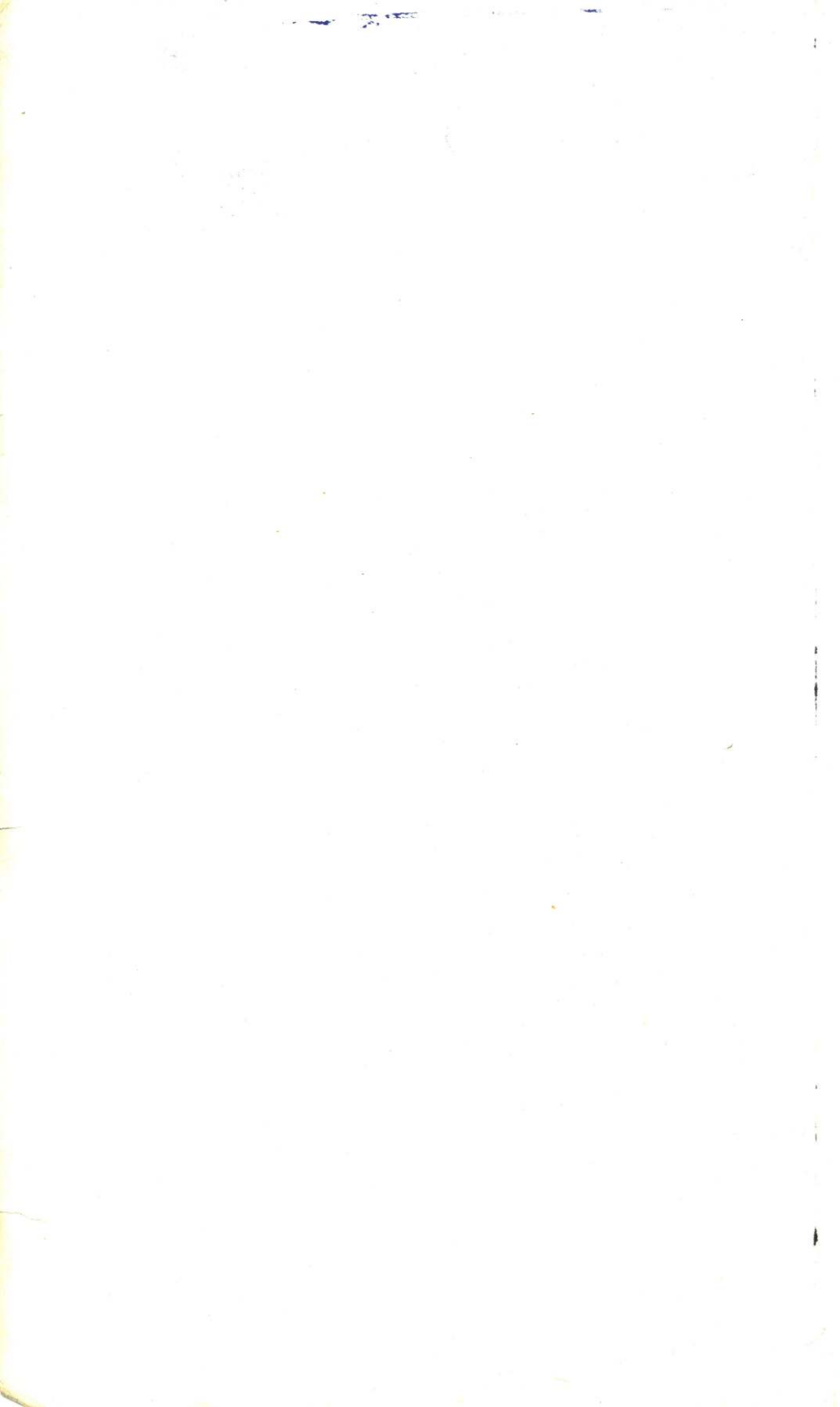




In Memoriam.



ADDRESS

OF

REV. H. W. BIGGS,

Commemorative of the Life and Labors of

REV'D JAMES R. MOORE,

DELIVERED AT

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA,

Wednesday Evening, October 4th, 1865.



MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

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ADDRESS.

“THE noblest renown is posthumous fame, and the most refined ambition is the desire for such fame.” True, he that labors to attain it merely for its own sake rises but little above the grovelling crowds who seek to perpetuate their memory in palatial mansions, or in the possession of earth’s sordid gold. But he who feels he must live for immortality, and would make that immortality a boon to his fellow-man by consecrating it to God’s service and glory, is the best, and truest type of manhood.

To such purpose none but Christians can live; to such honor none other can attain; and even among them, but few really achieve a large measure thereof.—The pathway to the highest pinnacle of such fame is that which he treads who seeks to make the impress of his own mind on the character of others, who, not satisfied to engrave it upon the *intellect*, seeks to write it in indelible characters upon the *heart*, who so infuses his love of that which is good and great into the hearts of others, that they, emulating his example, shall prove themselves his peers. In a word, the man of educated intellect, who brings that immortal power as a sacrifice to the altar of Christ’s love, forever to be set apart to his service and glory, is he alone who attains the desired honor. And the day that marks the departure of such a man from earth, must ever be dark. Such a day was Monday, December 12th, 1864. Then, all that was mortal of the Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON MOORE ceased to live. The blow long expected, came at last with crushing power. True, no mournful dirges sounded through the land, nor minute guns, nor flags at half-mast, proclaimed our loss. No cities draped in mourning testified the grief of stricken hearts. But as the lightning flashed the sad news, or the mail, with slower step, bore the tidings far and near, in hundreds of hearts might have been found grief too deep for utterance; a more fitting tribute to the worth of him who was gone. Months have rolled by since then; the first paralysis of grief has past; time has cleared away the mists; yet still with tear-dimmed eyes we look up, only to awake to a keener realization of the loss we have sustained. Not yet can we read the Providence—not yet is the darkness removed,—all that we can yet understand is that *He* has left us to return no more. And yet, to one who recognizes the hand of God in all the events of time—who believes that not a sparrow falleth without His notice—there must be some light in the gloom. The emotions must be mingled—thankfulness and mourning must go hand in hand—thankfulness that he lived, and lived to accomplish so much for the good of men, and the glory of God. Grief that he died, and died so soon, at a time when we felt we could least spare him,—when the sphere of his usefulness seemed larger than ever, and the future was so full of promise.

Were we to keep our eye fixed only on his grave, and permit our thoughts to dwell only on the mournful fact that he has left vacant a place that can never be filled, forgetting that it was infinite grace that gave to the church, and to the cause of christian education such a light, we would indeed become murmurers against God, and ready to say that mercy did not reign on earth. The best antidote for such unholy repinings will be a calm and impartial review of his life and services, ascribing them to the grace of God which chose him for so good and great work.

In offering this tribute to his memory, we do not design to hold him up as a man without a fault; nay, it were more than human, if one of so decided char-

acter—of so positive virtues, should have no faults, all the more marked and glaring by contrast with those noble traits which made him so bright a light.—Nor do we suppose that all will agree with us in our estimate of his character. Engaged with such singleness of heart and earnestness of purpose in the great work to which God had called him—bending all energies to the accomplishment of his mission—devoting time, talent, health, and even life itself to that one work—deeming no sacrifice too great for its fulfilment, it were passing strange, if he should not encounter the prejudice and opposition of less earnest and decided men.

He was born in Columbiana county, Ohio, August 20th, 1823, the son of a pious mother, consecrated to God in infancy, and given the name of his pastor.

He determined in early life to secure for himself the advantages of a liberal education, and by untiring energy and industry accomplished his purpose.—With only limited means, he felt the necessity of compressing into the shortest possible time the whole course of study. And it was during these years of intense application the seeds of the disease, which event really terminated his life, were planted. He, however, graduated with honor at Washington College, and spent the next two or three years in Wheeling, Virginia, as assistant teacher with Dr. Scott. These years were, in some respects, the most important and eventful of his life. The child of prayers, and consecrated by the piety of his mother to the gospel ministry, he was not a Christian, and hardly a believer in the Scriptures. While in college, he had read many of the works of some of the most intellectual sceptics, the influence of which in after years he greatly deplored and most earnestly enjoined upon the youth under his care, the duty of avoiding all such literature. It was during his sojourn in Wheeling the Spirit of God came to him in convicting convincing power. He awoke to a sense of his danger and need. He earnestly sought salvation. A mighty struggle ensued. Satan plied him with his former doubts; brought forward his own arguments to confute him—strove long and hard to keep him beneath his own power. He was well nigh driven to despair. Many friends, deeply interested, gathered around him, and sought to lead him to trust the Saviour; but the darkness only grew blacker; the agony more intense, until one night, alone in his room, he felt the question must be decided. Opening his bible, the gracious Spirit directed his eye to the language of Queen Esther when about to present her petition to the King: "So will I go in unto the King—which is not according to law—and if I perish, I perish." Falling on his knees, he adopted the language as his own—ventured into the presence of his Saviour, and found forgiveness and life. He soon after united with the Second Presbyterian Church of Wheeling, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. C. Dickson. An incident which occurred about this time served to deepen his impressions, and confirm his faith. He was called to the death-bed of his most intimate friend, who had lived without Christ.—He listened to the regrets—witnessed the pangs of remorse—and laid to heart the admonitions of that dying friend, and as he closed his eyes, he made a renewed consecration of himself to that God who had so graciously saved him from such woe. It was no half-way surrender, but an entire devotion of himself to God. From his heart went up the prayer—"Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Drawn by a strong sense of duty, he at once gave himself to the work of the gospel ministry, and in the Fall of 1849 entered the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, New Jersey, where he remained three years.

It was here your speaker first met him, and received those impressions of his character and worth, which the intimate intercourse of after years only deepened and confirmed. In his intercourse with his fellow students—in his diligent attention to his studies—in his efforts to do good, he ever manifested the spirit of the Christian. What his hand found to do, he did with his might. He enga-

ged in the Sabbath School work—taking a class in the colored Sabbath School, and occasionally preaching to the colored congregation. He labored earnestly, faithfully, and not without success, for the salvation of his pupils. During one of the vacations in the Seminary, he accepted a commission as agent of the Sunday School Union, and met with his wonted success. Selecting as his field, one of the most unpromising, in which those who had preceded him had accomplished almost nothing, he was able at the end of his term of service to render a most favorable report. But it was by great self-denial and unwearied zeal—devoting his whole heart to the work—walking miles, and oftentimes through stormy weather to meet his appointments, and carry the good news to the destitute and forsaken. Here he began to gather those stars for his crown which in after years were so multiplied. He left the Seminary in enfeebled health, and was licensed to preach, but it was soon made manifest to him, and to his friends, that the Lord did not design him to engage in the work in which his heart was set. He had preached but a few sermons when the disease of his throat and lungs rendered it utterly impossible to speak in public. With a sad heart he turned aside from the ministry, yet never did he lose his love for it; never till the last year or two of his life did he relinquish the hope that God would call him back to it. But God sees not as man. He had qualified him for another work. There was for him a sphere in which he could be more abundantly useful. Providence directed his steps to that profession in which we unhesitatingly say “he had few equals, and no superior.” Believing, that next to the ministry, he could best serve God as a teacher, he devoted himself to that work. The Academy in this place had been established by State patronage. With funds to make it a first class institution it had never risen above the rank of a good common school. In 1852 he was elected Principal, and determined, God helping him, to realize the hopes of its founders. Of his success ye are all witnesses to-day. He seemed at once to infuse his own spirit and energy into all connected with it, until from a common school it rose to the rank of the *best Academy* in the West. Its pupils were multiplied—its fame spread abroad, and from all parts of the land young men gathered to it—the standard of scholarship was raised, and the course of study extended. He allowed no youth to pass from under his care without—to greater or less extent—receiving the impress of his own mind and energy. It was as a teacher he excelled. God had a wise purpose in debarring him from the pulpit. His was the happy faculty of developing all the mental power of the youth. The dullest and most stupid caught the inspiration and vied with others for the honors of the school and the commendation of their teacher. Treating his pupils as men—appealing to their sense of honor—he made them self-reliant and independent thinkers. Firm in the enforcement of the rules of the school, and in the exercise of the discipline, he could yet unbend in the play ground and mingle in the sports of the youth, without losing that respect and reverence.

His knowledge of human nature was most remarkable. He seemed to read the character at the first interview, and immediately adopted his course of treatment. Seldom did he have reason to change it. He made the pupil feel that he was his friend and counsellor; that he was interested in his success, and his whole after intercourse verified the truth of the impression. As a consequence, his scholars were men of mark in all the institutions to which they afterwards went; marked for thoroughness of scholarship, and propriety of deportment, and generally were among the few who received the honors of their classes.

But while developing the intellect, he did not neglect the heart. Believing that the only thorough education which prepared for usefulness here, and glory hereafter, he ever strove to impress upon them the paramount importance of religion. Nor were his efforts in vain. Many, while under his care, learned that better knowledge, and have gone forth as educated christian men,—some to

preach the everlasting gospel, others in the various professions and business walks of life, to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour—and all to that glittering crown of glory which Christ has already placed upon his brow.

Though a man of liberal and catholic spirit, he loved above all others the Church of his choice—its institutions, doctrines and worship were his delight—ever ready to give his time, influence and means for its support and extension.

From a happy experience of more than nine years, your speaker can bear testimony to his zeal and labors: to his earnest and hearty co-operation with the pastor. He ever found him a kind friend, a faithful counsellor, and earnest helper.

His charities were large and unostentatious; a favorite channel through which they flowed was aid to young men in securing a liberal education, and especially when they were seeking the gospel ministry. Though unable himself to preach, he had, ere he died, many to stand for him in the pulpit, and though now his hand is palsied, and his voice is stilled, they live to preach for him Christ and His cross.

In the year 1858, believing that the way was open for the establishment of a Female Seminary in this place, and that the times demanded it, he, with two others, undertook the work, purchased the beautiful and romantic spot where "Woodburn" now stands, and opened the first session in the Spring. Though at this time in feeble health, and already having what most would have considered a strong man's work, he cheerfully undertook the enterprise, and that institution to-day stands a *monument* of his untiring energy and perseverance. The success which crowned his efforts was beyond the most sanguine expectations of his warmest friends. Here, too, he found a field for the exercise of his benevolence.—The want of means proved no bar to entrance into the institution, and many that to-day are enjoying the advantages of a good education, are indebted for them to his enlarged liberality.

But a *monument* verily it is. The labor was more than his enfeebled frame could endure. It soon sank under the burden, and his health failed more rapidly than ever before. Reluctantly he became convinced he must give up his work.—He resigned the charge of the Academy early in 1864, and his strength still failing, in the Fall he gave up Woodburn into other hands.

Had Mr. Moore been influenced by mere worldly motives, other fields of labor were open to him. Several times was he urged to accept a Professorship in College. Positions were offered where he could have won a greater name among earth's great men; but believing that the Lord had called him to this field, he steadily declined all other calls. Had ease been his object, this too was offered, but his single purpose was to serve God, laboring as long as strength was given.

In many respects the closing months of his life were the most interesting.—There was developed more clearly his entire dependence upon God—his unflinching trust in Christ. With strong love for life, he now felt he must set his house in order, for the summons was at hand. And cheerfully did he do it.

In the privacy of his sick room all the softer graces of the Christian were brought into more lively exercise. Though for long weary months laid aside from active life, he never complained: he, that busy, earnest man, uttered no murmur,—though having many ties to life, cheerfully he bowed to his Saviour's will. His sick chamber was a hallowed place. The Bible was his daily, hourly food. Often would he exclaim, "Oh, how insipid, how tame are all uninspired works compared with this!" To him *they* were polluted, muddy streams, while *that* was the fountain of living water. Though for years he had been troubled with anxious doubts, now as he lay waiting the coming of his Lord, they were all beautiful. Fear, care, doubt and anxiety were all gone! Devotedly attached to his wife and children, he could leave them without a tear to the kind care of

his covenant God. To the last divine grace sustained; as the hours of the earthly Sabbath waned, his spirit was pluming its wing for its upward flight.

Calmly, fearlessly he entered the valley, already lighted up with Heaven's radiance. Cheered by the Saviour's presence, without a groan, or gasp, or sigh, the wearied, worn out body laid down to rest, and the spirit, bursting its fetters, soared upward to that Sabbath whose sun never sets, and, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

A RE-UNION POEM.

WOODBURN FEMALE SEMINARY.
OCTOBER, 1865.

BY EVA R. DICKSON.

WHEN partings come to cherished friends,
The only rest 'mid all the pain,
Is in the hope, vain hope perchance,
"Some coming day we'll meet again."

And though that meeting ne'er may come,
Like desert mirage, still in sight,
Yet never gained by weary feet,
The very hope hath its own light.

We parted, too, with aching hearts,
With words of love, with hopes, with fears,
With patient hearts the parting bore,
To some that parting has been years.

For years roll by—we know not how,
So quickly—on their varied way;
Ah! since we last were gathered here,
It seemeth now, but yesterday.

From the Potomac's rapid stream,
Or where Ohio rolls in glee;
From the wild mountains, and high hills,
Or where earth slopes unto the sea.

From village, hamlet, quiet farm,
From the close city's busy hum,
With loving hearts, and wistful eyes,
Back to old WOODBURN we have come.

Are we the same dear friends and true?
Now, as we grasp each other's hands,
And gaze into the shadowy depths
Of eyes that look the soul's commands?

Ah! many cares have come to some,
And many sorrows, sharp and sore,
We cannot look for thoughtless joy,
As in the merry days of yore.

But though some lips have lost their smile,
Some brows are crowned with lines of thought,
The heart is still, dear friends, the same,
We gave each other e'er 'twas sought.

But some are gone—we miss them now
More than we ever did before;
Their feet have left us far behind,
To tread the strands of "Evermore."

One left us many years ago,
 Ere scarce we learned to know her worth,
 At an unlooked-for call she passed
 Up to the Heaven, from the earth.

Another rests almost in sight,
 Slumbering amid her kindred dead,
 For more than two long years the grass
 Has waved o'er that beloved head.

How can we speak of her? What words
 Can fitly tell the love we bore?
 Or that rare mind, and tender heart,
 That all its gifts in meekness bore?

Another, just before she gained,
 Of patient study, the reward,
 'Mid pain and suffering left our group,
 To hear the plaudits of her Lord.

Only a few short months have passed,
 Since by the wild Kanawha's side,
 Another of our sister band,
 In girlish beauty, drooped and died.

We mourn them all, with aching hearts,
 With falling tears from longing eyes;
 Yet *one* great woe o'ershadows all,
 As darkened sun glooms all the skies:

Our master, teacher, father, guide,
 To lofty thought and science deep,
 Has laid his great life-burden down,
 To rest with God, to sweetly sleep.

A life filled up with living deeds,
 With purpose firm, sublime and strong;
 A life this poor world sadly needs,
 To help the right subdue the wrong.

Such life was his,—ah! words are weak,
 Expression vain, and language poor;
 When we essay of him to speak,
 Best to be silent, and endure.

Endure! 'Tis but a little while,
 'Til the bright, pearly gates shall ope,
 And in the far celestial clime,
 Perchance on heavenly hill-side slope—

We all shall gather round once more,
 To him, a saint encrowned then,
 And glorious with the likeness strange
 That sight of God gives mortal man.

For life is short, and Heaven sure
 To those "who trust" with loving heart;
 What matter separation now,
 When soon we'll meet to never part?

—o—

All the familiar places,
 Some tender memories call,
 And we need no Daniel to read us
 The "handwriting on the wall."

Stories of by-gone pleasures,
 Visions of precious scenes
 Linger.—Our hearts are the seers
 Who tell what the shadow means.

All up the sunny Campus,
 In the October day,
 We watch the figures passing
 Busily on their way.

And as the footsteps near us,
A lesson sad we learn,
To watch no more for the coming
Of him, who will ne'er return.

Then in the quaint old study,
We see his vacant chair;
And turn with reverent fingers,
The volumes lying there.

To the words of "the grand old masters"—
To the strains of the classic lyre—
To each is a memory clinging,
Lasting as vestal fire.

Memories how his teaching,
Error and doubts dispelled;
As we listened with eager hearing,
While our minds, entranced, he held.

That teaching! It made us better,
And stronger for the strife
That comes to all as we enter
The battle-field of life.

And from a mythic story,
Or classic legend old,
He brought us a noble lesson,
As from the ore, the gold.

Here, with our school-girl sorrows,
We came to seek release;
And we called the room, like the Pilgrim,
With its sunrise windows—"Peace."

Shadowy forms throng the school-room,
Filling each vacant chair;
We recognize far-off faces,
And the colors they used to wear.

We hear the long-lost voices,
With cadences soft and free;
Can this be only a dreaming
Of things that can never be?

Even the little streamlet
Down in the shadowy glen,
Murmurs of by-gone moments,
And the friends who were with us then.

The brook flows on to the river—
Measuredly now, then fast—
So our thoughts go wandering ever
To the waves of the mighty past.

We part again,—and this meeting
Soon will a memory call;
We go to our different firesides,
To the cares that await us all.

Parting—it may be forever,
Saying a last "good-bye!"—
'Till we meet in the many mansions
Of our Father's house on high.

Let us, dear friends, be faithful,
To the lessons we here have learned;
Mindful, too, of the hours,
When our hearts within us burned—

Never forgetting each other,
So that when life is past,
We may have another "re-union,"
In the better land at last.

