



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

C
8088
22.5

M.E. Church - M.C. Conference - Hist. Papers - 1001

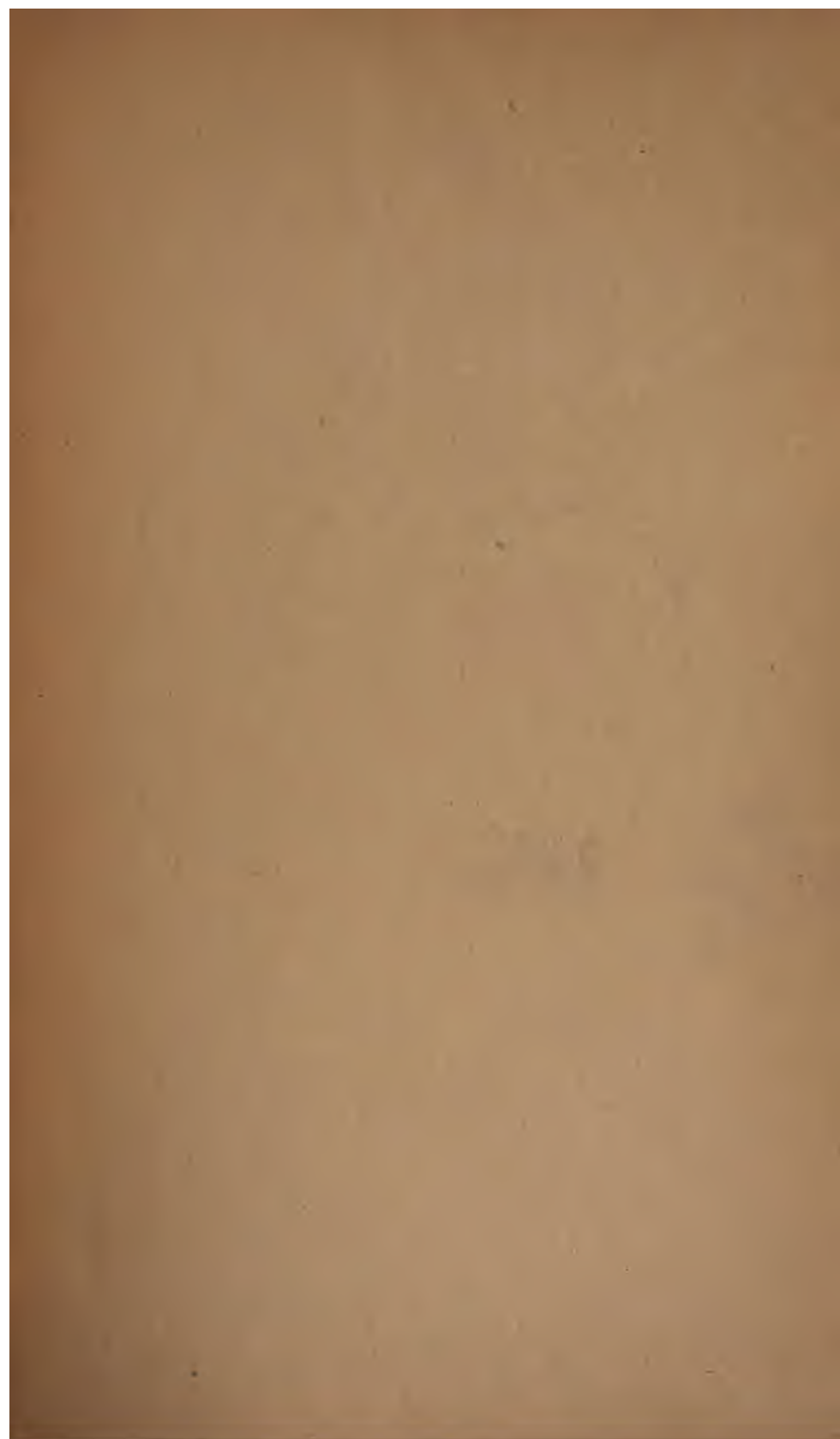


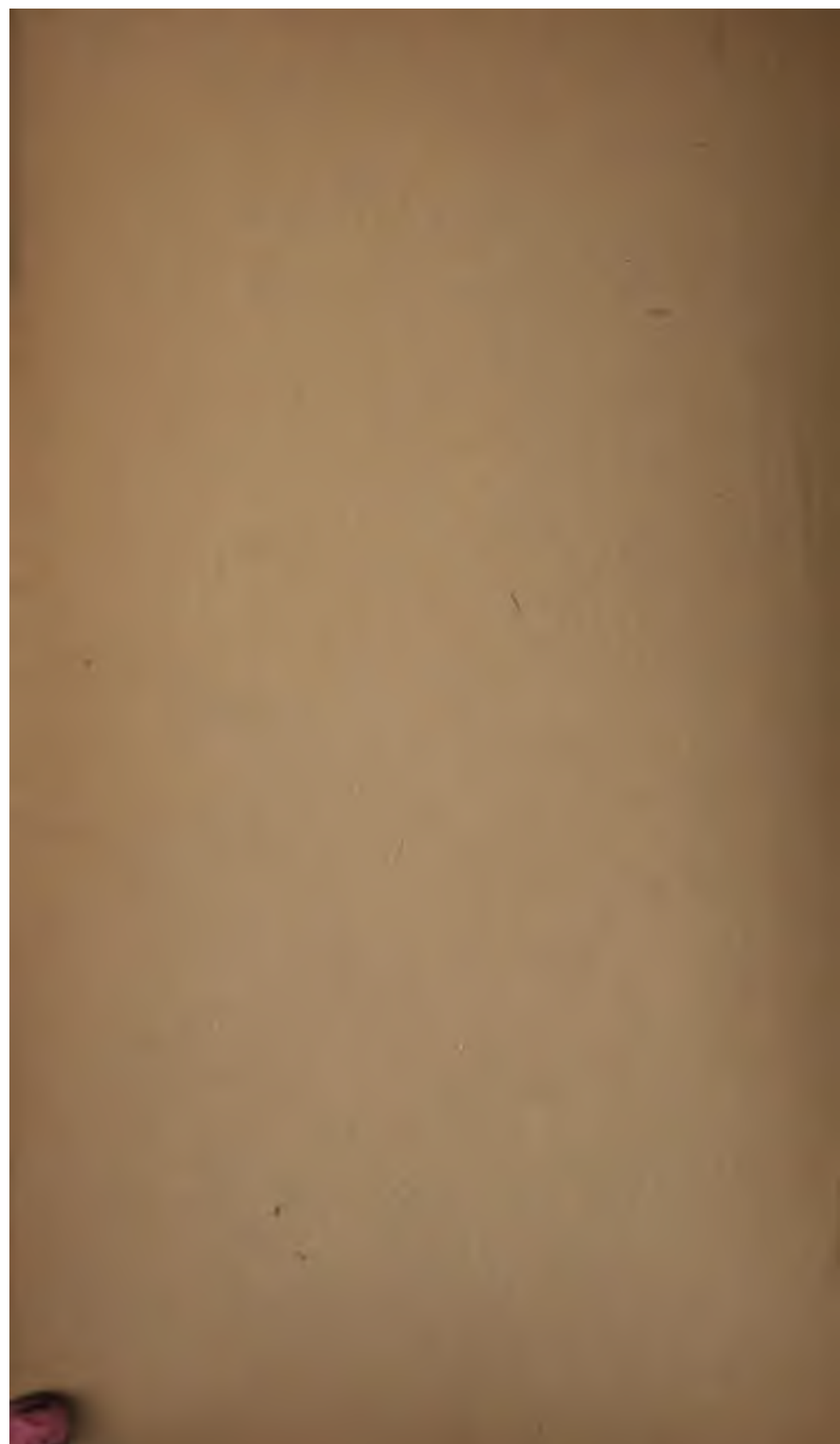
C8088.22.5

Harvard College
Library



By Exchange





HISTORICAL PAPERS

PUBLISHED BY

The Historical Society

OF THE

NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE,

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Life and Character of William Henry Branson.....	1
An Address on the Life and Labors of Rev. William Closs, D. D.....	12
Sketch of the History of Methodism in Fayetteville, N. C., 1808 to 1901.....	34

J. S. BASSETT..... Editor.

R. H. WILLIS..... Assistant Editor.

DUPLICATE COLLECTION
TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY
DURHAM, N. C.
1901.



6

HISTORICAL PAPERS

PUBLISHED BY

The Historical Society

OF THE

NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE,

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

J. S. BASSETT..... **Editor.**

R. H. WILLIS..... **Assistant Editor.**

1901.

C 8088.22.5
~~US 19060.86~~



Trinity College Library
by exchange

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM HENRY BRANSON.*

BY REV. T. N. IVEY, D. D.

The most thrilling chapter in the book of events covering the last fifteen decades is that which relates to the origin, growth, and triumph of Methodism. The central figure in this chapter is the itinerant preacher. Intensely human, largely endowed with the aggressive martial spirit, and surcharged with the spirit of Him whose love reached as deep into the depths of depravity as the area of sinstricken humanity was large, the Methodist itinerant preacher has made himself one of a distinct type of heroes.

Every vision of Methodist triumph inspheres a Methodist preacher. But it is a significant fact, and one which unfortunately is largely ignored, that no vision of Methodist triumph is complete without the presence of one who belongs to another distinctive type of heroes, and that one is the Methodist layman. Modest, faithful and active, he works both before, behind, and in the scene, and manipulates the machinery of that panorama, which, for over one hundred years, has been unrolling so grandly before the eyes of the world.

It is very appropriate that the subject of an annual address before the North Carolina Historical Society should be a Methodist layman. Especially is this true in the light of the fact, that since the organization of this Society, the Methodist preacher has been the subject of the annual address. We esteem it a great privilege to present to this audience the life and character of William Henry Branson.

*A Paper read before the N. C. Conference Historical Society at New Bern, N. C., December 4, 1900.

We all know him. For years he was one of the most prominent figures at our annual gatherings. A stalwart body, columnar, broad-chested, and large-limbed, with the red currents of health running unimpeded and exultant. A head whose front of broad brow, large honest blue eyes, virile sensitive mouth, and strong square chin was as striking as the facade of some Corinthian temple. A mind practical and incisive, quick to grasp the strategic points, and exercising mastery over the various problems of human action. A soul, warm with the divine breath, and speaking through sunny smiles, hearty hand-clasp, and sympathetic voice. This outlines the personality of William Henry Branson, a model layman of the people called Methodists in the goodly State of North Carolina. Cut off in the full flush of young manhood he forms a large part of our common heritage.

In the last year of the last century, there was born in Randolph county a man whose ancestors in the beginning of the 18th century came from Old England to assist in the heroic work of carving this republic out of wilderness and forest. This man was Thomas Branson. His character was a benediction to the section in which he lived. He had those qualities of mind and heart which can never be appraised in terms of dollars and cents. One who knew him said, "Never was there a more upright man than Thomas Branson." He married twice. His first wife was Mary Lewellyn, who proved a true helpmeet. His second wife was Miss Buck—a woman whose gentle heart and active mind well qualified her for mating with one of the worthiest of the untitled noblemen of the New World. From this union sprang William H. Branson. So it can be seen that he was born well. Heredity gave him a rich largess. In studying a man's life, it is necessary to study at least two other lives whose blending time is always when heart runs out to heart.

The arena in which William Branson the boy moved would not be considered ideal in this busy rapid time. The community was sparsely settled. Schools were few and of short term. This disadvantage, I am sorry to say, still exists in the God-blessed land of Carolina. The chances for communication with the outside world were few. The scream of the locomotive had not sent its echoes among the old hills of Southern Randolph. The heavy loaded wagon lumbered slowly on its way to Fayetteville or Salisbury. A trip to either place marked an epoch in the life of the average boy. The visit of the Methodist circuit rider was a rare event. To attend "meeting" at the old country church, to ride or walk miles to a party at a neighbor's house, to trudge gun in hand on Saturday afternoon through the mighty forests or sweep with eager dogs over the snow-covered hills, to eat frugal unadulterated fare, to bathe the face in the cool crisp mornings at the back door, to sleep right under the roof where rain at night makes sweetest music—this was the life of the country boy. William Branson's school days were few. These closed for him in his eleventh year. His father died when he was a very small boy. His after life showed to what advantage he utilized his school advantages. There is pathos in the fact that the little country school house was his academy and college and that he was forced to graduate at such a tender age. Yet there is inspiration in the thought of what he made of his few advantages. Within the periphery of that short simple school life he crammed a force sufficient to project him as a mighty force into that larger life which awaited him. The story of his boyhood days is full of instruction to those of limited opportunities.

When he was about twelve years old he left the old roof nest and went out into that larger world which, doubtless, had often beckoned to him. Near the site of

the battle of Guilford Court House had sprung up a busy town by the name of Greensboro, named for the hero of the famous battle. In this town was a merchant by the name of Odell. He grew up with the town. Upright, energetic, and far-seeing, J. A. Odell's life has become one of the foundations of the material prosperity not only of Greensboro but of his native State. He has ever been a tower of strength to Methodism in his Conference. From the home of Thomas Branson, he brought a thrifty, accomplished woman, a half-sister of the subject of this paper, to install her as high priestess at his home altar. The fires of love burned upon this altar. God was in this home and is to this day. At the age of twelve, William Branson entered this home. Fortunate boy! Had he entered a home of different character, Methodism would have been deprived of a model layman, and the theme of the speaker on this occasion would be different. Happy is the boy, who, on leaving his home, is permitted to enter another home where Christ dwells. William entered at once the store of J. A. Odell, and began to lay the foundations of his wonderful business success. He was not ashamed to work for his mere board. This he did for four years. In his labors, there was no thought of undertime and overtime. "Do the work, and do it well" was his motto. Everybody fell in love with the polite, winsome boy, who was obliging at home, in the store, on the street. He evinced a material affection for his step-sister, whom he implicitly obeyed. Mr. Odell and his wife remarked, with pardonable pride, that "William, in all his life, never gave them any trouble."

It is not surprising that William Branson gave his heart to God when he was only seventeen years old. If there is any surprise, it is that this step was not taken sooner. He was converted in old West Market Street church, of which the sainted Shockley D. Adams was pas-

tor at the time. He at once connected himself with the church. The relations between God and the converted boy must have been beautiful. The divine hand was upon him, and Christ was regnant in the heart. Because his heart was pure, his thoughts, words and life were pure. No one can say that he ever heard a profane or vulgar word to come from William's lips. The "sanctuary" idea of the church is a fatally favorite one with new and old converts. They look upon church membership as the door which opens into a delightful place of refuge where all that is to be done is to wander idly along purling streams and through green pastures. Hence the church is cumbered with a huge mass of unutilized material. The majority of the operatives in God's great factory are idlers. The business which would allow the waste which characterizes the church of God could not last through one year. William Branson looked upon the church as an army in which he was a soldier to fight the battle of our Lord; a school, in which he was to be both teacher and pupil, teaching and ever learning the mighty truths of God; a factory, in which he was an operative, working for the product of a pure heart; a hospital, in which he was a trained nurse to minister to those wounded by sin; a harvest field, in which he was to reap the golden grain for heavenly garnerers. He at once became a worker for the Lord. He was almost immediately made steward, an office which he filled with fidelity and success. He was a "prayer-meeting and Sunday school" layman. May the tribe increase in these border! His religion made him glad. The joy of the Lord was his strength. Very few ever saw him downcast or doubtful. There was sunshine in his glance, a picture in his smile, a loving message in his words, a tonic in his life. He loved to work in revival meetings. Though somewhat timid, he never hesitated to approach a sinner and invite him to

the cross of Christ. The beauty of it is that he never waited for a revival to throw the arms of his love around a sinner and ask him to come to Jesus. He was truly "instant in season and out of season."

There are two places where a layman of the truest type must receive his equipment—the mercy seat and his own home. In old West Market Street church, William Branson first bowed at the former place. He approached for the first time the latter place, where, in 1885, he led to the marriage altar Miss Clara Sergeant, of Greensboro. Then he laid the foundations of a home which became to him and others a "fountain of living waters." Let one, President Kilgo, who knew much of this home, speak: "William Branson and Clara Sergeant were *married*. She was to him an ideal woman. Genial, sympathetic, loving, and faithful, she was to him a poem, the passion of whose movement was a divine impulse keeping alive the diviner sides of his nature. With him, she could never degenerate into a soft social show; with her, he could never become a hardened man of the market. Society is at its best or at its worst in the home. In this house it was at its best. Mr. Branson had his business day, but when that was ended, he gave himself to his family. The City of Durham will not forget the evening rides with his family. The sight was a sermon on 'How to love, and be loved.'"

The model Methodist layman must be a good business man. The Methodist Episcopal Church is the most highly and finely organized body in the world, either secular or ecclesiastical. It touches the world at many points. It both gives to, and takes away from, secular life in many ways. It deals not only in souls, but in men and money. The Parliament of Twelve in Jerusalem ages ago decreed that "it is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables." This is peculiarly true in the Methodist church. The preacher must have his lay helpers, or fall under the

burden which he carries. The same Parliament decreed that church officials must be men of "honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, and wisdom." Strong emphasis must be laid upon this word "wisdom." It means a clear head, sound judgment, a knowledge of men, full insight into things, and a prudence neither too radical nor conservative. Such a wisdom joined to high character, and warmed and moved by the Holy Spirit, is a treasure to the church of Jesus Christ. Such wisdom made William Branson a power in the business world. When at the age of twenty-four, he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Durham Cotton Mills, he began a business which should be a matter of pride to every son of State and an inspiration to every young man who expects to enter the "storm and stress" of life. With a faith in his own power and in men, with an easy coolness in times of crisis, with an acknowledged power to plan and organize, lead and consummate, he impressed all with whom he came into contact with a sense of his business talent and worth. As a trustee of educational institutions, director of banks and railroads, and manager of large manufacturing interests, he had a large field for the exercise of his talents, which were discounted by no one. Had he lived long enough, he, doubtless, would have been possessor of great wealth. As it was, he left to his family an ample income. His business acquaintance was naturally large. When the news of his death was flashed over the wires, telegrams began to pour in from all quarters of the land from business men, with whom he had had business dealings, and whom he had touched in other ways. This fact is a tribute to his sterling business character. A mercantile friend in Philadelphia, in his message of condolence to the bereaved wife, used these words: "We meet many men in business or social life, but I have felt since making Mr. Branson's acquaintance, that there were few who left so favorable an impression on every one who had the pleas-

ure of knowing him." This is only a sample of what his business acquaintances say of him.

When you find such a man, deeply attached to his church and filled with the breath of God, you have a layman of untold worth to the church and to society. North Carolina Methodism is under heavy obligations to quite a number of consecrated laymen, but it seems to me that her debt to William Henry Branson is unusually large and sacred. He laid all the treasures of his mind and heart at the feet of his church. No sacrifice was too great for him to make. He was Sunday School Superintendent, Steward, Church Trustee, Trustee of Greensboro Female College and of Trinity College, Delegate to the District Annual, and General Conference, and Treasurer of the Joint Board of Finance of the North Carolina Conference. He had time to attend to all his duties. His labors in the annual and quadrennial Conferences of his church were always strenuous. But not less strenuous and disinterested were his labors in the humbler fields of duty. To him the office of steward was as dear and sacred, as were those higher positions which he so admirably filled. He was as happy in collecting quarterage as in sitting among the elders of the land helping to frame the laws of his church. He loved to attend his Annual Conference of which he was a member for nine successive years. He loved to be with his brethren and flash upon them that winning smile which we all remember so well. He loved to hear the proceedings in the daily sessions. But his love and loyalty drove him to a room, where, shut off from the Conference, he spent most of his time working over reports and long, dry, statistical tables. I said to him once at Conference in speaking of this matter, "It seems hard that you should miss so much that is interesting in the daily sessions." His reply was substantially this: "Well, some one must do the work." A little remark, but it throws a roseate glow upon his

character as a Methodist layman. What a rebuke to that member of a Conference Board or Committee who prefers sightseeing and social pleasure to the dry, practical duties of a Committee room.

The subject of this paper was a great believer in Christian education. His own educational advantages had been meagre, yet it is worthy of note that this fact did not, in the least, lessen his appreciation of the worth of a trained and developed mind. He did not belong to that class of men who short-sightedly say: "I went to no schools, yet I have gotten along." He showed his soundness of mind and largeness of heart by coveting for every boy and girl the best mental training. It would have been strange if such a man had ignored the necessity of making Christian development of the moral nature co-ordinate with the development of the mind. This he did not do. The "Bible in the school; the Bible in the heart of the pupil" was the picture upon which he looked, and to him it was attractive. He looked upon Trinity College as one of the chief representatives of the Christian idea in education, and in the struggle which Trinity had in carrying out this idea, William Branson was always ready to lend the labors of his heart and hand. He loved Trinity College with a rare devotion. It is appropriate that the name of Branson is perpetuated in one of the most beautiful buildings on the campus. He rejoiced in Trinity's welfare and wept with her in her hours of darkness. He lived long enough to see the institution emerge in safety from her most furious storm, and with flying sails to ride out on the great ocean of a newer and broader success. The history of Church colleges in North Carolina cannot be adequately written without frequent mention of the name "Branson."

There was in the rounded manhood of William Branson a factor which stamped him as a true Christian nobleman, and that was a keen and clearly expressed

sense of his kinship with humanity. In expressing this sense of kinship, he in a most emphatic way demonstrated his kinship with Christ, the only perfect type of that humanity which he came to seek and save. Our lamented brother occupied no height which lifted him above the most obscure child. He was the friend of children. He called his operatives "our people." He won the favor of even the passer-by. He was a man of, and a friend to, the people. He descended to no depth which placed him below the level of the highest and greatest and best. He was not the man to understand the meaning of sycophancy. There was in his heart that feeling which made him simply a man, neither higher nor lower than any, but on a dead Christian level with all. We are not surprised that he was voted "the most popular man in Durham." There were two doctrines which governed his life. One was, "It is better to give than to receive." This was written in his every-day life. He simply loved to give. It was a glad time for him when the Christmas season came. It furnished him a special opportunity for exercising that quality whose golden threads shot through and through his noble soul, and wove the most attractive patterns in the tapestry of his life. In the glad Christmas morning his soul poured out its wealth of love in the shape of gifts. He loved so well to make a gift that he coveted for himself alone the exercise of this Christly prerogative. He often remarked to his wife: "I wish they would not give me these things." It was a striking case of the complete atrophy of selfishness, and the somewhat abnormal development of unselfishness.

He had, of course, his frailties. Since my mission at this hour is to present the man he was, strict justice to my sad privilege would compel me to throw in the shadows, in order that I may escape the charge of extravagant partiality for my friend and brother of the other days. But candor forces me to say that I knew

him during long years, and I never saw the shadows. They were swallowed up in the glory of a remarkable life which was hid with Christ in God. I present to you a face without its scars. Its beauty is for men and women. Its irregular lines are for God and angels who have long since smoothed them out.

I mention another doctrine which helped to dominate the life of our worthy brother. It was found a few days after his death, written in a note book which he had been in the habit of carrying in his pocket. It was this: "Except the Lord be with us, all is vain." This sense of dependence added joy and strength to his life. It insured to him an "abiding place under the shadow of the Almighty." It led him through the meads of hope and trust into many a "larger place."

In an awful hour came death, when, without a moment's warning, he was called to pass into the darkness of intense physical suffering. How effectually the mere bursting of a steam pipe defects the currents of life. The same God who had been with him in the sunshine, was with him in the shadows. The poor, bruised, quivering body remained the stately temple of a God-born and God-bound-spirit. Just as the bleak March day was beginning to grow gray in the twilight, the soul of William H. Branson swept into the glory of the eternal morning. May 23, 1860—March 24, 1889. A short life measured in days, yet long and strong in deeds and influence.

He has left a precious heritage. Let us treasure it. Let the story of his life be told around the fireside of our State, and when, as toilers in the vineyard of Christ and our beloved Methodism, we bend under the burden of the day, may his memory be a lasting inspiration,

"And if the ear
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath
The brightness of its new inheritance,
It may be joyful to the parted one
To feel that earth remembers him in love."

AN ADDRESS ON THE LIFE AND LABORS OF
REV. WILLIAM CLOSS, D. D.*

BY REV. E. A. YATES, D. D.

Brethren of the Historical Society, Ladies' and Gentlemen:

The subject given us for our study this evening, and upon which I have been requested to prepare this paper, is *the Life and Labors of the Rev. Wm. Closs, D. D.*, who was long a useful and honored member of this Conference. And I trust you will bear in mind that this is an effort to address you under peculiar circumstances. The difficulty in the way of a *purely historical address* is the singular fact, in connection with the life of this remarkable man, that he *left no writing of his own*, nor have I been able to find anything written by others, that would be helpful to me in the presentation of this subject. I am reduced therefore to the *necessity of depending almost wholly upon my own personal recollections of the man*; and the philosophy of his *life and faith* will have to furnish the material for this address.

I congratulate you upon the current auspicious manifestations of human progress. The wave of *general education* that is lifting the masses of the people to a higher plane of intelligence will, ere long, submerge and wash away every barrier that now stands in the way of a complete realization of the Golden Rule propounded by Christ. The providence of God has disclosed at the right time, also, the helpmeetness of woman in the Church as well as in the home, and her success in this field is phenomenal. And notwithstanding all the burdens and sorrows which the race has borne, and is bearing, there is a steady development on the Divine side, and the *dominant thought and name in the world to-day is, Jesus Christ*. The *renais-*

*Made before the N. C. Conference Historical Society at Raleigh, N. C.; Dec. 3, 1895.

sauce of learning that followed the Reformation, cleared away the darkness of the middle ages, and thus made way for a purified religion of the Christ. Since that time there has been a better tone to the facts that make human history; and the brutal conflicts that marked the decline and fall of the Roman Empire have passed, never to return.

No political movement in the history of the world has been of such far-reaching importance as that inaugurated by the Premier of Great Britain, Lord Salisbury, for the Anglo-Saxon races, having for its object the universal suspension of war, and the substitution of international arbitration for the settlement of all differences. If the movement ultimates in its desired results, it will be the greatest political movement in the history of the race; since it will be the longest and among the best replies ever made by the nations to the peaceful song of the Angels over the plains of Bethlehem. It means the disbandment of standing armies, which have ever impoverished the nations and crippled all efforts to belt the world with the gospel. It means fewer widows and orphans and more happy homes and hearts. The Gospel of the Son of God has injected its saving salt into law and government and science and all life, until Christian civilization, through the Church of Christ, overtops all the ages in the manifestation up to this time of the best philosophy of life. And our God is marching on.

When I connected myself with the North Carolina Conference in 1860, I found Dr. Closs one of its most prominent and active members. The Conference at that time numbered upon its roll only *seventy-seven members*. The wonderfully recuperative and progressive force of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and her Itinerant ministry, is exhibited in the fact that during the intervening *thirty-seven years* the Conferences have grown from the comparatively small number of seventy-five up to nearly *four hundred* active members. A few of these, however,

have been acquired by transfer of territory. Of that original seventy-seven in 1860, only *twelve are living*, and only *six are effective*.

Dr. Closs was my first Presiding Elder, and I early learnt to have great respect for his opinions, and a high regard for his character. He was born in the State of Virginia, in 1809, of Irish parentage on his father's side. His mother was a Pennsylvania Quackeress, but joined the Methodist Church with her husband. Wm. Closs at the age of twenty-four joined the Virginia Conference at Petersburg, in 1833, with a class composed in part of R. O. Burton, W. W. Albea, W. M. Jordan and J. W. Lewis, all of blessed memory. The North Carolina Conference had not at that time been formed; the South Carolina Conference on the South, and the Virginia Conference on the North, covering nearly the entire territory; and the State itself being regarded by its neighbors as a strip of land between two States! Good old North Carolina, heaven's blessings attend her! Like all great things, she grows slowly, but she grows fine; and her neighbors are now busy in "courting the Eagle on his journey to the sun." The North Carolina Conference was set off by the General Conference at its session in Cincinnati, May 19th, 1836, and held its first session at Salisbury, in 1837. Dr. Closs was active both in its formation and successful progress. Indeed, he was a born leader in whatever commended his faith and service.

Coming from another State, Dr. Closs' early history has lapsed beyond our ability to gather. Like so many others of the good and great who have scaled the mount of God and gone home to heaven, he was converted at a camp-meeting. He died at the home of his daughter in the town of Enfield, N. C., in 1882, after an active ministry of nearly a half century. His mortal remains were buried in the cemetery at Henderson, N. C., and there await the music of the trump of God.

As it is impossible to describe any of the great movements in the world's secular history without giving the history of individuals; so likewise the history of religion and the church cannot be written without giving the history of individual men and women; and for this reason we greatly regret the absence of historical fact concerning Dr. Closs.

Mr. Emerson says that all great movements are born from a single thought issuing from the mind of some individual man or woman. This is simply a truism, but worthy of note by the thinker, since no great things are ever originated by masses of men. The greatest religious movement since the Reformation was the result of a single thought conceived by John Wesley; and the bright particular stars that hold this dome to its immortality of fame are almost innumerable: Susanna Wesley, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Coke, Asbury, Watson, Clark, and so on down through the years, to the army of the present and recent past; embracing, besides those mentioned, statesmen, poets, law-givers, governors, presidents, scientists, mechanics, laborers, and philosophers—stars the light of whose shining will never go-out, and whose orbital motions embrace the cycles of eternity—and characters that have given to history its best philosophy, and glorified the pen-point of George Eliot in the best lessons of fiction.

What is written truly of Dr. Closs, and what might be written if we had the data, is but a segment of the great circle of religious truth and life during the century in which he lived. The results of his God-given vocation to preach the gospel are cumulative, and are moving on as inevitably as the obedience of the planets to the law of gravity:

“He has not toiled in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.”

Dr. Closs and myself were quite intimately associated, and he talked with me often and freely. I shall therefore ask you to pause a moment while I give, as briefly as possible, his views touching some problems of to-day, and then pass on. He believed that the Church of God and the phrase, "Kingdom of heaven," were divinely intended to be synonymous phrases in religious terminology. And it is manifest that this ought to be true, since Christ declared that His Church should survive all the attacks of wicked councils, because built upon eternal truth. It matters not what name the church may bear, or how it may change its *form* of external organization, it is the Church of Christ if it has these two essentials: First, *all that may be truthfully stated as involved in St. Peter's declaration, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God;"* and secondly, *such organization as insures life and therefore growth*, and the due administration of his word and sacraments.

The peculiar form of infidelity which has been hatching for the last twenty-five years amongst some so-called Christian reformers, has in the last few years broken out with the declaration that there is no necessity for the church; that the church hampers and impedes Christian progress; and the most deplorable folly is that just as soon as some one strikes a new *ism*, he and his followers turn against the church, and abuse and denounce it because it will not adopt their crude and unscriptural views. The author of the little book, "The Mind of the Master," strongly hints his belief that holiness could go on covering the earth without the organized church. This is the same thing as saying that the soul could go on attending to this world's affairs without the body; that a diamond could show itself best without any setting, and that no organization but every man for himself, is the best method in war. How true is the saying, that a little pathos bereft of logic and philosophy is often a dangerous thing. I dwell upon this

because this is a day of heavy taxation upon the alphabet to find letters enough to name the numerous outside societies which propose to do the work which Christ intended the church to do, and which *the church is doing*, and which the church alone *can* do. The real Church of Christ may not move fast enough to suit some half-mile dashers! They would regard Enoch as *too slow* because he *only walked with God*. They go with jumps and bounds, and propose to convert men in masses. Such zeal without knowledge cares nothing for the fineness of the grist if the mills of God will only grind faster! And it seems that time is wasted upon such people in trying to convince them that all hasty development and rushing forward *is not real progress*, and that such zeal smacks more of the sin of Uzzah than of the spirit of Christ.

Dr. Closs was a profound thinker, and had faith in Christ as the head of a living organism. He believed religion to be a *life, subjective in character and objective in citizenship*, and not an imported somewhat to be put on or off at pleasure, or to be changed in its nature by human enactment. His clear view of the philosophy of the subject taught him that the Church of God in the world was not, and could not be, merely a prudential arrangement to be taken down at will and laid aside when the precious thing it carried *seemed to be able to go alone*.

Let us think a moment as touching the necessity for the organized Church of Christ in the world. If this necessity is shown, then a definite statement of its *faith* is also necessary, since without this it would be weak in character; and *character* is as necessary to the church as it is to its members, and the glory of the one is the common property of the other. But this glory must have a *basis of life*, which is a plain statement of the faith, or system of truth, once delivered to the saints. It has pleased the Infinite Life to ordain that the *principle and force of life shall never be manifested except in organization. Every finite*

thing that lives is organized, from a blade of grass to the cedar on Lebanon, and from a microscopic insect to man. Life must *organize* in order to *manifest itself*, and it cannot manifest itself otherwise. God has manifested His own life only in and through the organization we call the material cosmos, and to the human soul embodied in that cosmos. We distinguish machinery from organized life in this, that machinery has no essential internal force belonging necessarily to its own structure to put it in motion. Its motor is outside itself. While life is that internal and necessary force imparted to, and resident in, organized matter which enables the organization to adapt itself to its environments. This definition of life also differentiates organized life from a mere composite, as a house or meteoric stone.

Moreover, it is *organization alone that makes death possible*. This will be immediately apparent if we remember that all of the seventy or eighty *simple elements* which man has been able to discover, and out of which, or with which, the whole physical universe has been constructed, are not subject to any conceivable law or power of death; that is, they cannot be further decomposed, because *they are simples*. Death is *disorganization* and *decomposition*. The human soul is a *simple*, because it is spirit; and it cannot die in the sense of ceasing to be what it is; since not being a composite it cannot be *decomposed*. It is an *immortal simple*, and its life is a *special impartation of the Infinite Life* in order that *it may control all lower organized life*. None of the *simples* composing an organized body are ever *annihilated*, since that would impugn the wisdom of God, in that He had created more than He needed. No atom of oxygen, for instance, ever ceased to be, or ever will. It entered into all the universes that are past, and will enter into all that are to come, itself unhurt amidst the wreck of forms and the crush of worlds. The conservation of matter is more important than the conservation

of energy, since if there were no matter there could be no energy. And so the soul is a *simple* in the highest sphere of life. It is *spirit-substance*, and cannot die in the sense of ceasing to be. *This spiritual sphere is the source from which the force for material organization issues.* The soul being regenerated by the Holy Spirit is again put in control of all lower spheres; and lifting the body from the domination of the law of sin and death, presents it thus a living sacrifice unto God, which is not only a reasonable service, but a philosophical result. This is the religious organization of the *individual*.

Now, this organized religious life of the individual finds its further necessary development in the *organized Church of Christ*. Hence, after the ascension of our Lord the disciples proceeded to organize. The spread of the gospel cannot go forward, and its life forces cannot act in their fullness without the organized church. Organization implies a plurality of organs with their various functions of office; and the organism we call the church cannot be conceived to be living unless it is in possession and exercise of these laws and powers, and gives a rational statement of its *faith*. If the church, then, is a *necessity* to the gospel, as we have shown, various officers are necessary to the church. And then it follows that those persons who seek to belittle the church, to denounce her as being in league with sin and the cause of every current evil, and who impugn the motives and seek to weaken the authorities of the church, and who try to belittle missions—home and foreign, *are wicked in proportion to their intelligence*.

Nothing disturbed the calm sea of Dr. Closs' religious life so much as the silly clamor against the authorities and doctrines of the church. And it is worse now than it was in his day. The evil grows by feeding upon itself. The magnitude of the unrest, unbelief, corruption, ignorance, fanaticism, and consequent spread of isms and absurd notions in the name of religion, is absolutely appalling! It

is fashionable with certain classes to impugn the motives of the authorities of the church, to air a shallow criticism of her creed, to ridicule any detailed expression of belief, and to sneer at theology. All this is born of a shallow mind, and is plainly a sin if the person has knowledge enough to be accountable! Let us now pass on.

Some time between 1845 and 1850 Dr. Closs and the late Dr. Deems were mainly instrumental in having transferred to the North Carolina Conference the North Carolina territory then belonging to the South Carolina Conference, including Wilmington and Fayetteville and the adjacent circuits lying along the South Carolina State line. The session of the General Conference was rapidly drawing to its close. There was in the city where the General Conference was held, a *yellow fever scare*, and the brethren were anxious to go home. Drs. Closs and Deems threatened to make speeches of three days' length, yellow fever or no yellow fever, if the transfer of the territory were not made. The brethren had thus the alternative offered to them, either to *risk the yellow fever or give up the territory*. They chose the latter! And so Dr. Closs claimed that he had the Lord on his side. At any rate, the movement, good or bad, was largely brought by yellow fever. And so men move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform.

Dr. Closs was several times a delegate to the General Conference. But this distinction came to him solely because of his eminent ability. Of all the men I have ever known he was the cleanest and clearest of all self-seeking after worldly honors. Paul said to Timothy, it is a true statement that if a man seeketh—or being called, he cometh to—the office of a Bishop, he desireth a good thing; that is, the *office* is a good thing. *Of course it is.* It is a good thing to be a Bishop—sometimes. But let us remember that there is difference *between order and Office. Episcopo*—which Timothy was—does not have exactly the same breadth of meaning as *Episcopos*; both being officers

and not orders. The truth is that Timothy was a *Presiding Elder*. And now you see in what sense we poor Presiding Elders are successors to Timothy!

Dr. Closs was, in the main, very sound as a doctrinal preacher. His style was perspicuous, but intense and nervous. Being gifted in the science of hermeneutics, he did not allow any one to bind his conscience by mystic and superficial interpretations of the Scriptures. And he was especially severe upon all fanciful exegesis and scholastic subtilities. He regarded a search for strange texts out of which to get common-place things as a waste of mental force already limited in quantity. He was the opposite of *Talmageism*. Of course he was too great to be pedantic. I never detected in him the least effort to air his learning. He had a very decided faith in the doctrines of his church. He preached the doctrine of Holiness with *great power*; and declared his belief that this, according to the Bible, and following the analogy of the mental and physical world, was a *life* and therefore a *growth*. But let us be careful here. There is no objection to one's being as good as one can be. Indeed, *this is a duty*, not to *profess* to be better than he is, *but to be good*. And I am sometimes fearful that, discarding as an absurdity certain views of holiness, some may gradually come to discard holiness altogether. Let me say with all the emphasis that can be imported into words, that this is not a day for relaxing the demands of God's word for holiness of heart and life. Oh to be able, with humility and without ostentation, to lift up clean hands and a pure heart before God and men, is an unspeakable blessing! *The sum of holiness is love*. Holiness is not *cleanness of heart only*, since that could only be a *negative* condition—it is the *negative basis of holiness*. But holiness in its *entirety* is *love*, because *love* is positive and active, and manifests itself in the only way possible, that is, *in DOING GOOD* as well as in ceasing to do evil. And when perfect love is attained it casteth out all taste

and appetite for sin in the sense of violating the moral law. Oh for the religion that is Christ-like. The *name* is not essential so we have the *thing*. If I had to name it I would call it "*perfect love*," and this would imply *hearty consecration* to God. But call it what we will, *we need more religion*, more of *self-surrender to God's will*, more of the *humility, sweetness, meekness, and gentleness* of our Lord and master; and we need to get clear of our *pride of opinion*, of *worldly ambition*, of *self-seeking*; and to fill up the place with the spirit than counts all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord; *for if we are actively engaged in living the Sermon on the Mount, we shall not have time or taste to violate the Ten Commandments*. We must remember that the sin of *omission* is *greater than that of commission*. *Sin and love* are absolute opposites as dynamics in the spiritual universe. No word of mine shall indicate in me a low estimate of the value of holiness to the Lord.

Dr. Closs' mind was both analytical and synthetical, but he never weakened his public discourse by too much detail, nor left his hearers in ignorance by reason of too much generalizing. He never crammed a text with more than it could hold, nor left out essential truth it was intended to teach. He knew the value of perspicuous and rigid definition. It might almost be said that Dr. Closs was a *born logician*. He was never in danger therefore of separating the *person of Christ* from what Christ, in life and death and word, taught. Some fall into this fatal error. In a very intense admiration for the beautiful life of Christ, there may be manifested an ignorance of, and even a dislike for, the truths which Christ taught, and which truths made his beautiful life and death possible. To claim therefore to love Christ, without loving the truths which he taught, both in person and by his inspired Apostles, is *nonsense!* Dr. Closs had much pity for the so-called religious reformer who exclaimed, "Don't tell me

what Paul said: I don't believe Paul: tell me the old, old story." He knew that the main thread of objection in this case was the same which has held together all the scraps of infidelity, from the beginning, namely, a love of sin and a restiveness under the *demands of doctrine and authority*. The wretched folly of manifesting a little emotion at the recital of the "old, old story," while at the same time discarding the teachings of Paul, is to manifest either the most deplorable ignorance, or the most downright wickedness. Paul was either inspired by the Holy Spirit, or he was not. If he was not, then it is a waste of time to talk of the value of the religion of the New Testament. But if he was inspired, then he could not possibly have taught anything out of harmony with what Christ taught. To speak therefore of what Paul taught as being untrue and different from what Christ taught, is, to say the least, trifling with the Holy Spirit. And it is an alarming fact that much of the recent onslaught upon Paul and his doctrines is made by so-called Christians. Plainly, it is infidelity. The very air in some places is filled with a stupid cry for liberty! Liberty from the binding demands of doctrine. Liberty from the laws and regulations of the church. Liberty from the bondage of being "priest-ridden"; when every one who observes and thinks knows that priestly domination has long since died out in Protestant Christendom, and that we have swung to the other extreme—that instead of the people being priest-ridden, the priests are people-ridden. And to such an extent has this gone, that the pastor, shepherd, instead of being able to require the sheep to be guided by him, and to be led to feed where he has a commission from the owner to feed them, the sheep demand to go where they please, and to feed when and where they may choose. A cry for liberty!—liberty from law and order, from the demands of God's word, from the binding force of the truths that make religion divine. Liberty, just as though there could be

liberty without law. Liberty without law is an absurdity—is license—is anarchy—is death! "Oh liberty, cried Madame Roland, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

There is an impression abroad that religion ought to change with the times; that old-fashioned religion has lost its hold upon men; that it is too rigid in its exactions; that new times demand a new phase of religion; and that standards of doctrine and life ought to be lowered to the level of the changed condition of social environments. And hence, the new-fangled ways sought to make an old-fashioned gospel palatable to the carnal appetite. And after this has crippled the energies of the church, these people turn round and arraign the church, and charge her with not having long ago save the world from sin. It requires no prophet to see the coming of a reaction in this matter. The time is not far distant when the flood-tide shall set in and sweep away every refuge of lies, and old-fashioned religion shall again be at par! God speed the day.

Dr. Closs had an intense and strong personality. To see and hear him once was to remember him forever. He was portly in form, but slightly stoop-shouldered. His face, owing to some cause of malformation in his earlier years, was shorter on one side than the other; but his eye was keen and steady, and when animated in public discourse, shone with a remarkable brilliancy. This facial unevenness gave his countenance a peculiar expression. It is related that a traveler in passing a place where Dr. Closs was preaching to a large congregation under a bush shelter, stopped awhile and listened; then in passing on he met a gentleman going to the meeting. The traveler told the gentleman that a man was preaching back there whose name he learned was Closs, and that he was bringing heaven and earth together, but had only opened one-half his mouth; and then he exclaimed, what will come to pass when he opens the other half!

His early struggles, doubtless, had much to do with intensifying the personal magnetism and developing the intellectual powers of Dr. Closs. During his young manhood, High Schools and Colleges were very scarce. But he had a thirst for knowledge, and patience and perseverance in its pursuit. These are the conditions very often out of which are born great men. They constitute the fire that purifies gold. And the truth is that all men who are made at all are in an important sense, self-made. Indeed, it is greatly to be feared that in this day the easy methods of education are lowering the standards of scholarship. There seems to be an impression abroad that all a young man has to do is to go to some college, enter a room and press a button, and the college will do the rest! All this is a fatal mistake. There is no free and easy road to learning.

There was fullness enough in Dr. Closs' character to say it was spherical; but a more descriptive word would be, *angular*. It may be that all great men are so. At any rate, the quality of his mental force was salient and penetrating. He was incisive in speech; and while his diction was at times superb, such an orator seldom becomes a word-painter, and never loses himself in disconnected verbiage, nor tangles his audience in scrappy discourse.

As a debater he had but few equals. Bishop Geo. F. Pierce said that Dr. Closs was the ablest debater in the General Conference. He had what lawyers know as the "legal mind." The late Hon. Geo. E. Badger, one of the ablest lawyers North Carolina ever produced, after hearing Dr. Closs on one occasion, expressed great surprise that he had not heard and known him before; and remarked that if Dr. Closs had been a lawyer he would have stood in the front rank of that profession.

"A pebble in the brooklet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river."

And we can but regret the absence of any data that might help us to fix the time and place, where by, the rock of ages, the river of his young life was turned toward God and the ocean of undying fame. The honorable profession of the law would have secured to Dr. Closs worldly profit and worldly honor; but he was wise to choose the better part. His daughter, Mrs. Parker, of Henderson, N. C., says her father told her that for his first year's work in the ministry he received a "butternut suit of clothes," and "boarded around;" and for his second year he received twenty-five dollars, and "boarded around." Some of us old preachers know what that means. But Dr. Closs was building a habitation from earth to beyond the stars! Oh, what fields of glory await the old circuit-rider when God shall come to make up His jewels.

Dr. Closs was a friend to Education. He educated his household, including the servants. His daughter says that her mother's colored house-maid was a pretty good grammarian. He was prominent and active in the founding of the Female College at Goldsboro—an institution that did much good in its day. He also gave his influence and help to the Female Colleges at Louisburg and Greensboro. It is well known that he seemed to be in opposition to Trinity College; but this opposition was not so much to the college as to its illustrious founder, Dr. Craven. This is the only point of importance in which Dr. Closs and myself were in direct opposition. With all his greatness, he was not a judge of men; and being honest himself, he was not quick to suspect sinister motives in others; and I believe he was led into error in this matter by a few men, who are not now with us, and whose name's it is not necessary to mention.

And this shows the truth of the philosophy briefly outlined in the beginning of this paper, that all great movements and great things have their centre of life in individuals; and hence you effectually fight an institution when

you fight the individuals upon whom its rests. It is only within the last few years that Trinity College has partially recovered from the covert attacks of those men.

Dr. Closs was regarded by strangers as stern and austere; and this seemed to be true at first sight. He seemed to be unsocial and unapproachable; and if he had been of such figure as to make his clothing look dressy upon him, he would have been thought proud, as was Bishop Bascom. This seeming austerity of manner I think was caused by his natural diffidence, especially when ladies' were present. After equality and confidence had been established—two qualities so necessary to the pleasure of the social circle—he was easy and kindly in manner and very interesting and instructive in conversation.

It seems to be characteristic of many great men to have a humorous side to their mental structure. Even the stern old puritan warrior, Cromwell, could not refrain now and then from a practical joke; and the inimitable Vance was a chunk of fun. Dr. Closs was humorous and witty—always cheerful and bright, even down to old age. Sometimes the utterance of a single sentence would cause men to laugh for hours. His gift of repartee was wonderfully brilliant. His replies to any manifestation of folly about him were often overwhelming, and their peculiar expression made the blade cut going and coming. He was very gifted in descriptive power, and when this was exercised upon some humorous subject, very few could resist the wave of laughter that swept all before it. I have seen Bishop Paine and the whole board of Presiding Elders laugh for an hour at Dr. Closs' description of his pastorate on the Banks and Islands of Eastern North Carolina. A single sentence of nine words, uttered upon the Conference floor at Greensboro, caused Bishop Kavanaugh and the whole Conference and audience to break out in uncontrollable laughter.

These qualities, of course, furnished some foundation for the many anecdotes told about him. Many of these

were gross exaggerations. Of this kind was that of the woman who, in the twilight of evening, found Dr. Closs praying in a room where she kept her sugar-barrel, and thinking he was the hired boy stealing sugar, proceeded to apply a switch to the shoulders of the aged veteran of the Cross. It was almost wholly untrue; and I had much of what I state from Dr. Closs himself. It is related of him that at a public eating-house, a small plate of very rancid butter happened to be near the doctor's plate. He lifted the plate and threw it out through the window. Just then the servant-maid came in and enquired loudly where the butter was? Dr. Closs replied, "You had better ask the butter, for it is certainly *old enough* to speak for itself!" I doubt the truthfulness of this story. His fight with the mosquitoes at a camp meeting, and the unique benediction he is said to have pronounced on that occasion, was grossly exaggerated in the telling. Just before leaving one of his pastoral charges in his earlier ministry, where he was quite unpopular, he prayed, "Lord, send this people a preacher whom they will like better than they do me." A loud amen came up from the squad in the corner; when the preacher immediately added, "and send me to a people that I will like better than I do these people," and the amen corner was silent. The coffee anecdote was also true, and has been widely told in this country and in Europe. And as its telling has been so varied perhaps this is the place for giving it correctly: Dr. Closs and two other ministers were stopping at a tavern, where they paid their fare. The good woman who kept the house was of portly dimensions and voluble tongue. Having heard of Dr. Closs, she thought it a favorable opportunity to have fun at his expense; and she got it. After several sharp efforts directed at him, she finally exclaimed, "Why, Dr. Closs, I see you are very fond of coffee." The reply came quick and sharp, "Yes, madam, it would seem so from the quantity of water I

have to drink to get a little." After a burst of laughter from all round the table, the silence in that dining-room could be felt. Dr. Closs was everywhere a welcomed guest, and this did not occur at a private home, for he was never rude.

He was modest, sympathetic, tender and gentle. His regard for woman was of the highest order; and his manner in her presence, or in her defence, was courteous and knightly: a sure sign of large heart and brain in any man. His generosity was bounded only by his means. He took the orphan to his own home, as several living witnesses can testify, and there fed, clothed and educated them.

Strange to say, Dr. Closs was not in his later years what we call in this day a student, or great reader. His mind seemed to be of such wonderfully strange and gigantic structure that it could work profoundly and work correctly without libraries. He seemed to evolve from the intuitive powers of his own mind the forces that swept everything before him. I confess that to my mind it is a dangerous example; since nature seldom turns out such a mind; and when she does it appears that she throws away the pattern. Thackeray puts into the mouth of Charles II. this statement: "A king you can always have: a genius comes but rarely." And this witness is true. Reading and study is absolutely necessary to ninety-nine per cent. of men who are called, or aspire, to be leaders and teachers of men. And in this sphere many are regnant. All real truth belongs to the sphere of religion, and religion therefore claims every real science as her rightful property. To trace God in all His manifestations is to think his thoughts, and to love his thoughts is to love him, since His highest thought towards the world was Christ Jesus. The Scriptures of eternal truth that move around Calvary as an axis embrace within their sweep Orion and the Pleiades. The lever-power of the Cross that lifted Enoch to the home of God, also flung the North Star to his place,

and holds all the heavenly constellations to their shining. The preacher above all others needs to search for God everywhere; and blessed are the pure in heart for they can see Him.

In the life of Dr. Closs the right field of labor and the right laborer met together. He possessed the genius of the itinerant ministry—the most heroic band that ever marched for the conquest of the world. Neither in sickness nor in health did he ever lose the spirit of his mission. "Perfected through suffering," is an axiom in the philosophy of all true greatness, and the Christian ministry is no exception to the law. It is intended to be a burden-bearing band. If this were not true, it would not be like Christ. It is to be "as unknown, and yet as well known; as dying, yet behold we live; as chastened, yet not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." What Divine paradoxes are here! What a wonderful antithesis of statement as to what constitutes the elements of universal and eternal success. It is the victorious shout of suffering mortality as it mounts to the sphere of the immortal and divine. No one but God knows the longing and sighing of the heart of a true Minister of Christ. For the sake of the church and the salvation of souls, to give up all worldly advantage, and to give himself to a condition of want that even the church knows not of, is that which could only be secured by the constraining love of Christ. To go in Winter's cold and Summer's heat, in pain often, and in sickness, is to

"Gladly suffer all things loss
That he may Jesus gain."

The only type of this heroic band in the world's history is the glorious company of Apostles and martyrs of the early church.

In this heroic band of itinerant ministers Dr. Closs was a recognized leader. As a preacher he had great power of

concentration of thought. He was logical, perspicuous, and intensely earnest. He did not know what the silly word "flowery" meant when applied to a sermon; but I have heard him when his style of delivery made the truth positively eloquent. At times the orderly march of his thought was punctuated by lifting his foot and bringing it down at the close of a sentence to the pulpit floor, with just sufficient noise to emphasize the climax. This was pleasant to his hearers because it appeared perfectly natural in him. But it was a dangerous gesture for a tyro to imitate. He was fearless in stating his convictions of gospel truth; but he did it in love and kindness. He never carried gall or acid into the pulpit. He was too wise and good to "hew to the line, unmiudful of where the chips fell." He knew that a very poor stick of timber might be turned out by "hewing to the line," while a child's eyes might be ruined by the falling chips. He had a supreme contempt for chronic folly embalmed in silly sayings.

The revivals in his day were real, profound and far-reaching. They were characterized by deep conviction for sin and a hearty and faithful appropriation of the remedy. The Atonement, the Witness of the Spirit, Repentance, Faith, Regeneration, and Holiness of Life, were among the great themes discussed by the preachers. On any of these Dr. Closs was often irresistible. In those days, such was the deep conviction for sin, that I have seen men and women bow at the altar for prayer before the invitation had been fully given. They literally fell in at the door of salvation's ark, and were saved like mariners gotten ashore from a wrecked ship.

As a Presiding Elder, Dr. Closs stood in the front rank. He regarded the efficiency, and even possible working, of the itinerant ministry as resting upon this office. As sub-Bishops (about as near as they will ever get to the office) he thought they ought to appreciate the dignity of the office, and be careful and prayerful in the discharge of its

laborious duties. Dr. Closs was wise in counsel, and his advice was always appreciated by the presiding Bishop. I have seen the Bishop's Council composed of such men as Wm. Barringer, L. S. Burkhead, J. P. Moore, R. O. Burton, N. F. Reid and others, and Dr. Closs the peer of any. These heroic men have passed over the river, and are numbered with the saints in glory everlasting. They were Godly men, quiet and dignified in demeanor, scholarly in knowledge, eloquent in the pulpit, wise in counsel, pious in life, and kind and courteous in manner. Let us take counsel of their example.

As a Presiding Elder Dr. Closs was careful of the church and careful of the preachers. The church of God was precious to him and he devoted his life to its service. But at the same time he had great sympathy for the preachers, and never moved a man and his family, without sufficient reason and pressing demand. He regarded the true and faithful servant of God as worthy of, and entitled to, the best treatment the system could afford. He acted firmly but quietly and without much talk. This saved the church from dissensions, and for this cause he bore all censures with meekness. The official body of my charge many years ago asked for my return the third year. When the appointments were read out, Dr. Closs had sent me nearly across the State, to a charge not near so large or strong as the one I left. Candidly, I never thought of asking him why he did it; nor did I feel the least bit like grumbling. When he came to my first quarterly meeting he simply remarked, "I moved you here because this is a growing place; our church is weak, and I wanted you at this point." I may add, I trust without egotism, that a glorious revival of religion that year justified the wisdom of the Presiding Elder.

And I wish to say candidly, my brethren, that during my long experience both in and out of the office, I have known but very few instances when I thought the Presid-

ing Elder held an uneven balance; and then doubtless more from lack of knowledge than malice.

The subject of our sketch was naturally inclined to religion, and grace made him a consecrated man. He is with the "spirits of just men made perfect." All earthly struggles are past; and freed from all human frailties, he speaks the pure language of heaven. In that language, thank God, there are no such words as pain and death. His name shall live on while the world passes away. The time shall come when the fishermen of Thames shall dry their nets upon the broken tomb-stones of Westminster Abbey; when the wandering Celt shall build his hut of the broken rubbish of St. Peters at Rome; when the sun shall grow dim with years, and when the starry sentinels upon the frontiers of the universe shall lie down in death; but the time shall never come when the character of Dr. Closs and the good influence of his life shall cease to be known to angels and saints and God!

He won me by his warm-hearted affection, and I loved him with an honest heart. Several times he did me the honor of seeking my opinion in the hour of his perplexity; and I am glad of this opportunity of testifying publicly my admiration of his heroic moral courage, candor and honesty. Let us imitate his virtues, and when the final roll-call is made from the foot of God's throne around which all the stellar heavens revolve, may you and I be there, and with him enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

"And may we so live that when the mighty caravan
Which halts one night-time in the vale of death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
We shall mount onward to the eternal hills,
Our feet unweary, and our strenght renewed,
Like the strong eagle for the upward flight."

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF METHODISM IN FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., 1808 to 1901.

BY JAMES M. LAMB.

Surely no record of Methodism in Fayetteville can be complete without a brief reference to Henry Evans, Shoemaker, as he styles himself, in his will, dated December 9, 1809, giving to trustees named by himself, the property joining Evans' Chapel at his death, and further, after the death of his beloved wife, "Melice," the balance of his property in the rear of the church.

Bishop Capers says, "Henry Evans was the most remarkable man in Fayetteville, when I went there (1810)." He further says, "Henry Evans was confessedly the father of the Methodist church, white and black in Fayetteville, and the best preacher of his time in that quarter." * * We find no record of the building of the "first church" for Bishop Capers says at that date there was not a single church edifice in town and but one congregation (Presbyterian). So we judge that Henry Evans bought the property on which the first church was built, a frame building, weatherboarded only on the outside. We thus judge because we find him disposing of it by will in 1809. As to the exact date when Evans first commenced to preach, we are unfortunately without and record. But we know that at first he was hunted for like a criminal from one place to another. In his farewell address to his people the Sunday before he died he give us just a peep at what he suffered for his Master.

Bishop Capers says, "On the Sunday before his death, during this meeting, the little door between his humble

NOTE.—There was an order passed at Quarterly meeting, Aug. 15, 1810, "to take up a collection at the door of the whites and blacks, separate, for the meeting house."

shed and the chancel where I stood was opened and the dying man entered for a last farewell to his people. He was almost too feeble to stand but supporting himself by the railing of the chancel, he said: 'I have come to say my last words to you; it is this: *None but Christ*. Three times I have had my life in jeopardy for preaching the gospel to you. Three times I have broken the ice on the edge of the water and swam across the Cape Fear to preach the gospel to you, and if in my last hours, I could trust to that or to anything else but Christ crucified, for my salvation, all should be lost and my soul perish for ever.'"

A noble testimony! Worthy not of Evans only but of St. Paul. Whatever the date when Evans first preached, he made application to the preacher in charge of Bladen circuit to come and take charge of his meeting house, and so we find the church organized in 1808, with Thomas Mason as pastor, and Moses Matthews, presiding elder. However, we have no record of Quartely Conference until April 3, 1809, when Jonathan Jackson was presiding elder and Samuel Dunwoody station preacher. They, with the following, composed the Conference: Nathan Williamson, John Lumsden, John M. Cockburn, Isham Blake, David Buie, Alexander McDonald, William Lumsden, and William G. F. Saltonstall. The only business before the Conference was the *trial* of a certain brother William James, charged with "raising and causing discord in the church of God, by writing a letter to Brother Dunwoody, in which he accused a number of the brethren contrary to the spirit of the gospel." He was suspended for three months.

At the Quarterly Conference held November 3, 1810, Tom Tillinghast, George Blocker and Joe Adams, blacks, are reported present as members of the official body. At this meeting, John F. Pearce offered himself, and was recommended as a travelling preacher. A committee was appointed to enlarge "their apartment" so as to give better accommodation to the black people. Bishop Capers

tells us how this committee did the work; "by knocking off the weatherboarding on each side and building sheds, thus giving to the whites all the original building, and giving the sheds to the blacks."

November, 1811, we find Nathan Williamson applying for license to preach, and Henry Bass asking for a recommendation to Annual Conference as a travelling preacher. So we find that the new church while struggling along in its shell of a house, was sending men out to preach the gospel.

Up to 1817, the work of the Quarterly Conference seems to have been largely, simply to inquire into the spiritual condition of the *members* of the *Conference* and to hear reports from them of their classes. So this year for the first time, we find three questions asked:

1. Any charge against any member of the Conference?
2. Any appeals?
3. Any turned out of society?

On June 19, 1817, there was held a Quarterly Conference among the colored official members, *separate*, for the first time, and the following noted as present: Exhorters, Quam McKea, Job Hazle, and Limerick Kelly: Leaders, Tom Tillinghast, Tom Johnson, Phill Davis, Sharpor Bradfoot, Solomon Campbell and Thomas Hadley.

March 30, 1820, a Quarterly Conference met which lasted three days, with two sessions each day; trying cases on appeal, thus in a few years, runing from one extreme to the other.

In 1832 a committee was appointed by the trustees to buy a new lot and build a church and parsonage. This house known in latter years as Hay Street Methodist church was built at that time. The final payment was reported as made February 11, 1840. The following were members of the Board of Trustees at that time, and labored through all the years to bring to completion their work: John H. Hall, John H. Pearce, Isham Blake, Peleg Pearce,

Geo. W. McDonald, Thos. C. Blake, Edmund Blake, Beverly Rose, Samson Boone, S. G. Cook, Fountain Lain, Archibald McLouchlin.

At a meeting of the *Trustees* held March 27, 1860, there was a committee appointed on motion of E. J. Lilly, to raise \$1,000 to repair church, put in gas and pay sundry bills. There is no further record until July 3, 1871, when a committee was appointed to buy the present parsonage; A. W. Steele and John Shaw, being that committee. They did their work but I find no record of it, and since the latter date all business seems to have been transacted by the Board of Stewards.

In 1859, we find a report from O. J. Brent, preacher in charge of Evans' Chapel, with Sunday School at that point, and in *Cambellton*. In 1861 there was a great revival in the church, eighty-six members joined: L. S. Burkhead, pastor. There seems to have been no other great revival until November and December, 1876, when in a meeting lasting six weeks, there were 150 conversions and, 138 joined the Methodist church: L. W. Crawford, pastor. Miss Painter helped in this meeting the last three weeks, and the power of the Holp Ghost fell on the people.

There was an attack made on the church for allowing a woman to preach; several articles appearing in the "Gazette," which were answered by Col. T. H. Sutton, and others. But the climax was reached when Dr. L. S. Burkhead came from the Wilmington district and preached from Acts xvii-v; "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort gathered a company and set all the city on an uproar." His argument was that when God was working through his church, the devil always gathered his forces and put them to work, to destroy and pull down. It was such a sermon as men remember for a life time. Like the trumpet blast it gathered the fainting hosts of Israel and hurled them with irresistible force against the enemy. And christians not only worked and fought in the church,

but the conflict waged in every home, every shop, every store, on every street corner in Fayetteville and reached out in the country. Men and women cried out, what must we do to be saved.

The next great ingathering was during the pastorate of Rev. Joseph Wheeler, in 1889, when at a union meeting, Mr. Pearson being the preacher, fifty-five members joined the Methodist church.

In 1893, during the pastorate of Revs. J. T. Lyon and T. H. Sutton, there was a grand meeting at both Hay Street and Cambellton, Cambellton adding forty-one members and Hay Street fifty-four. Most of the latter young people from the Sunday School. And just here we would say, our belief is, that the very best work of the church of to-day is and must be done by and in the Sunday School. The young man trained in Sunday School, and joining the church before bad habits are formed is of much greater value, as a worker for God, than the man of middle age can ever hope to be.

The following is as nearly a correct roll of Presiding Elders, stationed preachers and official members, as I could get after much labor and research:

Pastors.—1808, Thomas Mason; 1809, Samuel Dunwoody; 1810, Matthew Sturdevant and William Capers; 1811, James Norton; 1812, William S. Talley; 1813, Solomon Bryan; 1814, Griffin Christopher; 1815, John B. Glen; 1816, James Norton and W. L. Winningham; 1817, Joseph Travis; 1818, Whitman C. Hill; 1819, Nicholis Tally; 1820, H. Spain and J. Russell; 1821, Benjamin Rhodes; 1822, Samuel Dunwoody; 1823 and 1824 Rand English; 1825, James Donnely; 1826, Charles Betts; 1827, Elias Sinclair; 1828, John H. Robinson; 1829, Benjamin L. Haskins; 1830, Malcom McPherson; 1831, Josiah Freeman; 1832, Benj. H. Capers; 1833, Wm. Cook; 1834, Samuel W. Capers; 1835 and 1836, T. R. Welsh; 1837, Allen McCarquadale; 1838 and 1839, James Stacey; 1840, James

Leard; 1841, Charles S. Walker; 1842, I. B. Anthony; 1843, Rand English; 1844, Colin Murchison; 1845, H. H. Durant; 1846, A. M. Shipp and W. G. Connor; 1847, W. G. Connor; 1848, H. M. Wood; 1849, D. J. Simmons; 1850, Claudius H. Pritchard; 1851 and 1852, J. H. Wheeler; 1853 and 1854, S. Milton Frost; 1855, W. E. Pell; 1856, J. H. Brent; 1857 and 1858, W. H. Bobbit; 1859, Abram Weaver and O. J. Brent, (Evans Chapel); 1860, L. S. Burkhead and R. P. Bibb; 1861, L. S. Burkhead and I. L. Newby; 1862, J. W. Tucker and B. B. Culbreth; 1863, J. W. Tucker and J. J. Prayther; 1864 and 1865, H. T. Hudson; 1866-1868 (inclusive), T. W. Guthrie; 1869-1872, J. E. Mann; 1873-1875, E. W. Thompson; 1876, E. W. Thompson and T. W. Smith; 1877-1880, L. W. Crawford; 1881-1883, Jno. R. Brooks; 1884-1885, Frank H. Wood; 1886-1887, J. T. Gibbs; 1888-1889, Joseph Wheeler; 1890, C. W. Byrd; 1891-1892, W. H. Moore; 1893, J. T. Lyon; 1894-1895, R. A. Willis; 1896-1898, L. L. Nash; 1899-1900, W. L. Cuninggim; 1901, T. A. Smoot.

Presiding Elders.—1808, Moses Matthews; 1809, Jonathan Jackson; 1810-1813, Daniel Asbury; 1814-1817, Wm. M. Kennedy; 1818-1821, Joseph Travis; 1822-1825, Wm. M. Kennedy; 1826, Rand English; 1827-1830, Charles Betts; 1831-1834, Nicholas Tally; 1835, Allen Hamby; 1836-1838, Charles Betts; 1839-1840, Rand English; 1841-1843, Hugh A. C. Walker; 1844, David Derrick; 1845-1848, James Stacey; 1849-1850, William Barringer; 1851-1852, James Reid (of N. C. Con.); 1853-1854, Robert I. Carson; 1855-1858, D. B. Nicholson; 1859-1862, Peter Doub; 1863-1866, W. H. Bobbit; 1867-1870, S. D. Adams; 1871-1872, J. P. Moore; 1873, E. A. Yates; 1874-1875, S. D. Adams; 1876, R. G. Barrett; 1877-1878, J. S. Nelson; 1879-1882, L. L. Hendren; 1883-1884, J. A. Cuninggim; 1885-1888, S. D. Adams; 1889, W. H. Bobbit; 1890-1893, J. T. Gibbs; 1894-1897, W. H. Moore; 1898-1899, F. A. Bishop; 1900-1901, B. R. Hall.

The following have served as pastors of Campbellton and Rose Chapel: 1884, E. L. Pell; 1885-1886, J. J. Greg; 1887-1888, R. W. Townsend; 1889, L. S. Ethridge; 1890-1891, E. C. Sell; 1892, J. W. Martin; 1893-1895, T. H. Sutton; 1896-1897, D. B. Parker; 1898-1899, B. H. Black; 1900, D. B. Woodall; 1901, L. Johnson.

The following have been members of Quarterly Conference from April, 1809, to November, 1901:

Whites.—John M. Cockburn, Isham Blake, (1809), David Buie, Wm. Lumsden, John H. Pearce, Miles Blake, Daniel McFatter, Henry Bass, William Terry, Jacob Egleson, Nathan Williamson, John Lumsden, Alexander McDonald, G. F. Stalonstall, Benjamin Pyle, Joshua E. Lumsden, Thomas Hearn, E. Foster, John Owen, John Murchason, Eli Terry, Joseph Bacon, Benjamin Gardner, Charles Johnson, William Stanley, Sam T. Ashe, William Lee, Aquilla Norman, Heseekiah Willard, Beverly Rose, (1821), Moses Hubbard, Samuel Steele, Peleg Pearce, Nathaniel Harris, William Stanley, James Kitchner, John H. Hall, Henry B. Sedbury, Thos. C. Blake, Lewis Hatton, John Douglass, Jasper Woolard, Malcomb McLean, Edmund Blake, Sampson Boone, William Sears, James G. Cook, Ruben Hall, John Depoe, Raiford Autery, Geo. W. McDonald, Mark Russell, James Broadfoot, Augustus J. Eramhert, Fountain Lane, John Wantham, Isham Blake, Jr., W. A. Gamewell, P. G. Bowman, James Mahoney, Archibald McLauchlin, James Cain, E. J. Lilly, (1841), R. H. Carter, William Lumsden, Thos. C. Clark, Cannon Caisin, A. W. Steele, Thos. Mitchell, Robt. Young, C. F. Gardner, Jonathan G. Yates, William H. Holland, S. S. Amy, T. Shemwell, James Shaw, J. C. Thomson, Hiram Whaley, H. H. Defoe, (1851), A. E. Hall, Isaac W. Clark, A. H. Whitfield, John Buie, Henry Lilly, W. W. Frizell, J. A. Pemberton, John Shaw, Wm. K. Blake, Wm. A. Rose, W. W. McKenzie, J. J. Prather, (L. P.), D. P. Meacham, J. C. Blocker, R. F. Epps, D. W. McLean, (1861),

M. Thomason, J. W. Welsh, T. J. Wilson, Duncan N. McLean, C. B. Cook, T. Newbery, A. J. Woodward, W. D. Smith, (1871), Geo. A. Thomson, John X. Smith, Silas Shutz, Walter Watson, James M. Lamb, J. H. Hall, (1881), John A. Steele, E. A. Poe, Thos. H. Sutton, J. P. Thomson, F. W. Thornton, (1891), D. A. McMillan, W. C. Troy, Wm. T. Rhodes, J. S. Maulsby, W. W. Cole, W. A. Whitehead, Rand E. Sedbery, Dr. E. Floyed, J. A. Gainey, J. A. D. Boone, C. P. Overby, Q. K. Nimocks, G. G. Harley, J. A. Nicholson, W. S. Cook, J. M. Wright, H. I. McDuffie, W. C. Holthan, J. A. King, C. D. Sedbery, T. H. Maulsby, G. B. Patterson, (1901), B. C. Gorham, J. J. Powers, C. W. Elliott, H. R. Hall, M. F. Crawford.

Campbellton Mission.—O. J. Owen, T. F. Lewis, D. D. Jones, W. S. Maulsby, G. W. New, E. J. Baxly, H. H. Bolton, S. B. Talbot.

Colored.—Tom Blocker, George Blocker, Tom Tillinghast, Joe Adams, James Mallett, Ned Hayes, Lewis Lord, Geo. Warden, Phillip Davis, Job Hasel, Lembrich Kelly, Thos. Hadley, Wiley Groves, Soloman Nash, Q. Newby, Isham Drake, Thomas Flowers, Soloman Ashe, Thomas Johnson, William Tuttle, Handy McLauchlin, Lewis Davis, Thos. Singletery, William Tuttle, Thos. Howell, Ned Wright, Moses Adams, Tom Davis, Geo. Ragland, Willis Groves, Fred Robinson, G. McMillan, Jas. Murphy, Samuel McKay, Jno. England, Frederick Robinson.

The names of the whites include local preachers, class-leaders, stewards, trustees and Sunday school superintendents. There is no record of colored leaders after 1831. All the colored members whose names are given were class-leaders.

Present Official Roll of Hay Street Church.—B. R. Hall, P. E.; T. A. Smoot, P. C. Local preachers, D. N. McLean and J. A. D. Boone. Stewards; Q. K. Nimocks, Chairman; J. J. Powers, Treasurer; W. W. Cole, Secretary;

B. C. Gorham, James M. Lamb, C. W. Elliott, E. A. Poe, John A. Steele, W. S. Cook, H. R. Hall, C. D. Sedbery, G. B. Patterson, M. F. Crawford. Trustees; Dr. E. Floyed, Chairman; F. W. Thornton, W. S. Cook, T. H. Maultsby, H. R. Hall, E. A. Poe, James M. Lambe, Secretary and Treasurer. Sunday school superintendent, B. C. Gorham.

THE LATE BISHOP CAPERS.

A Page From Quarterly Conference Record.—"At the Quarterly meeting Conference held for Fayetteville Station N. C. Conference, Feb. 26, 1855, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove by death, our beloved and venerated Bishop, Rev. William Capers, D. D., from the Walls of Zion to the church above; and, whereas, his high bearing as a gentleman, purity as a christian, and his talents and success as a gospel minister, as well in early life as in the maturity of manhood and age, endeared him to the people of this charge and community.

Resolved, That the Conference in common with the church at large deeply deplore the heavy loss which has fallen upon our Zion, in the demise of that holy, useful and eminent servant of God, Rev. William Capers, D. D., one of the Bishop's of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the family of our lamented Bishop, under this melancholy bereavement.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be spread upon the journal of this Conference, and that the secretary forward a copy of the same to the family of the deceased, and also a copy for publication.

A. E. HALL, Sec'y.

D. B. NICHOLSON, P. E.

Of those who have helped to make the history of the church, who were known to me personally and whose lives touched my life more or less strongly, I offer a few of the impressions that memory brings up before me. And first as to date comes Beverly Rose; joined society in 1819, became an official member in 1821, and from then until his death, January, 1890, was almost continuously at work for the church as trustee, class-leader or steward. And when from the feebleness of age, he no longer could work in these departments, he spent his whole time, like his master, going about doing good. I was surprised to find that his official life and mine covered eighty-one of the ninety-three years of the life of the church.

Sampson Boone became a trustee of the church in 1829. He was secretary for many years, and always signed himself, "S. Boone, Clerk." I met him for the first time in 1872, he was on his way home from Florida. We were fellow-passengers on the steamer from Wilmington to Fayetteville. He was a remarkable man in appearance. The front of his head was bald, his face clean-shaved, with the exception of a fringe of beard from ear to ear, under his chin; and he had the longest and heaviest eye-brows I ever saw, and all as white as snow. He served his day and generation well.

E. J. Lilly, 1839-1890. This is the record of his official life. He was a fine specimen of North Carolina manhood. He carried his seventy years with the ease and dignity of forty. He could look every man in the face. I can never forget his thoughtful kindness to me as a young member of the church; he placed at my service his well selected library, and that at a time when I needed books and could not buy them. And then he would sometimes find he had *two* sets of books in his library, he would almost make me feel I was rendering him a personal service in accepting one set for my library. In all his good works he was ably seconded by his wife, Hannah P. Lilly, as fine a christian character as I have ever known.

W. H. Holland, 1842-1893. I count myself very fortunate in coming into the church when these men were the leaders, despite the difference in our ages. Brother Holland and I soon became comrades and fast friends. I think my attention was called to him before I joined the church, by Brother E. W. Thomas, who, while commenting on the subject of church government, bishops and other church dignitaries, said this: "If I was sick, I would as soon have W. H. Holland to come and pray for me as any bishop in the world." I very soon came to be of the same opinion. I think he was gifted in prayer above any man I ever heard pray. I used to love to kneel down by him in the chancel, when the altar was full of mourners, and hear him use all the promises that God had given. *All* the invitations to come were repeated, and then as he got hold on the horns of the altar and pleaded with God to redeem his promises, and save sinners, I knew he was speaking face-to-face with the Eternal One, and like one of old, "while he was yet speaking in prayer, lo, the answer came!" and the shout of new-born souls mingled with the prayers of God's servants. Shortly before he died, I went to see him, he said, "Brother, I have been very sick; I have been feeling around for my foundation; it is all right; it is on the eternal Rock of Ages."

In this same year, John S. Maultsby joined the church. I spent many pleasant hours with him. He did good work in the Campbellton Sunday school. Of the class that joined in this year, 1842, only one remains to-day, Hiram Whaley, and he is still faithful to his Sunday school class. I had the privilege sometime since of presenting him a book, as a prize from the Sunday school, as the only member present fifty-two Sundays in the year.

James Cain, 1846-1900.—A local preacher, very useful in his day; a great man in revivals. I heard him exhort once in a revival, and a colored sister in the gallery felt the fire of other days had come back, and shouted aloud

to God's praise, some of the white sisters took it up, and the whole congregation was soon in a wonderful stir. But the pastor with a white, startled and anxious face, arose and said, we must do everything decently and in order; that was the last shout I remember hearing in Hay Street Church.

John C. Thompson, 1850. For half a century John C. Thompson was prominent in every church work. He made forty-eight consecutive annual reports as librarian of Hay Street Sunday School, and the library grew from nothing, to 3,000 volumes, during his term of office. He was faithful in every relation of life. He helped me much by advice and example.

Rev. J. H. Wheeler, pastor in 1851 and 1852. I only met him a few times after he was superannuated, and moved to Charleston, S. C. But I well remember the first time I saw him, it was at the Conference at Durham, when Bishop Pearce held the North Carolina Conference for the last time. There was some trouble over the paper question, and the Bishop called on Brother Wheeler to lead the Conference in prayer, and he did, and from the many fervid, hearty "amen's," I judge the Conference thought Brother Wheeler was led by the Holy Spirit. The church records kept by brother Wheeler, while pastor, are patterns of neatness.

Henry Lilly, 1854. A man who literally did not let his right hand know what his left did. He would place money in my hands to be used to relieve certain persons whom he thought to be needy, with strict injunctions that they were not to know whence it came. Modest and retiring in disposition, he rarely ever spoke to any question before the Quarterly Conference or stewards meeting, unless asked pointedly for his opinion, but that opinion, when given always carried weight with it, for it was the offspring of a well trained mind.

Rev. W. H. Bobbit, pastor, 1857, Presiding Elder in 1863-66, finishing his work here as Presiding Elder, in

1889; died here 1890. It was the privilege of this writer, with Brother E. A. Poe, to accompany the body of Brother Bobbit to Salisbury, and there lay it away to rest until the Master comes.

John Shaw, 1858-1885. John Shaw served the church for twenty-seven years as steward. And his child-like faith in his Master, and his faithful discharge of every duty, with his kind, brotherly courtesy, endeared him to his brethren.

Rev. L. S. Burkhead, D. D., pastor, 1860-1861. Died in Fayetteville, in 1887, during the Conference held here that year. A man whose commanding presence would grace any gathering of men, anywhere. He was my ideal of the Methodist preacher, gentle, yet strong, humble, yet terrible when denouncing the vengeance of any angry God against sin unrepented of. He was a grand man. We shall not soon see his like again.

Rev. S. D. Adams, 1867, Presiding Elder. He served the Fayetteville district four times, his last year, 1888. I remember his loving, fatherly council, his careful, watchful interest in everything bearing on his Master's kingdom.

Rev. E. W. Thomson, pastor, 1873-76. I joined the Methodist church under his ministry. Do you wonder that I loved him, and that I revere his memory. I remember him as I first saw him in Hay Street Church, early in 1873. He was fully six feet two inches in height, well proportioned, with full flowing black beard, slightly sprinkled with gray. As he arose and gave out the first hymn, "Come thou Almighty King, help us Thy name to sing, help us to praise," I felt there is a man with a commission from the Lord God Almighty. And then the sermon in which he described in burning words, God's justice and his mercy; justice holding the sword of vengeance suspended as by a single hair over the sinner's head; mercy restraining the hand that would break that single hair: it was fearful, yet glorious, because it brought many to seek a refuge in a Saviour's love. He loved his people, and his

people loved him, everybody loved him; God loved him and took him.

Rev. J. A. Cuninggim, Presiding Elder, 1883-1884. "Uncle Jesse," as we all loved to call him. How gentle, yet how firm he was, what faith in God, and in man, and that dual faith is the only kind that is of any account. God had faith in Abraham, "I know him," is the record. When you convince a man that you have faith in him, you bring out the best that is in him, in trying to honor your faith.

Rev. Joseph Wheeler, pastor, 1888-89. Another one of God's servant's, that like Bobbit and Thomson, closed his Master's work in Fayetteville. How sweet-spirited and gentle he was! How he brought the sincere milk of the word, and fed our souls on it! Yes, he lived up near God, where there was plenty of hidden manna, and he brought rich supplies for his people. He was ripening for the garner of God. He went away from us to die. I had the privilege of being the church's messenger, in company with Brother Poe, to lay him away in the cemetery at Kings Mountain.

Rand E. Sedberry, 1858-1901.—Faithful in every relation of life, as a soldier, citizen, husband, father, friend. Small of stature. One might say of him as Watts said of himself,

"Were I to reach from pole to pole,
And grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by the soul,
The soul, it is the standard of the man."

W. D. Smith, for many years a steward, Sunday school superintendent, and church treasurer, at different times—a man of strong convictions. He was useful. I watched with him, his last night on earth; wiped the death damp from his brow, and closed his eyes, and helped to lay him away in the family plot to await the resurrection morn. He was not understood by his brethren always. He opened his heart to me as he did to few. He died in hope of a blissful immortality.

Silas Shutz, died 1890; for many years trustee, and leader in church music. His soul was attuned to sing his Redeemer's praise. His place in our Sunday school singing is yet vacant. He loved to take the little ones and train them in the rudiments of vocal music. A good man; peace to his ashes.

John H. Hall, elected steward in 1822. It was not my purpose to speak of any in these random notes that are still living, or that I have not known personally, but I have heard so much of John H. Hall and read so much of him for the past four months, as I have glanced over the musty records of the past, that I feel I must surely know the man. He was untiring in his work for the church. A man of affairs. He spurred up the brethren to go out and raise funds for every need of God's house. He was the chief leader in the building of the present church. His subscription was \$500, and his firm, Hall & Johnson, advanced \$2,000 to help finish the building. He also gave his note at the bank for \$1,000. And he never rested until the last dollar was paid. He served latter as trustee and steward. At one time he was Sunday school superintendent, and they tell who claim to know, that when some of the boys grew too festive and could not be restrained otherwise, Brother Hall, the boy and a keen switch, held a private interview in the bell house; and they do say that if that boy did not learn better manners, he surely exercised greater discretion in the future. His custom was toward the close of the year, (like the Lilly brothers), to say to the brethren, "now raise all you can, then let me know how much is still lacking, and I will pay it." He is still preaching the gospel through his descendants. Revs. B. R. and J. H. Hall are his grandsons. He was a man of strong, positive character. He impressed himself on the work of the church for a period of nearly fifty years.

Rev. J. T. Lyon, pastor, 1893. What a loving and lovable character! No wonder the young people were drawn

to him. He lived near the Master's side. A great sufferer himself, he knew how to sympathize with those who suffered. So we all, young and old, loved him.

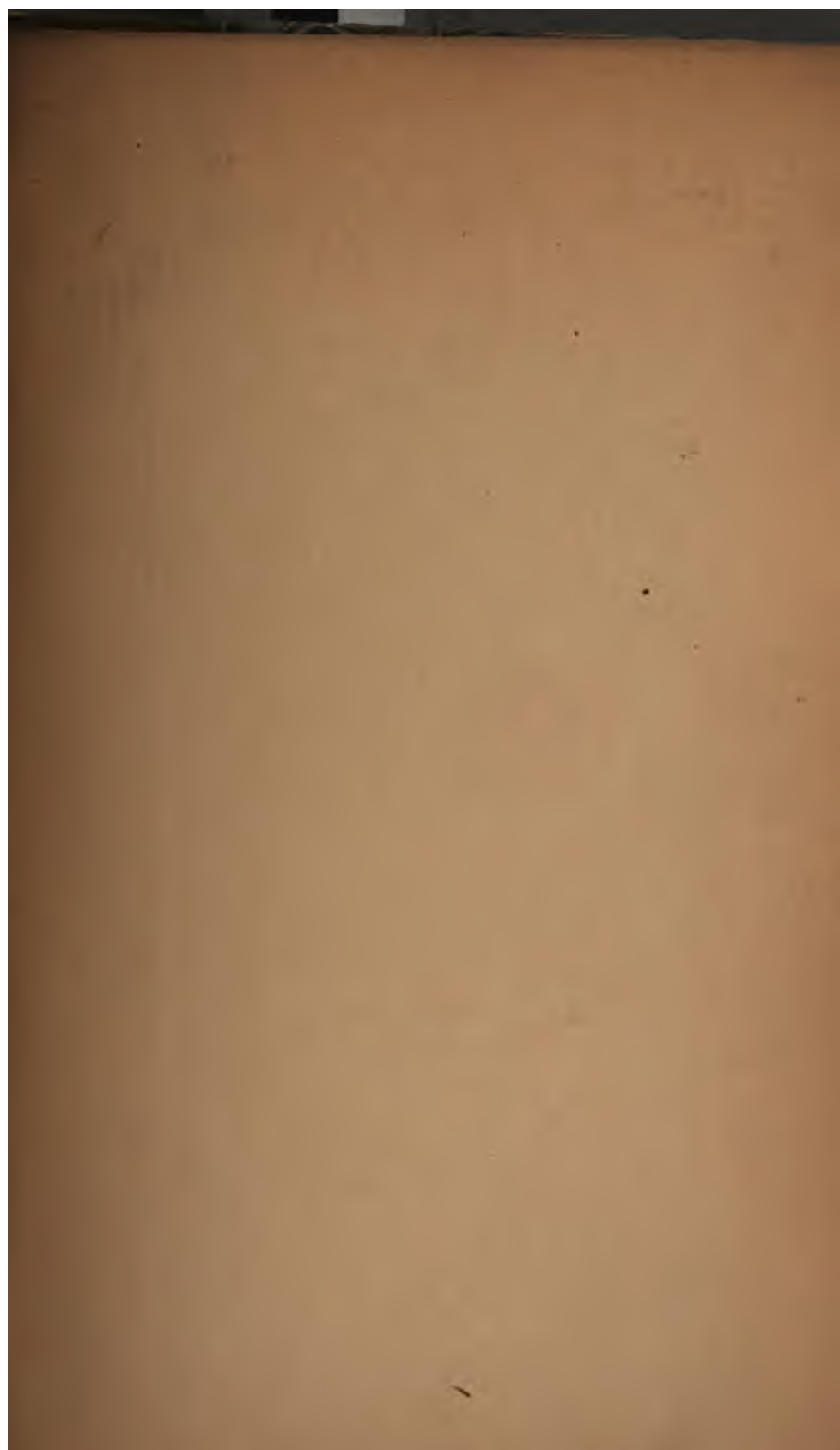
And now we come to the close of this very imperfect sketch of Methodism in Fayetteville. But before closing, I would like to place on record my appreciation of the spiritual gifts which I received through the pastors who have served the church for the past twenty-five years: Revs. T. W. Smith, L. W. Crawford, Jno. R. Brooks, F. H. Wood, J. T. Gibbs, C. W. Byrd, W. H. Moore, R. A. Willis, L. L. Nash, W. L. Cuninggim, and which I am now receiving through our present pastor, Rev. T. A. Smoot. Brethren, I thank God for you all, and pray His richest blessings upon you all, but in a very especial manner, I feel indebted to Brother L. W. Crawford. He took hold of me as a *young member*. He restrained, encouraged and helped as the need arose.

Well, the little shed built by Henry Evans has grown to be 'Evans' Metropolitan Church.' It will be when finished one of the finest church buildings in North Carolina, with a membership of nearly 700. Hay Street has 410; Campbellton and Rose Chapel, 135, giving a Methodist membership, white and black, of over 1,250, nearly equal to all the other churches of the city combined. Methodism has impressed itself on all the other churches so that instead of being hunted, from place to place, her sons and daughters are in every good word and work. In fact, Methodism has broken up the fallow ground, planted the seed, while some who propose lightly to esteem her methods, gladly gather in and house the fruit. But with a broad liberality, founded on the rebuke of the Master, to John, who wished to forbid those who cast out devils, "because he followeth not *with us*," "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us, is for us." She bids all lovers of Jesus, God speed, cares little for numbering the people, but would see all men, every where, repent and be saved.

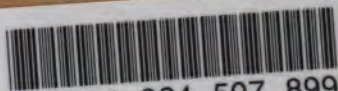
November 23, 1901.











3 2044 024 507 899

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

