Recollections
AND
Observations
BY
L. L. NASH, D. D.
yours truly,

L. L. Nash
Recollections and Observations

DURING A MINISTRY IN THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, OF FORTY-THREE YEARS

BY
L. L. NASH, D.D.

INTRODUCTION BY
REV. R. H. BENNETT, D.D.
EMORY UNIVERSITY
ATLANTA, GA.

RALEIGH:
Mutual Publishing Company, Printers
1916
DEDICATION

To my wife Mrs. Louisa Taylor Nash, and to my children, Mrs. Rosa Nash Penny, Marvin Wesley Nash, Hugh Wightman Nash, my Daughters-in-law, and my Grand Children, this Volume is Affectionately Dedicated.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Foreword</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. My First Year in the Ministry—Bath Circuit</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Williamston Circuit</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. Greenville and Rolesville Circuits</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Leasburg Circuit</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Stationed in Raleigh</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Raleigh Pastorate Continued</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. Fifth Street Church, Wilmington</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. Fifth Street Church Continued</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. Centenary Church, New Bern—Hay Street Church, Fayetteville</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. Hay Street Church Continued</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. Washington Station</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. Rocky Mount Station</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. Henderson Station</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. A Further Account of Evangelistic Work</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. The Progress of Methodism in North Carolina Conference in Forty-three years</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. Some Thoughts on Evangelism</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. Our Schools and Colleges</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. The Progress of North Carolina in Forty-three Years</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. The Things That Abide</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in November, 1872. At that time I lived in Halifax County, North Carolina, and held my membership at Bethel Church on the old Roanoke Circuit. Rev. Ira T. Wyche was my pastor and Rev. S. D. Adams was my Presiding Elder. I was licensed to preach at the fourth quarterly conference, which was held at a church in the lower part of the county called Smith's Church. I told my pastor that I felt called to the work of an itinerant, and wished to enter the regular work. I knew very little about the polity and workings of the Church, and thought it would be better for me to take work as a supply, if there was an opening. My Presiding Elder thought that the wiser course, and advised me to go to Conference, and get acquainted with the brethren. He said he could give me a charge. I attended the session of Conference in December, 1872, which met in Fayetteville, N. C., Bishop Robert Paine presiding. I was sent to Bath Circuit in Beaufort County, where I began a ministry that has gone on without a break for forty-three years; and I have attended forty-four sessions of the North Carolina Conference consecutively, and never missed but one roll call, and that was caused by the steamer on which I went from New Bern to Elizabeth City in 1895 being delayed by a storm; so I could not get there at the opening of the session.

I propose to tell my recollections of men and things, during a ministry of forty-three years in these pages.

I am aware of the fact, that very few biographies of men are of much interest to the world, and for this reason do not intend to write an autobiography; but to give some
account of the work of the church in the North Carolina Conference during the years I have been connected with it.

I have seen wonderful changes during my life in this Conference. When I entered the ministry, there was not a fine church building in the Conference. There were a few plain brick churches. Edenton Street Church, Raleigh, had a plain brick church; Front Street Church, Wilmington, Tryon Street Church, Charlotte, and a few others, were modest brick churches. All the rest were plain wooden structures, and the Methodists were a plain, pious people.

The War Between the States had left the whole Southland devastated, and during the seven years that had elapsed since the fall of the Confederacy, the work of improvement, and rebuilding had begun. I entered the ministry at the right time to take part in this general upbuilding of Church and State. It is of the times of this renaissance I will attempt to write. I can only speak of a few things, as I have not the time, nor would my readers have the patience to read all, if I should attempt to tell all the events of a very active and laborious life. I have picked only a few things from the mass of recollections to record in this volume, which is written with the hope of doing good.

L. L. Nash.

Hamlet, N. C., 1916.
INTRODUCTION

More than one great man has been credited with saying, "I do not care to read what men have imagined. I like to read what they have done." Nothing will ever be more interesting than human biography. Every true life is great. And every life is true that follows duty and strives to fill out the plan drawn for it by the Infinite Wisdom. Such a life is ever vital with hope, purpose, conflict, triumph. Sobs and song intermingle, but the latter outnumber the former and prevail against them, and by and by the miseries are forever succeeded by the hallelujahs.

John Wesley, Asbury, Coke, all wrote down from day to day God's doings in and for them. Following their example many a Methodist preacher has proved that every man may be his own Boswell. "For the greater glory of God" has been the inspiration of such journals. What narratives are more thrilling than those of the pioneer circuit riders?

Dr. Nash is a modern day descendant of these mighty men of old. He has heard the same trumpet call to which they answered. He has been stirred by the same spirit that thrilled and moved their hearts. And he has sounded forth the same message which has never yet returned unto the Lord void, but has ever accomplished that whereunto it was sent. As one reads this book, he will enjoy its fine flavor and will see that the author has been greatly honored and blessed of God in his work.

The artless simplicity of truth appears in these annals. The record speaks for itself. The book is the modest recital of a triumphant ministry. It will give joy to the many
thousands brought to a saving knowledge of God in Christ through our brother's ministry who rise up and call him blessed.

R. H. BENNETT

Atlanta, Ga.
Recollections and Observations

CHAPTER I.

My First Year in the Ministry—Bath Circuit.

At the session of the North Carolina Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in December, 1872, I was sent as a supply to the Bath Circuit in Beaufort County, North Carolina. I went somewhat like Abraham, not knowing whither I was going. The country, as well as the work of the ministry, was new to me. Having lost my young wife in March, and feeling that I had nothing to live for but to do what good I could, and get to heaven, I was not concerned to know where my work was, or what kind of a charge I had.

After winding up my secular business, and arranging to leave my little girl with her mother's people, I set out to make my way to my field of labor. I arranged with a young man to take me to Enfield, where I was to take the train for Rocky Mount, and Tarboro, but a snow fell the night before I was to leave, and my young friend refused to take me; so I set out to walk fifteen miles over the snow, to get to my appointment in time. I shall never forget that walk. Satan attacked me with all sorts of trying questions. As I walked over the snow carrying my suit case, he said to me: "What a fool you are. Don't you know if God had called you into the ministry, you would not have met with such a disappointment at the start?" I did not know from whom these questions came, and began to feel very much like a fool for starting on such a journey, under such circumstances. But as I walked along, with a heavy heart I began to pray for help; and then Satan made a more vicious attack upon me. He said: "Are you sure
you have got religion; do you know you are a Christian, you who are going out to convert men, are you sure you are converted yourself? This for a little time was a stunning blow; and I felt my sinfulness, and unworthiness more than anything else. But I replied: "If I have not been converted, I have been honestly mistaken; and if what I have experienced of peace with God, is not religion, then there is no religion; and if Christianity is not true, then there is nothing in time, or eternity worth living for. If I am not a Christian, then I will serve God until I am one."

When I came to this determination the clouds rifted. A sense of peace filled my soul, and Satan fled from me. The Spirit of God applied this Scripture to my heart: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." (John 5:4). I tramped on with a light heart until I reached the depot and boarded the train.

I soon reached my circuit, and began to preach, and visit my people from house to house. The work was new to me: I had everything to learn. I studied day and night, and spent much time in prayer for help from God. Wesley's Sermons, Watson's Institutes, Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism were the principal books that I studied. It is my opinion to this day, that there has been no improvement on these great books.

THE OLD TOWN OF BATH.

Bath was the first town incorporated in North Carolina. The location is a good one; it lies between two creeks that come together just below the town. The land is rich, and all crops can be grown profitably. But this town has never prospered. There is an old story told that when George Whitefield passed through Bath, the old Episcopal Church, which is the oldest church in this State, was shut against him, and when he left the place he brushed the dust of his
feet off against it. The Episcopal Church in Bath was built of brick brought from England, and it was erected in 1734. The people there believed the Whitefield tradition when I was sent to that church; but I never had any faith in the story, for the early Methodists were accustomed to having the Episcopal Churches shut against them, and when they went into the fields to preach to the people, they never attacked the church, but understood that the persecution they received was owing to the low spiritual condition of those in authority, and labored to save both preachers and people from sin, and to spread Scriptural holiness everywhere.

Bath had many stories to tell of the pirate, Teach, who was a terror to the people all along the Carolina coast for a time. He made his headquarters in the neighborhood of Bath and deposited his booty there. There were many stories told of his hidden treasure, and many were the excavations made in search of it. But the day came when the career of the pirate came to an end. A lieutenant, Maynard, of the colonial navy, went in search of Teach, and overhauled him in Pamlico Sound, where there was a battle to the death. Teach was killed; his ship and crew were captured and brought to Bath. Lieutenant Maynard cut off the pirate's head and stuck it on the prow of his ship, and sailed into Bath in triumph, very much to the relief of the people. These things were the subject of conversation when I went to Bath.

During my first year on the circuit I had no regular home. I had six regular appointments and preached at several school houses. My circuit was nearly forty miles long. I had a home in every place where I had a church, and would make my headquarters at that home, and visit every place and family in the community. The circuit assessed for my support the princely sum of $320.00, and for the Presiding Elder the sum of $80.00. They generally
paid about $300.00 of this assessment. We had no missionary appropriation either, and the preacher had to get along as best he could on his meager salary. I took the agency for the American Bible Society, and circulated the Scriptures throughout the county, as a means of doing good, as well as to supplement my meager income.

I held several protracted meetings during the year, and saw a number of souls converted; but did not have any extensive revivals during the year 1873.

Rev. S. D. Adams, my much loved Presiding Elder, was a great help to me. He came regularly to his appointments in all kinds of weather, and gave us much encouragement by his preaching and fatherly advice. He was one of the best men I ever knew. He arranged for a camp meeting at Ocracoke in July, and ordered me to go to it. It was my first camp meeting, and the novelty of it made it very interesting to me. I had never been down on the coast; that is, I had never been ashore on the coast: I had been on shipboard along the coast; but there were things ashore that were new to me, among them the millions of sand-fiddlers that scamper around everywhere. After going to bed in the preacher’s tent, the Rev. L. H. Gibbons, who was my bedfellow, asked the preacher stationed there how high a sand-fiddler could climb? The preacher, a brother Maness, answered: “They don’t climb, they go down in the sand.” Brother Gibbons said: “I saw one on the ridge pole of this tent today.” I imagined that the sand-fiddler was crawling on me all night, and did not sleep very well.

We spent a week at Ocracoke, and it was a never-to-be-forgotten experience with me. There were a number of preachers present, and we had three services in the day, and one at night. Old father Henry Gray was there, and preached every day. He was a great man in prayer and exhortation; but was never considered a great preacher. But he had a
reputation for having his prayers answered; and was a veritable terror to evil doers. It is said, he would pray for the death of incorrigible sinners who would not quit their sins, and come to Christ, and the Lord would answer his prayers, and take them away. For this reason the hardest sinners feared him.

On December the second, I was married to Miss Louise Taylor, of Beaufort County, who for more than forty-two years has shared the labors and privations of the itinerant preacher's life with me.

At the Conference held in Goldsboro in December, 1873, I was returned to Bath Circuit for the year 1874. During this year I witnessed my first great revival. I was in a meeting held at Asbury Church, situated five miles from Washington, N. C., I commenced a meeting there on the date of the regular appointment, and preached on until Thursday night, without any visible results. I had about become discouraged, and was determined to discontinue the meeting. I had preached, and called penitents, but no one moved. I came down into the chancel, and commenced to exhort the people, when suddenly the Spirit of God descended upon me, and I spoke as I had never spoken before. Presently the altar was crowded with mourners, and the Christians began to shout, and there was a scene that surpassed anything I had ever seen. The revival began and went on for three weeks, and some hundreds professed faith in Christ, and were thoroughly converted to God. We knew nothing then of the modern revival, and never made the proposition, "If you will accept Christ, give your hand to the preacher."

The revival influence spread all over the circuit; and every church on the charge was blessed with a genuine work of grace. I held a meeting for fourteen days in Bath, and had fourteen conversions. This seemed a small increase after the great revival at Asbury; but the work was genuine, and
the church was greatly revived. There was one old man, who attended the meeting, and had made up his mind to seek religion, but put it off from time to time. I preached from the text, "The harvest is passed, and the summer is ended, and we are not saved." This old gentleman heard the sermon, and decided that he would seek religion the next service; but he was called away on some business, and did not get to the next service, and when he heard the meeting had closed, he concluded that he was lost, and that there was no hope for him. After spending a sleepless night, he came about daylight to the place where I was staying to see me, and to ask if there was any hope for him. The gentleman with whom I was stopping refused to wake me, but told him he would tell me to go to see him when I got up. He did so, and I went to see him and read the Scriptures and prayed with him until he was happily concerted, and that made fifteen at that meeting.

Rev. William Closs, D. D.

Dr. Closs was my Presiding Elder in 1874, and for four years. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. He was a great preacher, and I think upon the whole, the best Presiding Elder I ever knew. He was a true friend to the young preachers on his District, if they showed themselves worthy. He began his ministry on the banks and islands on the North Carolina coast. He travelled a circuit about one hundred and twenty-five miles long, and preached nearly every day, in private houses, and school houses; for he had few, if any, churches to preach in. I heard him say at a Conference held in Raleigh in 1874, that he never saw his Presiding Elder the whole year, and it was the happiest year of his life. When Dr. Closs was seventy years old, I knew him to preach thirty-three sermons in thirty days, and travel every day from
AND OBSERVATIONS

place to place. I heard him preach the thirty-third sermon in Washington, N. C., from the text: "Why this waste?" His subject was the "Value of the Christian ministry." That sermon stands out in my memory today as one of the great sermons that I have heard.

The first time Dr. Closs came to my charge, it was to hold the first quarterly conference for 1874. The conference was held in Bath. He preached at eleven o'clock on Saturday, and announced that there would be preaching at early candle light by Brother Nash. The announcement took me by surprise, and gave me a good scare. I was afraid of what really happened, that Dr. Closs would come out to hear me. There was nothing for me to do but face the situation as best I could. I preached from the text, "Never man spake like this man." I felt that I had made a failure, and was very much embarrassed. When we got back to our room, I made the mistake of apologizing for my failure, and said to Dr. Closs that we young men did not do ourselves justice in the presence of our superiors. He replied: "If you did yourself justice, you did not do your subject justice." I was more embarrassed than ever; but the good old doctor burst into a hearty laugh, and I began to feel that I had his sympathy at all events.

He was my Presiding Elder for four years; and no young preacher ever had a better friend. He said to me one day: "When I am dead, the people will tell a great many anecdotes on me, and make it appear that I was an eccentric old man. I have told you all the stories that are told on me. I do not object to any of them being told, if they are told truly. Do me the kindness when you hear these stories perverted, to give the true version of them." I promised him to do it; and as far as I have been able I have kept that promise. Bishop Pierce told me that "Dr. Closs was
the ablest debater he had ever heard on any Conference floor." He was the quickest at repartee of any man I ever knew. I remember an incident that occurred at the session of Conference held at Greensboro in 1876. Dr. Closs took up an application for deacons orders for a local preacher, Rev. Charles M. Cook, from Washington. He represented the case to the Conference, and concluded with the remark, "It is a perfectly clear case, Bishop, and he ought to have been ordained a long time ago." Rev. R. G. Barrett arose and said: "Dr. Closs, is that my old friend Charles Cook from Warrenton?" Dr. Closs replied: "I don't know, sir. If he is any friend of yours he has not informed me." The Conference roared with laughter, and Bishop Kavanaugh joined heartily in the laugh. Brother Barrett went down as if he had been shot, and made no further inquiry.

The Conference of 1874.

The North Carolina Conference held its session in Raleigh in December, 1874. I joined the Conference at that session. Bishop E. M. Marvin presided. He had more of the unction of the Holy Spirit than any man I ever heard speak. He was a rare man. I did not reach Raleigh in time to be examined with the class for admission, and was examined by the Committee on Wednesday morning, while the Conference was in the first session. We finished the examination and reached the church just before the Conference adjourned. Bishop Marvin arose, after the announcements were made, and sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" to the tune of sessions. I had never heard that tune before, and the unction and power of the Bishop's singing moved me to tears. I looked around and nearly every one I saw was similarly affected. The Bishop spoke on Missions Saturday night, and impressed every one in a remarkable manner. He preached in Metropolitan Hall on Sunday
morning at eleven o'clock. His subject was: "Faithful service, and its reward." He took for his text the parable of the pounds. For one hour and twenty-five minutes he held the large audience spell bound. Everybody I saw was moved to tears. I heard a local preacher say that he was not moved, and I never had as much respect for him afterwards. In my simplicity I could not see how any man could sit unmoved under such a sermon.

Bishop Marvin left the most powerful impression on the Conference of any man who has visited it in my day. He preached the baccalaureate sermon at Trinity College that year from the text: "God is my rock;" and the sermon preached on that occasion was the talk of the State for a great while. I did not have the pleasure of hearing it; and I have always regretted that I did not. I never expect to hear another man possessing so much divine unction as Bishop Marvin had. He impressed the Church everywhere he went in an extraordinary manner, and I suppose there are more men living in the bounds of our communion who bear his honored name, than that of any man who ever lived among us.

I was returned to the Bath Circuit for the year 1875 from the Raleigh Conference. I had extended my work until I had ten regular preaching places, and was getting $500.00 for my services. That was about double what I received the first year. But I needed more, as I had a wife to care for.

On January 18th, 1875, I had a son born to me, and naturally rejoiced in the event. But my wife was sick for some months, and came near dying. I moved to the town of Washington and served my charge from that point. Rev. A. R. Raven was stationed in Washington, and he had lost his wife, and I took the hired house in which he lived and he boarded with me that year. We had a gracious revival in
Recollections

Washington, and I saw many souls converted to God in that town. My wife was sick nigh unto death for some three months, and when she recovered, she lost her sister, her mother, and our little boy (we named him Leonidas Closs), all within a few months time. I do not know how we should have borne up under our troubles, but for the grace of God, and the comfort of religion. I look back to that time, and wonder at the providence that subjected us to such sore bereavement, all in such a short time. But we have the assurance that all things work together for good to them that love God.

The Conference for 1875 met in Wilmington, N. C. Bishop McTyiere presided. That was my first year as a member of the Conference on trial. There was a tolerably large class of us. I cannot recall from memory the names of all who belonged to the class, but W. S. Rone, J. T. Gibbs, N. M. Journey, J. R. Scroggs and several others composed the class. Only three of us, J. T. Gibbs, North Carolina Conference, J. R. Scroggs, of the Western North Carolina Conference, and myself are still on this side of the river. We are growing old, and it will not be long before we shall be called to pass over. May the good Lord keep us safely to the end.
CHAPTER II.

The Williamston Circuit.

I was sent to the Williamston Circuit from the Wilmington Conference. I reached my work very soon after Conference, and found quite a hard field, and much work to do. The old Williamston Circuit had been divided, but I had the following appointments: Williamston, Hamilton, Scotland Neck, Palmyra, Jone's Chapel, William's Chapel and Holly Springs. The circuit was forty miles long, and most of the appointments were on the Roanoke River.

I held revival meetings at every appointment on the circuit, and had some success at every place. I held a meeting at a school house, a few miles below Williamston, where we had fifty accessions to the church, and organized a church that was called siloam. The county (Martin) was largely dominated by the Primitive Baptists, and the people were not generally favorable to Methodism, and did not believe in revival meetings. Nothing very remarkable occurred this year on the circuit.

The Conference met in Greensboro, in December, 1876, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presided. I was received into full connection, and ordained a deacon at this Conference. Bishop Kavanaugh preached a Thanksgiving sermon that was one of the finest efforts ever heard by the North Carolina Conference. No one who heard the sermon will ever forget it. The Bishop seemed to hypnotize his audience. I suppose I was completely under the spell of his magnetic eloquence as anybody; but I was sitting by the Rev. John W. Lewis, one of our old preachers, and Dr. Closs was sitting in the chancel, looking up at the Bishop, with his head turned to one side, and tears running across his nose. Brother Lewis said to me: "Dr. Closs is ugly when he cries,
and he is ugly when he don't cry." That broke the spell on me, and I looked over the congregation, and the people seemed to be beside themselves. Strong men were weeping, and gazing at the Bishop as he soared away on such flights of eloquence as I had never heard. I do not believe that I could have told anything about it, if Brother Lewis had not broken the spell that bound me.

On the following Sunday nearly the whole of Greensboro turned out to hear the wonderful preacher. The house would not hold one-tenth of the people who were anxious to hear. I was among the number to be ordained, and had a chair in front of the chancel. But the Bishop did not come up to expectation, and preached a commonplace sermon. He was not a uniform preacher. He succeeded beyond anybody at times and again preached a very ordinary sermon. I never expect to hear anything equal to his Thanksgiving sermon while I live.

From Greensboro Conference I was returned to the Williamston Circuit, which had been enlarged by the addition of several appointments, which had been taken from the Williamston Circuit and out of which the Greenville Circuit was formed; this circuit was discontinued and the appointments were put back on the Williamston Circuit, and I had twelve churches, and my circuit was sixty miles long. This was in 1877, and the greatest year for revivals I ever saw. We had thirteen great revivals during the year. We began a meeting in Williamston on the third Sunday in January that ran on for thirty-one days through one of the coldest winters I ever saw. But the interest in the meeting was so great that no kind of weather could keep the people away from the church. There were over one hundred and fifty people powerfully converted. Many of those who held to the Primitive Baptist faith were converted; some of whom joined
the Methodist Church, and some joined the Primitive Baptist.

Dr. Closs came to my help, and preached every day for ten or twelve days. He always believed that preaching the gospel and saving men was his principal work. There were some notable conversions in this meeting, among them Dr. Joshua Taylor, a leading physician of Williamston, who was quite a skeptic. He became one of the most influential members on the charge. He was steward and Sunday-school superintendent, and although he had a large practice, he never failed to be at Sunday-school and church. He died young, beloved by all the people.

James Edwin Moore, a prominent lawyer of Williamston, was converted in the meeting. His father was a Primitive Baptist preacher, and he joined his father's church. Some people in the community were so prejudiced against the meeting that they would not go to it, but became so awakened that they sought the Lord in their homes, and were happily converted. It was a great work of grace and revolutionized the community.

The most extensive revival of the year was at Bethel Church in Pitt County. The revival began the third Sunday in August, and the people came for miles around. We built an arbor, and preached under it for three weeks, morning and night. There were as many as three thousand who attended the services, and fully five hundred were converted. At the close of the meeting, I raised two thousand dollars to build a new church there, and we erected what at that time was the best church in the county.

At this meeting people fell helpless under conviction, and some had to be hauled home in this condition. The remarkable thing about it was, those who were most opposed to the meeting were the most powerfully convicted. I remember one old lady who made it a rule to abuse the Methodists. She
came to the meeting out of curiosity, and was stricken speechless, and remained in that condition until she was converted. She joined the Methodist Church and continued a consistent member until the day of her death.

There was a Dr. James, at whose house I usually stopped, who claimed not to believe in the work at all. One night I saw him back in the congregation, and I went to him and asked him to go and examine a man who was strangely affected. He said, "No, I cannot go." I said to him, "I do not understand the case, and I want to see if you can explain it to me." He still refused. I asked him why he would not go, and he said, "I am afraid I shall get in the same fix myself." I could not get him to investigate the case. His wife was soundly converted and joined the church. The doctor was a good friend to me, and subscribed liberally to build the new church, but never gave his heart to God. He talked infidelity until I think he persuaded himself to believe his infidel talk. He was a good-hearted, generous man; kind to everybody, but an unbeliever to the last. His case convinced me that a man may, by persistent impenitence, destroy the work of grace in his heart, and put himself beyond the reach of repentance and faith. He lived to a good old age, and died just as he had lived, with no evidence of acceptance with God, and no hope of a better life.
CHAPTER III.

Greenville and Rolesville Circuits.

After two years of strenuous work on the Williamston Circuit, I attended the Conference in Salisbury, N. C., in 1877, Bishop D. S. Doggett presided. He preached a notable memorial sermon on Bishop Marvin, who died in St. Louis during the session of the North Carolina Conference. I was sent to the Greenville Circuit. This circuit was reformed, and the appointments that had been taken from the Williamston Circuit were again placed with Greenville, and I carried with me four appointments that I had served one year. Greenville is the county seat of Pitt County, and when I went to that charge, religion at Greenville, and the surrounding country, was at a low ebb. There was not a prominent business man in Greenville who was a member of any church. The town was full of bar rooms, and the most of the people patronized them liberally. Profanity and gambling, and all other forms of vice were the order of the day. The town presented a dilapidated appearance; and the only Christian force in evidence was an organization of good women, who labored to keep the church alive, and meet the expenses of religious work by festivals, charades, oyster suppers, etc.

There was no parsonage, nor any habitable house for rent in the town. I found entertainment for myself and wife and little girl in the homes of some members and well wishers to the church. I shall never forget the kindness of these friends. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Cherry, and last, but not least, David Dill and his good wife.

I set about to secure a parsonage. The good women had raised three hundred dollars by their efforts in various ways.
There was a rather dilapidated house that stood on a good lot that belonged to William Grimes of Raleigh, which I was informed could be bought for one thousand dollars. I negotiated for the purchased of this property, and bargained for it by paying four hundred dollars cash, and the balance in two years.

But when the deed was sent down, the lawyer that represented Mr. Grimes demanded the whole amount in cash. I did not know what to do; and in my preplexity I told my old friend David Dill of my trouble. He was the agent for the Old Dominion Steamship Company, and had an office up in the town. When I told him my trouble I was at his office. He said to me, "How much money do you need to get the property?" I told him six hundred dollars. He said, "Wait here until I come back." He went to his house, and was gone for nearly one hour. When he returned he had a shot bag in his hand full of silver, and said to me, "Take this and go and buy your house." I said, "I shall never be able to thank you enough for this; and to secure you I will have a mortgage made to you on the property." He answered: "Fix it up to suit yourself."

I secured the property, and had to spend about three hundred dollars more on the house to make it habitable. With the help of the good women we soon raised the money, and I moved my family into our parsonage, and began four years of hard, but happy, and successful work at Greenville.

Our church in Greenville was in a dilapidated condition. The plastering overhead had begun to fall, and before I could get a congregation to go in the church, I had to have the plastering knocked off. But we went ahead, and soon had a fine revival. There were sixty-six accessions from this meeting; the church took on new life; we made plans for a new church, and Greenville Methodism came rapidly to the front.
We erected a new church on the lot purchased for church and parsonage, at a cost of $3,500.00.

It took some time and great effort to build the church, and when we had it completed, we had a District Conference for the Washington District, at which Bishop W. M. Wightman presided. In all my ministry of more than forty years, I have never attended such a District Conference. The bishop was at his best in the pulpit; the people were full of enthusiasm; and best of all, the Holy Spirit was with us in power.

Bishop Wightman dedicated the church. We had to raise twelve hundred dollars to pay the balance of the cost of the building. This we did in less than a half hour, and everybody was happy over the event.

Rev. James E. Mann, D. D., one of nature's noblemen, was the Presiding Elder; he entered heartily into all my plans and aided me in every way in his power. It affords me pleasure, after the lapse of thirty-four years, to call up the memory of my association with this good man.

He died during the session of the General Conference in St. Louis in 1890. I shall never forget the last time I saw him. I was then stationed in Raleigh. On my way up to Durham from Raleigh, I met him on the train. He was on his way to St. Louis, the seat of the General Conference. He said to me: "Old fellow, I am going to St. Louis, and may never come back. If I do not see you any more, I hope to meet you in heaven." I said to him, "I expect to see you here again." He shook his head and said: "You may not; but St. Louis is just as near to heaven as North Carolina." Before we parted in Durham, he repeated the remark about not coming back, and said again, "St. Louis is as near heaven as North Carolina." It made me feel sad; but I thought it was probably a gloomy feeling that possessed him resulting from leaving home.

But subsequent events proved that his impression was not
caused by the thought of leaving home. He had a premonition of his death. Before leaving New Bern, where he was stationed, he went around and settled all his bills that he owed; and when he was told they could stand until his return, he said, "I may not come back."

Another remarkable thing in connection with the death of Dr. Mann, was told by his daughter, Mrs. Ormand of Kinston. Mrs. Ormand is the wife of a prominent attorney; and at the time of her father's death, her mother was visiting her in Greene County. About the time that Dr. Mann died, his wife sprang up and said to her daughter: "Genie, your father is dead;" and went and fell down on the bed in inconsolable grief. It was twenty-four hours after this before the telegram reached them informing them of Dr. Mann's death. I presume our modern scientists will account for this on what they call "telepathy".

Our Conference met in Charlotte in December, 1878. Bishop Pierce presided. The Bishop, who was one of the greatest preachers of his day, was suffering with a throat trouble that disqualified him for pulpit work. He could preside at the Conference, and attend to all other duties of his office, but his eloquent tongue was silenced by disease. At this Conference the plan for bonding the debt on the publishing house was under discussion. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald (afterwards Bishop), came to represent the publishing house. He was the editor of the Christian Advocate, published at Nashville, and the general organ of the Church. When he made his speech to the Conference, and explained, and advocated the bond scheme to save the house; Dr. Closs opposed the plan, and worsted Dr. Fitzgerald in the argument. Several of the brethren attempted to help Dr. Fitzgerald but Dr. Closs would cut them down with a witticism, and it appeared that he was about to turn the Conference against the plan. Dr. Closs was my best friend, but I
thought he was in error, and I replied to him. It was a hazardous thing for a young man to do, but Dr. Fitzgerald did me the honor to say, that I was his "Blucher that turned his Waterloo into Austerlitz."

After the discussion was over, an old lady said to me: "How did you dare to attack the old lion; did you not fear that one stroke of his paw would make an end of you?" I told her that my temerity was the result of ignorance, I supposed, as fools were said to venture where angels feared to tread.

I was ordained an elder at this Conference, along with seven others of my class. I felt very much relieved, for I was under the severe strain of bringing up my studies, and of doing the heavy work of my charge.

Rev. A. W. Wilson, D. D., was missionary secretary, and attended the Conference. He represented the Board of Missions in a masterly manner, and filled the pulpit in the Bishop's place. He was afterwards elected Bishop, and has been, and still is one of our great men.

I was returned to the Greenville Circuit for the year 1879, and we had a year of revivals. This year I held a meeting at a school house seven miles below Greenville, where we had more than fifty conversions, and I organized a church there; we named the new church Salem.

We gave the old church building in Greenville to this new congregation, and it was moved down, and rebuilt there.

One Sunday morning an old Englishman, who looked like a tramp came to the parsonage, and asked where he could stop, as he did not wish to travel on Sunday. The man had a good face, but was poorly dressed. I told him he could stop with me. It was nearly church time, and I asked him if he would go to church. He said he was not dressed well enough; but said he was a Methodist, and belonged to the English Wesleyans. I went over and preached,
leaving him at the parsonage resting. After we had dinner, I said to him: "You say you are a school teacher?" He answered, "Yes, I have been teaching school in California; but decided to come East, and secure me a school; but I have traveled until I have spent all my money, and sold all my best clothes."

I said to him, if you do not object, I will examine you, for I want a teacher for a school in the country. He said he would be very glad if I would examine him, and satisfy myself as to his competency to teach. I gave him a rigid examination on all the ordinary branches of an English education, and became satisfied of his qualification to teach. I sent him down to the recently organized church, and wrote one of the leading men there to give him a trial. He established a school there, and the influences of that good old man, who looked like a tramp, on that community will abide through eternity. That community was one of the toughest in the country, but old Brother Bond (for that was his name), awakened in that community a love of learning that converted Black Jack (the name of the section) into one of the best parts of the county. I left old Brother Bond there teaching, and serving the Lord when I left the charge. I was down in that section not long since, and I found a number of college men and women, who in all probability would never have gone to college, but for the influence of the old Englishman, who awakened in the minds of their parents a desire for the education of their children.

While I was stationed at Greenville after a heated contest with Tarboro, in a District Conference held in Washington in 1880, we established a District School for the Washington District in Greenville. Or I should have said we located such a school in Greenville. We bought six acres of land, in what is now the heart of town, and I raised $3,000.00 to build a school house. But when I left the charge, the
church gave the property to citizens there, to have the building finished and run a school there. If the church had kept the property, it would have been worth $50,000.00 to them. But the District School enterprise never succeeded anywhere in the Church, so far as I know. But I do know Methodism lost a golden opportunity, when she failed to carry out the plan for a Methodist school for the Washington District in Greenville.

Christian education has had a struggle for existence everywhere, especially in the South. It seems that when the church has founded and nurtured schools, until they were able to get along, then a spirit of independency in education has found some way to alienate them from church control. Then the public schools have occupied the field of academic instruction, and curtailed the support of church schools; and yet it is absolutely necessary for the church to keep her hold on the educational work of the country. This is one of the most difficult problems confronting the church.

The Conference of 1880 met in Winston, N. C. Bishop John C. Keener presided. Winston at that time was a new and growing town. Our church was too small to hold the Conference, and we met in a large hall; if my memory serves me correctly, it was the city hall. The Conference was well attended and spiritual. I was returned to Greenville Circuit for the fourth time.

My last year on the Greenville Circuit was 1881. The Conference of that year met in Durham. It was a very interesting session. Bishop Pierce presided. The great fight for prohibition came off in that year. I organized Pitt County, and canvassed it for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. We had a warm time. I was informed that threats were made by the whiskey forces to mob me, but somehow, I never felt any alarm, and there was no violence offered me.
I had an appointment to speak on prohibition at Pactolus, a village about twelve miles below Greenville. The whiskey forces secured a speaker in the person of a Primitive Baptist preacher by the name of Alfred Ross to reply to me. The news went out that there was to be a debate on the prohibition question between a Primitive Baptist preacher and a Methodist preacher. That was a drawing card; and fully fifteen hundred gathered to hear the discussion. I spoke on the question: "Is the prohibition of the liquor traffic right?" I discussed the subject for an hour, and endeavored to show that it was right from every point of view. When I finished German Bernard, who was a member of the Legislature that submitted the question to the people, spent some time in an apology for voting to submit it. When he was through Mr. Ross got up to reply to me; and it was to me the most amusing speech I ever heard.

He commenced by saying: "Fellow citizens, I am an uneducated man; but I have been studying dis here question by night, by fire knots; I am not a hired preacher, and I have to work for my living. Dis Methodist preacher, who has been trying to take your liberties away, has a wagin load of books, and has nothing to do but read 'em. But I am opposed to dis question because it has sprung up in de dark; I am opposed to it because it was sprung by de wimmin and de clergy; I am opposed to it because it is de tail of de dragon spoke on in de vevulation dat will drag down a third of de stars, ah." I took notes of this remarkable speech, and give his introduction verbatum, as well as I am able to express it in his language. I expected him to speak two or three hours; but to my surprise he ran out in twenty-five minutes, and there was no more argument in the whole speech, than there is in the sentence I have quoted above.

When I rose to reply, he objected, and said if I made
another speech, I would be doubling teams on him. I told him that I was going to speak, and he could reply if he chose to do so. I was told that the plan was to mob me if I attempted to answer him. I knew nothing of this; but a great many of my friends were apprised of it, and went there armed. I was afterwards informed, if any attack had been made on me some one would have been killed. As there was nothing to reply to in Ross's speech, I spent about forty-five minutes in a humorous speech, in which I ridiculed the old brother until he never got over it. There was an old gentleman present, who belonged to the anti-prohibition side, who, seeing his champion made a laughing stock of, left the meeting. He passed a store, where one of the merchants had stayed to look after the store during the discussion. The merchant came out and said to this old gentleman: "How is the debate going." The old gentleman did not stop, but said: "Nash is giving old Ross hell." My friends laughed at me about it, and said they did not know that I dealt in that article.

While I was away on the circuit one night some one put a long bar room sign on the parsonage porch, and set an empty bottle at each end of it. I had a colored man servant, and when he came to look after his business, he called my wife, and told her there was an old bar room sign on the front porch. She went to see it, and said: "Charles, the Lord sent that thing here, if the devil brought it. Take it, and cut it up, as we are about out of kindling wood." Charles did it, and when I came home I found a fine pile of kindling wood in the kitchen; as the sign was about twelve feet long, one and a half inches thick, and sixteen inches wide. We never knew to whom the sign belonged; nor ever heard anything more about it.

The whiskey crowd beat us in the State by over one hundred thousand; but our labor was not in vain, for the seed
sown in that campaign brought a triumph for prohibition in 1908.

The sentiment for temperance, and prohibition in Pitt County has grown ever since. Greenville is at this time one of the most progressive towns in the State and the people no where in the State, or any where else, for that matter, are more genuinely in favor of prohibition than the people of Greenville and Pitt County. The county is one of the largest and best in the State of North Carolina; and the increase in material prosperity has been greater than in any other county with which I am acquainted. I look back with pleasure upon the years of toil spent in that good old county, and hope for a continuance of prosperity, and moral and religious growth among them for years to come.

From the Conference that met in Durham in 1881, I was sent to the Rolesville Circuit, in Wake County. This was a large circuit with seven appointments, covering territory nearly fifty miles long. The country was rough, and the roads were bad; especially in winter. Not long after getting to the circuit, my horse took fright while eating out of a cracker box at Andrew Chapel Church, in the upper part of the county, and ran against a tree and killed himself. I was twenty-five miles from home, and afoot. A kind brother lent me a mule, and on Monday I drove into Raleigh, and bought me another horse. This little incident may not seem worth telling; but the loss of a good horse, on a large circuit, is an event of importance to a poor Methodist preacher, who gets about enough salary to make ends meet, without any such misfortunes. I felt very helpless when I found myself afoot with no money to replace my horse. But a good man who dealt in horses was willing to trust me for another, and I lost no time from my work by the loss of my horse.

The year 1882, my first year on the Rolesville Circuit,
was a year of hard work, but we had several good meetings. My wife had a long attack of fever, and came near dying. The people were kind to us; and we had an especial friend in Mrs. J. R. Fleming, the wife of Dr. Fleming. If she had been a sister, she could not have been more faithful, or helpful to us. In addition to this we had a colored servant whose faithfulness is worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her name was Nancy; I do not recall her surname; but a more faithful friend we never had. Sometimes I think we show ingratitude in not having such faithful colored servants in everlasting remembrance. My wife was sick with fever for thirty-one days, and unconscious for the greater part of the time. We had no trained nurses then to call in to help us; and could only look to faithful servants and kind friends for help.

My son, Marvin W., was born in Greenville, and Wightman was born in Rolesville. My family consisted of my wife and three children, all small, and I was much of my time away on my large circuit; so that my wife had a lonely time in our little parsonage home; and we were much dependent on our faithful servant and our kind neighbors. No one knows the trials of the itinerant preacher and his family but those who experience these hardships.

Rev. S. D. Adams was again my Presiding Elder, and he frequently came and spent a week with us on his rounds, and these visits are treasured among our most precious memories. It may not be of interest to the general reader to speak of these commonplace every day things; but if they serve to put our people in still closer touch and deeper sympathy with the hard working, self-sacrificing preacher they will not be told in vain.

While on the Rolesville Circuit we had one notable revival; in fact, we had several great meetings; but I will speak of this one, because of the wonderful display of divine
power. The meeting was held at a church called Shady Grove, about eight miles west of Raleigh. I had appointed the meeting to begin on the second Sunday in August; but we had a good meeting in Rolesville, and I did not wish to leave it when my time came to go to Shady Grove. I got Brother Joseph Wheeler, who was stationed at what was then known as Brooklyn and Macedonia Charge, in West Raleigh, to go out and hold the meeting for me until I could get there. Brother Edward Howland, who was on the superannuate list, and lived in Cary, also went; and these good men did all they could to keep the work going on. But the people at Shady Grove demanded the presence of the pastor; and on Wednesday evening one of my stewards, a brother Smith, came down after me; he said if I did not go it would cause dissatisfaction. He told me there was a Miss Smith, who was leader among the young people, who had a crowd of her friends there, and they were disturbing the meeting, and paid no attention to the preachers.

I told him I did not think I could do any more than the brethren who were there. But nothing would do but I must leave the meeting in Rolesville, and go to Shady Grove. Brother T. B. Reeks, one of our old preachers, happened to be in Rolesville on a visit to his daughter. So I got him to preach at Rolesville for me, and went to Shady Grove. I made Miss Smith a subject of prayer, and while I was preaching at eleven o'clock, from the first three verses of the Fortieth Psalm, the Spirit of God mightily awakened the young lady, and she sprang up, and screamed, and rushed to the mourners' bench, crying for mercy.

She was followed by thirty or more of her young friends, who came to the altar for prayer. There was a layman present, who was a mighty man in prayer, Brother W. C. Bledsoe. I stopped preaching, and called on him to lead
in prayer. He prayed with great power, and while he was praying thirteen persons were powerfully converted. Brother Bledsoe never closed his prayer, but began to shout, and shouted until I feared he would die. Miss Smith was not converted. She went home deeply penitent. The next morning she did not get to church until Brother Wheeler had begun his sermon. She came in, and went to the altar, and knelt down. It was not long before she was powerfully converted, and rose shouting. Brother Wheeler said: "Bless God, that is better than preaching." We commenced singing, and the altar was again filled with penitents. The meeting went on for ten days. There was not an invitation given to any one to come to the altar; and yet there were over one hundred happy conversions.

I spent a night in Raleigh during the meeting, and on my way back to Shady Grove the next morning, when I was about three miles from the church, I met a man. He asked me if I had heard the news? I asked him, "What news?" He said, "Mr. Riley Yearby was converted last night." I drove on about a mile, and met a colored man. He hailed me and asked if I had heard the news? I replied: "What news?" He said, "Mr. Riley Yearby was converted last night."

Mr. Yearby was a prominent citizen in the community: but never made any pretension to religion. He was about sixty years old. He was at the meeting on Sunday, and the text was: "O Lord, I have heard Thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Hab. 3:2. God spoke to him, and he was so awakened he could rest neither day or night until he gave his heart to God and found peace in believing. When I got to the church, I saw a crowd gathered in the grove. I went up, and found that Mr. Yearby was telling his experience.
Recollections

How he had been so awakened he could not rest day or night. How he had tried to throw off his convictions, until he became so miserable he could stand it no longer. About three o'clock in the morning, he went to his wife's room to wake her up, and ask her to pray for him; but when he got to her room door he was powerfully converted. He told the story over and over; but he always broke down, and began to rejoice when he got to the door of his wife's room.

He became an earnest Christian, and died a consistent church member.

Scenes like this are not common now, and we are coming to the point when they are discounted. But when the Lord pours out his Spirit, such effects always follow. This kind of revival is after the type of Pentecost; and it is just this kind of work the church needs today. Our present day revivals have too much of the human, and too little of the divine in them. All emotion is discounted by some, and all they desire is for men without any feeling of conviction, or any assurance of pardon, simply to come forward and give evidence that they accept Christ.

I am fully aware of the fact that God is always ready to accept the penitent, trusting sinner; and freely to forgive all who come to Him through Christ. But a repentance without sorrow, and a faith without trust will never bring the assurance of forgiveness, and a sense of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The North Carolina Conference met in Raleigh in December, 1882. Bishop John C. Keener presided. Dr. Braxton Craven, the founder and President of Trinity College, had died during the year. The college was in debt, and had lost its head. The prospect for the institution was rather gloomy. As long as Dr. Craven lived, he was a whole faculty in himself, and the institution could live in spite of poverty, and in the face of adversity. But he had
fallen suddenly at his post, and his equal was not to be found anywhere. At his funeral the President of the Board of Trustees said: "When we buried Dr. Craven we felt we had very little left." The college was six thousand dollars in debt, and the money had to be raised immediately. Bishop Keener took the matter in hand to raise the amount, I shall never forget how he took me off, when I proposed to be one of sixty to pay the debt. He said: "I don't want any subscriptions with a string to them. If you have a hundred dollars to give to save the college, have faith enough to give it, and trust God to move the hearts of the others to raise the amount." I took him at his word, and gave the hundred dollars unconditionally, and the six thousand was raised. Trinity went forward with varying fortunes until at last it was moved to Durham, of which I will speak when I reach the time of the event.

I was returned to the Rolesville Circuit, and spent the year 1883 on that charge. We had a District Conference that year at Plank Chapel, now as then on the Tar River Circuit. I was asked to preach on Sunday morning out under the trees. There were about six thousand people in attendance; and the church and an arbor that was provided, would accommodate a small part of them. Rev. W. H. Moore was preacher in charge of the circuit, and Rev. S. D. Adams was Presiding Elder. They came to me and asked me to preach out of doors. I had preached a missionary sermon on Friday, and was rather inclined not to preach. I told the brethren to get some other preacher, but they insisted that I should preach. I had made no preparation, and did not know what to preach. Going down where I was expected to preach, I drew out a note book from my pocket in which I had several sermon sketches, to select some subject, when my eye fell on a sketch from Isaiah 28th chapter and 21st verse: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch.
himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." I had no idea of producing a sensation. The fact is, if I had had time to prepare for that occasion I would not have chosen that text and subject. But the Lord blessed me, and gave me liberty, and for an hour I preached with unusual power for me. Rev. W. C. Norman preached under the arbor, and Dr. M. L. Wood, who at that time was President of Trinity College, preached in the church. They both finished their sermons, and dismissed their congregations before I was through. I had about three thousand to hear me, and enlarged on my subject accordingly.

When I dismissed my congregation, they were spreading the abundant feast of good things for dinner that had been brought for the occasion. I passed by Brother Norman and he stopped me and asked what I had preached about. I told him, and asked him why he asked. He said: "I never heard so much about a sermon in my life; but nobody could tell me your text." He said: "I asked Dr. Peter Foster, and he said it was the greatest sermon he ever heard; but he did not remember where the text was, but it was about a short bed and a narrow blanket." No one was more surprised than I was at the effect produced. I was told afterwards that there was a rather eccentric local preacher who heard the sermon, who preached on the subject in all the surrounding country. Twenty years afterwards I was stationed in Henderson, which is only a few miles from Plank Chapel, and the first thing I heard when I got there was something about that sermon. I was requested several times to preach it again, but I never attempted it. Nor have I ever preached from that text since.

I think it was a kind of an inspiration that made the effort a success; and I have never felt that I could preach
that sermon again as it was preached on that occasion. I do not know that anyone was converted under it; and if it only produced a sensation it is doubtful as to what good was accomplished.
CHAPTER IV.

The Leasburg Circuit.

Our conference convened in Statesville in December, 1883. Bishop Keener presided again. I was anxious to get to a place where I could place my daughter in school. She had been going to a primary school, and was about fourteen years of age. She was not prepared for college, and was rather too young to send away from home. There was a good school at Franklinton; and Brother Adams wanted me to go there. But at Conference he came to me and said: "I cannot tell you anything now; for we are all up in the air, and you must not be surprised at anything." I told him that I knew he would do the best he could for me and the church, and I would be contented with whatever was done.

I was sent to the Leasburg Circuit in Caswell and Person Counties. Rev. Solomon Lea had a good school there to which I sent my daughter, and where she was prepared for college. Brother Lea, and his daughter, Miss Willie, were very fine teachers. Brother Lea was the first President of Greensboro Female College; now Greensboro College for Women. He was a local preacher, and did great good in his day. He lived to be nearly one hundred years old.

The Leasburg Circuit was divided just before I went to it. Rev. H. H. Gibbons was my predecessor; and under his ministry several appointments were taken off, and a new circuit was formed. But the people were not satisfied with the division, and those appointments were put back the second year I was on the charge. My first year there were six churches; the second year there were ten appointments; and they all required Sabbath preaching.

The first year I was there we had a number of good re-
vivals. But the interest grew, and the second year we had several sweeping revivals. We had a meeting at Lea’s Chapel in which nearly everybody in the community was converted. Several of the leading men in the community came into the church. Among them were Col. C. S. Winstead and A. J. Hester, Esq. Mr. Hester belonged to a Primitive Baptist family. His mother, a lady over seventy years old, who had been reared in that faith, was converted and joined the church.

When the meeting at Lea’s Chapel began, I preached very plainly against sin of every kind; especially against drinking and drunkenness. I did not know that any of the members of my charge were guilty of the things I condemned. I saw, however, that several members were not as cordial as they had been in greeting me. I learned afterwards that one of my stewards had condemned me in rather strong terms during a recess. We had two services, and dinner on the ground between the services. Mr. Hester was standing by, and said: “Gentlemen, I am not a Methodist, but if the Bible is true, your preacher is preaching the truth; and if I were a Methodist I would hold up his hands.” This had a powerful effect. That afternoon, Mr. Hester went to the altar and was converted. That gave the meeting a wonderful impetus. A few days afterwards we had an experience meeting, and that steward told the facts above stated, and said he had not been living right, but sought and found pardon. He further stated that he had been thinking for some time that he would resign, as he was tired of being bothered with the work of a steward; but he added, “I have made up my mind to be a faithful steward, and if I get out, you will have to put me out.”

The church took on new life, and has been a strong and growing church ever since. A number of those who were converted at that meeting have crossed over the river; but their
children have taken their places, and are living to the glory of God. A. J. Hester is among the number who went to his heavenly home a year or two since. He was one of the leading men of Person County, respected and loved by all who knew him. As I think of those years of labor and toil for the salvation of men, I wonder that God blessed me so much, as unworthy as I have always been of His blessings and His mercy and grace.

We had another remarkable revival at Concord Church in Person County. The young people of that community were very much inclined to worldliness; and the Christmas holidays were given up to balls, and other kinds of worldliness. I decided to hold a protracted meeting at Concord during Christmas week. I preached on Sunday, and announced services through the week. The congregation was filled with consternation. Even the old people thought it an unheard of thing, and were frank to say that they did not think we could have a revival at Christmas. I asked them, Why not? I told them I thought it a very appropriate time, as it was the time of celebrating the birth of Christ; and it seemed there could be no more appropriate time for a revival. I exhorted all to come, and see what the Lord would do for us. They came, and the revival started at once. The church was greatly blessed, and a great many were converted, and joined the church. After the meeting closed, everybody said it was the best Christmas they had ever had. They all with one voice said we want a revival every Christmas. But I never held another meeting at Christmas at Concord.

I remember one notable conversion in that meeting. It was that of a doctor. He had been a fine physician, but had fallen under the influence of whiskey, and had become a drunkard, and had lost his practice. His wife was a good woman, and he had become reduced in circumstances so
that he was living with his family in a tenant house on his wife's mother's farm. He was powerfully converted. I visited him in his humble home, and spent the night with him and his family. When I drove up, his little daughter came out to meet me, clapping her hands, and saying "Uncle Nash, we are all so happy. Papa does not drink any more, and we have family prayers now." I went in and found all the family happy. The doctor had resumed his practice; and all the people showed a disposition to help him on. He lived a consistent Christian life for something more than a year, and did a fine practice. But he went to Roxboro one day and some emissary of the devil prevailed on him to take a glass of beer. The doctor refused at first, and told his tempter, "You know I dare not touch liquor of any kind." But the enemy in the disguise of a friend, said to him: "We all know you are a converted man, and a glass of beer will not hurt you." He took the glass of beer, and then another and drank whiskey, and got drunk. He became a raving maniac, and never had another lucid moment. When I heard that he was confined in the jail at Roxboro, I made application and got him into the asylum in Morganton, where he died shortly afterward. That was the saddest case I ever knew.

My circuit embraced the town of Milton; but I had no church in Milton. I preached in the Presbyterian Church once a month. The stated supply of that church was Mr. T. U. Faucette. We became great friends, and I enjoyed our association very much. I held a revival in the Presbyterian Church in which there was a number of conversions. I never said a word to any of the converts about joining my church. I had a church about two miles from town called Connelley's. Three young men who were converted joined the church in the country. One said to one of those young men: "Charlie, if I were you I would not
join that little church out there in the country; if you do you won’t get into society.” Charlie said, “I had not thought of that. I am trying to get to heaven.” That got out, and was much laughed about; and every one thought Charlie had the right conception of church membership.

I was preaching in the Presbyterian Church one night, and incidentally alluded to dancing. The belle of the town who was a leader in the dances was there with her escort. She sprung up, and left the church in a hurry. Her escort followed her, and there was a commotion in the congregation. I paused, and remarked: “I am preaching in this church by courtesy: I do not know that I will ever preach here again; but I must preach the gospel as I understand it. If there are others who disapprove of what I say, they are at liberty to leave. I will wait until all who desire to leave will go.” No one else left. I was told the next morning that a prominent merchant in town said I ought to be caned. I told my informer to go and tell that gentleman where he could find me, and if he wanted to cane me he could come and do it. My friend went immediately and delivered the message. My would be chastiser got frightened, and said: “You ought not to have told that preacher what I said; for I believe from his looks, if I were to attempt to cane him, he would not leave a grease spot of me.” Suffice it to say that man became a good friend of mine, and I spent many pleasant hours in his splendid home.

The young lady sent me a note, apologizing for leaving the church, and saying that she had a headache. But her escort wrote me a very threatening letter; and I informed him where he could find me; but I never heard anything further from him. Instead of the incident shutting me out of the church, I was invited to have a regular appointment there, and the next time I preached there the house was packed.
I do not believe in abuse in the pulpit, nor do I believe in coarseness or slang. I think, and have always thought, that preachers should speak as the oracles of God. If people become offended at the gospel stated in a dignified manner, I think that the preacher should be courageous enough to stand by the truth, and not apologize for uttering it. This course, backed by a loving spirit, will always win. I have been threatened for attacking sin in this way, but these threats have never amounted to anything.

During my fourth year on the Leasburg Circuit, I had an assistant. He was in his first year in the ministry. He was somewhat timid, and inclined to seasons of doubt, when he would say he did not have religion, and it was all I could do to keep him from giving up his work and going home. During a revival he came to me and said: "I haven't got any religion, and I want to go to the altar, and seek religion." I told him I did not think that was the thing for him to do, that I had no doubt that he already had religion, and if he had any doubt about it, to take his doubts to the Lord. He said he knew better than I did how he felt. I told him that might be so. But I knew it was unnecessary for him to go to the mourners' bench at the church to get a blessing: that he was my assistant, and while he could tell me anything, I did not want him to be telling the people he had no religion.

That night we went home to Leasburg, (he boarded with me), and I insisted on his holding prayer meeting, which he did. After the prayer meeting, Rev. Solomon Lea and his daughter, Miss Willie, went with us to the parsonage, and in course of conversation, my young preacher said: "I don't know anything about regeneration, or sanctification either." I said to him, "You had better go to the Lord, and find out something on these subjects." He left us rather abruptly, and went to his room. Brother Lea said,
"What is the matter with the young man: I thought him one of the best young men I ever saw." I replied: "You are right. He is an excellent young man, but he gets melancholy sometimes; and he is in one of his melancholy moods tonight." Brother Lea and his daughter left pretty soon, and I went to bed and soon fell asleep. Soon after retiring, my wife waked me, saying there is something the matter up stairs. I went up and found the young preacher rolling on the floor in an agony of prayer. I said to him: "What is the matter?" He answered: "I don't know." He continued to cry, "O, Lord have mercy on me." I said to him: "Well, you have gone to the right one for help; if I had known what the trouble was, I would not have disturbed you." I went back to bed. In a few moments, I heard him come down and leave the house. He went out in the church lot that joined the parsonage lot. I do not know how long he remained out there; but I learned from him next morning that he got a great blessing. I never heard him complain afterwards that he did not have religion. He was a new man from that night.

My experience and observation teach me that there is nothing that will give satisfaction in all conditions of life, but the comfort of the Holy Spirit. Without a divine assurance of personal salvation, there will come times of doubt, when life will be a burden, and the satisfactory performance of religious duties will be impossible. But the clearest evidence of salvation will not abide with us, unless we are careful to abstain from wrong doing, and are earnest in our efforts to serve and please God.

At the time I was on the Leasburg Circuit, from 1884 to 1887, inclusive, that section was in a very prosperous condition. The principal market crop was tobacco: and the farmers were receiving fine prices. The organization of the American Tobacco Company brought the price to the far-
mer down, and ran the small manufacturers out of business. I am not stating these facts with a view of condemning those who compose the tobacco trust; for after all, it may be in the end good for the farmer, that his attention was turned to something else. It is my opinion, and I was reared on a tobacco farm, that tobacco culture will ultimately impoverish a country; and I do not say this from any fanatical objection to the tobacco habit; while I admit it is a bad habit; yet the best men I ever knew were tobacco users. But tobacco culture continued for a series of years, impoverishes the soil and burns up the wood, for it takes a large quantity of wood to cure the weed, and leaves the farm in a poor condition.

I knew one farmer, and he was one of my stewards, who sold one thousand dollars worth of tobacco off of one acre. With such fine prices for the weed, Caswell and Person counties, at that time were getting rich; and the church was increasing in liberality and spiritual life. That was the last circuit I ever traveled, and I left it in better financial condition than I have ever been since. While I was on that circuit, I kept a good pair of horses, and had a man servant who made a crop and raised feed for my stock, and made more than enough from a tobacco crop to pay his hire and board.

I lived largely off of my farm, and could keep the most of my salary. But I never lost an hour from my ministerial duties by having a little farming interest. I did this for a number of years, and did not find that it detracted from my usefulness as a preacher, or gave the people any excuse for not paying for my support.

My experience is that the man who serves the people wisely and well, will always receive support from them. We sometimes hear it said: "Brother A. is a good preacher but a
poor pastor," or "Brother B. is a good pastor, but a poor preacher." The idea is getting into the minds of many that you cannot in the same preacher find both preacher and pastor. I think that the idea is an erroneous one. Visiting in the proper way and spirit from house to house is the best preparation for preaching outside of a prayerful study of the word of God. Pastoral visiting is not simply social visiting, making a great many calls and talking about common place things. To be able to do pastoral visiting as it should be done is one of the finest of fine arts. I do not claim that I was ever perfect in this very important work; but will give some idea of the plan I followed.

Perhaps it may be helpful to some young preacher who may be earnestly trying to do this important and difficult work well. I made it a rule when I went to a new charge, to visit every family as soon as I could. I kept a little book, and when I went to a home I would inquire the name of every member of the family and write them down. I would write the names of all the children in my little visiting book; and when I went again, I would familiarize myself with all the names, so I could call all the children by name. I soon found that children liked that. They do not like to be called "bud" and "sissy"; and in this way I could get hold of the children, and get them to like me; and when I had got hold of the children, I always found that I had the parents too. It took me sometime to learn this simple lesson; and if some one had suggested it to me, it would have been very helpful at the beginning of my ministry. I made it a rule, whenever convenient to have family prayer; but I always had an eye to the fitness of things. I made it a rule not to stay too long at any place; and to be careful not to show partiality to any particular family. I gave more attention to the poor members of my charge, for the poor,
as a rule, are more sensitive, and need more careful handling than those who are well to do.

There is one mistake I made that I would warn young preachers against. I too frequently took young lady members of my charge out visiting with me. I did this innocently, and no harm ever came of it; but there are those who are ready to think evil; and I found after awhile, that it mattered not how pure my intentions, it would be better to avoid much association with the women of my flock. This is a very delicate subject; but one to which attention should be called. I think I eventually swung to the opposite extreme, and for several years I have had very few lady associates, in so much that a friend of mine told me that a lady told him, she thought I was a proud man, and not very social. I know her estimate is wrong, for I am not conscious of pride; and I know I am of a social disposition.

My object in writing these recollections is to do good; and I hope the kind reader will pardon these personal allusions.

On the 31st day of August, 1886, there was an earthquake that damaged the city of Charleston, South Carolina, greatly and shook the Atlantic Seaboard for many miles. I was holding a revival meeting at a church on my charge, called Prospect. It was about sixteen miles from Leasburg, but I happened to come home that night. The shock was severe enough to shake bricks off of some of the chimneys in Leasburg. The community was very much frightened, and some ridiculous things were done. We were living in a new parsonage that was covered with tin; and when the quake struck us, that tin roof produced such a cracking noise that I thought the house was on fire; and I suppose I was the only person in the village who was relieved to find it was an earthquake.
The next day I went back to the meeting, and found a much larger congregation than had been in attendance. There were some members of the church that would not attend the meeting because they wanted it held at another time. These were all there, and ready to do anything to help the revival on. The revival received a great impetus from the earthquake. In an experience meeting a day or two after, one brother arose and said with a solemn emphasis: "Brethren, I am convinced that there is power somewhere; for it takes power to shake this earth, and we all felt it this week." I could not help being amused at the thought that the brother had just become satisfied that there was "power somewhere." From the effect of that earthquake on my congregation at Prospect, and the great help it gave me in my revival work, I could enter into a better conception of the effect the earthquake at Phillippi had when Paul and Silas were imprisoned there, and when the jailor was converted.

The last year I was on the Leasburg Circuit, 1887, was a year of general revivals. The church, all over the circuit was in a blaze of revival fire. While on this charge I had two Presiding Elders. When I first went there, Dr. N. H. D. Wilson was Presiding Elder. When his time was out Rev. W. S. Black, D. D., came. Both of these brethren were very helpful to me, and between them and me, there existed the warmest affection. It was always a pleasure to meet them at Hillsboro, twenty-six miles away from Leasburg, and take them to my work. When there exists brotherly love between the preacher and the Presiding Elder the association is always pleasant and helpful to both; and when there is mutual confidence everything works well. The office of Presiding Elder, in the economy of Episcopal Methodism, is a necessary office; but when men get into this office who are misfits, great harm comes to the church and
to the ministry. I state a fact without reference to any particular case. It is my purpose to put down such facts as will be helpful to those who consider them, and with no unpleasant memories.

When I left the Leasburg Circuit there were seven hundred and forty members on the register of the circuit, and I knew every one by sight and name; and I knew all the children on my charge. The pastoral instruction of the children is a very necessary and a very difficult work.

Many of the good people who were members of the church on dear old Leasburg Circuit when I left it, have gone to their eternal home. I hope to meet those dear friends in heaven. That country has changed very much since I was there. A great many of the people have moved to the towns and the farming interest has gone backward. Much of the colored labor has left the country for the towns, as the towns have prospered at the expense of the country. Danville, Virginia, and Durham, North Carolina, have profited greatly by the migration from this section; and Roxboro, on the line of the railroad from Durham to Lynchburg, has shared in the migration from the country.

The North Carolina Conference met in Reidsville, N. C., 1886. Bishop John C. Granbery presided. This conference was made memorable by the biggest snow that ever fell during a session of Conference. The snow in Reidsville was about sixteen inches deep, and the weather was extremely cold. To get from Reidsville to Leasburg we had to go by Danville, and a little station called Southerlands, and then over a narrow gauge railroad to Milton. When I got to Milton I hired a conveyance to take Miss Cattie Newman and myself to Leasburg, a distance of thirteen miles. There was a thick crust on the snow, and our team soon began to balk, and after a great effort of some hours, we reached the
home of a brother Jones, who was a member of my charge. He hitched a pair of mules to the carriage we had hired from the livery stables and took us to Leasburg. When I got home I found all my family sick with colds. The snow lasted for sometime, and we had a very hard winter. While at Leasburg we put up ice every winter for summer use, and there was no winter while I was stationed there that we could not get thick ice with which to fill our ice houses. This was a great blessing to us, as we were thirteen miles from the railroad and could not get manufactured ice.
CHAPTER V.

Stationed at Raleigh.

The North Carolina Conference met in Fayetteville, N. C., in December, 1887. Bishop Joseph S. Key presided. From this Conference I was sent to what was Person Street Church, Raleigh. This was my first station. When I got there, I had neither church nor parsonage. The Rev. R. B. John was stationed there the year before, and under his ministry the old Person Street Church and parsonage were sold, and a far more suitable lot was purchased for a new church on the corner of Morgan and Person Streets, two squares east of the Capitol. The congregation was worshipping in Briggs' Hall on Fayetteville Street. Brother John had secured the plan for a new church, and had appointed a building committee. We had the lot, and about three thousand dollars, and a plan for a twenty thousand dollar church, and a poor congregation. Such was the outlook when I went to my first station in our capital city.

For fifteen years consecutively I had traveled circuits, and now I had become a city pastor; but I had none of the ease and luxury the circuit preacher so often imagines his brother in the city station enjoys. If I had been blessed with a church and parsonage, things would have been different; but it was my duty to build a church, and take care of the little flock committed to my care; and I went about the work with a will. I rented a house, and moved in. We had very little furniture, and while my congregation was willing, they had very little means with which to help; but I never found truer helpers than some of these members proved to be.

The building committee was composed of the following faithful men: John W. Evans, William N. Snelling, and Samuel Parrish. We commenced work on the church as
soon as we could. We decided to buy our material and hire our workmen, and build ourselves. Looking after the work devolved on me, as each of the committee was confined to his respective business. We arranged to have an auditing committee, which should approve all bills, and the auditor should issue his order on the treasurer for all moneys to be paid out. I had some little books printed, with stubs attached for the auditor to issue his orders on, and keep a stub of the order, so we could show what every cent went for. William N. Snelling was auditor, and John W. Evans was treasurer. Two better men never lived than they were. It took nearly four years to raise money enough, and complete the building. We commenced work on the church the first of April, and got into the lecture room first Sunday in August; but we were obliged to discontinue work on the auditorium for some time from lack of funds.

I held many meetings and collected money in many places to complete the church. Among the churches in which I held meetings was Broad Street Church, Richmond, Virginia. We had a good revival there, and the congregation gave me five hundred dollars. One good man there, Brother I. N. Vaughan, gave me one hundred dollars. From Richmond I went to Philadelphia, and stopped with an old friend, Mr. Van Gunden, who introduced me to a number of wealthy Methodists in Philadelphia, who gave me quite a nice little sum to aid me in the completion of the church. Mr. Van Gunden had a marble business in Philadelphia, and a branch business in Raleigh. He was an excellent gentleman, and a very devoted Methodist. He introduced me to his pastor, who invited me to preach in his church, the Tabernacle Methodist in that city. I preached there on Wednesday night, and did not expect anything more than a prayer meeting congregation; but to my surprise the auditorium was
packed and I never preached to a more appreciative congregation.

While in Philadelphia I called on Mr. John Maris, who was a retired manufacturing chemist. He was called the patriarch of Philadelphia Methodism, and he told me a very interesting story. He said, "When I was a young man, something more than sixty years ago, I took a trip to New Orleans in an old fashioned sulky. There were no railroads then. On my return from New Orleans, I passed through western North Carolina. One evening just before night, I drove up to a little village called Wilkesboro, where there was a little inn. It was raining when I drove up, and when I went in I called for a drink. The proprietor told me that he did not keep any ardent spirits. He said he would try to make me comfortable, but that he was a Christian man, and did not believe in selling or drinking liquor." Mr. Maris said: "I was provoked to think that any man would keep a hotel and not keep a dram for a guest. But he made me comfortable as I sat by a broad fireplace and got warm and dry. He gave me a good supper, served in family fashion, that I enjoyed very much. After supper he said to me, 'We have family prayers, and if you do not object, we will be glad to have you remain with us. If you prefer we will show you to your room.' I decided to stay and see what they did at family prayers, as I had never been at family prayers in my life. The old gentleman took down his family Bible, and read a chapter; then he gave out a hymn, and the family stood up and sang it. Afterward he knelt down, as all the family did, and I thought as it would be impolite not to, I knelt down too. I never heard any man talk to God like that man did. He seemed to be talking to Him face to face. He prayed for the stranger that was within his gates, that God would give him journeying mercies; that he might reach the end of his journey safely, and that the Lord would
awaken and convert him and adopt him into his family. That prayer made an abiding impression on me, and I forgot almost everything that I had seen on my way to and from New Orleans. When I got home, I began to read the Bible, and to pray for myself. One day while praying alone in my office, I experienced the forgiveness of sins, and was consciously born of the Spirit. I wrote to my host—his name was Wilkins—and told him that through his prayer for me, I had been converted and I wished to know to what church he belonged. He wrote me that he was a Methodist. I told my wife that I was going to join the Methodist Church. She cried, and said she would not object to my joining the church, if I would join a respectable one. I joined the Methodist Church, and determined to do all I could to make it respectable; so I enterprised the building of our present Arch Street Church. My wife was converted, and went with me, and for sixty years we have been humble Methodists.”

Mr. Maris was a millionaire retired from business, and quietly waiting to go to his heavenly home, to which he went a number of years ago. When he was telling me his story, I took out a note book to take it down, and he said: “Stop, if you are going to publish what I am telling you, I will tell you nothing.” I said to him that I would never publish what he had told me so as to annoy him. Since he has gone “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,” I have taken the liberty to write the story, because I think it is calculated to do good.

Mr. Maris was the moving spirit in building Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, which stands today a monument to a family prayer offered in a little hotel in North Carolina. I state the simple fact; and while there is quite a temptation to preach a little just here, will not do
so, for as one has said: "I am not preaching, but telling facts."

Mr. Maris was a large, patriarchal looking man, with a long beard, and a benevolent face. When through with his narrative he said: "I don't think preachers ought to have to raise money: the laymen ought to do that; but I will make you a small donation, for doing me the honor of calling on me," and he gave me a donation in gold. The good old gentleman and his wife have both gone to that city where the streets are paved with gold; and I have no doubt he had much treasure laid up there.

Soon after I was sent to Raleigh, I was elected chaplain of the military company, known as the Governor's Guard. Soon after my election as chaplain, the company asked me if I would not preach them a sermon one Sunday afternoon each month. I agreed to do it: and we had a sermon in one of the large churches every month for three years. Sometimes we would hold these services in one of the Baptist Churches; sometimes in the Presbyterian; then at Edenton Street Methodist Church and after we completed Central Methodist Church, sometimes we would hold the service there. These services were always largely attended, and we generally had excellent music. During a session of the legislature, Col. F. A. Olds, who was Quarter Master General, came to me and asked if I could not preach a sermon showing the necessity of having a military company. I told him I thought I could. He said, "Prepare your sermon, and I will put a notice on the desk of every member of the General Assembly, inviting them to come. The service will be held in the First Baptist Church; and I will do all I can to get them out, for there is a move to do away with the State Guard." On Sunday afternoon, the Company turned out as usual, and I suppose the whole General Assembly was at the church. I preached on the
necessity of maintaining civil government, as a divine institution. I took as my text the following passage: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good and thou shalt have praise of the same: For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Romans 13:1-4.

I endeavored to show that there could be no civilized society without civil law; and that the government must be a power, able to enforce its laws. That to meet this necessity of government, there must be a military force at the command of the executive. That the only power at the command of the Governor was the State Guard. (At that time the militia was a State and not a National organization.) I endeavored to show that the guard would become a necessity to suppress riots, lynchings and general lawlessness, should they ever assume proportions too large to be controlled by the ordinary police; and while it is rarely necessary to use the military force to keep order, the fact that there is such a force has much to do with preventing lawlessness.

I emphasized the fact that the government must be a power, and stand for righteousness, to meet the ordinance of God; and that no good citizen had anything to fear from such a power; for it was for his protection.

I cannot say what effect the sermon had on the General Assembly, but several bills were introduced the next day for
the maintenance of the Guard. Col. Olds was delighted, and
told me that his plan had succeeded admirably.

I have given this little account, to tell of another incident
that followed it. Two years afterwards, a member of that
General Assembly was in a campaign for re-election, and
his county paper reported him as saying, the legislature
would have abolished the State Guard, and relieved the State
of that useless expense, if it had not been for a political har-
angue delivered by a Methodist preacher in the First Bap-
tist Church during the session. The statement was copied
in the News and Observer, a daily paper published in Ra-
leigh. I saw the statement, and replied to it; giving the text,
and outline of the sermon, and said: "The people of that
county have my sympathies, in that they are represented by
a man who can not tell a gospel sermon from a political harangue."

When that gentleman came back to the General Assem-
bly, for he was re-elected, I met him in the Capitol Square,
and he said to me: "The papers misrepresented me. I
never called your sermon a political harangue." I said to
him: "If you will explain one thing to me, I shall be satis-
fied, and retract my expression of sympathy for your con-
stituents." He said: "What is that?" I said to him, "Tell
me how the people of your county knew anything about my
preaching any sermon in Raleigh two years ago." He could
not explain; and I said to him: "Your constituents stilll
have my sympathy," and bid him good morning. I heard
that he said that it was the most severe rebuke he ever had.
While I was stationed in Raleigh we had a prohibition election for Raleigh township. They made me chairman of the committee to conduct the campaign. I canvassed the city and suburbs, and we had an exceedingly warm campaign. The Hon. N. B. Broughton was in the fight, and along with the other friends of prohibition and temperance was very active. We came near carrying the township for prohibition, and had the whiskeyites fairly beaten up to two o'clock; when one of our friends, who was one of the poll-holders in the outside east precinct, with more zeal than judgment, began to rejoice because he had found out we were about to carry that stronghold of the anti-prohibitionists. There was a bar keeper also of the number of poll holders, and he sent up into the city, to a firm that sold whiskey, and informed them that if they did not do something at once they were beaten. They came down, with whiskey and money, and bought about three hundred negro votes, and defeated us by a small majority. It was a costly victory to them, as several of the whiskey sellers made assignments soon after the election.

Shortly after the election, I was told that one of the men who was instrumental in buying the negro votes told one of my stewards that if they would get rid of me he would pay fifty dollars to the support of my successor. My steward told me about it. I met the man soon after, and told him, pleasantly, that I was glad to hear of his interest in Central Church. He said, "How do you know I am interested in that church." I told him what I had heard; and I told him that I told the steward to whom he made the offer not to take it, for I would make him raise the bid to one hundred dollars before I was through with him. He tried
to deny making the offer, and said, "I like you, and I don't care how long you stay," and I told him I was glad he liked me, and I intended to make him love me before I was done with him.

Not long after this one bar keeper died suddenly and another was stricken with paralysis; and that gentleman quit the whiskey business, and joined the church; and I am informed he became a good church member.

The fight against the saloons at that time was a hard one, and with the negro vote generally against prohibition, it was hard to carry any community. We were able, however, to carry the State by about fifty thousand majority for prohibition in 1908, having been relieved of the negro vote; and the sentiment has become so strong for prohibition that no one will attempt now to revive the issue and go back to the old license system. But it took a long, hard fight to bring the present state of things to pass. Whiskey had such a hold on politics that the politicians spoke of it as "a very ticklish subject," and were generally afraid to take a stand against the saloon power.

Soon after going to Raleigh death visited my home, and took away a precious child. Little Ruth was nearly two years old, and an unusually lovely little one. I felt the bereavement very sorely; and I remember what a touching effect the presentation of a beautiful wreath of flowers sent me by the military company, had on me. The wreath was a work of art, and had the name "Ruth" woven into it. I never so fully understood the meaning of flowers before. It was presented by a detail from the company who quietly brought it to me without a word, but each member of the detail showed the deepest sympathy. This little incident endeared the company to me, with affection for every member of it, that will abide as long as I live.
I never got Central Church finished completely until just before I left Raleigh. It was dedicated by Bishop Galloway the Sunday before the Conference met in Greenville, N. C. At the dedication of the church, we had one of the finest congregations I ever saw in Raleigh; not the largest, but the most select. The Supreme Court of the State, the Governor and all State officials were present, and a large number of the leading business men of the city. The whole city had lent a helping hand by contributing to the building, and naturally shared in the pleasure at its completion. We owed thirty-two hundred dollars. Seventeen hundred had to be raised before we could dedicate the house. We owed the Board of Church Extension fifteen hundred that we had borrowed to be paid in annual installments. We borrowed two thousand from the Board, and had paid the first note of five hundred dollars. The Bishop said if we could raise all but that, he would dedicate the church. We raised the seventeen hundred dollars in less than half an hour. The people regardless of denomination contributed willingly, and the amount was raised without effort.

I recall one contribution, made by Judge E. G. Read, who had been a member of the Supreme Court, and who was a Presbyterian. He quietly said: "Put down one hundred dollars for Mrs. Read." That contribution gave such an impetus to the offerings, that the amount was soon secured.

Bishop Galloway was at his best, and he was regarded as one of the finest preachers of his day. The large intelligent audience was charmed by his eloquence, and the occasion was a memorable one in the church life of Raleigh. The Presiding Elder, Rev. J. A. Cunninggim, did not believe we could raise the money to pay the debt, and was opposed to the effort to have the church dedicated; but we succeeded to the delight of all who felt an interest in the church.
The four years spent in Raleigh were years of toil and sacrifice, but they were joyful years. We had a number of revival meetings, and saw a great many souls happily converted to God. We held one meeting that went on continuously about eight weeks. In this meeting several of the worst drunkards in the city were converted; and as far as I know they have all kept the faith. Several of them have gone to their reward. One poor fellow came to the altar very much under the influence of liquor. I went to him, and smelt whiskey very strongly. I said to him: "My friend, you are drunk." He said: "Yes, but I know what I am doing. You invited me to come just as I am, and I have come, and want you to pray for me. Whiskey has got me down, and I cannot help myself; if Jesus can save me, I want to be saved." I called the congregation to prayer, and while we were praying for him he was converted. Several of our leading members thought it was a freak of a drunken man, and were about to eject him from the house. I told them to let him alone; we had prayed for his conversion, and if the Lord had answered our prayers, we ought to rejoice. He went away, and I did not see him again for a month. When I did see him, he was a changed man, and told me he was converted, and sobered at that meeting, and that "not one drop of the devil's broth has gone in my mouth since." I never heard whiskey called by that name before; but I think the name appropriate. I watched that man for thirteen years; for whenever I would go to Raleigh, I would call and inquire about him, and he was still living a sober, Christian life. He said to me several times: "The cure is better than the Keely Institute cure." He was a fine boot and shoe maker, and succeeded in business, and made money. Our people showed a want of confidence in the poor fellow, and when I asked him where he went to church, he said:
"I saw your people did not believe in me, and I went and joined John Pullen's Church." John Pullen was one of the best men that ever lived in Raleigh. He was a member of the Baptist Church, but there was no man in my own church more helpful to me than he was. He died only a few years ago, and his name is as precious ointment poured forth in Raleigh.

While stationed in Raleigh I bought me a home. The house was situated at the end of North Blount Street, and was just outside the corporation. I had the benefit of the city without paying the tax. But I was not permitted to live in my own house but two years before my term of service in Raleigh expired, and I had to go to another field.

It is now nearly twenty-five years since I left Raleigh as a pastor there; but the dear old city has a warm place in my heart. I have a lot in the beautiful Oakwood Cemetery, where two of my dear little ones are buried, and there I expect to rest when my work on earth is done.

My son-in-law, Mr. E. N. Penny, died in Raleigh on the 14th or July, 1915. He had been a citizen of Raleigh only about two years, but he was so attached to the people there, that it was his request to be buried there, although he owned a lot in the cemetery in his native city, Wilmington. And according to his request, we bought him a lot there, where he sleeps, near my own lot.

Raleigh is the most cosmopolitan city in North Carolina; and as it is the Capital of the State it should be. It has a substantial business, and it has fine schools and colleges. It is a church city, and has many things to commend it as a residence city. I never left with more regret any place where I had served the Church. I have felt that it is my home city ever since I was stationed there. I had hopes of going
back there to live for sometime after I left, but eventually sold my home there, and have given up that hope.

Part of the time I was stationed in Raleigh, Rev. W. S. Black, D.D., was my Presiding Elder, and between him and myself, and between his good wife and my wife, the warmest friendship existed, until they both passed into their eternal home. We hope to renew those happy associations again before many years; as I cannot expect to continue here a great while longer. It is a comfortable thought that the friendships begun here will be renewed in that land where parting will be unknown forever. While I was stationed in Raleigh, we had three governors, Scales, Fowle and Holt. They were all warm personal friends of mine; and they too have passed away. Then I had several dear friends who filled other State offices, among them Chief Justice Merrimon. He attended my church frequently. He, for a long time, did not believe in the Divinity of Christ, but under a sermon preached at Central Church, he became satisfied that Christ was Divine, and that he was the Judge's personal Saviour. He came to see me the next day, and took me to ride, and told me of his experience. He joined the church, took the sacrament on his death bed, and died in the full assurance of eternal life. He was a man of the highest character even before his conversion, and became a witness to the truth of the Christian religion, whose testimony was of great value to his friends.

I failed to mention that we had a daughter born to us in 1891, the year we left Raleigh; but after the dear little one was with us about six weeks, God took her, and hers is the other little grave beside that of little Ruth's in Oakwood Cemetery. The ministry of little children has a value in our lives that we cannot estimate. There is a tenderness in this ministry that can do more to soften our natures, and bring us in touch with the spirit of him who said: "Suffer
the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven," than that of any other ministry.

We rarely see the spot where our little ones sleep, for as itinerant Methodist preacher and his wife we are pilgrims here; but we know they are safe, and our greatest desire and fondest hope is that those who still abide here may be good and true; and that the whole family at last may reach the home of the blessed.

Four years of toil and sacrifice ended when I left Raleigh, but only to begin in another field where the burden was heavier, and the trials greater than any I had encountered.
CHAPTER VII.

Fifth Street Church, Wilmington.

The North Carolina Conference met in the town of Greenville, N. C., the latter part of November, 1891. Bishop Charles B. Galloway presided at this conference. He went down from Raleigh where he dedicated Central Church, to Greenville. It was my hope that I might be appointed to some charge that would allow me to continue to reside in Raleigh, as my two sons were attending that excellent school there run by Morson and Denson. They were too young for us to leave them there, and a change of schools was not desirable. I expressed this desire to the Bishop, and he told me that he thought that could be arranged. But when we got to Greenville the Fifth Street Church trouble, in Wilmington, presented a problem the solution of which no one wished to attempt. So the burden was placed on my shoulders; and as this was one of the most remarkable cases in the history of Methodism, I shall endeavor to give a history of the whole affair in detail. I do this more carefully, that all who may wish to know the true story of Fifth Street Church, may have the facts and figures at hand.

There was a young lawyer there, who was formerly a cotton mill operative, but he had studied law, obtained license to practice, and had been admitted to the bar. He was a member of Fifth Street Church, and soon became very active in church work. The church had decided to build a new house of worship, and had borrowed four thousand dollars from the Wilmington Savings and Trust Company. They purchased a strip of land in order to enlarge their lot, and used one thousand dollars for that purpose. The lot purchased cost them thirteen hundred dollars, and the Ladies
Aid Society furnished three hundred dollars. That left three thousand dollars in hand with which to begin the church. They did not intend to build a costly church, but such a one as they could pay for. The congregation was not wealthy, but composed of a number of good spiritual people. This young lawyer, whose name was John C. Davis, told the official board that if they would let him have the three thousand dollars in hand, he would pay them 10 per cent. interest, and pay them the money when they were ready to build. The strange thing about the transaction was that they let him have the money to use without any security. He took the money, and began to operate in real estate with it. He bought several little sand hill lots, and built some small houses on them. When the official board of the church called for the money, he told them that he had it invested where it was bringing a large per cent; and that if they would allow him to manage the business, he would have a much finer church built than they had intended to build, and would deed them real estate enough to pay the interest on the money to build the church, and raise a sinking fund to pay off the entire indebtedness. He induced them to borrow ten thousand dollars additional from the Savings Bank, making the entire amount borrowed from the bank fourteen thousand dollars, for which they agreed to pay eight per cent interest. The Board of Trustees went into this arrangement without any authority from the church. The whole transaction was the most remarkable of any that I ever heard of; and the strange part of it was that business men and bankers should have entered into any such arrangement. But Davis had succeeded in making the people believe that he was a financial prodigy, such as had never appeared anywhere. Under Davis' direction they proceeded to build a fine church, that cost more than thirty thousand dollars. His fame spread over the State as one of the most liberal
and consecrated men that any one had ever known. He went on borrowing money, and mortgaging all the property that the church owned, including that which he had bought with the three thousand dollars, as well as the church and the parsonage. It seems that nobody knew anything about the indebtedness of the church, and the people generally thought that Davis had grown suddenly rich, and was using his great wealth to build up the church.

In order to keep up his work, and prevent a sudden collapse, he began to borrow money on his own account. The Board of Trustees had mortgaged everything the church owned, and in many instances there were second mortgages on the church property. So Davis went to a number of the members of the church, who owned their homes, and told them if they would give mortgages on their homes, he would pay them ten per cent on the money, and provide for paying off the mortgages. In this way he raised several thousand dollars that was never used for the church in any way. I found this out soon after I went to Wilmington. I put a statement in the daily papers of Wilmington that it was our purpose to pay the debt on the church, and that if any one who had loaned Davis money, could show that any of it went into the church, we would see that it was paid to them. For the bubble had burst, and there were a great many who found themselves robbed. The morning this notice came out, I was visited by a great many from whom Davis had gotten money. I took down their names, and the amount they let him have, and the security he gave; in fact all the conditions of his securing their funds. To my surprise, I found that he had gotten from various persons, not one dollar of which went into the church, about one hundred thousand dollars.

About this time Dr. Thomas F. Wood, a leading physician of Wilmington, who had a relative, a Mrs. Fanning, on
whose home Davis had secured a mortgage, and borrowed money on it, had Davis arrested for obtaining money under false pretense. Soon after he was arrested, there was published in the daily papers of Wilmington a statement that contradicted a statement that I had published as to the condition of Fifth Street Church. In this statement he said: "I do not ask it back, but if I had what I have given the church, I could pay all of my debts." In reply to this statement, I said: "I do not care to enter into any controversy with Mr. Davis, as he is in the hands of the criminal law, but so far as Fifth Street Church is concerned I have this to say: Fifth Street Church could never have been the recipient of any man's munificence, since it owes for all it has."

I saw that there would be war on me, and that I would be held responsible for the arrest of Davis. For notwithstanding he had swindled the people to such an extent, there were many who still believed that he did not intend to do wrong. I further saw that he could not be convicted on the charge upon which he was arrested, for in that case, there was nothing more than misplaced confidence. In view of these facts, I felt it to be my duty, the success of my work depending on it, to give the facts in my possession to the Solicitor. I called upon him, and told him he could not convict Davis on the charge on which he was arrested. He thought I came in the interest of Davis and flew in a passion and asked how I knew. I told him I was not there in the interest of Davis, but in the interest of the State. He cooled down, and said, "How can you aid me?" I told him I had in my possession a number of cases involving fraud, false pretense and forgery; and could give him the names of those who would go before the grand jury and state the facts. He said: "That is just what I want, for I have known for some time he was carrying on a swindling game on a large scale,
but I could not get the evidence.” I gave him the names of six of the strongest cases, the victims in which had given me these facts, in answer to my published offer to pay any person whose money had been fraudulently secured, if it was used in the church. He sent these persons before the grand jury, and had six true bills found, involving fraud, perjury and forgery. These witnesses had no idea of being called into court as witnesses when they gave me the facts, and were very much surprised when they were summoned, and sent before the grand jury to tell what they knew. Some of them came to me to know who had them summoned. I told them the State of North Carolina, and all they had to do was to tell what they knew.

They did this and the grand jury brought in the bills. When Davis and his lawyers came into court they were in high glee, for they were satisfied he could not be convicted on the charge on which he was arrested. But when the Solicitor informed the Court of the other indictments, that gave quite a different turn to the case. The counsel for Davis said they had no knowledge of these indictments, and were not prepared for trial. They asked for and obtained a continuance of the case until next court. Davis was put back in jail, and his attorneys prepared for his defense. At the next court they had trained Davis to plead insanity. He made the plea, and the court sustained it, and he was sent to the Asylum for the insane to remain until cured. He was there about five years, and was discharged, and allowed to go free. He went to Washington City, and played a similar game; he was arrested there and tried, and plead insanity again; but the plea did not save him. He was convicted and sent to the penitentiary where he was when I last heard of him. Thus ended a remarkable career, that cost me three years of hard work, and much anxiety. When I went to Fifth Street it looked like a hopeless case. The
congregation had lost heart, and the church at large did not have any hope of paying the debt. They owed one hundred dollars for light, and the light and power company had cut off the lights, and I had to assume responsibility for the one hundred dollars before we could have any lights for the church. They were paying thirty-three dollars a month for lights. I cut that down to eleven dollars, and paid the amount due, so that we could use the church at night.

Rev. C. P. Jerome was stationed at Southport, and Rev. H. B. Anderson was on the Scott's Hill charge. They were publishing a little paper in Southport. I took that over, and began to publish the Atlantic Methodist. I did that simply to bring the church matter before the general church and make the paper a medium of appeal for help. I gave the money received for subscriptions to the fund for saving the church, and secured advertising enough to pay for publishing the paper. The editorial work, and the mailing of the paper, and all the business of this weekly, I did as a gratuity. The paper was well received, and appeals through it for help began to tell at once. We soon had about fifteen hundred subscribers, and that much ready money gave me a start. Besides this, I published the railroad schedules, and got an annual pass over the roads that enabled me to go out and raise money for the church.

It was not long before hope in the congregation revived, and notwithstanding the fact that a great many of the members had lost their homes, or had to struggle to pay off the mortgages that they had been induced by Davis to make, they began to help as they were able.

Notwithstanding the immense debt on the church, and the efforts of those holding mortgages to foreclose, we went on regularly with our church work. The Sunday School began to grow and the congregation increased in numbers and interest. When I got to Wilmington, Davis was still in charge
of everything. He was superintendent of the Sunday School, President of the Board of Trustees, and the ruling spirit among the Stewards. I called on him for an explanation of the church's financial condition, and he promised to explain everything; but only promised from day to day. The situation grew worse rapidly. I told him I would have a meeting of the official board and he must resign all official positions immediately. He said he would go to the meeting and tender his resignation. He did so; but on resigning expressed his deep love for the church, and said he could yet straighten up everything if he had a chance. I told him I had waited for some time for an explanation, which he had promised from day to day, but had not given me, and I had determined that I would wait no longer. Some of the officials were inclined to give Davis a further trial. But I told them Davis would get out or I would; and they could choose between us. If he remained in charge of things as he had done, I would ask to be relieved of the charge at once. Then they agreed to let him go. Immediately after this he was arrested, and I published all I could find out about the condition of the church. It was not my purpose to take any part in the prosecution of Davis; but when he and his attorneys began to make war on me, then I placed in the hands of the solicitor the facts which drove him into the insane plea and which rid the church and community of him. As all the mortgages on the property had been made without any authority from the church, and as I had drafted, and had passed by the General Assembly of North Carolina, a bill that defined the power of Trustees of church property under the general act of incorporation of religious societies in North Carolina, I was prepared to show that these mortgages could not legally be foreclosed. I told the people who held the mortgages that we proposed to pay the debt; that it was a moral obligation; but if we allowed those
who held the first mortgages to foreclose it would leave the others without anything, and the church in no condition to pay. The Board of Trustees very naturally objected to this course. I saw they would prefer to let the church go, to having their acts thus called in question; but I had decided to save the church, and I stood firmly by this plan. I went ahead raising money and trying in every honorable way to meet the condition. The Wilmington Savings and Trust Company held the first mortgage, and wanted to foreclose. I told the president of the bank he could not foreclose, for the mortgage was not legally made. He became angry and talked insultingly to me. I told him if he wished to test the matter the courts were open to him, and he would see that his mortgage was not legally worth the paper on which it was written; and referred him to the law requiring Boards of Trustees to be authorized by the Committee or Board having charge of the finances of the church, or by the congregation in official meeting, before they had any right to alienate church property in any way. He went to see his lawyer, and after considering the law, he told the irate bank president that the law was as I stated it. I told him we did not desire to keep the property unless we could pay for it, and that it was my purpose to pay every dollar the church owed; but we must have time to do it.

This proved to be a very thankless work for me; but I knew I was right, and that my intentions were good, so I faced the situation with a bold front, and let it be known that this property and church membership had to be saved. Of course there were many things said that were not complimentary to me; but there were a number of good men in Wilmington who stood by me, and gave me all the assistance in their power.

During 1892 we had a good revival in the church notwithstanding our difficulties. At the meeting of the College
of Bishops, Bishop W. W. Duncan was assigned to preside over our conference. I wrote to him to come and look into the affairs of Fifth Street Church and preach for us. He did this and became a great help to me. He saw through the situation, and approved of my course. He was a hero, and as true as steel. I shall always revere his memory.

I attended a meeting of the Board of Church Extension held in Louisville, Kentucky, and secured a conditional gift of three thousand dollars. I had devised a scheme to bond the church debt for ten years, in four per cent coupon bonds. These bonds were in the denomination of twenty-five dollars, and two thousand dollars of them were taken on the condition that they would be given to the church if the church was saved. Rev. David Morton, D. D., was Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, and he insisted that the three thousand dollars donated should not be paid until the bond debt had been reduced to fifteen thousand dollars. I made haste to secure enough money to reduce the debt to a bonded debt of fifteen thousand dollars; and thereby met the condition of the donation from the Board.
CHAPTER VIII.

FIFTH STREET CHURCH CONTINUED.

Our Conference met in Goldsboro, December 1892. Bishop W. W. Ducan presided. I had gotten hold of things at Fifth Street Church very well by this time. The Bishop had already been a great help to me, and he urged the Conference to help me in my work. This made the work lighter, and gave me encouragement. Nothing of special interest occurred at this Conference. I placed Fifth Street in nomination as the place of the next Conference, and the Conference had become enough interested to choose that church as the place for the next session. We hoped to get up enough interest by the session of the Conference to wipe out the whole debt, and free the church that it might go forward in a great work for the Master. I was President of the Board of Church Extension of the North Carolina Conference, and I thought what money we had on hand would do more good in helping to liquidate the debt on Fifth Street Church than in any other way. Bishop Duncan thought so, and I talked with some of the laymen who represented country charges, and needed help very much, and they all agreed that it would be best to apply the collections in hand for church extension in that way. Brother N. M. Lawrence, who was a lay member offered a resolution instructing the Board of Church Extension to so apply the collections for 1892. The amount appropriated by the Conference Board of Church Extension was $830.00.

I quote from the files of the Atlantic Methodist, which I have kept, of December 13th, 1893, the following statement: "Two years ago Fifth Street Church owed about $35,000.00 in round numbers. This debt was created in building the
church. The church had for all this money the excellent church, the parsonage, and several small houses. All this property was under mortgage, and the debt was drawing interest at 8 per cent. We sold all this outside property to those who held the mortgages, and in that way reduced the debt $8,874.00 and paid nearly $1,500.00 accrued interest from money that we raised. We then bonded $16,375.00, of the remaining debt in 4 per cent coupon bonds, payable the first day of October, 1902. The interest on this is payable the first day of October each year. We still owe $8,975.00, but our creditors made donations amounting to $1,349.00, leaving us still in debt $7,626.00. The Board of Church Extension donated $3,000.00 and our Conference Board donated $830.00, still leaving a balance of $3,826.00 to raise, which sum we have secured in cash and subscriptions except $300.00 which the Board of Trustees will settle by note. We are very anxious to secure the amount subscribed as early as possible. It is not a small job to collect such a sum in small donations. We ask the good people who have so nobly come to our rescue to let us have the money at their earliest convenience, so that we may let our long suffering creditors have their money. We heartily thank the North Carolina Conference for the noble response that they have made to our call for help; and all the friends who contributed to help us in this work.

When the Conference tendered a vote of thanks for our part, we thought we ought to thank the Confernece, and we did from our heart, and repeat the thanks to them in this connection.

The Lord has been with us in all this work, and all our plans have been successful. To Him be all the glory, now and forever.”

When this statement was made we had out $16,375.00 in bonded debt. However, $2,000.00 of these bonds were to
be a donation, when the holders could be assured that the church property could be saved; but Dr. Morton, the Secretary of our Board of Church Extension would not turn over the $3,000.00 donated until the bonded debt had been reduced to $15,000.00, and sent the check to Mr. Jas. F. Post, the Treasurer of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, to get an attorney and see that all bonds signed and unsigned were burned. We had to raise $1,375.00 before we could get the $3,000.00 donated by the Board, as Dr. Morton would take no risk. If there had been loose management by the officials at Fifth Street Church, there was none with him. So we secured the additional sum by hard work, and Col. A. M. Waddell was employed by Brother Post, and all outstanding bonds, except the $15,000.00 were burned, and the $2,000.00 were eventually given according to promise, so that when I left the church at the end of my three years' pastorate there were $13,000.00 of bonded debt to pay.

I was president of the Conference Board of Church Extension, and I got the Conference to allow us to make an assessment on the church of $800.00 a year to pay the interest on these bonds; and advised the church to raise at least $1,500.00 as a sinking fund to pay the bonds. We had raised in cash in two years, under the most adverse circumstances $9,660.00, outside of all donations from the Boards of Church Extension, and the amount of debt liquidated by turning over the outside property to those who held the mortgages on it. It seemed to us that if that much could be done in two years, with only $13,000.00 to raise in ten years, with the conference paying the interest on the bonded debt, that the debt was in fairly good shape.

While I was grappling with this debt, I had raised $2,000.00, and had the money in the Bank of New Hanover, and that failed. Col. John Wilder Atkinson was the president of the Savings and Trust Co., and he assured me that
the Bank of New Hanover was perfectly safe, and when I tried to move my deposits to the Savings Bank, he said if anything happens to this bank, I will give you credit, dollar for dollar for all your deposits here. So when the Bank of New Hanover failed, I saw Col. Atkinson, and he said: "Yes, that bank will pay every dollar, and I will give you credit for all the money you have there." I said to him, if you will give me dollar for dollar for all we owe you, I will pay you with the script on the Bank of New Hanover. He consulted with one of the directors, and said if you will do that in two days I will accept the script on that bank. I went out and sold $13,600.00 worth of our bonds, and settled a debt of $15,275.00 due the Wilmington Savings and Trust Co. The failure of the Bank of New Hanover enabled me to bond the debt, and in that way helped me. The raising of $9,660.00 in small donations in two years and settling $35,000.00 by bonding $15,000.00 in four percent bonds, and securing $3,830.00 from the Boards of Church Extension, and settling $8,874.00 by giving the mortgaged property to those who held the mortgages on it; and the property would not have brought that amount if it had been put on the market; and securing $2,000.00 of the $15,000.00 bonded debt in conditional subscription, for these bonds were eventually given, which made the amount actually raised in two years $11,960.00, does not seem a very great work under ordinary conditions, but there was want of faith in the possibility of settling the debt, and it was in a time of great financial stringency. We had a general panic in 1893, and all business was greatly depressed. Davis had bought a chime of bells for the church on his own account, for which a dollar had not been paid. The McShane Bell Company tried to get me to keep the bells, but I did not feel warranted in appealing to the general church for a chime
of bells, and declined to keep them. They never removed them as long as I was stationed there. The organ had a mortgage of $2,500.00 on it, and we settled that and kept it.

Rev. W. L. Cunninggim followed me and gave his time and attention to his pastoral work, and did not concern himself about the bonded debt, as the Conference was paying the interest, and the bonds would not fall due until 1902.

Rev. J. H. Hall followed Brother Cunninggim, and was there when the bonds fell due, and the Board of Church Extension came to his help, and as the bonds were held by two men who bought them with script on the Bank of New Hanover, that never paid over 45 per cent, they felt that they had saved so much by buying the bonds, and getting four per cent interest for ten years, that they could afford to let the church have the bonds for seventy-five per cent. So the $13,000.00 of bonded debt was settled for $9,000.00; and I had the honor to give the last $100.00 that settled the bonded debt.

I have given this history in such length to let the church know all the facts in the case, as I have been informed a different account has been given of the affair; and it is not out of place to set history straight.

There is a record on high that will show every man's work; and there will be no mistakes up there, or misunderstandings.

I am now in the evening of life; I cannot expect to toil on here many years more; but I am thankful that I have tried to do my duty under all circumstances.
CHAPTER IX.

CENTENARY CHURCH, NEW BERN—HAY STREET CHURCH, FAYETTEVILLE.

At our Conference that was held in Durham, N. C., in December, 1894, I was sent to Centenary Church, New Bern, N. C. During the Conference, Dr. Black came to me and asked me if it would suit me to go to the Washington District; he said Bishop Wilson, (who presided at that Conference), desired to give me an appointment that would be agreeable to me, and had asked him to speak to me about it. I told him that I had no objection to that appointment. He said to me: "I will change with you if you prefer the Warrenton District." I told him that was very kind of him; but that I would not have him to move, and would be willing to go to the Washington District. He said: "Well, that will be your appointment, but say nothing about it; I would not have told you except at the request of the Bishop." But when the appointments were read I was assigned to Centenary Church, as above stated. I learned afterwards that I was down for the Washington District until just before Conference adjourned. Rev. G. A. Oglesby had been held up to be made missionary secretary, but the Board of Missions would not elect a field secretary, and at the last moment I was sent to New Bern, and he to the Washington District.

The preacher who had been at New Bern expected a change, but did not get the appointment he expected, and went back to his charge very much dissatisfied, and told his people that he had been changed for my accommodation, and created a great deal of dissatisfaction. He cried over the matter, and appealed to the sympathies of his people, and
created quite a stir. I told the Presiding Elder that I was willing to go to the appointment from which I was taken to accommodate another brother, and that he knew all the facts. But he would not state them to the people, and I said I would go where I was sent and take the consequences. I went to New Bern, and after I had been there a month, and had my work well in hand, I wrote Bishop Wilson of the trouble that had been caused, and that I had been charged with having the preacher moved, and that had been used to my prejudice. He wrote me promptly, and said: "I bear you record that you had nothing to do with your appointment, and did not expect to go to New Bern." I read the letter to the congregation and it removed all prejudice, and I had a good year.

My wife was sick nearly all the year. I took her to Buffalo Lithia Springs with the hope of giving her relief, but she received little, if any, benefit. She spent a month at Chase City, Va., and Panacea Springs, N. C., but continued to suffer so much that I took her to St. Lukes Hospital in Richmond, Va., and placed her under the care of Dr. Hunter McGuire. He operated on her, and she was relieved for a time.

Our Conference met in Elizabeth City in December, 1895. Bishop Wilson presided again. My wife was in the hospital in Richmond during the session of Conference. I told the Bishop that I desired a change. He was not inclined to move me, and would not hear to it until I told him that Dr. McGuire said my wife could not live in that climate. When I told him that he said: "That is a consideration," and granted my request. He sent me to Hay Street Church, Fayetteville. I went from Elizabeth City to Richmond and took my wife, who had sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, on to New Bern, and we moved to Fayetteville immediately. The preacher at Fayetteville did not get out
of the parsonage for nearly a month, and we had to board until he was pleased to move. I always made it a point to go to my work as soon as I could after Conference, and was careful never to keep my successor out of the parsonage.

Our Conference generally meets so as to include the first Sunday in December, and if the preacher delays moving, the weather gets bad, and moving is very disagreeable.

I found Fayetteville thoroughly under the whiskey power. The town government was largely controlled by a whiskey ring, and I do not believe any man could have been elected dog killer if he had opposed the ring. James M. Lamb, one of the leading members of our church there, said in a District Conference for the Fayetteville District, held at Aberdeen, that the whiskey power had the church by the throat in Fayetteville. Bishop Duncan, who was presiding, told Brother Lamb that he must be mistaken, that the whiskey power did not have the church by the throat anywhere; but Lamb stuck to his statement. When I was sent to Fayetteville, I soon became aware of the saloon power. I saw that prohibition would be a nullity where the municipal authorities would not enforce the law; and to break this power, I labored to have a dispensary established there, as a stepping stone to the prohibition of the whiskey traffic. We succeeded in establishing the dispensary, and closing fourteen saloons. The people who were in favor of saloons were very mad about it, and declared that the business of the town was ruined. I could not go into a crowd anywhere that I would not hear of the ruin that had been wrought by closing the saloons. I passed by a number of men one day, and stopped to speak with them, when one said: “If I had what I have in money, I would hit the grit, and get away from this town.” I asked him what was the matter, and he said: “They have closed the saloons and ruined the business of the town, and grass will grow in our streets.” I said to him that I
Recollections

would tell him an anecdote, that a few years ago they had a prohibition campaign in Kansas; that the saloon interest got Senator Vorhees of Indiana to canvass against prohibition, and while making a speech, he asked this question: "Fellow citizens of Kansas, if you have this prohibitory law what will you Kansas farmers do with your corn?" Kansas is a great corn growing State. A farmer in the audience arose and said: "Does the honorable gentleman want an answer to that question?" Voorhees said: "Yes, I repeat it, if you have this prohibitory law what will you Kansas farmers do with your corn?" The farmer replied: "I will tell you, we will raise more pork and less hell." That reply knocked the Senator out; and if we raise grass in the streets of Fayetteville, we will raise more hay and less hell here. All the company laughed except the man who wanted to leave town because the saloons were closed. He had been interested in the business, and was too sore over being closed up to laugh at anything.

I would not make a false impression of the society of Fayetteville by what I have said about the power of the whiskey traffic there. Notwithstanding the fact above stated, Fayettevillit had in it the finest society of people I have known anywhere in the State.

It was then a fine place to live, but it has improved in every way since. Closing the saloons was the beginning of improvements at Fayetteville that have been going on ever since. The dispensary ran about three years and six months, and then through the efforts of a man who went to the Senate of North Carolina from Fayetteville, the question of license or prohibition was submitted to the people, and to the great surprise of that Senator, the county went two to one for prohibition, so Cumberland County had prohibition for some time before we carried the State for state wide prohibition.
The town of Fayetteville at this time is one of the most progressive towns in the State. They have fine schools, fine churches, well paved streets and prosperous business men. Where those who were opposed to prohibition prophesied that grass would grow in the streets, they have paved streets instead of mud as under the old regime.

There were many who sympathized with the whiskey traffic when I was there, and my efforts to close the saloons made it somewhat unpleasant for me, and at the close of my second year, I asked to be relieved of the charge. I was appointed to another good charge, and the brother who was sent to Fayetteville met with such opposition that he was sent to the charge to which I was assigned, and I was returned for another year. I had a large majority of the members in sympathy with me, and my third year in Fayetteville was a pleasant and profitable one. It was a mistake for me to leave when I did, but I thought my work there was about done, and I asked for a change.

During my pastorate at Fayetteville I found that the late Brother E. J. Lilly had left an endowment to Hay Street Church of five thousand dollars. The interest on this sum was to pay his assessment to the pastor in perpetuity; and this money was loaned to a cotton mill on personal security. I spoke to Dr. E. Floyd, who was chairman of the Board of Trustees, and advised him to collect the money and invest it in real estate, as I did not think such a fund as that should be invested in personal security, it mattered not how good. He collected the money and invested four thousand dollars in a store, and loaned the other thousand on real estate security. Not long after this investment, real estate in Fayetteville went up amazingly, and they sold the store for which they paid four thousand dollars for eleven thousand five hundred. The church in Fayetteville had desired for sometime to build a new house of worship, and the profit
on this investment gave them a start. They went forward and built one of the best arranged churches in the State and now they have one of the very best stations in the Conference.

Methodism was planted in Fayetteville by a colored preacher by the name of Henry Evans. In 1810 William Capers, (afterward Bishop Capers), was stationed there, and wrote an interesting account of Henry Evans, whom he regarded as a great preacher in his day, and a most excellent man. They have a brick church there that is owned by the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, that is a memorial to Henry Evans, the humble colored shoe maker from Virginia, who first preached the gospel according to Methodism in Fayetteville. When he went there it was his purpose to preach to his own color only, but his preaching had such a good effect upon the negroes that the white people went to hear him, and many of them were converted. At first he was persecuted, but by his consecrated life he lived down all opposition, and William Capers said he was famous when he went there as pastor of the church. God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and in the history of Methodism, He has frequently chosen these weak instruments to accomplish amazing results. Methodism was born in a University, and her founders were scholars, but they never depended upon human learning for success. No church has been a greater patron to, and a greater friend of education, than the Methodist Church, but we have always known that our education must be baptized with the Spirit's power to make it efficient in the salvation of souls.

Some of our greatest scholars, as well as greatest preachers, never went to College. Dr. Adam Clark was the greatest Oriental scholar among English speaking men, and he never went to a college or university. He went to Kings-
wood School for a short time, and found that he knew all they taught there and left. While as has been said, "God has no use for our ignorance," He has no use for our learning unless that learning sits at the feet of Christ, and learns of Him things that cannot be taught in the schools. Henry Evans, the colored preacher of Fayetteville, sat at the feet of the great Teacher and learned spiritual lessons that made him immortal.

While I was stationed at Fayetteville Rev. W. H. Moore, D. D., was my Presiding Elder. He was very brotherly and helpful to me in my work. It was about this time that Rev. A. B. Crumpler was disrupting the church all along the Cape Fear River with his doctrine of holiness, and the second blessing. He had been a member of the North Carolina Conference, and had located at the Conference held in Kinston in December, 1896, for the purpose of carrying on an evangelizing campaign on the holiness plan. He began soon after his location to attack the church, and the ministry, and charged that the church had departed from the doctrine of holiness. He came to Fayetteville, and secured the armory and held a meeting for three weeks. Knowing that it was his purpose to disrupt the church, I did not attend the meeting, but went quietly along, visiting my people and holding my regular services just as though he was not there. I did not discuss him or his work, and would not allow any one to talk to me about him.

I had written a book on "Spiritual Life," and the fifth chapter in that book was on "Regeneration." I had that chapter printed in pamphlet form and distributed it freely in my congregation. I sent a copy to Bishop Wilson and he approved it in strong terms. Some one put a copy of it on Crumpler's desk in the armory, and I was informed that he spent three nights in an attempt to reply to it. But I never paid any attention to his attacks. The meeting finally
died out, and no harm came to the church in Fayetteville from his attacks. He tore up the church in many communities, however, and withdrew from the church, and attempted to establish what he was pleased to call a holiness church. After carrying on this propaganda for several years, his organization went to pieces, and he came back to the church, and obtained a license to preach, and a few years ago his credentials were restored to him, and he is now a local Elder in our church. Several of our preachers went off in the Crumpler movement, but nearly all of them finally came back to the church. I am not stating these facts to condemn these brethren. I think they were honestly mistaken, and like some of Mr. Wesley's helpers, imagined that they had received larger blessings than even Mr. Wesley himself had received, and that he could not teach them anything. The doctrine of holiness has always been a fundamental doctrine of Methodism; but there is danger of spiritual pride getting into the hearts of those who profess this high attainment of grace, and destroying that holiness without which no man can see the Lord.

This so-called holiness work brought the scriptural doctrine of sanctification, and holiness, into such disrepute, by the conduct of many who professed it, that even the scriptural terms were objected to by many good people. I have always contended that we should be careful not to object to this doctrine because of its abuse; but that we should seek to obtain, and live the doctrine and experience taught in the word of God, and be careful not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. Spiritual pride is the great enemy of holiness, and those who have attained the clearest evidence of a holy heart, have ever been the humblest in their profession. John Fletcher of Madeley was one of the finest illustrations of the doctrine of perfect love, and he was
one of the humblest of men; but the grace that was in him was so apparent to all with whom he came in contact that his influence over men was wonderful.

I have stated the facts with regard to this so-called holiness movement because it came in connection with my work at Fayetteville. Because I did not endorse the movement, I was charged by some as opposing holiness, and the M. E. Church, South, was charged with the same thing. We have always believed in scriptural sanctification and christian perfection, but we draw the line at "crankification."
CHAPTER X.

Hay Street, Fayetteville, Continued.

Our Conference met in Kinston in December, 1896. Bishop A. W. Wilson presided for the fourth time consecutively. I was returned to Fayetteville. I was informed that it was the intention to put me on a District, and as I had my sons in school in Fayetteville, I asked Dr. Moore, my Presiding Elder, to ask the Bishop to allow me to stay there for the present, which he kindly did. The education of my children was a matter of the first moment with me. We had a fine military school in Fayetteville. Col. T. J. Drewry was the principal, and there has not been a finer teacher of boys in my day in North Carolina. He died while I was stationed there, and I took his remains to Drewryville, Southampton County, Virginia, and buried him. The school began to go down after his death, and I do not think its equal has been established there since. I do not say this to the disparagement of the excellent schools that exist there, but Drewry was an extraordinary teacher, and did a great deal for education in the State in his day. He was for a number of years associated with the Horners in that excellent school in Oxford. The whole city of Fayetteville grieved at his death, and felt that it was a great loss, not only to Fayetteville, but to the educational force of the State.

It will not be amiss to speak of that great man, Bishop A. W. Wilson. I have said the Conference at Kinston was the fourth session of the North Carolina Conference at which he had presided in succession. I remember the sermon he preached at Kinston on Sunday morning. It was from the
third chapter of Paul's Epistles to the Romans and the 21st and 26th verses inclusive. That sermon was a body of divinity. Dr. W. H. Moore, a very able preacher himself, said: "I would be willing to black his shoes and sit at his feet daily to hear such preaching as that." When the Bishop reached a climax in his argument on the atonement, and the gospel plan of salvation, he said: "I see it now," and there was a bright young lawyer in the gallery, who had followed the argument and was perfectly lost in it, who exclaimed aloud: "I do too." I was stopping at that young lawyer's father's and at dinner while speaking of the sermon, and of his exclamation, he said: "I saw the whole plan of salvation as clear as a sunbeam." I think that young man was converted under that sermon.

It did not appear strange in by gone years for men to be converted under the preached gospel. Why do we not see such things now? Our gospel is the same it always was, and human nature is the same. We hear of our progress in intelligence, and in many things, but it does seem to me that we are not preaching the gospel with the old time power and effectiveness. Bishop Wilson, over eighty years old, is still living, and though feeble, he yet preaches the gospel with wonderful power. He is possessed of the first order of mind, received thorough collegiate training, and was a lawyer with bright prospects ahead of him, but gave up all to preach the gospel, which after all is the highest of all callings, and says now, I am simply a preacher of the gospel. He never turned aside to do anything else since he put his hand to the gospel plow. His long life has been consecrated to the one work, and although he has filled the highest position in the gift of his church, he has ever esteemed it his highest honor to preach Christ to the world.

Having spoken of the evil effects of the movement in the name of holiness to disrupt the church, there is another
movement that has had a detrimental effect upon the religious life of many people, and that is the premillenarian doctrine that has spread in some sections. This doctrine discredits the work of the Holy Spirit, and hinders His powerful influences in His awakening and converting power.

While on this point, I will state a circumstance that occurred while I was stationed in Wilmington. A man came there and delivered what he called a series of Bible readings. The first of these Bible readings had nothing objectionable in them, and a brother came to me with an endorsement of these readings and asked me to sign it. As I saw nothing objectionable in them I signed the paper. After that he came out with his premillenarianism, and went so far as to say that the Holy Spirit had ceased to convict men of the guilt or of the power of sin; that he had not seen any one convicted of sin in any way in twenty years. I went to the brother who had the endorsement of these readings in hand and had my name scratched off. I went to the other Methodist preachers and asked them not to endorse the teachings to which we had just listened, but they hesitated to take their names off, and the endorsement came out the next morning in the morning papers. The Presiding Elder of the Wilmington District was one of the preachers who endorsed the teaching, and he came out in an article in the church paper disclaiming the purpose of endorsing any such teaching. I did not intend to have anything to say about the matter, as large crowds had attended the meetings, and I expected it would bring upon me a good deal of criticism. I left the meeting as soon as I had quietly taken my name from the endorsement, but learned the next morning that the brother who had the endorsement, stated publicly that I had declined to endorse the teaching. When I heard that I published in the Atlantic Methodist my reasons for refusing to endorse such doctrine, and found to my surprise that the
people generally were with me, notwithstanding I was the only one of the preachers who refused the endorsement.

I have been fully persuaded for a long time that this premillenarian doctrine has had a detrimental effect upon many. For if the idea that Christ must come and reign here on earth in his human person before the world can be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God is true, if this doctrine means anything, it means that Christianity having begun in the spirit, must be perfected in the flesh. Christ will come back to this world in like manner as He went away; but when He comes He will come to judgment, and that will be the end of this state of things. I have no doubt that this is the truth. Russellism, with all of its other heresies, has its roots in premillenarianism, and I give it as my settled conviction that all of our preachers should steer clear of this heresy. The Holy Spirit is come to abide in the church until the end of time, and we have just as good reason to expect His presence in convicting and converting power now as our fathers had. I have seen too much of His work in my day to doubt a continuance of His presence with us to the end. Whenever the doctrine that Christ must come in His human person to reign on earth and subjugate His enemies and put an end to Satan's power, by a sudden stroke of divine power, the work of the Holy Spirit is discredited to make the truth effective. It is a mistake to suppose that the resources of the Holy Spirit are any more limited than those of the entire God-head; for He is really and truly God, and the great danger is now and ever has been that we may grieve Him. I speak of this in this connection because I am so deeply impressed with its importance.

I cannot well help speaking of the effects of the different doctrines that have been taught in my day, and the effect of these doctrines on the church and the world. Our modern system of evangelism is a departure from that system which
so wonderfully impressed the world in the early days of Methodism, and which obtained when I first entered the ministry.

Our fathers fasted and prayed to secure the outpouring of the Spirit in the awakening and conversion of souls. Now we advertise our meetings and magnify the work of certain men. We make the impression, whether intentionally or not, that the power of God is in the hands of a few men, who resort to all kinds of sensational methods to attract the crowd. They succeed in drawing large audiences, and get much advertising through the papers, but after all, the permanency of the work is questionable. The impression is very general that the day of old fashioned Holy Spirit Revival is passed.

In all this work I am impressed that the human instrumentality is honored, and the work of the Holy Spirit is under-valued. I speak of these things because it is a matter of conscience with me, and if our people can be brought back to seek, and to trust in the Spirit of God in his awakening, converting and sanctifying power in any degree, I shall not have labored in vain.
CHAPTER XI.

WASHINGTON STATION.

The North Carolina Conference met in Elizabeth City the latter part of November, 1898. Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald presided. I had spent three years at Fayetteville, and I desired to get an appointment higher up the country, as my wife was still a great sufferer, and I had found that a malarial climate did not agree with her. I spoke to Bishop Fitzgerald about it and he decided to put me on the Warrenton District. That was just the point to which I wished to go, as the District parsonage was in Littleton, and the Panacea Springs, which were close by, had proved very helpful to her. But our congregation in Washington, N. C., had commenced to build a new church, and they were heavily in debt, with the church incomplete and the congregation somewhat divided, and the Presiding Elder of that District determined to have me sent there. To accomplish his purpose he got certain preachers to go to the Bishop and tell him that the preachers objected to me as a Presiding Elder, and the Bishop was induced to put me at Washington and to assign the preacher at Washington to the Warrenton District.

It is painful to me to record these facts, but I cannot be true to history and not state them. The brother who was used to accomplish this, afterwards left the church and went to the Baptist Church. Another brother, who has since gone to his reward, told me that he was approached with the request to go with some brethren to the Bishop with this statement. Suffice it to say the scheme worked, and I was sent to Washington, where the climate aggravated my wife's trouble and came near causing her death. All parties to this
transaction have passed to their reward, and I hope they are in heaven; for while I state these facts, I feel no unkindness to the men who schemed for what seemed to be very much against the interest of my family, as well as myself.

I went to Washington, N. C., in December, 1898. I found the congregation worshipping in the town hall. They had commenced to build a nice brick church. The building was under cover and no money in hand to complete it, with a six thousand dollar debt to provide for. It took five thousand dollars to complete the church, and the conference had been invited to hold the session of 1899 there. I was informed by the Presiding Elder that there was no trouble there, and that the church would be completed without difficulty as the congregation was amply able to build it. He said, "It is no Fifth Street affair." I said nothing, for I saw I was in for it, let the trouble be what it would. I went there and went to work with all my might to relieve the situation, for I knew if there was any failure it would be charged to me, as the Conference was kept in entire ignorance of the situation. With hard and constant work, we succeeded in finishing the church building at an additional cost of $5,000.00, which we raised that year. We bonded the debt of $6,000.00 for ten years, and when the Conference met, we were ready for it and had the church dedicated.

Our Conference met in Washington, North Carolina, in December, 1899. No conference had been held in that town for about fifty-five years. There was no one living there that remembered the session that was held there, I think, in 1844. The church at Washington was founded in 1784, the same year that the M. E. Church was organized at the Christmas General Conference that met in Baltimore. The history of this church would be very interesting, if we had the data to write it. Many faithful men and women have been members here during its existence.
During the war between the states the greater part of the town was burned down, including the churches. When the war was over, the people there went to work and under great difficulties built a brick church. It was a rather unsightly building, with a very sharp roof. They were unable to complete it and worshipped in the basement for several years. When I first entered the ministry they were worshipping in that basement, and I assisted Rev. A. R. Raven in a meeting held there. They finally finished the auditorium, largely through donations made by old brother Lockwood Hyatt, and a Captain Perry, who was there in command of a revenue cutter.

When the congregation determined to build a new church there was considerable opposition from some of the older members, and when I was sent there the feeling between those who had opposed building the new church and the majority who had determined to build, was not as cordial as it should have been. This condition was not at all helpful to us in the work.

There was a graveyard connected with the church, and the larger space needed for the new church required the removal of some of the dead to the city cemetery. This caused some rather unpleasant feelings on the part of some of the members. The time was when I favored having a graveyard connected with the church, but my experience teaches me that it is a mistake to have a church and a graveyard together, for if it ever becomes necessary to move the church, there will be trouble about the dead buried there. Some of the members at Washington never became reconciled to what was done about their dead.

There was an old colored man who owned a lot adjoining the church in Washington. His cabin was the next house to the church, and the railroad desired to purchase his lot that they might run their tracks close by the church, to get
down to their terminal point. I bought this lot for the church, as it would have been a great annoyance to have the railroad track running within forty feet of the church. Some of the members were very much opposed to investing any money in a lot, while we owed so much on the church building; but I got one of our members, Brother E. W. Ayers, to pay for the lot and have it deeded to himself until I could raise the money to pay for it. We paid the old colored man $500.00 for his lot, and had him a house built at the back of it, to be his while he lived.

While our Conference was in session I secured Dr. J. J. Lafferty to give us a lecture to raise the money to pay for the lot. He came and delivered his lecture on "The Days of Our Daddies." We secured the old opera house in Washington for this lecture, and had a fine audience. Dr. Lafferty was a natural humorist, and on that occasion he surpassed himself. He spoke for two hours and ten minutes, and held his crowd to the last moment. Lafferty was simply inimitable. I do not suppose any one who heard him on that occasion will ever forget that lecture. It was humorous, but at the same time one of the best answers to pessimism I ever heard. He donated that lecture to help me pay for that lot, and would not accept but ten dollars for his time and trouble.

We paid for the lot, and I advised the church never to sell it, for if they sold it, the railroad might buy it and run their side tracks close to the church; but they have since sold it to a member of the church. Our Methodist people have an aversion to owning any property except for actual use for the church.

Bishop Hendrix dedicated the church in Washington, notwithstanding we owed a bonded debt of six thousand dollars; but before I left Washington we paid five hundred
dollars of the debt, and it was all paid in less than five years.

I have said our church in Washington was burned by the Federal army during the war. After fifty years the government paid the church four thousand five hundred dollars for the property burned. They had built and paid for two houses of worship before the government re-imbursed them.

I spent three years on the Washington Station, and at the Conference held in Fayetteville in 1901 I was sent to Rocky Mount Station.
CHAPTER XII.

Rocky Mount Station.

Our Conference for 1901 was held at Fayetteville, North Carolina, in December; Bishop R. K. Hargrove presided. I was sent to Rocky Mount Station. The church there had been in a rather unsettled condition for some time. When I went there the church buildings of all the denominations were small wooden structures. The town had just begun to build up, and the religious condition was not very encouraging. Soon after I entered upon my pastorate, I began to agitate for a new church. I did not meet with much encouragement at first, but I was satisfied that nothing could overcome certain difficulties that had existed there for some time, except some enterprise that would arouse church enthusiasm, and cause the old troubles to be forgotten. The Presiding Elder was not in harmony with me, or with the people. He was unfortunately constituted. He could not help being a partisan, and always took sides. There were factions, and he sided with one of them. I endeavored to occupy a neutral position and serve both sides alike, for there was, as is generally the case, some wrong on both sides.

About the time everything began to settle and the minds of the people were turned to the new enterprise of building a church, there was a difficulty between two men belonging to the opposite factions, and while I was trying to bring about peace between them, this Elder happened to get to town and took a decided stand with one faction. This precipitated a new trouble, which made the matter more difficult.

The position of a neutral between factions is always very difficult. If he will not take sides both sides will soon com-
bine against him, and like Pilate and Herod, they will make friends among themeselves and unite in opposing the neutral, as Pilate and Herod did against Christ. The Presiding Elder threw all his influence against the new church enterprise, and for a time hindered the work.

That brother has gone to his reward, and I hope he is in heaven, for I believe it was more a mistake of judgment than anything else that controlled his actions.

We finally succeeded in getting a plan accepted, and a committee organized to build a new brick church.

I spent two years in an effort to build up Methodism in Rocky Mount. Soon after the General Conference that met in Dallas, Texas, in 1902, at which A. Coke Smith, D. D., was elected bishop, I invited him to come to Rocky Mount and preach for us and lecture to our League. He did so, and spent a Saturday and Sunday with us to the delight of our people. He was a fine preacher, and a most genial gentleman.

Our conference for 1902 was held in Wilmington, and Bishop A. Coke Smith presided. I was returned to Rocky Mount for the year 1903, and did what I could to build up the church under difficulties.

During this Conference Rev. W. C. Norman, one of our most popular pastors, died suddenly. He was stationed at Trinity Church, Durham, at the time of his death. His people expected his return, but death took him away in the midst of his usefulness, and caused several changes in the appointments. Rev. R. C. Beaman, who had been stationed at Washington for only one year, was sent to Trinity, Durham, and his removal caused some dissatisfaction for a little time. I was called to Washington to conduct the funeral of a Brother Lawrence, and having been pastor at Washington the Official Board asked my advice about consenting to the change of their preacher. I advised them to wire the
Bishop to make no change from what he had done, and to let Brother Beaman go, and to write Brother L. E. Thompson to come on, and that they give him the best reception they had ever given a pastor. They did this, and Brother Thompson served the church acceptably for four years.

I record this fact to call attention to the mistake churches sometimes make in objecting to appointments. As a rule the bishops do the best they can, and if the people and the preachers will accept the situation, and do the best they can, things will generally right themselves.

Our Methodist system is a wonderful evangelizing system. It is a powerful instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit for the salvation of the world.

While Rocky Mount Station had its difficulties, there were many encouraging features about it as a field of great usefulness; and while I was not permitted to see my plans for building the new church, and for building up the membership carried out under my own supervision, yet the work went on, and the church and a new parsonage were built, and Rocky Mount is now one of our finest stations. I have many warm friends there, one of whom meets me at Conference every year and shows his friendship in a substantial way, by presenting me with a gold coin. I would be glad to give his name a place in these annals, but I fear he would not approve of it.

Rocky Mount is a growing railroad center, and has grown from a few hundred inhabitants in the last twenty-five years to 12,000 or 15,000 population.

Many of those who were leaders in church and State when I was stationed there are gone, and nearly an entirely new population is there, and the church is keeping pace with the wonderful growth of the town. They have recently added materially to the Sunday School department of the
church, and have one of the finest Sunday School arrangements of any church in the Conference. The leading business men of the town belong to the Wesley Bible Class, and the Superintendent of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad is one of the leading Bible class workers in the State.

I believe that some of the seed sown there by me has helped to produce the great harvest that is being reaped. Other good men have taken hold of the work, and God is blessing the seed-sowing and the reaping in that very fruitful field.

Our Conference for 1903 met in Goldsboro, N. C. Bishop Warren A. Candler presided. He gave my Official Board a rap for asking him to send me to the Washington District. They did this against my advice; but they had certain plans they wanted to carry out, and told me if the Bishop would grant their request, they intended to build a District parsonage at Rocky Mount and give it to the District. I feared just what happened; that the Bishop would think I had a hand in the movement, that they would not accomplish their object, and that I, who was innocent of such a plan, would be misunderstood. While I appreciated the kindness on the part of my brethren in desiring to have me live among them longer than my term as pastor, and giving me, as they thought, a wider field of service; yet I understood the workings of the itinerancy better than they did. They expected me to remain with them two years longer anyway, but the Presiding Elder, whose time was out, was not in sympathy with the board, nor with me. They informed him what they desired and he opposed it with all his influence. He did not desire to leave the Eldership, and he thought if that arrangement was effected, it would result in his leaving District work. The Bishop did not grant the desire of either party. I was moved from the station, and the Presiding Elder was sent to a station.
It is hard to state facts like these in such a way as not to cause any prejudice; but that brother has gone to his reward, and the brother who followed me at Rocky Mount has also gone to his eternal home. I was the innocent victim of misunderstanding; but I went back to Rocky Mount after Conference and plead with the brethren, who were very much disappointed, to go forward, build their church, and work for the Master, which they did, with the results stated.

Bishop Candler is a very strong man, and I have no doubt would have acted differently if he had fully understood the situation.

At that Conference at Goldsboro some of the brethren who had gone off with the Crumpler movement came back into the Conference. One brother who came back had served a charge on the Washington District as a supply, and had done faithful work. We recommended him for re-admission, and while some opposed him, I spoke in his defense. The Bishop was not favorable to his re-admission, and showed it by his objecting to some things I said; but he was re-admitted, and has done faithful work ever since.

My only object in stating the facts in this chapter is to set certain matters in their true light, and leave a true account of my work to any friends who may care to read them, either while I live or after I am gone.
CHAPTER XIII.

Henderson Station.

At the Conference held at Goldsboro in 1903, I was sent to Henderson Station. I followed Rev. J. D. Bundy, who was sent to the Washington District. I found a class of good clever people in Henderson; but the Church was not in a very spiritual condition. The charge did not pay as much salary as I had received for several years, but I did not complain of that, and took hold of the work resolved to do the best I could, and to save as many souls as possible.

I had two cotton mill churches connected with the charge, and had a junior preacher to work in that field. Soon after I got there Rev. R. D. Daniel, my junior preacher, came. We had a small church at South Henderson cotton mill that was burned soon after I got there. We had a society in North Henderson, and they worshipped in the school house. We held revivals at both of the mill villages, and had a number of conversions and accessions to the church. We built a church at both places, and had developed the work to such an extent that at the end of three years it was made into a separate charge, against my judgment, however, as we owed nine hundred dollars on the North Henderson Church. I advised the Presiding Elder to continue the mission in connection with the station until the North Henderson church was out of debt, but this was not done, and the mill congregation felt that they were unable to pay the debt and came near giving up. Rev. J. E. Underwood was sent on the District and took an interest in the church, and with the aid of J. H. Bridgers, Esq., R. J. Corbett, and a few others, the debt of $900.00 on the church was settled, and at the solicitation of Brother Underwood and Brother G.
D. Langston, the pastor, I went to Henderson and preached the dedicatory sermon.

This church was burned not a great while after its dedication, but there was enough insurance on it to build another, not so large as the one burned, but a good cotton mill church.

Henderson is a growing town, and has a fine class of people. There is no better society anywhere in the State.

The session of the North Carolina Conference for 1904 was held in Henderson the latter part of November. Bishop Candler again presided. The people of the town gave the Conference fine entertainment. I was pastor, and they gave me every facility for providing for the Conference. I have never seen the body better cared for at any session since I have been connected with it.

While at Henderson we had several good meetings, and quite a number were converted and taken into the church. There were several very remarkable conversions, among them the mayor of the town. He is still living, and one of my most cherished friends, of whom I would be glad to speak by name, but I know he would not like for me to do this, and for that reason I refrain.

My assistant, Brother R. D. Daniel, had a severe case of typhoid fever the first year he was with me there, and for weeks he was at the point of death, but his life was spared. He married and continued in the itinerant work for a few years and located.

The Conference met in Wilson in 1905, the latter part of November, Bishop Wilson presiding. I was returned to Henderson for the following year, 1906. My wife was a great sufferer, and was sick the greater part of the time I was stationed in Henderson. We were alone, as my children were away from home and the care of a sick wife, and a heavy pastoral charge did not give me any time for rest,
and yet I held meetings on my own charge, and helped the brethren in several revivals. I dedicated a church at Ahoskie in Bertie County, and held a revival on that charge.

Our Conference met in Rocky Mount in December, 1906. At this Conference I was elected Missionary Evangelist, without my knowledge or consent. My wife went with me to the Conference, and was taken violently ill there. I did not know whether she would recover, and I was greatly distressed. I knew that my work would take me away from home nearly all the time, and I did not see how I could do the work of an evangelist under the circumstances, but I left it all with God, and let things take their course. Soon after Conference I moved to Greensboro where my son was in business, so as to leave my wife with my son and daughter-in-law, while I was away at my work. My wife had been a great sufferer from gall stones for several years, and I had dreaded an operation; but her condition was such that nothing but an operation could save her; and she went to the hospital and was operated on, and came near dying. But God spared her life, and after another year's suffering she recovered her health. I speak of these things that all may know under what difficulties I labored at this time of my ministerial life. Many others have had to contend with like troubles, but that did not relieve the poignancy of my sorrows and trials. But the Lord sustained me by His grace, and I went forward to do the best I could under all circumstances. The old Book says, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward," and I can truly say I have experienced this common lot of our humanity; but always with the comfortable assurance that: "All things work together for good to them that love God."

The year 1907 was a year of labor and toil. I had been on station work for nineteen years, and lived at home and enjoyed its comforts; but through this year I went to the
hardest fields and suffered many discomforts. However, the Lord blessed my labors, and I found His over-ruling providence equalized things, so that what I lost in the comforts of home, and the affections of the people in my pastorates, was made up to me in larger spiritual blessing.

During the year 1907 I worked under the direction of the Board of Missions of the North Carolina Conference. The Board paid me a salary of $1,600.00 out of which I paid my traveling expenses and supported my family. I commenced early in January and kept constantly at work through the year. I dedicated two churches, and got another built that year, besides founding one at Clarendon in Columbus County.

I will not go into detail of the work of the year. I counted something over five hundred conversions, but I do not exactly know how many were added to the church. I held meetings from one end of the conference to the other; and most of the places to which I was sent were mission fields; some of them were places in which nothing much could be done. I held a meeting down on the Straits, in a community where every woman and girl, and all the men but eleven, were members of the church. These were converted and joined the church.

There is one fact with regard to the Straits church, the name of which is Springfield, I will mention because I have never found anything like it anywhere. The Sunday School raised all the finances, and everybody in the community is in the Sunday School. Rev. M. W. Dargan was the pastor, and he told me it was sometime after he got to the charge before he found out how they did. He said to the leading man there, a Brother Willis, that he wanted his Missionary collection before the District Conference, which was held at one of his churches that year. Brother Willis said to him: "You can get your missionary money whenever you
want it." Brother Dargan said nothing more about it then, but just before his District Conference was to meet, he said to Brother Willis: "Well, it is time to take the collection for missions." Brother Willis asked how much was the assessment, and when he was told, he went to his safe and counted out the amount. Brother Dargan said to him: "Do you pay all the collections yourself?" He answered: "No, we raise all our finances in the Sunday School, and always have the money in hand to pay all demands on the church."

I was told that when the treasury began to run low, they would make a special effort, and get a large collection to replenish it. It struck me as a remarkable financial plan. They never took any collection in the church at any preaching service for anything; but were careful to see that everybody contributed through the Sunday School. They came as near getting a contribution from every member of the congregation as any people I have ever known. I asked myself the question, if that was not about as good a financial plan as any I had ever known? I do not know that the plan is still operated. They have built a nice new church there. I was told they raised their finances in that way for that purpose also. I state this fact, that it may be tried by any church that may desire to test its efficacy.

Our Conference met in New Bern in December, 1907. I expected to continue in the same work, as the year had been fruitful of results. But the Board of Missions discontinued my work.

I was appointed to St. John and Gibson charge for 1908. My wife was still unable to go with me to my work, and we continued to make our home in Greensboro. I went promptly to my work, and boarded at the hotel in Gibson. I rented the parsonage out, and used every available means to get along with my work under difficulties. The people were
kind and sympathized with me. In the summer, when my wife had sufficiently recovered, she went down and spent some time with me. I would go home to Greensboro every three weeks. That was quite an additional expense and worry, but it was the best I could do under the circumstances.

Our Conference met in Durham in December, 1908, Bishop A. W. Wilson, presiding. I was returned to St. John and Gibson. Soon after conference, my wife having sufficiently recovered, we moved to Gibson. We made arrangements to have the parsonage, (which had stood for twenty-five years without any improvement), renovated and improved generally. We had improved the condition of the church the year before. But while the parsonage was being renovated, I was taken sick. During the year 1907, I held meetings during the summer in the malarial section, and became poisoned by malaria. My sickness took the form of nervous indigestion, and it affected my heart to such an extent that my physicians thought I had an incurable form of heart trouble. I struggled on until the middle of May, and made every effort to get well. I went to the hospital and spent three weeks, and to Jackson Springs for a couple of weeks, and then returned to my work, hoping still that I might be able to go on with my work. Not long after going back to Gibson I had a sinking spell one day, and I thought I was dying. Dr. W. T. Pate, my physician, thought that I would die if I did not give up work entirely, and believing that my work was done, I phoned my Presiding Elder, Rev. W. H. Moore, D. D., who lived in Rockingham, to come to Gibson, and informed him that I must give up my work. He came, and with the co-operation of the Official Board of the charge, it was arranged that the Rev. W. W. Peele, who had been President of Rutherford College, but had determined to enter the pastorate, should take the charge for the remainder of the year. I went back to Greensboro
expecting to die. For about three months I continued in a precarious state of health, but gradually recovered; and, when Conference met at Raleigh that year, my physicians gave me a certificate stating that I was over my trouble.

Our Conference met in Raleigh the latter part of November, 1909. Bishop A. W. Wilson presided. My Presiding Elder said to me: “Your friends do not think you are as well as you think you are.” And when the appointments were read, I was assigned to Pelham and Shady Grove, a small charge on the railroad between Greensboro and Danville. Rev. S. F. Nicks was on that charge and had made all his arrangements to go back, and was greatly disappointed at the change, as were his people. They thought that I expected to reside in Greensboro, and go out and preach for them. I thought, upon the supposition that I was a sick man, the appointment was very unsuitable; and in view of this, I wired the Bishop to allow Brother Nicks to remain at Pelham and Shady Grove, and leave me without any appointment for the year, which he kindly did. Being free from pastoral work, I went back in the evangelistic work, and held a number of fine meetings that year.

It was sometime before I recovered my strength fully, but my improvement was steady, and my recovery was complete.

I had published a book on Spiritual Life, and as I owned the plates, I had an edition of the work published and sold it out rapidly. I wrote another book: “Early Morning Scenes in the Bible,” which was published by Fleming H. Revell Company in New York, and I sold a thousand copies of that in a short time, so with what I received from meetings I was comfortable financially.

I came strong and well from the gates of death, fully determined to do all I could to advance the Kingdom of God.
CHAPTER XIV.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF MY EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Our Conference met in Elizabeth City in the latter part of November, 1910, Bishop E. R. Hendrix presiding. I was re-elected Conference Evangelist, without salary, and left to make my way as best I could. I held seventeen revival meetings during the year, and received for my services sufficient money to meet all my demands. I commenced my meetings at South Mills, Camden County, on the 11th of January, and wound up the year's work in a meeting at Rockingham, Richmond County, November the 12th. This was a year of hard work, but I was happy in the consciousness of the Divine presence, and in seeing souls converted, and the church revived.

Our Conference met in Kinston the last week in November, 1911, Bishop E. E. Hoss presiding. I was again Conference Evangelist. I held only ten revivals this year, but some of them were fine revivals.

I went to New York this year, and spent a few days with my nephew, F. W. Nash; I also went to New York in 1910, and arranged to have my book, "Early Morning Scenes in the Bible" published; and on this last trip, I went to see about enlarging the sale of it, and to consider some other publications.

In 1912 our Conference met in Fayetteville, Bishop Collins Denny presiding. I was continued in the evangelistic work. I held meetings at seventeen places during the year 1913, and we had good success at nearly all of them.

In 1913 our Conference met at Oxford, Bishop J. H. McCoy presiding. I was continued in the evangelistic work and held twelve revival meetings during the year, covering
a large territory, and seeing many souls converted, and the church greatly revived. I went back to some places where I had been, and had greater success than when I first went. I have now been in the work until it has become a fixture, and the brethren whom I help, invariably desire my services again; and this keeps me employed through the spring, summer and fall. The one unpleasant feature about the work is, it keeps me away from home a great part of my time, but I am not annoyed with anything and have nothing to do but study and preach the Word.

Our Conference for 1914 met in Washington, N. C., the last week in November, Bishop R. G. Waterhouse presiding. There was nothing of importance done at this Conference; in fact, it was about the least eventful of any I remember to have attended. I was continued in the evangelistic work, and during the year 1915, I held ten excellent revivals, and was better compensated for my services that at meetings I had held in any year since I have been in this work.

I have never made the matter of compensation of first consideration, I have left this to the free-will offerings of the people; and have had no plan for securing large contributions. Having seen in many instances, what appeared to be an effort to make merchandise out of the gospel, I have studiously avoided any such procedure. While the servant is worthy of his hire, I do not believe in the efforts so often made to work up large collections for the evangelist. While on the subject, I will say, I do not believe the Holy Spirit will bless any man who goes into the ministry from mercenary motives. But as the Psalmist says: "And men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." (Psalm 49-18). Sometimes large collections are taken as an evidence of great ability on the part of the evangelist, and these men are praised because they have done well to themselves.
But the gospel demands sacrifice of all who would share its benefits and saving power; and the evangelist is not an exception to this rule. To know how to keep in the middle way, and do the work of an evangelist as the Master would have it done is a subject worthy of prayerful consideration. It has ever been my object to do solid work, and leave the church premanently benefited when I leave it. If the revival influence goes away with the evangelist, he had better never to have come.

Our Conference met in Wilmington in December, 1915, Bishop John C. Kilgo presiding. I asked to be continued in this work, and I am now looking forward to a good year. I am writing these recollections in January, 1916, and if I live longer I may add something more to these reminiscences in the future, but will rest on my recollections now and state some thing in a general way, as to the progress of the church during my connection with this Conference.
CHAPTER XV.

THE PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE IN FORTY-THREE YEARS.

When I entered the ministry in 1872, the North Carolina Conference covered the whole State, with the exception of fifteen counties in the western part of the State, that were in the Holston Conference, and ten counties in the North eastern section of the State that were in the Virginia Conference.

The number of white members, including local preachers in the Conference in 1872, was 48,452. At the Conference in 1873 there were 49,137. At the Conference in 1874 there were 49,926. In 1875 the number had gone up to 53,971. In 1876, the year of the celebration of the first Conference held in North Carolina, there were 56,052; a net gain of 2,081. At the Conference of 1877, there were 58,624, a net gain of 2,592. At the Conference of 1878 there were 61,854, a net gain of 3,180. This was a prosperous year for the Conference.

At the Conference of 1879 there were 65,303, a net gain of 3,449. At the Conference of 1880 there were 67,205, a net gain of 2,002. At the Conference of 1881 there were 68,156, a gain of only 951 members.

That was the year of the election for State wide prohibition. I do not know whether that had anything to do with the small increase in members, but it is possible that the efforts to close the saloons might have caused less earnest revival work.

In 1882 there were in the North Carolina Conference 70,375 white members, an increase of 2,030. In 1884 there were 75,121, an increase of 3,713. This was a year of in-
gathering. In 1885 there were 77,721 white members, showing an increase of 2,600. In 1886 there were 83,102, an increase in net gain of 5,381. This was a year of progress. In 1887 there were 86,510, showing a net gain of 3,408. In 1888 there were 89,084, showing a net gain of 2,574. In 1889 there were 92,242, a net gain of 3,408.

At this session the Conference was divided, and the Western North Carolina Conference was set off so that in 1890 we find the North Carolina Conference reporting only 52,895, and I have no data from which to show the increase of membership for that year. In 1891 we had 55,734 members, showing a net gain of 2,839. In 1892 we had 57,543, showing a net gain of 1,807. In 1893 we had 57,908, showing a net gain of only 365. There was some controversy over the statistics that year, and it was thought that there was an error somewhere, as the church seemed to have enjoyed a good year. In 1894 there were 63,095 members reported, a net increase of 5,087. This increase over 1893 gave evidence of some mistake; but the figures stand as they are given and we have no way of correcting them. In 1895 there was reported only 63,298, an increase of only 208 members. In 1896 there was reported a white membership of 64,879, an increase of 1,581 members. In 1897 there were 65,325, a net gain of 446. In 1898 there were 65,728, a gain of only 403. In 1899 there were only 65,384 members reported, showing a net loss of 344 members. In 1900 there were 65,226, a net loss of 158 members. In 1901 there were 66,059 showing, a net gain of 833. In 1902 there were in the Conference 66,776 white members, showing a net gain of 707 members. In 1903 there was reported in the Conference 67,541, a net gain of 875. In 1904 there were 68,810 members, a net gain of 1,229 members. In 1905 there were 71,288 members, a net gain of 2,478. In 1906 there were 73,108 members, a net gain of 1,820 mem-
bers. In 1907 there were 73,881 reported to the Conference, a net gain of only 771 members. In 1908 there were 74,548, a gain of 667 members. In 1909 there were 76,523, a net gain of 975 members. In 1910 there were 78,187, a gain of 2,664. This was the greatest increase in several years. In 1911 there were 80,119 reported, showing an increase of 1,932 members. In 1912 there were 82,213 reported, showing an increase of 2,094. In 1913 there were 84,245 members reported to the Conference, an increase of 2,032 members. In 1914 there were 85,224 reported, showing a net gain of 979. In 1915 there were 89,704, showing a gain of 4,480.

Thus we see the progress of the Church in the North Carolina Conference for forty-three years. The largest increase of members was given in 1894 at 5,087. I think this large increase in membership is to be attributed to the transfer of territory from the Virginia Conference. In 1872 we had in the whole of North Carolina Conference 48,452 white members, including local preachers. In 1899, the year the Conference divided, there were 89,084 members, showing a net gain in seventeen years of 41,632 members. When the Conference was divided the membership of the two Conferences was nearly the same. The North Carolina Conference had 52,875. We have gained in number in twenty-five years 34,829 members.

The Western North Carolina Conference has gained in members more rapidly than the North Carolina Conference has. They reported 106,303 members in 1915; so we have now in the two Conferences 196,007 members. The growth as will be seen from the statistics has been gradual, but steady; and shows an increase every year since 1872, except two years.

Our system of keeping statistics is the most perfect of
any Church. The supervisor of the census says it is the most reliable.

While we have much to be thankful for, there is large room for improvement; and we ought to make more rapid progress. The increase of population in North Carolina is more rapid than the increase in membership in the Methodist Church; and this ought not to be. The other churches in the State have grown in numbers, some of them are making very rapid strides; but Methodism, with the best system of propaganda, ought to outstrip all others. We need more love for the Church, and more consecration on the part of ministers and members.
CHAPTER XVI.

Some Thoughts on Evangelism.

The great work of the Church is the salvation of the world. This is what real evangelism means; and I have drawn some thoughts from my experience and observation on this subject, which I will submit for what they are worth with the hope that they may do some good even when my work on earth is done.

I will first speak of what I have seen of the work of the Holy Spirit in revivals that I have witnessed. I have mentioned several extensive meetings already, but there are others that I have not spoken of, that have in them lessons of instruction and encouragement. The means used, and the results in these meetings are well worthy of consideration. Some of these meetings that I have known, to which I shall refer, were not held by me; but I had the opportunity of knowing the men and means employed in them.

In 1884, while I was on the Leasburg Circuit, there was a revival of great power in the city of Danville, Virginia. Rev. A. G. Brown was pastor, and he was assisted in the meeting by a young preacher by the name of Howell. These faithful men worked and prayed for three weeks before there was any move among the people; but as on the day of Pentecost suddenly there was a mighty awakening among the people. Men and women flocked to the altar of prayer crying for mercy. The work was not confined to the church, but men were converted in the warehouses, where tobacco was being sold. The whole city was stirred as it never was before, and hundreds were converted and joined the church. The meeting was held in Main Street Methodist Church in Danville. Two years after this meeting I assisted Rev. W.
G. Starr, D. D., in a meeting there, and I was told much about the great revival.

They have had many meetings in Danville since, but I have not heard of any such results. Rev. Sam Jones held meetings there that were very largely attended, and I have no doubt did good; but there was quite a difference in abiding results between his meetings and the revival to which I have alluded.

In 1890, while I was stationed in Raleigh, I went to Warrenton, N. C., to help Rev. J. N. Cole in a meeting. He and his presiding elder and his church had been working and praying for a revival for about three weeks, and when I went everything was ready for a great revival, and there was an outpouring of the Spirit of God that revolutionized the town. The merchants closed their stores, and the whole town attended the meeting. Brother Cole told me that he could pick out of the converts in that meeting one of the finest official boards he had ever seen.

That revival built the new brick church in Warrenton and made the town, which always had a high-class of citizens in it, one of the most religious towns in the State. Rev. R. O. Burton, D. D., was with us in the meeting, and I heard him say in a sermon preached one Sunday afternoon: "I have been preaching in Warrenton ever since I was a boy, and I have never seen Warrenton stirred as it is now. This is the day of your visitation." The old doctor prayed with a power I have never heard equaled.

I state these cases to show the difference between a revival of religion and a religious revival. There was no newspaper advertising, or great organizing in these meetings; but there was much earnest praying, both by the preachers and the people. I do not condemn advertising or organization, but I fear it is too often the case that these means are relied
on to such an extent that complete reliance on the Holy Spirit is neglected.

Great revivals of religion are of the type of Pentecost. They result from the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit; and I am fully persuaded that the means that were used at the beginning of this dispensation will result in the awakening and conversion of men now as it did then.

I am not pessimistic; but I fear that we are too often content with a great blare of trumpets and large preparation and much advertising of notable men, and do not humbly seek and depend upon the mighty energy of the Spirit of God as we should. Genuine religion underlies all permanent human progress. The State depends for its continued existence upon the indwelling power of God in the people. The history of the human race teaches this lesson, and if we ever reach the time when religion only serves to decorate a corpse and guild a sepulchre without imparting the life of God to the human soul and kindling with in it the blessed hope of everlasting life, the Church and State will sink into decay and die.

It has been truly said: “The greatness of the founder of Christianity is conspicuously shown in His passing by social institutions as of minor and inconsiderable importance, and fastening His claims upon the individual. The reform of personal character was His one aim; with Him the man was great and the institution small. There was but one way with Him for making a good society, and that was by the purification of its individual materials. . . . No good society can possibly be made out of bad materials, and when the materials are made good, society takes a good form naturally, as pure salt makes its perfect crystal without superintendence.”—(Dr. J. G. Holland in Every Day Topics.)

We can never save the world en masse. The work must be done by the regeneration of the individual; and the ef-
fort to get the whole population to hear the famous evangelist and to create a popular revival will not succeed in the regeneration of men, like the faithfulness of the old time revival, in which the Holy Spirit has the right of way, unhindered by having the minds of the people turned to the popular human instrument, be that instrument ever so good and well qualified.

Our humanity is so weak that it is very easy for us to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. Even Paul needed a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him lest he be exalted above measure through the abundance of revelations that were made to him.

So much for the human instrumentality that God employs to carry on the work of saving the souls of men. The means to be used are worthy of careful consideration. The preaching of the truth is the essential thing in the hands of the Spirit of God. Doctrinal preaching, that is the preaching of the great fundamental doctrines of the gospel, is necessary to save the individual and the world. All permanent revival work must be based on sound gospel truth. Some men have said that they loved religion, but hated theology; but theology is the knowledge of God; and how can a knowledge of God be contrary or opposed to religion? Or how can there be any true religion without a knowledge of God?

The Holy Spirit has no other instrument with which to work but the truth, explaining man's relation to God and God's relation to man. Theology is a scientific explanation of these relations as far as the human mind and heart can understand them.

It seems to me that a superficial knowledge of theology is the bane of our modern evangelism. It is this that leads to a superficial conversion that is moved by a repentance without sorrow, a faith without trust, and an atone-
ment without blood, to a formal acceptance of Christ without any conscious knowledge of the forgiveness of sin, or supernatural hope of heaven and eternal life. We are inclined in these times to undervalue emotion; but when the great change wrought in the soul by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit takes place the emotions will be powerfully moved, and there will be something more than a still spiritual birth. John Wesley was a calm, logical man, but when he realized that he was saved, he tells us: “I felt my heart strangely warmed;” and immediately he began to pray as he never had done and especially for any who had treated him unkindly.

A careful comparison of the statistics given in these recollections will show a larger per cent. of additions to the church from year to year under our old methods of holding revivals than under the new. We are too often carried away by the idolatry of numbers; but the permanent growth of the church is secured by solid, faithful work in a greater measure than by a superficial method that counts all who will manifest their acceptance of Christ without deep conviction and conscious regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

There may be a short lived reformation without the old fashioned awakening and conversion, but the work is not abiding. There is another evil growing out of this hurry up process in which the human instrumentality is the most prominent feature, and that is the danger of filling the church with an unconverted membership that cares nothing for the most solemn vows, or the requirements of church discipline.

There will be, I fully believe, in the near future a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God. It will be Pentecostal in character, just as all great revivals have been since the day the Holy Spirit came upon the hundred and twenty disciples, when the day of Pentecost had fully come. It will
be a revival of genuine religion and not a religious revival brought about by modern evangelistic methods. We have not improved upon the methods of John Wesley and his comrades. I believe if the Methodist Church had adhered to the old plans and to the discipline of Wesley we would have conquered the world; but we have, in large measure, abandoned our methods for the new forms of evangelism, and the result is, we have lost much of our power and crippled our efforts in the work of soul-saving.

There is a word that has come into use that has taken the place of religion in a large measure, that is earth-born, but high sounding, it is the word "altruism." It serves as a cloak to warm the modern church worker and to satisfy him for a time in the delusive hope that he may be a saved man without any inward assurance of the forgiveness of sins, or any satisfactory assurance of heaven and eternal life. It introduces a species of sociology in which there is much cordial co-operation of human beings who are destitute of the experience so rigidly required by Christ and His apostles. It frequently scouts the doctrine of atonement for sin and of reconciliation with God. It not unfrequently denies the necessity for propitiation and declares that God never demands any satisfaction for His broken law, and denies that God is even angry at sin.

But the old truths of the gospel are with us and they are still working like the little leaven that a woman hid in three measures of meal and by and by there will come to the world a God consciousness that will lift humanity to a higher plane than it has yet reached. Well may we look forward to a mighty manifestation of God to follow a period without a parallel of bloodshed and carnage such as is now devastating a great part of the world, and leaving in its wake suffering nearly equalling that when Jerusalem was
destroyed, and human sorrow reached its climax in the history of our world.

Great spiritual awakenings have ever followed great revolutions among men; and the reaction from this revolutionary period will no doubt bring to an awakening world a better knowledge of God and of divine things. The God of providence is the God of grace; and He will let no evil come to the world beyond His control; His grace can bring good out of every form of evil, and His almighty power can make a world devastated by war and baptized in blood once again rejoice in the blessedness of peace, of human happiness and prosperity. We must depend for the accomplishment of this great work upon Him to whom all power in heaven and earth belongs, and who has promised to be with His church to the end of time.
CHAPTER XVII.

Our Schools and Colleges.

When I entered the ministry in the North Carolina Conference our educational facilities were limited. Trinity College at Trinity in Randolph County, was struggling for existence. Dr. Craven, the President, and real founder of Trinity College was our greatest asset. He was doing magnificent work for Church and State. The institution was without either endowment or proper equipment; but Trinity was turning out men who were making their mark on the life of the Church and State. Too much can hardly be said in praise of Dr. Craven and his faithful co-workers.

And yet there were those who did not fully appreciate the work of these faithful men, and instead of helping them weaken their hands by unkind criticism. But they went forward with heroic courage, and served their generation faithfully; and left an undying monument to their efforts to impart true Christian education to the young men of their day, and to uphold true Christian ideals which resulted in the betterment of the Church and State.

After the death of Dr. Craven, Rev. M. L. Wood, D. D., was for a short time president of the college. Dr. Wood was a good solid man. He spent nine years in the mission field of China; having lost his wife there, he returned with his little children to his home land. He resigned the presidency of the college after a short time of service there and went back into the presiding eldership and pastorate. He died pastor of St. John and Gibson charge, with the harness on, and did faithful work to the last.

The next President of Trinity was Dr. John Franklin Crowell. While he was president of the college steps were taken to move the college to some commercial center. The Board of Trustees agreed that with the approval of the
North Carolina Conference they would move the college if as good grounds and buildings were given in some more populous center. At the Conference in Greensboro in 1889 there was a proposition made by the citizens of Raleigh to give grounds and buildings equal in value to those of Trinity. I was active in getting the citizens of Raleigh to make this offer. Dr. Crowell came and spent a week with me, and we had a meeting of the citizens, and canvassed the city, and secured the donations that were offered the Conference. After Raleigh had been agreed upon as the location for the college, Brother Washington Duke said: "If the Conference will locate Trinity College at Durham I will give as much towards securing grounds and buildings as Raleigh has offered and $50,000.00 to the endowment (Raleigh had raised $35,000.00 and Mr. Duke's offer was $85,000.00.) Some of our people in Raleigh asked me what I thought of the Durham proposition; for the citizens of Durham added $75,000.00 more to Mr. Duke's offer. I advised them to send a committee to Durham with the proposition to give them the college if they would do what it was reported they would do. The committee went up and made the proposition, and Raleigh surrendered the institution to Durham in the interest of Christian education; believing that Durham had offered more than we could possibly raise in Raleigh. This action on the part of the citizens of Raleigh was magnanimous; and I never heard of but one protest against it, and that was from one of our largest contributors, the late Major R. S. Tucker. I do not think he was ever reconciled to our giving up the college to Durham. The late Stanhope Pullen, who was another large subscriber, said: "They have offered more than we can give and I do not think we ought to stand in the way of the college getting the largest gifts it can get." Raleigh gave
the college to Durham under those circumstances. This is a true account of the removal of Trinity College.

Dr. Crowell remained president for a few years, and resigned. He was a competent college man; but he was a Northern man, and never fully understood the genius of our Southern people. He never became a member of our church, or Conference, as far as I know.

After Dr. Crowell resigned Rev. John Carlisle Kilgo became the president, and with his eloquence and activity, Trinity began to make a decided impression on the State and Church. Some things transpired that were much regretted by all the lovers of the college and the Church; but in spite of these, Dr. Kilgo kept his hold upon the Conference and the college, until he was elected Bishop by the General Conference which met in Asheville in 1910. Dr. Kilgo secured large donations from the Duke family; and when he retired from the presidency of the college, he left it the most largely endowed and best equipped institution we have in the Southern Methodist Church. Through the beneficence of its patron family, Trinity has grown rich in equipment and endowment. At the Conference of 1915 the value of property belonging to Trinity College was reported at $1,196,924 with an endowment of $1,593,750. I suppose there is no institution among us that has surpassed Trinity College in material growth and financial prosperity, and all this has been accomplished within this generation.

When I entered the ministry Dr. R. L. Abernathy was the President of Rutherford College. This institution was struggling along without means, but it was doing a great work. I was told that during the time that Dr. Abernethy was president there were ten thousand young men and women educated in whole or part by that institution. The Abernathy family did the teaching; and they were all good teachers
and intellectual men. The work they did entitles them to the grateful remembrance of the Church and State.

Greensboro Female College was just rising from the ashes, and great efforts were being made to resuscitate that cherished institution when I first began my ministry. This honored institution had already blessed hundreds of homes with cultured, refined, pious women; and after many vicissitudes it stands today the brightest gem among the colleges for women in North Carolina.

Davenport Female College was doing a good work for female education also, and Littleton College came into being, and has for a number of years been blessing the State by sending from its halls consecrated, well trained young women under the faithful presidency of Rev. J. M. Rhodes.

While I was stationed in Raleigh Prof. S. D. Bagley was president of Louisburg Female College. I got a letter from him one day asking me to come to Louisburg on the next train without fail. I could not imagine what he wanted; but having been his pastor for four years, and knowing him well, I knew there must be something of importance, or he would not urge me to come to him at once. I went and found that the Louisburg College was about to go out of his hands, and the hands of the Church; but if $5,000.00 could be raised the property might be saved to the Church. He wanted me to find some one who would buy the college for the Church. I went to see Brother Washington Duke and finally got him to go down with me to see the property. He did so and bought it and held it for a few years, and then deeded it to the Church. There we have a good school doing fine work, the donation of the man who did more in a financial way to build institutions of learning than any other man who has ever lived in North Carolina.

There are many other things I might say about our schools and colleges since I have been connected with the Confer-
ence; but I will only speak of a few things that have occurred during my ministry in a general way touching our educational efforts.

It was about the beginning of my ministry that the Church was just beginning to found a university. The attention of the general Church, under the leadership of Bishop McTyeire was being turned to Central University. Some money was being raised for this institution, when Dr. C. F. Deems, who had established himself as pastor of the Church of the Stangers in New York City interested Commodore Vanderbilt in the enterprise. He was the pastor of the wife of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was one of the wealthiest men in the country. In addition to this fact, Commodore Vanderbilt's wife was a cousin of Mrs. McTyeire, and in this way Vanderbilt became interested in the enterprise to build this Central University. He gave Bishop McTyeire one million dollars to enable him to carry out his enterprise. I remember the circumstances, and I know it was the purpose of Bishop McTyeire and of Cornelius Vanderbilt to found this University for the Southern Methodist Church, and for forty years no one ever thought of Vanderbilt except as the property of and under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Church appointed the Board of Trustees, and had control of the institution without any question as to her ownership. But it came to pass that some one found a technicality in the articles of incorporation that gave color to the contention that the Board of Trustees had a right to control the University independently of the Church; and the men who had been entrusted by the Church with this interest, took advantage of the technicality and refused to allow the Church to control her property. The matter was taken into the courts and it seems that the court of last resort in Tennessee felt itself justified in ignoring all questions of equity,
and in giving the Board of Trustees, the servants of the Church, the right to take this property from its rightful owners and to use and control it to suit themselves. The Church gave it up, being turned out of an institution that she had built and fostered for forty years. She proceeded to build two other universities, one at Atlanta, Ga. The Emory University, and one at Dallas, Texas, the Southern Methodist University; and these institutions are coming to the front at this writing by leaps and bounds. Surely God can make the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder he can restrain.

There is one other worthy institution of our Church, which I failed to notice that is eminently worthy of a word of commendation; and that is Carolina College, the youngest of our colleges. It is located at Maxton, N. C., and it is presided over by an excellent man, Rev. S. E. Mercer. This institution bids fair to become a great blessing to the section of the State in which it is situated.

If the Church can continue to go forward with her institutions of learning in the future as she has in the past, we have no fear that she will be driven out of the field of education, either by State schools or by the independent institutions, which wish to throw off all control either from Church or State; for this spirit of independence in education is as inimical to State controlled institutions as it is to those institutions built and controlled by the Church. This is a fact that is generally overlooked; for the State very properly controls her educational system; and these institutions that are neither controlled by Church nor State, are a hybrid species.
CHAPTER XVIII.

The Progress of North Carolina in Forty-three Years.

I have spoken of the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in North Carolina during the period of my ministry in the State, and it may be of interest to speak of the progress of the State during that period. For I entered the ministry here soon after the War Between the States, when the whole Southland was just beginning to rise phoenix like from the conflagration of war that devasted this fair land.

At that time there were no electric lights to brighten our cities or our homes. The telephone had not been invented, and the automobile had not been thought of in any practical way. The system of railroads at that day would bear no comparison to the wonderful moving palaces of the present time; and in this State there were only a few lines running through the State. My first charge was nearly fifty miles from the nearest railroad.

The farming industry was in its infancy, compared to what it is today, and the homes of our people were in a large measure destitute of the conveniences we have today. The poor of this generation enjoy comforts that the rich did not have then. Time would fail me to speak of the physical improvements that have come to this State and to whole country since 1872. The world has gone forward in improvements that make life more enjoyable.

The educational facilities operated by the State in her public school system have brought the opportunity of an education within reach of all the people; and the old field log school house is almost entirely forgotten. In every town of any size we have graded school buildings that will compare favorably with the college buildings of the better class
forty years ago. Our towns have sprung up like magic; many of them were nothing more than cross road villages then, the home of the proverbial cross roads whiskey saloon as they were popularly called cross roads "doggeries."

I have not the statistics at hand to give the exact figures, but I am quite sure the State has doubled her population since then; and where we have a little more than two millions of inhabitants now, we did not have a million then. As I look back on this good old State which has been the field of my life work, I rejoice at the goodness of God shown to this greatly blessed land, and I pray for a continuance of His goodness to this people whom He has always blessed with peculiar blessings and loving kindness.

Should the world stand so long, and the blessings of peace still be our heritage, what will North Carolina be in 1956? We have often thought that human ingenuity had reached the limit; but when we were ready to sit down and say we can go no further, now that from our homes we may talk to our friends miles away, wireless telegraphy steps in and send its messages upon the air in every direction, and by its aid we talk around the world. When the first telegraphic message was sent from Washington City to Baltimore, I heard an old Methodist Bishop say he was present, and he exclaimed: "Can the angels beat that?" But were he here now he would see that the genius of man has beaten it.

Forty years ago no one believed it hardly possible that man would ever fly in a heavier than air machine, and did not conceive of a balloon that could be controlled, and navigated in the air like a ship in the sea. But the air is full of all kinds of air craft today; and the pity of it all is they are used to destroy property and kill people. For we are turning the inventions of genius into machines of destruction to increase the sorrow of humanity, to blast the beauties
of nature, and to insult the Giver of every blessing by abusing His gifts.

The world had hoped that the inventive genius of man had by his discovery of engines of destruction, made the idea of war so horrible that the nations would never again compact themselves into armies and go forth to kill their fellow men until a pall of mourning should hang over the homes of the people while the grass was being drowned in human blood. But alas there has arisen a godless culture, spelled with a K that has blasted these hopes, and is carrying on the biggest sacrifice of human life the world has ever known. As we stand in the midst of this arena and behold the world on fire with diabolic rage, we pause to ask, "What is the end to be?" The storm has not reached us yet; but who knows how soon it may burst upon us with all its fury. We have one consolation, our Lord has foretold it all, and said, "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows." (Matt. 24:7, 8.) If these are only the beginning of sorrows, what must there be still in store for the sinful world? But our Lord says to us: "See that ye be not troubled; for all things must come to pass, but the end is not yet." (Matt. 24:6.) Who can tell what a day may bring forth? Even as we count the blessings God has bestowed upon us, how careful ought we to be that we may be ready to give an account of our stewardship to our Maker at any time? For we know not the day nor the hour when we may be called to account.

After all these years of study and experience, and amidst the scenes of life so familiar to me, I find but one sure refuge; in the overruling providence and almighty power of God, there still remains a sure retreat. He has said, "I
will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;” and to this refuge I would point the people of this good land at this time of changing scenes, and great national crises that may at any time alter the map of the world, and bring the most wonderful and unexpected national upheavals.
CHAPTER XIX.

The Things That Abide.

As I come to the close of these Recollections and Observations and think of the changes I have seen during my life time, I am reminded of the things that change not. No doubt St. Paul was impressed with the immutable nature of them when he wrote: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." (I Cor. 13:13.)

Generations may come and go; nations may rise and fall; the discoveries of science may change the trend of human thought so that the teachings of the schools in one generation may be laid aside in the next; and the customs and habits of men may assume new forms; but the great truths of the Gospel and the deep experiences of the human soul, under the tutelage of the Holy Spirit remain the same.

There are not many things that we can know to be certainly, and abidingly true, apart from the unchanging truths of God; these we may certainly know; these experiences of the soul are positive, and are the things we may certainly know with all the assurance of consciousness; and consciousness is the highest tribunal. And this absolute knowledge of divine things, after all, is the glory of Christianity. Without this knowledge Christianity would sink to the level of the other religions of the world, and leave the human mind and heart in a state of uncertainty on the most momentous questions of life. The experience of Christians—those who have known God in the forgiveness of sin, and in the spiritual regeneration of the soul—has been the same in all the ages since the day of Pentecost. The apostles of Christ preached a positive gospel; this is espe-
cially true of St. John and St. Paul. There was no note of uncertainty in their utterances.

The poet says in the spirit of pessimism, "We know not anything," but it is not the note in which the apostles wrote. St. John says: "We know that whatsoever is begotten of God sinneth not . . . . We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil one . . . . We know that the Son of God is come." (I John V:18-20.) He reiterates "We know" three times over. There may have been some things about which John would have confessed himself ignorant, but there were things of which he was absolutely certain—I repeat absolutely certain and sure. Look at his language, it is provocative in its calm dogmatism. He does not say "we suppose", "we think", "we hope", "we should like to believe," but "we know, we know, we know." This is the genuine Christian note; the ring of a steady and serene conviction of an abiding truth. These apostles spoke as men sure of their ground, who had set their feet upon a rock, and were sure of their footing amid the changing scenes of time.

After all these years of trials and experiences, I am ready to say, "I know these truths; and I can calmly trust God for time and eternity to fulfil all His gracious promises." I came into this knowledge when I became fully conscious of the terrible fact of sin, and experienced forgiveness. More than forty years of study and effort to keep up with the trend of thought does not shake in the least the great experience of salvation. These are the things that abide. Everything that we know in this world is subject to change; and we are told that the voice of God shook the earth: "But now he hath promised, saying, yet once more, I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are
shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.” (Heb. 12:26, 27.)

The immovable unchanging things that cannot be shaken are the spiritual things that belong to the Kingdom of God. They, like the Author and finisher of faith, are the same yesterday, today and forever.

When we are rooted and grounded in an experimental knowledge of divine things we are not driven about by every wind of doctrine. We need to know that something is true, and abiding, and the work of the spirit of truth upon our spiritual nature, gives this knowledge, and with it comes the assurance that, though the heavens and the earth pass away, the Word of our Lord shall not pass away.

This abiding experience of divine things is founded on a clear conception of sin and forgiveness. The doctrine of justification by faith in Christ is fundamental. This doctrine goes hand in hand with the firm belief in a triune deity; for wherever there is lack of faith in the Trinity in Unity, there will be uncertainty on almost every important fact in human experience. The man who says I am not a Unitarian, and I am not certain that I believe in the Trinity, must of necessity have a fragmentary theology, and an unsatisfactory foundation on which to stand. He may be the devotee of a system of ethics; but there must of necessity be a feeling of uncertainty, and a want of steadiness in his foundation of belief that will lack assurance of abiding capacity, such as is really necessary to give him assurance of abiding steadfastness.

The spiritual experiences we possess here will abide with us when we leave this world of shadows and come into the pure light of that eternal world, where we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known. There are yet unrevealed things that the child of God does not possess; but they cannot be contrary to the spiritual inheritance he
now has. While like St. John he may be constrained to say: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." (I John 3:2.) While there are things in store for the true disciple of Christ that he may not fully comprehend, yet he knows that they are of like nature with his present possession; and in this assurance he abides in the full confidence of having received the first fruits of the spirit—an earnest of the full inheritance in store for him.

Here we walk by faith, not by sight; but "Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things unseen;" and is not simply an unaided effort of the mind, grappling helplessly with the great problems of being, like the infant crying in the night whose existence is found alone in the poetic imagination of unbelief. Faith is humble reliance on God, who through this door of the human soul, comes in to shed light and joy on the spiritual nature of man. The beautiful poem of John G. Whittier gives a graphic description of faith and the blessings it brings to the soul:

"I bow my forehead in the dust;  
I veil my eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.  
No offering of mine own I have,  
No works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love!

"I dimly guess, from blessing known,  
Of greater out of sight;  
And with the chastened psalmist, own  
His judgments, too, are right."
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

These experiences and hopes are things that abide as an unfailing treasure of the human soul; and in their enjoyment the Christian has an inheritance, even in this present life that is incorruptible and that fadeth not away.

May all who read these Recollections and Observations inherit this unfailing treasure of heavenly riches.