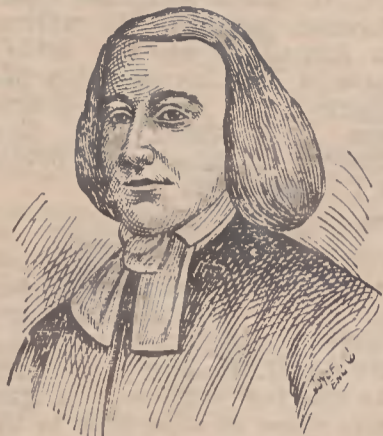


REV. JOHN GANO.



Rev. John Gano, was born in Hopewell, N. J., July 22, 1727. His family was of French origin, and its name Gerneaux. Mr. Gano's father was a pious Presbyterian, and he felt inclined to follow in his father's religious footsteps, but an examination of the subject of baptism led him to take the Saviour's immersion in the Jordan as his model and to unite with the Baptist church of Hopewell. With a new heart, a scriptural creed, and a call from Christ to preach the Gospel, he was ordained May 29, 1754, and became pastor of the Scotch Plains church. He removed to the South after two years' settlement at Scotch Plains, where he remained until 1760. In June, 1762, the First Baptist church of New York was constituted, its members having received letters for this purpose from the parent church at Scotch Plains. Immediately after their organization they called Mr. Gano to be their pastor. He accepted the invitation, and held the position for twenty-six eventful years. His ministry was greatly blessed in New York, and the church that commenced its ecclesiastical life with twenty-seven members soon became a power in the future Empire City.

Mr. Gano was deeply interested in the Revolutionary struggle, and when fighting began he entered the army as chaplain to General Clinton's New York brigade, and performed services which rendered him dear to the officers and men with whom he was associated. Nor did he ever shun the scene of danger, though his duties were entirely peaceful. Headly, in his "chaplains and clergy of the Revolution," says, "In the fierce conflicts on Chatterton's Hill, Mr. Gano was continually under fire, and his cool and quiet courage in thus fearlessly exposing himself was afterwards commented on in the most glowing terms by the officers who stood near him." In speaking of his conduct on that occasion, he said, "My station in time of action I knew to be among the surgeons, but in this battle I somehow got in front of the regiment, yet I durst not quit my place for fear of dampening the spirits of the soldiers, or of bringing on myself an imputation of cowardice." Headly states that when he "saw more than half the army flying from the sound of cannon, others abandoning their

pieces without firing a shot, and a brave band of 600 maintaining the conflict with the whole British army, filled with chivalrous and patriotic sympathy for the valiant men who refused to run, he could not resist the strong desire to share their perils, and he eagerly pushed forward to the front." Any wonder that Washington should say of chaplains like Mr. Gano, and their were other Baptists of his spirit, that "Baptist chaplains were the most prominent and useful in the army?"

On the return of Mr. Gano to New York at the close of the war he could only find thirty-seven members of his church, these he gathered together again, and the Lord soon gave him and his people a gracious revival which imparted strength and hope to his discouraged church. In May, 1788, he removed to Kentucky, and became the pastor of the Town Fork church, near Lexington. He died 1804.

Mr. Gano was the brother-in-law of Dr. Manning, the first president of Brown University, whose ordination sermon he preached. He was one the earliest and most influential friends of Rhode Island College. He went everywhere to further Baptist interests. He had a fund of energy greater than most men, and an intellect which could grasp any subject. He was regarded in his day as "a star of the first magnitude," a prince among the hosts of Israel, a burning and a shining light, and many rejoiced in his life. One of his sons, Dr. Stephen Gano, was for thirty-six years the beloved pastor of the First Baptist church, Providence, R. I.

Mr. Gano is the Baptist preacher that baptized George Washington. We cannot give the details of the occurrence now, but hope to do so in our next issue. We are sure many will be interested in the biography of this heroic preacher. It's our aim to give a short biography of several of our noted pioneers.

OBITUARY.

One of the saddest things that has ever taken place in the Silver Springs community happened Wednesday, August 5. It was the sudden death of Bro. Martin Poplin. He was well and hearty just a few minutes before his death. Brother Claude Carpenter was over at his house making cider for vinegar, and Brother Poplin was out at the road with him. He was as jolly as usual, but a severe pain struck him in the breast just above his heart. He sat down on a rock for just a minute, but said he must go to the house as he was feeling so strange. He went to the house, sat down and died within five minutes. Brother Carpenter was the only one present outside of the family. The going of Brother Poplin takes one of the best citizens of Stanly county, and one of Silver Springs' most consistent members. He was fifty-five

years old. He had been a member of Silver Springs for about twenty-two years, and a deacon for about five years. No one could have been more honored than he. The enormous crowd present at his funeral was conclusive evidence of his being one of our most honored citizens.

As a citizen Brother Poplin was a quiet, honest man. He loved his friends as much as any man could. He was not a man to say much about what he thought, but when he was needed he was ready. He allowed every man his rights and did not try to get a man to do anything against his own convictions. He believed in everyone obeying the laws of our country. No one had more respect for his country than this man. He always tried to do his duty as an American citizen.

As a neighbor, he loved his friends, and no man was more loyal to his neighbors than he. He was faithful in trials and sickness. If he saw you needed a favor, he went at once and offered his services. He was very conservative, but not so much so that you could not tell whom he liked. He was one of the best neighbors we ever saw. He did not confine his friends to his immediate neighborhood, but reached beyond. He will be missed by his entire neighborhood.

As a husband, no one could visit his home without seeing that he and his wife were in perfect harmony. While his wife was a constant sufferer, yet he did not murmur or complain. He did all he possibly could to make her life happy. He was a most faithful husband. But one more thing calls our especial attention, that is to see him as a father. We have been in close touch with him for some years, and know whereof we speak when we say that he was a great father. He controlled his children at home while they were small, and when they were grown he could advise them and they would listen.

He tried to attend to the welfare of his children as but few could do. He gave his children a good start in life, and never grew tired of helping them. He was a great lover of his grandchildren. It was amusing to see him play with them. They loved him as they did their parents. He leaves three sons, James, Crowell and Fred, and one daughter, Mrs. Walter Tucker, and about eight or nine grandchildren. May the principles he taught them live with them forever.

Brother Poplin was a Baptist, and when I say Baptist, I mean one in every sense of the word. He was one from conviction, and better still, he lived one. The greatest thing a man can do is to live what he believes. If he has honest convictions, he will live them. To live them is to convince others they are good. He loved his church, his brethren and sisters, and his pastor. No man could be more loyal than he, but he is gone. May Heaven's richest blessings rest upon his bereaved ones.

Misses Flossie Caton and Mary Meyer visited at the parsonage the second week in August. Miss Caton is a cousin of Pastor Black.

Sister Rosa Dry, wife of Travis Dry, died Tuesday morning, August 11. She had been a constant sufferer for more than a year. Her husband has been put to so much disadvantage because of her affliction, but he was true to his vow, and stood by her as long as life lasted. She was a daughter of Adam Brooks, deceased. Her mother is living and has been by her bedside all the time. No mother could have been more faithful. She was an amiable creature, doing no one harm, but aiding in any way she could. Her funeral was conducted by C. J. Black in Big Lick church, and her remains laid to rest in the cemetery near the church. Sleep on until the resurrection, then awake with God's servants.

I Am Just Back

From the Northern Markets with a store full of BARGAINS ready for the early buyer, so come and let me save you money. A big lot of Fall Clothing to select from. A big lot of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats at bargain prices. Shoes bought before the price advanced. Come and see for yourself.

N. A. Teeter,
BIG LICK, N. C. ROUTE 2