

Historical

Address ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

DELIVERED
BY . . .

REV. WILLIAM S. LACY, D. D.,

AT THE

Centennial of ❖ ❖

BUFFALO CHURCH



AUGUST 12, 1897.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

Delivered on the Occasion

OF THE

Centennial ✧ of ✧ Buffalo ✧ Church,

AUGUST 12, 1897,

At Buffalo Church, Moore County, N. C.,

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM S. LACY, D. D.,

Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Norfolk, Va.,

AND

Pastor of Buffalo Church from 1873 to 1888.



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HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

Before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock, December 21st, 1620, or John Smith landed at Jamestown, May 13th, 1607, the first Presbyterians who settled in North America were French Huguenots who sought these shores under the auspices of Admiral Coligny, and who went to the Carolinas and to Florida.* According to Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, in his essay on *Earliest American Presbyterianism*, Rev. Francis Doughty, an English Presbyterian minister, preached to a congregation in Long Island, N. Y., in 1642, and he states that he subsequently labored in eastern Virginia and Maryland.† In 1682, Rev. Francis Makemie was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Laggan in the north of Ireland to preach as a missionary in North America.‡ and from 1683 to 1716 he labored in Maryland and eastern Virginia.

According to the historian, Bancroft, there was no stationed preacher of any persuasion in North Carolina anterior to 1705.§ Dr. Foote in his charming volumes tells us that the Rev. William Robinson was sent by the Presbytery of New Castle to preach as a missionary in North Carolina in the winter of 1742-1743.|| The success of this eminent and saintly minister while in Virginia was marked, but we hear but little of what he accomplished in North Carolina. Others also were appointed to visit Virginia and North Carolina, but not until the visit of the Rev. Hugh McAden in 1755 do we note any report worthy of attention. In this year, and in succeeding years, Mr. McAden traversed the greater part of

* Hays' Presbyterians, p. 479.

† *Ibid.*, p. 479.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 67.

§ Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. 2, p. 164. Quoted by the Rev. Neill McKay in Centenary Sermon delivered at Bluff Church 1853, p. 7.

|| Foote's *Sketches of Virginia*, Vol. 1, p. 126. Also Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina*, p. 158.

North Carolina, preaching at meeting-houses, residences and settlements, where he found Presbyterians—thus indicating that others had preceded him.* The one whose labors resulted in the gathering of many congregations, especially west of the Yadkin, was probably “the pioneer minister and apostle of western North Carolina, Rev. John Thompson.”† Rev. Dr. Wm. B. Sprague in his laborious and invaluable annals tells us: “He visited North Carolina in 1744 and again in 1751.” During this latter visit he met with Henry Patillo, afterwards one of the most distinguished and useful ministers in North Carolina, who by him was led to enter the gospel ministry. Mr. Thompson died in 1753 at Buffalo, in Prince Edward county, Virginia, and Dr. Archibald Alexander states that “he lies in the Buffalo graveyard without a stone.”‡

The first settled Presbyterian minister in North Carolina to whom the first formal call as pastor was given was the Rev. James Campbell. This call is recorded in the court records of Cumberland county.§ Among the twelve signers is the name of Archibald McKay,|| grandfather of Rev. Dr. Neill McKay, so long the honored pastor of this church. Mr. Campbell settled in 1757 on Cape Fear river, opposite Bluff Church. He preached at Hector McNeill’s, on Cape Fear (now Bluff Church), at Gilbert Clark’s, on Barbecue creek (now Barbecue Church), and at Archibald McKay’s, on the Long Street (now Long Street Church). His laborious, discouraged, yet eminently useful life closed in 1787.** For three years he had associated with him Rev. John McLeod, who came with large bodies of Highlanders in 1770, settling on the Upper and Lower Little rivers in Cumberland county. This minister, returning to Scotland in 1773, found it is supposed a watery grave, as he was never heard of after leaving America.††

It is probable that during this pastorate the attractive set-

* Foote’s Sketches of North Carolina, p. 158.

† North Carolina Presbyterian, Vol. 1, No. 39. Quoted by Rev. Neill McKay in Centenary Address delivered at Bluff Church 1858, p. 8.

‡ Sprague’s Annals of the American Pulpit, Vol. 3, p. 22.

§ Register’s office, Book A, p. 349.

|| Centennial Historical Address delivered before Fayetteville Presbytery at Bluff Church, October, 1858, by James Banks, Esq., p. 13.

** Foote’s Sketches of North Carolina, pp. 132, et seqr.

†† Foote’s Sketches of North Carolina, p. 135.

tlements on Deep river and Buffalo creek were reached by the Presbyterian missionary. The people represented in these congregations ministered to by Mr. Campbell were people of substance, broad intelligence, abounding hospitality and generous living—fond of the pleasures of the table and of debate, with the Scotch love of whiskey and dancing. The celebrated Flora McDonald resided during a part of this time at Cameron Hill, and worshipped at old Barbecue Church.* The elders of that church were so diligent, exacting and well-informed, so pious and devoted to their duties, that they were called “the little ministers of Barbecue”,† and doubtless in the discharge of their parochial duties penetrated to this region as an outpost of that congregation. It was of Barbecue congregation that the Rev. John McLeod said he “would rather preach to the most polished and fashionable congregation in Edinburgh than to the little critical carls of Barbecue.”‡

Rev. Dr. McKay, in the Centennial Sermon from which I have already generously quoted, says that the Rev. John Anderson was the pioneer missionary in Moore county, and preached at Archibald Clark’s, about one mile north of Buffalo Church.§ Mr. Anderson was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange in 1791, and shortly afterwards was ordained as an evangelist. He commenced his labors in the southern part of North Carolina and the northern part of South Carolina; and in this field passed the first two years of his ministerial life.|| Whether or no Mr. Anderson was the first minister who visited Moore county, it is well authenticated that the first preaching was done in a barn on the lands of Alexander Clark, about half way between the homes of the late Wesley McIver and the late Daniel B. McIver. These are the traditions as given to your speaker by the old people of this congregation when I came here in 1873. But there are also other traditions and recollections that affirm that “Buffalo congregation held their first services near what

* Foote’s Sketches of North Carolina, p. 155.

† Ibid., p. 133.

‡ Ibid., p. 133.

§ Centenary Sermon preached at Bluff Church, 1858, p. 11.

|| Sprague’s Annals of the American Pulpit, Vol. 3, p. 588.

is now Will. Temple's spring, less than a mile from" the residence of Alexander M. Wicker.*

We reach now the beginning of our chronicles of this historic church. It is noteworthy that this church is the farthest north of those formed out of the Scotch settlements on the Cape Fear and its tributaries. Although the earliest Presbyterian settlers in this country, as has been stated, were French Huguenots, and the next the English Puritans, the largest and most influential bodies of Presbyterian settlers were the streams of Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland who settled in the heart of Pennsylvania and overflowed into the valleys of Maryland and Virginia and the piedmont regions of North Carolina, and the Scotch who came direct from Scotland and settled chiefly on the waters of the Cape Fear in North Carolina. Major Moore in his history seems to intimate† that these last were all Highlanders, expatiated because of their devotion to Prince Charles Edward of the Stuart line. This is a mistake. For many settlements of Scotch had been made before the defeat of the Prince at Culloden, April 16, 1746, and the removal to this country of so many who followed his standard. Indeed, before 1729, when the province of Carolina was divided, there were Scotch settlers, and emigrants from Scotland as early as 1736 found here already many Scotch families—notably the Clarks, McNeills and McKays.‡ Rapidly, however, after the overthrow of Charles, the Highland emigration poured into North Carolina and soon constituted the majority and dominated the civil and religious interests of the Cape Fear region.

Our first chronicles in our session-book tell us that, "About the first of April, A. D. 1797, Rev. William D. Paisley, a licentiate, began to preach in a log building where the present church now stands, every third Sabbath. On the 10th of May, 1798, he was ordained at said church." The painstaking Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Orange, after examining the records, states: "In 1798, March 8th, Mr. Paisley was called by the congregations of Buffaloe (*sic*) and Union

* Letter of Rev. James M. Wicker, based on recollections of Alexander A. McIntosh.

† Moore's History of North Carolina, Vol. 1, p. 61.

‡ Centenary Sermon by Rev. Neill McKay, p. 9.

and was ordained May 9th, in 1798. In April, 1796, I find that the Presbytery adjourned to meet at Buffalo Church in September, 1796. It must have been organized before April, 1796, but just when it is impossible for me to ascertain." I follow the statement as given. It is possible that the discrepancy in date of ordination is due to careless copying. It is also possible that the "Buffalo church" with which the Presbytery of Orange was to meet in September, 1796, was Buffalo in Guilford, which, with Alamance Church, constituted at that time the pastoral charge of the Rev. David Caldwell, the patriot and scholar, under whom Mr. Paisley studied for the gospel ministry.

The earliest mention I find in the minutes of the Synod of the Carolinas is October 31st, 1799, when it is stated that William D. Paisley had charge of Union and Lower Buffalo.* And in the minutes of the General Assembly for 1800† the same record is made. Mr. Paisley gave up his work in this important pastorate January 1st, 1801. During his pastorate the following were ordained elders: John Dalrymple, Sr., Malcolm Gilchrist, John McIver, Alexander Clark and Hugh Cameron.

The Rev. William D. Paisley continued a member of Orange Presbytery till his death. He was the founder and first minister of the Presbyterian Church in Greensboro, N. C., and labored there for nearly twenty years. A tablet in the First Presbyterian Church in that centre of Presbyterian influence commemorates his services on which is inscribed: "In memory of the Rev. Wm. D. Paisley, minister of this church from its organization, October 3rd, 1824, until April 5th, 1844. Died March 10th, 1857, aged 87 years. Job v:26." In September, 1839, he again visited Buffalo Church, where his relative and brother-in-law, Rev. Samuel Paisley, ministered, and so far as can be learned this was the only time, certainly the last time, he preached at Buffalo. He was a man of positive ability, and frequently represented the Presbytery of Orange in the General Assembly, and was appointed by that body to special missionary service in connection with

* Foote's Sketches of North Carolina, p. 301.

† Minutes of the General Assembly, p. 194.

such men as Rev. James Hall, D. D., Rev. James McGready and Rev. Colin McIver, and was greatly blessed in his labors.

In February, 1802, the Rev. John Gillespie accepted the invitation to preach at Buffalo. During the *interregnum* it is stated that the church was partially supplied by Rev. Daniel Brown, Rev. Duncan Brown, Rev. Murdock Murphy, Rev. Hugh Shaw, Rev. Malcolm McNair and Rev. M. McMillan. These, I take it, were young men without charge, recently licensed and invited to fill a vacancy—some of them perhaps the young Scotchmen of whom Rev. Dr. James Hall, the eminent patriot and divine, speaks as “raised up to supply the need of these Scotch settlements.” Mr. Gillespie’s ministry was richly blessed. In 1802 the great revival that had swept over the whole country was deeply felt throughout North Carolina, and Buffalo Church shared in the holy impulse. Nine were added at the first communion in August, 1802, fourteen at the second communion in January, 1803, fifteen at the third communion in September, 1803, and five in October of the same year, which was the fourth communion. When we consider the sparseness of the population an accession of forty-three in little more than a year marks a great increase.

Early in 1804, Mr. Murdock McMillan, a licentiate, was asked to preach in conjunction with Mr. Gillespie as his assistant, and because he could preach in the Gaelic language as well as in English; and on the 26th of July, having been duly called, he was ordained and installed pastor of Buffalo, Union and Bethesda Churches. We have no mention of the date or the occasion of Mr. Gillespie’s retirement. In 1830, Rev. Mr. McMillan was released from the pastoral care of Buffalo, Union and Euphronia Churches and dismissed to a Presbytery in Tennessee. No mention is made of when Euphronia was set off as a church and substituted for Bethesda in the pastoral relation. During Mr. McMillan’s pastorate of more than twenty-five years, having, however, a leave of absence of over a year’s duration from November, 1805, to January, 1807, Daniel Thompson, Thomas Thompson, William Buie, James Dalrymple and Alexander McIn-

tosh were elected and ordained elders in 1804; in 1810, Duncan McIver (Miller Duncan) was chosen to the same office and duly installed; in the summer of 1815, Malcolm McGilvary and Duncan McIver (Deep River Duncan) were made elders; and in May, 1821, the number was increased by the addition of Evander McIver and John McIver. During Mr. McMillan's ministry ninety-one were added to the communion roll; the first framed church building was erected in 1817, John Voncanon builder, on the present site; the church at Euphronia was organized probably in 1820 or 1821, largely out of Buffalo, and the Presbyterian cause was steadily advanced. Dr. Foote describes Mr. McMillan as *fortiter in re*,* and tradition represents him as a typical Scotchman, stern, strong, staunch, and withal a popular preacher, sound and instructive. He was repeatedly honored by his Presbytery with a seat in the General Assembly. He was greatly blessed in his abundant labors, greatly useful and greatly beloved by his people, and left from no dissatisfaction on their part, but because of personal reasons, desiring to go West.

Following Mr. McMillan was Rev. Angus McCallum, a man of gentle nature, sensitive and shrinking in disposition, somewhat spare and delicate-looking. He had a sweet tenor voice and his singing is perhaps still remembered by some of the oldest of you. He preached first a year as licentiate, and was ordained and installed pastor of the three churches in December, 1831. A blank in the chronicles of the session from this date until 1838 leaves me without statistics as to the result of his labors.

There is a tradition, with some foundation certainly, that Mr. McCallum was considered by some unsound in doctrinal views—developed or brought to light probably during the the bitter controversy that resulted in the schism of 1837; and that he was publicly confronted with this doctrinal unsoundness by Malcolm Shaw, of the Buffalo session. From trustworthy sources I learn that this open rupture was preceded by some differences as to the payment of salary, and

* Foote's Sketches of North Carolina. p. 503.

that the charge of unsoundness was made openly, resulting eventually in Mr. McCallum's retiring from the pastorate. His firm, courageous and life-long friend, Rev. Evander McNair, always maintained that Mr. McCallum was unjustly assailed and should have defended himself. The pastoral relation was dissolved October 11, 1838, and Mr. McCallum, removing to Mississippi, ministered to various churches chiefly as supply and Presbyterial missionary until laid aside by the infirmities of age in 1875, and, waiting patiently the days of his appointed time, died in the winter of 1885-1886.

In 1835, Malcolm Shaw, William McIntosh and John H. Dalrymple were ordained ruling elders. Previous to this, and subsequent probably to 1821, William Shaw was made an elder, though the date or the fact of his ordination is not recorded, and he ceased to act about 1836.

Rev. Samuel Paisley then ministered to the church in connection with Union and Euphronia from 1838 till April 4th, 1845, when the relation with Buffalo was dissolved. He continued as pastor of Union until October, 1848, when perhaps the relation with Euphronia also ceased. More attention seemed to be given to the benevolent operations of the church during his pastoral care than before. Mr. Paisley himself was constituted by the contribution of Buffalo Church a life member of the American Bible Society, and generous contributions were made to other important interests. Mr. Paisley was a man of amiable and benevolent disposition, of tender feeling and conservative mood. He spent his declining years in Euphronia congregation, growing deaf as he grew old, and died at a very advanced age and was buried at Eno Church. His daughter, Mrs. Cynthia Campbell, widow of the late William C. Campbell, an elder in Euphronia Church, a most godly and useful woman, is still affectionately remembered.

From the close of Mr. McMillan's pastorate in 1830 to the beginning of Mr. McKay's ministry in 1846, but fifteen are reported as added to the communion of the church in the church records. That these are incorrect or were not carefully kept is manifest, as for some years there is no record whatever.

At the meeting of the session, September 1st, 1838, Wil-

liam Dalrymple is reported as present as an elder, the first mention of his name in this capacity, though the date of his ordination is not given. Richard M. Cole and Malcolm McIver were ordained elders in the summer of 1841, though no official record is made of the fact.

In the summer of 1846, Rev. Neill McKay is mentioned as moderator of the session. For some reason the ministrations of Rev. Samuel Paisley were not acceptable to some of the more influential and popular members of the church, Sheriff Duncan Murchison among them. Indeed, in the records of session, July 23rd, 1843, presided over at the request of Mr. Paisley and the session by Rev. Evander McNair, I find it stated that Mr. and Mrs. Murchison were granted letters to unite with Mt. Pisgah Church, he alleging that the ministrations of the incumbent were "not edifying to his soul." Perhaps invited by some one, or directed by Presbytery, Mr. McKay visited Buffalo Church during Mr. Paisley's pastorate, and losing his way and arriving late, Mr. Paisley had already begun the services. Mr. McKay walked in and came near the pulpit, but not being recognized by Mr. Paisley (it is supposed by some, purposely) he took his seat in the congregation. Mr. Paisley concluded the services, and started down the steps of the pulpit. An elder present announced that Rev. Mr. McKay was in the house, and proposed that the congregation should keep their seats and hear a sermon from him. He ascended the pulpit, Mr. Paisley with him, and the congregation heard a second sermon without recess or intermission. Mr. McKay's text on the occasion, for text and sermon and occasion were long remembered, was John 3:14-15: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," &c. Soon after, Mr. Paisley retired, the pastoral relation with the church being dissolved, and Mr. McKay began to preach regularly. This incident helps to fasten the date of the erection of the second framed building on this site. For the incident related occurred in the old building, and in 1845 when Mr. McKay took charge the then new building had been constructed. Some time, then, between 1841 and 1845 the second framed building was erected. Mr. Roderick N. Buie was the contractor, and

some of the timbers of the old building were used in the new.

Mr., or as we shall call him, Dr. McKay's ministry began in 1845, and he preached as stated supply till 1856, when he was installed pastor September 27th, 1856, resigning his pastoral charge January 5th, 1870. He would sometimes be called away by important business interests in the West, his absences being supplied at one time for four months by Rev. John L. McIver, at another time for a year by Rev. G. A. Russell, and again for a year by Rev. C. K. Caldwell.

Dr. McKay was a man of superior mental endowments, a clear, forcible and logical preacher,—often strong and impressive. His sermons were usually written and read, but read with sonorous and somewhat monotonous voice. At the close of an argument his manner would become more solemn and earnest, his gestures more animated and impressive and he would speak with power. He was a man of affairs, possessed of large means, and interested in all questions of public policy and welfare. He was an intelligent and devoted friend of education, secular and religious,—for many years an honored and useful trustee of the University of North Carolina and of the Union Theological Seminary, and was also for many years chairman of the Presbyterian and Synodical committees of ministerial education. He was an able debater in church courts, an accomplished ecclesiastic, an expert polemic, and exerted a wide and potent influence. The force of his oratory was in the logical and vehement presentation of his views, for he disdained the adventitious aids of rhetoric, illustration or poetry.

He was a faithful and instructive preacher, proclaiming the whole round of gospel truth. His ministry was much blessed, for though not himself what is termed a revivalist, and indeed condemning what may be termed revival measures, the ingatherings of his stated ministry indicated a vigorous growth. These considerable accessions to the membership were in part due to the faithful and fervent labors of those who at times supplied his pulpit. Two hundred and thirty-five were added to the communicants' roll—an average of nearly twenty a year. On many communion occasions as

many as ten would be received in the ordinary course of pastoral work,—at one time twenty-four and at another thirty-one.

During these eventful and fruitful years, distracted by the horrors of war and of reconstruction, the cords were lengthened and the stakes were strengthened. October 7th, 1854, Evander McGilvary and Roderick N. Buie were ordained elders. The church was perfected in its organization during this decade by the choice of deacons, and in March, 1858, Newton R. Bryan, Wesley W. Dye, Alexander McBryde, Daniel McIntyre, Kenneth F. McIntosh and Alexander M. Wicker were ordained to this office. In March, 1863, the following were added to the eldership: Daniel M. McIntosh, Daniel McIntyre, Wesley W. Dye, Donald J. McIver, John Dalrymple and John Hunter. And about the same date, Wesley McIver and Daniel B. McIver were constituted deacons. These additions to the official membership of Buffalo Church during Dr. McKay's ministry present names familiar and precious, that will long be held in grateful remembrance.

On the 13th of December, 1864, the church of Saint Andrews was organized, to which Buffalo gave certainly fifteen of its members in its organization and probably more. In May, 1868, Salem Church was organized, to which Buffalo gave nineteen as charter members. This, though a reduction of the area and membership of Buffalo, was a real extension of the Presbyterian Church.

In 1870, Rev. Martin McQueen, pastor of the contiguous churches of Union and Carthage, being invited, took charge of Buffalo Church as stated supply, preaching once a month, and continued to act in this relation until the close of 1872, giving nearly three years of fruitful and abundant labor.

Mr. McQueen was a man of strong convictions, an ardent and impressive preacher, and he was signally blessed in his work. During the brief time that he ministered at Buffalo, sixty-seven were added to the list of communicants, and during the summer of 1872 a gracious revival resulted in an accession at one time of thirty-seven, the largest number that had up to this time, or has ever at any one time, united with

the church. Mr. McQueen's influence in this congregation, in his own charge, and in ecclesiastical judicatories, was marked, conservative and wholesome—and he was greatly sought in protracted meetings, when his preaching, always direct and earnest, would be unusually warm and effective.

In June, 1873, Buffalo and Euphronia congregations were again, after a separation of twenty-eight years, united in one pastoral charge, and Rev. Wm. S. Lacy was invited to minister to the church and in May, 1874, he was installed pastor, the relation being dissolved in May, 1888. During this pastorate the effort was made to extend the influence of Presbyterianism by preaching at remoter points, and reaching those whose distance from the church or whose propinquity to other places of worship hindered their regular attendance on their own sanctuary. Thus it was that as outposts of Buffalo and Euphronia, afternoon or evening services on Sunday and prayer-meetings during the week were held with more or less frequency and regularity at Gulf, Carbonton, Cedar Hill, Cedar Spring, the Chalmers place, Burns' School House, White Hill (or Cross Roads as it was then called), Pocket, Egypt, McNeill's School House, Jonesboro, Oldham's Grove and Sanford. The effort was made to strengthen the cause at the mother church by earnest Sunday school work and by frequent special meetings.

In July, 1881, the church of White Hill was organized, largely out of Buffalo and Euphronia Churches. Buffalo contributed sixteen communicants as charter members, with a large number of non-communicants, and dismissing many since. In January, 1882, the church of Gulf was organized with thirteen members by Orange Presbytery, the point though contiguous to this pastoral charge being in the bounds of that Presbytery at that time. Of the thirteen members, three were from this church and five from Euphronia. The church at Jonesboro was organized in December, 1885, to which this church gave thirty-three members in its organization as communicants and twenty-four non-communicants.

During this pastorate, one hundred and seventy-five were added to the list of communicants in Buffalo. The following additions were made to its official force: On the 11th of

April, 1875, M. H. McIver, Dr. John McIver, J. M. Dye, John C. Ferguson, Green B. Cole and Henry J. Dennis were inducted into office as elders. On the 26th of March, 1876, Capt. Jesse J. Wicker, J. A. McBryde, Capt. A. A. McIver and D. G. McIntosh were ordained deacons. On the 28th of March, 1880, Redin Bryan and George Cole were ordained deacons.

The events that most signalized this pastorate were the erection of this comely and commodious edifice for the worship of God, the fourth church building on this site; and the handsome chapel at Jonesboro. There was need for both buildings. With great unanimity and sacrifice this congregation determined to arise and build, the first action being taken at a congregational meeting held February 2nd, 1878. Mr. John B. Masemore was the contractor and builder. After self-denials and labors the house was completed. The dedicatory exercises took place May 16th, 1880, a vast and delighted multitude attending, and the dedication sermon was preached to the great enjoyment of all by the Rev. Evander McNair, D. D. The chapel at Jonesboro, as at first it was called, was erected in 1885, and was the fruit of much toil and consecrated effort and sacrifice.

Following this pastorate, of which perhaps it did not become me to speak, there was an interval of more than a year, when Rev. W. S. Friend, having been called June 16th, 1889, was installed as pastor, date not recorded, and continued as such but a few months. Licentiate D. N. McLauchlin was called March 28th, 1891. In the meanwhile visiting ministers had held services, and specially Rev. Dr. Mack and Rev. A. R. Shaw, Presbyterian Evangelist; and from the close of Mr. Lacy's pastorate in May, 1888, until the first meeting of session presided over by Mr. McLauchlin as pastor and moderator of session September 20th, 1891, forty persons had been added to the membership of the church. While the church was without a pastor, Mr. D. N. McLauchlin, then a candidate for the ministry teaching in the bounds of the congregation for a part of the time, labored most acceptably. During Mr. Friend's pastorate, Thomas C. Campbell and Henry C. Dennis were chosen deacons November 10th, 1889.

On December 14th, 1890, Duncan E. McIver and James L. McNeill were elected deacons. Rev. D. N. McLauchlin accepted a call to Chester, S. C., in the fall of 1892.

In April, 1890, while Buffalo was without a pastor, fifty-two were dismissed to constitute part of a new organization at Pocket.

During Mr. McLauchlin's pastorate, ten were added to the church.

Another vacancy occurred from September, 1892, until April, 1894, when the present pastor was called and entered on the duties of the office soon thereafter. During this vacancy, in March, 1894, fourteen from this church were dismissed to take part in forming the church in Sanford. Nor were there any accessions to Buffalo during this *interregnum*, until Mr. McNeill took charge.

July 29th, 1894, John D. McIver and James R. Gilmour were chosen elders, and James H. Wicker and Archibald B. Cole deacons.

Up to the spring meeting of Presbytery, 1897, the last annual report of Buffalo Church, thirty-two have been received into the membership of this church under the present pastor.

As the number of members with which Buffalo Church was organized is unknown, and as there is no record of how many were added during the ministry of Rev. Wm. D. Paisley, and as the record of other years is manifestly incomplete, specially during the pastorates of Rev. Angus McCallum and Rev. Samuel Paisley, it is impossible to give an accurate resume of how many have ever been connected with Buffalo Church—but doubtless many more than one thousand. Many have gone forth from these groves to the West and far South who look back with filial love to old Buffalo, and many a child born elsewhere has heard from trembling sire or grandame stories of these camp grounds and the solemn meetings of other days. In Tennessee, Georgia, Arkansas and Texas are many churches the nuclei of which were families that removed from Buffalo.

For the completion of this story it was needful that these details, necessarily tedious and jejune, should be given.

Only a Homer can make a list of names interesting, even though they be the names of heroes! But these bare facts give only a most meagre and inadequate account of the usefulness and honored career of this venerable church.

An hundred years of vigorous life—a century of growth, self-denial, generous surrender of self for the good of others,—this is what we commemorate to-day! Dear old church, and mother of churches,—once embracing in its wide scope of territory, from the waters of Deep river and beyond on the north and west, to the waters of Lower Little river and Barbecue and Cape Fear on the east and south—an ample and lordly domain—whence people came not two or four or even six miles to church, but ten, fifteen and twenty; when planters like the McBrydes, McQueens, McKays and Murchisons from broad estates on the rivers, and humbler occupants of limited farmsteads on smaller tributary streams, came to one great religious centre, with abundant leisure and no less abundant devotion, to worship God! I have heard the old people tell how in that elder day, on Friday afternoon or Saturday, groups of sturdy men and happy women would walk from remote homes to the neighborhood of the church—tarrying with friends over night if need be, for Scotch people are all kin and clannish, and everybody kept open house in the good old times. They would walk for miles, occasionally stopping as a dwelling would be passed, hailing, and having one, two or half a dozen added to the joyous company, sometimes singing the songs of Zion, as reverently and devoutly they journeyed along in straggling fashion to old Buffalo. I have thought that thus it was in the palmy days of Israel and David, when the people with glad acclaim sang: “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.”* I have been told that at the rippling streams that flow hard by—and on every road that leads to this

* Psalm cxix: 1-4.

place there is such a stream—the weary and perhaps footsore travellers would stop and bathe their feet and take away the dust and soil of the journey, and with clean shoes and stockings would ascend the gentle acclivity on which the church stands. I have been shown the very logs under which they would hide their heavier and coarser walking shoes.

They were simple-minded folk,—but sincere and godly worshippers, the very bone and strength of a people,—the glory of a nation.

To-day the tribes have come up—to the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. The old mother, as loving mothers will do, has stripped herself to set up her daughters in housekeeping; and now that the daughters have come to the old homestead with their large and growing households, there is general gladness and gracious joy. It is not the old log house that once stood here. Nor is it yet the plain, brown, sunburned, grace-hallowed, spirit-filled, old building which some of us remember. There was need of a fresher and stronger home for the dame of eighty or ninety years. But she is the same loving mother still. Time has removed some of the grand old trees of this venerable grove, as he has taken away many a stalwart spiritual trunk and pillar in the house of our God. But still there are shoots of the old stock. Still there is ample space in the old yard. The spring bubbles under the hill. Yonder sleep many who moved in and out among you—their locks of silver or of gold covered with earth's dewy mould. Hallowed spot is this! the birthplace of many a soul, where God Himself "comes down to greet" His waiting saints! What precious and sacred associations shall ever be connected with this place!

In thinking of the elements that contributed to the influence of this church in other days which it becomes me to mention to-day, and which will continue in like power if cherished as of old, I name first the simple lives, the unquestioning faith, the intelligent piety, the devout habits that characterized the people. Frugal in taste, they were content with their lot, nor aspired to be rated on 'Change or to be numbered among the great and fashionable. They lived within their means, got up soon, toiled hard for their liveli-

hood and went to bed early. They believed in God—in a God who had a will of His own, and who could execute His purpose. They accepted His word because it was His word, and not for what scholarship or the spade had discovered. Ignorant alike of Aristotle or Hegel, of the papyri or the catacombs, they were not ignorant of Isaiah and John, of Moses and Paul, “of David also and of Samuel and of the prophets”, and of Him of whom they spoke. On their tables, besides THE BOOK, as they devoutly called God’s Word, and the Confession of Faith, were seen such books as Boston’s Fourfold State, Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress, Baxter’s Call to the Unconverted, Doddridge’s Rise and Progress, and Baxter’s Saints Rest—books with solid reading rather than ten-cent magazines full of pictures of half-dressed women. Their devoutness was marked. Their reverence in the sanctuary, their regard for the Sabbath, their grave attention to the Word, their respect for the ministry and for all sacred things illustrated the same trait. They generally were accustomed to hold family worship.

“And kneeling down to Heaven’s Eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband prayed.”

I heard from my father that the Honorable M. Q. Waddell once told him that he was called upon once—he never explained why—to ride through the whole congregation from its outermost border on Deep river, contiguous to Union Church, towards Harnett or Johnston counties, on Sunday. He had probably been to the Alston House. Nowhere did he hear one stroke of axe or sound of toil or movement of wagon. There was no preaching that day as he passed the old church. But every home was still. “Not even a dog barked, it seemed to me,” he said, “and the Sabbath stillness was profound and impressive.” Yes, Mr. Waddell, and it was significant, too! These were Scotch people and Presbyterians!

Another factor in the influence and testimony of Buffalo has been the ability and learning of its ministry. There have been intervals of vacancy, but in the century five years will cover the whole time the church was without stated ministrations. Of the hundred years of its life, the services of two covered more than half the time—Mr. McMillan for twenty-

six years and Dr. McKay for nearly twenty-five. These were two great men. They taught and educated the people from the pulpit for more than half a century. Instructive, sound, solemn, they impressed upon the congregation the reality of religion—that it was a matter of life, not emotion—that conduct must be based upon creed—and thus they trained the whole country to think seriously and profoundly, and inculcated devoutness in worship.

But besides these, other pastors here have done faithful work (I speak not of the living, but of the dead) and have helped to mould the community. And then others, who have gained the ear and the heart of the church, whose names we cannot willingly let die, have at times and some of them often preached in our groves and sanctuaries. Here have been spoken the words of this life in the olden time by such men as Thomas P. Hunt, Dr. William Henry Foote, and doubtless the honored fathers of Orange Presbytery in the days of the elder Paisley, such as Patillo and Caldwell; and in later years by such men as the eloquent and courtly Dr. McNair, the brothers McNeill of Fayetteville, Dr. Drury Lacy, the Atkinsons, the strong and earnest Dr. J. Henry Smith and his brilliant and able son, Dr. Samuel M. Smith, the scholarly Dr. Watkins, the modest and learned Dr. Burwell, the profound and accomplished Dr. Vaughan, Dr. J. B. Mack, besides others in Fayetteville Presbytery, well known and honored. And these were and are among the strongest, most effective preachers in our church. It is both an education and an inspiration to have seen and known and heard such men.

Among the influences that have tended to elevate Buffalo and extend its power are the schools that have been taught within its bounds. In different communities at different times there have been maintained neighborhood schools of more or less merit, at which the young people have gained some of the advantages of education. Among the earliest and foremost of these was the OLD ACADEMY, taught so many years and so successfully by that man of abundant labors, Rev. Murdock McMillan. He lived, while pastor, in the bounds of the congregation, near Deep river, not very far

from what is now Euphronia Church, and taught at a school house about a mile or two from his residence and not far from Dawson's Landing—the old site still remembered as “the old Academy”—a school for both sexes—and many a youth drank here of the Pierian spring. My impression is that Mr. McMillan, as did his predecessor, Mr. Paisley, received his classical and theological education at the hands of that distinguished educator, able minister and incorruptible patriot, Dr. David Caldwell. Mr. McCallum, Mr. McMillan's successor, lived in the same place, and though he did not teach, his wife, who was a lovely and accomplished lady, taught a school for girls at which many of those who have been most influential in social, religious and intellectual life in this community received their mental culture. At this school house preaching was held, and this was the beginning of Euphronia Church. It is said that the Methodists also used this school house by consent as a place of worship, but so thoroughly had these sound and able ministers indoctrinated their flock that the Methodists gained no following.

Later, the school of Mr. Daniel McIntyre at Rock Spring Academy (now known as Pocket Academy) and at Buffalo proved a great convenience and advantage to the youth of that day. Mr. McIntyre was then fresh from the school and training of the far-famed Bingham School under the elder Bingham, and for some time was a popular teacher. He was aided most efficiently by his cultivated wife, a daughter of General A. D. McLean, of Harnett, herself a pupil of Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Virginia, and a lady of culture both of mind and manners.

During the latter part of the seventies, Mr. John E. Kelly began his honorable and successful career as a teacher by teaching a private school in the bounds of this congregation and taught most ably and acceptably, giving academic training to some of the young men and boys of that day. Mr. Kelly was himself much inspired by such eminent educators as Colonel William J. Martin and others. He proved to be a capable, progressive and enthusiastic teacher, and had the rare and happy faculty not only of imparting instruction, but of evoking the possibilities of the pupil and inspiring

him with the ambition and desire to know and with the consciousness of his ability to learn. He was fortunate in having good material in his school that did his workmanship credit. The excellence of his work at that day and since at his school at Union Church, and the eminence of his deserved success, are attested by the numbers of worthy men and women who have attained wide usefulness in every walk of life who were his pupils. To call their names is to mention many honored in the State and in the Church, and whose influence is still spreading.

These elements of Buffalo's greatness and power, to wit, godly living, able pulpit service and good teaching, as in the past they have done, will if still continued, secure her name for all time. Let these be sought still, if you would transmit the glory of the past and perpetuate it in the future.

It is not surprising, therefore, that from her walls have gone forth so many in the various honored callings of life, who, in winning fame for themselves, have added lustre to their church and community;—that of her sons are numbered able divines, scholarly teachers and professors, upright and incorruptible lawyers and judges, physicians expert and self-sacrificing, and citizens in less conspicuous spheres of life, yet just as honorable, worthy and true. Buffalo has given to the ministry of our own church, Rev. John Harrington, Rev. Alexander McIver, Rev. Peter McNab, Rev. Daniel McGilvary, D. D., Rev. John L. McIver, Rev. Kenneth M. McIntyre, Rev. M. N. McIver, Rev. William M. McGilvary, Rev. James M. Wicker, Rev. D. M. McIver, Rev. Evander B. McGilvary, Rev. Jesse L. Wicker, Mr. Duncan M. Phillips, who died in the course of his preparation for the gospel ministry, and that dear boy, John Arnold, so recently taken to his early reward. Besides these, it has trained and given some ministers to other denominations. It has given to the noble army of teachers such men as Professor Alexander McIver, professor for many years in Davidson College and in the University of North Carolina, and at one time Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of North Carolina; Captain Evander J. McIver, whose work in Alabama and Texas abides as an honor to him; President Charles D.

McIver, of the State Normal and Industrial College for Women, to whom the whole State is indebted for the educational emancipation of woman; and that brilliant young professor so well remembered by our younger people, Professor Evander B. McGilvary, of California. Among men of legal prominence are the late Hugh S. McQueen, Kenneth McIver, Judge Alexander McIver, of Texas, and Judge James D. McIver, of this county and State.

I wish that I had the time and you the patience to indulge in reminiscence,—to recall and relate incidents that have endeared the name of Buffalo to many to whom only the name is known. Some time you must give to this. In old, old times, they used to have camp-meetings here, and log huts scattered here and there were the tents or camps in which families would dwell, as it were, in booths during the feast of tabernacles. The call to worship would be a blast upon a conch-shell. Services would be held morning, afternoon and night, with tent-meetings for prayer and inquiry-meetings between times. They were often seasons of profound feeling. On one occasion, as I have been told, Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, famous in later years as a temperance reformer, preached a deeply impressive sermon on the personality and power of the devil which so moved many that they could not sleep that night for fear!

In other days the singing school was an institution, and the singing master was abroad in the land, and lads and lasses were not ashamed or unwilling to take the patient old-fashioned way of learning to “sing by note” by means of the syllables, *do, re, mi*, etc. The singing school itself was a social function of high order in that day, and many an affair of the heart was developed in singing the same tune among those perhaps too shy to sing out of the same book. Thus congregational singing was quickened. The evenings at home were spent in sacred music as neighbor boys and girls would come in for practice. Memories of two singing masters, brothers, by name Root, are still cherished. It is believed, and with good reason, that one of them was the afterward celebrated composer, author and publisher, George F. Root. It is known that he spent two winters—indeed, two years—

South, teaching music from place to place. The one who was here sang a rich bass and led the music with his violin, and this the well-known G. F. Root was accustomed to do as long as he acted as a conductor. He not only taught music skillfully and successfully, but left as a legacy an improved taste and two or three standard tunes of a high order, such as Hamburg, Pleyel's Hymn and Italian Hymn.

Fifty years ago the precentor in this church was my dear old friend, Dr. John McIver. Not that he "raised the tune" with his voice, but he led the singing with a flute. This is the first instrument ever used here in worship of God, unless you except the conch-shell call! Mr. Root in his practicings would use the violin, but it is not remembered or told that he ever used it in worship.*

Ah, my brethren, there is nothing so grand and inspiring as the upward roll of a great volume of praise from a vast congregation, such as I have heard even in this house, and in its predecessor, the dear old time-stained, unpainted house, torn away to give place to this. In older times, the precentor would stand beneath the pulpit, lead the music and keep the time in view of the whole congregation. No droning, intervening, often interfering instrument would be used, but only God's chosen instrument of praise, the human voice. When a mighty throng thus join in singing it seems to me we have the earthly counterpart of that scene described by the seer of Patmos: "And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him."†

I remember once we had held communion, and it had been a sweet and solemn time. The audience, however weary with the long service, gave no evidence of it, and were rested and refreshed as we sang the hymn after the communion,—for we

* Since delivering the address, there have been some who have told me that Mr. Root did use the violin in church worship; but the greater number say that I have reported the fact correctly. So variable and so trustworthy are traditions!—*W. S. L.*

† Revelation xix: 5, 6, 7.

sung it standing as was our custom. My honored father was sitting just here at my left hand and joined with great heartiness and delight in the singing. It was the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Verse after verse had rolled upward in great waves of sound that beat like soft thunder on the very shores of heaven. As we came to the last stanza, my venerable father, too feeble to stand during the whole hymn, rose to stand and sing: "O that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall", but his feelings, long pent up, overcame him. He sat down, weeping freely, and wiped his eyes and buried his face in his hands; and then rising again as the closing lines were sung, he joined in the words with his sonorous bass, "And crown him Lord of all." The whole assembly was visibly moved, and the majestic volume of sound that had seemed so lordly and inspiring was now marred and broken with sobs and tears,—but I believe none the less grateful to the ears of the King, at whose pierced feet may it be our high honor to cast our glittering crowns!

I have been told that in the days before the building, which many of you remember, which preceded the one in which we now meet,—the first framed building on this site, succeeding the log building in which the first minister was ordained in 1797,—that this building was far too small to hold the congregations that would meet on communion days. The preaching services were therefore held in the grove at the stand near the spring, some traces of which are still to be found. When the sermon was concluded and the time for the celebration of the sacrament had come, the leaders in singing would rise and start side by side to the church, followed by the ministers, for on such occasions there were always visiting brethren, next the elders, and then the body of communicants. The whole procession marched singing—most likely to the weird, solemn strains of old Windham—up to the church, and the communion service would be held inside the church, those communicating only entering.

"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores."

How impressive such a gathering, such a solemn assembly.

How sacred a scene to those within. How significant and impressive such a separation to those without!

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Fayetteville, held at Buffalo, in April, 1881, my father, then living with me, attended and was introduced as a corresponding member. The new custom of receiving and welcoming by a standing vote was novel to him, and when the Presbytery arose as he approached and shook hands with the moderator, it deeply affected him, and standing on the platform he spoke a few words expressive of his love for the brethren as one of the constantly abiding and satisfying evidences that he had passed from death unto life. Brethren beloved came forward to speak to him—the McQueens, one his pupil at Davidson College, Alexander whom he had married—Dr. McKay, Dr. Hill and others. Dr. McNair, that princely man, had but recently returned from the West to spend his closing years in his old Presbytery and among his kindred. He and my father had been intimate friends, and associates for many years as trustees of Union Seminary, travelling together across the country in private conveyance. They had not seen each other for more than twenty years. They met here at the steps. “Brother Lacy”—“Brother McNair” they spoke in a breath of mutual recognition and embraced each other warmly, their good gray heads bowing close together. The sight of these stately, aged, honored and venerable men, so near life’s end, thus meeting as brothers, was very affecting.

I have wearied you perchance with these details and reminiscences, yet I have left many unsaid. Let me close, as we ministers say, with one or two reflections.

Children of Buffalo, honor your Mother! It is a noble group of churches that has been nourished at her breasts. Euphronia, Saint Andrews, Salem, White Hill, Gulf, Jonesboro, Pocket, Sanford—a goodly array! Buffalo stripped herself to equip you. She has given you of her choicest and her best. Do not forget her self-denials. You do well to pay homage now and then, and return to the ancestral home.

Ye who dwell still beneath this sacred roof and worship at this sanctuary, cherish and foster this dear old church.

Quicken strong local affections. As far as in your power, and your stronger sisters near by should help you, keep your sanctuary ever in order, beautiful and attractive, your grounds, so spacious and undulating, as fair and charming as practicable, and your cemetery, the resting-place of your beloved, in perpetual good order. Let me plead a moment for that dear spot, where sleep so many honored and cherished in life, whose names are like ointment poured forth, and whose memories are your sacred and precious legacy—make it by loving, filial care meet resting-place for such as Buffalo and her younger sister churches train for glory. The first dust laid in this yard is that of Roderick Buie, Jr., the twelve-year-old son of our dear and honored brother recently laid to rest. The lad died September 1st, 1857. The next to be buried was his aged grandmother. And among the latest is the weary frame of that saintly woman and highly useful servant of God—of undoubting faith, of unflinching courage, of unswerving devotion to this church, one of the best and godliest people that ever I knew—Mrs. Catherine Bryan. Take care of your church. Take care of your beautiful grounds. Take care of your hallowed dust. You can never hope for the wide and commanding influence you once wielded when your domain swept with a radius of twenty miles from this centre, and shorn of your members on every side. But with the three elements of staunch success which I have mentioned as your glorious heritage in the past, you will maintain your name and place with honor. Intelligent piety, godly living, fruitful scriptural preaching and honest, capable teaching for your children, these will secure and assure the noblest success.

One strong, sweet, solemn lesson this memorable centennial celebration teaches. **OUR GOD IS A COVENANT-KEEPING GOD.** Instead of the fathers shall be the children. See how true God is to His pledge, shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Him and keep his commandments. Name after name recurs to teach this precious lesson. The roll-call of the eldership is inspiring. Not less so would be the tracing of private membership. From the beginning there has been a McIver in the session, and often two, excepting for a season

after the death of that man of strong character and wide influence, familiarly known as Scotch Eva McIver. Of his sons, two have been elders, Duncan J. and Matthew Heury, and he himself was son-in-law of Miller Duncan McIver, while now a son-in-law is still an elder in this church and a grandson in Jonesboro Church. From the beginning there has always been a Dalrymple, until the death of John H. Dalrymple, and the name is perpetuated in the eldership in churches that have sprung from Buffalo. In 1804, William Buie becomes an elder. In 1854, his son, Roderick N. Buie, but recently entered into rest, is ordained to the same office, while his son, William J. Buie, until his early and lamented death was an elder in Gulf Church. Since 1841 a Cole has always been in the session. The name is not of Scotch extraction, but the alliances of marriage have introduced the Scotch blood. Richard M. Cole's son, Green B. Cole, is now the clerk of the session of Buffalo Church. Wesley W. Dye, having obtained a good degree as a deacon, is made an elder. He lays aside the mantle at death, which is soon placed by the congregation on the shoulders of his son, John M. Dye. Malcolm McGilvary is made elder in 1814, one son becoming a minister, and two grandsons—and his son, Evander McGilvary, whose recent tragic death has so saddened our hearts, was made elder in 1854 and so continued until his transfer to Pocket Church in 1890.

I need not say more to impress upon us the rich, important and comforting truth. And why not this glorious heredity? Is not the promise to you and to your children, and to them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call? "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."*

* Psalm xlviii: 12, 13, 14.

