

CONTRIBUTED.

JESSE ANDERSON CUNINGGIM.

At a memorial service, held by the faculty and students of Trinity College on January 16, 1899, the following memorial was read by Dr. John S. Bassett. It is well written and exhaustive, and was prepared by one whose literary ability, gifts of heart and close acquaintance with Dr. Cuninggim will qualify him for such a mournful duty and privilege:

Jesse Anderson Cuninggim was born in Greene county, North Carolina, January 28, 1832. Judging from the family name he was of Scotch descent and there was much in both his physical appearance and in his mental make-up to confirm this view. His father was Rev. W. H. Cuninggim, a local elder in the Methodist Episcopal church, South. His mother was Edith Gibbons, a daughter of Rev. John Gibbon, an itinerant minister in the same communion, and a member of a family that has given more than one efficient preacher to North Carolina Methodism. It is not surprising that a union of two such strong Methodist preacher stocks should have resulted in two preachers in the next generation, and three preachers and two earnest, working preachers' wives in the second generation. Of the ten children born in Greene county to Rev. W. H. Cuninggim two, Rev. W. H. Cuninggim, Jr., for a long time a faithful local preacher, and Jesse A. Cuninggim, the subject of this sketch, became Methodist preachers. Of the three children of the former of these brethren two, William L. and Jesse L. Cuninggim, are now members of the North Carolina Conference, while the other, a daughter, married Rev. R. W. Bailey, of the same body. A son of a sister of Dr. Cuninggim, also Rev. A. L. Ormond, and a daughter of another sister is the wife of Rev. George T. Simmons, both of which gentlemen are ministers of the same church. This continued turning to the ministry by members of this family indicates, at least, two noteworthy traits: a deeply religious nature and a disposition to follow the family calling, a tendency which has always been associated with our sturdiest and most conservative social ideas. A Methodist preacher's home in the early years of Dr. C's life was a place of hardship and of exalted spirituality. It is an abiding tribute to the simple faithfulness of the Cuninggim home that both hardship and exalted spirituality were so presented to the younger members thereof that they were attracted rather than repelled thereby. The subject of this sketch was in his eleventh year, when he professed religion and joined the church at Ormond's Chapel, the place at which his father's family worshipped.

Ten years later, after a narrow escape from drowning, he felt called by God to the ministry. For a time he hesitated because it seemed that he had a higher duty to his parents, who were then aged and in need of his assistance. But his conviction to preach became deeper and deeper until in 1853 he would resist no longer, and applied for and received his license from the Methodist church. Next he sought an education and in 1854 he entered Normal College in Randolph county. Here he was able to remain but one term; but the love he thus formed for the college grew with increasing strength until his death.

In November, 1855 he joined the North Carolina Conference at its session at Wilmington, N. C.

His first work was the Smithfield circuit, which he held for two years. After that his work was as follows:

- In the pastorate—
- 1858-9—Duplin circuit.
- 1860-1—Chapel Hill.
- 1862-3—Wilson.
- 1864-5—Rowan circuit.
- 1866-7-8-9—Louisburg.
- 1870—Chapel Hill and Haw River circuit.
- 1871-2-3-4—Greensboro.
- 1875-6-7-8—Agent for G. F. C.
- 1879-80—Returned to Wilson.
- 1881—Durham.

While he was in Durham his health broke down. The physician declared that the intense sympathy and solicitude he put into his pastoral relations was too much for his nerves, and suggested that the duties of Presiding Elder would be more suited to his physical condition. The suggested change was made and Dr. Cuninggim was assigned to the Fayetteville district, which he served for 1883-4. Then he served Greensboro district in 1885-7-8; Warrenton district in 1889-90; Raleigh district in 1891-2; and for all Districts in 1892-3. He was pastor of the First Methodist church in Durham for two years. During

worse, and was reluctantly compelled to be absent from some of his appointments. In most cases his duty was filled by loving friends who esteemed it a privilege to preach that he might rest. Drs. Ivey and Kilgo often were his supplies, kindnesses which his gentle soul appreciated with affectionate remembrance. As conference drew near it became apparent that he could not again take regular work. He was not able to be present at this session of the conference and thus missed his first roll-call.

The conference expressed their regret at his absence and sent a telegram conveying sympathy. At his own request he was placed in the supernumerary relation. To most men this is a hardship. To Dr. Cuninggim it was the will of God and he did not murmur nor, so far as one knows, secretly chide. One of the first to recognize the necessity of his retirement it was like him to withdraw at the proper moment, neither too soon nor too late.

On January 2, 1862, Dr. Cuninggim was married to Miss Lucy Armfield, of Statesville, N. C. It was a most fortunate and congenial union. No husband and wife ever lived together more agreeably and helpfully. Somewhere Philip Gilbert Hamerton says that a true marriage is a thing of years—that it is like two trees planted quite close together in the forest. They grow closer into one, with branches interlacing, till at last they appear a single tree. So husband and wife come into one single nature; and so it was with the subject of this sketch and his wife. There was no virtue of the one that was not that of the other. There was no friend of the one that was not equally a friend of the other. There was no duty, no joy, no interest that was not shared between them, and no tear from a friend's eye has dropped on his grave that has not been for her equally as much. No children were ever born to their home, but hundreds of little ones found in them the best of friends. They became to such children "Uncle Jessie" and "Aunt Lucy," and when these little ones were grown up the same terms of endearment were continued till at length the terms were used by all Methodist people who knew them with the same degree of affection.

Dr. Cuninggim was strong in the confidence of his associates. They made him delegate to the General Conference. They made him agent for Greensboro F. C. Trinity College gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. They made him conference trustee of Trinity College in 1868. In 1893, when it was desired to have some of the business men of Durham for an executive committee the difficulty was presented that a member of this committee must be a trustee. At once and unsolicited Dr. Cuninggim offered his resignation so as to make room for one of the desired gentlemen. Others also resigned and the contemplated arrangement was effected. It was like him to make way for any man who he thought was more necessary than he. His resignation was regretted by the Board; but it did not lessen his love for the college. He was still a regular visitor at Commencement. In 1896 he gave to the college \$1,000—the proceeds of which are to be lent to worthy students who needed it, and when these loans are repaid they are to be added to the original amount so that the fund will ever be increased. It is in appreciation of this gift that his portrait has been hung in Benefactor's Parlor in the Washington Duke building. There was no token of our respect, or confidence that would not have been given by anyone connected with the college. It was felt that he deserved all.

As a pastor, Dr. Cuninggim was entirely successful. He was sympathetic and faithful. Said a lady who lived in the Durham charge: "It was a benediction for him to come into my house." He was a persistent visitor, especially among the poor. This work he would divide with his wife. Each morning a certain number of visits was arranged by the two, and if not impossible they were faithfully performed. He never entered a house to visit it without a season of prayer, and if it were the home of the needy he usually left quietly some gift to help along the occupant. At family prayers in the morning he always suggested that the servants be called in. He knew his entire flock and did not fail to remember them should he meet them after leaving the community. He was scrupulous about money matters and once said to a friend that he had never let the sun go down on a debt. He never found it necessary to ride on a train on Sunday, and when he learned on Sunday that his brother in Raleigh was dead, he waited patiently and prayerfully for the earliest train on Monday, although to do so necessitated a start at 5 o'clock in the morning. Neither would he take his mail.

economical, not for his own sake, but that he might be able to give more. He aided many young people to get an education and for some time he and his wife supported a missionary in China. Early in life he covenanted with God to give away one-tenth of his total yearly income. As time went on his benevolent desires so increased that he found one-tenth too small to satisfy him, and the proportion arose to one-fourth. He was always cheerful. He would often get up in the morning singing, "Saviour more than life to me," being a favorite tune.

As a preacher he was calm, careful, evangelical, and at times profound. But his greatest success was as a Presiding Elder. Here were brought into play those faculties of calm judgment, broad sense, regular attention to detail, and firm and unrelenting effort which made him in every sense the safe counsellor, the wise administrator, and the unbending leader of right. His conduct of his district was without error. His reports were always satisfactory.

His death-bed was as beautiful as his life. He had had one of the heart attacks to which the serious nature of his disease was due, but he was slowly recovering. A sister-in-law, on Sunday evening, remarked that she did not like the way he was rallying. He reassured her by reminding her that it took six days for his pulse to recover from the effects of a former attack. His wife remarked playfully that she must learn how to count his pulse, since the others teased her because she could not do so. She put her hands on his wrist, and he took her own wrist. "Your pulse," said he, "is all right, but mine is like a balky horse. It will go a little and then it will stop." In such lover-like spirit he lay at the gates of death. In a few minutes his wife sat down to read the papers to him; but she was interrupted to serve him his supper. That done she turned off to continue her reading. She had not begun when she was startled by the sharp cry of "wife!" When she reached his side he was dead. "There standing above him," said the heart-stricken woman, "there rung in my mind this sentence, 'The Master says it is well with his soul.'" Was it her deeply convinced mind speaking to itself a judgment on his life, or was it a message out of the infinite to reassure and comfort her? Be it one or the other, it was the simplest truth.

Many men of political note have died in North Carolina, and the morning papers have announced the fact. People have read the announcements and spoken of them with interest, at times with regret. But never has a man died among us where death has brought more heartfelt sorrow. His acquaintances were doubtless not as many as the politician's, but those he had loved him better. He did more for the State than it is the nature of the statesman's art to do. He touched individual hearts to make them better, cleaner.

Dr. Cuninggim was pre-eminently a great man; great in character, and in purpose. He was well balanced. I never heard him make an exaggerated statement. He never flattered a man to his face or behind his back, and yet if a man had good qualities he said so. He never reviled a man, and yet if he found anything to condemn he condemned it. His moderation was not cowardice, but simple love of truth. He was brave as a lion, and nothing ever terrorized him and drove him from his conviction. He was a very warm friend and defender of education, even in the face of the strongest opposition. Dr. Cuninggim was of a rare type. We need more like him. I would like to know that out of this audience there might be one who will grow up into a man like him.

THE OLD QUESTION RENEWED.

By X. Y. Z.

How to secure more reading and a better order of reading among our people is a question—like most questions—much easier asked than answered. Still it is one of such supreme importance as to excite the serious concern of every preacher and layman who longs for the best welfare of his church. A fact oft regretted is the slight progress made in many parts towards the prominent up-building and advancement of the people. The annual protracted meeting does well to bring the people to the point where the previous one left them. Efforts to reach the whole mass must be made. To stir the emotion is good, yea, necessary, but it is not enough. To take all the head out of religion is equally as suicidal as to take all the heart. As a people we do not need to feel less, but we need to think more. And with more thinking would come a better order of feeling. Hence the necessity of using every means for exciting the

thought of the race. It is a noble benediction to awaken the soul and then guide it into proper channels of thought. This makes possible a great life. It is a real contribution to the progress of the world.

The influence of thought on life—both individual and national—is too often lost sight of. True, this in itself does not make the man. The material condition of one's existence, the physical resources of the body, the influence of heredity, the character of food eaten and else go to make up the sum of life's forces; still, thought is the chief one. The most superficial reading of history must powerfully reinforce this statement. A new conception of man possessing the mind of Gautama gave to the world that system which is now the chief religion of the Orientals. Nearly one-third of the human race are followers of Buddha. Thomas A. Becket was Chancellor and Archbishop—a friend of the King and living in palaces with ever increasing magnificences and luxury. Another thought dominated him. Then in place of the fastidious courtier came the humble and squalid penitent. He wore hair-cloth rather than royal robes, and eat roots and drank water instead of using the King's meats. Thus he became the saint of his age and his tomb the shrine to which thousands flocked for prayers and healings. Chaucer has immortalized these pilgrimages. No less true is the above statement when applied to the secular sphere. What has lifted the Garfields from the tow path to the helm of the ship of state? And let it never be forgotten that what is here affirmed of individuals is true of larger bodies—of nations. The Fatalism predominating the East makes the people satisfied with their lot and results in national stagnation; the militarism of Mohammed led Islam in its rapid course, making the crescent a rival for the cross; the crusades grew out of the conviction that man is sinful, God is vengeful, therefore, this will appease him. So the record of the race runs.

Christ evidently sent the multitudes away from him thinking new thoughts. They were stirred into a new existence by new truth entering their ordinary lives. Can anything be better than exciting some noble thought and aspirations in the commonplace life of a fellow mortal? The plea is not for some strange, great or peculiar but for simple ordinary thought. For most of us stay on the common plane of ordinary thinking. The duty of the hour, then, is plain to every one with eyes open to present conditions, having the welfare of men at heart, and wishing the best success to the church of God. Had the church paper and good books—either poetry, fact or fiction—rather than yellow journals and cheap trash gone into the home, not so many wrecks would now strew the way of life. More and better thinking can be secured only by putting something better into the hands of the people to stimulate this thought. Ought not each reader of this Advocate to try to put another copy into some other home? Open your eyes to the existing need about you and be convinced.

LETTER FROM GILDEROY.

And the old Raleigh Christian Advocate is to start again in the city of Raleigh. That is good. Where should a Raleigh Christian Advocate come from but from Raleigh? That is the social center of the old North State—the center of Methodism and of politics.

My observation has been that it is difficult to have a great metropolitan paper in other than a metropolitan center. Somehow people want papers from the centers. The early apostles, particularly the Apostle Paul, established churches in the great centers of travel, traffic and trade. There were good reasons for this. They were radiating points, centers for good as well as centers of evil. For this reason, and for other reasons, they sought to evangelize the great cities in all the countries where they preached the gospel. I feel much the same way about the papers and organs of our church. My Conference, the North Mississippi, has had the New Orleans Christian Advocate as its official organ ever since the Conference was formed in 1870, and it is yet the official organ and will be for two years to come. When that time expires a determined effort will be made to start and publish a paper for the two Conferences in Mississippi at Jackson, the capital of this State. There are many good and weighty reasons why we should have an official organ at the center of Mississippi. There are strong arguments against it—mainly that it takes quite a mint of money to start and run a new paper. At Jackson we have a Methodist College, and in connection with it a Law School; and in the course of time we will have a Ladies' College. It is

thought by many that we will need a paper there to further these great interests. The Baptists of Mississippi, numerically as strong or stronger than the Methodists, have their paper in Jackson. They will, ultimately, move their college and Theological School from Clinton to Jackson, and they already have an orphanage under way at Jackson.

So you see the headquarters of these two great denominations—each near one hundred thousand strong—will be located at the capital of the State. Jackson is now the strongest railroad center on Mississippi soil. New Orleans, La. is neither the social nor commercial center of our North Mississippi territory. It is a great center for the Mississippi Conference. The Commercial Appeal, of Memphis, Tenn., is the paper most widely circulated in North Mississippi. From it we get the news from all parts of the world. Memphis is just over the line between Mississippi and Tennessee. We have a moneyed interest in the New Orleans Advocate, being part owners in the building, presses and type, and some of us are opposed to starting a new paper when we already have a good one on the way. The New Orleans Advocate is of mature age and of established character. It is one of the great papers of our Methodism. It has long wielded a mighty influence for good in this corner of Methodism. There is, perhaps, no similar center in all our Southern Methodism where a strong, vigorous, religious paper is more needed than in the city and immediate territory of New Orleans. Of course, the starting of a paper at Jackson would not stop the New Orleans Advocate, but losing the patronage of two large Conferences would weaken it. Some people who have not been in the paper business have an idea that a great religious family paper can be edited, printed and published at one dollar a year. I think they are mistaken. They also, have an idea that all the people will jump at the chance of a religious paper at that price. I do not believe this either. Some people do not want a religious paper at any price—not as a gracious gift. It does not contain the kind of reading they want. It is very easy to suppose so many subscribers at one dollar, but getting them and their dollar is another matter. While the publisher is waiting for the dollars to come in the expenses are piling up and the first thing one knows the publisher is swamped. Preachers preach on a credit, but printers will not print on a credit, not long at a time. But I wish you and the old, new Advocate an open field and the largest success.

Yours,
GILDEROY,
Ripley, Tippah Co., Miss.

La Grange Circuit.—Dear A. received by the good people of the cate.—We have been very kindly received by the good people on this circuit, for the second time. Last year was a very successful one and we have made the first round for the present year, and the indications are for a good year. Our circuit paid up everything full last year, and, though our assessments for conference collections is larger than last year, we expect to come up with everything at the end of the year.

The kind friends of the church visited us en masse on the night of January 2d, and brought with them an abundance of nice things for our pantry, and almost every day since then someone has sent us in something nice, keeping us constantly in mind of their kindness. May heaven's richest blessings ever rest upon them.

Much success to the Raleigh Christian Advocate. We hope to send a list of subscribers very soon.

Truly,
T. H. SUTTON.

AT THE ROOT OF ANGER.

It should be remembered that irritability, which is the form most frequently taken by ill temper, proceeds very largely from a want of self-control. Nor can want of self-control be considered as an isolated thing. It is shown in one direction, it may be depended upon to exist in many others. Traced to its root, then, irritability assumes the form of self-indulgence, that is to say, the habit of not governing our senses, of never denying ourselves, of living an uncontrolled life, which results in its outward expression as irritability.

It is not sufficiently recognized, too, that anger is more often a sin of the flesh than a sin of the spirit, and that if laziness or self-indulgent habits of any sort are curbed, we will have more power over the distressing irritability which so often makes life a burden both to ourselves and to those who live around us.

Intelligent vitality depends, much on what one knows, as he is learning.