

THE BLUE RIDGE BAPTIST.

Wm. M. Lee, Editor.
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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, EDUCATION AND TEMPERANCE.
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C., MAY 14, 1903.

D. W. Lee, Associate Editor and Manager
WEEKLY, 50c. A YEAR.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY OF
NORTH WILKESBORO.
BAPTIST CHURCH:**
Preaching every second and fourth
Sunday, morning and evening.
Sunday School 10 A. M.
Prayer meeting every Thursday eve.
Rev. W. R. Bradshaw, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH:
Preaching every first and third Sun-
day morning and evening
Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Rev. J. B. Tabor, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH:
Preaching every third and fourth Sun-
day, morning and evening.
Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday eve.
Rev. C. W. Robinson, Pastor.

All are cordially invited to attend
these services.

The Lewis' Fork Baptist Association-No. 1.

The reader will desire to have some out-
line, prior to the organization of this body,
concerning the precedent evangelization, for-
mation of churches, their union into delib-
erative bodies, their ministry, their fellow-
ship and the authority to which they were
gathered and organized.

It is beyond a question that as early as the
autumn of 1834 the churches that two years
afterward met at the Lewis' Fork church be-
gan to agitate the question of its formation
for this is matter of record. The Association
however was not organized until the 30
day of September 1836, and, when organized
was named for the church where it first met.

For more than sixty-four years prior to
1836, however, the gospel had been preached
among the settlers at the head waters of the
Yadkin river. Its confluents, including
both prongs of the Lewis' Fork, with Red-
dies River, Raing River, and the New River
country beyond the Blue Ridge; and, even
the Holston river country, must be includ-
ed in this early work. This would oblige us
to refer to the years 1771, 1772 and 1773
an era of planting and suffering without a
parallel in the settlement of the American
Colonies, an era that was training the men
who in September 1781 armed themselves
into one concerted determined and patriotic
campaign and turned the fortunes of the
American revolution by the destruction of
the Enemy at Kings Mountain on the 7 day
of the October following. Men who for days
lived on a morsel of stale bread and through
rain hail and the snow of the Yellow Moun-
tain, some on foot and some mounted, final-
ly settled the question of Religious Liberty
in America and probably the world for it is
working that way. Two generations pass
from view from the settlement of the Moun-
tain country and its first promise for Christ
before this organization was affected. Why
was it delayed? And after so many years
what brought the churches into this union?
How long did the union continue? What
kept it alive while it continued? Why should
it ever have had an end? What purpose did
it accomplish? When it ceased did its prin-
ciples and the hopes of its founders cease
with it?

Some of these questions are easier to ask
than they are to answer, but first of all, we
must make the attempt to account for the
delays in this organization. In order to do
this it will be necessary to gather a few frag-
ments as specimens to get at the beginning.
Brethren who have other and kindred tradi-
tions either oral or written will speak for

themselves concerning the troublous period
prior to the Regulators war, and the follow-
ing ordeal of fire mentioned by its partici-
pants with horror and handed down to our
generation with shrugs of the shoulder and
tears of the face. It was a war against the
ancestry of the present happy people of the
upper Yadkin and Mountain districts.

When Bishop Spangenberg was selecting
the Wachovia Lands from the Quaker Mead-
ows to the White Top in Ashe county upon
the return of his force below the mouth of
Lewis' Fork at the Mulberry Fields he hap-
pily found a few white people. This was in
December 1752. The name of the family
was Owen a Welchman by country. He had
settled there the spring before. Morgan
Bryan had taken up land at the Mulberry
Fields but as yet had not settled it. Here
the Bishop and his party rested, cared for
their sick, thanked God and took courage.

The cause of the migration to this lovely
land was incidental, and formed part of a
plan,—man's plan first, God's plan in the
end. To solve the mystery would require us
to go into the details that would explain
this part of our current history. Morgan
Edwards in 1775 writes of the dispersion
that occurred from the Cape Fear river west-
ward, including the Sandy Creek, Deep river,
Uwharie, Jersey settlement and adjacent
communities, which emptied a Baptist popu-
lation of many hundreds to the westward
as far as the Holston river. The result of
the attempt to put the English Establish-
ment and its compulsory footing on Ameri-
can soil.

The names of the signers of this Regula-
tion moved from Chatham, Moore, Robeson,
Guilford, Alamance, Davidson and even Row-
an and Davie and are distributed in the
Mountain districts. In some instances not
a vestige of the old stock was left behind
and congregations that here in the Sandy
Creek field then numbered nearly a thousand
in aggregate membership were reduced to
—16. It was estimated that 1500 families
were driven from their homes in the lower
country to the regions beyond the Brushy
Mountains in 1771. They were recorded
safer retreats than were given to captians
Messer and Merrill whom Tayan hung.

There is reason to believe, although it is
matter received from tradition that evangeli-
zation went hand in hand with this migra-
tion. Elder Andrew Baker in 1772 or 1773
with the assistance of Elder Eli Cleveland a
surveyor of Ashe county sat as a Presbytery
and organized the Old Senter and Old Fields
churches doubtless torn in the revolution
which followed. In the Old Fields church
was the Scotch family of Faws, and the senior
Eligah Calloway, shot and badly crippled
in his efforts to shield and aid Benjamin
Cleveland a few years afterward. Rev. G. W.
Greene in his excellent article printed a few
years back entitled "The Baptist of the Up-
per Yadkin Valley," comes close the subjects
of my sketch. He refers to the age of the
Kings Creek church, of Beaver Creek, Lew-
is' Fork and "the church at Brother Mc-
Neil's" (New Hope), as branches of the older
bodies further down the Yadkin. The or-
ganization of the Kings Creek church must
have occurred as early as 1779. Beaver
Creek, Lewis' Fork and New Hope com-
munities had preachers preaching and "The
church at Brother McNeil's" renders it cer-
tain that the McNeils, McGlamerys, Cleve-
lands, Yates', Lewis', Fletchers, Juds and
many others well known by name to this day
in that country, had a body of baptized be-
lievers in their midst. The relationship of
all these names renders it beyond a question.
Delicately here bids us close an interesting
subject.

—W. H. E.
Greensboro, N. C.

An Experience Told.

Dear friends attend while I relate,
The story of a sinner great,
What chains what fetters bound my soul,
When blindness from my mind did roll.

A sinner yea how great I was,
To great to see with mortal eyes,
But light broke in upon my soul,
And did my inward eyes unfold.

At early age I saw I'd sinned,
Against a kind and heavenly friend,
Then Oh what grief what anguish too,
What could I say what could I do.

I tried to pray but all in vain,
But still I'd try and try again,
My sins like mountains round me stood,
Tears from my eyes fell like a flood.

What more to do I could not tell,
I thought my soul was bound for hell,
I then resolved I'd try to pray,
What time on earth I had to stay.

Sometimes my heart was humbled down,
And I would fall upon the ground,
And there implore the God of love,
My grief and burden to remove.

Thus all my mourning turned to praise,
My soul burst forth in joyful lays
So filled with happiness and love,
I longed to reach that home above.

I thought I ne'er would sin again,
I dreaded neither death nor pain,
I had a mansion bright and fair,
And I was glad for me to wear.

And that love then filled my heart,
'Twas grace the Savior did impart,
'Twas grace 'twas grace yes wonderful grace,
That caused me seek His wonderful face.

Now sinner dear I do entreat
To seek the Savior at his feet,
He will be found of those who seek,
He'll open the door and you he'll greet.

Come sinners to the gospel feast,
The table's spread for every guest,
The spirit and the bride say come,
And whosoever will may come.

Dear Editors:—
Please publish this article in your
little, but powerful, paper if you consider it
worthy of note.—L. C. B.

From Riverside.

To the Baptist,—
Having noticed an article in a late
issue of the Baptist, from Benfield, relating
to something I had written to the Baptist,
March 26, regarding the reports made a-
gainst Carol Johnson, I wish to say to the
author of said article that he has entirely
misconstrued my meaning relative to Mr.
Johnson's healing power.

I did not mean to infer that I believed said
reports, but if they were true how should
we judge him? I do believe that if the
Christian people could exercise the proper
faith they could heal the sick by prayers and
the laying on of hands. For this is promis-
ed them in the New Testament; and I will
say in conclusion that I have never found
in the Scriptures yet where miracles were to
cease with the apostles.

We are having prospects for the best Sun-
day school we have ever had at New River
church. I am glad to say the interest is the
greatest so far that I have ever seen, with
both old and young. We are having a fine
attendance and a large roll of scholars. Our
officers are as follows: B. F. Wilcox Super-
intendent; C. Tucker Asst. Supt.; R. M.
Phillips Secretary and Treasurer; J. S. Brown
Teacher first bible class; B. F. Wilcox Teach-
er second bible class; Sarah Ann Phillips

Teacher primary class; C. Tucker Teacher
card class; James Phillips Singing Master.
With Respects,
R. M. P.

Contentment.

Contentment enters largely into the mak-
ing of a truly gentle character, and the sen-
timent should, therefore, be cultivated.
Teach your boy and girl to consider the sur-
roundings of those persons less favored by
fortune than themselves, and not those of
people situated above them if you wish them
to be contented. If a youth wishes to at-
tain to such a peaceful plane of existence let
him think how much more he possesses than
he really needs, and how much more unhap-
py he might be. Nothing could be truer
than these words of Addison: "For this reason,
as there are none that can be properly
called rich, who have not more than they
want; there are few rich men in any of the
politer nations, but among the middle sort of
people who keep their wishes within their
fortunes, and have more wealth than they
know how to enjoy. People of a higher rank
live in a kind of splendid poverty and are
perpetually wanting, because, instead of ac-
quiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they
endeavor to out vie one another in shadows
and appearances."

The young should be taught that to be con-
tented with their belongings is to possess the
greatest riches. It is related that a wealthy
and eccentric man once built a beautiful pal-
ace, and had an inscription cut over its en-
trance: "I would give to any one who would say
he was perfectly contented. Years passed and
no one applied for the palace; but finally a
man lifted the great knocker and said he
claimed the edifice, as he was perfectly con-
tented. The owner, however, replied: "If
you were perfectly contented you would not
want my house," thus effectually disposing
of the claim.

A young man must learn to take what good
comes to him, and not strain after other
things which are difficult of attainment, and
the loss of which would make him unhappy.
Contentment, whether with much or little,
will smooth many rough places in life and
bring happiness out of misery.—Recorder.

From Banner's Elk.

Dear Editor,—
On Monday, the third day of this
month, little Claud, the three year old son of
brother Lee and sister Emma Blair, of Ban-
ner's Elk, passed away after a week's serious
illness. We extend our heart-felt sympathy
to the bereaved parents and brothers and sis-
ters of the little one, and would comfort
them with the thought that he is gone to
that beautiful home beyond the skies.

He died with a song on his lips, but in
heaven he will sing a new song. So dear pa-
rents do not weep, for he has only gone be-
fore and heaven is nearer now than ever be-
fore. He was laid to rest in the Mt. Calva-
ry Cemetery to await the coming of Him who
said, "I am the way, the truth and the life."

Wishing your paper much success,
I am yours for good works,
Mrs. R. F. Marshall.

Too true!

Professor W. A. Wright, Dean of the De-
partment of Liberal Arts of Grant Universi-
ty, in a chapel talk before the students the
other day, said, "I am going to say some-
thing which I have been wanting to say for
a long time. It is a little hard, but it must
come—I haven't much hope for the future
of the young man who persists in the habit
of smoking cigarettes." Brother, do you hear?