

BIBLICAL RECORDER.

THE ORGAN OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTISTS—DEVOTED TO BIBLE RELIGION, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 83.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1889.

Number 6.

The Biblical Recorder.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:

Corner Hargett and Salisbury Sts., Raleigh, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year.....\$ 2.00
One copy, six months..... 1.00
Clubs of ten (copy extra to sender)..... 20.00

Remittances must be sent by Registered Letter, Postoffice Order, Postal Note, Express or Draft, payable to the order of the Publisher.

Obituaries, sixty words long, are inserted free of charge. When they exceed this length, one cent for each word must be paid in advance.

Additional Facts During my Connection with the "Recorder," Embracing a Period of Three Years.

Having written more than I expected to write about the early history of our organ, and matters connected therewith, and having compiled as well as I could with the call made on me, I must draw these communications to a close by stating in a more summary way, what other facts I may have to give. It was not so proposed, nor have I any intention, to follow its history, farther than to the close of my connection with it. There are now living several ex-editors who succeeded me, better prepared to follow up its history, if thought desirable. While I was editor I had the numbers of each year bound for preservation in my family, but when I transferred the paper to Bro. Huffman, if I remember rightly, at his request I left the volumes with him. The war came on; I made no application for them, and when the Northern army entered Raleigh the RECORDER office suffered loss; but by some means, the said volumes were carried to Wake Forest. Since then, in an interview with President Taylor in regard to them, he advised me to allow them to remain in the College Library, which I decided to do. I mention this in case any reference should be desired to that period of the RECORDER history.

In my last article I brought the facts up to the close of my third year. I will now say of the three following years, that the paper went on with many marks of satisfaction to its readers, and as our denomination continued to grow in numbers and strength, the RECORDER both aided and shared in the progress. During this period one of the most striking events that I can now recall was the return of Dr. Yates and wife to this country, after a number of years of toil in China. They visited Raleigh, spending a week or more. The welcome they received seemed to cheer their spirits, and Dr. Yates gave several public lectures of much interest. His visit to his native State revived among his brethren, to a considerable extent, the spirit of missions.

The next fact I give is, that during this period I bought the remaining shares of the RECORDER stock. I mention this because I am informed that there is some misrepresentation of it, and that of a public character. The statement in substance is, that I never owned the RECORDER, and that the Convention had an interest in its stock. As to the Convention, it never owned a dollar of the stock within my knowledge, nor did it ever appropriate any of its funds in its aid. At its annual meeting a committee was appointed who reported in favor of, and urged the claims of the RECORDER to a more extended patronage. This was the sum of what the Convention did, and was the only relation it held toward the paper, which was ever and always an individual enterprise. As to my never owning the RECORDER, it must be of little consequence, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, whether I, or some other person owned it, and those who feel an interest in so interesting a matter would do well to inform themselves as to the facts, so as not to misrepresent them. The facts are, that I owned the RECORDER complete and entire, not only once, but twice, having at one time taken in a partner, on condition he would take of me half the stock, which he agreed to do and did, and afterwards I bought back this half. I have simply to add, for the benefit of those interested in the matter, that when I first came to the office I could have bought the RECORDER had I been so disposed, and had known it was for sale (which I did not), and when I bought the half interest of my partner, I could have bought half dozen such papers without serious inconvenience.

My next remark is in reference to the city of Raleigh, where the RECORDER has been published some thirty-five or forty years, in which I resided while its editor. What I have to say has reference to the period during which I lived in it; that is, from 1854 to 1861, when the war broke out. When I became a citizen of our capital, I was a stranger to its people, except a few brethren who had met me in Convention. I had no relations or family connections within many miles. Of course I felt the need of Christian sympathy and co-operation; but truth as to the fact testifies the remark that with a few noble exceptions, I never felt my indebtedness to the Baptists of Raleigh for prestige or favor of any other kind. Some of the male members acted as though they didn't know there was such a paper as the BIBLICAL RECORDER, much less that it had an editor. I will here give an instance

or two of the courtesy shown me by some of the Raleigh members. I have a reason for it.

Soon after I went to the office—happening in Raleigh I was specially invited to attend a session of the church, "which was to convene on a certain night for important business". Wishing to show my appreciation of the courtesy, I arranged to be in the city at that time, and was present in the meeting. I soon discovered that *old church debt* was to be the subject of discussion. After an excited and somewhat angry contest between the members holding diverse views, I asked leave to interpose a remark, with a view to conciliation and harmony. When I took my seat, I received from one of the parties a rebuff, such as I had not met with before. Getting excited I left the meeting to take care of myself.

On another occasion a member dictated to me what course to pursue, and intimated that if I did not, the Raleigh subscribers would drop the RECORDER; to which I replied, that if the name of every subscriber in Raleigh was stricken off, my clerk would hardly recognize the fact in mailing the paper. When members of a city church refuse to take the organ of the denomination, they are more likely to be come clogs than help to the church; and the same is true in the country as well. But God be thanked a new era finally broke in on the church, and the clogs were either dropped or left behind in her endurance. I never joined the Raleigh church, but preferred to be united to one in the country.

But my design was to say a few things about Raleigh as a community while I lived in it. As my business transactions brought me in contact with the merchants, shoppers and others, and I formed their acquaintance, I found myself in a very pleasant community. Indeed, I had never lived in any other place I liked so well. My business relations were conducted on the cash principle, and if I owed any man in Raleigh a dollar when I removed from the city, I don't know it. I had no occasion to complain of the people, but very much enjoyed any opportunities I had for social intercourse. Raleigh did not then have the wealth and physical development she has now, but for intellectual and moral culture, and a felicitous quietude of living, the gain from that day to this has probably not been so great. The people did not live so much to make money as they seem to do now, realizing the fact that there are some other things connected with man's welfare of more value than dollars and cents.

J. J. JAMES.

Yanceyville, N. C.

Old Baptist Preachers of Virginia.

BY R. RYLAND.

Another Omnibus.

There is another class of ministers with whom I took sweet counsel in Virginia, and who deserve to be classed, not among the *old men*, but among the men of the present generation, though they have passed away.

J. B. Jeter stands at the head of the column. W. E. Hatcher has written so copiously and justly of him, that I need not commend his book to your numerous readers. I will only say that from the beginning of his career, he did his own thinking, and his sermons and writings were strictly the product of his own brain. This is saying a great deal in an age of policy and plagiarism. If he acquired knowledge, i. e. the thoughts of other men, he compounded and digested it until it was assimilated to his own mental nature and became a part of himself. He never asked some leading member of his church or sodality what his opinion was and then voted with him to gain his favor. He was an independent and honest man.

James B. Taylor, first the working pastor of the Second, and then of Grace Street churches of Richmond, for a long time Moderator of the General Association, identified, from the origin of the Southern Baptist Convention, with its Board of Foreign Missions as Corresponding Secretary, the compiler of the vast fund of facts which he wrought into the History of the Baptist Ministers of Virginia; will always stand as a conspicuous figure in the history of Virginia Baptists. He was quiet, prudent, conservative and successful. As his son, G. B. T., has given us a memoir of his life, I will only add that he had a talent for business that raised him from poverty to affluence. Buying lots in the improving portions of the city, when they were comparatively cheap, economizing his means, and holding on to his property until its value was greatly enhanced, he accumulated an estate of a hundred thousand dollars. All this time he was generous in his donations to good causes and laborious in his official duties. But the best contribution he made to posterity is his three sons—George B. Taylor, our missionary to Italy; James B. Taylor, pastor of the Lexington Baptist church, and Charles E. Taylor, President of Wake Forest College. Verily he has not lived in vain.

Valentine M. Mason, an editor of a secular paper in Lexington and a well read and diligent pastor of adjoining churches, literally wore out his subsequent life in pleading the cause of Christ as an agent of the General Association. His influence employed many preachers who, but for him, would have been relatively useless. He in-

troduced them to feeble churches and destitute regions that would have remained unhelped but for his agency. He collected funds, awakened dormant churches, corresponded with judicious brethren, and was for years the animating spirit of all the domestic interests of the Old Dominion. The world will never know the self denial, the hard work, the persistent energy of this sterling man until the day of final retributions. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Daniel Witt, mentioned in a previous article, was the life long friend and correspondent of J. B. Jeter. Their faithful love was like that of David and Jonathan. It lasted longer than life, for Jeter, the surviving partner, wrote a tasteful and tender sketch of his friend's character and ministry. When they started out on their boyish mission, people differed as to their relative promise. Jeter was tall, gawky, cold and unsophisticated. Witt was below the medium size, easy and accessible in manners and somewhat used to society. In the pulpit, Jeter was slow between the words of a sentence, methodical in arrangement, select in his terms, and until warmed by his subject, rather heavy in discourse. Witt leaped at once into his subject, and making a pause before each sentence, as if to think it out, dashed through it with a rapid but lucid diction, and then resting a moment, as if to give his hearers time to take it in, he rushed forward again; his black, piercing eye meanwhile adding force to his thought. Jeter was ambitious of leadership, and placed in favoring circumstances studied hard to the close of life, and, ever improving, rose to high distinction as a thinker and writer. Witt, seemingly indifferent to fame and declining all agencies and calls to higher posts, simply stuck to his rural pastorate, and closed a long and beautiful life not far from the place where he began his work. Both men were needed in this complex world and both were excellent in their distinct spheres.

Many anecdotes have been related of this twin like couple, some founded on fact and some on fancy. I give only one, well authenticated, as illustrative of their dispositions. They were riding along together and came to a church on the road side, where a minister who had been cried up by his people as a "big gun" was to hold forth. It was a week day, but the audience was large. Hitching their horses, they went in and respectfully listened to the sermon, and then continued their journey. They rode some distance before silence was broken. At length Jeter said, "Witt, what do you think of the sermon?" "Well," replied Witt, "I think by the help of the Lord, I could preach as well myself." "I know I could," squeaked his friend, "help or no help!"

Addison Hall was a cultivated gentleman, the pastor of churches in the region between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, usually known as the Northern Neck. By his first marriage he was the father of Mrs. Jehn L. Shook, and, I think, of Mrs. Tobey, who went as missionaries to China. He had also promising sons, one of whom has written a neat biography of his father. He was, by the unsolicited vote of the district, a member of the Virginia Convention that passed the ordinance of secession. (At the time of his election, the entire State was radically opposed to that measure, but it was drawn into its adoption by the extremists of the North and South). Mr. Hall was a fluent and correct speaker, and though of a husky voice, stood high among the churches and general public. His latter days were clouded by a domestic sorrow as unexpected as it was terrible. Marrying a young lady from the North who was teaching school in the county, and who, being a Baptist, of rare accomplishments and of engaging beauty and manners, promised him a life of serene comfort after a long and dreary widowhood, he found, to his utmost horror, after a few years, that she was unfaithful! She and her guilty paramour went off to parts unknown and have never been heard of since. Although the beloved brother received the widest and deepest sympathy, yet the burden was too heavy to bear. He withered and mourned and died of a broken heart. Oh! what a fearful reckoning awaits that wretched pair at a future day! Is there not—ought there not to be—a hell somewhere in the universe for the punishment of such crimes?

A. M. Poindexter pursued a partial course of study at the Columbian College and began a splendid career of usefulness as a pastor in Halifax county. As a preacher and platform speaker, he had no superior in the State. He united in beautiful symmetry the analytical power of mind with an exact and tenacious memory. He once assured me that after having composed and thoroughly memorized a sermon, he could at any time and with the shortest notice, preach that sermon again word for word. I think that remark was true in respect to all his acquisitions. With great force of argument and a chaste and earnest declamation, he was, however, deficient in imagination and pathos. He rarely held up a word picture to the delight of an audience, and I have never seen an assembly melted into tenderness by any of his grand discourses. He was fearless in denouncing all the forms of sin and in urging the fullest consecration of soul and body and purse to the service of God. It could hardly be expected that so ready and able a speaker should be allowed to continue in the quiet functions of the pas-

tor. He was accordingly invited to act alternately as the Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board with James B. Taylor and as the financial agent of Richmond College. In both these relations he displayed consummate energy. How much he effected for both these great interests time will never disclose. He lived through the stirring scenes of war, lost one of his sons amid its vicissitudes, resumed his labors for the College, buried an excellent wife, another son and an only daughter upon the return of peace, and soon finished his course, possibly realizing that life is a great disappointment. He was emphatically a strong man.

It is in keeping with my plan to offer a few strictures on his methods. In soliciting funds, he urged people beyond the limits of propriety. Being quite deaf, he continued to argue after the inaudible "No" was uttered. Many went beyond their means and never paid what they subscribed under severe pressure. Others regretted afterwards what they had pledged to do, and if they ever redeemed their pledges—a rare event—they felt an inward grudge against the object to which they contributed. All this is wrong. Giving is a Christian duty—a means of grace, and loses all its beauty and fragrance if extorted by brow-beating impudency. Andrew Fuller would not receive a contribution to foreign missions unless it "came from the heart." The cause of truth and of God does not need such wheedling as is sure to give rise to the remark, "O, he wanted my money more than my love and my prayers."

Again, I did not approve of the foreign secretaries acting as pastors when they had a plenty to do in visiting churches and rousing them to benevolence. Their salaries were fully equal to the average pastor's, and I stood up against the softness of the Board in permitting the double office. But it was an unpopular attitude. This policy has long been discarded. I disapproved also of some measures of the College Agent, but had not force of character enough with the Trustees to accomplish my purpose. When two men differ, one being conscientiously obstinate and the other obstinately conscientious, a collision will always occur, which calls for divergent paths of activity in the future. Dr. Richard Fuller has left a glowing eulogy of A. M. Poindexter.

Cumberland George was born April 15, 1797, was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ in his 18th year, and was ordained at the request of the Fredericksburg church on the 12th of March, 1819, by a presbytery composed of Semple, Bryce, Henly and James. Up to 1845, he tells us, in a small note-book, he had preached over four thousand sermons in connection with his several churches. As he lived over fifteen years beyond this date, it is presumable that he preached about 6307 sermons during his entire ministry. If we include the studying, the pastoral calls and the horse-back rides over four hilly counties connected with these sermons—not to mention the work on his farm—we will have some idea of his busy life. Mr. George was a fine specimen of manhood. He was large, but not corpulent—had a bald forehead—an honest look, and a benignant visage. Cheerfulness was his most prominent trait. He was opposed in his work by hyper-Calvinistic views that were not only scattered among his people, but were embodied in organized churches near him, and it is very difficult when the heaven is diffused, to get people to take hold on the cause of Christ. Christians are afraid of taking the Lord's work out of his hands and sinners are too orthodox to be reasoned into repentance. But his influence was always wisely directed and his labors were greatly blessed. His spirit may be seen in the words which he wrote on the fly-leaves of his books. Take a specimen: "Forever blessed be the name of the Lord for his goodness and mercy to me. Preached Saturday from Acts 20: 26—had an affecting time; on Sunday from Acts 20: 24—a solemn, melting time. My soul was full and my tongue at liberty. Sometimes could hardly give utterance to my thoughts for weeping. O my God, crown the poor labors of thy unworthy servant, and forgive, for Jesus' sake, his many imperfections. May, 1838." I heard him preach at the meeting of the General Association at Richmond in 1835 from "Have faith in God."—Mark 11: 22. Of that sermon, Dr. Wm. S. Plummer, a great Presbyterian minister, said in my hearing, "It kept me in tears all the time."

I have only one criticism to make on his style. Men of slow speech should use short sentences. Men of rapid delivery may use long ones. I thought Mr. George was so deliberate and yet constructed such long sentences, that his hearers were apt to forget at their close how they began. He was at times too indifferent to apparel. Meeting him in the yard of the church at an early hour of the assembling of the Triennial Convention in Baltimore with an old hat on his head, I took him aside and bade him go straight to the store and buy him a new one, and he obeyed. The incident shows the intimacy of our friendship and the absorption of his mind in higher subjects. In the summer of 1863, amid the carnage and tumult of war, his spirit was taken to his home of eternal rest. It is probable that his noble nature, like that of many others, was so oppressed by the scenes around him as to have hastened his departure.

Wm. F. Broadus, a pastor in Culpepper and contiguous regions—a co-worker of

Cumberland George in opposing the Hard-shell Baptists and revolutionizing public sentiment in that vicinity, was a conspicuous man. He removed to Kentucky and combined school-teaching and pastoral work in Shelbyville and Lexington. After several years, he returned to Virginia and collected funds for the Columbian College and served the churches at Charlottesville and Fredericksburg. During the war he was taken by the Federal authorities and confined several months in the old Capitol in Washington. Feeling that he was unjustly treated, he determined to avenge himself in a strange manner. Being asked by the officer what the F. in his name stood for and in what county he was born, he professed entire ignorance on both these points, nor could any persuasion or menace or repetition of inquiry extort any satisfactory answer from the mysterious prisoner. At last when he had exhausted the patience of his interrogator and amused his fellow-captives to his heart's content, he told him that his father had put two F's in his name, and that he had, for convenience, left out one of them, but had never concluded which one it was, and therefore could not say positively what family the F. now in his name represented. As to his native county, he explained that he was born in what was once known as Culpepper, but that Rappahannock had been cut off from it, and the dividing line ran so near his father's house, that no one had determined on which side he was born. Released from prison about the conclusion of the war, he returned to Virginia and collected funds for the relief of the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. Under what organization and with what success he labored, I have never been informed. I only know of several instances in which material and needed help was administered. My impression is that his life was never so useful as it was in his first labors in Virginia. He was a self-made man, agreeable in private circles, an ornament to the pulpit, and exerted a wide and wholesome influence in the State—standing in the front rank of the ministry. He was afflicted from his youth with a strange idiosyncrasy—a fear of cats. The presence of the harmless creatures threw him into such a state of nervous agitation as, if continued, would have doubtless proved fatal. Such a phenomenon, I believe, has never been explained.

It grieves me to add that the closing months of his life were darkened by hopeless insanity. He was married three times, and in each case was happy in his domestic relations. He had an interesting family of children, but they are all removed beyond the limits of my acquaintance.

Errata in the Issue of July 10.

For "the word creak so as" read "the word break so as."

For "as the scene changes" read "as the scene changed."

For "received same number" read "received the same number." R. R.

Has God Made a Mistake?

Has God made a mistake in opening up these fields for the missionaries of the Cross? Can God fail in his great purpose in giving his only Son for the salvation of the world? To doubt for one moment is sin. To question our ability is unbelief in an overruling Providence. Hesitation in an hour like this is criminal. To refuse to act is the concentrated essence of rebellion. God's hand is in these movements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Opportunities unparalleled confront the church of Christ today. God does not bring about such opportunities for Christian effort without knowing that there is in the church the necessary elements for carrying on the work—men and money. God has done his part in removing the barriers about heathen nations which seemed so insurmountable. One of the human elements necessary to meet this crisis in missionary effort has been supplied; for more than twenty-five hundred young men and women within fifteen months have said that they are willing to go wherever God may lead. "How shall they teach except they be sent?" How shall they be sent without money? Can it be possible that the Christians of to-day, viewing with wondering eyes, and contemplating with joyful hearts, the marvellous interposition of God's hand in all these things, will shrink the responsibilities incumbent upon them? No, thrice no! Money, this last element in the crisis, shall be forthcoming. How, do you ask? By returning to the old apostolic plan: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him." When "the church of the living God" our more becomes "the pillar and ground of this principle of systematic benevolence, the present evils and troubles in our church finances will become things of the past. It is a weekly system, but not a weak system, for God himself stands behind it.—Rev. Geo. Moriam, in Baptist Missionary.

Religion is in its essence an inward and spiritual holiness. Outward actions can be considered but two ways; either as the means and instrument, or else as the fruits and effects of holiness.—Lucas.

Prayer is the pulse of the renewed soul, and the constancy of its beat is the test and measure of the spiritual life.—Octavius Winslow.