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FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1898.

NEW COLORED CHURCH.

Gen. H. B. Carrington Has Charge of Dedication Last Sunday.

The dedication of the new union church edifice at Jackson Hamlet took place Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, under charge of General Carrington, who had aided in the legal preliminary movements. The order of exercises are as follows:

Doxology.

The Lord's Prayer, repeated in unison.

Reading of the Minutes of the organization.

Delivery of the Articles of Incorporation and copies of the By-Laws, to the trustees-elect.

Presentation of a Parchment copy of the Articles of Incorporation, engrossed, by General Carrington, to the Clerk of the Society.

Dedication Prayer by Rev. S. M. Mance (colored) of Hoffman, N. C.

Hymn.

Report as to the House Erection Fund by Mr. Frank T. Spinney.

Hymn.

Dedication Address by General Carrington.

Offertory.

Remarks by trustee Cross, Rev. Mr. Mance, and Rev. Mr. Bond of Boston.

Hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

Benediction by Rev. Mr. Mance.

Quite a number of Pinehurst guests were present and took part in the musical exercises. Mr. Bond was felicitous in allusions to his experience in founding, together with his wife, who was

present, the Indian schools among the Crow Indians of Montana.

General Carrington's address was a glowing appeal to the members of the church and to all colored people to make the church and the school the basis of their training for all life endeavor. This was not to be merely a local and social law of duty, but the law of their citizenship. We give a single passage of the address, as indicating his treatment of the question of race.

The colored race, like other races, has its peculiarities. Two are predominant. One, his religious nature, runs even to superstition when untrained and uneducated; but, still religious. A second peculiarity is love of music. No nation ever lived, and no man ever lived whose soul was spontaneously musical that did not love country, and, in his very domestic songs have some gush of the larger relation of family merged in country. Being without a natural African home, America is the fatherland of the colored man. His characteristics, as noted, make him obedient to law. Even his relations to the old system of slavery partook of the sense of obligation to authority, and no class of American citizens, once roused to active duty in arms for America, can render more cordial, enthusiastic service than those of your race.

Another element is not to be overlooked. All around the world it is true that temperaments, avocations and industries are largely in accord with climatic conditions. Races of men, like animals, prosper best under harmonizing skies and temperatures. The laws of God have fixed conditions for the best development of all his creatures. I know that history tells us that the Spaniard, from his first arrival in America, never strove to educate or develop the people, but to acquire gold and territory at the expense of the conquered. No race has suffered by Spanish conquest as has your race. African slavery is a Spanish product. If Anglo Saxon controversies with the Spaniard shared in its practices, the later Anglo Saxon experience has made the principles of its own individual freedom dominant at last throughout our beloved land, and all are grateful for the result. And so it is that in the Providence of God if the colored man of these United States shall take part in bearing the Stars and Stripes into the West Indies in behalf of humanity, he may find that a new land shall be opened to his industry, and congenial skies and climate welcome his advent.

One other element promises well for your future. With religion and music you are domestic and love home. The Gospel teaching advises that the true disciple of Jesus must be as a little child. In malice he is to be as a nursing babe, but as a man in wisdom. So let it be with you. With charity, self-restraint, conquering passion and ever courageous to do the right, make your example worthy of respect and emulation.

And now that I place in the hands of your trustees, copies of by-laws, sanctioned by the laws of North Carolina, and place in the hands of your clerk, the official records which declare you to be this day a legal corporation for the purposes of divine worship and the education of your children, I part from you with the prayer that the blessing of our Father may attend you through life's conflicts, and that you may leave

in this consecrated sanctuary the memory of your faithful service, and an abiding place for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit for generations yet unborn. "God be with you till we meet again."

Sunday Evening at the Inn.

The beautiful music room, spacious corridors and vestibule of the Holly Inn were none too ample for the guests and villagers who gathered there to enjoy the concert last Sunday evening. The spirit of the song, "The swallows homeward fly," was very marked, for every trolley car bears some to the Seaboard Air Line station at Southern Pines, bound northward for the summer.

The occasion was the last at which the full orchestra would be present, as all but the leader, Mr. Frank Lindsey, and the cornetist, took part for the last time in these delightful entertainments. Miss Henrietta Carrington, who, last winter as well as throughout the season now closing, has so willingly ministered to every desire of the entertainment committee, consented to contribute to the closing exercise. The orchestra rendered some of their choicest selections. Miss Carrington's contributions were: "Hour of Rest," and "The Voice of Jesus." It has been customary, at the request of Mr. Tufts, to close each Sunday evening entertainment with the song, "God be with you, till we meet again." Before this was given Miss Carrington was called upon for one more selection, and gave, "I'm wearin' awa," a Scotch song which was timely and impressive. And then the guests and assembled cottagers, as far as the conservatory, joined in one grand chorus, "God be with you till we meet again." At 10 o'clock the trolley car was at the avenue before the Inn, and goodbyes and hand-shaking, kerchiefs waving, and "we'll all be back, next winter," closed the parting with those who were on the leave.

About sixty guests still remain at the Inn, and not half the cottages are yet vacated, although many will leave early in May.

"Helping Thrash."

The small boy who, for his liberal cash contributions, is allowed to say "our ball team," and boast of the games he witnesses from the safe side of the fence as "what we did," has found a new field for exploitation.

Jack is one of the small boys who had a good time in the country last summer. "Where have you been now?" asked his mother as he came in hot and tired one afternoon, and threw himself on the floor to rest. "O, helpin' Mr. Jones thrash," said Jack wearily; "didn't help much though, only killed rats, didn't kill but one either, and the dog killed that, and that wasn't a rat, mamma, 'twas a mouse." And Jack never could understand why the family always asked him if he hadn't been helping "thrash" when he commenced an exaggerated story.

"Do you know, I found a nickel this morning. Does money bring luck?" "No; but luck brings money."

Stranger—Where do the Highminds reside? They are one of the old families of this city, I believe. Mrs. Forundred—They used to be, but Mr. Highmind failed last year.



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