

# BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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### Words from Kentucky about North Carolina Baptists.

Let a Kentucky Baptist say something about North Carolina Baptist interests. And first, the Baptist State Convention at Henderson. What a contrast—1848 and 1889! This scribe saw it in 1848, when it met at Rockford, Surry county, N. C. Few in numbers as to ministers, but they were giants. Dodson, Meredith, then editor of the BIBLICAL RECORDER, Prof. Brooks, Dr. Hooper, then president of Wake Forest College, Mark May, a western man of great pulpit power, and a few others not now remembered. That was the aspect of Baptist affairs as they appeared to an outsider, yet one that was deeply interested in Baptist prosperity, and who then believed the Baptists to be the greatest people in the world, because his mother and one of his brothers had recently been baptized by Bro. Robinson, pastor of old Stuart's Creek Baptist church.

Forty one years pass away, and this scribe looks in again on a North Carolina Baptist State Convention. But how changed! Now three hundred ministers, and probably as many more laymen, gathered in a great hall; no church-house large enough to hold such an assemblage. And now we hear them reporting on missions about \$50,000 raised annually for all missionary uses; twenty thousand additions annually to the Baptist churches of the State; Wake Forest College with an endowment of \$200,000, with forty ministerial students, and about two hundred pupils in attendance, with a faculty unsurpassed in all our land. And at this very session they inaugurated a female college, an enterprise which bids fair to equal the male institution on a distant day, not to speak of the grand Orphanage at Thomasville under Bro. Mills, now regarded about the best man in America for that kind of work; and last, but not least, the BIBLICAL RECORDER, the prime agent under God of all this great growth and development.

Second. The pastors whose churches we visited, and learned to know and love. There is the quiet yet sensible and strong pastor VanDeventer, and his noble Henderson people, who entertained us so royally. And there is pastor Hardaway, and his dear Oxford people, who know how to appreciate their able and self-sacrificing pastor, and make a visiting brother feel at home. And there is the man of the true apostolic spirit, who would suffer martyrdom for what he believes and preaches, the scholarly pastor of the First Baptist church at Durham, who bids fair to secure the location of the proposed female college, one of the enterprising Durhamites proposing to give \$15,000, and others equally liberal, making a very liberal proposition to the committee on location. And there is pastor Brown of Winston, who has just celebrated with his happy and prosperous people the twelfth anniversary of his wonderfully successful pastorate. But time would fail me to speak of pastor Fant of Wadesboro, with his gem of a new meeting-house; the hospitable and noble brother Tuttle, the Charlotte pastor and the Greensboro pastor, all fully abreast of the day in every good word and work. What grand pastors have the Baptist churches of North Carolina! Kentucky may well look to her laurels.

Third. Visit and preaching in old Surry, forty sermons at Mt. Airy to one of the liveliest and most intelligent and appreciative audiences in all my ministry in a dozen States. Would like to mention names, but then I would have to call the roll of the whole church and community. Then Dobson, the county seat of old Surry, a dozen or more sermons, and several additions by baptism of the best citizens in the town, the little Baptist church greatly strengthened and encouraged. There are some of the best and truest people in Dobson with whom it has been my privilege to meet. And then the preachers, strong men,—the sturdy and indefatigable worker, pastor O. C. Haymore; and the eloquent and powerful preacher, unsurpassed in all the land in real pulpit ability, Rev. J. H. Lewellen; and others too tedious to mention; and all that mountain country full and running over with a noble and intelligent Baptist people with wonderful possibilities. We can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" But no more at present.

S. F. T.

Affliction is not always of the nature of punishment. It is sometimes for trial, and to give a manifestation of the power of faith to endure with patience the burden that is laid upon us.—Rev. A. Alexander, D. D.

### Short Sketches of Some of the Baptist Pioneers of Eastern Carolina—No. 2.

Jeremiah Dargan.

Dargan is a name familiar to South Carolina Baptists. Having been a missionary of the Sumpter Union, a part of the Charleston Association, I went up to the session of this Association, held with the High Hills church in the year 1860. Of the great men whom I saw there, I still retain the names of J. L. Reynolds, author, preacher and educator; A. M. Poindexter, the prince of agents; Samuel Furman, whose equal as a hymn-reader I have never heard; E. T. Winkler, who afterwards made the greatest speech delivered before the Southern Baptist Convention in Raleigh, and J. O. B. Dargan, one of the most loved and lovable men in the Palmetto State.

Jeremiah Dargan was born, baptized and ordained to the gospel ministry in South Carolina. He came to North Carolina and settled in Bertie county sometime prior to the organization of Cashie Baptist church, which was organized, according to Benedict, in the year 1771.

He is described as a minister of remarkable piety, zeal, tender heartedness, and efficiency; generally weeping as he warmed and exhorted dying men to flee the wrath to come. What a pity that it has become unministerial to weep while we preach a living Savior to dying men! Christ wept over sinners. So did Paul. Are we more manly than they!

For at least fifteen years, and probably longer, Jeremiah Dargan preached the gospel in this State with wonderful success, Cashie, Wicaccoon, Winder and Colerain churches being a part of the outcome of his ministerial labors. He was much hindered, during the last years of his life, by some bodily afflictions, which kept him much at home.

Perhaps some of your readers do not know the powerful magnet that drew him to North Carolina. It was Mrs. Anne Moore, a lovely woman, who, after her conversion, ardently wished for baptism. No Baptist preacher being near, she went to South Carolina in quest of one from whom she could receive the rite. She met with Elder Dargan, who married her and returned with her to Bertie county, N. C. Doubtless he thought that a lady who would take so long a journey to obey her Savior was worthy the hand and heart of any man.

While preaching for the Cashie Baptist church, he had

#### A NARROW ESCAPE

from death. A Mrs. Dawson desiring to join the Cashie church, Dargan, being in feeble health, requested Elder John Tanner to baptize her. Tanner did as requested, and thus incurred the displeasure of Mr. Dawson, her husband, who had threatened to shoot any man that would baptize his wife. The following June of the same year (1777), as Dargan and Tanner were ascending the bank at Norfolk's Ferry on Roanoke river, Dawson shot the latter with a horseman's pistol, seventeen shot entering his thigh and one passing through it. The wounded man was taken to the house of Elisha Williams of Scotland Neck, where he lay a long time in a critical condition, but finally recovered. Dargan escaped the shooting by turning over the baptizing to Tanner.

After long and painful affliction, and patient waiting for deliverance, Jeremiah Dargan departed this life, full of hope, on the 25th of December 1786. Lemuel Burkett preached his funeral sermon (afterwards printed) from Luke 2: 29, 30—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

JOHN T. ALBRITTON.

January 15th, 1890.

#### Birmingham Briefs.

In the year 1872 stood a single lovely farm-house near Red Mountain in the most desolate and unpropitious portion of Alabama, to mark the presence of human beings. But in the mountain which skirted Jones's valley, lay hidden, in the form of exhausted deposits of coal, iron and limestone, undreamed of wealth over which Enterprise has now waved her magic wand, and on that site of a single dwelling has sprung up the "Magic City," and instead of a scattering "settlement," there have crowded into this valley over 100,000 of population, rapidly making it the center of an iron industry surpassing anything in Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1880 the Allee Furnace "blew in," and began to make pig iron. Next spring Birmingham will have a mammoth show, to illustrate and signalize her marvelous progress.

In the city proper are now over fifty thousand people. Nearly half score of railroads are centering here, and many more are coming.

In the district—the center of the greatest iron deposit in the world—are already in operation (with others building) twenty-three smelting furnaces, with a daily output of nearly 2,500 tons of iron. These and the mines, shops, &c., pay over \$1,330,000 monthly to labor alone.

The city was never building so rapidly as now. The smoke of her mighty industries hangs over her like a pillar of cloud by day, and her flaming furnaces and gleam-

ing coke ovens shine like a pillar of fire by night.

Mr. Carnegie, on his recent trip here, prophesied that within ten years there would be a million of people in this valley. Already an immense steel plant is going up.

What are the Baptists doing to plant their principles, and gain a footing here in this critical period? Our preachers seem to realize the importance of energy, and are working tirelessly. Some dozen Baptist churches have already been established in the city and suburbs, connected by street cars and dummy lines, and others will spring from several additional mission stations already opened. The condition of our churches is exceedingly encouraging.

The First church is now on quite a boom. Immense congregations gather to hear the eloquent new pastor, Rev. W. L. Pickard, D. D. This brother has rejoiced the hearts of all his brethren by his great success, and filled them with anxiety for fear he will overdo his strength.

The South Side church is greatly suffering for a new church house. They have postponed the building of a house to help needy and pressing objects. Within the last year the minutes of the Association show they have given to the Howard College, Judson Institute, and other objects of benevolence some nine thousand dollars. They now worship in a rented barn of a structure which is utterly inadequate to their needs.

The South Highlands is the popular residence part of the city, and a good church house is a growing necessity. It would pay the Baptists of the State to erect a commodious here at once. Pastor P. T. Hale has been with this church fifteen months. When he took charge its membership numbered 171. He has received in that time by experience of grace and baptism, 62; by letter, &c., 192—total 254; so that the present membership is about 400. It is becoming one of the largest churches of the State. It has bought a most eligible lot and will endeavor to put up the basement of its new building this spring. The seed of this reaping were, to a great extent, sowed by their last pastor, the famous and lamented Dr. J. D. D. Renfro.

The Second church is now lamenting the resignation of Rev. M. M. Wood who has been called to Bessemer, a growing suburb of some 5,000 inhabitants.

Pastor James Hogan of the Third announces his resignation on account of falling health.

Woodlawn, Avondale, East Lake, Elyton, Green Springs, Pratt Mines and Busby City are all connected by street cars or dummy lines, and have thriving Baptist churches which are growing with the rapid growth of the city. A half dozen other missions are being pushed, which we hope some day to see churches.

We have now a Baptist Pastors' Conference of a dozen ministers, and an organ called the Birmingham Baptist, edited by Pastor P. T. Hale, which is doing a good work. Pray for us.

Birmingham invites the Southern Baptist Convention next year. LYER. Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 18, 1890.

#### Green Level Church.

Dear Bro. Bailey:—I have thought for some time I would say something of the work at my two charges—Green Level and Pleasant Grove churches. For fear of crowding your columns, I will only speak of the former in this letter. For nearly five years Rev. W. S. Olive served this church, then whom there are but few better pastors or preachers, winning for himself everywhere the love and confidence of his people. Last summer, on his leaving for the Seminary, the church asked the writer to become its pastor. It is not expected that he will fill the place of the former shepherd, especially while a student at college. The adage, "do not have too many irons in the fire at once," is a true one, but I trust Green Level will not chill in this destitution, for within herself she carries a forging heat all the while. Her present pastor has never entered her domain without feeling those throbs of sympathy for himself and the cause that is such an incentive to zealous work.

We have an evergreen Sunday school of from one to two hundred attendants, well organized, and doing a work superior to that of any Sunday-school I know in the country. Notwithstanding the present money panic, the church has no wrangle in arranging its finances.

While this church, by reason of building expenses, &c., did not satisfy the demands of the Association last year on missions, from apparent indications I think "Bro. B." will have to withdraw his censure against it and send his Missionary to another field. Am trying to get copy of the RECORDER in every family in my charges. It is a pastor's true assistant and ought to illumine the houses of more than two hundred thousand Baptists in this State.

C. W. BEANCHARD. Wake Forest, N. C., Jan. 14, 1890.

Church discipline must not be exercised in a spirit of arrogance, nor of dictation, nor of assumed superiority, much less of vindictiveness; but of fraternal solicitation, of gentleness and love.—Dr. H. T. Hiscox.

Examine our premium list to be seen on the sixth page, and take advantage of its offers.

#### Winston and Waughtown.

Bro. Egley:—I have entered upon my second year as pastor of Broad Street church, Winston, and at Waughtown. I am very much encouraged in my work.

We organized at Broad Street about one year ago with twenty members. We have now forty three, and expect to receive others soon.

There is more brotherly love and fellowship existing in this church than any one I ever served. It did my heart good when the treasurer told me that every member had met their obligations, and paid every cent pledged by them on last year's work.

We have a Ladies Aid Society in this church, which has been a great help to us. They have recently put in the church a nice eight day calendar clock, also a beautiful vestibule lamp; and on the first Sunday in this year they presented the church with a very handsome silver communion set.

We have also a Bright Jewel Society that is doing a noble work for missions, and a young men's prayer-meeting that meets once a week.

The Waughtown church is also a noble band of brothers and sisters. They have struggled and made sacrifices to build them a new house of worship, but I am glad to say they are nearly out of debt now, and have one of the neatest churches of any village I know of.

They certainly know how to make a poor pastor enjoy his Christmas. On Christmas eve they sent us a wagon load of good things, and we are not done feasting yet, and will not be done for some time to come. How it does encourage our hearts to be so kindly remembered by such people! May the Lord help his poor unworthy servant to be faithful to them.

P. H. PRINELL.

Winston, Jan. 14, 1890.

#### A Home in the Heart for Christ.

If Jesus actually lives with you, other people will be sure to discover the fact. When He went into the border of Tyre and Sidon, He "could not be hid." If you travel through a certain district in Southern France in lavender time you are sure to know that it is a lavender country by the sweet fragrance of the air. Christ is always self-revealing. No genuine Christian will ever desire to conceal Him; he could not, even if he would. Many absurd things have been written about "secret hopes," etc.; but, my friends, if nobody in this world, not even your most intimate friend, suspects that you are a Christian, I do not believe that you are one. If there is any fire in a stove, a touch will show it. Here, then, is an infallible test. Do I feel and recognize that Christ is in my heart, controlling my conduct, quickening my conscience, and helping me every day to resist evil and do right? Then He "is there," but if no such internal evidence exist, then Christ has never been there, or has gone away.

For the question, whether the Master will always stay with us, depends largely upon ourselves. Self-will and pride may drive Him out, for He promises to dwell only with them who are of an humble and contrite spirit. Neglect may provoke Him to depart, and so may a persistent disobedience to His commandments. Dr. MacLaren beautifully remarks that "the sweetest song birds and honey-bees are said always to desert a neighborhood before a pestilence breaks out in it." So the inevitably holy Saviour will not dwell with evil, and we may so poison the heart atmosphere with indulged sin that He will not stay in it. Free agency does not cease after conversion. If Christ enters our heart through faith, He must be kept there by faith. O what wondrous condescension that the Lord of glory will consent to occupy such a hut as my poor heart, yet He is kindly saying to me: "Give me room in this, thy heart, and I will give thee a place in my heaven."

A practical thought not to be lost sight of is that if Jesus dwells in our hearts we should be carrying Him with us. "Let your light so shine before men" that they may recognize that Jesus is within you. Show your Christ like kindness to people while they are living, and do not take it out in heaping flowers on their coffins. I have sometimes thought when I looked at some posthumous displays, that if these poor, silent lips could speak they would wish that a few more flowers of love had sweetened their hard, weary lives!

Carry Christ with you to your unconverted friends. If you win their respect for you and get a hold on them you can talk to them about their souls; tell them what Christ has done for you, and, as it were, add your knock to His knock at their heart's door. Reverently be it said, the Christ in you will appeal to them through you. Just here lies the only real power which any Christian has with the sinning and suffering around him. As for such of my readers as have never had this glorious Son of God living in their hearts, it is because they do not want Him there. He will be in the way of your favorite sins. Beware, my friends! Christ gives just knocks, and if you bolt Him out of your heart He will shut you out of His heaven.—Rev. T. L. Chyler, D. D.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—Boece.

#### The Work of the Ministry.

I want to say to young men that if you enter the holy ministry with the right spirit, loving God and desiring usefulness; you will find the work of the ministry always a satisfaction, often a joy, and sometimes a rapture. Of course I exclude from these consolations those men who enter the ministry with half a heart, and who at the first opportunity escape through Wall street, or through the fortune of a rich wife. I also exclude from these consolations those ministers who smoke themselves to death, as hundreds of them do. I exclude also from these consolations those ministers who pass their lives in complaining about the sine of the world, instead of putting both hands forth to make that world better. This joy of which I speak comes to those who feel called to the work of the Christian ministry, and are glad of it. The minister of Christ in this way must toil thoroughly and continuously. If he would be able to instruct the people, he must have something decided to say, and be able to say it in such a way that the people will understand.

There are in this day so many pamphlets, so many books, so many newspapers, so many lecturing platforms, that the great mass of people are accustomed to discuss questions of literature and morals and religion; and I re not how fine the voice may be, how elaborate the rhetoric, or how high-sounding the phrase, unless the minister of Christ has something to say, all the people know it, and they know it right away. Hence, he must be busy not only with the books in his library, but with the large book of everyday Christian experience and of worldly observation. He must not only know what were the scepticisms of Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire, but be acquainted with the modern infidelities that swarm in the street and drawing room. Besides that, his hand and heart must ever be open for Christian sympathy and help. There are the bereaved to be comforted, there are the dead to be buried, there are the fallen to be lifted up with great encouragement. There are young men coming to town who need Christian counsel. Plenty of work for voice, for hand, for pen. Besides that there are a thousand charities of the world and of the church, to which he must, in the name of Christ, put forth his hands.

Now, a man, entering the ministry with the right spirit will find perpetual exhilaration and joy in the work. To stand before a company of immortal men and women, imparting to them such belief and behavior as shall lead them to high happiness on earth and open for them the grandeur of eternity; to enter the harvest-field where the grain is ripe and the sheaves are coming toward their garner—that is life for the body, that is inspiration for the mind, that is rapture for the soul; and if there is in all the world an occupation or profession that yields such mighty satisfaction, I have never heard of it.—Dr. De Witt Talmage.

#### Old Ministers.

Bro. Kingsbury, in the Wilmington Messenger, in commenting upon an article in the BIBLICAL RECORDER in regard to some of the older ministers in the Baptist church of the State, has the following to say concerning two from Granville county:

The most philosophic I, the most acute mind the Baptists have ever had in North Carolina, was a distinguished gentleman of Granville, Josiah Cradup. He was a man of large wealth; was a man of high intellect, analytical and metaphysical. He had a most impressive face, was scholarly, studious, and a powerful reasoner. He never received money for preaching, and therefore spoiled the congregations to whom he preached. They were not trained in giving, and instead of giving a tenth as in duty bound, they gave only a pittance, believing in one sense in a free gospel—one that cost no money. Mr. Cradup was a very able man, Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court, once told us that he was the very ablest man he heard. When in politics he was extraordinarily strong, served in the United States Congress, and was defeated for re-election by a few votes—some twenty—by Willie P. Mangum, Governor Swain told us that he heard Mr. Mangum more than once say that a big rain on the last day of the canvass elected him. He had spoken first, and a rain prevented Mr. Cradup from replying to his speech. Mr. Mangum was wont to laugh as he said that a reply from Cradup would have elected him. Gov. Swain said that the canvass excited as much interest in the State as any Governor's canvass had ever done. He told us this in 1848.

The ablest and most charming Baptist preacher we ever heard in North Carolina was the President of Wake Forest College, Dr. W. M. Wingate. He was a most delightful preacher, and very impressive when at his best. He always got behind the Cross. The late William Hill Jordan, of Granville, had the reputation of being one of the most gifted of the Baptist ministers yet born in this State. He was wonderfully gifted as to vocabulary—was in excess—and full of imagination. His style was peculiar. His voice called to excess and was sonorous and lugubrious. He was a man of mark, a scholar, and well read. He was half brother of the noble Dr. Poindexter, who lived most of his life in Virginia, although born in North Carolina.—Oxford Ledger.