

COMMUNICATED.

I leave this, my special request, that brother A. E. Ricks write whatever may be written of me after my death in the way of an obituary or biography for the public, or for the Kehukee Association.

This 12th day of December, 1872.
R. D. HART.

Dear Brother Gold:—

The humble tribute of our deceased brother, together with his autobiography is now ready, for which I ask a place in the columns of the LANDMARKS. Affectionately Yours,
A. E. RICKS.

A Short Sketch of the Life of R. D. Hart, written by himself in Oxford, Granville County, North Carolina, September, 1865.

I was born near Williams' Meeting House in Edgecombe County, N. C., on the 10th day of September, 1805, and was raised and lived at the same place till a few years after I was married. My father's name was Richard Sessums Hart, son of Colonel Henry Hart of the revolution. My mother's original name was Katharine Diggs, daughter of Robert Diggs Esq., who, as may be seen in Wheeler's History of North Carolina, represented Edgecombe County in our State Legislature in the House of Commons. I was the only son in the family, and being very delicate in health from infancy was much indulged and even spoiled in raising.—My father was what might be termed an independent liver, but not wealthy. He died when I was quite young, so that I knew but very little of him, only that I remembered to have heard an old neighbor once remark, that he could tell a good experience of grace, but did not join any church. My mother was a Baptist when but one kind of Baptists was known among us, and when the division came she sided with those termed the Old Baptists, and I have very often heard it said of her, that she was the brightest christian of her day. I was married on the very day that I was twenty years old, which was the 10th of September, 1829, to Martha Ann Elizabeth Arrington of Nash County, daughter of Arthur Arrington, Esq., by whom I have had eight children, four boys and four girls. I grew up to manhood under conviction as will be seen in the accompanying re-printed part of my experience. In the year 1840 I went to Alabama on business, and while there attended an Old School Baptist meeting, and seeing three persons received by the Moderator giving them the right hand of fellowship, I was much affected and drawn out in love to them, and the words were applied "For ye know that ye have passed from death unto life if ye love the brethren." My mind seemed to lay hold upon the word, and here I first experienced a hope in Christ. After I returned home I became much concerned on account of baptism. I went to see

Elder Lawrence and talked with him, he told me that I never would be satisfied till I became a Baptist.—So I went to the Church at Tarboro on Saturday of July meeting 1841 and was cordially received, and on Sunday morning my dear, precious companion came forward and was likewise received into baptism which Elder Lawrence put off till August meeting, and on the 1st Sunday in August 1841, sister Lucy Batts, sister Harris, myself and wife were baptized in the Tarboro Church by Elder Joshua Lawrence.

The first attempt I made to try to preach was at Joyner's chapel in Northampton County, being ashamed to try where I was raised.—I felt however after this first attempt that I could not do worse elsewhere, so I was content to try about home. I had the benefit of a tolerably fair education, and my friends thought that I could preach at the beginning with less difficulty and embarrassment than our brethren generally, but it was with me as others "our sufficiency is of God." I always possessed a very retentive memory, and could repeat a great many spiritual songs by heart, which I learned from hearing my mother sing them before I knew a letter in the alphabet. I was chosen a deacon by the Tarboro Church, to fill the place made vacant by the death of brother Eli Porter, and was ordained to that office by Elders William Hyman and John H. Daniel in 1844. After trying to preach and making failures for two or three years, the Ministering brethren generally commenced proposing to me to be ordained a regular Minister. I felt unwilling to be ordained and begged them to excuse me for a few years at least. The Church however unanimously called on me to submit, and so on Sunday the 2nd day of December 1849, I was ordained by Elders Hyman and Daniel, the same that ordained me Deacon. I moved to Nash County near Hilliardston in 1847. After settling in Nash County I took a letter of dismission from the Tarboro Church and joined the Church at the Falls of Tar River on the second Saturday in October 1850, where I hope my fellowship will remain. I was chosen Pastor of the Church at Falls, Tar River, the 15th of December, 1856, the only one that I am Pastor of at present, but have served heretofore as Pastor of the Churches at Tarboro, and Peach Tree, in Franklin County. I never made a habit of using ardent spirits, and no one of my family either white or black ever saw me intoxicated, and I have even been afraid of, and have tried to keep from, drunkenness from infancy. I never held any office in the gift of the people or Court in the State, but was four different times appointed a Magistrate but would never accept. The only place of honor (by the world called) I ever held was that of Trustee of the University of the State, at Chapel Hill, to which I was chosen by the Legislature in

1855, not for my ability but to show that our University was not a sectarian institute, such things however I took very little interest in. I moved from Nash County, to Oxford in Granville County, in December 1857, to educate my children, but have suffered greatly for the want of Christian society. A few more words and I am done. When that useless war broke out between the North and South I desired the perpetuity of our union, but when I saw that all hope was gone, I sided with the South, and though we are defeated and degraded, yet I accept the result as the arbitrament of arms, believing that the church of God is one and indivisible. In fear and trembling,

ROBERT DIGGS HART.

LA GRANGE, N. C.,
December 9, 1871. }

Andrew J. Moore, Esq. MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER IN CHRIST AND PERSONAL FRIEND:—I now proceed to address you at length upon a subject which has long been of special vital interest to me, and I trust is not uninteresting to you. I intend this as a Christmas gift, and hope that it will be gladly received and somewhat appreciated by all your dear little family. My text is the following: "Come, hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—Psa. lxxvi. 16.

I prayerfully trust that the Lord will enable me to write, and you to read this very small portion of my christian experience, that you may be enabled to draw comfort consolation and encouragement from perusing the same. I will commence then by just observing in the outset, that a godly sorrow for sin commenced with me in early infancy or childhood, and was accompanied with sorrows, tribulations, trials and disappointments, which have grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, so that I can safely say, that I have never known the time, when sorrow, sadness, gloom and melancholy were not my constant companions. And I have long since felt to endorse the following lines from Madame Guion:

Adieu; ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports of childish mirth
I taste no sweets in you.

Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside, to me is dross
And Jesus thought so too.

As soon as infancy gave place to childhood in my instance, the chastening rod of my Heavenly Father was laid upon me; and oh! how well do I remember early impressions and convictions on account of sin, and apprehensions of eternal banishment. An awakened conscience in my most tender years, drove me to the throne of mercy. I knew not the hand that smote me, and afflicted and chastened me in my soul, yet I was made to bear the yoke in my infancy or boyhood. Lamentations iii. 27. This text I doubt not has reference to the ministry and I can safely say with truth and honesty, that this highly important work was deeply, and lastingly impressed upon my poor ignorant, de-

ceitful heart in very early life. When I was between the years of seven and ten, I dreamed one night that I preached at William's meeting house from the 16th chapter and 15th verse of Mark: Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature: and that I baptized a little boy, a neighbor and school mate, who was a few years my senior; and when he was fifty years old, I preached and baptized him at the same place; and where he has long been and is still a worthy member, and Deacon of said church; how many and varied have been my troubles between the period of this same dream and my becoming a member of the church, no mortal tongue can tell. How many; oh! how many have been the tender buds of hope, put forth in my case seemingly but to wither and decay. I imagine, and feel sometimes confident, when casting a retrospective view at my experience, that I can trace the hand of a kind Providence that led me; and the eye that watched my footsteps; till my feet rested safely and securely on the Rock that's higher than I.—Psa. lxxi. 2. If I am not deceived, grace operated on my poor benighted soul at a period too early for my recollection, but I imagine even now that I can well remember some of the deep and pungent convictions which my poor soul often endured. I frequently made vows, and promises, and resolutions, only to be broken. My feeble attempts to pray would cease when sore conviction was removed; and my attempted reformation was transient and fleeting, as dreams of the night. I have never once entertained the thought, that all God's children pass through the same deep, dark, gloomy apprehensions of eternal woe, but they all come to the conclusion at some period that Jesus Christ is the only balm and sovereign remedy for the wounds and bruises of all poor sin-afflicted souls, who feel themselves to be lost, ruined and undone. All penitent souls, no doubt, now and then entertain a faint hope of heaven and everlasting rest and peace, only but to augment their gloom and sorrow at its departure. The nearer they approach the Lord, the farther off they seem to be. And that I can see now was my condition. The law held me with an iron grasp, and made all my beauty to consume away like a moth.—Psa. xxxix. 11. Conscience annoyed me every step I took, while wondering in this wilderness of sin and sorrows in a solitary way.—Psa. cvii. 10. Notwithstanding my continued attempts to pray to the Lord for mercy upon me a poor sinner, and save me a wretch condemned to die, still the law released not its grasp. I often became so sad, sorrowful and desponding, under my heavy load of guilt, that I complained, murmured and repined on account of what I conceived to be my hopeless condition, and sometimes I entertained hard thoughts of the Lord for not releasing me from my troubles, but only to