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WALTER W. MOORE.

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A Sketch of His Life and Achievements.

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Walter W. Moore was born at Charlotte, N. C., June 14, 1857. He was a descendant of sterling Scotch-Irish strains. His father was Isaac Hudson Moore, a grandson of Alexander Moore, of Lincoln, who, together with three brothers, one of whom, John, attained to considerable military distinction, fought through the whole of the war for American independence. Walter W. Moore's mother was Martha Parks Moore, a woman of uncommon mentality and high moral and Christian character, eminently worthy to have such a son. She was left a widow with three children, two sons and one daughter, when her second son, Walter, was only six years of age. She struggled bravely to bring her children up to be honest, useful and honored Christian citizens. Thus we find that between 1869 and 1875 she taught a mission school at a salary of \$20.00 per month, meantime had her eldest son, Charles C., in employment in a book store at \$12.00 per month, had him and Walter serve also as carriers of the morning Charlotte Observer for three years, 1868-1871, at \$1.00 per week each, had Walter working in the afternoons three hours a day folding pages of the "Land We Love" a magazine published by General D. H. Hill, of Charlotte; and yet kept Walter in the school of the Rev. R. H. Griffith and Captain Armistead Burwell.

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Son Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Saviour, our Divine Redeemer. In consequence, Dr. Moore always handled the Bible with the most thoroughgoing reverence. He not only felt himself that he was on holy ground, but he also succeeded in imparting this same feeling to his every student. Dr. Moore was one of the most reverent of teachers.

6. There was the *vital* character of his teaching. Doubtless the hundreds of his students still living and scattered abroad will readily recall characteristics of Dr. Moore which have not been recorded in this brief appreciation, but enough have been recorded to prove beyond a doubt that Dr. Moore could not have been other than a most vital and outstanding success as a teacher of "the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ". He was a faithful man who was able to teach others also the things which he had heard and felt about Jesus among many witnesses. And all over the South and across the seas on the foreign field there are literally hundreds of ministers of the glorious gospel who not only thank God that he counted them faithful and put them into the ministry, but who thank him also that in their preparation he gave them the enduring benefit of sitting at the feet of this most vital of teachers—Dr. Walter W. Moore.

A MAN SENT FROM GOD.

BY REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D. D., LL. D.,
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Dr. Moore was my favorite professor at Union Seminary. It was in the good old days when Union was still holding its seat of power at Hampden-Sidney and Hampden-Sidney was a little heaven of culture and inspiration safely and serenely removed from the unholy tumults of a money-mad, ambition-led world.

It was to this little Hampden-Sidney Eden that Dr. Moore came to teach Hebrew my first year as a theological student.

He was scarcely older than the young men he taught. There was about him a charm of personality, a gentle dignity, an almost girlish timidity, a humanness, an originality of thought, a richness of scholarship, and a quiet spiritual power that captured and gripped the men he taught and held them in an almost idolatrous admiration through all the years that followed.

From the first his students were fascinated by his work in the class-room. Under him Hebrew ceased to be dull. The hours of recitation passed all too quickly. As an extra, Dr. Moore gave a course in the Gospel of John. It marked an epoch in the institution. It was the talk of everyone on "the Hill". Those who were privileged to attend that course under the matchless teacher, who seemed himself another gentle St. John, got a new vision of "The Man and the Book". As I look back over the years, that course stands out prominent above all the instruction I have had in the Bible.

Dr. Moore was intimate without being familiar in his relations with the students. It was not an easy thing to achieve. We felt free to go to him with any problem, and we could talk to him without reserve, but our respect for him was profound. I have never heard his name used lightly in jest, and even a criticism would have been set down as sacrilege or marked the critic as a fool. The young women at Hampden-Sidney called him "the Greek god", and he was handsome enough to deserve the title; but to his students he was "a man sent from God".

With all this he was full of the most delicious humor and as delightful a comrade as could be found. No one enjoyed a good joke more, and he enjoyed it on himself as keenly as on another. One summer we were both in a party climbing the long, rough trail to the Calloway Peak of the Grandfather. Dr. Moore wore a Prince Albert coat, and when I called his attention to his ministerial garb in those wild surroundings, and wagered that it was the first time in human history that the trip had been made in that outfit, he laughed immoderately.

I was honored, along with some others of his students, by being a groomsman at his wedding. It took place in the old Moravian Church at Salem. His bride will tell you that there was never such a lover, and we who stood with him at the altar

will testify that there was never lover more gallant nor one who had a loftier sense of the sanctity of the marriage hour.

I was a member of the Synod of Virginia when the final vote was taken to remove the Seminary from Hampden-Sidney to Richmond. There had been agitation for some time. It was Dr. Moore's dream, but the removal was bitterly fought by the college and by its President, Dr. Richard McIlwaine. Dr. McIlwaine had made an able and what seemed to many a convincing speech before the Synod. Dr. Moore must answer. Could he stem the tide of opposition? The fate of the Seminary hung on that hour. He realized it, and as he arose to speak it was easy to see that he was laboring under tremendous emotion. With evident difficulty he controlled himself.

In a low voice he began to sketch the history of Israel from its obscure beginnings, through its wilderness wanderings, during its sheltered years in a country providentially fitted to shut in and separate from the rest of the world, in order that there a chosen people might be developed and trained for a world career, which Christ ushered in when he tore down the barriers and sent his apostles out on their great missionary adventure.

The word painting with which this was done was unsurpassed. The members of the Synod sat spellbound. They had forgotten the controversy in hand. They were swift away with this matchless vision of the Redeemer's kingdom. Then suddenly the scene was shifted and all that the speaker had been saying of Israel and the kingdom was fitted to the Seminary. In a few brief phrases its story was sketched from a modest beginning through a period of sheltered and retired development, through hardship and privations, until at last the hour was striking to move out and on.

When the vote was taken it was practically unanimous for removal, and from that day until the hour his great soul went home to God Dr. Moore has been the animating presence of Union Seminary. He decided its policies, he secured its resources, he incarnated its ideals. If one should ask for his monument, it is there.