doctor, and allow him the same compensation, then we shall have men who will make it their

profession, and who will be able to educate our children. Until then it will be as it is now.

Mr. Kemper believed that education was a profession, like the ministry, law, medicine, and statesmanship, and he devoted his life to it. In his view it required the entire consecration of the best powers of the strongest man for a lifetime to achieve success in it. He considered himself an apprentice for the first twenty-five years of his consecration to the work. Only a devoted man could become a master-workman, even at the close of that long novitiate. He had a contempt for teachers who despised their profession, who rushed in where an angel might fear to tread. For over forty years he knew but one thing. In winter and summer, by day and by night, in sickness and health, in poverty and plenty, he stood at his post, devoting body, mind, soul, property, time, life itself to the divine work of education. One fact will show the earnest spirit of his consecration. For many years he pursued his work, if not in comparative poverty, at least with no adequate remuneration for his services. Think of it! He leaves a memorandum behind him, showing that he and James and Tyre Harris taught an entire school year for some twelve hundred dollars! Until the death of his father gave him a small patrimony, he was unable to undertake the support of a family, and lived the life of a celibate. Nothing less than a martyr's spirit carried him through those long years of patient, unrequited toil. But he stood true to his post, and would have died there in obscure penury rather than forsake it, for education was meant by him from the beginning to be his life-work.

We revert here to another important fact in his work as an educator. At one time, if we are not mistaken, he allowed his name to be used by his friends in connection with a professorship in the University of Virginia, and not long after accepted a chair in Westminster College. It is our belief that he afterward found that these were mistakes ; that his proper position was at the head of an academy. Such was his true sphere, because *the real work of education is best done in the family boarding-school*. This was his matured conviction, and in it he was surely right. As the head of the Kemper Family School he was exactly where he ought to be. It was the ideal place for an educator. He was in his own property, untrammelled by trustees, with fifty boys under his absolute control for seven days and seven nights out of every week. Under these circumstances, as he said, education was reduced to the certainty of law.

Many intelligent people have never seen this, and pass by such a school to send their boys to the college or the university. It is the judgment of the writer that probably three fourths of the lads who are at our colleges ought to be at some good academy. The college is the place for teaching, but not for education. If a young man has studious habits and a fair mind, he can and will become a good elementary scholar by his four years' attendance at the university. If, however, he goes there uneducated, with body, mind, and soul out of repair, in all human probability he will return in the same or a worse condition. The professors in a college are in a position to teach, but not to educate their students. Education necessarily involves close, intimate asso-

ciation between the teacher and his pupil. The teacher must know all about his pupil, must have unlimited control of him, must bring his personal influence to bear directly upon him, or else he cannot educate him. These are impracticable in the college.

They are equally so in our crowded public schools. People wonder that these graduate girls and boys who lead a life of crime. It is said that the forthcoming census report for 1880 will reveal, to some, the astounding fact, that the criminal and helpless classes abound in proportion to the intelligence of the several States. It is not surprising, however, to those who have been looking beneath the surface, and who know that the law of cause and effect prevails in the world of morals as it does in the world of matter. We have thousands of teachers all over this country, and the school-house dots almost every hill. We have, however, but few educators, and fewer schools where an educator has any opportunity to do his work. Our public schools, especially in the cities, bring the children together in large masses, in order that they may be taught cheaply at wholesale. They are taught many things that are found in books. They become familiar with history, the sciences, mathematics, and the languages. But what does the teacher know of their habits? In many cases, what does it concern him? The result is a generation of sharpened intellects and untrained affections and desires; of overfed brains who propose to live by their wits.

What we need in this good land of ours is a Kemper Family School in every county and city ward,

presided over by Christian men, whose life-work it is to educate the fifty boys who are annually committed to their absolute control. These would constitute, in the aggregate, a body of trained men, who would prove the advance guard in the nation's march toward a higher and a purer civilization.

The Kemper Family School, as perfected by its founder, was and is the model school for education in Missouri. It is the result of his life-work. In such a school the personal qualities of the ruling spirit are of unspeakable importance. He is its life and soul. He is not only the trainer, but is also the model of those fifty immortal spirits. As he is, he will endeavor to make them. As he is, they are almost sure in kind, if not in degree, to become. What should such a man be? Certainly a model man—a healthy man, an intelligent man, a cultivated man, a Christian man. Mr. Kemper realized all this. He felt the responsibility of his position. He knew that he was the cynosure of those immortal eyes; that his character would be impressed upon them; that those boys would probably bear his image throughout eternity. Knowing and feeling this, he strove to be what he tried to make them be, a perfect man, a faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAKER OF MEN.

“ ‘The man who rules his spirit,’ saith the Voice
Which cannot err, ‘is greater than the man
Who takes a city.’ Hence it surely follows,
If each might have dominion of himself,
And each would govern wisely, and thus show
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,
All the princely soul in private virtues—
Then each would be a prince, a hero—greater—
He will be man in likeness of his Maker !”

MRS. HALE.

THE preceding chapter has revealed to us the ideal which Mr. Kemper had before him as a scholar, teacher, and professional educator. That he did not fully realize his own ideal is only saying what is true of every man of lofty spirit. We may go further and affirm that, in this world of imperfection, its complete realization is a manifest impossibility, for the simple reason that it demanded perfection. This throws no discredit upon his good, sound judgment. The Master has said, “Be ye perfect,” and no impeachment of His infinite wisdom can be made, for no moral being can properly aim at less than the perfection of his own character, however far he may come short of the accomplishment.

That he was conscious of his own failures we could show, if necessary, by frequent quotations from his diaries, which are almost plaintive in the revelations which they make of his sense of self-humiliation. Despite his heroic efforts, he could not reach the cloudless summit of the mountain, and at times he felt like throwing himself down upon the ground in exhausted desperation. It was a heavy burden that he bore. Not alone the care of those fifty boys, for soul, mind, and body, morning, noon, and night, Saturday, Sunday, Monday; but it was also the slanders of his enemies, the ignorant fault-finding of the parents, the lack of proper appreciation by his friends, and the isolation of a pioneer in an unoccupied and unvisited country. There was no one traveling with him to the top of that mountain; though there were, a few who had caught his spirit and were following him near the base. "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon his throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality."

In this chapter we shall set forth more in detail some of his peculiarities as an educator, or maker of men. We shall first present a few points having reference to himself, as fitting him for his mission.

We shall begin with that which he considered the foundation, the basis of them all. He was a *Christian* educator. We do not speak here of his general character as a disciple of Jesus, but simply of it as connected with his professional work. We shall here quote an extract, which he made from the writings of a fellow-laborer, and whose sentiments he adopted as his own:—

"Whatever success I may have had as a teacher, I

attribute it wholly to the grace of God. If I could not *pray*, I would not teach. The responsibility is too great. I often wonder at my rashness in taking upon myself so important a trust, and daily plead most earnestly for the fruit of the Spirit—meekness, gentleness, love. The spirit of a teacher is very apt to be imbibed by the pupils. 'Tis not a sufficient reward to have the approval of the parents of pupils, though this is gratifying. So to teach them that they may become useful members of society, be happy themselves, make others happy around them; that they may love God and their neighbors, 'do unto others as they would others should do unto them,' is what I aim at in all my instructions."

Mr. Kemper sought to be an earnest, intelligent, useful, cheerful Christian, not only for his own sake, but also because of the immortal souls intrusted to his care, and whom he must mould for time and for eternity. No intelligent pupil could fail to see that he made Christianity the basis of his belief, his instruction, and his discipline. There are texts of Scripture which he might have put in the shape of motto-cards upon the walls of the school-room. This was unnecessary, and would have been far less efficient than his own frequent and most pointed quotation of them. These passages have rung in the ears of some of us for more than thirty years, and have often proved a warning and a stimulus.

Another marked feature in his effort to fit himself for the culture and direction of his pupils was his earnest desire and endeavor to secure a perfect *control of himself*. If he had a hobby, so far as his own professional fitness was concerned, it was this. His jour-

nals are, in a sense, full of it. There was no saying of Solomon which he seemed to love so well to quote as, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Memory seems to say to us that we have heard him repeat it a score of times. Lessing makes one of his characters in "Minna von Barnhelm" say, "Man spricht selten von der Tugend die man hat ; aber desto öfter von der die uns fehlt"—*"We seldom speak of the virtue which we have ; but the oftener of that which we lack."* This may partly explain Mr. Kemper's admiration of self-control. We know that, in his private writings, he sometimes bemoans his want of this virtue. If we are not mistaken, this is often true of men of positive character. The unruly passion is different in different men. With Mr. Kemper there was a special desire and effort to maintain a mastery of his temper. We believe it to be a universal fact, that all really great characters are endowed with this passion to an eminent degree. Indeed it is as the fire to the engine, the source of the power of the mighty motor. Washington is an example. It is necessary, however, that it be held in strict obedience to the intelligence directing it to the attainment of high moral ends. This was the view which he took.

Beyond the temptation growing out of any native tendencies, there was that which proceeded from his position as the head of the school government. The discipline of the family and of the school are, and ought to be, autocratic. The school is neither a democracy nor an aristocracy. It is, and must be, an absolute monarchy. The educator, of necessity, is

the unlimited master of his pupils. This fact is a strong temptation to an imperious temper.

But these temptations, so far from justifying despotism in the autocrat of the school, make it necessary that he should conscientiously and rigidly guard himself against it. As he is the embodiment of law, and discharges all the functions of government, legislative, judicial, and executive, it is indispensable that he should also be the impersonation of wise, calm, impartial justice. A teacher who has no control of himself, and plays the passionate tyrant in his management of his pupils, is unfit for his position, and should voluntarily abdicate, or be forced to resign authority which he knows not how to exercise. All this Mr. Kemper well knew, and it made him conscientiously earnest in his desire and endeavor to obtain a complete mastery over himself. He says, more than once in his journal, that he would as soon be guilty of a crime as of doing injustice to the meanest of his pupils. As an example to his boys, and as necessary to his wise and efficient administration of discipline, he felt that he must learn to govern himself. That he did it, to an eminent degree, will be the testimony of every law-abiding pupil whom he was called upon to educate.

There is only one other point, so far as his personal characteristics are concerned, to which we will allude. It is his attention to *little things*. The microscope reveals the wisdom of God even more wonderfully than does the telescope. The mind is, indeed, overwhelmed with the sublimity of the conception of infinite power, as it manifests itself in moons, planets, comets and suns—the stellar families of the firma-

ment ; these families, myriads in number, and yet the nearest neighbors among them millions of miles distant from each other ! But these stars, whether central suns or planetary satellites, are all composed of minute particles, every atom of which reveals the wisdom and omnipotence of their Creator. It is the atom before which the proud intellect of man stands baffled in conscious impotence. He can see how these atoms aggregate into elements, and elements combine into manifold material forms, and material forms make a world, and worlds make a solar system, and solar systems make a universe. But that atom, what is it ? Whence came it ? The integer of material being, the depository of material force, unseen by human eye, unmeasured by human compass, it is the final, unimpeached, unimpeachable witness to testify to the being, wisdom, power of the eternal Mind, who brought it forth by creative energy from the depths of nothingness ! Give finite power and wisdom atoms, and it can make elements ; from elements it can make compounds ; from compounds it can make worlds ; from worlds it can make a universe. But what finite mind can make an atom ? It is *there* we find God.

It is thus the sublimity of wisdom to attend to little things. Right here Mr. Kemper separated himself from the herd of teachers. Hundreds and thousands of them can teach Latin and Greek, and mathematics, and the sciences. Few there are who will attend to the Horatian metres, to the vivid elucidation of the extraction of the cube root, to the proper sounding of the small words of an English sentence, to the accurate pronunciation of every proper name, to the

manner in which a boy articulates his answers, to the condition in which the floor, and the desks, and the walls of the school-room are kept. We know that there is a tithing of mint and a neglecting of the weightier matters of the law. We know that a man may be a mere martinet, punctilious about trifles and careless about great principles. The true man is he who does what Christ enjoins: "These ye ought to have done, and *not to leave the other undone.*" Mr. Kemper did not neglect the weightier matters; and yet there was no nicety of scholarship or of deportment which seemed to escape his notice. Let one illustration, of many that might be given, suffice. He taught his pupils punctuation, not only in its general principles, but in its details. For example, there is one right way to point the date at the head of a letter. Every other way is inaccurate and wrong. He told us exactly how to do it. Thirty-five years have rolled away since we heard him teach it, but here it is, just as he gave it to us:

BOONVILLE, MO., Jan. 1, 1848.

Six stops, no more, no less, in the full and partly abbreviated date, as here written. In every department of education he looked after the pennies which make the pounds.

His attention to minutiae introduces us to some interesting peculiarities of his professional work.

The first of these ideas to which he gave special prominence as a teacher, was his practice of requiring frequent *reviews* of all the studies pursued. During the ten years while it was the writer's privilege to enjoy his instruction, it was his custom to

devote every Friday to a review of the work of the week. He found reason to modify this plan in his later experience. The change was doubtless a wise one, as there are some branches, and some portions of all studies, which require more speedy and more frequent reviews than do others. The idea, however, is the same. It is the wise teacher who not only adopts it, but also knows how to make the most judicious use of it. It is a necessity for all successful tuition, especially of immature minds. The memory has its laws, in accordance with which it does efficient work. Among these, as laid down by Brown, is the simple subjective law of the frequency of repetition. This lies at the foundation of mental as well as of muscular habit. The first point is the clear vision of the truth, when it is originally given to the mind of the child. When that is gained, the same truth must be brought before him again and again, until he becomes familiar with it as an old acquaintance. While older pupils, with cultured and inquisitive minds, may be expected to do this for themselves, the younger ones need the personal care of the teacher and the stimulus of actual recitation to secure it. No experienced teacher doubts that an average class, which is exercised in frequent reviews of a subject, will, at the end of the year, know at least twenty-five per cent more of that study than a similar class which has covered the same ground without this exercise.

The greatest peculiarity of Mr. Kemper as a teacher was what he called the *General Exercise*. This requires explanation to all who were neither his pupils nor observant patrons. It was simply this: he

devoted fifteen minutes every day to a lecture, given to the entire school on some interesting topic of information. This he called the General Exercise. We know from his journal that he prepared himself carefully for it. He made out, during the vacation, a list of these topics, upon which he proposed to talk during the coming session, and made himself familiar with them. Each Saturday he would arrange the subjects to be presented the succeeding week. Every night or morning he would prepare himself for the next Exercise, so as to have all the facts concerning it fresh and clear before his mind. In this way he secured accuracy and the condensation of the greatest possible amount of information within the limit of a quarter of an hour's talk. The amount of instruction which he was able to give in these few minutes was in the aggregate very great, and of such a character as many of his pupils would not get from their text-books.

We have before us one of the lists which he made of these General Exercise Topics. There are over two hundred of them; enough to occupy him for several years, as many of them would require a week for their presentation. We shall here insert a few of them, taking them from the beginning as they occur:—

“ TOPICS FOR GENERAL EXERCISE.

“ 1. History from image of Nebuchadnezzar.

“ 2. How a fly walks on the ceiling.

“ 3. Nature of fog, dew, rain, hail, snow, winds, storms, thunder, lightning, meteors, meteoric stones, water.

"4. Names of months and days of week, with the number of days in each month.

"5. Seasons. Day and night. Sun nearest in winter, but no more heat.

"6. Weather, climates, isothermal lines.

"7. Why a mosquito bite swells.

"8. Why the skin breaks out in hot weather.

"9. How and why we perspire.

"10. Circumference of earth by N. P. star.

"11. Latitude and longitude.

"12. Any experiments in chemistry from Dalton's 300.

"13. Ancient and modern modes of reasoning. Bacon's inductive method.

"14. Distance of sun and moon by parallax.

"15. What is known of distances of fixed stars by annual parallax, and what of distances of nebulae by proportionate telescopic effects."

These will serve as illustrations. Most of these concern the natural sciences, but as we proceed we find that almost the entire field of human knowledge is covered by them. Those who were his pupils doubtless recall this as one of the most valued features in the school life at Boonville. The amount of information thus given and received was great. So far as important, practical ideas are concerned, it was probably equal to that which many received from the study of their text-books.

Another peculiar feature in Mr. Kemper's management of the school was *the frequency of recesses*. The plan of the "old field" schools was to begin at sunrise and to dismiss at sunset, with little or no recreation in the mean while. Some now think that

those were the good old days, and that their customs should be restored. Leaving altogether out of view the weary irksomeness of such protracted and unrelieved sessions, they were altogether inexpedient, for the reason that more is accomplished in the shorter hours of the new system. Mr. Kemper had the reputation of being a very strict teacher, and such he undoubtedly was. There was a determined earnestness about him in the school-room which would not brook disobedience or idleness. It will therefore in this connection be a surprise to many persons to learn that he probably allotted more time to recreation than did any other teacher in Missouri. It was his custom to give the entire school an intermission of eight minutes every hour. There were two recesses, therefore, in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon. He divided each hour into four quarters, having the bell rung at the end of every quarter. In connection with this arrangement every pupil was allowed to protract one of his forenoon and one of his afternoon recesses, so as to include the first quarter of the next hour. Taking them altogether, these aggregated fifty-four minutes during the day, or nearly one hour out of the six. At the regular recesses, every boy who was not under discipline was expected to go out upon the playground and fill his lungs with fresh air. As resulting from this, no pupil became "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" the body was kept in vigorous condition, the brain preserved its clearness, and there was no excuse for idleness during the time allotted to study. Every pupil was required to give his earnest and undivided attention to the les-

son before him. By this means the utmost possible amount of information was gleaned by the student from his book, and, what was still more important, there was induced a habit of concentration of mind which proved invaluable to him in after life. We know a Kemper boy whose experience illustrates this. When he went to college he roomed next to a student who was devoted to the violin. Early and late, in season and out of season, that instrument was kept at work. It was an intolerable nuisance to nearly all in the building who wished to study. It did not disturb the Kemper boy. He had learned to fix his thoughts on the book before him. We have seen him since, unmoved and apparently unconcerned, while writing or grappling with knotty questions, or reading a book requiring thought, with his own and other children making merry all around him. He owes this largely to Mr. Kemper's frequent recesses, which enabled him, when a lad, to form this habit of fixed attention.

Mr. Kemper's rule was absolute, that *nothing but study* was to be allowed *in study time*. This rule did not mean that the pupil should keep his eye fixed upon the book, as though he were petrified into a statue. The teacher's practised eye could readily detect when this attention was merely mechanical and bodily. Such compliance with the letter, to the neglect of the spirit, was not tolerated. It was worse than a more open violation of the rule. For it added to idleness, and loss of time, and neglect of improvement, that which is worse than them all—hypocrisy. If such an evasion of a wise law had been allowed, Mr. Kemper could have made but a poor claim to be

considered an educator. There is no trait of character more radically vicious than hypocrisy. Honesty, truthfulness, frankness—this is the basis of true manhood. A heart that is without it is hollow, rotten to the very core. Nothing but study in study time meant a whole-souled devotion to the subject treated of in the book before the eye of the pupil. “The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.”

“There lies no desert in the land of life ;
For e’en that tract which barrenest doth seem,
Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings`rife.”

Perfect attention to the matter in hand suggests another principle in his management of the school. He required that *every lesson* should be *perfectly learned*. This is apparently a harsh regulation. Yet it is not. It was prompted by a wise regard for the best interests of his pupils. It was essential to the success of his work as a teacher, and was no less a part of his effort to secure a true education. It was one of his maxims, that there is no knowledge which, so far as it goes, is not perfect knowledge. Everything else is mist, confusion, conjecture, uncertain guessing. If a fact or truth is known, it is known ; if it is not known, it is simply not known. It was one of his favorite aphorisms, in addressing his pupils, “If you know a thing, you know it as well as anybody knows it.” He was careful to assign such lessons as were well within the reach of the industrious boy of average capacity. Short lessons perfectly known were better, he thought, than long ones superficially scanned. Depth, not breadth, quality not quantity, was his judgment. He would not hear an imper-

fect recitation. If there were reasons that justified it, the same portion would be assigned for the next day. Ordinarily the delinquent pupil was required to make up the deficiency in the hours set apart for recreation. It must be perfectly recited before release was given.

Not only for the knowledge thus acquired, but even more for its influence on the character of the pupil, was this a wholesome rule. The world is full of abortions. The professions and the trades alike show them. The man who makes a perfect shoe, and the lawyer who prepares his pleadings with artistic accuracy, are the exceptional few. They are the élite of their class. Every shoemaker and every lawyer ought, because he may do this. It is not because he cannot, it is because he will not. He was never drilled to accuracy. He was never made to do a thing seven times until he did it exactly right. His habits were so formed when he was a boy; so formed at home, so formed at school. With him the rule is, "Well enough is good enough." As a result, he is a botch, a failure—at best, a mediocre. If he had been drilled by his teacher to learn his lessons perfectly, as a matter of principle, as an element of his character, his habits would have been so moulded, and he would have carried them into the duties of his mature life. Every pupil of Mr. Kemper has reason to thank him that he was held to the rule of perfect accuracy. In knowledge and in character, the mass of men are like the old woman who could always "tell" good "bluein'," it would either sink or swim, *she could not tell which*.

One of the best points in Mr. Kemper's character

as a teacher is brought out in the following letter. It is to his niece, Miss Jasper Bocock, in the prospect of her leaving Virginia to make her home with him :

“BOONVILLE, MO., Jan. 9, 1878.

“JASPER—My DEAR CHILD: Your little note pleases me much. Every point in it pleases me. Your apprehension lest you would not altogether suit, or be suited, shows caution and prudence. . . .

“Your fears are like those of Bunyan’s Pilgrim. You will find the lions chained. A woman of real character, so far from being out of place in a boy’s school, is the ‘bright particular star’ in the firmament. If you want to study for some years, we can at least give you time to study, self-support, and a masculine drill that girls need, and do not often get at their schools. We don’t promise much salary till a girl is thoroughly fitted to earn it, here or elsewhere. We can use all your German, and probably French. You would do well to learn to speak both fluently. . . . Now I think you are the farthest possible from a supernumerary. Do as I tell you, without fear, and you can work yourself up to be a necessity to us, no less than the joy of our household. Will you do it?

“The only thing you and your mother will miss is the charm of old Virginia society. We are a mixed population, and every one must have resources in himself. Can you bear the transition? Compared with Virginia, we are new. But in many things we are ahead of her. I have lost all the Virginian’s clan-nishness, and think it a great deal better to love one’s fellow-men than it is to love the Virginians.

“If you come, we will make geometry your especial pleasure, notwithstanding your present aversion. Bocock and Kemper blood ought to do anything.

“Another paradox: we could soon, after the first year, have you teaching our senior class. But it would take several years before we would trust you to teach the beginners.

“Haven’t you a mission? Everybody has a mission that has two hands to work, or nerves to suffer pain. ‘They also serve who only stand and wait.’ Whether working, suffering, or waiting, *if we do it well*, there is a glory, and character, and a

reward, in comparison with which the questions of wealth and poverty, married or single life, popularity or persecution, are baubles.

"Love to Willis and your mother. Write me a letter, pouring out your heart.

Your loving uncle,

"F. T. KEMPER."

We refer, of course, to his paradox, that he would intrust the care of his senior class to his niece years before he could his beginners. Popular opinion, as tested by general custom, is the reverse of this. The fundamental work of starting children up the hill of knowledge and of forming their first habits, is usually given to inexperienced, brainless girls, or to equally brainless and ignorant old women. There never was a graver or a sadder mistake. The best mind in a faculty should be put in charge of the preparatory classes. There is no portion of a child's school life so important as its first five years. Those well-spent, success is assured. Those wasted, or, as is usual, worse than wasted, all future efforts are comparatively futile. In nothing was Mr. Kemper wiser than in the special care which he gave to the primary classes. Some of our best schools give the same or higher wages to the teachers of the preparatory studies.

One of the most marked peculiarities of Mr. Kemper's management of the school we have had occasion to notice in its early history. It was his adoption of the system of the Quaker Lancaster, in the free use of *pupil monitors* to assist him in the work of the school-room. He employed them as subordinate teachers. In the first days of the school at Boonville this was a necessity. The revenues did

not justify the employment of paid assistants. It was not Mr. Kemper's conviction that such teachers were equal, much less superior, to those whom he might have chosen as salaried assistants. This is manifest from the fact that when the income of the school justified it, as it did in its later history, he discarded the plan of pupil teachers, and used the other system. The year he died the total enrollment of pupils was sixty-two, and yet five teachers were employed besides himself to give them instruction. The enrollment of 1846-47 was seventy-five, and he had no assistance except from his pupils. It is a benefit to the pupils who are thus employed as subordinate teachers, but of course they are not equal to those who make teaching their regular business. Mr. Kemper, however, to the very last, employed his own former pupils as his regular teachers. During the more than forty years of his professional life, he did not have half a dozen teachers who had not been his own pupils. No fact of his administration showed greater wisdom than this.

But the monitor system was used by Mr. Kemper quite extensively in other parts of school work besides teaching. One rang the bell at the end of each quarter of an hour. One inspected the desks daily, to see that they were kept clean and in order. One attended to the ventilation of the room during the recesses. One, as sheriff, had charge of those who were "kept in" during recess. One inspected the schedules, to see that each boy had one in good condition, and that he was complying with it. One attended to the condition of the fires; another to bring

ing water, which, at a regular time, was distributed. One had general charge of the cleanliness of the room, floor, desks, benches, walls.

This system will commend itself to the practical wisdom of every teacher. It saves the principal a great deal of care, worry, and time. By confiding these minor matters to chosen pupils, their self-respect is increased. It was not always the best who were selected for these offices. They were sometimes used as a moral stimulus to a boy, and his moral character was strengthened and improved thereby. The duties were more efficiently discharged than they could have been by the principal, in the midst of his many responsibilities.

Allusion was made above to a monitor, who was inspector of *schedules*. This suggests another distinctive feature of the school. Every pupil, from the youngest to the oldest, was required to have a programme of his daily duties. As has been said, the regular school hours were divided into quarters, which were announced by the tapping of the bell. For each of these divisions a regular duty was assigned to each pupil. These were written down upon his schedule, and he was required to conform his daily habits strictly to this programme. This was true not only of his recitations, but also of the divisions allotted to study. That is, one or more divisions were assigned to the study of spelling; these and no others must be appropriated to this work. So of every other study.

There are several advantages connected with this arrangement. It saves all confusion of mind on the part of the student as to what he must do next. It

enables the principal to see at a glance whether he has made a wise distribution of his time. Their chief benefit, however, was in their educational influence upon the character of the boy; the plan led him to be methodical in his habits.

This leads us to refer to another prominent feature in Mr. Kemper's administration, of which the preceding is an illustration. He was thoroughly *systematic* himself, and required his pupils to be so. This principle was extended to everything. There was a certain way that a boy must sit at his desk, not as a motionless statue, but with head erect and front face. There was a certain way that he must move across the room, quickly and quietly. There was a certain way that he must stand at recitation, erect, without support, and toeing the mark. There was a certain way that he must hold the book while reading; and there was a certain finger and part of the finger that he must use in pointing to his words. Everything was orderly and systematic. The very tones of his voice were controlled. He must have nothing in his mouth or before his mouth, and he must speak promptly and distinctly. Everything must be kept perfectly neat. There must be no marking of the desks, benches, walls; there must be no littering of the floor by scraps of paper or by spitting. As the president of a school for girls, the writer is ashamed to say that he has never been able to keep his study halls and recitation rooms as neat as were those of the Male Collegiate Institute.

Some may think that all this was overnice and particular. Let such consider that Mr. Kemper was an educator, a maker of men, and no habit which

contributed to perfection of character was to be despised by him. None of these niceties consumed unnecessary time or interfered with study, while they all contributed to the pupil's sense of self-respect, and laid the foundation for system and neatness in subsequent life. It is interesting to observe the influence of this early discipline. Take one trivial illustration. We were taught not to deface the school property. Among other things, he would say: "Suppose I were visiting you, and, sitting in your parlor, I should take my knife and scratch the chairs and deface the piano, what would you think of me?" To this day, though often in the midst of whittlers on the street, the writer has never been able to bring himself to cut an empty dry-goods box. It is Mr. Kemper's work. No boy who formed those habits then has ever regretted them since.

But one more fact, and we are through with this poor sketch of him as an educator. He assigned his pupils *only three studies at a time*. This he would have preferred as a teacher, this he was forced to do as an educator. Most of our schools are conducted on the theory of tuition—that the one great object is to pack the mind as a storehouse with the treasures of knowledge. As a consequence, every possible branch is put into the curriculum, and the poor boy is forced to cram it into his cranium. Take up the catalogues of our popular schools, and you will find that each class is expected to carry some six or eight studies at a time. This we suppose is done; but it is our judgment that more real knowledge would be obtained during the four years' course, were only half the number of branches pursued at a time.

However this may be, we have no doubt of the relative influence of the two systems upon the mental development of the student. There are two reasons why the cramming process is to be condemned, from the educational standpoint. The mind is injured when the memory is burdened with more truths than the reasoning powers can properly elaborate and digest. Such men become mental dyspeptics. They are either lean and emaciated dyspeptics, because even the memory is unable to retain the excessive pabulum committed to it, or else they become bloated dyspeptics, without nerve or muscle, with the fats and sugars all absorbed, and the albuminoids all rejected.

Another resulting evil is that this system tends to induce the habit of superficiality. Let two students, of the same capacity and industry, be compared under the two systems. Let the one be given six studies, and the other three. They each devote six hours a day to faithful study. The one will give an average of two hours to each branch; the other, of course, only one. No ambitious, thorough mind ever found that it had too much time to devote to any study. If he wishes to go well into the subject, to learn all about it, his two hours will pass away, and he will wish for more. The other, however ambitious and thorough he may be disposed to be, finds that it consumes all his time, using the utmost diligence, to obtain the truths which lie upon the surface of his studies. The natural result is, that the one mind is trained to habits of full and deep study, while the other is forced to content himself with skimming the surface.

There are many other things which we might say about Mr. Kemper as an educator. It would be well perhaps to discuss some of his peculiarities as a *disciplinarian*. This the writer forbears to do, for more than one reason. Candor compels him to say that his maturer judgment has not approved some of the features of the penal code of his revered teacher. We believe that he was far better adapted to the education of what are known as good boys, than he was to the reclamation of those who were known as bad. Moreover, he believes that this was Mr. Kemper's own judgment of himself. No man is perfect, and this is the one serious criticism which we would make of him as an educator; and in this he may have been right and we wrong.

Take him all in all, as a teacher and as an educator, both in its negative and positive aspects, it is our profound conviction that Missouri has never had his equal, and the country never his superior. Brethren of the school-room, he was our Nestor, our model.

“ Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the swelling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAGE.

“ Knowledge is proud, that he has learned so much ;
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.”

COWPER.

WISDOM as a practical virtue is to be seen in acts rather than in words. Every wise act, however, is but the outward realization of a prior wise thought, which prompted and directed it. Unfortunately wisdom of opinion and wisdom of life are sometimes, divorced ; the former may exist without the latter. Sometimes these wise thoughts do not reveal themselves in words, but only in deeds. This is their best expression, in one light ; and yet, for general usefulness “ A word fitly spoken, how good is it ; it is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

We have thought it, therefore, desirable to gather together into this chapter some of the more interesting and valuable thoughts of Mr. Kemper, as we have found them scattered through his journals and commonplace books. They will thus serve a double purpose, as a revelation of his inner self, and as food for reflection to those who may read these pages. They will be arranged under two general heads—1, Those which bear upon education ; and, 2, Those of a more general character.

EDUCATIONAL MAXIMS.

"The chief art of learning, says Locke, is to attempt but little at a time."

"Only save every moment of time that you now lose, and you will be able to do anything.'—Todd."

"Make all you read your own, and you will soon be rich in intellectual treasures.'—Ibid."

"Resolved never to punish a boy without clear conviction of its necessity, and not in a passion."

"Must do good. Pupils feel your character giving weight to precepts."

"I will estimate my knowledge by the number of ideas, not by volumes or pages gone over."

"Great power is in the pen as a means of improvement."

"My school is *too complex* for one man to teach. I must change my plan, in order that my energies may be successfully applied. In either an infant school, a common, or a high school, I might work to my mind, if I could live by it." [He subsequently acted accordingly.]

"EDUCATION first, Education last, Education always, with the BIBLE for the foundation and capstone."

"The faithful teacher will industriously employ all his time in school for the good of his scholars (and out of school too); but after all he may find it desirable to employ monitors to do one half the acts that an unwise teacher will perform himself. Let the teacher answer no question, do no work that can be done as well by a scholar; not that he may be idle, but most efficiently employed."

"The professional teacher must be at home (as

any other artist in his peculiar calling) at calculating every eclipse as it occurs; analyzing every plant and flower in his walks; analyzing all the soils and minerals, in his walks and vacation excursions; conversing with fulness, and interest, and charming instruction on any topic in history that may be started in his presence, or in polite literature; demonstrating any theorem, or solving any problem in his course of mathematics, pure or mixed; know his own work for each hour as it passes, and that of his pupils, and his own time and others' for each study daily, and how long to finish."

"Let everything be done with clear motives and superior excellency, and your heart will soon be in your work, and success will crown the result. It is as necessary for the teacher to be 'interestingly employed,' as for the pupil."

"Have no boy of whom you cannot be proud. They are your representatives; and as you labor *faithfully*, it is right to labor so *wisely* as to get credit for it."

"OPPOSITION IS THE BADGE OF MERIT.

'My dark-eyed darling! don't you know,

If you were homely, cold, and stupid,

Unbent for you were slander's bow?

Her shafts but follow those of Cupid.

Dear child of genius, strike the lyre,

And drown with melody delicious,

Soft answering to your touch of fire,

The envious hint, the sneer malicious.

'Remember, it is music's law,

Each pure, true note, though low you sound it,

Is heard through discord's wildest roar

Of rage and madness storming round it.

Serenely go your glorious way,
Secure that every footstep onward
Will lead you from their haunts away,
Since you go up, and they go downward.'

MRS. OSGOOD."

"Labor, not pretended, but unfeigned, interested and devoted, is essential for teacher and pupil. This clock doesn't run by weights, but by constant pulling."

"The teacher's manners toward his pupils, if he is right, will not be—(a) those of society in general, but those of a *drillmaster*; nor (b) those of a meditative philosopher, calmly walking out to moralize upon the nature of man; but those of Cyrus's commanders, when ordering the wheels to be lifted out of the mud. (c) They will not be those of a man seeking favor with the public, and afraid lest he should lose it; but those of a master-workman, who can and does exact of the best portion of the public to come up to his standard."

"Idleness persisted in is to be treated as wantonness and rebellion."

"Perhaps all a teacher's errors and failures may, in some way or other, be referred to neglect of little things. See Jesus, the son of Sirach."

"The teacher may try it, and he will find that, in his questions on the chart or mathematical demonstrations, he loses his freedom and buoyancy, and power to excite mind, when he has to refer to his book."

"Self-knowledge is secured by the application of a perfect system of school regulations."

"Make most of each minute in recitation, by, 1st, knowing the lesson perfectly in whole and part; 2nd,

by unlearning the lesson, or studying the mental process of the boy in studying."

"All scholars must know all their lessons all the time. Nothing less is the standard."

"A boy's condition at a good school is that of a triumphant victor, rejoicing as a giant to run a race

' (The noblest hero of the whole
Is he who does himself control) ';

or, it is that of the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon, chafed perpetually by the cords that bind him."

"The art of making men is the highest of arts. It is an art—a difficult art—comprehending so many arts, sciences, and moral principles, that, like the law of gravitation, it was long unknown, and now is only dimly appreciated by those who occupy 'the higher regions of thought.'"

"The elements of language, properly taught, so cultivate the powers that any language can be learned as a by-business. See Milton on learning Italian."

"Never talk to a class unless the attention of every member is fixed. As well teach a boy asleep as inattentive, and far better. For an ineffectual effort to do a boy good sears his susceptibilities, hardens his heart."

"Whatever a boy says *in any recitation*, is to be used as an exercise in propriety of *speech*."

"Break up entirely the mere mechanical coming to school, and going through the round of recitations, moving in a circle, *without obvious advance*. If a little boy spells but one word at a lesson, let him know everything about that word. The least motion forward, if rightly done, is moving fast."

"Let things be in the understanding before they are put into the memory."

"Experience will show that numeration is the most important rule ; it is *the* science of arithmetic."

"Self-possession and self-government before any action."

"A good teacher is not the man who can answer an interrogatory of an inquiring mind ; but a man who first *excites inquiries* in the mind of dulness and then answers them."

"Moral qualifications are more essential in a teacher than intellectual, and the great moral conservator is prayer. He needs not to attempt to bring his pupils to be influenced by their consciences, unless he is himself."

"One grand reason for the unhappiness of the teacher's life is, that his mind is *out of his business*. He is looking forward to something else. As soon as he can, by the permission of the public, he is off from the scene of his rage and torment, to get a breath of fresh air and enjoy himself. There is matter enough in science and in the imparting of it, matter enough in the worth of a human mind, to claim the teacher's attention, study, highest interest and pleasure."

"The teacher's employment is often small to an observer, when it is most philosophical and most important. The teacher is as greatly employed in teaching addition, as in teaching the calculation of eclipses. The multitude do not see this ; but it is because they think God is in the whirlwind, the fire, the storm, when He is in the still small voice."

“ ‘Who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires and fears, is more than king.’

MILTON.

Is not the sublime picture of Milton the very essential requisite of a good teacher?”

“When a boy is getting along badly, learn his schedule; give him more time and attention; help him, though undeserving, and you will love him better.”

“When a boy is in a bad spirit, all that he does is wrong, and it is useless to particularize. From the time of his rising till he is asleep, if there is not something wrong, it is because there is no opportunity for it.”

“The teacher need not fear that other teachers will copy his plans, use his thunder, rise on his merits. If a visitor could come into your school, and, by looking on, wind himself up like a clock, which would then operate in his own school, the teacher might fear being supplanted by one of less merit. But no teacher can copy another’s excellences without copying his excellent spirit, his true manhood, his scholarly knowledge, and his technical knowledge of his profession. Of all such copyists, the professional teacher may well exclaim, ‘Would that the Lord’s people were all prophets!’ ”

“ ‘I will pray for them first, and then I have no fears that I will do them harm, either by my thoughts or words.’—S. H. T.’s note. (Apply to bad boys, ignorant and bad parents, and to all who vex me in any way.)”

“Knowledge, perfect as the best *author*, perfect as the best *scholar* is required to recite, perfect as law of mind requires the *teacher* to attain.”

“Look over roll to prepare for teaching with reference to the scholar’s *progress*, his knowledge, interest, moral character, and destination, parental relation, etc.”

“The teacher’s talisman consists in three things:—First, A right mental and moral condition in self and scholars. Second, Attention to minutiae, as to condition and progress; *e.g.* what, how, where, and why of spelling lessons. Third, Drilling in business qualifications, accounts, mensuration, interest, letter-writing, good as to penmanship and diction.”

“There is no danger of the honest teacher being unfaithful; but great danger of not being *intellectually* employed each hour he teaches. (I refer to clear, serene, strong intellect.) Secure the latter at all hazards.”

“There are things that are *essential*, without which greatness and goodness cannot exist—*viz.* (1) Spirit of prayer. (2) Clear plan and knowledge. (3) Dignity and kindness—*no shame*. (4) Firmness and subordination in school. No pains to be spared for these.”

“I must go out of myself to my business, and return to myself with pleasure. So even public worship, and private too, are *means*. They must be used by an *intelligent agent*, who uses them and is not a nonentity, or a passive being suffering their influence to fall upon him. This will effectually save the teacher from the *trituration of little cares*, and make him strong as a giant, by daily conquering and controlling himself.”

“True and steady estimate of my profession as a teacher. Not, at one time elated to sublimest flights

of philosophy ; and at another, debased to the level of the itinerant, starveling kicked-out pedagogue."

"Teacher's greatest danger is from abnormal action—physical, intellectual, and moral. The farmer gets exercise and fresh air without thinking about them. But the teacher must think about them and provide for them, watch his own feelings and comfort, and capability for business. He must make these the rule of his system of exercise, diet, etc., and no dictum of the physiologist.

"On the other hand, the farmer and most mechanical employments require little of mental or moral quality in their performance ; while the teacher is all the time, and must of necessity be, performing *moral* action, and that about the most minute things, and always in circumstances specially trying. Then *mind*, as the material he works on and the instrument he works with, depraved nature to mould and control in the pupil, the same in himself, and previous bad habits in both.

"What but so walking with God as not to fulfil the lusts of the flesh can keep that calm balance of the powers, which make those powers successful, or intelligently or comfortably employed? His petty cares, like his *manner* of doing everything, require *minute* attention, not slight but minute, exact attention. He may neglect whenever neglect causes no petty, abnormal action. But let him remember that the smaller the duty, the greater the danger of sin stealing in unperceived. Economists save dimes. Christians must mind every idle word ; and he that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little."

"Let the teacher have all right before God and

man, before self and scholars ; let perfect truth and holiness swell his bosom, and you can as soon prevent a little leaven from leavening the whole lump, as to prevent his usefulness, respectability, and happiness."

"No scholar is so bad (if good enough to remain in school) but a perfect teacher will secure his respect, and control his powers, unconsciously to the scholar himself. Every humble, pious man is respected. 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.' 'Men will *praise* thee, when thou doest well for thyself.'"

"'I venerate the man who knows what he means.' —*German Poet* (quoted memoriter). Now the teacher must know in regard to religion, health, profession, toil, recreation, etc., etc."

"Under all provocations and petty cares, reflect in a manly manner—not what punishment is deserved, but what is proper for me to do."

"In order to usefulness to fellow-men, success among them, or even admission to their society, health, cheerfulness, and oneness of character are requisite, perhaps essential, to the teacher, who voluntarily resigns the influence of wealth, fame, and pleasure. All must be right within, that all may be right without."

- "Let the *educator* enter upon his profession with the perseverance of Forcellinus, who spent forty years on his great lexicon."

"Resolved to learn more by *conversation*, and to make my recitations a converse of the soul of self and scholars. Thus we shall learn more, be happier in learning, and retain it longer."

“The teacher in studying must not do this to make men distinguish him as a very learned man, above most of his fellow-men. This isolation from his fellows would make him lonely, unhappy, and unfit for his business, even if he could attain it. But he must study the higher branches to perfect him in his calling, that he may be more truly one of the people. The best blacksmith in a country becomes, by his superiority as a smith, more closely allied with the people. They are more interested in him socially and pecuniarily. So it should be with the teacher. He can, moreover, acquire, if wise, a strong hold upon the hearts of the people, in the way of gratitude and confidence. The blacksmith who is superior to other smiths in his vicinity is but a better *citizen* by the operation, and therefore more closely allied to his fellow-men. So no superiority in any calling should raise the incumbent above his fellow-men (Deut. 17: 20), but *make him a better public servant, and dearer to the people, and more intimate with them.* ‘I am no better than other people.’—Jenny Lind.”

“The teacher who finds his seven years of college retirement, the monkish tendency of teaching all day and studying lessons at night for next day, and the abstraction of abstract thoughts and sciences—make him *unsocial*, must allot a portion of time systematically to visiting, and visit even though he does not feel like it. He must cultivate those practical branches of study which throw him into communion with physical nature, with men of business—surveying in field, geology, botany, etc. He must seek the acquaintance of his fellow-men; be the first to get acquainted with a stranger settling in the

town ; he must attend to his dress and manners, so as to make himself agreeable to society, and especially to get a passport to the *best* society in any place where he may sojourn ; always remembering that true Christianity is true politeness."

"The vast amount of knowledge to be acquired shall not, in the first place, *discourage* me. Then I will not make its vastness an excuse for hurry ; as haste makes waste, and results in doing nothing in *progress*, and worse than nothing in *mental and moral habits*. But, thirdly, the vastness of what is to be done shall be inducement to make wiser plans, and to pursue them with the unchanging perseverance of the tortoise when he beat the hare. Great attainments are to be made by the *lapse of time*, when *individual moments* have been improved. Acorns make oaks. Do well whatever is done."

"To be a perfect teacher (and every *good* teacher must aim at perfection) you must make your arrangements to have perfect *Character*, perfect *Health*, and perfect *Knowledge*. He who has not time to attend to these three is a mechanic who has not time to take care of his tools."

"The teacher's is a highly intellectual and spiritual employment. He must use all the means of health and of exhilaration in his business, with at least the care of professional musicians, who live by their concerts. The carpenter feels best while shoving his plane. He whistles while at work. That the teacher may feel like whistling at his work, he must not only have character, health, and knowledge, but he must have daily *success*. Where parents do not give him an opportunity, they must be distinctly

apprised of the state of facts. The teacher must be so settled in his mind that the cause of failure is not in his health, his excessive labors, or his want of perfect self and school government, as not to be disturbed in his equanimity by any annoyance from want of success in the case of any scholar."

"Resolved to pursue my calling so as to make it interesting to my imagination, and pleasant. A special guard must be had against trying to do too much."

"The carpenter who whistles at his work, or rather has the spirit of song while at work, will do much more than another who is dull. The school-boy who has to get up and feed and curry a horse will be better for school by that diversion of thought. But if he feeds a pig, which shall be his own pig for market, how infinitely better for his feelings.

"The teacher who keeps everything in order, and makes little episodes of cleaning up (even shoes), may find his heart interested in the neatness, comfort, and economy resulting, and will be greatly better fitted for his monotonous duties. He will find himself whistling while at such work. Then let him so pursue his work as to be certain of success, and self-poised in school, and then the attrition of little cares cannot use him up."

"Your boys are bound to learn—don't be afraid. Be enthusiastic, and give the teacher a chance to succeed and to be enthusiastic himself. He then will make them learn, as fast as they will take it."

"Every teacher is a housekeeper in his school-room, and, if a bachelor, in his chamber and sitting-room.

These petty duties will relieve his mind and fit him for school. But if he is a sloven here, he will be a sloven in mentals and pedagogics ; and in these departments he will work the ruin of scholars and of self. See here great effects from little causes. Have then a code of housekeeping.’’

“ ‘It is as hard to teach an hour as it is to preach an hour.’ Doing either all day will soon kill one. Besides teaching a class, the teacher must watch school—a double debt to pay.’’

“ All pupils submit like little children at the start. All the wisest will. The most foolish only have to be made.’’

“ I am going to educate you. I do not mean to be unhealthy over it, or to be exhausted by too much work, or by worrying, or hurrying, or by anxiety or despondency. I mean to carry you through, as the Crotonian carried the bull through the stadium. *Yes, I, I* will do what few can ; I’ll walk the course, firm as a giant and graceful as a tragedian. God help this exertion of my will. Make me strong in the strength which God supplies.’’

“ The teacher has no right to go into his school-room in bad health, with his faculties dull, with his bodily frame not elastic and not in perfect trim—*i.e.*, so far as these depend upon the faithful use of every possible means of health.’’

“ Manage by love, get their affections. To this end, you must love them, and be lovely yourself. To be lovely is not to whine and feign a smile, when you do not feel like it. But to *be first pure and good yourself, then express what you are.*’’

“ Boys must be made to study, if they will have it

so ; but they ought to study, because they are interested and see the importance of it."

"Put yourself fully in the current of competition in your school. Be second to none. Let no sister of charity be kinder, no Wyman be more attentive to the wants of pupils, no school be better fitted in minutiae."

"The virtues, as love, patience, fortitude, etc. ; the minor virtues, order, cleanliness, neatness, etc. ; the Christian graces, love, joy, meekness, etc. ; and the sciences and arts, mathematics, physics, reading—*all grow in clusters*. Any one will grow better by growing with all the others, and no one can grow well without some improvement in the others. See here what a perfect man the teacher must be. In greater and minor virtues, in Christianity, in learning (especially teacher's knowledge), he must honor God and his calling, be at peace in the midst of trials, serene, and resolute, and calm, and stern, and self-possessed. But how immeasurably is his burden increased when it is recollected that he must not only possess these things in common with other good men, but must impart them to others, must reform the wayward, and labor for the ungrateful and faultfinding."

"Teachers' knowledge means this: Men, in general, know a subject well enough, when they have their purposes answered. The teacher never knows a subject well enough, when anything could be learned that would add to the *interest* of a pupil a single particle, or save a second's time at recitation."

"School government must be *strong*, successful

(letting no villain avoid duty), administered with perfect self-control on the part of the teacher, and in the spirit of true Christian love, without affected whining smiles, or artful efforts for popularity."

"General knowledge is all that is necessary for the polite scholar. But the teacher cannot interest these general, polite scholars without having all the minutiae at hand always bright. Just as the minister of the cross prepares himself laboriously for weeks to elucidate a knotty point in theology (*after having gone through a college and theological course*); although it is enough for a *hearer* to listen attentively for an hour that the difficulties may vanish. Teachers must be able to recite all his grammars, make analyses of geometry, elementary, analytical, and descriptive, at any moment's bidding. Then descend to such arbitrary things as recollecting labors of Hercules, nine muses, positive and negative metals, conductors of heat and electricity, seven wise men of Greece, twelve patriarchs, twelve apostles, seven churches, books and chapters in Bible, formulæ in arithmetic and algebra, *verbatim* methods of explaining rules in each, *verbatim definitions* in all sciences, measures, statistics, etc., etc."

"Teacher must know where each boy is now, where he was a week ago, so as to note progress. Not only what his daily lessons are, but *how* he prepares them, what *time* he gives to them, how long he is to come to school, how long to study each branch. Such an exact plan, that the best half of every class will perfectly exemplify the mode of learning, and the worst half may learn *if they would*. Thus shame and faultfinding will go where they belong. This

implies, of course, that the teacher knows all that he would have his scholars know, and is willing to submit to most severe tests."

We might have made many more extracts, setting forth his ideas and plans as a scholar, a teacher, and an educator. Enough have been given, however, to show his most important thoughts, and to reveal him as one of the most philosophical, exact, and painstaking of teachers. His co-workers in the school-room will find in these extracts much matter for practical, profitable reflection.

It was our purpose to put into this chapter some of his religious meditations; but as its limits will not permit, we shall defer them until we discuss his Christian character, and conclude by giving some selections of a

GENERAL NATURE.

"Obey natural and moral law, and let happiness and circumstances go to the winds, or where they please."

"Anger and irritability are not *forcible*, afraid to be so; but see the force of Leonard in court."

"It is not poverty that can make a man unhappy, but discontent. This points the spear and whets the edge of bad circumstances. This clouds the brow with gloom. He should, as Tupper says, 'Smile and be content.' Then sorrow grows bright. Discontent unfits for business too, wears out the soul, works death. It must be the portion of every ambitious sinner, however successful; for it is not in the *nature* or *duration* of earthly good to satisfy man. But a quiet conscience and contented mind can do it.

Present content improves to-morrow without caring for it. I will enjoy what I now have, and 'take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' This is my 'crock of gold.' The contented, humble man will achieve more than the proud, though less noisy—*more real good.*"

"Place, time, and manner for everything, and everything in its place, time, and manner."

"Be a whole man to one thing at a time,' as Brougham says. One thing at a time, and it well done."

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home, especially after a hard day's work, or week's."

"Do what experience shows is most comfortable. This implies self-knowledge, self-possession, self-government, self-examination."

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

"Economize dimes; cancel debts as fast as possible."

"No inability arising from bad bodily or mental health. See Bronson on the voice. Each day must bring its due amount of rest, and nourishment, and sleep. A nervous man must not only allow time enough for sleep, but prepare for bed so as to get sleep while in bed."

"Be a Christian and philosopher. No outward circumstances can prevent one's being learned, wise, good, polite, cheerful, and happy, if all is right within."

"Be prepared for petty *cares* by a faithful performance of petty *duties*. 'Many a sensitive spirit is worn away by the attrition of petty vexations.' Avoid all

avoidable vexations, and rejoice in the unavoidable ones as a part of God's direct disciplinary providence. Thus you will avoid being vexed about what you *can* help, and what you *cannot* help."

"Not only are emotions to be watched, but the causes of them."

"A man of two minds is unstable in all his ways."

"Remember that despondency is the greatest of weaknesses. It unfits for present duty, and retrieves not a lost cent, nor a wasted moment."

" 'Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Taylor were all *reflecting, dispassionate, and self-poised*. Marshall was as undisturbed by passion as the mountain is by the storms which war beneath its summit.' Majestic soul ! "

" *Singularity and individuality*, not for show, but for the sake of that secret thought and devotion which secure great results. He who produces great results, or makes great attainments, uses peculiar means which others despise. But this singularity gives him individuality, self-respect, and self-reliance."

"Symmetry and uniformity of character can only be secured by perfect attention to all moral action, however small. The truth is harmonious, and it alone is. Moral action, moreover, cannot exist without attention ; it would be machinery and habit, not moral action.

"Be so 'resolute and calm' as, under the most distracting duties, to preserve 'virtue's awful eye,' the power of a serene countenance, stern and severe if need be, but never passionate, or indicating any want of self-control."

"Every meal should be : 1. A sacrifice of gratitude

to God. 2. An exercise of self-government, beautiful regard for natural law. 3. Time for natural enjoyment of food. 4. An occasion for improving the social powers, politeness, etc."

" 'I see no fault that I have not myself committed.' —*German Poet* (memoriter). Then be not censorious, but charitable and forgiving."

"Let no man despise learning through you, saying that it unfits for business of life."

"Honor all men. Be courteous, pitiful, gentle, pleasing your neighbor for his good to edification."

"As peace is worth more than knowledge, be *satisfied* with present attainments, while using all proper means for increase of knowledge. Work, but don't worry. Haste, but don't hurry."

"Nothing but perfection will make the soul, created in God's image, happy at all times. Be it mine to aim at perfection, and to make daily progress in it; perfection, especially in little things—my words, my books, my thoughts, my demeanor. This requires that originality which does everything well and in *my own way*. I can never secure happiness and the highest wisdom by *imitating others*."

"Resolved, not only in matters of justice, but of social *expression of kindness and love, to regard all men as brethren*."

" '*Labor ipse voluptas*.' Apply this to study, teaching, and all employments."

" 'Be swift to hear, slow to speak.' The first is promotive of knowledge, and is a good antidote to absence of mind in company. The second prevents scandal and imprudences, and gives influence, self-possession, and self-respect."

“‘Did General Jackson go to heaven, in your opinion?’ ‘Did he ever say he was going there?’ ‘I heard him say so.’ ‘Well, he went.’”

• “Soul first (or you are an idolater); then health, or you throw stones into your machinery; then school; then study.”

Thus ends this collection of “orient pearls at random strung.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MORALIST.

“There is a devil in every berry of the grape.”—*Koran*.

“Ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then. 'Tis your country bids.
Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call,
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats,
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.”

COWPER.

It is the purpose of these closing chapters to give a truthful and, as far as may be, comprehensive view of Mr. Kemper's inner self. The preceding three have bought out traits that were mainly intellectual. This and the next will seek to present him as he stood in the higher, the moral sphere, which contains two continents, lying side by side like Asia and Europe, the earthly and the heavenly. Either of these is so extensive that its full discussion, within a few pages, is impracticable. So far as mere natural morality is concerned, there are many points of interest and importance, in connection with Mr. Kemper's character, which might be given: his truthfulness, honesty, generosity, hospitality, consideration for the young, the lowly, the unfortunate. Suffice it

to say that, in all the duties arising out of the relations of this life, domestic, social, patriotic, and philanthropic, his principles were enlightened and elevated, and his practice such as made him a model for young men.

As we cannot elaborate all, we have determined, for several reasons, to select one, somewhat as a type of the rest. Practically it is certainly one of the most important in this age and part of the world. We have been led, however, to select this, for the additional reason, that he has left behind him a full and eloquent statement of his views regarding it. We thus accomplish a double purpose ; as the speech, which will be given in full, will not only clearly define his position on this important question of morals, but will also furnish a fair specimen of his ability as a rhetorician and an orator.

The proper use of alcoholic liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is one of the most interesting practical problems of this day. It is a question which, more or less directly, affects every individual, every parent, every wife, every child, every patriot, every philanthropist, every Christian. It is the skeleton in the closet of the majority of the wretched families of this country. More secret and bitter tears are shed over it, perhaps, than over all other miseries combined.

Mr. Kemper was always, in practice, a temperate man. He was more : he entirely abstained from the use of intoxicating liquors. In the mind of many, these are associated with tobacco, the narcotic stimulant. He never used tobacco in any form. This was his practice ; his principles are presented

in the speech we shall give, prepared when he was a young man, and delivered by him on more than one occasion.

“ THE TEMPERANCE REFORM A WORK OF PURE
BENEVOLENCE.

“ I stand here to-day at the request of the president of your society. You will allow me to say that it is an honor which I am too well acquainted with myself to have sought, or even to have accepted, but for special reasons.

“ Temperance is a subject which, when rightly understood, deserves a noble rank among the great moral movements of the age. Yet it is a subject sometimes unworthily regarded as only fit for a schoolboy's experiment, or for the flippancy and brass of the village orator. In such a state of feeling, what friend of the cause would, when called upon, shrink from its advocacy? However feebly the subject may be discussed to-day, it is in itself a tower of strength, a theme in reference to which we may boldly say, ‘ Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.’

“ One of the most interesting aspects of the temperance society is its relation to the great cause of man's improvement, intellectually and morally, which so conspicuously marks the present age. Some, even in the 19th century, have doubted whether man has made progress in his best interests, and whether all things are not as they were from the beginning. This, if not a misanthropic, must be a misinformed judgment, as it certainly is a very gloomy one. The page of prophecy and the signs of the times indicate

just the reverse. Has not the harp of prophecy, 'in tones as sweet as angels use,' told of the period when 'many shall run to and fro; and knowledge shall be increased'? Take a solitary instance of modern improvement for illustration: the steam-engine driving the rapid wheel along the iron road or through the billowy deep, instinct with life and motion, performing the labor and relieving the toil of a thousand horses, yet governed by a touch of the hand, by which a vapor, light as smoke, is revolutionizing the world.

"But it is not enough for man's highest interests that he be intellectually illuminated and physically benefited. In the language of a great master, 'All that is great is *moral*.' In vain shall the light of knowledge blaze around us, until in prophetic language, 'the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold,' if there is no correspondent improvement of those passions and propensities, which have made the reader of history to sicken at its story. Shall we glorify ourselves that modern science has made neighbors of the world's antipodes, if it has only brought into contiguity the same old elements of discord and moral death? No, not so. But this is not our unhappy condition. Not only shall the human intellect, like the sun of the morning, struggle above the mists of ignorance and superstition, but the storm of human passion shall be calmed till

" 'Peace on earth shall hold her easy sway,
And man forbear his brother man to slay.'

One song, one song of love, employs all nations,

" 'And mountain top, from distant mountain top,
Shall catch the flying joy.'

“Now, whatever promotes a result so desirable commends itself to our benevolence, our patriotism, our philanthropy, and our religion. It is our purpose to show that the temperance movement is an essential element in that system of means which is to regenerate a world. In the prosecution of this argument we shall not find it necessary to run foul of any man’s creed or to rasp unkindly across the feelings of the most sensitive.

“Classic fable tells of a certain robber, Procrustes, away back in the age of Theseus, who had an iron bed on which he placed his victims. If they were shorter than his bed, he stretched them until they equaled it in length. If longer, he barbarously cut off the excess of length. A striking picture of an age of savage darkness. Men talk as they please about the dangers of freedom of opinion, and European governments and professed republics may muzzle the press; but they can never alter the hard fact that, if anything under heaven is sacredly and peculiarly a man’s own, it is his own opinion. This fact lies in the very nature of things. It belongs to the existence of mind, and is indestructible as mind itself. Yet there will be opposers; for, to use the words of a celebrated Irish orator, ‘Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; and, if she pause a moment in her eternal flight, it is but to whet her fangs for keener rapine and replume her wings for more sanguinary desolation.’

“We shall not attempt to further a benevolent cause in any other than a benevolent *spirit*. Such a course savors indeed of human weakness, but is no part of the temperance reformation or of its

allies. It needs no such aid. '*Non tali auxilio tempus eget.*' When I cannot promote a cause of benevolence without vilifying those not connected with it, and impeaching their motives, may 'my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.' I am opposed to the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; but among those who make and sell the article I number some of my best friends and most respectable citizens. I have observed that this abuse is the result of great weakness, and sometimes of that canting hypocrisy which cares so much for the public morals as to neglect its own. Never, I repeat it, is it the legitimate fruit of temperance principles.

"A similar error is found in the extreme to which some injudicious friends would push their opposition to the use of spirituous liquors. Not content to abandon its use as a drink, they would banish it from the workshop of the artisan, the laboratory of the chemist, and the shelves of the druggist. For such a notion the temperance society is by no means responsible. This is not what we teach. We inculcate that, apart from the vast evils of intemperance, it is physically, chemically demonstrable, that alcohol is injurious to the health of a healthy man. Therefore, it is best not to use it as a drink. If any man chooses to make temperance his hobby, and ride it till his head can *hold but one idea*, to him alone be the folly and the shame.

"In showing how intimately our cause is connected with man's intellectual and moral improvement, it may be of some interest to take a rapid glance at the past history of the world. It will appear that in-

temperance has had a prominent part in making the world what it has been—a stage on which has been enacted, from age to age, a tragedy of crime and calamity, of blood and suffering. I recollect, when quite a small boy, to have read the fable of the Court of Death.

“It represents Death, the King of Terrors, as about to choose a prime minister. Having assembled his most efficient emissaries, he declared his intention to bestow this exalted honor on that servant who had caused the greatest waste of human life. First came War. He came thundering from a thousand battle-fields. He strode with iron foot before the assembled courtiers, and confidently claimed the office. Next came Pestilence, and told how he had mounted on the wings of the wind, and desolated kingdoms, until the voracity of death was sated. Then Consumption and Famine, meagre, and wan, and attenuated, claimed pre-eminence among the shadowy ministers of Death. But while these claims were being considered, there was a pause and an interest, as if some distinguished personage was approaching. It was Intemperance. Bloated, and stupid with beclouded brain and blunted sensibilities, he stated his case. He had withered the rose from the cheek of the blooming bride. He had multiplied widows and orphans and beggars, had swelled the catalogue of crime, demented judges, jurors, and lawyers, physicians, ministers, and statesmen; and all diseases followed in his train. The other applicants retired, and Intemperance was installed the Prime Minister of Death.

“It is a part of our blissful ignorance that we are

not assured of the existence of intemperance in the antediluvian world. We do not know that this was one of the sins for which the waves wheeled and gamboled above the highest mountains. But we do know that the ancient patriarch, just buoyed up above a prostrate world, was made drunk and disgraced by wine. On every page of history, from the days of Noah till the present, has this demon rioted in his wild and besotting revel. The deification of Bacchus, the god of wine, occurred in India in its early history, and to the present day his rites are mingled with the obscenities of the pagan worship. Athens, as she advanced in refinement and the arts, paid her devotions more sedulously to the rosy god, till Plato says he saw the whole city *drunk* on a feast of Bacchus. Thus were drunkenness and debauchery linked with the religious feelings of the most enlightened people of antiquity. Here it was that a theatre was dedicated to Bacchus which held thirty thousand spectators; and then, as now, the favorite victims of this vice were men of genius, of power, and capabilities of usefulness.

“Alexander the Great, that prodigy of humanity, after having subdued the world by his genius, dies in a drunken frolic, and yields his mighty soul a captive to the reeling god. He dies at Babylon, where, two centuries before, that ‘beauty of the Chaldees’ excellency’ was laid in the dust, while her king and a thousand of her lords were *drunk with wine*. Yes, Babylon, the mistress of kingdoms, is no more. As the Euphrates, like a pilgrim monarch, passes the ruins of the wasted kingdom, the silent ripple of its wave tells of wine and its attendant

vices ; and the gray osiers that grow along its banks, as they sigh to the breeze that wafts across the ruins of the imbecility of man, mingle in the dirge their warnings against intemperance as a national sin.

“But if the philosophy and morals of Socrates and Plato were no antidote to this vice, we would surely expect that iron-hearted Rome would scorn its effeminating influences. While her soldiers drank vinegar and water, she trod with iron foot on the nations of the world. They marched with a weight of armor under which a modern soldier can scarcely stand. Here, too, are introduced the Bacchanalian festivals. Feasts of revelry become part of the Roman religion. They often worshiped in the night, the strictest secrecy being enjoined on all who participated ; and thus the holiest, strongest feelings of the mistress of the world were enlisted in a service where ‘vice held carnival and sin kept lent.’ The senate, not out of a regard for morals, but from policy, abolished these festivals. But it was too late : the greenness of youth, the freshness of her heart were gone.

“Such was the world’s addictedness to drunkenness before the process of distillation was discovered. As a chemical fact, the distilling of alcohol is interesting, and forms a part of the progress of science. But, alas for mankind, that there has been so little of true knowledge connected with its origin and use. It originated in the days of alchemy, when the philosophers invoked witchcraft and magic for the production of their universal solvent, by which anything might be turned into gold. Its nature and influence have been little understood. Theoricus, a

writer of the sixteenth century, gives us the following description :

“‘Alcohol sloweth age ; it strengtheneth youth ; it helpeth digestion ; it abandoneth melancholie ; it cureth the hydropsia ; it puffeth away ventositie ; it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tongue from lisping, the mouth from snaffling, the stomach from wambling, the heart from swelling ; it keepeth the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumbling, the bones from aching, and the marrow from soaking.’ No wonder that there was no longer search for the philosopher’s stone ; for here was a substitute answering far better purposes.

“We should have been glad of the use of distillation, if ignorance had not presided at its discovery. Hence from a cloud, no larger than a man’s hand, has grown a lowering and tempestuous blackness, brooding over the world, and desolating the lands with its tempestuous torrents. Distilled liquor was first brought into ordinary use in the Hungarian mines, to preserve the workmen from the effects of damp and cold. In 1583 it was first dealt out to English soldiers for almost the same purpose. From this beginning it has grown until it has polluted every walk of life. Drunken physicians have attended the sick and the dying. Drunken lawyers have enlightened the bench, that needed to be exhilarated by alcohol. Drunken clergy have preached the gospel to a people who have nourished intemperance, till, old enough to live without its foster-mother, the Church, it has been excommunicated from her narrow precincts, to ruin family and friend,

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to disgrace responsible office, and to fill the grave of the loathsome drunkard.

“Such is an outline of the past history of intemperance. It is very difficult to conceive adequately of the magnitude of this evil as it exists among us at the present day, so interwoven is it with sickness and pauperism and crime and mental and moral imbecility. Some years since a scarcity of provisions was apprehended in Ireland, and a law was passed forbidding the distillation of corn. The consequence was that the anticipated scarcity was prevented. Ireland exported corn that year, and bought double the quantity of blankets she had done before. Felix Grundy says that after thirty years’ extensive practice as a lawyer, it is his opinion that four fifths of all the crimes in the United States can be traced to intemperance.

“Why is it, then, that this evil, of such acknowledged magnitude, excites so little interest among men who are, in general, the friends of temperance and friends of their kind? I answer, because we deal in generalities, and do so little that gives special point to our good wishes. This is precisely the difficulty which the organization of temperance societies meets and vanquishes. We look upon intemperance as we look upon death itself, until its very familiarity renders us insensible to it. The soldier can walk among the heaped-up corpses of the battle-field with as little concern as if they were so many stones. Familiarity with death makes its impressions as transient as those of the wing of the bird in its flight through the air.

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‘ As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.’

Butler, in his ‘Analogy,’ accounts for this state of things in a way that may give the friends of temperance a lesson. He remarks that those impressions in which we are passive, are always weakened by repetition, while those feelings excited by the active exercise of our own powers become more intense with the activity put forth. So that our minds and our benevolence, like the brawny muscles of the blacksmith’s arm, become large and strong by exercise.

“Here is a vice which takes off from our land its thirty thousand victims annually, erasing every original, godlike lineament from every one of its victims, and weighing like an incubus upon the breast of human progress as it is palpitating to advance. Look at its waste of intellect; and the intellectual resources of this nation need to be developed no less than its natural wealth. Many a genius that would have arisen and shed glory from its wings has ‘gone down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.’ This waste of mind, could we see it collected, would swell into mountains and rise above the stars. It is insanity to talk of the intellectual resources of this people being developed till this bane of intellect is banished. But the loss to the community of an army of drunkards, who might have filled the front ranks of usefulness and honor, and the wail of a host of tattered and disconsolate widows, are not the worst features of this picture. There are the tears and woe of the

friendless, uneducated orphans, thrown upon the world's cold charity, with no affectionate home to develop their sympathies: and with none to care for their moral susceptibilities, they are schooled to vice and invited to crime, each one liable to become a nucleus, around which may cluster a thousand hereditary obliquities, and a radiant point for diffusing the ribaldry and blasphemy and debauchery which infect the lowest drunkeries. Ah! the tombs of the drunkard's uneducated and vicious children plead eloquently for the full blaze of the era of the elevation of the individual man.

‘ No doubt, in those neglected tombs are laid
Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to eloquence the living lyre.

‘ Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton there may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

‘ But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unfold ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.’

“ Where is any effectual remedy for this vice ? It is in abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage, a common drink. In this there is no monkish austerity, and no refusal to enjoy God's gifts in their most benign profusion. We hold that ‘ every creature of God is good,’ and that ‘ He has given us all things richly to enjoy.’ But surely they are to be enjoyed in accordance with the laws which God has

impressed on our physical constitution. God has given us every article in the *materia medica*, but are we therefore to use tobacco and prussic acid and arsenic as ingredients in our breakfasts and dinners and suppers? Is that what is meant by enjoying thankfully the blessings of Providence? Everything is to be enjoyed in accordance with its own nature. Now what is the nature of alcohol, and what is its place? It is useful to the physician, to the chemist, the artist. Is it useful in the stomach of a healthy man? Ask Dr. Drake, probably the most distinguished medical man in the West, and he will tell you that alcohol has no appropriate place there; that, when introduced, it is neither converted into blood, flesh, nor bone. Nor Dr. Drake alone; but every man who knows the chemical properties of spirituous liquors and the physiology of digestion tells the same story.

“On the banner of temperance is inscribed, Temperance consists in the moderate use of things useful, and in abstinence from those that are pernicious. Pointing to the superlative and unmitigated woe of the past, and to the bright prospect of a glorious future, she addresses neither our political prejudices nor our sectarian feelings. With the most enlarged philanthropy, she cries ‘To you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men.’ Shall she not be heard? Her face beams with benignity. In her train follow Health and Peace and Prosperity. She even approaches the poor inebriate, whose habits are an iron collar around his neck, and bids him to be free. For she stands upon the broken sceptre and the shattered spear of the drunkard’s captivity.

‘ In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind’s concern is charity.’

“ The Bible is pre-eminent in forming the character of this age. This volume gives countenance and sustenance to the temperance cause. ‘ Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup : at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.’ ‘ It is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink ; lest they drink and forget the law.’ ‘ It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended or is made weak.’ ‘ Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor’s lips.’

“ But not to the Christian only does the thought commend itself. I appeal to the philanthropist. I ask, Where, in the circle of your benevolence, can you do so much at so little cost as in promoting the interests of temperance ? When can you find an evil of greater magnitude to be removed ?

“ General Washington charged us, in his Farewell Address, to cling to religion and pure morals as the only hope of our country. Here is a great national vice, and it draws with it a multitude of other vices, taking annually into the drunkard’s grave many who would illustrate our country’s annals by their genius, and be a blessing to mankind. Where, then, is the patriot who will not give his countenance and co-operation to the temperance cause ? Pause, then, fellow-citizen, lover of your country, if you are a friend to public virtue—pause before you contribute in any degree to the perpetuity of that vice with which all other vices are interlocked, and vices too with which are mingled ‘ all shapes, all forms, all modes of

wretchedness and agony and desperate woe.' Commerce, arts, wealth, and learning cannot save us. Egypt was learned and rich, but her pyramids towered above a people morally degraded as the creeping things they worshiped. Much as demagogues may flatter us, our strength as a nation is but a rope of sand if we neglect the subject of public morals.

"Could we go round to the graves of the thousands of drunkards that are annually buried in our country, and, standing at the head of the sepulchre, could we summon back the dweller there and look at his capabilities, we should find many a genius of the highest order, lost to society. The gifted Charles Lamb lamented that in the prime of life his mind was so ruined by intemperance that it was only at intervals that he could read and appreciate the productions of his earlier and sober years. A multitude of such men have been saved, and multitudes more will be saved to their country and the world, when the temperance cause shall have achieved its triumph. The late Dr. Morrison, founder of the Anglo-Chinese College and translator of the Bible into the Chinese language, was taken up, a little dirty boy, in the streets of London, and taken to the Sunday-school. There his genius was developed, and he was saved from the vices of that city, with its five thousand licensed temples of drunkenness. God speed the cause, until many a Morrison shall rise to bless the Celestial Empire, and many a youth be saved, who, like Samuel J. Mills, shall say, 'We are little men, but the world must feel our influence.'

"But, says some one, the argument against spirituous liquors is valid, but to exclude wine and cider

is an unnatural and unscriptural extreme. To this I answer, 1st, That the alcoholic stimulus, in whatever form, is not necessary to health. 2nd, That there is danger in the popular use of them, especially in this country. 3rd, That their use would embarrass the cause of temperance, which every good man wishes to succeed. Lastly, That these carping fault-finders, who reproach us with going to an extreme, would reproach us still more, and with greater justice, if we stopped short of total abstinence. There will always be some croakers, whom none can please. They can throw more mud in an hour upon a good man, or a good society, than can be lived down in a year. A serious notice they do not require. They are like one John Lilburn, in the time of Cromwell, of whom it was said, that, if he were the only man in the world, so bent was he upon antagonism, that rather than lack occasion to dispute, John would quarrel with Lilburn, and Lilburn would quarrel with John.

“What will be the influence of this reform, carried out, on the unwashed and uncombed and penniless, hereditarily diseased children of the drunkard? Let no one despise the act of that little boy who intelligently takes his pen and pledges perpetual hate to all that can intoxicate. That act may be worth his usefulness and respectability. Besides, children have their influence. A farmer who was fond of his glass, and who was accustomed also to furnish it to his hands, on finding that his work did not get on so well in consequence of this practice, determined to buy off his laborers during harvest, by giving to every man a sheep. He did so, but continued to drink himself.

One day, when he had been congratulating himself on the improved state of his farm, since the abandonment of the use of liquors, he was about to take a drink himself, when one of his little boys said to him, 'Father, would not you better take a sheep too?' He set down his glass, and drank no more.

'A grain of corn an infant hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield
Enough to stock a little field.
The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
With which an army might be fed.'

"Shall young men refuse to co-operate in the temperance cause? With them especially it is a matter of personal safety, no less than of benevolent effort. Dissipation in some form is the besetting sin of youth. I hazard nothing when I say that the young man accustomed to take his social glass stands upon slippery places. Oh, the self-confidence, how ill-founded! Go to the loathsome drunkard, that being who has made himself the outcast of all things. You will often find him the wreck of an amiable heart and a lofty spirit. He was nursed tenderly as you have been. In childhood his cheek was impearled in many a mother's warm tear. As he grew to manhood, dignity sat upon his brow, and energy, nerving his manly step, made many a tear of apprehension to set to sparkle through the smile of parental interest. Yet his own self has been ruined, and the fondest hopes have been blasted. The sword has pierced through the soul of the mother that bore him, has

created that indescribable anguish which exclaims: 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.' Is this a solitary instance? Let your observation answer. Is it not rather one of those ten thousand shipwrecks of human character which lie strewn in wild, disastrous confusion upon the shores of time?

"But there is another motive. Not only are the personal interests of many a young man bound up in the temperance movement; but where is the young man who is maturing a character, and does not design to accomplish large good to his fellow-men? Expansive benevolence is surely one of the firmest pillars of a desirable and useful character. Of course, in this argument I address young men who *have* some stamina of character. That youth whose highest ambition it is to tie the prettiest knot in his cravat is overshot in this appeal. But I address myself to such as I love to educate, those who mean to be something and to do something.

"'In the world's broad field of battle,' what higher satisfaction could a soul possessed of such sentiments desire, than the assurance that he had saved, by his influence, 'some forlorn and shipwrecked brother, sailing o'er life's solemn main'? This has been done in thousands of instances, and prevention better than cure is now the safety of a multitude of youth marching under our snow-white banner. Here is goodness twice blessed—in the recipient and in the bestower. Does no heavenly benediction rest on such an instrument? 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and forever.'

"Finally, the cause commends itself to the ladies, and there I leave it. If they enter into its spirit, my work is more than done, my task more than accomplished. I commend it to them, not in the cant phrase of fulsome flattery—I will not thus prostitute this occasion. Then my honesty might be suspected by all ladies of good sense. For, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the first approach of a rude hand,

‘ So female virtue should from flattery fly,
And spurn the incense of its gilded lie.’

"I go at once to that perennial fountain of sensibility which springs eternal in the female heart, and simply lay this object of benevolence at her feet, assured it will not go away unblest.

"I moreover appeal to your righteous indignation. Woman has suffered the curse causeless from intemperance. The rose has withered from her cheek, and sorrows untold have* desolated her spirit, because her husband or father or son has made himself a brute. Let her now rise, in the majesty and fearlessness of injured innocence, and the cause *must* go forward.

"In savagism and immorality woman is a slave. But she rides in the car of civilization and moral improvement. She shines in peerless beauty only where the highest moral virtue prevails. Woman must co-operate in the world's redemption. She will; and when the darkness of moral death shall have fled away, the philosophical reader of history will look, page after page, upon the influence of woman's still and small but potential voice."

In this address we know not which most to admire, its eloquent beauty, its decided and lofty principles, or its enlightened conservatism.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CHRISTIAN.

“Life and religion are one, or neither is anything: I will not say that neither is growing to be anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor the medicine of being. It is life essential.”—
GEORGE MACDONALD.

WE have now come to that which is the foundation, the shaft, and the capstone of the character which has it. It is the warp and woof of the web of life. As George MacDonald says, it is the essential life itself. Religion is, and ought to be, and must be, in and through and under and over every character, of which it is a true and active element.

We have already learned that Mr. Kemper, nourished from his infancy in the atmosphere of piety, under the tutelage of a pious mother and a godly father, made a personal profession of the religion of Christ, and joined the Presbyterian Church when he was but a youth. It was his original purpose to prepare himself for the gospel ministry, and with this design in view he entered Marion College. He went so far as to prepare notes of several sermons, and, although he was never formally licensed to preach, he delivered these sermons to public congregations. As heretofore stated, we have one of

these skeleton sermons. It is marked "No. 2. Weak Faith," and headed by the memorandum, "Notes of a sermon preached at the camp-ground of New Providence Church, August, 1838." It was upon the text, "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye; but not to doubtful disputations" (Rom. 14 : 1). We make a few extracts: "The apostle recognizes degrees in faith. Weakness of faith is no part of religion, but arises from the previous habits of thought and life exercised by the individual. . . . So habits of scepticism will harass men whose judgment has been convinced of the truth of the Bible." He shows the peculiar weakness to which the Jew, the heathen, and the man raised under Christian influences would be liable. As to the last he says: "A man in whose ears the Bible and religious truth have been rung from infancy will, if he neglect the truth, acquire a habit of insensibility which will trouble him after he commences the service of God." Again he says: "This weakness of faith is manifested when people say they are not fit to join the church, though they are conscious of sincerity and earnestness in forsaking sin. They erect a false standard as to what religion is. They think the Christian is a perfect man, whereas he is the veriest babe at first, fed on milk by hand, hardly able to stand or walk, liable to be dashed over by any opposition. Their ideal Christian, if earth ever sees such a one, is to be looked for among those who have been long in the church, and have been exercised much in applying the knife to their sins and crucifying them constantly. The church is greatly in error on this subject. Every remarkable case of miserable persistence in

rebellion, till the man is subdued as if in the storm of battle, is rung through the land, and these cases become the rule instead of the exception."

For satisfactory reasons, he abandoned the purpose of entering the ministry. What these reasons were we do not fully know. Of one fact we have no doubt: that he was not at all influenced in his decision by any decrease of interest in Christianity as his own personal faith. His whole subsequent life proves this to be so.

He transferred his membership from the church at Madison Court-House, Va., to that at the Marion College. When he removed to Boonville he carried his church letter with him. He was accordingly identified with the Boonville church from 1844 till his death, with the exception of the few years he spent at Fulton. From the first he was one of the active members of the congregation, and in 1855 was chosen a ruling elder. This office he held continuously until he died.

Having given this brief statement of his church life, we shall now present some of his religious principles, and then set forth his religious habits. As to his religious faith but little need be said. He was a Christian theist; firmly convinced of the existence of an eternal, personal God, he was equally so of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as an inspired revelation of His will. He believed in all the cardinal doctrines of evangelical Christianity, the Trinity of the Godhead, the divinity of Christ, His vicarious atonement for man, and the eternal separation of the righteous and the wicked. There was only one point with regard to which he differed from the mass

of orthodox theologians. With respect to it his divergence was merely theoretical; his practice was strictly orthodox. Moreover, we never heard him express his peculiar views on the point in question, and we find no allusion to it in his journals.

He was a Presbyterian; he believed in all the essential principles of the Westminster Confession of Faith and Form of Government. His acceptance of the office of elder required this. He was, therefore, a Protestant, a Pædo-baptist, and a Calvinist, and of course, in church government, a Presbyterian. While he was intelligently, decidedly, and firmly attached to these peculiar views, he had the utmost toleration and respect for those who thought quite otherwise. There was not a particle of bigotry about him. The circle of his religious friendship embraced Christians of every shade of belief. The circle of his social friendship embraced every respectable man and woman.

Mrs. Kemper has directed our attention to his belief in special providences, and has given a number of instances in his life as illustrations. With regard to the doctrine of special providence, we may say that all who believe in general must also believe in special providence. As there can be no compounds without elements, and no elements without atoms; so there can be no general management of the universe which does not necessarily include a supervising and directing attention to its details. There are some, however, who misinterpret this doctrine of special providence, as though it taught the continuance of the day of miracles. God does no miracles now. They are past, with the necessity for them.

But that God so arranges the workings of His laws and the free actions of men as to promote the interests of His people, sometimes in ways that are quite remarkable, and even to us incomprehensible, is not only reasonable but true. It is all done by the regular operation of natural law, and by the free volition of voluntary agents, so that the divine promise is fulfilled, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Such was Mr. Kemper's belief. God's hand is in everything that concerns us. All providences are special providences: "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord."

"In each event of life, how clear thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul most dear, because conferred by Thee."

There are some passages of our lives which manifest this overruling care of God more strikingly than do others. These we single out and call them special providences. Such they are; but God's kind and wise hand is no more in them than in the common happenings of our daily lives. They are extraordinary, and as such they are adapted and designed to arrest our attention, and make us feel that our Father is watching over us. We shall record a few of these, given by Mrs. Kemper. When he was a boy he was accidentally thrown under the wheels of a four-horse wagon, loaded with chestnut rails, both of the wheels passing over his body. Though seriously injured, he recovered. While at Marion College, he was narrowly saved from drowning while crossing a stream with his aunt and her two sons. A loaded wagon again passed over him, as he was driving out to his farm near Boonville, rendering him insensible

for a time. On another occasion, in company with his wife and Mrs. Bocock, all three narrowly escaped serious injury, if not death, from the breaking of the harness as they were descending a steep, broken hill, and meeting a wagon in the narrowest place. During the vacation of 1871, he was driving from Boonville to Marshall, with his wife, three small children, and Misses Annie and Maria McCutcheon, in his carriage, which was drawn by two small, well-trained mules. When they reached the Lamine River, Mrs. Kemper and the ladies and children left the carriage, on account of their fear of the soundness of the old boat which was to ferry them over. Mr. Kemper drove the mules into the boat. They then became quite restive, and, despite the fact that a man was holding them at their heads, as soon as they neared the opposite bank, "they leaped forward and went down where the river was thirty feet deep. What power was it that diverted sudden death from the driver; that loosened every fastening, and left the carriage upon the boat with scarcely a fracture?"

Twice the school buildings were set on fire by bad boys, who were boarding pupils; and once a lamp exploded in a part of the house not observed by the family, and the resulting fire was discovered by a sick pupil, who was excused from his studies to go to his room. A similar accident was averted on another occasion by the opportune return of the pupils from church. In the cases of incendiarism, the flames were discovered in what we call accidental ways.

In these things, the unbeliever sees nothing to call forth his gratitude to a Father above, who watches over His children; but to the trustful spirit, who

"can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye," and recognize in them the loving care of Him, "who, never weary, watches where His people be," they are occasions of grateful joy.

" Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

" All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see."

As still further setting forth his religious principles, we shall transcribe, from his commonplace books, some of the meditations which he has recorded.

" If I suffer more in health, or in circumstances, or in reputation, than other men, I will be calm and peaceful, *for I deserve it*. I will get close to the hand that strikes."

" Every meal to be a sacrifice to God."

" A calm, humble employment of my talents in doing good would be better than proudly standing off on account of unworthiness, and trying to be good *before* serving God. Sorrow and darkness in such pride are a great *blessing*, if they lead you to abandon it."

" Thoughts of past sins and their consequences should excite humility as to self, gratitude to God, freedom from all censoriousness toward fellow-men, *cheerfulness* as to all three. Thus the devil will be cheated out of the spoils he has taken in the conflicts of early youth. With his slaves, early sins excite horror and apprehension, not the melting and joyous repentance of the Christian. The consequences of sin, in loss of property and health, excite shame, dis-

content, remorse. They shall, by God's grace, excite in me the opposite emotions, cheerful acquiescence in merited chastisement, and gratitude that no more is inflicted ; for more is deserved."

"Special things in regard to which my character, habits, and temperament need to be changed—1st, Do every duty pleasantly, without hurry, ambition, or fatigue; 2nd, To cure myself of all anxiety for future support. These involve clear knowledge of my text-books and peace of God. So that all my rules are resolved into *perfect abiding in Christ*. This is the *one thing*; all else is scaffolding."

"A heavenly countenance to be secured. Or, if this is impracticable, just so much as is the fruit of a heart filled with the love of God, and a mind thinking justly and serenely."

"Judge of the love of God in the soul by keeping His commandments. Preserve *such* assurance and peace of conscience as will enable me to admonish and turn many from iniquity without the retort, 'Physician, heal thyself.'"

"Crucify and watch besetting sins: despondency, pride, unbelief, irritability."

"Resolved to labor to make *daily perceptible progress* in the *one thing needful*, and then to 'let earth roll, nor feel her idle whirl.'"

"He who pursues the one thing needful, with suitable proportionate interest, will attend to life's duties with relative subordination; providing wisely the necessaries and comforts of life as a *matter of duty*, not of ambition or slavish pursuit."

"Resolved, that I will do in my worst frames what I see to be my duty in my best.—*Edwards*."

“The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. All that relates to forms of worship, to posture of worship, perhaps to distinctive creeds, may be classed as belonging to the letter; while the spirit embraces the temper, the *conduct*, and that essential truth which is the basis of goodness. Hence, learn to lay less stress on the mere posture in worship and the appearance of a solemn countenance, and lay more stress on the mightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith.”

“He who makes God his all will be satisfied with that portion; and he who does not, ought not to expect to be satisfied.”

“So long as you are discontented with outward circumstances, or uninterested in daily denying yourself and taking up the cross, and following Christ; so long as you cannot live above the world; so long as you are proud; so long as you look for your happiness in earth, where it is not to be found; so long as you do not use stated prayer faithfully, and fasting for that kind that goes out by nothing else; so long as a day passes by without growth in grace, or without being usefully employed; so long as the joy of the Lord is not your strength: just *so long* may you expect a clouded brow and *the rod of affliction*.

“So long as you labor for a good character to feed your spiritual pride; so long as you try to get such a stock of sanctity and strength of character that it will go on by its own impulse; so long God will cast you into the mud. *Your animalism and other grosser propensities will never die in this world. They must be DAILY CRUCIFIED. Then you must not be proud or self-complacent that you have nailed them to the cross; but go on to fight*

manfully against your other MORE SUBTLE SPIRITUAL FOES: secret pride, secret forgetfulness of God (unbelief), secret discontent, or anything incompatible with the deepest humility and the loftiest spirituality of mind. This last warfare, against 'spiritual wickedness in high places,' is the one in which God will vouchsafe evidences of His acceptance, richer than can be won by monkish austerity or a thousand costly sacrifices. Θεέ μοι συλλάβηθι!"

"In reading the Scriptures, there must be much *time* employed. There is a *devotional* reading; a *comprehensive* reading, embracing large portions; a *critical* reading, suited to interest a Bible-class and answer their shrewdest questions in antiquities, history, prophecy, etc.; and lastly, a *reviewing*. These ought, if possible, be attended to daily, and very largely on Sunday, securing an obvious weekly progress in knowledge and sanctification."

"I seem to be driven to try much more fasting and prayer (perhaps to try whole nights) before the demons will be expelled from my bosom. Abstinence entire from animal food for one month and fasting twice a week would be a good experiment."

"The exercise of grace is its evidence."—*A. Alexander.*"

"A rational moral being may be all the time *doing duty*, and consequently happy, or at least calm and peaceful, in sufferings even. 'For me to *live* is Christ.' Just think of *life* being but an enactment of righteousness, a fulfilment of duty. You are always to be doing or suffering God's will. 'Life has its enjoyments, and is not the contemptible thing we make it, but heaven on earth, when it is conducted

on right principles, directed to a right end, and devoted to the will of God. What would we have more, when the way to Heaven is through Heaven ; if quiet passions, regular desires, contented minds, pure wills, well-grounded hopes, holy longings, happy foretastes, communion with God, and reconciliation to death can make it so.'—*Adams, in Comprehensive Commentary.*"

"Nothing is done in the best possible way unless *in the spirit of prayer.*"

"I must consider clearly and calmly, and keep a conscience void of offence, as to the frequency of my seasons of fasting or abstinence, and the length of time spent in secret prayer. Christ spent whole nights in prayer, and rose a great while before day to pray."

"My life is so much of it spent in laboriously doing nothing that I must hasten and flee to the ark of safety, and not look back nor tarry in all the plain."

"What is hope good for, if it is not an anchor to your soul, to keep it steady amid the cares of school and life? How sweet it is to be kept steady by hope, not by *slavish chains*. The *peace* of God keep your heart and mind."

"Religion involves self-denial, but not the unfeeling, cheerless, iron-hearted self-denial of the stoic. If we give up any indulgence, it is not with the oath of the drunkard, who swears that he will not drink for a limited time, and *wants* to drink all that time, even though he should abstain. Not so have I learned Christ. If He requires my pride to be cut up by the roots, He plants and nourishes humility,

which makes it easy to sacrifice pride. What is so sweet, what knocks off all the rough corners of care, and makes a man so pleasant and approachable, as this grace of Humility? What a bargain has the man made who has exchanged pride for humility!

‘ He that is down need fear no fall ;
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.’ ”

“ ‘ *Bene orasse est bene studuisse.* ’ ”

“ ‘ The trivial round the common task,
Should furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
That leads us daily nearer God.’ ”

“ If the devotional season has been attended to, has there been a maintenance of the *spirit* of the exercise, more than of the accustomed form?”

“ The record of the past shows the truth of Calvin’s remark, ‘ We should fall a hundred times a day, did not God uphold us.’ ”

“ I task myself too much; and when I am bright in executing this task, I exhaust myself. *Let my only task be, SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.* What this does not do for me, leave undone.”

“ My son Lewis dead. Three weeks ago to-day the little darling slept, as we believe, in Jesus. ”

‘ Our embraces will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer’s feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved.’

The briny tears do not cease to fall, but I do not repine. Even so, Father.”

“A well-regulated life must have *unity*, a great central principle. Allegiance to God is the great law needed.

“To be a great man, one must have a *great object*. God has not left great objects to the favored few. Every humble Christian has an object greater than the jurist, the statesman, the orator, the scholar, or the mere divine. ‘He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.’ Cicero makes Cæsar greater in forgiving an enemy, and thus conquering himself, than in all his previous victories. They are amusing themselves with toys, whose highest ambition is earthly greatness.”

“How beautiful is self-denial on the page of the Bible, ‘that book of ultimate truths in morals!’ ‘If any man be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.’”

These extracts, which might be greatly multiplied, sufficiently indicate the high tone of his Christian principles, and are many of them maxims, which show an advanced stage of Christian experience. We are now to show how he realized these principles in his life. The Westminster divines say, “Truth is in order to goodness.” This is undoubtedly its ultimate design. It is one of the sad anomalies of sin, that this design is not always reached. Paul speaks of those who “hold the truth *in unrighteousness*”—an orthodox creed with an heretical life. They know the truth, but they love the lie. But we shall find no such contradiction between Mr. Kemper’s faith and his practice.

As to Mr. Kemper’s religious life, its fundamental habit was a daily, reverent, close study of the Script-

ures. There are few theologians who are as well versed in the Bible as was he. It was his daily study for fifty years. During forty years of this period he probably gave an average of an hour a day to it. This would be equivalent to five years' constant study eight hours a day, every day of the week. We can well see that, as a result, a man of his successful habits of study must have amassed an extraordinary amount of information as to the Bible in that time. He used the "Comprehensive Commentary" as a constant help. He read the New Testament critically in the original Greek and in the Latin. These he taught his pupils.

He studied the Bible largely for its mere literary merits. To him it was surpassingly interesting for these reasons. Like Sir Isaac Newton, he spent weeks in the study of the genealogical tables of Genesis. They were to him the key to ethnology and to ancient history. He made himself thoroughly familiar with the antiquities and geography of the Scriptures. He adopted the opinion of Sir William Jones, that the Bible contained more sublime poetry than all other books put together. The Proverbs were to him an inexhaustible mine of practical wisdom. Not a day passed that he did not find an opportunity to use some of them in the management of the school. The morality of the Bible he made the basis of his own conduct and the standard for his pupils.

But Mr. Kemper read the Scriptures devotionally. While he admitted their literary excellences, he did not forget that these were but the outer casket; that the jewel was within. The Bible was to him God's

Word, and he read it daily as a communication from the Heavenly Father to his soul. He took it to be the nourishment, the bread, the strength of his spirit, in its true and higher life. He realized that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." The Bible was, therefore, more to him than the gold of Ophir or the jewel of the mine. It was to his eager, loving, trustful spirit the very representative of God, the vicar of Christ. He therefore sought it as the trysting-place of his soul with the Saviour.

Mr. Kemper was also pre-eminently a man of prayer. No one who ever heard him as he led the devotions of the sanctuary could doubt this. There are some men who pray as if they were strangers to God and to His worship. There are many more whose language is a collection of unfelt, formal utterances, with no more life or spirit than the Chinese, who turns out his prayers with a crank. Such people do not pray, in public or in private. They never have a season of real, face-to-face communion with God. With Mr. Kemper it was undoubtedly otherwise. When he prayed, every hearer felt that he and God were friends: the one as a loving Father, the other as an humble, trustful child. This country has probably never had a greater mind than Dr. Charles Hodge. He was remarkable in his public prayers. He seemed, like Moses on the mount, talking face to face with God; and many a time the skin of his face did shine as his wrapt spirit engaged in this sweet and holy communion. 'Twas even so with Mr. Kemper. Frequently it seemed as though the cup of his blessing ran over, as he pleaded for himself and others;

and his tremulous voice and tear-filled eyes betokened the sweet and awful nearness of his approach to the mercy-seat. Such public prayers told plainly of similar seasons of earnest and successful wrestling with God in the privacy of the closet. They were the overflow of the fountain, whose source was down deep in the affectionate and trustful reverence of his soul.

He has left on record, in his journals, several prayers which were expressive of his desires at the time they were prepared. We shall transcribe one of these :

“ O Lord, the Father of my spirit, hear me in my distress. Thou callest Thyself the Father of the spirits of all flesh. I own and rejoice in my paternity. But I have grievously departed from Thee, have lost the lineaments of the divine character, and have been a ‘prodigal son.’ My distress is great, but less than I deserve. My vanity, pride, obstinacy, want of government of the tongue, want of the spirit of prayer, want of love to God, and utter uselessness in the church of which I have been so long a member—these sins naturally produce sorrow, disappointment, shame, and remorse.

“ Life is far spent, and when its history is written, O my God! how shall I appear? What useful work have I accomplished? What sinner have I saved through grace? What work of charity have I set on foot? What kindly and blessed influence have I exerted? Whom have I made happier? What attainments in grace have I made?

“ O Thou, who knowest me altogether; whose eye has followed my path since Thou gavest me my being; who seest the wreck of my health, the depression of

my spirit, the wounds in my heart, which sin has made: O Thou 'Physician of souls,' heal my sin-sick spirit. 'Revive my soul with grace.' Chase away my doubts. Invigorate my health, the health of all my powers, and make me a living sacrifice for Thee. O Jesus, Thou meek and lowly Teacher, pity a scholar, who has wrought folly and reaped disappointment and wretchedness. Teach me effectually. Take away every false hope, every impure desire, every unworthy motive, every imprudent means of compassing my ends, and give me that purity of heart which Thou hast blessed, and that freedom from anxious care which Thou hast enjoined.

"Enable me to abide in Thee, in my spirit and my conduct. Give me an *assured hope*. Give me a spirit of prayer, and enable me to watch unto prayer, and *for answers to prayer*.

"Are not all these petitions according to Thy will? Hast Thou said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain? No, Lord, Thy promise is firm as the everlasting mountains. He who asks receives. Then heal me, and heal me now, if now Thou canst. 'Why should I wander an alien from Thee?' Sin is a monster in the universe of God. A state of sin is not the natural state of things, when we look at man's original structure. Then slay this foe of God and man.

"I cast him out. I engage here to be Thine; but all my strength is in Thee. Enable me to fight, to conquer, and to grow daily in grace and wisdom. Help me especially this week on which I to-day enter. May it be a week of recovery, of revival in my soul, of prosperity in spiritual wisdom, of redeeming the time, of fulfilling all Thy pleasure. Oh, may study

not interfere with health, or devotions, or with teaching. May I be exceedingly joyous in all my tribulations.

“Now, Lord, I feel relieved during the progress of this prayer. Glory to Thee, who liftest up those who are cast down; who healest the broken in heart and bindest up their wounds; who hearest while I am yet speaking. Now I am *Thine*. Oh what a *portion* have I! May it be my *never-failing* portion. May I continually resort to my strong tower, break the chain of evil habits, and stand free before God.

“Bless me especially in my Biblical studies. May I be prepared to teach my Bible-class to their edification, instruction, and comfort, not to the admiration of *my* wisdom. May I be thoroughly prepared, not in the letter only but in the spirit of my next lessons; and may those who have been members of the class be more faithful in their studies and in their attendance. May I know how to instruct my boarding scholars each morning, so as to interest, teach, and fit them for heaven. May I, in assisting them in the preparation of their Sunday-school lesson, furnish them for an honorable and pleasant recitation each Sabbath morning.

“May my private reading increase in interest and profit. May the Greek Testament abide in my heart and in my affections.

“May I gain this week the confidence and love of all my pupils, especially the disaffected and the smaller ones.

“Help, Lord, with that power which is irresistible; and Thine shall be the praise forever. Amen.”

Another marked religious habit of his was fasting.

This he practised in both forms, in abstinence from special kinds of food, and, at certain seasons, from all kinds of food. He had his regular and his occasional days of fasting. He was fully persuaded that this practice was beneficial to him, bodily, mentally, and spiritually. His main design in it was spiritual, to induce humility, a sense of dependence upon God, and weanedness from the world, and preparation for a higher sphere of religious consecration. Such is the connection between the soul and the body that the mortification of the latter may be made to conduce to the purification and elevation of the former. For this reason the Saviour has said, "The days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." In times of spiritual depression, when we are called to mourn our coldness and separation from the favor of God, when the Bridegroom is not with us; then fasting is a necessity, a duty, a privilege, a means of grace. Those who most need it least practise it. There has seldom been a Christian, who has been remarkable, either for his piety or his usefulness, who has not made it a part of the discipline of his soul. It is to be regretted that it has so largely fallen out of the habits of the Church. With Mr. Kemper it was possibly excessive. He may have carried it to an extreme. We believe that he did, and that his health and usefulness were injured by it. A man whose digestive powers are impaired requires regularity, and must, therefore, employ fasting as a spiritual discipline very judiciously.

Mr. Kemper was conscientiously faithful in his attendance upon all the services of the sanctuary.

His punctuality was wonderful, when we consider his delicate health and his excessive labors. There was no one who was more regularly in his pew than he—Sunday morning, Sunday evening, at the weekly prayer-meeting. He did this for his own sake. He loved to be at the house of God, to engage in His worship. A day in the courts of the Lord was to him better than a thousand in the tents of wickedness. He needed to be there for his own spiritual life and health, and he refreshed himself from the pure waters that issued there in prayer and praise and instruction. He did this for the sake of others; for the encouragement of his pastor, whose heart was cheered and whose hands upheld by his presence; for an example to his brethren, over whom the Holy Ghost had made him a bishop, and that he might aid them in the services of the sanctuary. He did it especially for Christ's sake, in obedience to His command, and that he might thus publicly testify his trust in Him, who never neglected a duty He owed to us.

Mr. Kemper was a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school. So long as we were with him, and to the last, he never failed. We believe that he never superintended the regular Church school. He preferred to teach, and conscientiously and laboriously prepared himself for it. At times he taught an adult congregational Bible-class in the afternoon of Sunday. After he became interested in his farm (which, next to his family and school, was his pet), he established a Sunday-school out there, and superintended and taught it regularly every Sabbath afternoon. The treasures of Biblical and spiritual knowledge which

he had amassed he thus dispensed with a free and loving hand, to others ; and doubtless many at the last day will rise up and call him blessed, as having led them to Christ, or *nearer* to Him.

Mr. Kemper was a generous Christian. He freely and bountifully gave of what the Lord had intrusted to him. To the Church in her various enterprises, and to the poor, he was the Master's almoner.

Mr. Kemper was a humble Christian. He never felt that he had any piety of which to boast. His journals sigh with the language of penitence and self-humiliation. He quotes as appropriate to himself the remark of Bradford, as, pointing to a worthless drunkard, he said : " But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford." The tree of piety never reaches heaven whose roots do not go down deep into the soil of lowly contrition.

Mr. Kemper was a spiritual Christian. His religion did not consist merely of his creed and the outer observances of the Church—reading the Bible, prayer, fasting, etc. His was the hidden man of the heart, a life hid with Christ in God. The externals of religion, so abundantly and so carefully attended to, were with him but the outer exhibits of this inner spiritual life.

Mr. Kemper was a useful Christian. He did not live for himself. He was not a disciple of Jesus secretly. " Where is thy brother?" was a question which echoed and re-echoed in his heart. Like Abou Ben Adhem, he loved his fellow-men. Like the Master, he was ever going about to do them good. His was a consecrated life. Self was crucified, and he lived to honor Christ, in working earnestly, ardu-

ously, intelligently, successfully for his fellow-men.

“ I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VICTOR CROWNED.

“Exigi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.”

HORACE.

“I STILL live,” said the dying statesman. “By it he, being dead, yet speaketh,” was written, by the pen of inspiration, of the shepherd, who fell, six thousand years ago, the first martyr to the cause of conscience. This is the land of the dying and the dead. All that pass beyond it, across the river, enter the evergreen fields of immortality. There are some, however, that never die. Not Enoch alone, nor Elijah, who did not pass through the portals of death to enter the city which hath foundations. There are many others that have not died and will never die. Adam and Noah, and Abraham, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Homer, and Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Cicero, and Virgil, and Confucius, and Brahma, and Zoroaster, live on this earth to-day, more really and more influentially than when their bodies could be seen and heard by fellow-mortals. No material element or

force has perished since creation's morn. Is spirit and spiritual force less indestructible? Says the Roman orator, "*Nemo parum diu vixit, qui virtutis perfectæ perfecto functus est munere.*" Montgomery sings :

“ When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).”

Men live in the deeds that perpetuate them. Some build colossal fortunes, and through these for a few generations, possibly, they are still a factor in the lower plane of human activity. Some mount the red horse, and preside over the carnival of slaughter ; and thus live, blessed by the victors and cursed by the vanquished. Some live in the political institutions they have devised and advocated and established, like Burke, in the enfranchisement of the Catholics, and Madison, in the Constitution of this country. Some live in the works of genius they have produced, the truths they have uttered, the beauties and sublimities they have realized, as Copernicus, Newton, Bacon, Angelo, Raphael, Mozart, Milton. Some live in the charities they have inaugurated : Alfred, Yale, Harvard, Vassar, Girard, Peabody. Are not such men more truly alive to-day, more influential in the present, moving, progressive world, than one thousand millions of those who are now breathing their useless breath upon the earth ?

The educator can never die. If he trains one single soul aright, that soul will perpetuate, and, it may be, even widen the potential circle of his influence. If he train a thousand, each of these will be a centre, a radiating point, whence his power will reach to ten times or one hundred times as many more. So it

will go on, on, till the latest generation of men will be the purer and the happier, for the moral, elevating force which he introduced centuries before.

Mr. Kemper lives to-day, and will never die. He lives in the work which he did in the Church ; in the unknown and numberless charities which blessed the poor and the stricken ; in the power which he exerted over his fellow-teachers ; in the model school which he perfected and intrusted to fitted men ; and in the lives of two thousand pupils, whom he developed, controlled, and directed to usefulness and virtue. He was a "maker of men"; and the men whom he made, and enlightened, and elevated, and cheered, gather around him now, to put the victor's chaplet upon his revered and honored brow. These laurels will make a triple crown. The first will be composed of evergreens, furnished by appreciative friends. The second, of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, intertwined by the loving hand of the pastor from whose lips he gladly received the word of life. The third will be a cluster of immortelles, presented by those who owed him the heaviest debt of gratitude, his pupils.

From the *Boonville Advertiser*, on the occasion of his death:—

"A city is wrapped in mourning. Thousands of throbbing hearts felt the shock of the lightning stroke of death that laid him low. His name was a tower of strength ; his intellect was of God's noblest handiwork ; his private life was purity ; his public work a benefaction ; and he dwelt in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. . . . From the [founding of this school to the day of his death, Mr. Kemper, though always assisted by a corps of competent teachers, was the active ruling spirit. By his extreme individuality, great force of character, and profound learning, he

succeeded in building up for the school a reputation, we might say national in its scope. For years past its pupils have come from all parts of the Union, and its graduates are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many of them occupy prominent positions in the social, business, and political world, and all of them acknowledge with gratitude their obligations to their Alma Mater."

From the *Boonville Topic* :—

"The pupils under his tuition, through the many years of his teaching, number many thousands ; and all over Missouri and the States and Territories farther west are representatives of this school in the professions and other honorable callings. . . . He was one of the most public-spirited, generous, and kind-hearted persons we have ever known, and many a recipient of his unostentatious charity will revere his memory and weep over his grave. As a good citizen, as one to whom the education of the young could be safely trusted, as a member of the church and a Christian gentleman, and as a friend to the needy, he will be sadly missed in our community."

Resolutions of the State Teachers' Association,
adopted at its regular session, June, 1881 :—

"Whereas, In the Providence of God, our brother and faithful co-worker, Prof. F. T. Kemper, has been removed from us by the hand of death, therefore, be it resolved by the Missouri State Teachers' Association :

"1st, That, in the death of Prof. F. T. Kemper, our Association has lost a faithful and useful member, society an honored and influential citizen, the cause of education a valuable and talented teacher, and the Church a noble defender of the faith.

"2nd, That we extend to the bereaved family and friends of our deceased brother our warmest sympathy."

Prof. George L. Osborne, President of the Normal School at Warrensburg, pending the foregoing resolutions, said :—

"It has been my pleasure and good fortune for six years past to associate with Prof. Kemper in educational work. I found in him a most cordial colaborer. He was ever ready with the kindly smile, the encouraging word, the firm grasp of the hand, to help those who needed help. The grand old Commonwealth of Virginia has been eulogized as the mother of statesmen and Presidents, but she never produced a nobler son than was Prof. Kemper. The grandest monument that can be erected to human greatness, he has built with his own hands. Its foundations lie deep in the affections of his fellow-citizens, its superstructure rises through forty years of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of human progress."

From the *Missouri Teacher*, Kirksville, Mo. :—

"His departure has saddened many a heart, and cast a shadow of gloom over many a household. A good man has taken his departure, and we shall greatly miss him. Prof. Kemper has been identified with the educational interests of our State for a number of years, and the work he has done will not soon perish. He has built a monument in the hearts and lives of many noble men that will not soon decay. Many rise up to bless him."

Captain James H. Rollins, U. S. A., of Columbia, a patron, to his son at the school :—

"I feel that we have lost a dear friend, and the cause of education one of its best defenders and workers. Mr. Kemper was a manly and good man, and a great educator. He had strength and firmness without ostentation, or any disposition for parade and show. He looked to the substance of all things in this life, rather than the shadow. In your pathway through life, you will rarely, if ever, come across another man with so high a sense of duty, and, at the same time, with so much ability to perform it rightly and properly under all circumstances. You should forever keep his memory green, and take his character and life as a model and guide, and example to imitate and follow."

Mrs. Captain James H. Rollins, of Columbia, Mo., writing to Mrs. Kemper :—

"I do not know of any one, outside of my immediate family, whose death could have touched my heart so nearly ; for I had learned to love and admire Mr. Kemper so much. We have said so often, since his death, that it must be such a sweet, comforting thought to you to feel that his life here had been so good, and noble, and perfect."

Mrs. DeWitt C. Lionberger, of Boonville, Mo., a friend :—

"A pillar of strength to his own family, an example to his fellow-laborers for Christ, and a model of social and philosophic spirit to the community. Strong in Christ, and yet humble and trusting as a little child."

Rev. A. J. Sparks, editor of the *Sunday-School Record*, Sedalia, Mo. :—

"Prof. Kemper was one of the noblest and best of men. Missouri has never had an equal to him as a teacher."

Mrs. E. McCutchen, of Higginsville, Mo., a life-long intimate friend :—

"As much as I admired him for his many good and noble qualities, I cannot find words to express my admiration of his home life."

Mrs. Charlotte Campbell, of Kansas City, a patron :—

"I think in him, more than in others, the power of God was manifested in the inner man ; but it was necessary to live with him, and see him in every turn of life, to know how beautifully the Spirit was moulding him into the image of his Master."

W. W. Thornton, Esq., of Shelbyville, Ill., to his son at the school :—

"While there are many educators of youth in the United States, there was but one F. T. Kemper."

Hon. James S. Rollins, of Columbia, Mo., the president of the curators of the State University :—

“While his place can never be filled as a teacher and educator of men, he has left behind him a most enviable reputation as a good citizen, a gentleman, and a Christian.”

Thomas T. Slack, an old friend, of Jefferson, Texas :—

“As an educator and as an exemplary Christian gentleman, he had but few equals.”

Rev. B. T. Lacy, D.D., of Sedalia, Mo., Stonewall Jackson’s chaplain, a patron :—

“It was my sad privilege to attend the funeral of our noble and lamented friend, Prof. F. T. Kemper. The loss is as great as Missouri could have sustained in the death of any one of her distinguished and useful citizens. He was the best educator of this country, and has accomplished a grand work. Some lasting memorial of such a man and such a work should be prepared.”

Rev. J. M. Curtis, for some years rector of Christ’s Church, Boonville, Mo., to Mrs. Kemper :—

“I felt that I must tell you, how (beginning his acquaintance with a slight and perhaps half-unconscious prejudice, and always seeing many important questions of life from a widely different standpoint), the broad grasp of his intellect, his modest yet accurate scholarship, his manly courage, his firm Christian faith, and his tender Christian spirit, had so impressed me, the few years that I had known him, as to make my own life a better and more earnest one, through the influence of his example.”

Miss Carrie Bliss, of Brattleboro, Vt., a friend :—

“I loved him as one of my best and truest friends. I think every one, brought into contact with him, must have loved and honored him. I am reminded of the following lines, which seem peculiarly applicable to him : ‘This brave and tender man, in

every storm of life, was oak and rock; but, in the sunshine, he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below; while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms, and with a loyal heart he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.' "

Rev. James H. Brookes, D.D., of St. Louis, in a letter to Mr. Kemper:—

"I am free to say, I have never seen a teacher who impressed me so favorably with his style, his scholarship, and his enthusiasm. I can only indicate my estimate of your ability by declaring that I would esteem it a very great privilege, did the pressing duties of my ministry allow me, to spend at least a year in the study of that plentiful and splendid language, the Greek, under your instructions. I have often said to others, and am willing to say to you, that I would rather commit a son of mine to your tuition than to send him to any college in the land."

The following extended tribute comes from the graceful pen of the late Rev. John S. Grasty, D.D., the biographer of the saintly McPheeters:—

"F. T. KEMPER AS HE APPEARED TO ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

"There are deaths which create a sad vacuum in a particular home circle, but are felt little beyond. There are deaths, again, which cast a shadow upon an entire community, and cause mourning in many families. There are deaths, once more, that send a pang throughout an entire commonwealth, and even farther. Of this latter class was the unexpected departure of F. T. Kemper, the widely known, and deeply loved, and sincerely honored teacher, scholar, and Christian gentleman, who presided over the school called by his name, and located in the town of Boonville, Mo. His decease leaves a vacancy which may not be filled for several generations. Of a truth, the exact like of such a man can be

found only now and then, at intervals of time and in places widely apart.

"Born in the same State with Mr. Kemper, I have known the family stock from boyhood. The Kempers were a people of the highest respectability and of pecuniary independence there in Madison County, Virginia. Industry, force, desire for practical, useful knowledge were general characteristics. The solid rather than the gaudy was preferred by members of the house, as I have personally known. Ex-Gov. James M. Kemper, a younger brother, was a classmate when we were fellow-students at Washington College, Va. I can recall the period of his arrival at the institution. He was clad, not in the finest of French cloth, nor did his apparel and manner indicate a youth who had come to impress his fellows by means of a glittering wardrobe, and through brilliant and showy ways. On the contrary, the boy of fifteen summers wore a neatly-fitting suit of home-made jeans, and from hat to shoe both the youth and his clothes seemed to say, 'We are here for work.' And so it proved. For from the first day onward young Kemper labored faithfully, gained ground steadily and surely until the prize was insured. When the college days were over we corresponded for a season, but this kind of intercourse (as is usually the case) gradually fell away until it entirely ceased. Nevertheless, I watched the upward progress of this valued friend, as he rose step by step until reaching the highest summit of honor within the limit of his native State. Nor was there ever a charge of dishonesty, or of indirection even. The whole was accomplished by 'square work,' such as conscience and the great Master approve. I have ventured to say this much about the younger brother, because he and F. T. Kemper were by nature so much alike. And as I had known the one in boyhood and afterward, it did not require years or months to mark those points of character which individualized the other.

"F. T. Kemper settled in Missouri about thirty-five years ago, and selected teaching for his life-work. The personal acquaintance that I had with him did not begin till the summer of 1873. I had received an invitation to address the Society of Inquiry connected with Westminster College, and while in Fulton a message reached me from Mr. Kemper, which resulted in a visit to Boonville. An acquaintance then began which ripened into an ever-

growing friendship. And as the relations between us, for the past six years especially, have not only been cordial but intimate, it would seem more than strange did I not seek to throw a simple flower, at least, upon the grave of my friend, now that death has hung a veil between.

“That F. T. Kemper was a man of mark, that as an educator he greatly excelled, has been confessed for twenty-five years. Those who once smiled when he called himself the ‘maker of men,’ have long since admitted the claim, as pupils from the Kemper School have gone forth to fill offices of trust throughout the entire West. That the city and neighborhood in which he lived accepted him silently, or otherwise, as a leader of public thought, must have been obvious to all. That his daily walk inspired universal confidence; that the fathers themselves, who had been taught, and disciplined in the ‘Kemper Family School,’ whatever their experience there, preferred this school for their sons, is a fact which in itself points to the excellence and the enduring worth of the teacher at its head.

“Still farther, whenever a person notably succeeds in any important business, it is natural to inquire after the means and instruments through which this success was attained. How then did this young emigrant begin at the bottom and build for himself a name? Was it because the land was fresh, and the country invitingly open? Ay, but the same opportunities were offered to scores and hundreds of compeers, who entered the race together, yet so began and ended their course as to make no sign! Was it for the reason that our friend had wealth and powerful connections to help him in his task? Not this; for the amount of money at command was moderate, while young Kemper was a stranger in a strange land! Was it on account of scholarship which his adopted State could not match? Just here, again, many were his equals, while a few confessed superiors! Were his intellectual gifts so brilliant that the multitude was charmed? Never did this teacher lay claim to any quality that attracted by its glitter. Nevertheless, the man succeeded, and succeeded notably at his work. If I may be allowed to illustrate a person’s character by an edifice and its proportions, I would point to a building whose foundations are broad, tough, and below frost. The sills are thick, strong, and without a flaw; while the materials which enter

into the house at every angle, are selected for substance and not for show. In all the structure, from corner to capstone, we find nothing for mere ornament—no paper make-believes, no Dolly Vardens—no pretended strength, no secret weakness or deformity covered up and hidden by means of plaster or paint. But the house from bottom to top is honestly built—built for comfort, built for summer and winter, and with strength to resist storms.

“Mr. Kemper was what we call a substantial man. He had a moral base of depth and breadth with which to begin. Whenever his calm judgment decided that a thought or act was wrong, from that moment onward he put it away. He might be mistaken in his decisions, but he loved the right, and looked for no ‘fruit to be desired’ from any undertaking which was not founded on the truth. In his view, all lies, of whatever sort, must yield sorrow in the end. Hence in every undertaking he was conscientiously careful to look at the surroundings. Is it ‘just, true, lovely, and of good report?’ were questions unspeakably more vital to Mr. Kemper than the fairest promise of gold and silver from the mine. Indeed, our friend came into the world with all the elements of a man, and these were developed as the years revolved. Here, then, was a part of that capital with which young Kemper began.

“It has been said already that the school-room was the field in which Mr. Kemper chose to labor. By some, it may be, the rules laid down in this Family School were considered stern, if not needlessly severe. Yet, if the truth is fairly told, these regulations bore hardly upon no one who had the heart and the pluck to do right. This teacher, from his inmost soul, loathed shams, pretence, and everything false or perfunctory. The sorry boy who slighted the lesson, or the mean one who sought refuge in untruth or prevarication, was found out and corrected. Thoroughness was a motto for every class, and whenever the student exhibited diligence, courage, and honor, the Principal warmed toward such an one, and, if need arose, not only the heart but also the purse was open to help.

“As man, and teacher, and Christian gentleman, Mr. Kemper stood pre-eminent at home—in the city of his adoption. There could not be found a respectable citizen in Boonville who did not regard as representative both the ‘Family School’ and its la-

borious, accomplished, and self-denying head. And yet the principal of this widely known and valued institution never took on airs, and no one ever saw him walking abroad as some lofty lord of the manor! He seldom spoke of himself, and if at all, in language strikingly modest. In intercourse with pupils and neighbors, courtesy and good-breeding always marked his bearing. Every inhabitant of the county knew him, and he never passed the humblest, poorest, or most ignorant without a sign of recognition. Blood will tell, and it was impossible for this well-bred Christian gentleman to tyrannize, rebuff, or be coarse, however conscious he might be of superiority and power, or however lowly and unfortunate the fellow-creature who stood in his presence. On the contrary, he felt it a Christian duty to cultivate friendliness, and this toward the community generally in which God had cast his lot. Hence it became a constant practice with him to make calls, if only of a few minutes, upon different households throughout the entire city. Especially did he go, and with a sympathetic heart and cheerfully helping hand, wherever affliction had entered or the dependent called for aid. And not even the loved and trusted wife of his bosom—so unostentatious were his deeds of love—could recount his ministries to the sorrowing or his gifts to the poor. His charity was abounding and his sympathies fresh and sweet. Nevertheless, in all that he did, he considered himself a steward. The inspired statement, “Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price,” was accepted in its fulness. Self-praise, therefore, from such a man was simply out of the question. Although the ‘Kemper Family School,’ all things considered, had been a splendid success, and notwithstanding it could point to a long roll of illustrious names among its alumni in science, politics, and the learned professions, still the principal never boasted. Never did he entertain a guest with histories of his own great deeds, and point out the fine things his superior genius had discovered. He allowed his ‘labors under the sun’ to speak for themselves. And whatever might be the result of thoughtfully laid plans, no one ever heard him complain that the sowing had been his and the reaping another’s. This man, with his great soul, was too happy to have hidden a few grains under the soil which should germinate, and yield sheaves to those who were to follow. His fully informed head and sanctified heart forbade the thought

of making self the theme. It was here, especially, that his early social advantages, and educational training 'stood him in good stead.' He never forgot to be a gentleman. In the 'self-made man' alone, can egotism be charitably excused. For whatever the privileges of after years, the lack of refined culture in youth is seldom, if ever, wholly repaired. Together with striking—and many times lofty—excellences in such persons, friends are forced to mourn the presence of pride, intolerance, and painful self-conceit. In the tree, although the root supplies the sap and the life, yet the fruit, sweet or sour, or a mean between the two, takes on its flavor from the nature of the graft."

"Of Mr. Kemper as a church member and office-bearer in the house of God, what shall be said? For surely a prince and a great man in Israel is fallen. His praise was in all the churches. He will be missed by the pastor whom he loved, by the associate elders who were accustomed to take sweet counsel with him, and by the Presbytery and Synod where his presence and influence were so sensibly felt. It was a privilege above price for a particular congregation to possess such a ruler. For there is not a point, in the whole domain of ecclesiastical work, where a laborer like Mr. Kemper does not leave a lasting sign. He was as regular in his attendance on the prayer-meeting as the pastor, and his petitions at a throne of grace flowed from a full heart, and from an understanding profoundly enriched by familiarity with the Word. For forty years, nothing short of serious sickness kept him from the Sabbath-school, while he delighted in the Bible-class, and studied the Scriptures as one who 'searches for hidden treasure.' And what a hearer he was, whenever the preacher entered the sanctuary with a message redolent of the truth and winged by the Spirit! What minister of the gospel, preaching in his presence, cannot recall the lights and shadows that swept over his face as the ambassador for Christ warned the ungodly or else pointed the weary and heavy laden unto *Him* that gives rest. It is a grand thing to enter the pulpit when the preacher feels assured of a hearer like this! For, if there be not another to hear, the well-beaten oil can by no means be lost.

"Mr. Kemper was not only a wise and safe counselor in the session, but joined the pastor heartily in watching for souls. For if a case of religious interest occurred in the flock, he was sure to

find it out. If any were tempted or perplexed, he could make time to see them, and point out these tried and troubled ones to One who giveth strength. As the head of a far-famed school, with its reputation older than belonged to any contemporary—with a name now become a household word over the State—this honored Nestor of Missouri teachers did not think it beneath him, from any point of view, to visit the fatherless and the widow; to enter the homes, however humble, of the sorrowing, and to mingle his tears with those who, though mean in the eyes of the self-constituted great, are nevertheless often rich in faith and ‘heirs of the kingdom.’ Nor did he draw back when the transgressor needed his care. For he remembered the words and the ways of *Him* who was the greatest of teachers. Nor could he forget the example of that ‘Mighty Prophet,’ who, speaking comfortably to the amiable and gentle Mary and the careful and busy Martha, did not refuse to eat with publicans and sinners, while He allowed a poor, erring ‘unfortunate’ to wash His feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head. Oh! if men would but learn it, how much more essential greatness is there in simplicity, in deep sympathy for bereavement, in a single faithful hour spent in reclaiming and cheering a lost Magdalene, than in all the bluster, arrogance, and false pretence which mark the path of not a few vain, restless seekers after place and power!

‘It was in Mr. Kemper’s zealous efforts to carry the gospel ‘into the regions beyond’ that he took into his system the seeds of a fatal disease. Mrs. Kemper, a wife thoroughly worthy of such a husband, wrote to Mrs. G. as follows: ‘We were in the habit of going to Sabbath-school, over five miles in the country, every Sabbath afternoon, and this very cold winter we suffered greatly. But I could protect myself by covering head and face with heavy shawls, while Mr. Kemper had to drive and watch closely a team of gay horses. We would get home only in time for supper. After supper we had a reading time with the boys, and I could not persuade my husband that it was his duty to rest at home instead of going to night service. Two or three of the last Sabbaths were so bad we could not go to the country, but he did not rest, but visited the sick and afflicted in town.’ Here was true greatness, and how small do the fussy, explosive, self-

asserting heroes appear beside such a splendid man as this ! Instead of the sumptuous study, the afternoon slumber, the many idle if not misspent hours of the Sabbath day, this man, full of business too, voluntarily taxed body and spirit in order to garner an interval of time to be devoted to labors ' five miles away in the country,' and this when every limb ' suffered greatly with the cold.' It was with such inner forces as these that the Kemper School first saw the light, and had been able to hold out through dark days as well as bright. And it was by means of such lofty worth that the principal exerted a healthful and abiding power over hundreds, not to say thousands, in the West and South, who will never willingly let the name of the loved teacher die.

" Heads of schools and colleges, such as this man was, are greatly to be desired. Let there be principals whose chief end shall be not to impress the pupil and communities with ideas of their own greatness, but teachers of larger girth than this, anxious to spend and be spent in the cause of truth.

" It was the aim of Mr. Kemper to return full value for every dollar that the student paid in. Hence his table was bountiful, the rooms arranged for comfort, extensive play-grounds convenient ; while the scholar had the opportunity, through moderate handiwork on the little farm near by, of earning twenty, thirty, or even forty cents per day, to be applied to tuition, or otherwise, as the student himself chose.

" When the regular exercises of the day were over, it was delightful to meet Mr. K. in the home circle. His hospitality to a guest was overflowing, and it was exceedingly beautiful to witness his gallantry to wife, tenderness toward children, united to his warm consideration for all. His experiences were large, his knowledge of particular subjects full, while the desire to make those around him useful and happy never seemed to fag ? I have spent weeks together at his house, and each day had its scheme for adding new pleasure, for the discussion of plans by which existing evils might be cured. All the faith and the force that were in him had been reduced to practice, and there is scarcely a position or office that he might not have filled with honor. Had he chosen the law, he must have excelled as a jurist. Had the gospel ministry claimed him, his labors in such a field would have abounded. Had he entered the army his comrades must have named him among ' the bravest of the brave.'

“In person Mr. Kemper was of medium height and very compactly built. True, he did not possess those physical proportions which are usually called commanding, yet his bodily form, from every point of view and in every sense of the word, was pre-eminently manly. Looking on his face, with the forehead broad, the mouth honest and full of meaning, whether the lips were wreathed with smiles or compressed by resolve, the entire countenance indicated harmony and strength, and without the marring of a feature. The dark, lustrous eye especially attracted. For its light varied with the thought, kindling at one time in righteous anger or just reproof, and then as sorrow entered melting into sympathetic tears. Nature furnished a visage which was exceedingly fine. For the countenance as a whole ‘gave forth no uncertain sign’ of benignity, pity, mental power, and human kindness, combined with a purpose to do right down ‘to the uttermost farthing.’ And one needed not to commune with him long before it was seen that here was a man ready to dare or to do anything duty demanded, even if life itself were to be the sure forfeit. Fearless for the right, and set against wrong; with sympathies for the poor, and not envious of the rich; in reverence worshiping God, with good will for fellow-man; loving, liberal, laborious; striving in faith and patience to win the prize—this workman, living and dying, was ‘a nobleman of nature crowned with the diadem of grace.’

“When such a man departs from our midst the world seems poorer. When we revisit his earthly home, and move and linger about the places and amid the scenes where *he* once spake and pilgrimed, how *his* voice is missed, and how the very silence seems to bring back an invisible presence and utter his praise!

“Many—and the writer especially, at whose house he sojournd—can vividly recall Mr. Kemper’s last visit to Mexico, Mo. He came to attend the Teachers’ Association, and was called to address the meeting. The grandeur of the discourse deeply impressed all. Many spoke of it as the noblest effort of the gifted speaker’s life. In concluding he said: ‘I am growing old, and my life work is nearly done. Standing on the bank of the river, waiting to depart, I catch glimpses of those signal lights beyond, which mark the path and wave me welcome to the further shore.’ Ay! we are wiser than we know. For even then the hour had begun to strike. Voices, deep but low, were whispering to this

ripened saint of a 'home over there,' where unfading crowns, unspeakable joy, and eternal life are the free but sure reward. The day was breaking, the shadows fleeing, and with the battle fought and the victory won, the veteran soldier laid aside his armor and entered into rest. Thank God for such a life, for a record that abounds

'In deeds of noble rectitude—in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self—
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
He lived and made undying music, and then,
With high reverence, richly mixed with love,
Went up to join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made grander by the once presence
Of those noble *here.*'"

Rev. S. S. Laws, LL.D., President of the University of Missouri :—

"Permit me to express the hope that Prof. Kemper will be allowed to tell his own story to the full extent that he has left written materials for so doing. His English is singularly pure and terse. His utterances have the directness of the man himself. He was as sensitive as a child, but had true greatness of soul. He had a ready and lively appreciation of worth, and an imperious detestation of all crookedness and baseness. He was touched by any kindly appreciation of his own worth and good work, but proudly indifferent to the censure consequent on doing what he conceived to be right and just.

"He was strict as a teacher, for the good of his pupil. In one of my last conversations with him he boldly avowed himself in his school as a tyrant. I ventured, by way of justice rather than of compliment, to dissent, assigning as my reason that tyranny was the exercise of arrogated authority, or of intrusted authority without reason ; whereas I felt sure that he was careful to exercise only such authority as he conceived legitimately belonged to him, and then in

a reasonable manner, however sternly. His only response was one of his good-humored and characteristic laughs. But it must be said of him that he was never more exacting of others than of himself.

"He had one trait as a teacher that I must mention as unique. It was that of lifting his pupils by stages. His kindly personal interest in every honest effort on the part of the learner won for him their confidence and affection. After a time he would so inspire them with confidence and self-reliance and freedom of personal class-room intercourse, that some out-cropping would indicate that the class began to think that they knew almost as much about the subject in hand as the teacher. Then he would, at once and abruptly, rise to a higher plane, and begin to pull them up after him ; only to repeat the same experiences. This was a feature of his class-work, such as I have never known it in any other, and to some it made him a puzzle.

"It occurs to me that I must mention two incidents, of interest to myself, at least. His testimony touching the plan of a language chair taking full charge of the subject, from the grammar upward, after trying it in Westminster, was, that it was a little more work for the teacher at the start, but in the end less work and better scholarship.

"The other is his opinion of my lecture on Metaphysics. I sent him a copy, and asked him to give me the benefit of his view of it. It was the last time we were ever together ; and it was during his attendance at the State Teachers' Association at this place, 1880, that, sitting on my veranda in conversation with myself and some friends, he brought up the subject as something with which he had charged his mind. He assured me that he agreed with the lecture entirely, making only an incidental remark about one unusual form of expression,* which I took occasion to point out as having been expounded into greater plainness in another part of the lecture. Of course I felt gratified and complimented by the commendatory assent of so careful a reader and exacting a thinker, and so frank and independent a speaker, on a discussion so radical and far-reaching as the one in question.

"If the address delivered by Professor Kemper before that Association has been left in manuscript, it will be a gem. But

* "Inferential intuition," page 351, as compared with pp. 415, 416.

I fear that Mrs. Kemper's impression that it was never written is true. It was certainly one of the finest efforts of his life. It bristled with incisive and concisely illustrated points, uttered and clothed as was possible only to an able and experienced teacher."

Rev. M. M. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Missouri :—

"My acquaintance with Mr. Kemper began twenty-seven years ago, when, in my boyhood, I accepted my first professorship in Westminster College. It will always be one of the most delightful and precious recollections of my life that for a quarter of a century a friend's place was accorded me in the heart and home of one of the best and purest men it has ever been my fortune to know.

"One of the most noteworthy traits in the character of this prince among American educators was his unflinching adherence to principle under all circumstances. What right and duty commanded he did, no matter whose frown might come, or what the consequences might be. Seeking popularity by sacrificing principle was utterly abhorrent to his nature. A more just man in all the relations of life I never knew. Whether his pupils were poor or rich, influential or the reverse, this great teacher held the scales of justice with a hand whose impartiality could never be called in question. His conscientious regard for duty extended to everything. Mr. Kemper during his whole life was a student. On one occasion, in talking over the duties of a teacher, he said to me: 'I never hear a lesson in reading or grammar without first studying it myself. It is necessary to arouse and keep alive interest in my pupils.' And so he prepared himself beforehand for every duty. What a volume of instruction there is here for all teachers.

"That such a man should be thorough might be taken for granted, but the degree of that thoroughness was known by comparatively few. Mr. Kemper did not acquire as rapidly as some scholars I have known, but the painstaking perseverance that marked the man always gave him the victory. His accuracy in pronunciation was proverbial, and almost astonishing. Only in one instance in twenty-five years did I know his being in error. We

had made an agreement to call the attention of one another to mispronounced words. At the rhetorical exercises one Saturday morning the word "*Granicus*" was used, which he said he thought ought to be pronounced *Gran'-i-cus*. When asked for his authority in private, he replied that he had seen the statement in some English periodical, whose high standing had inspired him with confidence in whatever it might say on such points. On further examination he at once adopted the usual pronunciation, and said *Gra-ni'-cus*.

"In his studies, teaching, and in fact in everything, he was systematic. This enabled him to do an amount of work, especially in his earlier teaching life, that would otherwise have been impossible. In talking about system being a necessity, he once remarked: 'If I had a boy, and he had nothing to do but twirl his finger around his thumb, I should want him to have some system in it.'

"There was one talent in Mr. Kemper which has never been spoken of to a very great extent, but which has been felt hundreds of times, and that too by thousands. I refer to his power as a speaker. For chaste, concise, elegant English he had few equals in America. In point of rhetoric, some of his addresses were not only powerful and successful, but also splendid and well-nigh faultless. My conviction is that no teacher in our country was superior to him in the ability to weave into his speeches, and that too with matchless skill, the great events of history and the every-day incidents of life. Some little incident that would pass unnoticed by most men was often used by Mr. Kemper with even thrilling effect. He had in a very extraordinary degree common-sense, which may be set down as essential in all great educators. To speak truth, no one can achieve real success without this requisite. It has often been a source of regret with me that Mr. Kemper's speeches were not committed to writing. A book containing his educational addresses would itself be a treasure.

"As an educator he attained and held with the hand of a giant a most exalted position. Many may be able teachers, but few men in a generation can truthfully be called educators. Mr. Kemper's aim was not to teach Latin or Greek, physics or mathematics merely, but to make men — to send out men thoroughly equipped to do what God called them to do.

“A feature of peculiar interest in the character of this eminent man was his tenderness of heart. This reminds me of one of the most gifted men in this generation, who was associated with Mr. Kemper in Westminster College—I refer to Dr. S. S. Laws, who has achieved such signal success in the University of the State, and who ranks among the ablest university presidents America has ever produced. Both these men, to a stranger, might seem severe and rugged and unfeeling, but an intimate acquaintance proved both men to be remarkably tender-hearted, and to possess all the delicate sensibilities of the most refined woman. *Par nobile fratrum*. I shall never cease to regard it as one of the choicest and greatest blessings of my life that so much of my time has been passed in association with these two grand men, who have made an impression on this Empire State that eternity alone can fully unfold.

“As a Christian, Mr. Kemper was one of the most humble, earnest, and devoted men I ever met. He was greatly afflicted in the loss of several children, to whom he was most tenderly attached. All his trials seemed to bring him nearer to God. Through life he was supported by the companionship of a wife whose native talent and refined culture rendered vital assistance in the great work of his life, and whose Christian fortitude was always most conspicuous in hours of darkness and sorrow.”

Resolutions of respect, in Memory of Professor Frederick T. Kemper, deceased, passed by the City Council of Boonville, on the occasion of his death :—

“*Whereas*, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe has seen proper in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, Prof. F. T. Kemper ; and

“*Whereas*, We desire to place upon the records of our city a recognition of the love of our people for the memory of the deceased, as well as our own individual esteem for his character ; now, therefore, be it

“*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Board of Councilmen of the City of Boonville, and the representatives of the friends and neighbors of the deceased, do profoundly recognize his death as a public calamity, and sincerely and deeply feel that our com-

munity has lost a worthy citizen and a good man, our people a generous friend and kind neighbor, and our city a patriotic and practical benefactor; and that for ourselves and in the name of our people we extend to his family and friends, in the hour of their sad bereavement and irreparable loss, our profoundest sympathies and deepest regrets. And be it further

“Resolved, That, in token of our respect for the memory of our deceased citizen, and our high regard for his distinguished character, we hereby ask the Mayor of our city to issue his proclamation, requesting the people of our city to close their respective places of business during the funeral of our departed friend; and that the offices of the city be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days.”

The next group of testimonials will embrace those of a distinctively religious character. The first of these is a paper passed by the Pastors' Union of Boonville, embracing all the Protestant ministers of the place:—

“We feel thankful to God for the long and useful life which Prof. F. T. Kemper, in the providence of God, was permitted to spend in our midst. We feel deeply afflicted in the death of one so long and usefully identified with the cause of religion and Christian education. Now, as it has pleased Almighty God to remove our beloved brother from his labors on earth to his reward in heaven; therefore

“Resolved, That while we deeply regret the loss of his presence and labors, we humbly submit to the action of Him who doeth all things right.

“Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our Christian sympathy.”

Resolutions of the Session of the Boonville Presbyterian Church, March 11, 1881:—

“We recognize in this providence the wise, loving, and sovereign hand of Almighty God, and bow with submission to His

holy will. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"We desire to record, as a Session, our sense of personal bereavement, in the loss of this friend and counselor, in the work intrusted to us as officers of the church.

"We desire to express our high appreciation of his character as a man, his consistency as a Christian, and his faithfulness as an elder. He was an Israelite in whom was no guile, an elder who took the oversight of the flock willingly and of a ready mind, not as a lord over God's heritage, but as an example to the flock.

"We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his sorely bereaved family, and mingle our tears with theirs. Our prayer is that God, whom he served, may be their Sun and Shield, their Keeper, and their Shade upon their right hand."

The action of the Synod of Missouri, taken at St. Louis in the fall of 1881:—

"In making mention of the death of Ruling Elder Prof. F. T. Kemper, the Synod records:—

"First, Its recognition of the sovereign, wise, and loving hand of God, who killeth and maketh alive, who gave and has taken away, in whose sight the death of His saints is precious.

"Second. Its sense of loss to the Church on earth in the removal of such men from the ruling eldership; for good men are among our best gifts.

"Third. Its appreciation of Prof. Kemper as a man filling in the largest measure his sphere in life. As a man, he exemplified the virtues of truth, righteousness, and godliness; as a Christian, he was adorned with the graces of the Spirit, following in the footsteps of his Master, who went about doing good; as an officer in the church, he was prayerful, faithful, and fearless in his discharge of the trust committed to him; blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, having a good report from them that are without, taking the oversight of the flock willingly and of a ready mind; as an educator, he made Christianity the basis of his work, not only by inculcating Christian maxims, but by making the Bible a text-book in his school.

"Fourth. Its gratitude to God for leaving him with us so long, for the bright example of his victorious faith, by which he being

dead yet speaks to us, and for the works which follow him to the lengthened shadows of his earthly life.

"Fifth. Its prayer to the great Head of the Church, that He will raise up and endow many young men all over our Zion to fill the high office of ruling elder of His house."

The last is from the Rev. O. W. Gauss, M.D., the pastor of the Boonville Presbyterian Church:—

"PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

"The first time I saw Prof. Kemper was at the Sunday evening service in the church of which he was an elder. The cordial manner in which he came forward to greet me at once put me at ease in his presence. Fancy pictures to us the mental and physical characteristics of men of repute. Prof. Kemper's name was familiar to me as one of the most prominent and successful educators in the land, and I expected to find him fastidious in dress, imposing in person, and stern in the lines of his face. But the man whom I saw coming out of the congregation to the pulpit was in every respect the opposite of this. In dress he was plain; his person was vigorous, but not imposing; and his face was thoughtful, firm, and earnest, but not rigid. The thing which specially impressed me that night was the pleasant smile which lighted up mouth, eye, and brow, and made me feel that the grasp of the hand which he extended was more than a form. The sweet guilelessness of his smile revealed a spirit that was Nathanael's before his Lord. Forthwith my heart went out to him with a confidence which was never withdrawn. A friendship was then formed which every young pastor so much needs, combining sympathy and forbearance toward inexperience, with the wisdom and helpfulness of riper years.

"To undertake a narrative of his life, or even of that portion of it which came under my observation, would be trespassing on the domain of the biographer; to attempt to estimate his character as a whole would be more than I could manage; but in the relation which I sustained as pastor of the church, of which he was an honored elder for about a quarter of a century, certain phases of his religious character passed under my observation, which no

one else would be so likely to notice in their bearing upon pastoral work.

“ I cherish his memory as that of a man of the most humble and most exalted type of piety, realizing as much as any one I ever knew the Saviour’s promise, ‘ He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.’ The beautiful lines he was wont to repeat, as illustrating his conception of Christian character, fit well his own :—

‘ The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, whence all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.’

I esteemed many other things in him. Specially was his Biblical knowledge such that I always felt that the proper place for me was to sit at his feet and learn of him. But my most vivid impression was derived from his spirit of single-hearted consecration to Christ. This was the key-note of his life, to which his business affairs, his social intercourse, his church labors, his daily walk were attuned.

“ Few ministers of the gospel ever came within the circle of his influence who will not heartily respond to this acknowledgment of his uniformly kind treatment. In receiving them he received their Master, and his attentions to them were acts of personal devotion to Christ. His house was always open to entertain them, his hand was always outstretched to help them, his heart was always in sympathy with them. In the first few weeks of my settlement over the Boonville church, he frequently expressed concern lest the deacons might not be sufficiently thoughtful in paying the salary, and so, as strangers, the pastor’s family would suffer embarrassment. No one ever took a greater delight in doing for others. He was jealous for the honor of Christ, as intrusted to the ministry, and was grieved to discover any imperfection of character in those appointed to minister in holy things, like the dead fly in the apothecary’s ointment. He coveted for them the utmost attainable perfection, putting the essential first, but desiring that they might have every other possible excellence.

It was in this spirit that he would sometimes criticise the preacher's pronunciation, enunciation, grammar, and whole style. In one of my first interviews with him he said to me, 'I want to be proud of my pastor.' His language impressed me as the counterpart of Paul's language to the Corinthian church, 'I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ.' As the pastor's most fervent desire is to see Christians living near their Lord, so the heart of this good elder was filled with such zeal for his Redeemer that he wanted the man who stood forth as His ambassador to give him honor in all things.

"He always came to the house of God hungry for the bread of life. Keenly alive to the powers of learning, eloquence, and rhetoric in the pulpit, himself possessing these gifts to a remarkable degree, he was yet always an appreciative hearer of the simple truth as preached by men destitute of them. I have often felt, in the years of my pastorate, that the man who was the best *teacher* was the most *teachable*. It is not strange, therefore, that he loved the house of God, and found a delight in the simple ordinance of Divine worship, which was far more to him than anything the world could afford. The language of David was his own: 'How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

"He gave to the prayer-meeting a special charm, and its informal exercises were very dear to him. As the labors of his school were lightened upon him in the latter years of his life, he made one of a little company of six or eight to study the Sunday-school lesson weekly. He took evident delight in this little meeting, and never failed to give delight by the directness with which he would seize upon the central truth of the passage under study.

"He had no set phrases in prayer, but with the simplicity of a child poured out his soul before God in language that all could understand, and with an unction that all could feel. A very common expression with him when he arose to pray was, 'O Thou that hearest prayer,' as though his faith went forward to encourage his soul to press boldly into the Divine presence, and tell all its needs. Another expression that was very common with him was, 'Thou that receivest sinners,' and I can recall, as he uttered these words, how his voice would become choked with tears.

Whenever he spoke, and he often did, it was *from* the heart and *to* the heart. In the week of prayer preceding his death, at a union meeting, after different persons had enumerated the things for which they were thankful, just as the meeting was about to close, he arose and said : ' I would like to say a few words. I want to say that I am thankful for affliction. It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I do not remember much else that was said or done there that night. But his own deep emotion and earnestness, and the profound feeling of sympathy awakened by his tender words, are as fresh to me as though I had heard them but yesterday. This is only a sample of what his fellow-worshippers so often heard from his lips. A most instructive and pleasing book could have been compiled out of his impromptu prayer-meeting talks.

" But the occasions which more than any others discovered the depths of his religious experience were the quarterly communion seasons. At these times his whole soul seemed stirred. During the preparatory services his voice was so choked with emotion that his utterance, when praying to God or speaking to us, was often impeded. It was a touching sight to behold the strong man, with overflowing eyes, passing around and partaking of the sacred emblems. That which moved him at these times was the sense of his own sin and of his Saviour's grace. The love of the cross overcame him. He has told me that his father's emotion at the communion-table was painful, but that this was not the case with him. His feeling was only an intense realization of the kindness and love of God to him a sinner. He was accustomed to speak of these communion seasons as the milestones of the Christian's course, marking off our growth in grace and our progress to our journey's end. He always mentioned with trembling accents the thought that at each season he was possibly passing the last stone.

" Without any of that irreverent familiarity which often pains the ear in the language of some zealous Christians, he had all that confidence in Christ which one cherishes in a friend who has been tried and found true. Speaking one day of the story of Jonah, as one of the hard things in the Bible for some people to believe, he said : ' I never had any trouble to believe this narrative. Christ by recognizing it has set upon it the seal of truth,

and I know Christ would not deceive me.' What a beautiful illustration of childlike faith ! In him was blended in sweet harmony the moral and intellectual strength of Christian manhood, with the trustfulness of a little child. It has been said that, as the perfect boy must have something of the man about him, so the perfect man must have something of the boy in him. In the common acceptance of the word there was nothing of the 'boy' about Prof. Kemper ; but he did possess those childlike dispositions which our Saviour commended, and like his Master, who said, ' Suffer the little children to come unto me,' he too ever had open arms for the little ones. He has often told, with a peculiar satisfaction and pride, how he could win little children to leave their mothers' arms and come to his own. It was this childlike spirit that won to him the stranger and the poor, for whom he was always doing. I have been interested to see that, while in the house of God he was courteous to all, he paid special attention to plain people. Often, immediately upon the pronouncing of the benediction, he was seen hastening back through the aisle to greet some stranger on whom his eye had rested in the congregation, ere he should leave the house.

" He would expect to find such a man always abounding in the work of the Lord. Besides attending with conscientious faithfulness to the duties that devolved on him as an elder, he failed not to use every opportunity to do good. His heart was always on the alert to win souls to Christ. I was in his carriage with him once in company with two young men, one of whom was weighing the question of his call to preach the gospel. When in the course of conversation the topic came up, he not only expressed his conception of the work of the ministry, but his estimate of that work, by saying, ' There is no work on earth like that of turning men to righteousness.' It was from the tone of his voice, in giving emphasis to the passage, that I first caught the climax in the promise, ' They that be *wise* shall shine as the brightness of the *firmament* ; and they that TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS as the STARS forever and ever.'

" He founded a little Sunday-school in the neighborhood of his farm, which for more than twenty years lived under his fostering care, and was the means of great good in the community. During a large part of the time he personally superintended it, and

the rides back and forth in the severe winter weather may have laid the foundation of his fatal sickness. As he had more leisure from his school duties, he gave his encouragement to general Christian work ; by his presence and instruction imparting the main interest and profit to more than one Sunday-school convention which I attended with him.

“The system upon which his school was managed often gave him the appearance of extreme rigor. But as a matter of fact his heart was burdened with desire for the salvation of the youth gathered under his roof, and he lost no opportunity to urge upon them the importance of a personal surrender to Christ. There was no sight so beautiful to him as the young turning their feet into the way of righteousness. When it was the privilege of the session to receive such, tears of gladness have rained down his cheeks, and words of tender counsel and sympathy have issued from his heart as he took them by the hand to welcome them to the Church of the living God.

“His piety reached down into his pocket. He stood at the door of the Lord’s vineyard, waiting for the command, ‘Go work,’ with his open purse in his hand, as it were. No call for money to carry on the Lord’s work ever failed to get from him a cheerful and liberal response. He had proved and found true the words of the Saviour, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive,’ and he gave out his own experience for the benefit of others in the unction with which he so often said, ‘The liberal soul shall be made fat ; and he that watereth shall himself also be watered.’

“When the apprehension in regard to his recovery, which I had felt for several days, was aroused to the keenest alarm by the message of the servant, ‘Mr. Kemper is dying,’ I hastened to his bedside to see that the angel of death had indeed come, and that the light of the just man was about to be removed from earth to shine in the Father’s kingdom above. For three hours we watched the Christian in the death struggle, until we beheld him plant his foot upon the vanquished foe, and ascend to God on the wings of his triumphant faith, shouting back to the weepers around his couch, ‘All is well.’

‘Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe.’

In describing the dying of his last boy, he described his own : ‘It

was a grand pageant of the soul'; so painless, peaceful, and hopeful was his translation from earth to heaven.

"I am thankful that I was permitted to witness that scene, but more thankful that I was permitted to know the man in his life. By his faith he being dead yet speaketh of a true Christian manhood. Behold in him what God hath wrought, a beautiful piece of the workmanship of Divine grace. He has gone from earth to be with Christ, where he has eternally renewed his youth, and already received the palm of victory and the crown of life, of which he loved to sing on earth in the words of his favorite hymn :—

"Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

"Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne ;
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

"Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

"Round the altar priests confess,
'If these robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.'

"Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race ;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

"They were mortal too like us ;
Ah ! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high."

We have reserved to the last the tributes of his *pupils*. As theirs is the greatest debt, so theirs should be the highest appreciation.

Resolutions passed by the Kemper Family School March 9, 1881 :—

“ *Whereas*, The hand of Divine Providence has removed our beloved teacher, F. T. Kemper, from the scene of his temporal labors, and from the students who profited by his ministry and example ; and

“ *Whereas*, We are desirous of testifying our respect for his memory and of expressing our earnest and affectionate sympathy with the household deprived by this dispensation of its earthly head ; therefore, be it

“ *Resolved*, That, in our natural sorrow for the loss of the faithful and tender shepherd, we find consolation in the belief that it is well with him for whom we mourn ; and

“ *Resolved*, That while we deeply sympathize with those who were bound to our departed preceptor by the nearest and dearest ties, we share with them the hope of a reunion in that better world, where there are no partings, and bliss ineffable forbids a tear ; and

“ *Resolved*, That we tenderly condole with the family of our deceased guardian in their hour of trial and affliction, and devoutly commend them to the keeping of Him who looks with pitying eye upon the widow and fatherless ; and

“ *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, as a token of our respect and veneration for the Christian character of a good man gone to his rest, and the interest felt by his late students in those he loved and cherished.”

At a meeting of the former students of the Kemper Family School, who are now residents of Kansas City, Mo., held March 16, 1881, the following resolutions upon the death of Professor F. T. Kemper were unanimously adopted :—

"Whereas, God hath removed our friend and former beloved teacher from all earthly labor and care ; and

"Whereas, We, his former students, are desirous of testifying to our sincere respect for his memory, and of giving expression of sympathy to the family bereaved by this visitation of God ; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That, in our grief for and remembrance of the loss of one who was a scholar, friend, and Christian, we are consoled with the belief that it is well with him for whom we mourn ; and

"Resolved, That we tender our condolence to the family of the deceased in this their time of trial and affliction, and commend them to the blessing and mercy of God.

" WASH. ADAMS,

WYAN NELSON,

" ANDREW R. FRENCH,

T. W. RUSSELL,

" JAMES GIBSON,

GEORGE W. FERREL,

" W. L. CAMPBELL."

Frank Baird, Kirksville, Mo., a recent pupil :—

" He treated me just as a father would. Well do I remember one day when he called me to his room and advised me."

Frank L. Webster, Topeka, Kansas, a pupil of 1874-76 :—

" He was a power for good in the world, and hundreds of young men—even men who are no longer young—can testify to his efforts in the advancement of truth and knowledge ; can testify that they are better because such a man lived."

Ralph Talbot, Esq., of Holmes & Talbot, lawyers, St. Louis, a recent pupil :—

" I feel a strong personal grief in the death of one of the best and noblest of all men whom I have ever known."

Edwin M. Price, Columbia, Mo., a recent pupil :—

" There are not many days that I am not called upon to put in practice something I learned while at Kemper's Family School."

Adrian Dozier, St. Louis, a recent pupil :—

“Mr. Kemper was undoubtedly the best teacher that I ever saw. I think that I learned more in the two years I attended his school than I ever learned in any five years of my schooling elsewhere.”

Mrs. Maggie Miller Haddox, Nashville, Tenn., a pupil :—

“I owe all that is good in me to my dear, good friend. My ideas of what constitutes a good and honest man are formed from what I know Mr. Kemper was.”

The Rev. Uncas McCluer, Chatham Hill, Va., a pupil :—

“It is not necessary for me to say how much I owe him for his example and service.”

A. R. Bradley, St. Labory, Neb., a pupil :—

“The death of none of my relatives would make me more unhappy, as Mr. Kemper was a man whom I really loved.”

L. C. Nelson, of Nelson & Noel, bankers, St. Louis, a pupil :—

“There might have been as good men in the world, but none in my estimation were truer, greater, or better. His place will, I believe, never be filled. I shall talk to my two little boys, as they grow up, of his beautiful character and sterling worth and integrity, and try to inspire them with a desire to emulate his life and virtues.”

William H. Goebel, U. S. S. Yantic, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., a recent pupil :—

“One of Mr. Kemper’s proverbs was that sin never pays. He used to tell us that he did not want to be called Professor, because too many professions were going under that name.”

T. C. Davis, Leavenworth, a pupil of 1848-50 :—

“I often explain to my children the system, as taught by Mr.

Kemper, and tell them it was a better system than is taught at their school ; and our schools are supposed to be of the best."

Joseph C. Terrell, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Fort Worth, Texas, one of the oldest pupils :—

"Of all the men whom I have known through life's journey, none have done so much good to the human race as our loved schoolmaster, F. T. Kemper. Not one man in a million lived so little for self. He has indeed left indelible footprints on the sands of time."

Frederick K. Freeman, Florida, a nephew of Mr. Kemper, an old pupil, and a member of the Stonewall brigade :—

"I have often thought that my uncle possessed very many of the sterling traits and noble, unswerving qualities which went to make up the character of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. It has often occurred to my mind that had uncle thrown his talents in a military direction during the late war, he would have developed into another Stonewall Jackson."

Elisha Stanley Rector, New Home, Bates County, Mo., a pupil of 1846 :—

"Mr. Kemper called us four little boys, Reuben Garnett, Boyle Hayden, Samuel Massey, and myself, his 'ponies.' He was a good teacher, a good man, and the world is better off for his having lived in it."

Lambert Ott, M.D., a successful physician of Philadelphia, Pa. :—

"He was the first to point out to me a common error, so prevalent in our schools of learning—a lack of thoroughness in the elements—thus giving a vague and dim insight to the future acquisitions, supported by a mass of imperfections. To my mind, the secret of his success was in his earnestness, his acting with thoroughness and deliberation in every thing undertaken. His ideas, when firmly ground into the young mind, always gave

promise of a useful man. I find his instructions of incalculable benefit to me in my daily work, and I feel very grateful to him for the sound principles inculcated. He was the first who taught me how to study, how to control my powers, and the worth of that prime factor of intelligence, attention."

C. T. Holland, M.D., Keytesville, Mo., a pupil of 1867:—

"I always will think that Mr. Kemper was one of the best men that lived."

S. S. Simpson, principal of the public schools of Nevada, Mo., an old pupil:—

"I shall ever hold his name in grateful remembrance, and point to him with pride, as my teacher and benefactor."

Miss Maria McCutchen, principal of the Higginsville Seminary:—

"He taught me how to teach, and as an educator is my standard."

Andrew R. French, grain merchant, of Kansas City; telegram on the occasion of Mr. Kemper's death:—

"Would I could be with you to-day! The dead was one of the noblest of men. I loved him like a father. Green will ever be his memory in the hearts of those who knew him well."

Major Robert Ruxton, Miami, Mo., an old pupil:—

"His reputation was more than national. He was peerless in his profession. In all the relations of life he was nearer perfection than any man we ever knew—the best balanced. He was the only man in whom we could never find a weak place. He never allowed any time to go to waste. The daily walks for exercise were improved; the table-talks at meals were always pleasant and profitable. His prayers evinced the deepest interest in his school. His powers of imparting information were almost super-

atural. His facility of illustration was most wonderful. In everything he did and said, he kept steadily in view the preparation for a higher and better life, both in himself and pupils."

The Hon. D. H. McIntyre, Attorney-General of Missouri, a pupil at Westminster College:—

"An erudite gentleman, a consistent Christian, and a most useful public servant, he was an ornament to society and one of its most useful members. He seemed to think it his mission to teach, and he discharged that mission with great zeal and patience. Hundreds attest how successfully he followed his chosen calling. In him the State has lost one of its most valued citizens."

Elder Joseph K. Rogers, LL.D., the distinguished president of Christian College, Columbia, Mo., who has since also entered upon his reward:—

"Such was my admiration of your husband's many splendid qualities, and my appreciation of the noble life he led, that I feel constrained to send this word of sympathy and condolence, and to express thus briefly my great sense of the loss sustained by the whole country in his death."

Hon. William Brown, Jacksonville, Ill., Assistant Solicitor-General of the Wabash System, with jurisdiction of all the roads lying east of the Mississippi, an old pupil:—

"Mr. Kemper was the best instructor of youth I ever knew. His methods were the result of a deep and careful study. His rules, many of which I yet remember, were calculated to impress themselves upon the minds of boys, and to control their action at the time and for the future. His great good sense, I can now see, was an all-pervading presence in every detail of his school government. I can more fully appreciate now, than I once could, the wisdom of his requirements as to 'little things,' as they seemed. He demanded that all things should be put to their legitimate use, and should not be misused. I recall his little rule 'In opening and closing a door, take hold of the knob.' That was the use for

which the knob was placed there ; it was the best thing for such a purpose ; and, when so placed, he could see neither sense nor decency in seizing the door instead of the knob. So in the essentials, he was painstaking, patient, and comprehensive."

Hon. L. M. Lawson, of Donnell, Lawson & Simpson, bankers, New York, an old pupil. From this gentleman we shall present, first, the following beautifully-worded telegram, to which allusion has already been made :—

"The intelligence of the death of Professor Kemper has overwhelmed me with grief. Words cannot express my deep and loving loyalty to the memory of my old teacher. The State of Missouri has lost one of its most useful citizens, the cause of education its noblest advocate, polite learning its brightest ornament, religion its purest example, and I my best friend."

We shall give also an extract from a letter written to Mrs. Kemper :—

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the memory that remains to me of his lovely life and noble character ; how thankful I am for the light and joy he diffused, and his high example of all that is true, and gentle, and brave, and good. In the long years that have passed since I was his pupil, no day has ever come that was not cheered and brightened with some memory of his devotion and power ; and I could count the times by myriads when I have turned from the arid wastes of life to the contemplation of his character, rich and fertile as I knew it to be in every great and good qualification. . . . We do know that his death makes a large diminution to the earthly happiness of us all, and we cannot but mourn for the loss of one whom we loved so dearly and who so well deserved our love. Yet there is pleasure in the recollection of the extent, the variety, and depth of his learning, the majesty of his simplicity, the fascination of his meekness, and the power of his godliness, which entitle him to be held in enduring remembrance ; and there is consolation too in the fact that we behold beside his tomb the risen and sanctified spirit, and we rejoice in the beauty and the bloom of his immortal life."



Hon. Phil. E. Chappell, Treasurer of the State of Missouri, an old pupil :—

“For many years I have been so accustomed to study the character of Prof. Kemper in the great depth and breadth and height of its development, that single incidents, however striking, have been lost in the most profound admiration for the finished structure, as it looms up to the view, like a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, leading the old and the young to the higher and better life. In all my life, I am sure I have never met his counterpart, whether viewed as a successful educator, or as a citizen, who in all the relations of life came so fully up to the most exacting requirements of a robust, Christian manhood.

“Regarding his life as a trust too sacred to be trifled with, its hours too precious to be wasted in frivolous, unprofitable pleasures, or squandered in the indulgence of unhallowed appetites and passions, he dedicated it wholly to the pursuit of a calling in which he could honor his God while serving his fellow-men ; by training at the same time the head for the active duties of life, and the heart for the joys and peaceful rest of the life to come, so that when young men left his school to take part in the great drama of life, they carried with them knowledge sanctified by his teachings, and a sense of moral responsibility impressed upon them by every precept and example of their faithful teacher.

“I have often, in reverting to the wonderful success of this great and good man, in a field of labor where so many have met the sorest disappointments and made the saddest failures, asked myself, What was the secret of his success? and as often have answered, He started in life with a definite object in view ; he comprehended fully the duties and grave responsibilities of the profession he had chosen ; to the conscientious discharge of those duties and obligations he brought a well-balanced mind, patient industry, indomitable will and courage, tempered with the sternest sense of religious conviction, and executive ability which grasped the purpose and details of all he proposed to do ; and he enforced method, system, and discipline at all times and under all circumstances, as the means by and through which all his ends were to be accomplished. I am free to confess that for my business success in life, such as it has been, I am indebted greatly for

the lessons of order, system, and promptness which I received from him.

“If success in any calling is the test and measure of ability, then Professor Kemper was *great* in his profession. His life-work was grand in its results, as it was noble in its aims. Look over the State, and you will find hundreds of his pupils to-day ranking among the most useful, deserving, and honored of her citizens, who mourn the loss of him who, in his day and generation, was useful to his kind, far above the average even of men to whom the world has accorded great usefulness.”

Rev. Charles C. Hersman, D.D., president of Westminster College, and one of his pupils there :—

“In regard to our beloved teacher, I have not words to express to you the sense of personal loss which I felt when the sad news of his death reached me. I, who had been instructed so faithfully, carefully, and thoroughly by him, who had known him as friend, instructor, guide—a professor of Christ in public life, an exemplar of all Christian virtues in private—I loved him while among the living on earth, and cherish his memory now that he is among the living in heaven.

“I always regarded him as a man of one aim, and that aim to educate the young in the principles of Christianity for the battle of life here, and for the triumph of life hereafter. He impressed me as a man who cared nothing for money, and nothing for fame, only as a firm adherence to truth and right would secure it.

“While at Princeton Theological Seminary, a few of the students formed a private class and recited Greek to one of the professors who had visited Germany and had been largely trained in one of her universities. He asked me in what college and from whom I had received instruction in Greek. I replied, ‘From Prof. F. T. Kemper.’ He said that he was not aware that there was a school in the West where the instruction was so thorough, even in the minutiae of the language.

“He stood in the front rank of educators, accomplished a noble work in his generation, and, departed, has left a record of which we, his pupils, may be proud, and which we, his colaborers, may well strive to emulate.”

This poem is from the pen and brain and heart of Edward R. Taylor, M.D., of Taylor & Haight, attorneys-at-law, San Francisco, an old pupil:—

“STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR
F. T. KEMPER.

“This was the noblest Roman of them all.

. . . the elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, This was a man.”

Julius Caesar, Act v., Scene 5.

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

2 TIMOTHY 4 : 7.

I.

“ALL’s over now ; that great heart beats no more ;

That nimble intellect has heavenward fled ;

Yet we, lamenting, question o’er and o’er,

Can it, indeed, be true that KEMPER’S dead ?

“He who but yesterday with vigorous tread

Strode through our midst the Titan that he was,

Whose energies in richest affluence spread,

Yet never known to halt or suffer pause ?

“When Death strikes sudden down some puny thing,

We marvel not, though sorrow’s tear be shed ;

But when one falls like him of whom I sing,

We wonder more than can be writ or said.

“’Tis then there burst and crowd upon the brain

Thoughts deep and strange on what we know as Life—

Its myst’ries, its relations, loss and gain,

And what the meaning of its toil and strife.

“Thick grows the darkness ’round us as we seek

To solve the problem that unsolved remains,

While Life and Death, relentless, ever wreak

Their fury on us as they mock our pains.

“ Vain, vain all questioning ; he who trod
These academic shades for twoscore years,
Now lies all breathless here as any clod,
And naught is left save memory and tears.

II.

“ He was a Man—ay, every inch a Man—
Alert in body and alert in mind ;
A glorious soul that ever sought the van,
And died had rather than to lag behind.

“ He sprang from Old Virginia’s honored soil,
Receiving heritage of blood and brain
That bore him on through years of ceaseless toil
To ripest harvests of the richest grain.

“ No energy was lost on effort vain,
In bungling that he was not fit to do,
But seeing clearly what he could attain,
That polestar blazed fore’er before his view.

“ To training youth he every feeling turned,
From earliest manhood to his latest day ;
And at the last the passion fiercer burned
Than when at first he started on his way.

“ He never faltered, never changed his course ;
He sauntered in no by-ways, howe’er sweet ;
His one aim seized him as a mighty force,
And carried him to Triumph’s sunlit seat.

“ Of hard antagonisms there were enough
To make the proudest, stoutest nature quail ,
But his was that indomitable stuff
Which could not, would not, dared not fail.

“ And when he moved against opposing wills,
The right, at least to him, was clear and plain,
And firmly rooted as the granite hills :
Conciliation tried her wiles in vain.

“ He would be master in his own domain,
And King he was, a veritable Czar,
Who treated threats with haughtiest disdain,
Nor shrank from any consequence of war.

“ Yet he was kind, and drew the wayward heart,
In love, respect and wonder, to his own,
And with such skill instruction did impart
That none but idiots could resist his tone.

“ His exposition was so clear and full,
And with it blent such passion for the theme,
And such forbearance, that the dullest dull
Were borne along in Learning's limpid stream.

“ The memorizing process he abhorred ;
'Twas his to train the faculties in thought,
And not in gathering up a useless hoard
Of useless facts with incoherence fraught.

“ He dug deep down into the Classic mine,
And fondled lovingly its treasured wealth,
Firm in belief that by this honored sign
The young would surely march to mental health.

“ With this and Mathematics in their hand,
He led his votaries to the shrine of Thought,
And bade them there that discipline command
Which he deemed could with nothing else be bought.

“ Yet varied was the diet which he spread,
Presenting all with most consummate art,
And ever striving intellect to wed
With pure ambition and a cleanly heart.

“ No task was e'er imposed beyond the power
Of willing industry with ease to do ;
But learned it had to be within the hour,
Without excuse of any shade or hue.

“ And study was so intermixed with play,
Which unconstrainedly pursued its course,
That none could justly cry the master nay,
When he demanded all the reason’s force.

“ He was himself a lover of the sport
That sent the blood all tingling through the veins
And often to the campus would resort,
To feel its pulses and receive its gains.

“ He held his sway without a break or flaw,
Even when drinking at that joyous fount,
And in disputes inexorably saw
Justice dealt out to each with fairest count.

“ In regulations sensibly precise,
He parceled every moment to its deed,
And in adjustment was so wisely nice
That Labor spent itself on every need.

“ He sternly, rigidly maintained the law,
With no abatement, and no mercy shown
To those who pleaded with excuse of straw,
Or those who set their will against his own.

“ He owed no debt to others for his rules ;
His methods and his schemes were his alone ;
Within himself he fashioned all his tools,
And sat upon an unfamiliar throne.

“ He never sought advice, nor could he bear
The slightest interference with his plan,
Nor change his course so much as by a hair,
For love, esteem, or fear of any man.

“ Austere he was not, and was only stern
When dereliction met him face to face ;
And though his wrath did then relentless burn,
It quickly passed, and left but little trace.

“ Life meant to him perpetual, earnest work—
Uncompromising warfare on Pretence ;
And woe to that poor wretch who dared to shirk,
Or slumber in the arms of Indolence.

“ His grasp was firm on all he undertook ;
He saw his way as clearly as the sun ;
Convictions formed he never once forsook,
And things to do were things already done.

“ For slipshod, scrappy, half-done work, he had
Disgust immeasurable and supreme ;
He knew no middle way 'twixt good and bad,
And carried thoroughness to an extreme.

“ He had no vain ambition to bestride
The universal ; far too well he knew
That this has been, must ever be, denied,
Save only to the world's colossal few.

“ But what he did pretend to know or teach,
He fathomed to its very inmost core,
And ever deeper sank his mental reach
Some well-worked mine still further to explore.

“ Profound, acute in intellectual ken,
He left no problem to his mind obscure,
But wrestled with it o'er and o'er again,
Till it became his property secure.

“ This was the very essence of his rule,
The fundamental law which lifted high
His school above the ordinary school,
Where memorizing cram bids thought [to] die.

“ But while he delved with wonder-working hand,
And gathered treasure in abundant yield,
He may have lacked at times the full command
Of that nice tact which governs, all concealed.

“ And yet his government was firm and sure,
And modeled perfectly in all its parts ;
It knew no variance for rich or poor,
And won the homage of all honest hearts..

“ He was not versatile, nor could he be,
With such devotion to a single aim ;
He kept the narrow road, nor bent the knee
Before the shrine of either gain or fame.

“ The social walks of life he little knew,
Although in any place he was at ease ;
There was so much of pressing work to do,
He had no time the multitude to please.

“ In truth, he lacked the inclination ; he
Had naught to ask of favor or reward,
Content to let Appreciation see
Success from which he could not be debarred.

“ He followed God the Presbyterian way,
But fooled not splitting theologic hairs ;
Loving to read his Bible, and to pray
That Heaven would keep his feet from hidden snares.

“ He made no quarrel with his brother's creed,
Nor sought to woo that brother to his own,
Well satisfied that others should proceed
Their several ways to the eternal thorne.

“ No sham, no show was his ; but simple, true,
In all relations of his long career ;
With more than love—with reverence—we strew
The laurel on his unpretending bier.

“ Such was the master, who for forty years
Ruled o'er these academic shades supreme ;
And looking backward thro' our falling tears,
How grand, how beautiful it all doth seem !

“Grand as a temple, whose majestic dome
Floats proudly in the empyréan air ;
Beautiful as thoughts which to the suppliant come
When rising comforted from healing prayer.

“We see the master here year in, year out,
Moving e’er forward to his chosen aim,
With fervid earnestness unvexed by doubt,
Or chilled by ignorant, ungrateful blame ;

“Toiling and toiling with persistent love
To train the mind and elevate the soul,
And making this a consecrated grove,
With names of thousands on its golden roll.

“This was the lesson he so nobly taught—
A lesson we should write for youth to view,
And firmly fasten to their inmost thought—
That Life is nothing save as we may do ;

“And do with that consuming earnestness
That bates no jot though lions choke the way ;
That pants and thirsts for thoroughness,
And higher, higher grows from day to day ;

“That nobly seeks those well-considered ends
Within the capabilities’ best scope,
And every force of mind and body bends
Untiringly, to realize the hope ;

“That reckons Character the all in all,
And counts as dross the babblements of speech,
Save as with fullest knowledge it may fall
The words of wisdom and of love to teach ;

“That marches bravely on, and scorns to weep,
Though every passage-way be trebly barred,
And finds at last the solitary steep
Where Virtue, smiling, waits with her reward.”

W. Speed Stephens, cashier of the Central National Bank of Boonville, has caused a memorial tablet, with the following inscription, to be placed on the walls of the church where Mr. Kemper worshiped:—

“ Placed here by one of his endeared pupils to the
Memory of

F. T. KEMPER,

Long a useful Member and honored Elder in this Church.

Born Oct. 16, 1816, he died March 9, 1881.

“ He lived the sentiment of his own words, ‘ It is accordant with my experience, with common sense, and the Bible, to seek first the Kingdom of God, and to do this with daily persistence and growing zeal.’ ‘ The memory of the just is blessed.’— Prov. 10 : 7.

Thus has the patient, earnest worker been crowned on earth. As “ they had finished his crown in glory, he could not stay away from the coronation,” and so has passed up to hear, “ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ”

APPENDIX.

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

" I LOOK upon your sons, sir,
And your daughters, fair and gay,
And I ask myself this question—
‘ Would I change with him to-day—
I, who laid my household darlings
‘ Neath the emerald sod to rest ?’
And my heart instinctive answers,
That ‘ whatever is, is best.’

" I shall never feel the pride, sir,
It is true, that stirs your soul,
When you see your sons promoted,
And their names on honor’s roll !
When you see your daughters courted
For their elegance and grace,
Making home a ‘ bower of beauty,’
And a real resting place !

‘ But I have the sweet assurance, sir—
A sealèd book to you—
That my dear ones ‘scaped all trial,
With their years so bright and few ;
That my boys have been promoted,
And my girls learned grace and love,
Through the teachings of the angels
In the ‘ better land ’ above.

" And I have the sweet assurance
That temptation ne’er can come
To the tender, untried spirits
Of my children in their home.

* This chapter was written by Mrs. Kemper.

No, I would not call them back, sir,
Even could they come to me ;
Yet I hope, by grace, to dwell with them
Through bright Eternity."

LEWIS TAYLOR, our first-born, on whom our affections and hopes were so strongly centred, was taken from us at the interesting age of six years, six months, and six days.

He was born in Hinsdale, N. H., among the granite hills, at the home of my own childhood, and was six weeks old before his father saw him. He was thought, when an infant, strikingly like his father, and through his brief life seemed anxious to copy him in habits and appearance. He would often tell me that strangers would say they knew whose boy he was, he looked so much like his father ; but he was very apt to add, " Father thinks I will be a taller man than he is, and will know how to ride horseback better than he does."

At the age of three months we took him to his Grandma Kemper's, in Madison County, Virginia, and thence to our home in Fulton, Missouri. Although the weather was very warm, he gave us but little trouble, and seemed to improve in his health. Soon after our arrival in Fulton, at the age of five months, he was consecrated to God in baptism. The Rev. W. W. Robertson officiated, who remarked at the time, as did several others, how thoughtful and attentive he seemed to be, as though he understood the meaning of the ceremony.

When seven months of age his nurse let him fall against the stove, and he was so badly burned that for several weeks he required sleepless attention.

We sometimes thought he was less patient and amiable through life on account of this severe burn. Quite a scar remained under his left jaw; but he often said, "When I am a man as large as my father, my whiskers will hide this scar."

Before he was two years of age his brother Eugene was born. The two boys, though differing widely in disposition and looks, we fondly hoped might be reared and educated together. But God's ways are not our ways, and we know they are better taught in the school of Christ, and happier, than we, with all our love and tenderness, could possibly make them.

Once, as their father had them encircled by his arms, one upon each knee, he said, "Eugene is a sweet, happy boy; I seem to have no fears about his future life. He will be contented, happy, and useful in any situation in which he may be placed. But Lewis is less happily constituted. He will require careful training and unremitting watchfulness over his earlier years, or he will fail of accomplishing the good he might do, and of securing his own highest happiness. I am always feeling anxious about Lewis, but Eugene is ever a sunbeam. I can see no clouds upon his pathway."

A few weeks afterward, when our dear Eugene was transplanted to a fairer clime, I regarded his father's words as prophetic, little dreaming that, after the discipline of a few years, and when he was becoming to us all that our fondest hopes could wish, Lewis too, our first-born and first-loved, would join his brother and two little sisters in a world of unfading beauty.

When Eugene died Lewis was quite unwell, having a difficulty with his throat that bore some resemblance to that fatal disease, diphtheria. He was not, therefore, permitted to attend the burial, so that his brother's death made but little impression on his mind, although he talked a great deal about his brother in heaven, and and "brother Genie's" playful remarks and cunning ways were often the subject of his conversation.

In the month of March, 1861, I came to our farm in Cooper County with my two children, Lewis and Ida, leaving my husband in Fulton. There Lewis had great enjoyment, and rapidly developed into a strong active boy, fond of noise and boyish sports, and anxious to learn to ride horseback and drive the wagon. He also had a strong, unyielding will of his own, and sometimes required severe punishment to make him understand that he *must obey* without questioning my authority. Once, when I told him that he must not dispute his mother's word, he replied, "But, mother, you 'pute me." This greatly amused his father. Gradually however, that self-will disappeared, and in the latter part of his life he seemed anxious to do exactly what he knew would please his parents.

When four years of age he learned his letters in a few days, but was so much interested in farming operations he soon lost his interest in learning, and did not enter school until past five years of age.

In the fall of 1861 we returned to our old home in Boonville, and his father appropriated one hundred dollars (which his Grandfather Taylor had sent for his name) to buying him a pony, and, when he

could ride well, a saddle and bridle. At first he rode behind his father, as his pony was quite wild. But very soon he ventured alone, and, although it ran away with him several times, he manifested no fear, but guided it with all the skill of an experienced horseman.

Once he was on his pony's back, while it was walking about the yard eating grass. I happened to be standing near him, with my baby Julia in my arms, when Ambler (the pony) walked under the clothes-line and caught Lewis by the neck. I seized the bridle to turn him back, but he had taken but one or two steps backward, when to my horror I discovered my little Ida had followed me, and was so near the pony that another step in that direction would trample her under his heels. In my fright I dropped the bridle, and committing my little ones to our Heavenly Father, I closed my eyes for a moment that I might not witness the inevitable death, as it seemed, of one of my children. But not another step backward, and dear Ida was safe. Then whirling around toward the only side where he would not get entangled in the clothes-line, at the first bound he threw Lewis on the ground. I picked up the dear boy, badly frightened, but, with the exception of a bruised and bleeding neck, unhurt.

He met with so many narrow escapes from death that I began to lose my anxious fears for his safety, and to feel as though I had assurance from my Heavenly Father that he would not come to his end by accident. But perhaps I felt equally certain that he would long survive both of his parents.

A sensitive, retiring boy, who scarcely dared to

look toward or speak to a stranger, yet he was possessed of true courage, as the following incident will show. We had occasion to send him with a package of letters to an opposite part of the town. He rode his pony, and fastened it outside of the yard, taking his riding whip in his hand. As he opened the gate, two fierce dogs rushed out toward him, barking furiously. But he never quailed before them. For fixing his eyes upon them and brandishing his riding whip before him, he walked resolutely forward. Some young ladies from an upper story were watching him, and knowing that the dogs were really dangerous, rushed down the steps to his rescue and met him at the door. His pallid face and tremulous voice told them too well that he himself realized he had been in great danger. One of the ladies, in telling me of it, pronounced it an exhibition of true heroism.

Lewis witnessed the death and burial of his two little sisters, and a dread of the grave and of dying seems never to have been effaced from his mind. To me it has always been a source of sorrowful regrets that I did not labor to remove that dread. He would sometimes say, "Mother, would you feel very bad if I should die?" After assuring him that I would be greatly distressed, I would turn his thoughts from such subjects by saying, "I think the Lord will spare your life, and you will grow up to be a man."

Lewis entered the Sabbath-school as one of my pupils, committing to memory every week one verse from the Bible. He also studied Scripture history, and manifested much interest in this exercise. He could not be called a child of religious sensibilities,

but he was capable of deep emotions, as this incident will show. He had committed some offence that called for punishment. His father took him into another room for correction. When he returned his face expressed an agony I had never witnessed before, and throwing himself into my arms, he wept aloud. It was some time before he could speak, and his first words were, "Father didn't whip me, but he prayed with me;" and he then burst into a fresh torrent of tears. I could with difficulty soothe or quiet him. Long after his eyes were closed in sleep, he continued to sob and moan.

In the fall of 1862 he entered school, and had then forgotten his alphabet. But he made very satisfactory progress; and, although exhibiting no precocity of intellect, we could thank God that he had a sound mind and a vigorous, well-developed body, and had high hopes of his future. The employment of his time in school and the development of his reasoning powers combined to render him much more tractable and sweet-tempered than he had been in former years. When consulting him in regard to his wishes or employments for a leisure hour, his usual reply was, "I will do anything you wish me, mother," or, "I will do what you think is best for me."

During the vacation of 1863 another child was born, and Lewis became the constant companion of his father, accompanying him in all his rides and walks, and a portion of the day sitting by his side and reading from some new books his father had procured for him from St. Louis. He acquired a knowledge of objects that few children of his age

possess; for in his rides with his father he learned the botanical names of plants, the names of trees and uses of their wood, and observed the clouds and the stars.

At that time my baby was so delicate that my time and thoughts were constantly occupied, and I had little care of Lewis. He entered upon his second school year the middle of September, and seemed to be interested in his studies and making commendable progress. But he did not like mental arithmetic, and I was soon satisfied that it was not best to pursue that study, and persuaded his father and teacher to let him drop it until he was older. At this time he made frequent complaints of a pain in his bowels. At first I feared it was an excuse to get rid of school duties, but after watching his case I was satisfied there was some serious cause of complaint. I consulted a physician, who seemed not to know what could cause these sudden attacks of pain. As he was well enough to go about and play all the time, and had a good appetite, I soon ceased to be uneasy about his case.

In October, when Shelby's raid was made into the State, his pony and new bridle were taken. It seemed a crushing weight of sorrow to him. But it was only a short time longer that he needed any of the objects that afforded pleasure in this life, for his brief day of earthly existence was drawing to a close.

About the first of November one of our boarders was taken sick with what the doctor called an ulcerated sore throat. Mary, a little black child about ten years of age, was often in this boy's room as a waiter. On the 10th of November she was taken ill

with what we supposed was a chill. Lewis was in the room where she was taken sick one or two hours that first day. The next morning I found Mary in a dying condition, and was with her so constantly all day that I scarcely saw Lewis. But in the evening, while Mary was dying, Lewis walked in with his books, and said, "Mother, I was sick, and asked cousin William to excuse me. My throat hurts me right here ;" and he put up his hands on both sides of his neck.

I was alarmed, shocked, and it seemed as though a mountain load of calamities was coming upon me. Although poor Mary was so near her end, I could not stay, but took my dear boy by the hand, and told him we would go to the doctor. When I reached the office I found the doctor had moved to another part of the town. As I was carelessly dressed, I began to reason in this manner: "I am too easily alarmed; Lewis has never been sick, and there is no particular disease prevailing in the community. Mary's disease was congestive chill, and she had no trouble with the throat. Lewis talked so sweetly as I was leading him down the street; he is not very sick, and the doctor might laugh at my foolish anxiety if I should go to him. So I will return home, and if my boy is sick in the morning, I can then send for a physician."

Upon our arrival home Mary had ceased to breathe. Lewis seemed very comfortable, so that he ate a light supper of crackers and tea. I bathed his feet and put him in bed. But I soon perceived that his face was very red, and during the night he had a burning fever, so that he scarcely slept at all. In the morning he was more comfortable, so that I did not send for a

doctor until after dinner. In the mean time some of the family said there were several cases of scarlet fever in town, and suggested that Lewis might have that disease. But I was still so confident that my first-born, ever so vigorous and active, could not have any alarming sickness, that I treated the suggestion with contempt.

After the doctor examined him carefully, he turned to me and inquired if I had noticed the eruption upon his chest. I replied, "Yes, and I supposed it was a favorable indication." He shook his head and said, "He has scarlet fever." The announcement overwhelmed me for a moment, and I said, "Oh, doctor, how can I bear it!" Lewis noticed my troubled face, and, as soon as the doctor left, inquired the name of his disease. I had no hesitation in telling him, for he had never heard of it before. He then asked, "What did you cry for, mother?" I replied, "I was so distressed that my dear boy was so sick." He then said, "Won't you pray for me?" and a few minutes afterward, "If I die, I hope God will take me to heaven."

He had medicine to take often, and some of it was very bitter. When his fever was raging high he would refuse to take it. Several times he was held while it was poured down. I have always regretted this course; for whenever I would take time to reason with him, he would act nobly and take it cheerfully.

The second night he said, "I'm going to heaven. It's all bright there. I see so many pretty birds." His fever was so high I do not know that he realized what he was saying. A few weeks before his illness

he had thoroughly committed to memory the Lord's Prayer, having been taught it by his father. I was greatly comforted to hear him repeat it often, with his eyes closed, not knowing that any one was listening. Verses of Scripture and a little speech called "The Boy and Lark" were frequently repeated. Once he said to me, "I wouldn't tell a lie, not for all the world." One day his father said to him, "My poor boy! how gladly would I take your place and suffer for you and let you run about;" when he meekly answered, "I rather it was me." When we would tell him we were sorry for him, he would say, "I am sorry for you, too."

When he had been ill about a week we thought there were signs of improvement, and for one day we considered him better. But during the night the pain in his bowels returned, and the next day there was partial paralysis of one half of his body. They called it inflammatory rheumatism. He seemed in so much distress that his frequent exclamations were, "Oh, mother, I'm so sick! Oh mercy, oh mercy!" One day when I had labored in vain to relieve him of pain, and he saw how distressed I was, he turned to me and said, "I love you so much, mother; and I love father too;" and then added, "If I die, won't you pray for me?"

At four o'clock on Sunday morning, Nov. 22, 1863, his stomach rejected the medicine he was taking. I was startled at this symptom, and then listened attentively to his breathing. I soon came to the conclusion that our darling boy would not remain with us long. It was the first time in all his life that I had a serious thought of losing him. The agony

that was crowded into those few hours of watching his every look and movement can never be described. Why had I been so blinded as to think that disease and death were many years distant from a body so strong and vigorous, and a spirit that had known no sorrow or sadness? Oh, how bitterly I thought of many neglected opportunities of instructing him about heavenly things! But God was good to me, far beyond my deserts, in giving me some comforting testimony, that his lone passage through the dark valley was cheered by a Saviour's forgiveness and smiles.

About eight o'clock he seemed to awake from a sleep, and said, "Some one is knocking at the door." I replied, "No, my son, you were dreaming;" but his father sorrowfully added, "Yes, death is knocking for our boy." He then asked to have his face turned to the wall, and pointing up said, "O look there, see, see! It's all bright there; don't you see?" and we could only hope that he had glimpses of heaven. For a few minutes he lay perfectly quiet, and then said, with great clearness in his tones, "I'm going to die to-night;" but turning to me, with a distressed face, added, "It's all dark in the ground." I tried to explain to him that he would not be in the ground, and that heaven was all bright and beautiful. He then asked, "Will you die, mother?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Will father die, too?" Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, were there, and he asked, "Will Mr. Lawson die? Will Mrs. Lawson die? Must all our boarders die?" After telling him that every one must die before they could go to that beautiful world where God lives, he expressed a desire not to be separated from his father

and mother, and that they might go with him to heaven. Soon after he uttered this remarkable prayer, "Lord, forgive me for Jesus." As this was not a portion of any of the prayers he had been accustomed to repeat, we regarded it as an offering of saving faith, and could almost imagine the reply of our Saviour to be, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

His stomach now rejected the cold water that was so grateful to him. In unspeakable agony we were compelled to listen to his cries, "I'm so thirsty; wouldn't water white as snow do me good? I'm so cold, can't you warm me at the fire?" I could only reply, "My precious child, we cannot help you, but will pray to God to take you soon to that bright world, where you will never be thirsty or cold any more." His consciousness was perfect to the last; for when asked who was giving him wine in a spoon, he looked up and feebly said, "Aunt Bessie." As he looked around upon the boys, his father asked him who it was at the foot of his bed and in a voice still strong but expressing intense suffering, he answered, "Richard Gentry." He then closed his eyes, and, after a few gentle breathings, at about two o'clock, P. M., without a quivering muscle or a sigh, our darling first-born passed away from earth.

"Our embraces will be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet."

EUGENE ALLISON, our second child, was born in Fulton, Mo. At his birth he was called a beautiful, happy-looking boy, and throughout his brief life retained that joyous disposition that endeared him to

his parents and interested all who saw him. At the age of five months he was consecrated to God in baptism. The minister, the Rev. Mr. Robertson, was much affected during the ceremony; for, as he raised his hands to implore the divine blessing upon the consecrated little one, the dear child reached out both hands, and clasping a finger of the minister in each little hand, he firmly retained his grasp and gazed into his face until the prayer was ended. Mr. R.'s eyes were filled with tears as he spoke to me and said, "Your child has deeply interested me."

When one year of age he was very ill with pneumonia, and for several weeks we considered him on the verge of the grave. But he seemed to perfectly recover his health, although quite delicate during the heat of summer.

He seemed by nature to be a devotional child, for among his earliest plays was an imitation of his father's singing, reading, and praying at family worship. When a blessing was asked at the table, he placed his hands upon his plate and bowed his head reverently upon them, and without ever being taught to do so. The first time he saw his brother Lewis kneel to repeat his evening prayer, he came also to kneel by his father. Although this was long before he could talk at all, he never failed after this to kneel down silently, while his father repeated his evening prayer. Some time before his death he was able to repeat his prayer himself.

His gladsome nature bound him with strong ties to his father's heart. Several times I heard him say, "Eugene has such a joyous nature, he will be happy anywhere. I seem to have no fears about his future."

After his second summer he developed rapidly, talked very distinctly, and grew fleshy and rosy with health. A short time before Christmas his father bought him a pair of little boots. These greatly delighted him, and seemed to inspire him with such a feeling of manliness that he wished to walk out alone; and when he fell down he would not cry nor ask for help.

At the commencement of the year 1861 a deep snow had fallen, followed by warm and melting weather. Eugene could with difficulty be kept in the house. Thinking his boots a good protection, I allowed him to run out, and the wet snow and damp atmosphere implanted a disease that quickly ended his life. One night I was awakened by a peculiar cough, which corresponded with the description given me of the croup. In alarm I got a light, but found him sleeping soundly. As he did not cough again, I supposed there was no danger. The next morning he was playful and apparently well. As the snow was all gone and it was a bright day, I took him by the hand and walked in the grove close by the house, he all the time prattling sweetly about the trees and the bright sunlight.

The next day was the Sabbath. He was still hoarse, but was very quiet, and seemed to wish to sleep in my arms. During the night there was considerable difficulty of breathing. The next morning I sent for a doctor, who looked at him anxiously and shook his head as he said, "It is a bad case of croup." This disease was entirely new to me. He seemed so comfortable I felt no alarm until evening, when his breathing became very labored. About ten o'clock, as I gave

him a drink of cold water, he could scarcely swallow it at all, and I was convinced he must soon leave us.

His father and myself watched alone with him all night. Every hour we expected his struggles and sufferings would end, but toward morning he became easier, and slept sweetly for several hours. About ten o'clock his dying struggles commenced, and his father held him in his arms until twelve o'clock. January 15, 1861, his little spirit returned to its home in the skies.

“ God gave—He took—He will restore—
He doeth all things well.”

IDA WEBSTER, our third child, was born at Hook Nook farm, Cooper County. A few weeks after her birth she became so delicate for want of proper nourishment that I weaned her from the breast and fed her with cow's milk. This kept her quite delicate in her early infancy; but before she was a year old she had become quite a healthy, fleshy child. At the age of fourteen months another daughter was born. From that time the sisters were so blended in their lives and death that their history will be related together.

JULIA STRONG was born in Boonville, and was a fine-looking, healthy baby, and during her brief life of nine and a half months was a happy, beautiful child.

Dear Ida was so grieved to be turned off to a nurse, who had known her but a few weeks, that my affections seemed called forth with double strength toward her. To this day, I do not think any one of my children seemed dearer to me.

After the Christmas holidays one of our boys returned with the measles, and exposed our entire fam-

ily to this disease, which at that time was prevailing with fatal results. Ida was the first one to take it; and having a cold and cough at the time, pneumonia and measles were combined. The doctor pronounced her very ill the first time he saw her, and for some time we thought her recovery doubtful. Julia did not take the measles, but she never seemed quite well after her vaccination.

As the spring came on, I began to feel that my troubles were past, for my children seemed to be doing well and daily developing in interest. Our sweet little Ida won all hearts by her joyous prattle and affectionate disposition. As I turned her off for attentions to my baby, she clung with double affection to her father. He never entered the room without her watching him closely, to see if he would notice her. If he seemed so occupied that he was about to pass her by, she would call out gently, "Papa," and continue calling in louder tones until she received a kiss, or caress, or ride in his arms. She often took a horseback ride with her father, and whenever she saw him on his horse, she would clap her hands with delight and say, "There's papa! there's the popo" (meaning pony), and call for her bonnet for a ride.

At the age of seven months she was baptized in Fulton by the Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, and although her earthly stay was as long as Eugene's (they each lacked but a few days of being two years old), I have no recollection of the development of her religious nature. Having turned her off for the care of my baby before she could talk, I do not remember that she was taught to pray, or was instructed in many

things that might have developed her moral and religious nature. But as she was less than two years of age when her brief earthly pilgrimage closed, I have every hope and belief that she was gathered into the fold of the blessed Saviour, and, with the lambs of His flock, roams in the delightful fields and gathers bright-hued flowers upon the banks of the river of eternal life.

When the warm summer weather came on in June, Ida was violently attacked with dysentery, and every remedy was unavailing to check it. I then gave up Julia to the nurse and devoted my entire time to Ida. As I was aware that she was very ill, I watched over her untiringly. After several days the nurse told me that she thought Julia was sick also. But she looked so well I could not realize it, and not until she rejected all food did I obtain medical aid. She was pronounced a very sick child, having the same disease as her sister, with the brain also involved.

This was Friday morning. She lay in her crib most of the day in a quiet sleep, and the next day slept most of the time, with very little appearance of pain. Sunday morning she had an alarming spasm, but the rest of the day and that night still continued to sleep. Early Monday morning she passed into another spasm, and remained in an almost insensible condition until two o'clock of the same day, when the distorted features became still and smiling in the sleep of death.

She had never been consecrated to God in baptism, for we had so much sickness in our family after her birth, there had been no convenient opportunity. I did not realize that she was in a dying condition

until a few minutes before the spirit left its house of clay. The sweet little one had known no sin in her brief life of nine and a half months ; and among the spotless lambs who have been tenderly folded in the bosom of the Saviour, methinks we shall recognize our sweet Julia when with us "the toils of time are past."

At that time I knew *Ida* was very low. It has always been my conviction that if her stomach had been allowed rest, instead of ice-water, beef-tea, and other drinks, she might have rallied. But God, the wise disposer of all events, saw fit to afflict us more severely, and the mistakes, if made, were a part of His plans.

At night I laid down and slept soundly, in confident expectation that she was better, and that by resting I could do a better part by her the next day. It was four o'clock on Tuesday morning before I wakened and went to her crib. Her breathing was greatly altered, and I then knew that she too must die. The shock was great indeed. I had been so encouraged to think she was better, and she seemed so very dear to me, I hardly knew how life could be borne without her sweet society. I walked the floor in an agony that could hardly be endured, and I fear there was no spirit of submission to God's will.

At the time *Julia* died, on Monday evening, she seemed perfectly conscious, knew all the strange faces about her, affectionately kissed her father when he asked her, and was able to say "Rock a tee top." This was her saying through her sickness, whenever she was in much pain—alluding to a lullaby song, and meaning that she wished to be rocked in her crib.

But on Tuesday morning she was past all recognition of even those most dear to her, and in spasmodic struggles and labored breathing she lingered until eight o'clock. I was thankful at last for her sufferings to be over, and her wasted little form laid by her sister.

They were laid side by side in the same coffin, forming a striking contrast: Julia in all the fulness of form and beauty of a sleeping infant, and dear Ida with sunken eyes and hollowed cheeks, and upon every wasted feature the imprint of intense suffering. Rev. H. M. Painter officiated at their burial.

Blessed babes! we miss you sadly, and though

“ We cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee.”

WALTER EDWIN, our fifth child, was born August 15, 1863. Although at first a healthy, quiet baby, for want of sufficient nourishment, or by being fed improperly, he became wasted in flesh and very fretful. Then medicines were administered, and he still pined away. So I became satisfied that he could live but a short time unless there was some change. He was still in this condition, at the age of three months, when Lewis was attacked with scarlet fever. By advice of the doctor I sent him to his Aunt Bessie, five miles in the country, concluding that weaning might be of advantage to his health. It was reported to me that he improved rapidly on his new diet.

The day after our dear Lewis was laid in the grave I hastened to my only surviving child, expecting to find him much improved. But he had taken a serious cold, and I found him in an alarming condition.

I determined then to put him back to the breast, and he soon recovered from his cold. He continued quite delicate, however, until six months of age, when he became able to take some solid food.

As spring dawned he took great delight in being out in the open air. He learned, when his father took him in his arms and approached the outside door, to shout with delight at the prospect of going out of doors. He early betrayed the propensities of a boy, in his fondness for noise and rough plays. The alarm-clock in our room interested him, and by signs he was constantly begging his father to open the clock. At its ringing, rattling sound he looked intently at the clock. When it ceased, with an exclamation of delight he would hold out his hands and ask to have it repeated. Such sounds to either of our little daughters when of his age would have caused the quivering lip and cry of distress. At such an early age in all of our children were developed the tastes and habits of the different sexes. He was inclined to be wakeful at night, and he interested himself greatly in the shadows on the wall, and would utter a cry of delight as he reached out his hands to grasp his own shadow.

The severe cold he contracted when three months of age seemed to have weakened his lungs. Several times in the spring he was strongly threatened with pneumonia, but escaped serious attack. My feelings in regard to the child were, I will watch him so carefully and constantly that he cannot contract disease or die. I should rather have committed him to the care of my Heavenly Father, with the knowledge that He only could preserve him from danger and death.

On the first day of May, 1864, we took him to the church, and he was consecrated to God in baptism by the Rev. James Morton. It was a solemn occasion to his parents. The recollection of our departed ones, who had been consecrated in a similar manner, was vivid in our minds. As the earnest prayer was offered that he might be spared a blessing to us, and grow up to years of usefulness, our feelings were, he must be spared, we cannot live without him.

On the 24th of May I had been in the house the greater part of the day, and toward evening went into the garden for exercise. The gardener had brought home some cabbage-plants, and feared he had so many that he could not get them out before dark. I offered to assist, and also proposed taking one of the dining-room servants. On going to the house I found all were busy, as it was nearly time for supper. Mary Turner, the nurse, who was an experienced and careful English woman, was preparing the baby's supper. I suggested that she leave the baby to play with the black children and attend to the dining-room. But with my usual solicitude, that no harm should come to my only child, I took him from the bed and placed him on the floor with the children, remarking at the same time, "He is safer there." I turned to take a parting look, and, with an admonition to the children to let nothing harm him, I gazed with fond pride upon his bright rosy countenance—alas! to see him no more until in the agonies of death.

His position on the floor was such that he could catch hold of his nurse's dress while she was walking about in the kitchen, and once as she turned quickly

she pulled him over and hurt his head. To quiet him, she took him to the dining-room, placed him in a high chair at the table, and gave him some plaything. Immediately after she took a pitcher of boiling water, and, in her haste and entire lack of thought, placed it near him and left the room. In a moment more its entire contents were poured over his body. His nurse, hearing his screams, took him to the kitchen, and the cook, finding his clothing saturated with hot water, poured cold water over him and then began taking off his clothes.

I was called from the garden, and reached him before the clothing was all removed. I shall never forget the look of imploring agony he turned upon me, as he heard my voice. But a mother's love and her efforts to relieve the torture of a hundred deaths were powerless now. As his clothing was removed, nearly all of the skin over his chest and back also came off. Even the soles of his feet peeled off when his shoes and stockings were removed. It was probably two hours after the accident before the little tortured body was fully enveloped in bandages of linseed oil and lime-water. He then passed into a sleep from which he never woke again on earth.

He breathed all night with closed eyes and motionless form. As day dawned there were a few spasmodic struggles, and our beautiful, sunny-haired boy, our only child, had his sweet face composed in the sleep of death. Very lovely he was in the robes of death, for his burn was entirely concealed, and no disease had wasted his form. Even the fearful agony of a few hours' duration had failed to rob his face of the smiling peace that a ransomed spirit imprints when it leaves its abode of clay.

“ Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright ;
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight ;
Shall love with weak embrace
Thy upward wing detain ?
No ! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.”

THEODORE, our seventh child, was born June 6, 1866, and after a suffering life of five months also left us for a home in that world where pain and anguish are unknown. He was a fine, healthy babe, but in my anxiety that he should continue well, I procured a nurse whose milk did not agree with him. So many changes were made to add to his comfort, that his stomach became incapable of properly digesting any food.

We named him Theodore (gift of God), thinking, as so many of our children had been taken, that God had given this boy as a special blessing and comfort. But more appropriately had his name been Benoni (the son of my sorrow); for a sad, sad life was mine from the time of his birth until his wailing voice of distress was hushed in death. I think that I failed to put my trust in God, but felt that this only son *must* be spared, and toiled for it and tried expedients, without looking for help from my Heavenly Father.

After his death I had very rebellious feelings, and thought: God has not been a merciful Father in sending this affliction. For here have been *five months* of my life—a period of great bodily and mental suffering, of impatience and sleepless anxiety, of utter neglect of my family and family duties, of inability

to assist my husband, or to improve my mind and cultivate my heart—and now the child is gone ; the brief life that never knew any comfort or happiness in earthly existence is prematurely cut short—and what does it all avail? I felt tempted to believe that no God of wisdom and love ruled such a dark, sin-blighted earth as ours, and the gloom of despair was settling down upon my mind.

But this state of mind could not last long, as health and reason would soon have given way in this resistance of God's sovereignty and goodness too, in His dealings with the children of men. I began to say, Perhaps God has afflicted me in this way to teach me that I must trust Him more fully, so that when the trial comes I can say, "Just and right are all Thy ways, O Lord God of Hosts," and "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," knowing well that the light of eternity would make plain all the mysteries and dark providences of my earthly pilgrimage.

I hoped and believed that long ago I had acquired this childlike trust in my Heavenly Father. But when the trial came, I found that I had leaned upon a broken reed, and there was no peace to my troubled spirit until I could say,

"Subdued and instructed at length to Thy will,
My hopes and my wishes, my all I resign ;
O give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine."

FREDERICK WILLIAM was born September 29, 1869, and died August 22, 1876.

Freddy was a delicate child from his birth, and continued so until past his second summer. When

just two years old, as he was getting quite strong and healthy, on the last day of October, his sister Stella poured some poison in his mouth. He was then so near death that his pulse and breath were gone.

He was very affectionate, but timid with strangers ; happy in the society of his father, but when in trouble his place of refuge was in his mother's arms. He loved all of his sisters, but especially Stella. When she was away he would seem lonely and lost ; when she would return, he would go into a transport of joy.

He had a soft, fair skin, and when two or three years old would have made a beautiful picture with his curling golden hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes. I was anxious to have a portrait painted of him, but his father thought it would be encouraging too much pride in his looks.

At an early age he developed a boy's nature in love of climbing and noisy sports. He also loved work, and had a great deal of system in his habits. He had, perhaps, the most affectionate disposition of any of our children. He was fond of caresses and of pets. When walking past houses where there were birds in cages, he would stop to admire them and hear their songs. A dog was his special delight. The last six months of his life, a fine Newfoundland that Mr. Castleman gave him was his constant playfellow. In being allowed to make a selection of toys for himself, he chose a little jewel box, on the top of which was a carrier pigeon, with its packet tied around its neck and its wings spread in readiness for its long flight.

He dearly loved music, and could sing very well

nearly all of the Sabbath-school songs. In secular music his favorites were of a plaintive, emotional character. When Rev. John G. Fackler was visiting us, he said, "I can see that boy has the greatest amount of energy in his composition just by the way he walks. He has the regular Kentucky stride." He was easily aroused and thrown into a passion, but was very soon penitent, and used to say, "I would never do wrong, if I could stop to think." When he was about five years old, we told our children that we preferred being called "father" and "mother," and to the day of his death he used these names, while the older sisters could not remember.

He seldom neglected his morning prayer. Indeed, whatever he made up his mind to do, he would seldom neglect. He took great interest in learning the Child's Catechism and his Bible verses, and was very thorough. The particular Scripture texts I cannot remember, except in a few instances: Eccles. 9:10; Prov. 21:23; Ps. 119:105; Prov. 16:32; and James 4:14. He had learned about two thirds of the Catechism.

During the summer of 1875 I had an irresistible desire to go to the farm, and have no one but my own family about me. I longed for a closer contact with my children. While there, Freddy learned about fifteen verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew, besides single verses in other places and several hymns. While there, Thompson McKenny, a Choctaw youth, took Freddy with him about a mile distant to his work. As I expected him to be absent but a short time, I passed hours of agony, until in the dim twilight a form was seen coming across the field, and Thompson was bearing him on his shoulders. I felt

like the mother whose boy had been taken by the Indian chief as a pledge of confidence, when she saw his return, laughing and toying with the heavy plumes that drooped upon the chieftain's brow.

For two weeks before the close of the school session in 1876 he was coughing quite hard at night, but he seemed well and active in the daytime. He took much interest in the speaking of the schoolboys, and would go by himself to repeat portions of their speeches. He expressed a desire to speak before the public, but I told him he was too young. I think he was a natural orator, for he would repeat all of his Bible verses and hymns as a declamation. He learned all of the 24th Psalm, and his tones grew eloquent with a full understanding of the grandeur of the theme. I could hardly realize that it was a child's voice repeating the lofty strains, "Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory." Whenever he heard a poem that pleased him, he would have me to read it over, one verse at a time, until he knew it perfectly. In this way he learned, "Woodman, spare that tree," "The Old Arm Chair," "Give me three grains of corn, mother."

In anticipation of my going east during the vacation of 1876, some one of the family said, "Freddy won't be satisfied to have you leave him, he is such a pet." Looking quite thoughtful, he turned to me saying, "Won't father be here?" I answered "Yes," and he added, "Of course I can stay here with father." When I told him I should not go until my children were well of the whooping-cough, he said, "O you needn't stay for that, for I won't give any trouble."

He had contracted fresh cold from an exposure to rain in one of our trips to the farm, and had been weakened by bleeding at the nose. He did not therefore go to church on Sunday, June 18, but studied the Catechism and learned James 4 : 14. While I was resting to recover the loss of sleep I had incurred the past few days in nursing Susie, Freddy put the room in nice order, sweeping and dusting it. When I awoke I complimented his neatness, and he proposed that I should sit in a low chair while he brushed my hair. This was his last labor of love for me ; for on the morrow he was laid upon a bed of suffering, from which he never arose.

When he first waked Monday morning his head was aching. I told him to lie in bed, and I would have his breakfast brought to him. But with his great energy and love of early rising, he dressed and quietly slipped out of the room. At 10 o'clock he came in sick, his hands and feet quite cold. Soon a fever came on, and he passed into a quiet sleep. He roused partly, and went into a severe convulsion. The next day he seemed to have two chills. We gave him a heavy sweat to prevent a third. This weakened him, and that night he was very ill, the brain being threatened with congestion. His fever continued until the tenth day. At the end of the third week the doctor thought him convalescent, but in danger of a relapse and of serious trouble from his bowels, should they become involved.

He was very patient, and well pleased with the ladies who helped me to nurse him. He was particularly fond of Mrs. Woolfolk. When she came, he would tell me that I might go and rest. When there were

watchers in whom he had less confidence, he would say, "You may lie down on the bed by me and sleep."

Once he said to the doctor, "Do you want to know how to make the children good?" When the doctor assented, he replied, "You must keep them off the street and put them to work."

He now had two days of comparative freedom from pain. On the Sabbath he sat up a long time in a rocking-chair, listened with interest to the reading of the Bible, talked with his sisters, and in the evening sang in a loud, clear voice with Stella and myself his favorite hymns: "There is a land of pure delight," "Shall we gather at the river?" "Let us cross over the river," and "Jesus loves me."

About midnight, however, his pain returned, and before morning it was evident that his bowels were seriously deranged. This day was one of great suffering, and that night it seemed to me that he could not possibly recover. I felt a strong desire to talk freely to him of death and the heavenly home during this weary week of suffering, but I feared he was too weak to attend to any subject requiring thought. Very often, however, the feeling of his danger would so overpower me that I would say, "My dear boy, you are so sick I fear you can never get well. Do you feel willing to die, if it is God's will?" Always very clearly and calmly, he would answer, "Yes." I would then add a hope that he would get well, and talk of something he must do, at soon as he was able. I took advantage of his most comfortable hours to read portions of God's Word, and I would repeat verses that he had com-

mitted to memory. He always seemed very attentive and thoughtful, but seldom made any remark. Indeed, he talked very little during his sickness.

The fifth week wore away with the same sad suffering. The sixth week came, and we were gladdened by the return of Miss Annie McCutchen and Grace, from Brownsville, and it was about the only smile that had been upon his face when he greeted them. Annie brought him some choice candy and a ball. Mrs. McCutchen supplied him with handsome boxes. Aimée Gauss gave him a box of fancy crackers. All these he arranged nicely, and for many days took pleasure in looking them over. He never asked to taste of them. Mrs. McCutchen also filled for him and marked with his name a dozen small glasses of blackberry jelly.

He had been fed upon milk, although for some time he had craved solid food. The milk now disagreed with him. In trying other kinds of food, we did him harm, and he was growing worse.

He was very much attached to Misses Annie and Maria McCutchen. He was so happy to have Miss Annie with him, that he scarcely wanted my care, and the dear girl will be fondly and tenderly associated with all my recollections of his brief life.

This week we changed his room, which was very agreeable to him. Mrs. Bowman, who had had much experience with this kind of sickness, came to see him. Her advice and help gave me encouragement. On her second visit she brought Freddy a tame pigeon, a pet, eating out of their hands and perching on their shoulders. Being quite young, it had not been accustomed to going outside of the yard. The dear boy

held it in his hands, smoothed its soft plumage, spoke loving words to it, and then asked me to put it upon the window-sill, where he could look at it. The outside door was partly open, but Mrs. B. said there was not the slightest danger of its leaving the house. For a moment only it rested upon the window, then it flew out of the open door upon the roof of the house, and then away, away, we could not tell in what direction and was never heard from again. The tears came into Freddy's eyes as he saw it leave. We were so confident that it would return that Freddy crumbled a piece of bread to be ready for it. But when hours and days passed, he began to be resigned, and we diverted his attention to other things. Was this an omen that my loved one was about to plume the spirit's wing for a heavenward flight?

He examined a croquet set, which his father bought, but I could see that he was losing his interest in games and sports. He could hear the blows of the mallet and his sisters' voices, but he expressed no desire to be with them. His dog, too, his special pet, he scarcely noticed now. But his interest in everything connected with the Sabbath-school did not abate. He often asked about the verses and the catechism, and said that his class would be far ahead of him. One day, when suffering greatly, he said, "Mother, I know you can't help me, nor the doctor, but the Lord can." I said, "Yes, for He died to save you," and he added, "I know He did, 'the painful and shameful death of the cross.'" His desire was very strong to attend the Sabbath-school picnic, and he even wanted to walk there. But at this time he was wasted almost to a skeleton, and we had to work with him very

carefully to avoid giving him pain. In thinking of his extreme weakness, he was convinced that he could not walk, and was pleased with the suggestion of riding down in his sisters' carriage. When Wednesday came he realized that he could not be out of bed, and said, "I did not think Thursday would come so soon or I would not have asked to go to the picnic." I felt thankful that a rain on Thursday caused a postponement, as it lessened his disappointment.

The seventh week he took the silver coins we had given him, and put them in the case of his grandfather Kemper's silver watch, which his father had given to him. I hung the watch near his bed. But with his usual carefulness, after a day or two he concluded it would be easy for a thief to steal his money, so he got Miss Annie to buy him a bank. One day, counting the silver pieces, he said, "I am going to use a part of this to mend my valise, and take half to the Sunday-school." But I said, "If you should not get well, shall I send it all for the heathen children?" He answered thoughtfully, "Yes." I added, "What shall I do with your other things?" At first he said, "I don't know," but afterward added, "Give my toys to my sisters."

I had borrowed a half dollar of his money, and, having no silver to replace it, borrowed two quarters from one of the servants. He did not enjoy this, and said those quarters were not really his own. As his father did not go to the bank that day, he sent for the servant, and said, "Mary, I want you to take your money, for father forgets to get any out of the bank, and I rather go without any than to have borrowed money." After this his money was replaced, and he was satisfied.

There was little improvement the eighth week. As, however, the doctor said he was doing well, his father on Wednesday went to Saline County. This trip had been delayed several weeks by his sickness. In a day or two he was better, and had one very comfortable day. I noticed, however, that Dr. McCutchen was watching him with unusual care. His soundest sleep had usually been early in the morning, but now at the earliest dawn he would awake and gaze very thoughtfully and quietly out of the window, and ask me to take him up in the rocking-chair. As this was the time of the night I slept most soundly, I would only waken enough to ask him if he could not wait a while. So thoughtful was he for my comfort that he would remain perfectly quiet. How much I would give now to know what were his thoughts in that quiet morning hour!

One evening this week there was a severe thunderstorm and a crashing peal of thunder. This greatly frightened me, because I thought it would be a shock to him; but he looked up at me with the greatest serenity, not speaking, but expressing wonder that I should be afraid. The latter part of this week our German gardener stuffed some of Freddy's old clothes with hay to make a scarecrow. It was quite comical, and would have drawn from him a hearty laugh in health, but when held before him he looked at it quietly, without a smile or remark. The next day, however, he expressed a desire to see a pretty calf that we had at the stable.

The ninth week came in its weary round. I remember very little of this last Sabbath. My usual custom was to read short chapters in the Bible, to

repeat verses he had learned, and sometimes to sing the songs he loved best. That night I plainly saw that he was not so well. It was due to improper diet. I was so troubled that a change for the worse should result from neglect or improper nourishment that I was obliged to go into some place of solitude to gain composure. I walked the room in feverish excitement. But when I knelt to pray for the dear sufferer, the torrent of passionate rebellion gave way, and there followed a great calm. I rejoiced in a perfect trust in God's power to heal and bless. I then thought this peace was an assurance that my boy would get well. I went back to his room and found him quiet and serene under dear Annie's soothing attentions. After this I interested myself, for the first time since his sickness, in the garden and in seeing visitors, to whom I talked cheerfully of Freddy's recovery. I promised him that I would take him to the country as soon as he was able to ride. He talked cheerfully with Annie, who propped him up in bed that he might cut out pictures from a paper. He wished her to make a bag for his marbles, and told her that he could fan himself and keep off the flies.

That night he rested quite well and at the first dawn of day he called me, saying, "Father is coming home to-night, isn't he?" I answered, "Yes; and he will be so disappointed that you are not yet able to ride out with him." Quite early he asked to sit up in his chair, where he remained longer than usual, looking thoughtfully out of the window. After a while he said that he was cold, and I put him back into bed, never dreaming that the chill of death

was creeping over him, although I knew there was something unnatural in his desire for hot drink. My dear friend, Mrs. Judge Smith, came to see me, and I think she tried to give me a warning. I told her I felt perfectly reconciled to God's will, but all the time I felt that his life must be spared.

About noon I sent for the doctor, as his hands were cramping. About two o'clock there was a twitching of the muscles of the mouth and a rolling of the eyes. When I asked him a question he failed to reply. Then, for the first time, I realized that he would die, and told him so. But his ear was already unconscious of earthly sounds, and his eyes had no recognition of his dearest friends. I could not look upon his face now, so I buried mine in the pillow to hide from my sight my darling's dying agony. Just then his father entered the room, expecting to greet his boy, greatly improved, but alas, to be met by the mute circle of weeping friends. The eye that would have beamed so brightly, and the heart that would have bounded joyously to welcome the father he loved so well, had now no consciousness of his presence. I once more tried to gain his attention by telling him his father had come, but it was too late, and we could do nothing but wait in silent agony the slow hours of fading life. He breathed quietly for an hour or more, and then, when the sultry August sun went down, without a quivering muscle the spirit returned to God who gave it.

I could do no more for my precious darling. The sleepless nights and anxious days were past. Leaving many kisses on the sealed lips, still warm with departing life, I left him for other hands to compose

his wasted body for the grave. An hour afterward, when I looked at him, the glorified spirit had imprinted the smile of heaven on the pale face. "Death could not steal the signet ring of heaven." On the afternoon of the 23rd of August our kind friends assembled. Rev. Dr. Gauss, who had been the faithful teacher of our dear boy, comforted and strengthened our hearts with precious promises of God's Word; and the hymns, "One by one we're crossing over" and "There is a land of pure delight," were sung. Then the precious dust was laid away until the resurrection morn.

I feel that there will be a dark shadow over all the rest of my earthly pilgrimage, when I recall my loss and his great suffering. There will doubtless be times, when I see an aged father bowed down with grief because of a prodigal son, or a youth while in a career of sin, cut off suddenly, that I shall thank my Heavenly Father that my boy went safely home before he knew but little of earthly sorrow or sin.

To Miss Josie Pinnell, his faithful Sabbath-school teacher, I feel under a great debt of obligation, for the dear boy's interest in his hymns and verses was chiefly owing to her happy manner of imparting instruction. She also ministered to his comfort many of the weary days of his sickness. Mrs. Woolfolk was with us many nights, and he always seemed more comfortable under her soothing attentions. Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. Digges, Miss Mamie Brewster, Miss Sallie Edwards, Miss Nannie Lionberger, and others are held in grateful remembrance. Miss Birdie Brent made a wreath of geranium leaves and fragrant white lilies to lay upon his coffin. Miss Mamie

Brewster supplied rare and beautiful flowers to wreath his cold, pale brow. Miss Helen Spahr very kindly made a pin-cushion for me from the material left of his burial robe. God grant that all these kind friends, with the parents and remaining children, may be of the number of whom it shall be said,

“ Servant of God, well done ;
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.”

Lines written by Horace A. Hutchison, Esq., one of the old pupils of the school, on the occasion of Freddy’s death. They are beautiful.

“ LITTLE FRED,

ONLY SON OF F. T. AND SUSAN KEMPER.

“ IN MEMORIAM.

“ LET the stars shine on his grave
 In their brightness.
 Let the lilies o’er him wave
 In their whiteness,
 For the beauty of the star,
 As it glimmers from afar,
 Is not purer in its light,
 Nor the lily in its white,
 Than the spirit of the loved one
 When from earth it took its flight.

“ Oft the tear of grief will flow
 When we’re thinking
 Of the bitter cup of woe
 We are drinking ;
 And we feel that it is best
 That our little ones should rest
 In the loving arms of God,
 While we ‘ pass beneath the rod,’
 Ere they feel the hand of sorrow,
 Or in paths of sin have trod.

" Though his voice we may not hear
 In its gladness ;
 Though we weep beside his bier
 In our sadness ;
 Yet the tears of love we shed
 For the gentle spirit fled
 Will alight on memory's flowers
 Like the dew upon the bowers,
 To refresh and keep them blooming
 Through the dark and lonely hours.

" From the weary world below
 Early taken,
 From the touch of sin and woe
 To awaken,
 Where the tear may never start,
 Nor temptation try the heart ;
 By the shining, sinless shore,
 With the dear ones gone before,
 He will wait for other loved ones,
 Till they cross the river o'er.

" Boonville, Mo., Sept. 1876.

These verses were written by Mrs. Alice M. Painter, the accomplished and excellent wife of the Rev. H. M. Painter :

" TO MY BEREAVED FRIEND, MRS. S. H. KEMPER.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING THREE LOVELY SPRING VIOLETS ON THE
THREE GRAVES OF HER CHILDREN.

" I stood beside the spot of earth
 Where my heart's treasures lie ;
 I could not keep the question back,
 Why did my darlings die ?

" I hushed it as a feeling wrong—
 This tumult now within—
 Because to murmur, O my God,
 I felt 't would be a sin.

“ ‘ God gave, He took, He will restore,
He doeth all things well ’ ;
And gratitude’s the feeling now
My stricken heart doth swell.

“ Grateful to God that He doth find
Me worthy of His love ;
That He has called my little ones
To dwell with Him above.

“ Lonely I am, and often sad,
And sometimes even sigh—
Sigh to break up this house of clay
To go to them on high.

“ I turned to go, I could not stay
Longer in this loved spot ;
Life’s duties hastened me away,
For they are not forgot.

“ Upon those tiny heaps of earth,
So precious in my sight,
I found three violets blooming
To fill me with delight.

“ Part of their precious dust they seemed,
Fit emblem of the three ;
And whilst I viewed the beauteous flowers,
Their forms I seemed to see.

“ Bloom on, ye gentle whisperers, bloom ;
Ye bring me tidings sweet ;
From out these heaps my babes shall spring ;
In heaven I will them meet.

“ Beside this spot I watch and pray,
And hope and trust till life is o’er ;
For well I know that each loved babe
I’ll meet where parting is no more.

“ May 27, 1864.

A. M. PAINTER.”

Notes and Corrections.

—:0:—

Page 76—Rev. W. H. Parks is authority for the statement that a gentleman, now living in the neighborhood of Marion College, was originally called by his father, "Tooth and Toe Nail against Marion College Johnson." This was afterward shortened to "Tooth and Toe Nail;" then to "Toe Nail;" and finally to "Tony."

Page 92, line 14, "highest" should be "high."

Page 134, line 9 from bottom, "Crippled" should be "hindered."

Page 142, line 1, "Obedience" should be "Obedient."

Page 143, line 11 from bottom, "were" should be "are."

Page 260. According to Fontana, Italian Grammar, page 119, the phrase, "Dolce far niente" means "It is sweet to do SOMETHING." Nevertheless English usage justifies Webster in giving it in our language the opposite meaning.

Page 296, Before "Latin Course" insert:

SENIOR CLASS.

"1. Cicero's Orations (Harkness); Ovid's Metamorphoses (Hanson and Rolfe); Virgil's Aeneid (Hanson and Rolfe); Latin Prose Composition. 2. Xenophon's Anabasis (Boise); Homer's Iliad (Boise); Greek Prose Composition (Jones). 3. Geometry, Trigonometry and Surveying (Davies), with use of surveyor's Transit, Compass and Plotting Instruments.

"Side Studies.—Double Entry Book-keeping; Speaking and Composition; Greek Testament (Owen's Acts); Church History; Vocal Music; Drawing; Tracing Constellations.

Page 302, "equalling" should be "equaling."

Page 310, line 9, "exercises" should be "exercise."

Page 339, line 3 from bottom, "overnice" should be "over nice."

Page 346, line 9 from bottom, "son" should be "Son."

Page 368, line 16, "Men talk" should be "Men may talk."

Page 392, line 9, "mightier" should be "weightier."

"Practice," noun and verb, should be so spelled.—Webster.

Worcester and Webster both prefer "a humble" to "an humble."

"2d" and "3d" should be "2nd" and "3rd." This innovation is not approved.

Dates should be written regularly with cardinal instead of ordinal numbers.

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