

The Bessent... after his connection with the church he felt the call to preach the gospel. He has served faithfully in the ministry for more than fifty years. His zeal for the salvation of the lost burned in him like a consuming fire. He possessed the evangelistic gift in an eminent degree and scores and hundreds made a profession of faith in the special meetings conducted by him. He traveled long distances and held meetings under bush arbors, in school-houses as well as in good church buildings, and rejoiced to see multitudes surrendering their lives to the service of Christ. His voice rang out like a silver bell and possessed a mellowness and sweetness that charmed all who heard him. In song and prayer and sermon his marvelous voice was mightily used of the Spirit for the deepening of religious impressions. There were times when under the power of the Divine Spirit, and wrought up to the high degrees of spiritual earnestness, his face would shine like an angel's face. During these seasons his powerful exhortations and his tender and pleading appeals were almost irresistible. He would sometimes spend long seasons in secret solitary prayer and then come forth from these hiding places clothed with the fulness of the Spirit's power. He traveled in the Spirit until the birth-cries of children were heard in the Kingdom. He had the spirit of John Knox who said: "Give me Scotland or I die." He was like Jonathan Edwards who pictured sinners in the hands of an angry God and then plead with them until they cried to God for mercy and help. His soul-earnestness was the chief element of his successful ministry. He prepared his sermons with great carefulness. He was a diligent student of the Scriptures and his sermons abounded with frequent citations from the Word of God. He strove to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth and giving to every man his portion in due season. With many historical references and many suggestive illustrations and touching personal incidents he embellished his sermons and won and held the attention of large congregations through long years of continuous preaching. He loved to preach. As an ambassador of Christ he

was unremitting in his labors—no change in wind or weather held him back from doing what he felt to be his duty. He often went to his work under the protest of his friends and loved ones; but he wanted to be faithful to the last day of his earthly life. He was often honored by his brethren by being in positions of trust. He was moderator of Baptist Associations all his life. For many years he was moderator of the Beulah Association, then of the Roanoke in Virginia, and last, of the Piedmont, embracing the churches near his home. He was offered the pastorate of strong town churches, and the position on State Mission Board. It was his special desire to fill out a well-rounded ministry—to go away to his father's house in heaven without being a burden to his friends and loved ones through a lingering and helpless old age. This desire God granted to him. He had traveled thousands of miles, preached hundreds of sermons, baptized 4,000 persons—among these ten Baptist preachers,—built many houses of worship and presided many religious assemblies. On the 4th of September last, which was his seventy-fifth birthday, his children and grandchildren all gathered at his home and had a family reunion. The house was beautifully decorated, the children and grandchildren gave him presents, seventy-five candles were burning, and they sat around the hearthstone and sang the old, old songs he loved so well. He read the Scriptures and prayed with them and expressed himself as being very happy indeed. It was a type of the glorious reunion which will take place in our Father's house in heaven by and by. He wrote his resignation and sent it to his churches. He made every arrangement that was necessary entering into the minutest details. Then when all was done he waited quietly on the margin of the river while the sun was going down. "Sunset and the evening star, And one clear call for me, And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea: But such a tide, as moving, seems asleep, Too full for sound or foam, When that which drew from

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These goods are all new and up-to-date, no old style bum stuff, but all strictly up to-date goods, at prices that will certainly interest you.

Be sure and come and examine our line before buying, we can certainly please you in style and price.

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