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T. C. Johnson

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MEMORIAL OF
JOHN WILLIAM CARTER, D. D.

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JOHN WILLIAM CARTER. D.D.

1898.

JOHN WILLIAM CARTER, D. D.

SKETCHES OF HIS LIFE

ESTIMATES OF HIS CHARACTER
AND WORK

SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS

COMPILED BY T. C. JOHNSON

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To my own dear sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson Carter, who for thirty-eight years was the devoted companion and faithful helper of Dr. J. W. Carter in his life and work in the service of the Master, this memorial volume is most lovingly dedicated by the compiler.

PREFACE.

This memorial volume of the life and work of Dr. J. W. Carter should have been issued at least three or four years ago. But sickness and the pressure of other duties, together with unavoidable delay in securing the different manuscripts from very busy people, have occasioned the postponement of the work from time to time until nearly five years have now elapsed since Dr. Carter's departure. But, "he, being dead, yet speaketh," and this book is now published with the hope that it may give larger voice to his life and works, and that it may help not only to refresh and perpetuate his memory among those who knew and loved him, but also to stimulate the rising generation to higher ideals and nobler purposes by this record of the life and character of such an unique and noble man.

We are under special obligations to those who have so kindly and so willingly furnished the various articles for this work, thus focusing the testimony of many witnesses and giving a far more complete view of our subject than could possibly have been presented by any one man.

We must also acknowledge the efficient help of Rev. L. B. Moore, Dave D. Johnson, and Mrs. J. W. Carter, in the preparation of this volume for publication. We are further indebted to a number of brethren who have guaranteed the expenses of the publication.

We have done our best to make this work as free from errors, and as perfect and attractive as possible, that it might be a worthy tribute to our great and noble brother whose life it portrays. If it shall command the approval of his friends, and shall to any extent serve the purpose for which it is given to the public, we shall by no means regret the time and loving labor bestowed in preparing it and having it published.

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FOREWORD.

The life and works of Dr. Carter naturally fall into three parts: First, a sketch of his life and various pastorates; second, some estimates of his character and service; and third, some selections from his written sermons.

Dr. D. B. Purinton, from his childhood a friend and admirer of Dr. Carter, has given us an excellent introduction to this memorial.

Rev. L. B. Moore, who was born and reared in the same community with him, and was an intimate companion of his youth and young manhood, has given us a sketch of his life from his birth to his entrance upon the Parkersburg pastorate, when he was just past twenty-seven years of age.

Hon. Dave D. Johnson, a brother-in-law, who was superintendent of the Sunday School of the Parkersburg Baptist Church during nearly the whole of Dr. Carter's pastorate there, and most intimately associated with him in the work of the church, has given us the sketch of his nearly twenty-five years of service at that point.

Deacon Thomas H. Briggs, of Raleigh, North Carolina, an intimate friend and faithful fellow-worker, gives us a brief sketch of his pastorate and of the esteem in which he was held during the eleven years in which he had charge of the First Baptist Church of that city. An estimate of his work there and in the South is found in the tributes to his memory by Mr. Bailey.

On Dr. Carter's return to West Virginia, in January, 1900, he spent most of that year with his relatives and friends, taking a much needed rest. He and Mrs. Carter spent much of this time at the old Johnson home at Long Reach; quite a while, also, at his old home in Upshur County. During this time he had several calls, or interviews, at least, with reference to calls, to prominent churches; but, for various reasons, he thought it not best to accept or encourage such calls. He was now in the 64th year of his age, and was not disposed to take charge of any large or prominent church. He rather decided that he could best spend the balance of his life in serving the cause in his own home state.

His old charge in Parkersburg being without a pastor at the time, he became the very acceptable supply there for awhile. Then he decided to aid such churches as might need his help in evangelistic services. Meantime, the church at Spencer, Roane County, one of the best and most active churches of the smaller towns of the state, gave him a call for half his time, requesting him at the same time to make his home among them that he might give the more efficient service as pastor. He accepted and moved his family to that place, with a view to serving them half time and giving the other half to evangelistic services. The next year or two he aided quite a number of pastors in special meetings. An effort was made to secure a detailed account of this work, but without success. However, Rev. Lawrence Dickerson, who then lived at Buffalo, this state, and whom he aided in several meetings, has furnished a very excellent paper on "Dr. Carter as an Evangelist," which will be found in part second of this book.

Later Dr. Carter accepted the pastorate of the church at Elizabeth, Wirt County, for half his time, and was pastor of this church and of that at Spencer when he was called home. Mr. H. B. Hughes, at Spencer, and Mr. Joseph Gray, at Elizabeth, have given us brief but interesting sketches of these two pastorates.

It fell to the lot of the compiler of this work to give an account of his "Departure to be with Christ." The particulars of his translation were obtained directly from Mrs. Carter, who was with him and awake, when the angel came to take him home.

In part second, Dr. Hatcher, who knew him quite intimately and loved him dearly, has greatly adorned this volume with a masterpiece on "Dr. Carter in the Pulpit." Rev. L. E. Peters, of Clarksburg, Sunday School Missionary and an intimate fellow-laborer with him in the denominational work in the state, has furnished an intensely interesting article on his eminent service to the Baptist cause in the state. A separate article would have been justified, did space permit, on Dr. Carter's prominent and efficient advocacy of the prohibition cause in West Virginia. He became a stalwart party prohibitionist, having taken a leading part in the organization of the prohibition party in the state, and no one ever struck more constant and more telling blows at the accursed liquor traffic than did he.

Rev. Baylus Cade, now of Shelby, North Carolina, but for many years intimately associated with Brother Carter in the work in this state, as well as in the South, has given us a discriminating and masterly article on "Dr. Carter in His Social Life." No one was better qualified for such an article than he.

Perhaps no one outside of the immediate family knew his home life better than did his brother-in-law, Dave D. Johnson, and he has given us a glimpse of the very inner sanctuary of our great brother's heart and life.

Reference has already been made to Brother Dickerson's chapter on Dr. Carter as an evangelist. This second part of the book is fittingly closed with a number of tributes to the great preacher at the time of his death and several that have been written since that. Many more of these could have been obtained had there been space to print them.

In part three we publish some specimens of Dr. Carter's written sermons. Few persons ever knew that he wrote any of his sermons or left any of them in manuscript form, but we have, fortunately, about one hundred manuscripts of his sermons and addresses written along from the very beginning to the end of his ministry. We are sorry not to have room for more of these, for many of his friends would be glad to have them all. It is not every eloquent preacher's sermons that read well; but we are sure that all these will be read with delight and profit, especially by those who heard them when they were delivered.

The life of Dr. Carter as portrayed in these articles and these great sermons cannot fail to lift the young ministers who read them to a higher plane of living, of preaching, and of service to the Master.

INTRODUCTION.

By DR. D. B. PURINGTON, of Morgantown, W. Va.

A thoroughly good man is a priceless gift of God to the human race. His life is a holy benediction, his death an incalculable loss to the world. His memory is a hallowed inheritance to all who knew him. The moral fragrance of a pure life lingers in its helpful influence upon other lives. The widening waves of such an influence, emanating from a single life and moving down the ages with their cleansing, uplifting, purifying power, are of value to the world in ways unnumbered and degrees untold.

A great preacher is a priceless gift of God to the Church. His mighty grasp of spiritual truth is a revelation to other preachers, and indeed to all who hear him. His clear conception of ethical relations is suggestive, convincing and compelling to all right-minded men. His gifts of lofty thought, clear expression and eloquent utterance are an inspiration to high thinking and holy living. His marvelous pulpit power is a distinct spiritual asset of the Church, both while he lives and after he is gone. His is a voice that after death still speaks.

When both these gifts are united in a single personality, the value of such a man to the Church and to the world is beyond all computation. It is such a personality that the pages of this book will disclose to its readers.

John William Carter was at once a man of pellucid purity of life and a preacher of transcendent pulpit power. I wish to speak of him first as a man. And this I can do with that perfect confidence which comes only from long and intimate personal acquaintance. This acquaintance goes back to the early recollections of childhood. Among the most vivid and pleasing of these memories is that of my membership in a family school of which my mother was teacher and John W. Carter was one of the pupils. He was several years my superior in age, and immeasurably so in ability. But this disparity, with a young man of his spirit, did not hinder

us from becoming genuine friends. He was uniformly kind and forbearing to the impetuous boy, and both in work and in play I thoroughly enjoyed his companionship. I was proud of his brilliant scholarship, and well do I remember how elated I felt while hearing him preach his first sermon. To be sure, I could not quite understand it all, but I gathered enough of it to be distinctly proud of it and of him. And my surprise was beyond all expression when, that afternoon, he declared in great dejection of spirit that he had made an utter failure. I could not understand it. If that was a failure, surely a success would be far beyond my utmost comprehension. Since then the situation has become perfectly clear to me. It disclosed, even at that early age, not the smallness of the sermon, but the equal greatness of ambition and of modesty in the preacher—qualities which his after life revealed in such nice adjustment as is seldom found.

From that early day to the time of his death it was my privilege to know him well and meet him often. The general outcome of this acquaintance is a firm belief that, in purity of heart, uprightness of life, strength of conviction, generosity of feeling and lovable-ness of spirit, the equal of John W. Carter has seldom been seen among men. Such a character is a lasting benediction to all who have been touched by it.

He was a unique and able preacher. No one who once heard him at his best—and he was usually at his best—could ever forget him as a pulpit orator. His power over an audience was simply irresistible. Such a power is easy to realize but hard to analyze. Some elements of it, however, may be safely stated.

For one thing, he was a great scholar. Notwithstanding early disadvantages, he amassed an immense store of knowledge. With his phenomenal memory he laid easy contribution upon a well-stored mind for any facts or principles that might be needed at any time. For another thing, he was a deep thinker. His facts were well digested and perfectly assimilated. Their relation to great principles and their mutual correlation stood out clearly in every use he made of them. There was no crudeness or emptiness in his thinking. He always had a message and that message was always worth the hearing. Again, his celerity of mental movement was exceptionally attractive. He had a quick, alert and agile mind.

He thought intuitively. He took in a situation or an argument with lightning rapidity. This gift made him a brilliant conversationalist and a dangerous antagonist. The slightest weakness or error in an opposing argument was disposed of with astonishing quickness and crushing completeness. His wealth of illustration was another element of his power. In using illustrative material, of which he possessed a ready abundance, he showed an aptness, fitness, and delicacy of perception rarely displayed by public speakers. Every illustration was sure to illustrate. It went home, it illuminated the subject, it hit the mark. Again, his remarkable versatility stood him in good stead as a pulpit orator. He had a variety of style, an effective diversity of attack. He could be properly sonorous or sanely epigrammatic. He could pour forth an inundating flood of epithets or impale a sin or a sinner on the point of a poniard. He swept all the chords of the human heart with equal ease and effectiveness. His audiences were constantly vibrating between a smile and a tear, a feeling and a conviction.

But I think the great element of his power was found in the strength and courage of his own convictions. He thought with intensity, believed with assurance, acted with courage. There was nothing inane or colorless in his character. He never appeared to better purpose than when attacking some prevalent evil, such as the liquor traffic, social impurity or political corruption. It was the great thought, the great heart, the great conviction, the great courage behind the speech that made the speech great.

In the annals of the Baptist ministry of West Virginia, John W. Carter occupies a place of unique and peculiar eminence. His equal has not yet appeared, and we may look long to see his like again. It is God who endowed him with special native gifts, raised him up under peculiar circumstances and sent him forth with peculiar powers to do a great work and achieve a great place among us. To Him be the glory. The death of Dr. Carter is felt as a bereavement and a personal loss by hosts of good citizens throughout his native state. But especially deep and intense is this feeling with those of us who knew him so well and loved him so much. The reward of a devoted life is his, the fragrance of a blessed memory is ours.

PART I.

SKETCHES OF HIS LIFE.

THE BOYHOOD DAYS OF REV. J. W. CARTER, D.D.

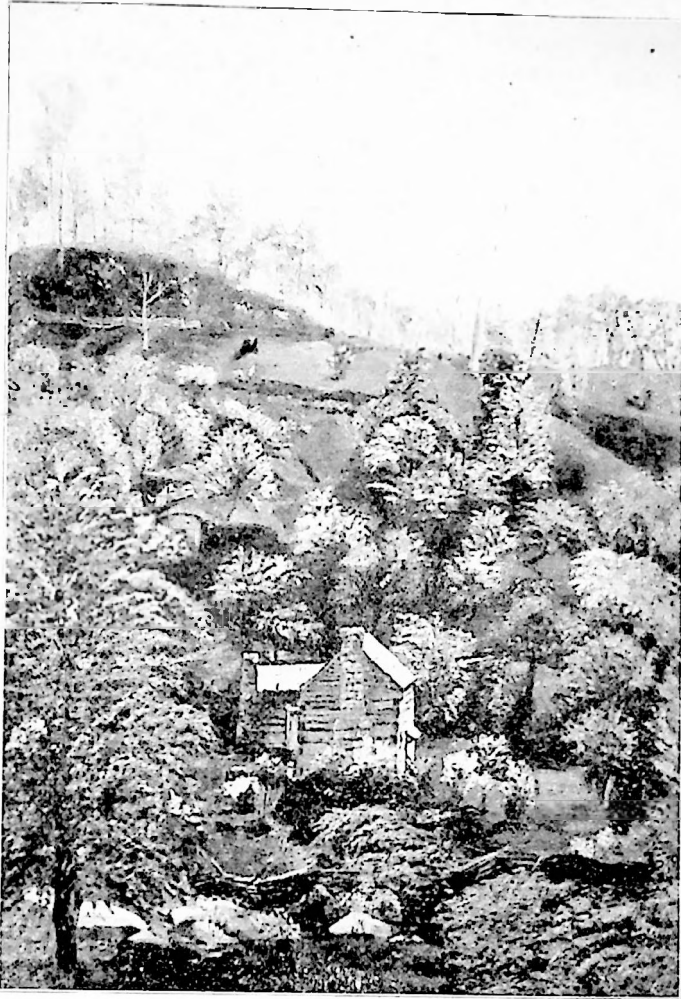
By REV. L. B. MOORE, of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Dr. J. W. Carter was born in Nelson County, Virginia, December 31st, 1836. When but a child his parents removed to Upshur County, now West Virginia, where he grew to manhood. His parents were people of sterling Christian character, but were somewhat straitened in circumstances. They began their married life in the woods, with only industry and thrift as capital. They first lived on land leased from a relative, but in a few years bought a rough, rocky piece of wood land where they erected a substantial log house by the side of a clear spring of water, and began to clear the forest and make for themselves and family a home.

John W. was the eldest of eleven children. It can readily be seen that with these primitive surroundings his lot would be one of almost constant toil. He was a valuable assistant to his father in all the work incident to clearing out a new farm and making a comfortable home for the growing family. He soon became a skillful worker in clearing land, grubbing and chopping so that his services were in demand by the farmers of the neighborhood, and he in this way contributed many hard earned dollars to help his father supply the wants of the household. His industry, cheerfulness and obliging disposition made him a favorite in the community.

He early evinced a desire for an education, but the opportunities to secure one were very meager. At that time there was only occasionally a subscription school taught in the community, and these for a limited period during the stormiest part of the winter. Teachers were poorly qualified for the work and only the most primitive text books were available. If the weather was at all fit, it was thought necessary to keep the boy at home to help in the clearing.

The boy, however, in this case made the best use of these poor opportunities. He was the possessor of a vigorous intellect, and had inherited a splendid memory which he cultivated diligently.



THE OLD HOME AT SAGO, IN UPSHUR COUNTY, W. VA.,
WHERE MR. CARTER SPENT HIS BOYHOOD.

The writer spent many evenings in the Carter family circle and recalls how the father, in arguing for the antiquity of Baptists, would quote pages from Mosheim's Church History from memory, and how his mind was stored with numerous quotations from pedo-Baptists in favor of immersion.

The son not only eagerly read and mastered the limited supply of books in the family, but borrowed until he had virtually read everything in the neighborhood. A neighbor who had been reared in New England, and who was an ardent abolitionist, supplied him weekly with the New York Tribune, which, no doubt, developed in him that hatred for slavery and oppression which characterized him through life.

Notwithstanding his limited opportunities, he soon mastered what were termed the common school branches. Application soon made him the champion speller of the community. The writer has many recollections of seeing long lines of spellers, some of them the best that could be produced by the surrounding communities, go down before his unerring skill in the old fashioned spelling schools.

With great resolution and determination, without a teacher, and with ancient borrowed text books, he set himself to master the higher branches of learning. The days were spent in toil but the nights were given to hard study. Occasionally he walked to the home of an excellent teacher, Mr. Meigs (who lived six miles from his home), to get light on some difficult point. In this way he secured a knowledge and discipline of mind which fitted him for the work before him.

In his boyhood and young manhood he presented a somewhat gawky and unsophisticated appearance. Sago was a quiet country place forty miles, at that time, from the nearest railroad, and the opportunities for coming in contact with cultivated society were poor, but he was a favorite among the people, and great pride was felt in his keen and decisive intellect. He early distinguished himself as a debater in the polemics which prevailed at that time. The quickness of his replies, and the witty manner in which he met the assaults of an opponent, which characterized him through life, were early developed, and he was distinguished and remarkable for

his ready flow of language and the choice of his words; an orator from nature's own quarry.

From a child he attended religious services with great regularity. The deep, earnest piety of his parents, together with their careful training and example, no doubt, made indelible impressions on his young mind. But not until he was twenty years old did he become deeply impressed with his lost condition as a sinner. At a meeting held in the little old Baptist Church at Sago during the fall of 1857, he asked the prayers of the church, and for days earnestly sought the Lord. The meetings closed without his having found the blessing he so earnestly sought. His convictions were so strong, and his distress so great that it was decided by the church to hold another meeting during the following March for his special benefit. He gave himself up thoroughly to the duty of seeking his soul's salvation. His whole being seemed to be absorbed in the work, and after a hard struggle, at the close of which the whole of a stormy night was spent in the gloomy woods wrestling in prayer, there came to him the light and peace he so much desired.

The following day he came to the church with his face all lighted up with peace and joy and related his experience and was gladly received for baptism. On the 21st of March, 1858, he was baptized by the pastor, Rev. Aaron Barnett, in the clear waters of the Buckhannon River. He at once entered on an active Christian life. In August of the same year he was sent by the Sago Church as a Messenger to the Broad Run Association. In October of the same year he went to Preston County, to the home of Rev. J. M. Purinton, where he spent some time in study under the guidance of Mrs. Purinton, who was regarded as a fine teacher. As the writer remembers at this distance it seemed to be taken for granted by the whole community that he would become a preacher of the Gospel. This expectation was very soon fulfilled.

On the 14th day of May, 1859, it was voted by the church that he be granted license to preach. The first record I find of his preaching at the Sago Church was September 24th, 1859, although I am sure he had preached previous to this time. He threw all the earnestness of his soul and the power of his active and vigorous intellect into the work of preparation and dedicated his whole life to this high calling.

For a brief time he studied under the direction of Rev. J. M. Purinton, in Preston County, then through the advice and assistance of brethren who saw promise of great usefulness in him, he went to Alleghany College at Blue Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County. The Civil War was about to open. Great excitement prevailed and the school was soon discontinued and the buildings burned. Dr. Carter made his way home by a circuitous route for fear of being pressed into the service of the Southern Confederacy.

While at this school he became intimate with Dr. W. P. Walker, and formed that life-long friendship which was to make them so powerful in the development of the Baptist cause in West Virginia. They spent many of their Sundays preaching in the surrounding communities, one preaching at the morning hour and the other in the afternoon. In later years Dr. Carter relates how ready these young men were to tackle any portion of Scripture as a text. They planned to go out soon and one preach on the text, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven." which was to be followed in the afternoon by the other from the text, "And there appeared another wonder in heaven." When long years of experience came he declared that neither of them would think of choosing such texts on which to base a sermon. The breaking up of the school prevented the carrying out of their plan.

At a meeting in April, 1860, the church made arrangements to call a council to consider the ordination of Brother Carter, and the council met on the 13th day of May, 1860. Rev. James Gawthrop was made Moderator; D. D. T. Farnsworth, Secretary. Nothing is said in the records of the examination, but as the writer remembers, it was not remarkable for profound or deep searching questions, but stress was laid on soundness of "Baptist Doctrines." It had been expected that Rev. J. M. Purinton would be present to preach the ordination sermon, but from some reason he failed to come, and Rev. James Gawthrop was chosen. Prayer by Rev. George F. Brown. Charge by Rev. Aaron Barnett. The council extended the hand of fellowship, and the following is on record in the Sago Church Book: "The brethren and many of the sisters came forward and with warm hearts and melting tears extended the hand and invoked the blessing of God to rest on him. It was truly a time of great rejoicing to see one so young and so promising

entering the field of the Gospel ministry. May he live long to preach the Word."

He at once became pastor of the home church and other surrounding churches, and began to preach diligently the Word. It was a time of great confusion and disturbance, caused by the Civil War. Soldiers were marching and counter-marching and the people were in a condition of great excitement. As Brother Carter rode on horse back from point to point, he often encountered these marching troops. The writer and T. A. Carter, a brother of Dr. Carter, had enlisted, and on one occasion as the command was marching, it was joined by Dr. Carter. He presented a somewhat awkward appearance, but as he was known by most of the company, he was welcomed gladly. In a few moments he had dismounted and given his horse to a sick soldier and placed the musket of another on his own shoulder, declaring that he was going to play soldier. He was full of life and by his jokes and lively conversation soon had the tired men in fine humor. He carried his gun like a squirrel hunter and seemed unable to keep step, and his brother consigned him to the awkward squad. He remained with us all night and we parted from him with regret.

He soon became famous for the sermons which he preached and attracted the attention of brethren in other portions of the state. His sermons were characterized by depth of thought, deep earnestness and much pathos. A little lisp in his speech seemed only to add to the effectiveness of his singular eloquence. His clean life and singleness of purpose added much to his power as a minister of the Gospel. He was prevented from receiving the advantages of a college education by the exigencies of the Civil War, but he supplied the lack by such diligent application and continual hard study, that few men were better scholars or had a wider range of information. His brilliant conversational powers were marked and were a constant source of enjoyment to his friends. In April, 1864, he received a call to the First Church at Parkersburg and began his long pastorate in that city. Previous to this call he had been serving three churches, namely, the Sago Church, '60-'64; the Centreville Church, '61-'64; the Freemans Creek Church, '63-'64—all near his old home in Upshur County.

The writer's earliest recollection is connected with John W.

Carter. He knew him as the big brother in a family whose younger members were his intimate associates. He was often in the home with him, and attended the same school, knew him in the Sunday School and church, was present when he was received into the church, witnessed his baptism, his ordination, heard some of his earlier sermons, and followed his life with the deepest interest, and now feels that a simpler, bigger hearted man, and one who served the Lord with greater fidelity, and did his work in a nobler and more unselfish manner, has not been found in the ranks of our ministry.

MR. CARTER'S PASTORATE AT PARKERSBURG.

By HON. DAVE D. JOHNSON.

John W. Carter was converted, and united with the Sago Baptist Church, Upshur County, Va. (now West Virginia) in March, 1858. He was baptized by Rev. Aaron Barnett, then pastor of the Sago Church. He was barely twenty-one years of age. From the first he felt that God was calling him to preach, and he was intent on getting such education as he could to fit him for his Master's service. After spending some time under the tutelage of Rev. J. M. Purinton and his wife, in their home school in Preston County, during which time he preached his first sermon, he went to Alleghany College, at Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County. This was perhaps in the autumn of 1860. This school was broken up, however, in the early part of the Civil War, and time and opportunity offered him but little chance of obtaining the coveted education, though he was always an earnest student whether in school or not. His ordination was called for by the Sago Church, and on May 13th, 1860, he was there ordained. He became pastor at Sago ('60-'64) and some neighboring churches—Centreville, '61-'64; Freemans Creek, '63-'64.

Deacon Charles R. Hopkins, of the Parkersburg Baptist Church, met him at an association in the summer of 1863, and was profoundly impressed by his preaching ability, and was peculiarly drawn to him as a man. Mr. Hopkins was convinced that he would be just the man for the Parkersburg pastorate.

The Parkersburg Church had then about 112 members, had been without a regular pastor for more than two years, and the brethren were restless and impatient for a leader. In August, 1859, Rev. A. Baush, of Maryland, had been called to the pastorate for half service, at a salary of \$300 a year; in September, 1860, he had been again called for full time at \$500 a year, "provided that amount could be raised." In May, 1861, he resigned, and the church became pastorless.



REV. JOHN WILLIAM CARTER.
1865.

Then came on the Civil War and services were held only occasionally.

In January, 1862, the Chaplain of the Fifth West Virginia Regiment, stationed at Parkersburg, "was invited to preach, which he did occasionally."

In June, 1862, an arrangement was effected whereby Rev. Samuel Smith, a former pastor, residing in Parkersburg, became a permanent supply.

While the membership of the church was much divided in sympathy as between the Union and the South, yet there had been no factional division, and with but few exceptions the brethren were very forbearing towards each other.

These circumstances are mentioned to show the conditions prevailing in the church when it considered the matter of calling Mr. Carter to the pastorate. He was known to be a strong Union man, but had grace enough not to offend any one. Among the church membership were some most excellent people, but the church was weak financially, unable to pay a liberal support for a pastor, and was worshipping in a little old frame building located in the lower part of town, not a suitable location by any means.

At the October meeting, 1863, "Elder Carter, a Baptist brother in the ministry, was unanimously invited to visit and preach for us at his earliest opportunity." It was not then convenient for him to come, but in December following the invitation was renewed, asking him to come "for as long a stay as he could," and a committee was appointed to see what could be raised for him. He visited the church shortly after this and preached one Sunday. Evidently he was not seeking to force himself upon the church, and perhaps the field did not look very inviting.

Further conferences among the brethren and correspondence with Mr. Carter resulted in a formal and hearty call being extended him in February, 1864, which was accepted and he entered upon the work April 1, 1864, for full time, at the magnificent salary of \$400 a year.

He made his home first with Deacon Joshua Davidson and afterwards with Mrs. Wm. Evans, and very quickly established a cordial acquaintance not only with the members of his own church but with the people of the community generally. Though he had not in any

great degree the usual qualities of a "good mixer," yet everybody felt drawn to him. There was something about him that made every new acquaintance feel that he wanted to meet him again and to become better acquainted. From the start he gained a strong hold upon both the church and the community. He was genial and pleasant, and without the remotest touch of conventionality. In the first years of his pastorate he was eccentric and peculiar in the last degree. These peculiarities were of a kind that made everybody laugh at him, and yet love him. He would start off down street with his hands thrust down deep into his trousers pockets, the bottom of his trousers turned up about his ankles, his coat collar tucked under, and his hat on the back of his head, and just as likely as not walk down the middle of the street. Men would cross the street to speak to him, and his greeting was like a benediction, helpful the whole day through. "Look, here comes Mr. Carter," one would say: "I want you to meet him," and an acquaintance was formed with one never to be anything other than a true friend. "There's the queerest, and best man I ever knew," another would say, as they passed on. People would laugh at his odd ways, and try to mimic his manners and expressions—always failing miserably in the attempt—but they invariably loved and admired him. He was easily approached, and his whole hearted good nature drew everybody to him. Thus he gained continually in the respect and high esteem of the people. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of the entire community. People believed in his honest sincerity and "good will toward men."

He was called upon to assume every possible roll that a minister would be expected to fill, and he was always equal to the situation. He might be, without a moment's notice, invited to open some public meeting with prayer: but his invocation was sure to fit the occasion exactly, and proved to be an interesting part of the program. One of the most prominent and intelligent citizens of the town was a noted infidel. He used to seek the society of Mr. Carter for the purpose of discussing his theories, because he believed him to be utterly free from evasion or hypocrisy, qualities which the skeptics are apt to sneeringly attribute to most ministers of the Gospel. This gentleman found it very difficult to enlist Mr. Carter in any argument, but he could not help being impressed with

his kindness and evident interest in his welfare. Afterwards the man suffered a lingering sickness, and Mr. Carter was not a little surprised when he was invited to visit him on his sick bed. He found the man had weakened in his denial of the existence of a living God. This change of views, he admitted, was mainly because of Mr. Carter's character and life, and his interest in the man. When he died Mr. Carter was again surprised to find that he had been requested by the deceased to conduct a Christian service at his funeral. This, of course, placed the pastor in a rather difficult position, but he was equal to the situation and said the right thing in the right way, without violating any of the proprieties of the occasion, or displaying any lack of loyalty to truth.

So, at the funeral of the choicest saint, or over the bier of a criminal, he spoke only the truth and always spoke to the living rather than of the dead. He had no thought for himself, only that he might be loyal to the Christ whom he served.

Thus, as the years passed, he was more and more beloved, not only by his own people, but by the entire community. He outgrew many of his awkward ways and peculiar manners, or at least he was so highly esteemed that only his very marked peculiarities were any longer noticed.

It would make this chapter too long if we should attempt to speak in greater detail of his general work in Parkersburg, where he spent nearly twenty-five years as pastor of the Baptist Church. What has been said shows sufficiently his general standing in the estimation of the people. After he had resigned this pastorate and was about to leave for North Carolina, he was invited to preach the Thanksgiving day sermon at the annual union service in November, 1888. The attendance at that meeting in the Old South Methodist Church filled the house to its utmost capacity, and bore eloquent testimony as to the esteem in which he was held by the people of Parkersburg. He preached from the text: "The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth." That sermon is still remembered and talked about by those who heard it. Not one word did he have to say as to himself or as to his taking leave of a people who had dearly loved him; but everything was in exaltation of his Lord, and of our personal relations to Him.

Now let us consider him with reference to his own Church and

his interest in the affairs of his own denomination, and particularly as to the Baptist cause in West Virginia, for his pastorate was in a sense co-extensive with the state.

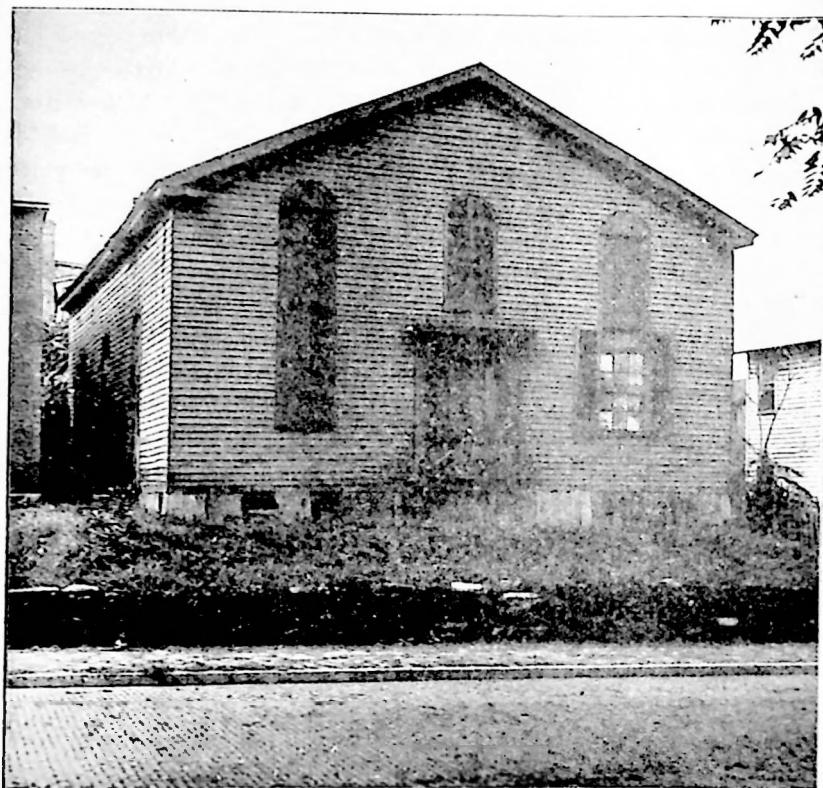
He was loyal to the Word of God. He had no apologies to make for the inspired Book. What was there written, was so. During his ministry the era of higher criticism began to dawn, but he was not disturbed by these new-fangled doubts, for they were the same old doubts; nor had he any fears for the safety of the sacred old Bible. The waves of old ocean had been beating against Gibraltar for untold centuries, yet there it was, still standing in all its unshaken strength. Though a thousand storms may continue to beat against it, it will not fall. More steadfast and everlasting will stand this Book of the Ages.

He was likewise an uncompromising Baptist. He believed in the peculiar doctrines held by Baptists because they were taught in the New Testament. He was bound to proclaim these truths as he understood them, and as they are held by the denomination. While he was a man of broad views and with charity for all who loved Christ, yet he believed that Christians ought to obey their Lord, and he had always the courage to emphasize this conviction. He never indulged in useless controversy with his brethren of other churches, but they well knew his position and respected his convictions.

When he came to Parkersburg the relative strength of the several churches, considering membership, wealth and general efficiency, was perhaps in about the following order: Methodist Episcopal South, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal and United Brethren. Among the Southern Methodist preachers, I recall such men as Mr. Smith Wade, Mr. Carroll and Mr. J. M. Carter. Among the Methodist pastors were A. J. Lyda, Mr. Kibbe, George C. Wilding and Mr. Manchester. Presbyterians, J. B. Reed, J. G. Hamner and Loyal Young. Episcopal, Mr. Hyland and Mr. Gibson. United Brethren, Zebidee Warner. All of these and others were Mr. Carter's warm personal friends and were his active co-workers in promoting the Master's cause in Parkersburg. By none of them was he criticised or found fault with, though among them all he stood always a stalwart Baptist, never apologizing for any of our distinctive doctrines. He would decline to accept any

compromising position, yet he would do so without giving offense, and was all the more sincerely respected because of his polite firmness. On one occasion the Presbyterian minister requested him to baptize some one who insisted upon being immersed and yet wished to join the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Carter declined to do this, but generously offered his co-pastor the use of our baptistry. I do not remember whether the offer was accepted, but a story grew out of the incident to the effect that Mr. Carter had told the brother that he did not "take in washing but would lend his tub,"—a story like many others they used to tell on him, that had no sort of foundation in fact. He would have been the last man in the world to speak lightly of the ordinances or to violate any of the proprieties of denominational courtesy, either by perpetrating a joke or otherwise. The friendship between Mr. Carter and some of these fellow ministers was most cordial and enduring, especially so with Mr. Wade, Dr. Warner, Dr. Young, Mr. Wilding and J. M. Carter. The only representative of these old friends who attended Dr. Carter's funeral was Dr. Wade, who spoke with tender emotion of Mr. Carter as a co-worker in the ministry.

Mr. Carter was a champion for Christian citizenship. That old false idea that "a preacher must keep out of politics" did not frighten him. He believed in mixing religion into his politics. He was in no sense a partisan, nor did he carry politics into his pulpit. But he took his religion with him wherever duty called, whether in the performance of his ministerial duty, into business, or in the discharge of political obligations. If he found the liquor traffic entrenched in politics, then his religion carried him right after the unholy business, whether it took him into politics or elsewhere. He would fearlessly proclaim from his pulpit, the things that ought to be said, and he was never accused of "preaching politics" either. He denounced unrighteousness, and if it hit the politician, so much the worse for him. He had no business to stand in the road. There was not a saloon-keeper in Parkersburg but respected him all the more because he had the courage to speak boldly, and because they knew that he had only the kindest feeling for men engaged in the business, though they were engaged in an unholy traffic. During a temperance campaign he was assaulted one night on the street by some unknown "thug."



THE OLD ANN STREET CHURCH, PARKERSBURG, WHERE MR. CARTER PREACHED THE FIRST EIGHT YEARS OF HIS PARKERSBURG PASTORATE.

The saloonkeepers were quick to repudiate any responsibility for the assault and did not hesitate to express their sympathy for Mr. Carter.

At one time the City Council submitted to a vote of the people the question of license, pledging that Council would be governed by the popular vote. A very spirited campaign followed, and anti-license won by a decisive majority. During the campaign the no-license managers challenged the liquor men to a joint discussion of the question, with Dr. Carter as their champion. The other side selected Mr. James Hutchinson, a prominent lawyer, who was especially well posted on all of the pro-license arguments. The manner in which Mr. Carter flayed his opponent by logic, sarcasm and anecdote is still a subject of comment among those who heard the discussion, though that was thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Carter was an independent voter, especially in local elections. At one city election, years ago, he came to the polls and procured both party ballots, republican and democratic. First he carefully went over the republican ticket and one by one scratched every name on it. Then he took up the democratic ticket and did the same thing, having carefully scrutinized all of the names and carefully considered every nominee. Not a candidate on either ticket could he vote for. Nevertheless, exercising the right and duty of every citizen to vote, he deposited one of the ballots, as a silent protest against such nominations. It afterwards afforded the commissioners of election some thought and considerable amusement when, in the counting, they discovered this ballot without a name on it. They rightly suspicioned who it was that had cast it.

During the struggles for better city government there was a time when he and Doctor Warner, Doctor Young, Mr. Wilding and Mr. J. M. Carter stood shoulder to shoulder in their efforts for reform, and not one of them was afraid, or even hesitated, to speak boldly from the pulpit the things that might make for better government.

Mr. Carter Was an Ideal Pastor.

The church and congregation, when he came, was made up almost entirely of common people. There were only a few "high brow" families among them, who were given to fashion and so-called social

culture. It may well be admitted that Mr. Carter did not shine in fashionable society, according to the world's standard. But there was not a family in the church where he was not always a welcome guest. He might tip his chair back at the table, or neglect to use his napkin when taking his soup or buttermilk, but who cared for those little shortcomings in a man like Mr. Carter? Of course he was awkward and odd, but he was such a delightful, entertaining guest that such things as might seem objectionable in others were easily and altogether overlooked in him. His conversation was always interesting and his anecdotes incomparable, as he told them.

He was a pleasant visitor, and was kindly received by every one, high or low, rich or poor. He spent a great deal of time in the homes of his people, and seldom did any one complain that the pastor had neglected them. Of course the membership of the church was not nearly so large as in later years, still only a little over three hundred when he left here; but he knew personally and intimately nearly every member. To the sick-room he came as a harbinger of good cheer and encouragement. It was not that he had a message more helpful than another might bring, or that he could speak more fitting words, but there was something in the man,—something in his bearing that helped the downcast to take heart, and those bowed with grief to look upward. They could not help but know their pastor was making their burdens his own, and that his heart was full of sympathy and that fervent, effectual prayer was going up to the Throne in their behalf.

He made few mistakes in mixing among his people. He did not force upon unwilling ears the subject of religion. Somehow he seemed to know whether it would be agreeable in a home to speak of the "old, old story," or to pray with those he visited. He seldom missed an opportunity to speak a word for the Master or pray in the home; but whether he did or not, there was something in his conduct and kindness that was a gospel message in itself. Somehow he could adapt himself to the people, whether in the home of the lowly or people of high degree; whether in a public assembly or in private audience. He had remarkable tact in being able to say the right thing at the right time, and to observe all of the

proprieties, even though his manner might seem odd and his ways peculiar.

He was called into the homes of the unconverted and non-church-going people more frequently probably than any of his fellow pastors. There were young people who, though they had seldom seen the inside of a church building, if they wanted to be really and truly married and started out together with a real benediction, were sure to call upon Mr. Carter to perform the ceremony. I met a man soon after Mr. Carter's death who spoke of his departure and said: "Well, I never saw him but once, and that was when he married us. My wife insisted that she would not be married at all unless she could have Mr. Carter to perform the ceremony."

Likewise he was called on to attend the funerals of many who had never made a profession of religion. This service he never failed to perform, and never failed to make a serious impression upon the living.

His own people loved to have him visit them in sickness. He also went into many sickrooms, among his friends in other churches. Here he was as welcome as he was in the homes of the Baptists. Nor did he neglect those who were in sickness or grief, who were not church members at all. Among all of these classes he showed a degree of adaptability which was indeed remarkable. His real interest was so manifest and his sympathy so keen that his coming in itself was a veritable benediction. Nor did he forget them on leaving the sick room, but prayed for them as he walked the street, remembering them, too, at the family altar and in the public worship.

He was a great preacher,—inimitable and unapproachable in many respects. His chief power was in the pulpit. Doctor Hatcher said at a memorial service that he had heard Spurgeon and Fuller and others of the noted great preachers, but that he never had heard any one who could hold him to the discourse as could Mr. Carter. Awkward in the pulpit?—yes, especially in the earlier years of his ministry. Peculiar in manner?—strikingly so. Never doing anything as another would do it, or expressing a thought without making it seem new. In the pulpit as elsewhere he could easily adapt himself to the occasion, and fit himself to his audience. Before a national assembly of the great and cultured ministers of

the denomination, like the Southern Baptist Convention or the National Anniversaries, he was as much at home and measured up to his audience as easily as before any country congregation, and the one sermon was as good as the other, differing only as was necessary to make it appropriate.

His greatness as a preacher, however, must be judged by his sermons in his own pulpit, week by week and year by year. Perhaps his sermons, like those of most preachers, were sometimes of a higher order than at other times; but they were always excellent. Few pulpits have been more ably and acceptably filled. It would be difficult to maintain a higher average of preaching. His congregations were never disappointed. He drew larger crowds than did his fellow ministers. The old Ann Street house, after he became pastor, was soon found to be entirely too small for the congregations. In 1872 the basement story of the new edifice on Market Street was occupied—a room twice as large as the old house, and that, too, was soon filled. In the fall of 1877 the splendid auditorium in the new church was completed, with about five hundred sittings, and that was none too large. His hearers were pleased and impressed, and in all these years there was hardly a word of criticism as to his preaching.

Always prompt and expecting everybody else to be punctual, he would ascend the pulpit, and while the audience sang the doxology he would stare and smile upon the people, running his eye over the entire congregation, and in that minute would know just who were in attendance and who were absent. The invocation was always tenderly and very briefly spoken. During the singing of the first hymn he would sit with his legs crossed, swinging his foot, while he followed the hymn, evidently praying it through—for he could not sing a note—getting himself thoroughly into the spirit of worship and service.

Rising in his place and with his hand extended from the moment he left his seat, he would cross the platform, open the Bible, turn its pages, very likely moistening his thumb at his lips as he did so, until he found the morning lesson. He was an impressive reader. With that peculiar lisp, he pronounced clearly, distinctly and impressively every sentence so that no one could fail to follow him. He believed every word that he read. It was the Word of Life,

and he felt himself responsible for it, and charged with the faithful presentation of the message. He seldom stopped to comment on what he read.

With the prayer he seemed to come into the very presence of God, carrying his congregation with him. There was little of commonplace expression in his petitions. He prayed for things definite. He had a wonderful gift of leading the congregation in this part of the worship. With his arms resting upon the desk, head erect, frequently with his eyes open, apparently looking over the congregation, but certainly seeing nothing between his own heart and the Throne of God, he would pour out his whole heart before God with wonderfully rapid language and with great earnestness.

Quietly again, as though he had not been so recently up into the Third Heaven, he would announce "we will next sing hymn number twenty," or whatever might be the selection, and would usually read this second hymn through.

"The text this morning is" such a Scripture, and beginning quietly and with explanatory exegesis, his power and eloquence grew from start to finish. It is useless to try to describe the sermon. No one could repeat his language and the sermon was unreportable. But the thought you carried with you. He hardly ever preached more than thirty-five minutes, and never stopped without an application of his theme to the unconverted. He ranged over the platform, with gestures forceful if not always graceful. His head shaking vigorously, while his very soul was poured forth in eloquence. He could not have been regarded as "loud," or boisterous, though tremendously earnest, and that earnestness was eloquence.

A sentence or two of prayer, and the last hymn announced, he took his seat, and there behind the desk, half hidden from the congregation, his sermon or prayer or whatever had so absorbed his whole being went right on, and continued to express itself in undertone.

As a rule, he commanded the best of attention in the pulpit, not only because his hearers were interested in the sermon, but also because of the sincere respect for the preacher. Unnecessary confusion in the audience might annoy him; but if an epidemic of

colds produced a chorus of coughs, or if a mother hesitated to carry out a crying baby, he indulged the interruption with great patience. He preferred to endure the annoyance rather than to have others miss the service. He was not so patient, however, with the young people who sometimes indulged in whispering and thus annoyed others who were anxious to hear. He would sometimes stop short in his discourse until the whisperers ceased their conversation. On occasion he might go so far as to say, "I must request those young people in the back seat to the right side aisle to cease their conversation; if they do not, I may be compelled to point them out to the congregation," an admonition that proved effective.

He had another peculiar habit of stopping in the midst of a sentence when any one would leave the house. He had no intention of being rude, but his mind would be disturbed by the interruption. The habit served, however, to prevent the interruption occurring very often. One evening, as he was preaching from the text, "having your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," in the midst of the sermon some man with heavy boots on arose and departed, making a tremendous racket as he tramped heavily down the aisle and on down the stairway. Mr. Carter was not only interrupted but was amused and much diverted. When the sound of the heavy boots had died away in the vestibule the preacher remarked, before resuming his discourse, "Well, that gentleman seems to be pretty well shod any way."

Few ministers have held on through a pastorate of twenty-five years, giving as thorough satisfaction, and as little cause for criticism as he. He was faithful in preaching righteousness, and declaimed earnestly against worldly amusements. Some might not like it, but his admonition and strictures were so kindly that they were never offensive. He used to say that he might not favor having any one excluded for dancing; but if they persisted in such amusements it might become necessary to exclude them, because they loved the world better than the church. He was hurt, not because they danced, but because down in the heart they loved to dance, and were more attached to worldly amusements than to Christ.



THE MARKET STREET CHURCH, PARKERSBURG.
ERECTED IN 1871, UNDER MR. CARTER'S PASTORATE.

Mr. Carter Was a Successful Evangelist.

In this respect he was greatly blessed in his own church. The records of the church show that there were not only frequent additions by baptism, but there were many protracted meetings of wide and deep interest. In the early part of 1866, a meeting was held in which Rev. D. B. Purinton assisted the pastor, resulting in some forty or more accessions by baptism. In 1869 an evangelist by the name of Avery conducted a union meeting held in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches, a meeting of deep spiritual interest resulting in additions to all of the churches. Mr. Carter continued the meetings for a time in his own church, and baptized some twenty-five persons, some of them adding greatly to the strength of the church. In 1871 there was a gracious revival, when over thirty persons, mostly young people of the families of the church, were converted and baptized. Some of the older conservative brethren expressed doubts about the propriety of receiving into the church those who were so young, some of whom were under ten years of age. I remember particularly a child who asked to be received when objection was made on account of her age. The rule of the church was that unless the vote to receive was unanimous, the application must be deferred, and go to a committee. A serious and prayerful conference was held at the home of the child's father—himself a very conservative brother. The wise counsel and prayerful attitude of the pastor brought about the withdrawal of all opposition. The little girl was received, and proved herself worthy of the confidence the church had in her conversion.

In the winter of 1872-3 he conducted a series of meetings in the new house, and baptized some thirty converts, many of whom were heads of families. In 1876 another gracious revival was enjoyed.

Union meetings were held in the Baptist Church in the winter of 1877-78, conducted by the noted evangelist, Rev. E. P. Hammond, resulting in many additions to all of the city churches. At least seventy-five were baptized by Mr. Carter. In candor, it would be said that the Baptist pastor had serious misgivings about this meeting, though no other pastor was more loyal to the effort, or labored more diligently and prayerfully than he. He felt,

however, that the effort was too emotional and exciting. Pastor Carter delayed opening the doors of the church for the reception of members for quite awhile after the meetings closed, in order to allow time for quiet and deliberate consideration on the part of applicants for membership. It is a lamentable fact that not more than half of the eighty or more persons who were then received remained steadfast, though some of them proved to be real pillars in the church. He was never disposed to urge undue haste on the part of those who confessed Christ to unite with the church. Candidates were not received generally until after the meeting had closed. He may have been over-cautious in this respect, but he preferred to have candidates exercise careful and deliberate self-examination before they presented themselves for baptism. He was a wise and faithful counselor for all who were received, and not many of them proved unworthy.

Other precious revivals were enjoyed during the last decade of his pastorate.

As pastor of the leading church in the state, he recognized his obligations to all denominational interests. In the second year of his pastorate the General Association of West Virginia was organized at Parkersburg in November, 1865. He was one of the prime movers in this enterprise and rejoiced in its success. After his return from North Carolina he was present at Charleston on the fortieth anniversary of that organization, and delivered an address recounting the forty years' history of the Association—a memorable address indeed.

He held the church up to a sense of its obligations towards all denominational interests. He was always in hearty sympathy with the plans and policies of the General Association and his church stood with him. Indeed, no one had more influence than he in shaping those plans.

He was a staunch supporter of the local church missions, and gave to their interests a great deal of personal effort, frequently conducting revival services at these out-stations.

He attended all of the meetings of the local association, as well as the state meetings. He was seldom absent from the district Sunday School Convention. He delighted in all of these general meetings, where his presence and influence were fully appreciated.

He assisted many pastors in revival services in which his efforts were usually greatly blessed and the pastors encouraged. No church ever loved its pastor less by reason of Mr. Carter's visitation. He greatly respected these struggling, self-sacrificing pastors and was helpful to those he visited.

He was always in full sympathy with his co-workers in the churches of other denominations. The city pastors were all sincere friends. Father Hickey, a highly respected Catholic priest, who came to Parkersburg during the early part of Mr. Carter's pastorate, became a warm personal friend and admirer. The day before the funeral of Mr. Carter he took pains to extend his condolence to relatives. He himself was in poor health, but expressed a desire to attend the funeral, if he could have an easy chair near the platform and not be made conspicuous. The easy chair was provided, but his health did not permit him to be present. While Mr. Carter was a stalwart Baptist, yet he was not a pugnacious antagonist towards those who differed with him. He was absolutely fair, unselfish, and without a trace of jealousy in his make-up.

His pastorate as a whole, lacking only three months of twenty-five years, was remarkably successful.

During all of these years there never was a dissension in the church worthy of notice, nor was there any objection to him as pastor, and but little criticism in any way. He had a thoroughly united church behind him all the way through. He had many calls to other fields, of which his nearest friends had no knowledge. He might have had a much larger salary at some of these places, but that consideration never appealed to him. He came to Parkersburg when a young single man, at a salary of \$400 a year. After a year and a half it was raised to \$600, then to \$700, until when he was married in 1869, the salary was increased to \$1000. At this figure it remained until the end of his pastorate except for a year, when he received \$1200.

He was not conspicuous as a church leader, except in spiritual matters. In this respect he seemed to be led by the Holy Spirit, and his brethren had so much confidence in his faith and in his spiritual intuition, that they were willing to follow him, in all matters generally. He relied on the judgment of his brethren in all of the temporalities of the church. Without saying much

about it, he made them feel that the church ought to be progressive, that there should be a new house of worship, and that the Parkersburg Baptist Church was worthy of, and ought to covet, the best things. He had no great tact for planning, or leading the way, but his brethren felt that in whatever might be undertaken, the pastor stood as a wall of strength behind them. With God's help and their pastor's prayerful approval, they had no fears of failure. He used to say, "The church *can* do what it ought to do; God does not expect the impossible." To attempt the building of a twenty thousand dollar house of worship seemed a great undertaking for the church. There was not a single wealthy member in it, and but few members who had more than very moderate means. Nevertheless the church earnestly set about to build. The very best available lot was purchased, located in the choicest part of the city. "God wants the best," the pastor would say. His attitude toward the enterprise inspired confidence among his brethren. None may forget his earnest prayers for God's blessing upon the enterprise as the preparations and work progressed.

The final service in the old church was held on the last Sunday in December, 1871, and the first service in the new house on Wednesday night following. These last meetings, down town, were turned to good account in awakening a spirit of thanksgiving and hope. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," was the thought of that last prayer meeting in the old house, and a thought akin to the entering of Israel into Canaan was the theme of his last sermon: while hopefulness was the key-note of the first services in the new house. Mr. Carter had wonderful tact in turning all events of a special nature like these for the help and encouragement of the church.

Before he left us the new property had been fully paid for. More than ten-fold had the value of the church property increased during his pastorate, while the membership of the church had been trebled. He left the church thoroughly united and greatly attached to him personally.

Why Did He Leave?

Unexpectedly, and without the least solicitation on his part, there came to him a call from the First Baptist Church of Raleigh,

N. C. He had not visited the church and had no acquaintance with its membership except with a few brethren whom he had met at general meetings. During his pastorate he had preached or made addresses before the National Societies and the Southern Baptist Convention. He had preached the annual sermon before the Richmond College, and by reputation was well known throughout the country. So the Raleigh brethren knew what they were doing when they asked him to be their pastor. True, they offered a much better salary than he was receiving at Parkersburg, though not so large as had been offered by other churches. The salary offered had little or no influence upon the decision. It seemed to him the call of God. Looking back over his twenty-five years' work, he was thankful to God and to his people for what had been accomplished in Parkersburg. He considered what a new and different sort of pastor might do in taking up the work here, with a united church and a splendid equipment; and so, after due and considerate consultation with his brethren, he prayerfully concluded to accept this call to a new service. It seemed to be the call of the Master, and that he would obey, for he was possessed with the decided conviction that he ought to go, and this conviction the church was bound to respect. It was hard for the church to give him up and it subsequently proved a difficult task to find a successor. He had set a high standard, and the church could not well avoid measuring other men by it. A discreet minister was likely to be influenced by that same standard if invited to consider a call to the church.

But the parting had to be. He filled the old pulpit for the last time on the last Sunday in December, 1888, and on the following Sunday took up his work in Raleigh.

THE PASTORATE AT RALEIGH, N. C.

By THOMAS H. BRIGGS, of Raleigh, N. C.

In the year 1888 the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, N. C., was without a pastor. After diligent and painstaking work on the part of the committee to nominate a pastor, the name of Rev. J. W. Carter, of Parkersburg, W. Va., was placed before the church and he was unanimously chosen. It was represented to the committee by Professor Purinton, then of Wake Forest College, that the church at Parkersburg had been favored at different times with sermons by the greatest living preachers of the day; that when occasionally John A. Broadus had preached, the congregation knew full well that the pastor, Carter, would not fall behind when he came again to his pulpit; to be more explicit, he meant to say that J. W. Carter was the equal of any preacher of that period.

Dr. Carter accepted charge of the First Church at Raleigh, N. C., January 1, 1889, and served most acceptably, resigning December 31, 1899. During his ministry of eleven years there were added to the church by experience and by letter four hundred and thirty-nine names, as appear from the letters to the Central Association. His ministry made an impress not only on his regular congregation but also on the community and in the state; whenever and wherever he stood before the people an impression, ineffaceable, was made, and although years have elapsed since his voice was heard here he is still remembered and quoted. This is said of him truly, "he yet speaketh." His ministration among the poor and the suffering rich was equally bestowed. His gift in prayer was great, and one lady, member of another church, said she would willingly kneel in the street any time to have Dr. Carter pray with her. It is not out of place to record in this connection the work of his companion, Mrs. Lizzie Johnson Carter. Her zeal and labors in all departments of church work knew no bounds; especially among the poor and sick were her efforts best known and appreciated. Her ready sympathy and practical charity were always most effective, and today no one is more loved and missed

than she is by that class of our community. (This tribute is inserted here lest it might be omitted by some other writer at a later date when she has passed away.)

In the fall of 1899 Dr. Carter tendered his resignation, a copy of which is attached, and the church only accepted it after he had been importuned, without avail, to serve longer. At the conference which accepted his resignation, the following resolutions were adopted:

“WHEREAS, Our pastor, Rev. J. W. Carter, D.D., has resigned his pastorate over us; and,

WHEREAS, He has made his resignation irrevocable; therefore
Be it resolved:

1st. That the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, N. C., accept this resignation, to take effect December 31, 1899; and,

WHEREAS, Our pastor has served this church with unstinted fidelity, preaching the whole Gospel with earnestness, ability, sincerity and power, to our edification and comfort and to the glory of God; visiting us in sickness and in strength, caring for us all diligently as a true under-shepherd of our Lord and Savior: ever ready with kindness and gentleness and love: ever concerned for our good; ever zealous for the Master's cause and kingdom: therefore

Be it resolved:

2nd. That we assure him of our abiding confidence, good will and love; and that we record our appreciation of his able ministry, his unselfish devotion to his church, and of the example of his sterling Christ-like life amongst us. And be it further

Resolved: That we part with him and his wife with great regret, assuring one and all of our appreciation of the pleasure and happiness of their lives amongst us and of our love wheresoever they may go.”

It was a constant source of pleasure to the church to hear of the labors of Dr. Carter in other fields and the interest in him and his has never abated. There was a wave of sorrowful regret over every heart that knew him when the announcement was made that he had fallen in the work, and that we should see his face no more.

Regretting that I am not better able to depict the character and work of this truly great man which was made manifest in this

community, and hoping some one else may more vividly portray it, I am, with very grateful remembrance,

THOMAS H. BRIGGS.

(Recorded November 3rd, 1899, page 341.)

“To the Members of the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:—The time approaches when my work as pastor of this church must close. Thanking you for kindness in the past and trusting God for the future, I now present you my resignation, to take effect on the 31st of December, 1899, or sooner if you think best, but in no event later, earlier if you desire, but certainly not later.

Most truly yours,

(Signed)

J. W. CARTER.”

THE PASTORATE AT SPENCER, W. VA.

By H. B. HUGHES.

About the time that Dr. Carter came back to West Virginia from North Carolina, the Baptist Church at Spencer was without a pastor, Rev. A. S. Kelley having resigned as pastor October, 1900. The church had a committee looking for a pastor, and when it was learned that Dr. Carter had come back to Parkersburg the church instructed that committee to correspond with Dr. Carter and ascertain whether or not he would make his home at Spencer and serve the church as pastor one-half time. It was, perhaps, in the early spring of 1901 that arrangements were consummated, and he assumed his duties as pastor on the fourth Sunday in May, 1901.

Not very many of the members of Spencer Baptist Church knew Dr. Carter personally, and a majority, perhaps, did not even know him by reputation. A few of the older members who had been residents of Spencer for a number of years knew him personally and could, therefore, appreciate him from the very commencement of his pastorate. To such and to those of us who knew him by reputation it was a surprise that we had secured such a famous preacher and good man for pastor.

It was said by some of Dr. Carter's closest friends that he had expressed himself as being impressed that he could accomplish a greater work for his Lord in the country town churches than he could accomplish in the large city churches, and that it was his desire to labor where he could accomplish the greatest good. So knowing this, we could understand why it was that he had consented to come to us.

In many respects Dr. Carter was very different from most of the men who had served Spencer Church as pastor. His many years of service and training had resulted in an equipment for the work, to receive the benefit of which we felt we were wholly unworthy. He seemed to be above and beyond us, and yet so far as he was concerned he was immediately with us to comfort, to help and sympathize. At the time of the beginning of his pastorate with

us the church was not in the best spiritual condition. Many members were lax in the performance of their obligations to the church and to Jesus Christ. The writer believes that his first year with Spencer Church was his hardest year. First, his anxiety to know the people whom he was to lead. And after he had found them out, the great anxiety that his people should be able to comprehend the relation that they should sustain to the church and to the pastor, and to his Lord and their Lord. No doubt he spent many sleepless hours in praying to his God on behalf of his people.

It is a compliment to the church to record the fact that his first year's services were appreciated, as was evidenced by the fact that his salary was increased, and he and Mrs. Carter were the recipients of many presents from the church and individual members. While as a social mixer he may not have been considered a success to the extent that some pastors are, yet his pastoral visits and pastoral associations with his people at Spencer were universally appreciated. To be in his presence was to make one feel that he was in the presence of a holy influence, and the individual who was associated closely with him could not but feel that his life, religiously, was made better. It was his ambition and delight to make better lives of those with whom he came in contact.

Spencer Church had been pastored by some able preachers before Dr. Carter came to her. Rev. Jonathan Smith had been pastor for a number of years, and it is not news to many of the readers of this article for the writer to say that Rev. Smith had been, and is now, a strong preacher. His reputation as such is not confined to West Virginia. And we had had P. H. Murray, J. N. Fox and A. S. Kelley, and others that might be mentioned, all of whom are strong men and able preachers, but none of them excelled Dr. Carter. To hear him preach was the pride of the members of the church. To have our visitors to hear him made us proud. The church was not only proud of him as preacher and pastor among us, but was proud on account of the estimation in which he was held by all who came in contact with him at all the public religious gatherings—Sunday School Conventions, District and State Associations, Temperance meetings and in all public religious gatherings, the object of which was to advance the religious cause. In attending the State Sunday School Conventions and General Asso-

ciations, it was not expected to hear greater preachers and speakers than Dr. Carter, and for an individual who was a member of a church of which he was pastor to hear him speak or preach at these great gatherings was as great a treat as to any one who had never heard him, and perhaps greater, because he knew the man. One has said, and very truly said: "It was as a preacher of the Gospel that Dr. Carter excelled. It has been my privilege to hear the most famous preachers of our country. Some of them excelled in the subject matter of their discourses, some in the beauty and power of expression, and some in voice and the eloquence of oratory. But Dr. Carter excelled in all these particulars and more. His sermons were profound and rich in their subject matter. His choice of language in the expression of thought could hardly be excelled. He had a voice and delivery peculiar in their richness together with an inimitable pathos which always made his sermons both charming and deeply impressive. Even his peculiar lisp added to the charm and force of his eloquence. His sentences were never involved nor his words ill chosen. He made his points stand out so clearly that no one could fail to understand and be impressed. Behind it all was deep sincerity and earnestness and a burning desire to benefit his hearers. Surely no one could excel him in bringing forth from the deep mines of God's word the unsearchable riches of Christ."

He was recognized by the church and by the people of Spencer who came in contact with him, as a most remarkable man. He was as near guiltless as it is possible for mere man to be; and yet he did not claim to be beyond temptation to do evil. In talking to the writer at one time, he said that many people had wrong conceptions even as to aged and seemingly almost holy men and women, and even ministers of the Gospel as to their freedom from temptation to sin; he himself was often tempted to do wrong. But the ordinary observer of Dr. Carter was impressed that he did not allow evil to color his thoughts; that to him evil did not seem to exist at all.

As a pastor and as a man he was a remarkably merciful man. To some he may have appeared lax in church discipline; but it was his mercy, and his willingness to forgive. The writer has heard him say often that he always tried to have enough of the

grace of God in his heart to overlook and forgive the faults of his brethren and sisters. He seemed to think that where the exercise of church discipline seemed to be necessary, as viewed by some, matters would adjust themselves, as a rule, if forbearance was exercised; and only in what might be termed extreme cases was he forward in urging strict and prompt discipline.

Dr. Carter did not accomplish what he desired to accomplish at Spencer; but his work was successful. Numbers were added to the church, and the missionary spirit greatly enlarged. The contributions for missions and other benevolence were more than doubled during his pastorate. And the life and the teaching will long be remembered. He preached not to get glory from men, but for the glory of God. A compliment as to a sermon, expressed to him, would bring the ready response, "I hope it will do good." Long live the memory of Dr. Carter by those who knew him. Long will it live. And as long as it does live, good will be accomplished by the memory of him.

Concerning his life and death, the church passed the following resolutions, and that part of the resolutions providing a memorial service has been so far lived up to; not exactly in letter, but the services have been held, though not on the exact date of the anniversary of his death:

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all-wise and merciful God to remove from our midst our dearly beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Carter, which dispensation of Divine Providence occurred on the morning of October 18, 1907, while attending the General Association at Huntington, West Virginia, and in which our leader and under shepherd gently passed from the church militant to the church triumphant, sweetly and peacefully from a gentle sleep, (about 6 o'clock a. m.) to the land of peace and glory, as we verily and devoutly believe; and,

WHEREAS, The said labors and services of our elder brother had not only endeared himself to the entire state and Baptist denomination at large, by his long, able, and singularly devout and unselfish life, his labors with us were so kind, so helpful and

patient that we also feel keenly the loss of a friend, pastor, neighbor and "Man of God," we, therefore, this day in a regular business meeting of the Spencer Baptist Church, deem it proper to record our deep sense of appreciation of his services in the following resolutions:

Resolved, First: That the daily walks of our pastor were such in coming in and going out before us that a deep sense of failure to appreciate his earnest exhortations and counsels as we might have done lays heavily across our hearts and lives, but we humbly implore Divine Providence to so mould and direct the good seed sown by Dr. Carter in the Spencer Baptist Church that it may yet grow in our hearts and lives and yield abundant fruit to the cause of our Master whom he so loved, served, and so righteously honored while here among us.

Resolved, Second: That while unspeakable grief and sadness oppressed our hearts over our loss, the change for him has only been the beginning of one grand, sweet song in Heaven.

Resolved, Third: That to the widow and the three bereaved children we extend every fiber of our most earnest sympathy in the loss of husband and father; resting assured that He who numbers the hairs of our heads and notes the sparrow's fall will also give and provide what is good and best. Their membership is with us, and the earnest desire is hereby pledged to supply every want and drive away every pang of sorrow and sadness, as far as within us lies, devoutly trusting that we may realize more and more as the years go by the greatness of Dr. Carter, his nobility of childhood, manhood, morally, intellectually and religiously; a noble and pure life as husband, father and friend, and a man who in deed and reality "walked with God."

Resolved, Fourth; That we should rejoice, though we mourn, over the life, labors and ultimate reward of our deceased pastor. That we should dedicate our poor lives to renewed diligence in heeding the burning words which so graciously fell from his great soul, mind, body and heart, for better and higher spiritual life among us and confidently believe that the righteous and abiding purpose of an all-wise and supreme, holy, and ever adorable Heavenly Father's dealings with us may redound to His continuous praise and to our present and eternal good.

Resolved, Fifth: That a copy of these resolutions of respect to the life and labors of our deceased pastor be spread upon our Church Record Book; a copy also be presented to the family, and also a copy be furnished the *Baptist Banner, Journal and Messenger* and the county papers for publication, and that each anniversary of his death, October 18th, be publicly observed by the Spencer Baptist Church in addresses or other services by pastor or laymen, on the life and labors of Rev. Dr. Carter as a memorial.

Done by order of the Spencer Baptist Church, in a regular meeting, this November 2nd, 1907.

E. H. FLYNN,

H. F. GOFF,

J. V. BARTLETT,

Committee.

THE PASTORATE AT ELIZABETH, W. VA.

By JOSEPH GRAY.

Rev. John W. Carter, D.D., was unanimously called as pastor of the Elizabeth Baptist Church, at Elizabeth, W. Va., January 17, 1905, for one-half time, which position he retained until death called him, October 18, 1907.

During the pastorate of Dr. Carter there were sixty additions to the church, two of whom were leading lawyers of the town, and one the clerk of the Circuit Court. Attorney D. C. Casto, Jr., who professed conversion during Dr. Carter's pastorate, died later, and expressed a living hope for the future.

Dr. Carter was not only loved by every member of the church here, but by every one who knew him. He was known as the ablest sermonizer that ever preached in this section of the state, but the life he lived among us endeared him to all.

After the death of Dr. Carter, the church held a special meeting to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the departed pastor. A committee on resolutions was appointed, and, at a later meeting of the church, reported as follows:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR JOHN W. CARTER.

On Friday morning, October 18, 1907, our beloved pastor, Rev. Doctor J. W. Carter, departed this life, at the city of Huntington, West Virginia, while in attendance at the Baptist General Association, at the advanced age of seventy years, thus ending a long and useful life in the cause of the Master.

We, the committee on resolutions on behalf of the Elizabeth Baptist Church, take this method to publish to the world our high appreciation of Doctor Carter as our pastor, as a man and as a true and devoted follower of the blessed Christ of whom he loved so much to preach, and in whose service he spent so many years.

In the loss of Doctor Carter we realize that his family has lost

a true and devoted husband and father, the church has suffered an irreparable loss, and the state one of its ablest ministers, and as a slight token of the high esteem in which he was held by the membership of the Elizabeth Baptist Church, the deacons of said church are hereby requested to cause the pulpit, where he has so often stood, and so ably preached the blessed truths of the Gospel, to be suitably draped to his memory for a period of six months.

The committee further recommends that this expression of the high esteem in which we hold the memory of our late pastor be spread upon the records of the church, a copy be sent to the widow as a token of our heartfelt sympathy for her in this her saddest bereavement, and that a copy be furnished to the *Journal and Messenger*, the *Baptist Banner*, and the *Elizabeth Messenger* and the *Kanawha News*, for publication.

S. W. CAIN,
 JOSEPH GRAY,
 J. H. DYE,
 W. J. COBERLY,
 WALTER HOFFMAN,
 Committee.

Elizabeth, W. Va., Oct. 25, 1907.

The report of the committee was unanimously accepted, and ordered spread upon the records of the church, and a copy forwarded to the wife of the deceased. It was further ordered that copies be furnished all the local newspapers, and the *Baptist Banner* and *Journal and Messenger*, for publication.

Such in brief is a sketch of the work of Brother Carter here. We might write a whole volume on his work and sermons, but he is so well and favorably remembered all over the state that this is not necessary.

Truly he was a man who not only worshiped but walked daily with his God!

DR. CARTER'S DEPARTURE.

By T. C. JOHNSON.

Dr. Carter was a man with a robust form and of excellent health through nearly the whole of his life. He did not know what it was to have the headache, and was seldom, if ever, confined to his bed with sickness. Though a hard worker, he was careful to observe the laws of health. For some years before his death, however, he had occasional attacks of dizziness and nausea that may have been caused by the affection that finally took him off. In 1903, when he was with a number of us on our way to Atlanta, Ga., to attend the meeting of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, he had an attack at the Queen and Crescent depot at Lexington, Ky., which rendered him almost helpless for awhile. When the train came he had to be assisted into the coach. There was a doctor aboard who gave him some attention, and in the course of an hour or two he was apparently as well as ever. After the convention had closed and he and myself were leaving the city for Athens, Ga., on a visit, he had a similar attack, though not so severe, and had to be assisted to the depot and onto the train again. But he was soon in earnest and cheerful conversation again with a friend from Raleigh, N. C., who was on the train. At his home in Spencer, also, he had a similar attack, brought on by a walk of two miles into the country and return, to visit a sick sister in the church; and again at the grave while conducting the funeral services of a child after several hours' exposure to the hot sun. But in each case, after resting a short time, he was apparently as well and strong as ever, and seemed not at all anxious in regard to their import. He had always been remarkably well and strong, and never seemed to feel the need of a physician. He attributed these slight attacks simply to his lesser capacity for endurance on account of advancing age.

On the 10th of October, 1907, he and his wife left their home in Spencer for Parkersburg to attend the exercises of the 90th anniversary of the organization of the Parkersburg Baptist Church, of which he had previously been pastor for nearly twenty-five years.

On anniversary night, October 11th, he delivered a strong and eloquent address on "A Backward Look," reviewing not only the history of the church, but also giving a glimpse of the history of the city, the state, the nation, and the world at large, and its progress. From here he went to Elizabeth to his regular church services on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday, at some miles distant, conducted the funeral services of his friend and brother minister, Rev. M. B. Edmondson, returning to Parkersburg the same evening and attending exercises at the church.

Wednesday morning he went to Huntington to attend the General Association. That day and the next he seemed as strong and active as he ever was, and was unusually cheerful with his friends and in social conversation. That night (Thursday) he delivered one of his best and most impressive addresses on "The Needs of the Future." At the close of the service he dismissed the congregation with a benediction that seemed to many especially tender and fervent. With his wife he returned to Mr. Charles Cammack's on Fifth Avenue, where they were being entertained. After some pleasant conversation with members of the family and others, they retired for the night. He was soon asleep and slept quietly and soundly as usual. Shortly after five o'clock next morning, Mrs. Carter awoke as she usually did about that hour, and while she lay awake Dr. Carter seemed to be sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. Presently, however, he made a noise as if clearing his nasal passages, of which his wife thought nothing, for on going to bed he had complained of hoarseness and a slight cold. In a moment, however, his breathing became rather unnatural and she tried to wake him. Not succeeding, and seeing that his head was thrown back, she slipped her hand under it in an attempt to draw it forward, but found his neck quite rigid, while his breathing had become loud and unnatural. She immediately arose and called Mr. Cammack from across the hall, and, returning, found that her husband had ceased to breathe, though Mr. Cammack noted one slight flutter of the heart. While she was striving to administer a stimulant, physicians were summoned with the faint hope of reviving him, and his relatives in the city were notified of his condition. But the end had come. Dr. Carter had passed out of his last sweet and quiet sleep on earth into the sleep that knows no

waking. Or rather he went sweetly to sleep here to wake up joyously in the glorious home above. Many said "It seems that he did not die, but was simply translated."

While there was great sorrow in the hearts of his loved ones and friends as the word spread rapidly over the city and through the state, it was sorrow soothed with a blessed hope, and there was a general feeling that, as it was the will of God to call him home, the time and place of his departure were especially fitting. It was from the brotherhood of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of Huntington, whence his life-long friend and co-worker, Dr. W. P. Walker, had preceded him but a few years. It was while surrounded by the brotherhood of the General Association, where he was loved so fervently, and where his influence and leadership had been exerted and felt for so many years. It was just after he had given an earnest and thrilling message to West Virginia Baptists on "The Needs of the Future," referring in that message to the urgent need of men to take the places of those whose work was rapidly coming to a close; while his wife was surrounded by her brothers and other sympathizing relatives and friends in attendance at the Association. Arrangements were made for a special memorial service in the afternoon in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church where the General Association was in session. For an hour or more before this service, his body lay in state in the church, where hundreds took a last view of the face they had known and loved so long. Rev. L. W. Holden, the President of the General Association, presided at the memorial service, where tender and appropriate addresses were delivered by Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Virginia, and Rev. P. H. Murray. At the close of the service his remains were taken to the Ohio River depot, followed by a large procession, and, accompanied by a number of relatives and friends, were taken to Parkersburg, to the home of his sister, Mrs. Brown. On Saturday his body was taken to the First Baptist Church, the place of his longest pastorate, where from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, as also from nine a. m. till two p. m. Sunday, his many friends and relatives had the opportunity of taking a last view of his earthly form. Here the final funeral services were held at two p. m. Sunday, October 20th. Rev. W. E. Henry, the pastor of the church, presided. The church was crowded with an audience that deeply

mourned the departure of this man of God, yet soothed with the very fragrance of his memory, and the assurance of his high promotion. There was a large number, perhaps one hundred or more, present from Spencer, which had been his home for several years; also a number from Elizabeth, where he had filled his appointment the previous Sunday. A good many had come up from the General Association, and there were numbers of friends and relatives from other places.

Dr. W. J. Cambron, of the Calvary Church, Parkersburg, read the 103rd Psalm and led in fervent prayer. Rev. L. B. Moore, the Secretary of the Baptist Education Society, who had grown up from boyhood with Dr. Carter in Upshur County, spoke of his early life, his conversion and entrance into the ministry. Rev. T. S. Wade, of the M. E. Church, South, a co-worker with him for years in Parkersburg, spoke tenderly of their pleasant relations, and of Dr. Carter's work and influence in the city. T. C. Johnson, of Charleston, his brother-in-law, spoke of him as a husband and father and of his home life in general. Rev. John S. Stump led in an impressive and appropriate prayer, and Rev. W. E. Henry closed with an eloquent eulogy and a most thoughtful and comforting funeral discourse. The services were interspersed with singing by the choir, the hymns used being, "Servant of God, Well Done," "Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss," and "Thy Will, not Mine, Be Done," all of which were favorites of Dr. Carter. Mrs. W. H. Fitch also sang with fervor and pathos "The Unclouded Day," a hymn which had been sung at so many of the funerals in the Johnson family of which Mrs. Carter was a member.

The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. From the Elizabeth Church there was a pillow of white chrysanthemums surmounted by a wreath of roses. The Spencer congregation sent a wreath of white chrysanthemums and roses on a pedestal of purple asters. From the Baptist Young People's Union there was a beautiful cluster of chrysanthemums, and from the General Association a pillow of roses, while the offering from the First Baptist Church of Parkersburg was a "Gates Ajar" design in chrysanthemums and purple asters.

The pall bearers were Rev. J. S. Stump, Rev. L. B. Moore, Rev. J. D. Rayfield, Rev. W. J. Cambron, Deacon Stephen Davidson,

Deacon C. M. Coffman, Horace Tavenner and T. L. Coffman.

His body was borne from the church, followed by a large throng of people, and was laid to rest in River View Cemetery at the upper end of the older part of the city.

His grave is now marked by a beautiful granite block of massive proportions, erected by his wife with the assistance of many devoted friends. It bears the simple inscription of his name, date of birth, and date of his departure.

Thus, on the 18th day of October, 1907, at the age of 70 years, 9 months and 18 days, the time of his departure had come. He had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith, he had finished his course. Henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge will give to him at that day. So shall he rest in peace until "our gathering together unto Him."

PART II.

ESTIMATES OF HIS
CHARACTER AND WORK.

DOCTOR CARTER AND THE GENERAL WORK OF THE STATE.

By REV. L. E. PETERS, of Clarksburg, W. Va.

No man in the Baptist ministry of West Virginia stood higher, was more respected and tenderly loved, and wielded a stronger and wider influence than Dr. John W. Carter. As a preacher, he had no equal in the state; as a counselor, he was judicious, wise and safe. While he was prominent, he was not officious, nor forward in pushing himself to the front. He was prominent because his brethren made him prominent. His power in general denominational meetings was not that of manipulating affairs, but on the floor. As a public speaker he was clear, fair in debate, eloquent, his addresses abounding in classic wit and humor, and more of humor than wit. He was no schemer, but had the highest sense of honor in everything he did.

In November, 1865, a convention was called to meet in the Parkersburg Baptist Church, of which Dr. Carter was pastor, for the purpose of organizing a West Virginia Baptist Association. Dr. Carter called that Convention to order and presided until a temporary organization was effected, then modestly retired for older and more experienced brethren who were present to conduct the business. In the evening, after a sermon by Rev. J. L. Burrows, D.D., of Richmond, Va., he presided over a mass meeting in the interest of missions. He made two motions in this session, one to invite visiting brethren to seats, and a resolution of thanks to God for their presence and help in the meetings. He was the first among others to make himself a life member of the General Association by paying all at once \$20.00, when it required only \$15.00 to become a life member. This was indicative of his spirit of beneficence. At this meeting he was appointed a delegate to the Ohio State Convention, and to the Northern Anniversaries, which met the next spring in Boston.

At the second meeting of the General Association, held at Flemington, he was again appointed as delegate to these same bodies,

the Anniversaries meeting in Chicago. This year he was appointed to preach in the Baptist Church on Friday night, and served on several important committees.

Dr. Carter preached the annual sermon before the General Association oftener than any man in the state, notwithstanding he was absent from the state eleven years. His first sermon was preached at Wheeling, the third annual meeting, as alternate, the principal, Rev. D. B. Purinton, being absent. His text was from Ps. 27:4: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his holy temple."

At this meeting the following appears in the minutes, which seems a little strange to us now and needs a word of explanation: "Elder J. W. Carter offered a memorial to be presented to His Excellency A. I. Boreman, Governor of West Virginia, praying the pardon of one James Gunnoe, now confined in the state penitentiary, said James Gunnoe having been received into the Wheeling Church and baptized by Elder J. W. Taggart.

"On motion, the memorial was unanimously adopted, signed by the President and Secretary, and presented to Governor Boreman."

I knew James Gunnoe and his mother very well. His mother used to walk over twenty miles from Wyoming County to the Coal Marsh Baptist Church, and made my father's house her home. James was a Confederate soldier, coming home after the war with one leg. He was arrested and taken before a civil court (?) and tried for being in a battle in which some Union men in that county were either killed or wounded, and sentenced to the penitentiary. He was not a criminal. This was in the "Reconstruction Days," when men were governed by passion rather than cool judgment. The record does not say, but my recollection is that he was pardoned.

Also at this meeting Dr. Carter was appointed to preach at the next meeting on State Missions. This was the first appointment of this kind that was made, and Dr. Carter was honored with the appointment. He is also reported to have made a "stirring and effective" address on Education. This was in 1867. In 1868 the General Association and State Sunday School Convention were held at Barracksville.

Dr. Carter becomes more conspicuous in the work each year. Here he is made first vice president of the Association, serves on the most important committees, and distinguishes himself in the discharge of the duty assigned him the previous year to preach a sermon on State Missions. The Association adjourned to hear the sermon. His text was: "Freely ye have received, freely give." The order of the Association in making the appointment was that it should be followed by a collection, but the records do not show that the collection was taken. Rev. J. B. Hardwick dismissed the congregation, but knowing Bro. Hardwick's skill in taking collections, I do not see how he could have pronounced the benediction without "lifting a collection."

It was in this year, if I remember correctly, I first met Dr. Carter at an Institute held by Dr. M. Stone, of Ohio, in the Harmony Church in the Teays Valley Association, of which Rev. R. W. Davis was pastor. He presided over all the sessions of the Institute and attracted much attention. He was then beginning to be known as one of our greatest preachers. On Sunday afternoon he preached from these words: "The love of Jesus which passeth knowledge." I can see him yet as he laid open his sermon under four "heads": The Length, Breadth, Depth, and Height of Jesus' Love. And as he ascended to its heights he took one of his flights of eloquence and carried us above earth and sky, and some of the ladies declared that they could see him in heaven fanning the angels. From that day forward I became an ardent admirer, warm friend and sincere lover of Dr. Carter.

The State Convention, as it was now called, met at Pruntytown, in 1869. The subject of Education that year received more attention than ever before in the general meetings. Dr. Carter prepared and read the report, which shows his sentiment on the subject. The report says: "The claims of education have been too long neglected; and the effects it confers have been too generally underrated. * * * * Mental culture is the demand of the age. That trained intellect is the mightiest human force is an admitted fact. * * * * It is our deliberate conviction that the Baptists of West Virginia have a peculiar and great educational work to do. We especially urge the importance of educating young men called to the ministry. The rapid increase of facilities for the acquisition

of knowledge, the more general diffusion of intelligence among our people, the dignity and design of the Gospel, the many ingenious arguments which error employs, and the thousand deceptive forms which it assumes, all unite in making a skilled ministry a religious and denominational necessity." The report then closes with a recommendation to the churches for liberal contributions to ministerial education.

In 1870 the State Convention met with the Buffalo Church in Putnam County. This was my first opportunity to attend its annual meeting and of seeing Dr. Carter's work in this body. His power was in his addresses, which cannot be reported. He prepared and read the report on Foreign Missions. A few extracts from it will show his zeal for that great cause. After stating the truth that Christ had committed the work to the churches by positive command, and that we had no choice in the matter but simply to obey, he deplored the meager offerings that were made in comparison with the vastness of the work.

"God has given us men and women who are willing to devote their energies and lives to the work; but we are doing almost nothing to sustain them. Last year we reported eight associations, 274 churches, 17,518 members. During the same year we contributed to Foreign Missions \$516.29, or an average of \$64.54 to the Association, \$1.89 to each church and nearly three cents to each member. For the conversion of eight hundred and fifty millions of pagans, Mohammedans and infidels we have, each of us on an average, given *nearly enough to pay the postage on a single letter*. How long shall we continue to weary the patience of God with such pitiful offerings?"

He was chairman of a committee that reported the proposition to abandon the State Sunday School Convention and turn over its work to a board of the State Convention. I remember very distinctly one remark he made in favor of the proposition. In speaking of the attendance upon the Convention he said: "It is too big for a caucus and not big enough for a mass meeting." That carried the motion and the State Sunday School Convention "was no more."

The different pulpits of the town were supplied with preachers from the Convention on Sunday morning. Dr. Carter was appointed to preach in the Baptist Church in the afternoon, so as to give

every one an opportunity to hear him. His text was: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." It was a unique and eloquent sermon on the topic, "Lessons the church may learn from the world." I remember one sentence: "Some ladies will spend more money for a single ruffle than they give to the Lord's cause in a whole year."

In 1871 the State Convention met in Parkersburg. Dr. Carter being pastor of the church, his attention was given more to the comfort and pleasure of the delegates and visitors than to the routine work of the Convention, yet he was heard when anything of importance came up.

In 1872 the annual meeting was held in Grafton, and the constitution was so changed as to read "Baptist General Association" instead of "State Convention," which title the body has held ever since. Dr. Carter reported on Ministerial Education, which was similar to the report already noticed, using some of the same expressions, which, however, were worthy of repetition. He offered the following on Temperance:

"In view of the frightful ravages of intemperance, and the very imperfect execution of the present liquor law in West Virginia; therefore

Resolved. That this Association, representing the large Baptist interest of West Virginia, hereby petition the next legislature of the state to enact a liquor law similar to the Ohio liquor law, and that the president and clerk constitute a committee to forward a copy of this resolution to the next legislature."

I do not know what the Ohio law was, at that time, but feel sure that Dr. Carter took advanced grounds later on, on the temperance question, as we shall see before we close this sketch. He offered a similar resolution at Charleston protesting against the repeal of the West Virginia liquor law. While this was the best we had, he took advanced ground in after years.

At the meeting in Charleston in 1873 Dr. Carter made the leading address on State Missions. He reported again on Ministerial Education, specially recommending the State University, Coalsmouth High School, the Southern Baptist and Crozer Theological seminaries.

In 1874, again the Association met in Parkersburg, with Dr.

Carter's church. He appears conspicuous again as writing and presenting the report on Education, which is more extensive and taking higher grounds than any he had offered before. A few sentences from the report is all we can give: "The educational systems of the present day are the growth of many centuries. The splendid civilizations of ancient times, though enriched by the talent and culture of the few, were based on popular ignorance. But we live in a very different age. Our public school system places educational advantages in the reach of all classes, colors and conditions of our population. Poverty is no longer an excuse for ignorance." But he goes on to say that when the state has done all it can do, "The need of Christian culture is widely felt." He reviews the progress in sentiment on this subject and indorses the National Educational Commission that was proposing to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the Centennial of American independence in 1876 to raise five million dollars for educational purposes.

June 10, 1875, the General Association met with the Greenbrier Church, Alderson. The moderator, D. D. Johnson, being absent, Dr. Carter, as first vice president, called the body to order, and on taking the chair said: "We meet today on historic ground. The spot upon which this house stands is the same spot upon which was erected the first Baptist house of worship west of the Alleghany mountains; the community, that in which nearly one hundred years ago was unfurled the Gospel banner amid the howling of wild beasts and the fiercer cries of savages, by Elder John Alderson."

With the Greenbrier Church and the people of the surrounding country the one all-absorbing event was the preaching of the annual sermon by John W. Carter. He went to school in Alleghany College, not far from there, before and up to the breaking out of the Civil War. Many people remembered what a promising young man he was, and had heard of his great reputation and felt if they could get nothing else out of the Association, they must hear the annual sermon by "John Carter." I remember very distinctly that at 11 o'clock, soon after the Association had convened and entered into the preliminary business, Rev. Theodore Given, the pastor of the Greenbrier Church, came in a little late all full of excitement

and stopped in the aisle about half way to the pulpit and cried out: "Brother Moderator, I move we adjourn to hear the annual sermon," and urged as his reason that great crowds had come in from all "the regions round about" to hear Brother Carter. But the Association had its order of procedure and the sermon was fixed for 11 o'clock the next day.

Accordingly, when the time arrived the business was suspended and all "repaired to the stand" to hear Dr. Carter. An immense crowd had assembled in the grove near the church, and both the interest and curiosity of the people were fully gratified. Dr. Carter took his text from Gal. 6:14, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ." Few men who appreciate the meaning of this lofty passage will dare to preach from it. Dr. Carter could, and did reach it. I remember one illustration he used in speaking of the influence of the truth of Jesus. He said: "Away down and back in the geological ages, below the old red sandstone, are there on the rocks prints of the feet of birds, that ages have not wiped out. So with the influence of the crucified Christ." It was a great sermon.

At this session Dr. Carter read the report on Temperance. It was a scathing indictment of the liquor traffic, which he said was entrenched in the business of the country; in the appetites of millions; in the social customs of the land, and corrupt politicians and legislatures. "Young men take the sparkling wine cup from the hands of beauty; boys learn to drink at their father's table. Some drink because they think it is manly; some to keep them warm in cold weather, while others drink to keep them cool in warm weather." He urged the teaching of temperance in the home, the church, and that as citizens our ultimate aim should be absolute prohibition.

1876 was Centennial year, and the General Association met with the Coalsmouth Church, St. Albans, where Coalsmouth High School was located. Doubtless the object of meeting here was to help the school. Dr. Carter was again the chairman of the committee on Education, and prepared the report. The report speaks of the general advance in education but deplores the little that Baptists are doing, yet the optimism of the author thought he saw better days coming as evidenced by the fact that Coalsmouth High School

had been started and that Rev. E. J. Willis had moved Broadus Female College from Winchester, Va., to Clarksburg, W. Va., and commended Professor Willis and his school to the Baptists of the state.

I remember a sermon he preached on Sunday morning in the Baptist Church from Eccl. 7:10, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou hast not inquired wisely concerning this." His theme was, Is the world growing better? He maintained that it was, and gave very forcible illustrations both from Scripture and history. He described the character of Aaron Burr, who would not now be recognized in the best society, yet he was elected vice president of the United States. Then I remember how he compared the condition of the Corinthian Church with the churches of today.

The thirteenth session of the Association was held at Clarksburg, and the records show that Dr. Carter made addresses on Home Missions, Sunday Schools, and Temperance, and preached in the Baptist Church Sunday evening, following Dr. James P. Boyce, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, in the morning.

The General Association met at Ravenswood in 1878. Of course Dr. Carter was present. His boat was late and he did not get in until afternoon, the first session being held in the morning. He was scarcely seated until he was called out on some topic under consideration. He half way apologized, saying he did not know his bearing: did not know whether the Association was engaged in discussion of State Missions, Foreign Missions, Education, Sunday Schools or some profound question of order. We always felt that when Brother Carter came in, the Association was fully equipped for any subject. During this session he is reported as making two addresses, one on Temperance, and the other on Home Missions.

In 1879 Dr. Carter preached the annual sermon before the General Association, which met this year in Morgantown. Text, Rev. 12:16: "And the earth helped the woman." His sermon consisted in telling how the earth helps the church. The point I remember as being the most prominent was, that the earth furnishes the church its field of labor. "The field is the world." The sermon was highly commended, and I think was published in the *Religious Herald*. He made several addresses during the

session on various topics, and was made a member of an Education Board, which was inaugurated. He was also continued as for several years as first vice president, which made him a member of the Executive Board.

The time of meeting of the General Association was changed from June to November, and in 1880 met in Huntington, in a hall that the young Baptist Church was occupying as a place of worship. Dr. Carter as usual was always ready while he did not occupy a conspicuous place on the program. The records do not give the Sunday services, but Dr. Carter occupied the conspicuous appointment at the Baptist Church in the morning. He preached on The Inspiration of the Scriptures. He began by saying he did not propose to discuss any *theory* of inspiration, but the fact of it, which he did in a masterful way.

At this session a committee of five was appointed to call and arrange for a state convention of temperance workers, looking to state-wide prohibition. There was a lively discussion on the subject. Dr. Carter said: "The church should occupy no neutral position on this question. It is a great moral question and we should occupy no equivocal stand in relation to it; all our moral and social influence should be given in favor of temperance."

The Association met in 1881 with Dr. Carter's church in Parkersburg. His duties to his guests took most of his attention, yet he presided, as vice president, over several sessions. He was appointed a delegate to the Jubilee meeting of the Home Mission Society in New York in May, 1882.

November 9, 1882, the General Association met at Hinton. Dr. Carter, as first vice president, called the meeting to order and made an appropriate address. His conspicuous place on the program this year was preaching the annual sermon at the first evening session. His text was from Hab. 3:4: "There was the hiding of his power." The theme deduced from it and discussed was "God's Reserve Forces." As all his sermons are, it was full of hope and encouragement. I shall never forget it. A committee from the board of trustees of Shelton College reported a communication to the Association, asking that it appoint a board to take charge of the school in the future, and a board of three was appointed, Dr. Carter being one of them. He made an address on

Education, and discussed "The Duty of the Hour" on the temperance question. By special request he preached in the Episcopal Church Sunday evening.

In 1883 the Association met in Clarksburg. Dr. Carter prepared a lengthy report on Obituaries, which paid loving tribute to five West Virginia ministers who had died the past year, one of whom was Rev. George Davidson, a former president of the Association. He delivered a splendid address Sunday afternoon in the Luther memorial service, and closed the session with an earnest sermon Sunday evening.

In 1884 the twentieth annual session of the General Association was held in Charleston. This was presidential year and political excitement ran high; during the whole week the country was in suspense trying to determine who was elected. Yet the meetings were well attended, with marked interest. Under the discussion of Foreign Missions, Dr. Carter gave a history of the Congo Mission, recently transferred to the Missionary Union. He said: "The history of Baptist missionary enterprises is a history of special providences in which God seems to have gone before to open the door, and then to come behind to push Baptists into the open door." He also got in his usual ringing speech on temperance, under the head, "Prohibition in the Church."

In 1885 the Association met in Grafton, and Dr. Carter made addresses on "Sunday School Work in Our Mission Fields," "The Literature of the Publication Society," and "The Cost, Curse and Cure of the Liquor Traffic."

In 1886 the Association met in Huntington. Dr. Carter prepared and read the report on Home Missions. He gave a vivid description of the field, North America, and in the last paragraph said: "Though the resources of our country are inexhaustible, and its possibilities are almost dazzling, yet its future is threatened by great perils. Almost every day cargoes of ignorance, superstition and vice are landed on our shores. The Chinaman comes with his stubborn prejudices, the Irishman with his intense Catholicism, the Frenchman with his easy going skepticism, and the German with his passion for Sabbath desecration. Everywhere the liquor power debauches politics and corrupts government, while communism declares war against all government human and divine.

Surely some great problems are to be settled in the United States." Dr. Carter always received an appointment to preach during the annual meetings. This year it was in the Baptist Church on Sunday evening, a fitting close of the session.

In 1887 the Baptists of the state met in annual meeting again with Dr. Carter's church in Parkersburg, and as seen in previous years, he was not conspicuous in his own house, but let company do the talking, yet he got in his say on Temperance.

In 1888 the General Association met again in Clarksburg, in what the secretary pronounced one of its best meetings. Dr. Carter appeared on the floor on all the leading subjects: State Missions, Home Missions, Education and Temperance. He prepared and read the report on Home Missions. We can give only a few of his most striking sentences. It starts out with these words: "In the judgment of your committee, the Home Mission Society is one of the most necessary and important societies of our denominational agencies. Its field is North America, and its work immense. Whatever we do for the occupation of the great and growing West, for the conversion of the Indian tribes that still remain in our own country, for the evangelization of the millions that come to us from foreign lands, and for the education and elevation of the colored population of the South—must be done through this organization." In speaking of the Society in the state he said a gratifying progress had been made. "The contrast between 1880 and 1888 is encouraging. Then only six of our churches contributed to the funds of the Society; now more than two hundred contribute. Then the total contribution of the state to the Society's treasury was less than one hundred dollars; now it is more than twelve hundred dollars." * * * * "The pillar of cloud looms before us, and is moving forward. Let us follow where it leads. Religion and patriotism combine to compel us to sustain the Home Mission Society in conquering North America for Christ."

On Sunday morning Dr. Carter preached in the Baptist Church his last sermon before the General Association for a dozen years.

He was out of the state serving as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Raleigh, N. C. We are sorry we do not have a record of his work in the South, but from the influence of it and the commendation of those who were near him, it was doubtless the

prime work of his life. It was the privilege of the writer to hear him preach the annual sermon before the Southern Baptist Convention in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1890. He said afterward that that was the most talented audience he had ever preached to, but he made a splendid impression and won for himself the title of the "Lisping Orator" of the South.

In the year 1900 we are again assembled in the capacity of the General Association in Parkersburg. It seems quite natural as well as pleasing to see the face of Dr. Carter among us. He has returned from the South to stay. The church at this time being pastorless, it seemed quite natural for Dr. Carter to be discharging the duty of "host" to the Association. He made the address of welcome, reviewing the early history of the organization and noting the progress that had been made while he was away. As a response the audience rose and sung

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

In the election of officers Dr. Carter was given his old place as vice president. He did not take an active part in the business of the session.

In 1901 we met in General Association in Huntington. Dr. Carter occupied two most prominent positions. One evening session was given to State Missions. John S. Stump, the superintendent of State Missions, and Dr. Carter made the two addresses of the evening, and we might add the *two* addresses of the entire session. These addresses were, in my judgment, the most masterly ever made before the General Association. A distinguished visitor from Virginia said he had heard many missionary addresses, but these were the best to which he had ever listened. The other prominent place Dr. Carter filled was in the Baptist pulpit Sunday morning, a position he had often filled before. Dr. Walker, the pastor and a life-long friend, did the noble thing in giving Dr. Carter this place of honor and distinction so well deserved. We all felt that we had him with us for the remainder of his life.

After his return from the South he spent much time in evangelistic work, assisting pastors in special meetings, but finally settled in the pastorate of two town churches, Spencer, in Roane County, and Elizabeth, in Wirt County, where he spent the remainder of his life.

In 1902, at Grafton, Dr. Carter made an address on "The Motive of Missionary Giving," and preached in the Lutheran Church Sunday morning and in the Baptist Church in the evening.

He took an active part in the session of the Association at Buckhannon, making several addresses on the leading subjects. The next year the General Association met in Wheeling. Here for the first time in his life he was elected president of the Association, not that he was not considered competent or worthy, but it seemed to be understood that he could be more useful on the floor, where was his great power. At this meeting he preached his last annual sermon to the General Association. He referred to the fact that his first annual sermon was preached in Wheeling, and in all probability this would be the last, and it was. His subject was "God's Rights," from Daniel 4:35. He conducted an open parliament on State Missions, according to the order of business.

In 1905 the General Association met in the new Baptist Temple, Charleston. Dr. Carter was re-elected president. On Wednesday afternoon, with Rev. J. D. Simmons, vice president, in the chair, Dr. Carter made an address on the topic, "Forty Years Completed," reviewing the work of the Association for this period of its entire history. The address abounded with interesting and valuable facts. Much of this history Dr. Carter helped to make, and he was best qualified to rehearse it. He spoke on Temperance, preached in the First Presbyterian Church Sunday morning and conducted the Annual Prayer Meeting in the afternoon.

The forty-second annual session of the General Association was held in Clarksburg. Dr. Carter was elected president for a third term. He responded in his usual happy way to the address of welcome by Pastor McDanel. He was appointed a delegate to the General Convention of North American Baptists. He preached in the Central Presbyterian Church Sunday morning. He does not appear on any of the standing committees, for the obvious reason that he as president appointed them. At this session a new constitution was adopted by the Association, and under it new officers were elected. Rev. L. W. Holden was chosen president.

The session of 1907 was held in Huntington. Dr. Carter, of course, was present. The records show that he never missed a meeting except the time he was out of the state. On Thursday

evening, October 17th, State Missions was discussed under three divisions:

"The Heritage of the Past," D. B. Purinton.

"The Work of the Present," L. B. Moore.

"The Needs of the Future," J. W. Carter.

He was fully up to himself in this address, expressing himself through the day as never feeling better. He pronounced the benediction, went to his temporary home, spent the remainder of the evening in happy conversation with his old friends, retiring near midnight. Before six o'clock he waked up in Heaven, dying of apoplexy. The remark was made next morning frequently, "An ideal death."

A memorial service was held in the Baptist Church Friday afternoon, and the body taken to Parkersburg for interment. As I am writing only of his work, other writers in this volume will speak in detail of this service.

I have given only a brief survey of Dr. Carter's work in connection with our General Association. He always attended his District Associational meetings, Sunday School Conventions and Institutes, as well as Ministers' Meetings. I have spent many days of labor with him in these meetings. He was also a great evangelistic preacher and assisted neighboring pastors in special meetings, both in West Virginia and Ohio. He was often chosen to preach special sermons and deliver special addresses at college commencements and other large denominational gatherings.

As has already been shown, he was a warm advocate of temperance in all its reform movements. He made a great many addresses in different parts of the state on the proposed constitutional prohibition amendment. He was a leading spirit in the organization of the Prohibition party of the state. The warmest, keenest, and most earnest debate I ever heard was between Dr. Carter and ex-Governor Atkinson. It was in the convention at Grafton. Both were on the committee on resolutions. There was a division of sentiment. Dr. Carter headed the sentiment of the majority report in favor of organizing a Prohibition party, and Governor Atkinson led the minority report in favor of continuing non-partisan action. I never heard any man plead with another as Dr. Carter did with Governor Atkinson. I remember one expression he used in describ-

ing the minority resolutions: "Why, Brother Atkinson, they are as loose as a Mother Hubbard dress; it covers everything and touches nothing." While the debate was red hot, neither of the men lost his head or uttered unbecoming language.

His work in West Virginia Baptist enterprise was a finished work. He could truly say with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course," and we who survive him feel sure that a "crown of rejoicing" was ready for him when he entered the Spirit World.

"Servant of God, well done;
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal sorrow pierced his frame;
 He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield."

DR. JOHN W. CARTER AS AN EVANGELIST.

By REV. LAWRENCE DICKERSON, Radnor, Ohio.

Paul said, "God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong." (1 Cor. 1:27b.) This statement of the Apostle Paul is amply sufficient, and needs no argument to impress its truth on any one who believes in God. There are many illustrations of God's choosing the "weak things" to "put to shame the things that are strong." And the fact that God does this does not even imply that He never does the opposite. That God chooses the mighty things of this world needs neither evidence nor argument. All who ever heard Dr. Carter speak or preach would at once conclude that God had chosen him, and that he was a mighty man, and was a power for good both among the weak of the world and the strong as well. His power was always prominent without any effort on his part. I first heard him preach at Wayne C. H., in the summer of 1887. In company with Dr. W. E. Powell and Dr. W. P. Walker, he came to the town of Wayne, Wayne County, to preach the dedicatory sermon of the Baptist Church at that place, built under the pastorate of Rev. R. R. Sadler. The text was 1 Tim. 3:15. The subject of the sermon was "The church the pillar and ground of the truth."

The heart of the great man was always so warm and sympathetic that even a dedicatory sermon would be so charged with evangelistic truth and delivered with such fervency of spirit and power of soul, that the heart of hardened sinners would be melted, and the humblest ones brought nearer the Lord. About twelve years ago, while attending the Southern Baptist Convention at Louisville, I heard him speak before the convention. Sunday morning he preached for Dr. T. T. Eaton, at Fourth and Walnut, and Dr. J. B. Hawthorn preached for Dr. Carter Helm Jones, at Broadway. Of course, I could not hear both, and so I heard Dr.

Hawthorn, for I thought I would be more likely to hear Dr. Carter in the future than Dr. Hawthorn.

Soon after that he gave up his work in North Carolina and came back and settled for work among the hills of West Virginia, and to the great delight of our people, was willing to do evangelistic work. Toward the last of November, 1900, I began a meeting at Leon, Mason County, West Virginia. I knew that Dr. Carter was somewhere up the C. & O. Railroad, helping some of our brethren in a meeting, and I wrote him to come and help me in meetings, and he agreed to come. He reached Leon and preached his first sermon the first Sunday in December, 1900. The meeting continued one week after he came, and only resulted in increasing the spirituality of the church. He was a successful evangelistic preacher. He did not adopt the "modern methods" of professional evangelists. His methods were more apostolic than modern. He preached and prayed, and did personal work; and modest humility and simple earnestness characterized every movement and method; and so he won the hearts of all. His sermons were clear, logical and sound. He usually preached an hour, and no one complained of the length. He usually preached about a week, dealing with sin and its results. Then would follow that with the tenderest sermons on God's love and compassion, that ere we were aware of it men and women would seem anxious to accept Christ. He never seemed to make any effort to play on the emotions of the people. His own heart was so full of love and tenderness that the people naturally followed the current of melting tenderness, and it was done so easily that no one was aware of the starting time, the length of time, nor when they returned from this trip of tears. His great sermons on special occasions were simply gems of a classical kind, but in his evangelistic work he paid no special attention to that, but the beauty was seen in every sermon.

At Leon he made his home with Deacon Alfred Sullivan; at Harmony he remained at the hospitable home of W. G. Whitehead. At Concord he was entertained in the home of Deacon Frank Day. At Buffalo we most gladly entertained him at the parsonage. In all these meetings he was a hard, burdened worker; but he rested quickly, and was fresh for every sermon. His soul seemed to

soar at conversions and baptisms. We baptized in Little Sixteen, near Harmony; in Five Mile, near the old home of J. W. Sanders; in the Big Kanawha, at Buffalo, and once or twice in the "back water" when the Kanawha was up. It was at this baptizing that he seemed most delighted. He said it was the prettiest baptizing he ever saw. The grass was green in the field, and the water had come out under a big apple tree which was in full bloom, and the people stood on three sides, and his keen eye could see all the beauty, and his pure soul could drink in all the sweetness of the occasion. But his greatest joy came when the meetings at a place were over. Then he would sit and entertain company, and would be just delighted. He never seemed in a hurry to close a meeting. He worked hard and patiently, until he felt he could do no more, and when he said that, I never insisted on his staying. His work ended at Harmony just before Christmas. He was very anxious to spend Christmas at home, but said: "Oh, I could stay if it seemed necessary," but the meeting seemed to close naturally, and he went away in time for his Christmas joy with loved ones at home. There were twelve or fifteen accessions at the Harmony Church at this meeting. Just a few days after Christmas he came to Concord, Mason County, to help in another meeting at one of my churches. This meeting lasted about three weeks and resulted in an ingathering of fifteen or more accessions to the church. I will only take the time to tell of one night meeting at this place. He wanted a "watch meeting." I had never attended one and was not much in favor of it, but his wish settled me in favor of it. He said, "I want to see one century out, and one in; I may never have another opportunity." So we watched the old year out and the new one in; the old century out, and the new one in. It was a dark, gloomy night, and the roads were muddy, but the people came. We had four distinct meetings, with rests and social times between. First we had our regular meeting, and Dr. Carter preached. Then we had a prayer and conference meeting. Then after that, a short address by the pastor, and then Dr. Carter gave an address on "Our Country for the Last One Hundred Years?" A company of college presidents would have been charmed by that address. In it he made it convenient to say: "This is my birthday, and I am as old as Methuselah minus nine

hundred and five years; now if you are a good mathematician you can tell my age." Then after that came a short season of prayer, and just at midnight we were reverently standing and Dr. Carter was praying. That prayer was so full of thanks for the past, and petitions for the future.

Dr. Carter as an evangelist was an exception, at least in one particular. His main interest was in the church, and the salvation of souls. He really was burdened just like he was the pastor. The sorrows of the people grieved his tender soul. Let me give one illustration. The night of the "watch meeting" at Concord, at the time of the prayer and experience part of it, a good woman made a few very brief, tender remarks. Most of us knew the burden of her fond mother heart. Her first born boy had gone to war, and had been sent to the Philippine Islands. She closed by asking for prayers for her "dear boy." Her fears were well founded. In a day or two the news came that he was dead. Oh, that grief-stricken couple! And to hear Dr. Carter pour out his great soul for God to comfort the parents! Finally more than a week had passed. The poor mother had brightened up somewhat, but all hope had gone out of the father's heart that day. While preaching, Dr. Carter observed that the hope of the father had died, and his sermon was full of comfort and kindness. Just as soon as the sermon was over he went, while the congregation sang, and tried to console the grief-stricken father; but he could not be comforted. While we were at church the mail carrier passed with a letter from the war department, which said: "Your son Charles Oren Hall died on transport Sherman December 27." This saddened the whole community, and the people came to hear the comforting words of the man of God whom they all loved as a father, from little children up. Allow me to digress from Dr. Carter just long enough to say that the sorrows of life soon became too heavy for that poor mother, and she soon went to that country where they "learn war no more." But from the shadow of that great sorrow came some of the tenderest, most comforting preaching that the people of Concord ever heard, and God added His blessings.

Our meeting at Buffalo began about the first of March, 1901. His first sermon on the Buffalo field was preached at a school house five miles from the town. His text was, "This Same Jesus." We

received nineteen candidates for baptism. When we went home after the last meeting he said, with great joy, "Well, I asked the Lord to give us twenty in this meeting, and He gave us nineteen of them." Just a few weeks after he was gone, a little girl who loved him tenderly said on Saturday of church meeting day, "Father, why can't I join the church today?" and the father said, "You can if you want to, little girl." That afternoon she came forward and was received, and just as we were getting ready to go to the river, she again said, "Father, can't I be baptized too?" The father said, "Yes, little girl, if your mother can get you ready." She was soon ready, and "precious Rhoda" and dear little May were both baptized, and these two loved ones of ours were "over yonder" when Dr. Carter got there.

The last time he was in my home I arranged for him to preach at Buffalo, on the way to the General Association at Charleston, October, 1905. The rain came down in torrents, but he came, and said, "Well, if I had ever have been in the habit of missing appointments I would have missed this one." His text was, "Fiet not thyself because of evil doers."

Dr. Carter did evangelistic work for several other brethren. He aided Pastor W. H. Bayles in a meeting at Shinnston, beginning November 11, 1901. This meeting continued twelve days, and resulted in six conversions and five additions to the church.

He also aided Rev. F. P. Baldwin in a meeting at League, Ritchie County, West Virginia. This meeting did not result in any great number of conversions, but did much good. Twice in time of this meeting he wanted to know how many Christians were present. The first time five stood up, and the next time eight. He seemed surprised at this. Rev. Mr. Baldwin thinks that several were so impressed at this meeting that they finally yielded and became Christians as a result of the meetings.

In April, 1902, Dr. Carter aided Dr. T. C. Johnson in a meeting of nearly three weeks at Charleston, West Virginia. The numerical result of this meeting was the conversion of about twenty, and eighteen added to the church by baptism. The church was greatly quickened spiritually by this meeting.

The last few years of his life he again took all time work in the

pastorate, and thus his work as an evangelist was somewhat shortened.

In his evangelistic work he sometimes had occasion to administer a few words of rebuke for the sake of good order; but the rebuke was administered in such a way as to bring the necessary results without causing any trouble. On one occasion a young man seemed very much pleased with his watch, and gave it so much attention that it interrupted the general attention. Dr. Carter stopped and looked pleased, then putting his hand into an inside pocket, drew out a beautiful watch, and held it out toward the young man, and said with seeming boyish pleasure, "I've got a watch, too." That settled the owner of the annoying time-piece.

His evangelistic work never seems to have resulted in great numbers being added to the churches, but the churches took larger views of the kingdom and became much stronger. He so endeared himself to my people that when he left the General Association at Huntington to join the saints in their general assembly in the City of the New Jerusalem, his many true friends in the Kanawha valley mourned over his going.

DOCTOR CARTER IN THE PULPIT.

By W. E. HATCHER, D.D., of Richmond, Va.

Let me say frankly at the outset that this chapter will contain neither a history nor a eulogy. The story of Dr. Carter's life will be adequately told in other parts of this book, and possibly some of his appreciative admirers may furnish eloquent eulogies of his achievements and virtues. My task is to give a characterization of this worthy son of West Virginia; and yet it cannot be a general characterization, for I am to be limited to a single view of the man. I am to unveil him, so far as I am capable of the task, as a preacher.

But while I am to speak of him as a specialist, it is but just to say that in a pre-eminent sense he was nothing but a preacher. He was a citizen whose civic value enriched his state; he was a leader whose magnetic and inspiring life ennobled others; he was a husband and a father, and in each of those relations his affection and faithfulness was an inestimable heritage to his loved ones. In the richest scriptural sense, he forsook all to follow his Divine Lord when He called him into His service.

We will need to touch lightly in the outset several facts in his life which in the long run played a telling part in his ministry. Some of these facts were reckoned, even by his best friends, as unfavorable to his ministerial efficiency, and yet it was strongly felt that his infirmities and his natural faults were so exalted by his general character that they became elements of strength in his life.

Dr. Carter had a powerful body, massive, heavy, and possibly a little clumsy in its movements. To a stranger there was a lack of elasticity and grace in his movements, and when he ascended the platform pulpit there was somewhat of the ungainly and embarrassed air about him. The redeeming fact in the case, however, was his absorption in the message which he took with him into the

pulpit. It matters little what manners a preacher carries into his pulpit with him if he is so charged with great and self-forgetful thinking that the man is something quite apart from his manner. People of shallow pates may have smiled at times at the over-long strides and the awkward postures of our brother as he entered the pulpit and arose to take his text. But the thinking and appreciative people saw the pregnancy and the intensity of his thought and were awed into respectful listening. Then, too, Dr. Carter never caught the art of the rhetorician. I suppose really that he never in his life time, perhaps, studied the art of using his voice in the best way, and I must be frank enough to say that he did not use it in the best way. Indeed, I must charge him with being cruel in the abuses of his vocal powers—a fact of which I am sure he was utterly unconscious. But here comes in the wonder of the case. The Doctor's voice was rasping and discordant at times, but when he got under way, in the full swing of his deliverance, his thought filled up his voice, attuned it, enriched it, and made it inexpressibly charming to his audience. I did not like his voice when he would start with the sermon, but when he rose to the full mastery of his subject I felt that no other voice could tell his message so effectively as his own.

Then, too, Dr. Carter had a lisp—a decided, quivering, far-reaching lisp. As a rule, the lisp is a species of impediment and a confessed hurt to the speech. I would say outright that Dr. Carter's lisp was a startling blemish to a stranger. It shook even the best-mannered people out of their composure when they first heard it, and for a moment a strange audience would show on its very face a co-mingling of amusement and displeasure.

But be it said that my noble friend glorified that lisp. It became a part of his equipment; it took on a musical, delicious quaver which, at his moments of highest passion, rang like a great musical instrument. It became a vehicle beautifully furnished, in superb running order, and full of enchantment to the hearer, and it is not too much to say that it added immeasurably to his effectiveness on the occasions of his highest pulpit triumphs.

Dr. Carter did not have the finished culture of the schools. Indeed, so far as I know, he received comparatively little education except what he received from an academic school started in his part

of Old Virginia before the war, a school which did not survive the war, and which had but a very transient existence. It did choice secondary work, however, and one of its noblest beneficiaries was the gentleman who constitutes the topic of the present paper. It would not be proper to say that Dr. Carter was a scholar in the most exact sense, but it must be said that he was a man of the most eager, inquisitive and industrious mind. He was a student from necessity—from his irrepressible yearning after the truth, and while there were many domains of knowledge into which he did not enter, he studied in a way that quickened, thrilled and invigorated all of his mental powers. Theology, of course, was his major, and to that he devoted his life, and it would not be too much to say that he was a profound, discriminating and masterful theologian. This fact his preaching unconsciously but very strikingly underscored. He not only knew the text of theology, but he knew the spiritual meaning of its text. His familiarity with the teachings of the Scriptures would have made him a systematic theologian though no work had ever been previously written on systematic theology. If I were called on to characterize Dr. Carter as a theological teacher, I would have to say three things: first, that he accepted the teachings of the Scriptures as theology; not only as utterances concerning God, but doctrines revealed directly by God Himself. He felt that he had a message from the Lord. Secondly, he was the master of his message; whatever topic he selected to preach upon, he mastered it; he studied all around it, all through it, to the bottom of it, and to the top of it, so far as a great mind could go. He did not always preach equally great sermons, but I never heard him preach one time when he betrayed any serious lack of a ripened acquaintance with his subject. He was too intellectually honest to make a sloven sermon. Thirdly, his sermon grappled him. As a fact, the sermon always grapples the preacher when the preacher rightly grapples the sermon; it is a mutual grapple, and that was notably true with Dr. Carter.

It need not be said that these three facts lie at the bottom of great preaching. The brilliant preacher may skim the surface and dazzle and please for a season, but the bloom and fruit of such preaching soon perishes. But the man who goes not for the bloom

but for the root of the matter will have perpetual freshness in his preaching.

Let me not be misunderstood. A great preacher is not always equally great and not at all great at all times. In all sermons, even when equally profound and thoroughly made, there is not the possibility of the highest rhetorical effects. Dr. Carter was a didactic preacher, and teaching is not the most eloquent form of preaching. Besides, Dr. Carter was a man of high nervous temperament, liable to fluctuations, and suffering at times from a depression above which it was impossible for him to rise. Then, too, the audience, the building, the atmosphere, and many other incidental things, frequently play a part in determining the effectiveness of a sermon. For these, as well as other considerations, we ought to bear in mind that the effectiveness of all preachers is variable, and in this respect Dr. Carter was no exception.

It has been my good fortune to hear quite a number of men who ranked among the great preachers of the nineteenth century—men whose greatness was recognized and who were in reality very great, and I can say that not one of them was even uniformly a great preacher. It was said by one of his most thoughtful admirers that Dr. Tiberius Grachus Jones, accounted one of our great preachers in the last half of the nineteenth century, preached one great sermon a month and the rest of the month he ranked with the ordinary. That, after all, was not a bad record; he who can preach twelve monumentally great sermons in a year is not to be despised. Dr. Richard Fuller, the acknowledged prince of the Southern Baptist pulpit, was not always equally great, and sometimes, indeed, went below the respectable average. I would enroll Dr. Carter among the great preachers whom I have known and heard. He had certain elements of strength not often found in a man, and they were mixed in a proportion which gave him a truly notable personality. As a fact, you have to inquire in regard to every preacher as to what part of him preaches. With some, it is largely the voice—which, if melodious, musical and magnetic, constitutes the chief charm and obscures everything else; with some, the more striking feature is motion, or bearing, on the platform. Every reader, perhaps, has seen ministers whose grace in action constitutes their chief glory. With some, it is diction. The beauty

of their rhetoric, mellow diction, and felicitous enunciation count for the most. The vehicle which carries the thought is so beautiful that it obscures the thought. Now when we come to estimate Dr. Carter we would not say that he was much helped by the incidental features of his character; indeed, in most cases these were against him. What gave to him his pulpit mastery was his strong apprehension of the truth, steeped in the boiling caldron of his passion, sent forth under the might of his convictions and lit up with a flaming and reverential imagination. The mastery of his subject enslaved him and yet inspired and intoxicated him. When at his best, he was loosed entirely from all natural impediments, filled with a freedom that was riotous, with boldness that was a delight, and keyed up to such a lofty plane, that the spell of his power lifted the people out of themselves and brought them to the verge of the invisible world, though invisible no longer while he played his imperial part. I recall the occasion of his first visit to Richmond. He was brought there to address a missionary society, and he came almost an unaccredited stranger, and with no public expectancy ready to greet him. I was not living in Richmond at the time and had to depend upon hearsay as to what occurred. I chanced to reach Richmond the morning after his sermon, and for the day I heard little else than the excited comments on his extraordinary sermon. He suddenly sprang up like a new-born star in the firmament, and all eyes and lenses went after him. The desire was so great to hear him again that he was announced for Monday night—notably a bad time for commanding an audience and with scant opportunity for spreading the news—but the story of Sunday was in the air and a full house awaited him. His theme was the Holy Spirit, and while they said that he did not attain such heights as he reached the night before, his sermon was tremendous. The impression made upon me was never lost, and to this hour I remember him.

Dr. Carter was not a certainty on a great occasion. It took a conjunction of circumstances and a mood of liberty on his part to enable him to do his best; yet his greatest successes were upon his greatest occasions. Several of his sermons and addresses at our anniversaries were mightily impressive, and it has been no uncommon thing during the last two scores of years to meet men and

women who talked of some great sermon by Dr. Carter which they had heard somewhere in the past.

Indeed, a most exalted quality of Dr. Carter's preaching was its unforgettability. Not that you could remember all of it, but it would be almost inevitable that there was something of it that a thoughtful hearer could never forget. He drove his nails into sure places, and they stayed there.

Dr. Carter was sometimes humorous in the pulpit, but never funny. Now and then he might give a touch of delicate satire, but he would give it in such a richly humorous way that its cutting power was gone. I was with him once at the General Association of West Virginia, and it was on Sunday. They had four collections that day in the church of which he was pastor, and he was pleading in behalf of the fourth appeal.

"I dare thay," he said with a broad lisp, "thome of you are thay-ing we are having too many collec-thions today, and I venthure to athert that you who are thay-ing that aren't giving fifty thents all put together the whole day long."

There was an abandon and a mischief in the way in which he put it that caught the crowd, and they broke into great laughter in which Carter joined with the simplicity of a child. Occasionally in his sermons some playful, facetious thought flashed out which gave the audience a delicious surprise. I am sure that his lisp never was quite so effective or so fascinating as when it carried a jest or brought a little story which had sparkles of humor about it. Dr. Carter had vast depths of emotion. He was often stirred to the verge of his self-control and sometimes beyond it. His tears would swell white in his eyes, and leap out almost like kindling flames, and the sight of them often melted his audience to the profoundest depths of emotion. It would be safe to put Dr. Carter in the category of the pastor of preachers. He was a man whom other ministers fondly loved. He was so undisguisedly modest and free with preachers, so free from haughty airs or signs of envy, and so ready to help preachers that they flocked around him wherever he went. They were greatly edified by his preaching and stimulated in their best spiritual ambitions by his example to try to make as much as possible of themselves.

A book-lover Dr. Carter was, but not a book-worm. He could

get the good out of a book, but what he got was its intellectual and spiritual essence, and all the use he made of it was to season his own thoughts and his own life. If Dr. Carter had dared under any circumstances to steal a sermon, his unsullied honesty and candor would have made him confess his crime before he attempted to preach it. His mind was of the royal type; it could not pilfer nor appropriate the intellectual achievements of others. Indeed, he did not need to be a plagiarist. His mind was exceedingly fruitful, and next to the joy of preaching was his yet greater joy of creating his sermons. He used other men's thoughts, but he labeled them with their proper lineage.

I never heard Dr. Carter deliver but one long discourse. That was an address, and, perhaps, ran for an hour and a quarter, but he was on the hill-tops on that occasion and it took a man's watch to acquaint him with the fact that so much time had fled during the entrancing experiences of that address. Not that he made a specialty of preaching short sermons. Indeed, one of his limitations was his inability to make a sermonette, and no great sermon was ever preached within twenty minutes, and Dr. Carter could not have done such a thing if his ministerial reputation had depended upon it.

There entered into our brother's make-up many of the singularly great elements which go into the creation of an imperial master of the pulpit. For one thing, his mind insisted on faithful research and measured what he said by the best logical lines. He stated the truth in natural, progressive, unfolding phrase, and rarely left the thoughtful hearer in doubt as to his meaning. At times, he towered like a giant as he poured out of his burning lips his message of truth. His leading thought was to convince. He did not appeal to the emotions except that his remarkable aptitude in presenting the truth in a clear and intensely intellectual way served to set his whole soul on fire and to flood his nature with great emotion. It was quite common for him to melt the hearts of people by talking to their heads. Those who sat under the ministry of this unique and thrilling preacher can never forget his happy faculty for illustrations. This was one of his master gifts, and he used it greatly to the help of the truth and to the edification of his people. Nature, history, science and literature opened their stores

to him and he was skilled in selecting and most impressive in putting forth his illustrations.

I do not recall any occasion on which I felt that my brother sought unduly to excite the emotions of his auditors. Indeed, it was almost a fault of his that his mind was more toward his sermon than toward his people. Truly, he came heavy laden to his task, and from the first to the last of his sermon it was manifest that the mightiest forces of his being were in vital grapple with the sermon. He had a message, and his soul was thoroughly set on bringing that message of the Master to the hearts of the people. And at times I found myself curiously bewildered by his absolute absorption in his sermon. As a fact, he hardly seemed to know where he was, and so far as one could judge he was forgetful of the fact that there was an audience in front of him. Possibly at times this extreme and overmastering identification with his sermon may have in some measure indicated the distance between him and the people, but I am not sure that it was ever true in my case. He made me think about what he was thinking about, and intensified my desire to lay hold upon that which seemed so powerfully to have apprehended him.

So far from his over-mastering interest in his theme crippling his power, in many cases, at least, it served to enliven and stir the people. He identified the hearers with himself and then carried them triumphantly into the heart of his sermon. At such times his magnetism was almost miraculous; it caught up the people like a whirlwind and swept them along with him as he went. People often wept under his preaching, but it seemed to me to be peculiar weeping; it was not of the cheap and transient sort; there was in their tears thought and reason. They wept with joy because they caught new visions of the truth; they wept with shame as they saw in a new way their guilty lives; they wept in peace as the preacher led them out upon the tablelands of truth and they saw the glory of God; they wept with exultation as they caught the sight of the far off city whose builder and maker is God, up to which they were sometimes brought in such glorious proximity.

But I must not make this chapter unduly long. It is just one more aspect of this rare son of Grace that I am allowed to speak of at all, and truly I am ashamed enough that my words are so broken

and my tribute so inadequate. Dr. Carter had the secret of the Lord with him. His intimacy with his Father was not only worship, but it was comradeship. He walked so near the throne that he saw much that was going on around about it. No man ever loved the Bible nor studied it more reverently than he did. But in his ripened days his preaching was experimental. He had seen and heard and his testimony was that of one who knew whereof he spoke. After years of devoted meditation upon the Christ of the Scriptures and preaching Him with transcendent eloquence in an objective way, he came by many gracious degrees to know Christ so intimately and with such measureless loyalty that he preached the Christ of his own life and experiences. Christ dwelt in him and his sermons were largely the shining of the Christ life out through the life of the preacher. I heard him make a notable speech at Huntington, West Virginia, not more than eight or nine hours before he crossed the line and went in to see his Lord. I had not seen him for a long time, and the sight of him was to me a distinct dispensation of grace. His address enchanted me, and after it was over we were locked in each other's arms, and after a happy chat we parted to meet again on the morrow. Ah, a multitude will meet him: we will meet him tomorrow; we will tell him of the good he did us: we will be reunited with him by ties never to be broken, and be forever with the Lord.

DOCTOR CARTER IN HIS SOCIAL LIFE.

By REV. BAYLUS CADE, of Shelby, N. C.

The task of writing of Doctor Carter's Social Life is not at all an easy one. And this, for one reason, because no one can get either a true or an adequate view of his relations to the social life of his time who treats of society generically. To place their true values upon the social aptitudes of this remarkable man, it is necessary to make distinctions as to society itself. Those sections and segments of the social structure which are sometimes called the "Four Hundred," and sometimes "The Smart Set," made just no appeal at all to Doctor Carter. For that all too prevalent type of social life in his time which was able to find its amused satisfaction in the inane mysteries of progressive euchre and bridge whist, he had nothing at all but a feeling of tremendous contempt. He could never understand the joys—if the courtesies of human speech will allow them to be called joys—of a social life which arises from the merely sensuous in human relations. For him, any desirable social habits must have regard to the intellectual, to the moral, to the aesthetic, to the spiritual in men. And yet, no person of his time was less cynical, or more loyal in sympathy with all the movements and tendencies of real social growth than was he. And his sympathy with the real growth of social life was not prompted by unreasoning benevolent impulse alone. It resulted from benevolent impulse corrected, informed and sublimated by patient, long continued, profound study of social institutions, both past and contemporary. The writer has known no one in the pulpit whose knowledge of social things was wider, or more accurate than was that of Doctor Carter. He knew the attainments and the tendencies of the social life of his time; and he knew also what was weakest, as well as what was best, in the social life of past times. It was impossible for one so well informed upon social things as he was, to relate himself either approvingly or pleasantly to much which is

embraced within the generic term society. His social contacts and practices were severely, loftily discriminatory.

It is very difficult adequately to set out the social life of Doctor Carter for another reason; a reason, too, which all who knew him well will at once allow, but which none can fully analyze or describe. No hazard whatever is taken in the assertion that his personality was unique. To estimate his relations to the social life of his day by the rules which govern the social relations of less gifted and ordinary men would be to go entirely astray. Very much of the excellencies of Doctor Carter's social qualities must be seen—if they are to be seen at all—from the inner sanctuary of his wonderfully unique personality. So markedly did he differ from the majority of men, that superficial persons were apt to say that he was eccentric. He was unique. He was simply true to the orbit of his own great personality. It was not possible that such a personality as his should come into the social life of his time, or abide therein after he had come into it, without making some very unconventional impressions upon it, for the reason that his coming was the arrival therein of a wholly unique personal force, whereof society had never had experience before; a personal social force, too, not less powerful for social rationalization and betterment than it was unique in its character.

Then, too, all of Doctor Carter's perceptions of social things, as well as of other things, were so subtle that it was difficult for any one else to see social things as he saw them. His social judgments were, therefore, often determined by the consideration of distinctions too ethical to make appeal to less gifted persons. In illustration of this an incident may be mentioned. Many years ago he read the autobiography of the late John Stuart Mill, wherein the great agnostic almost deified his father, without so much as once making mention of his mother. Doctor Carter's subtle intellect perceived the joint thus revealed in the moral harness of the famous logician; and he so used it in a debate upon the character of Mill, in a literary club in Parkersburg, as to utterly blast, in the estimation of his audience, the autobiographer's moral reputation. And he did this, too, in the face of an audience that was, for the most part, partial to the reputation of Mill.

These, with other things that might be mentioned, make it hard

to deal adequately with Doctor Carter's relations to the social life of his time; and if the writer shall fail herein to set out fully and satisfactorily those social relations, it will not be for the want of a loving wish so to do; but it will be because his subject was so many-sided and unique in wonderful gifts and personality as to elude everything like analysis and description.

It is certain that the better elements in the social life of the world were imparted to it by the courageous souls who have not alone given it a dominant, but have also determined its abiding character and directed its beneficent movements. Indeed, it could be shown, were there need of it in this place, that in no other sphere of human endeavor is a high type of courage so much required as is found to be necessary in the prompting and shaping of social growths. Doctor Carter was the embodiment of a courage which never grew pale or hesitated in the front of a social wrong, however venerable its antiquity, however interwoven with the social fabric it might be, or however it might plead the bolstering support of great names. He had the courage to look straight into the middle of social things, see any wrong lurking there, and drag it out into the light, and hold it up to the scorn of loathing goodness. Who is there living now, who knew this supremely courageous soul, who does not recall the blazing eyes, the transfigured form, the blistering eloquence, wherewith he condemned the social wrong of his time, whether upon the platform, or in the drawing room? The social life of Parkersburg, of West Virginia, of Raleigh, of North Carolina, has more of abiding good within it now than it could have attained had Doctor Carter not lived and wrought.

Doctor Carter had a great intellect; an intellect which fitted him to adorn any social circle whereinto he might come. And he furnished in his social life a very rare exception to the rule of behaviour of great minds in society. Great intellect in the drawing room is almost always dominant to actual tyranny. Not so with him. His almost womanish modesty, and his steady desire and purpose to add to the pleasures of others made him to be a simple contributor to the social joys, rather than a monopolist of them. The only exceptions to this that were ever noted by the writer came forward when some religious conviction dear to him was assailed, or some moral wrong was advocated, or some pretension

of social caste made itself blatant. Upon such occasions he would flame out with terrific vehemence of argument, with salvos of the most over-mastering ridicule, until the victims were reduced to the meekness of silence; whereupon he would turn the conversation to some other topic, betraying no suggestion even of a consciousness that he had won a triumph.

Doctor Carter's relations to social things were made to be dynamic and beautiful by his great heart. Perhaps no one else of his generation displayed a more constant, a more intelligent, a more tender benevolence toward all the classes of human society than he did. It was impossible that one with such endowments of affectionateness as he possessed should mingle constantly in the social activities of great pastorates for more than fifty years without making a powerful impression upon his social contemporaries. His great heartedness, moreover, was not of that sort which regarded men in the abstract, and spent its time and itself in contemplation of the sufferings and wrongs of the lowly. It was practical great heartedness, who went to the sufferers, without a semblance of that hateful patronage, which charity often wears, and held out a hand and a help with sincerity as clear as the sunlight. Doctor Carter's love of men led him almost to ignore contemptuously most of those social distinctions which small persons everywhere look upon with so much of unthinking respect. To him there were but two classes of persons in the world—the good, and the not good. The good were to be encouraged to higher climbing in accomplishment; the not good were to be won up, lifted up, dragged up, to the planes and into the atmosphere of better things. He wore his benevolence as constantly as he wore his stature, and it shined more steadily and more radiantly nowhere else than in the social life of his day. No one could be with him in the social circle for a single evening without carrying with him the impress of his wonderful personality. The writer knew him long and intimately; and he never knew him to give utterance to a cynical sentiment—no, not even under provocation, or in the hurry and fire of discussion. He loved men with an abiding love; and he made them conscious, too, of his love, by radiating it as naturally as the sun radiates heat; and his love of men was more in evidence, or more radiant, nowhere else than in the social company.

Doctor Carter's education in college was interrupted—broken finally off, in fact—by the coming on of the Civil War. But, nevertheless, he was a very learned man. His knowledge was large and accurate. His reading was wide, varied and select. And he had the most instant and perfect command of the resources of his learning. The resources of his large learning he carried into the social circle and made use of them there without a suggestion even of pedantry. The social gathering that could count him in its list was certain to dissolve at the end of the evening with accessions of information, with better aspirations, with higher ideals than any its members had when they came together. And he could do this for the social circle without a suggestion of obtrusiveness or monopoly. He had, moreover, faculty for rebuking pretentiousness of any sort without making it bleed, such as the writer has known no one else to be in possession of.

His great mind, his great heart, his great learning fitted him to adorn, to inform, to elevate the social life of his time; and his great courage made him to be pre-eminent in social reformation wheresoever he wrought.

We now come to a side of his character which Doctor Carter never exhibited promiscuously, to-wit, his humor. He had as fine a sense of humor as the writer has ever known in any one; and it flashed and beamed in the social circle more delightfully than anywhere else. All those who knew him well and appreciatively will allow at once that he was essentially a poet. It was the poetic in him that made him to be the master rhetorician that he unquestionably was. Now, humor is an essential quality of the poetic nature and temperament, wherever and in whomsoever it may be found. In Doctor Carter's sermons and addresses there was always humor of a very high order. It was never in his serious utterances allowed to become either flippant or grotesque; but it was there; and it flashed and shimmered its beautiful light upon his tremendous earnestness in all his public utterances. In some of his addresses he gave a looser rein to this side of his nature, allowing it to flame out in elucidation of his theme. It was seen, however, in all its fullness amidst the unrestraints of the social circle. Sometimes it took the form of humor proper; sometimes it wore the semblance of wit; sometimes it came as laughter-provoking repartee; some-

times, when it could be made to be impersonal, it put on the guise of ridicule. In whatever form it came, it was original, sparkling, delicious. Who is there who ever spent an evening with Doctor Carter in the drawing room who will not recall with delight that he was the very life and soul of the occasion.

Many of those who will read these paragraphs will learn from them, to their surprise mayhap, that Doctor Carter was an inveterate tease. But so he was. The objects of his teasing, however, were the intimates of his life and not just any persons with whom he might be thrown. The writer esteems it a distinction that he himself was, often and often, the object of his teasing; and he remembers now with a peculiar pleasure how the Doctor's face would light up, and how his kindly eyes would flash out the very spirit of merriment, when he could get some good rig upon the writer in the presence of their brethren. But in his teasing there was no sting of malice, no suggestion of coarseness, no intention or wish to give pain. That he teased any one was a sure mark of his esteem of that person. His teasing was reserved for the intimates of his life, who were certain to understand, and was never exercised upon others.

The writer has now set out his honest estimate of his great friend's social aptitudes and influence. There was one thing which did sometimes detract from his social efficiency, but only amongst persons who did not know him well. His power of abstract thinking was so great, and his habit of thinking was so inveterate, that he would sometimes fall into utter abstraction and think out in rapid whispering with social conversation going on all around him. That was his manner of thinking. Upon two separate occasions the writer slept in the same bed with him when the Doctor had to preach the following days before the General Association of West Virginia. Upon both of these occasions, when the writer awoke in the morning, the Doctor was lying in bed, repeating passages of his sermon for that day; repeating those passages not out loud and deliberately, but in a sort of mumbling undertone, and so rapidly that only a word here and there could be understood. This habit of abstraction from his surroundings would sometimes assert itself in the social gathering, and make him seem to be singular to persons who did not know him well.

It was the writer's privilege to have been with Doctor Carter in the social circle during the last afternoon that he spent on earth. It was in the home of Mr. Charles Cammack, in Huntington, West Virginia. The social company that afternoon was almost wholly made up of persons of both sexes whom we had both known and loved from the times of their childhood. The reunion was delightful. The company was intelligent and genial, and the conversation took a wide range. Doctor Carter was radiantly happy, and his brilliancy as a conversationalist never appeared to better advantage. During the afternoon one of the ladies said: "Doctor Carter, I am not at all satisfied with the pastorates you have now. I think you are entitled to the very best position in the gift of the West Virginia Baptists." This she repeated with much earnestness two or three times. Her insistence seemed to embarrass him. Indeed, anything in the way of compliment always embarrassed him. Upon his young friend's repetition of her dissatisfaction, the writer said, addressing the lady by her name, "I am of opinion that Doctor Carter is now doing the very best work of his life." Instantly the look of embarrassment quitted his face, and, with that inimitable lisp which we all knew and loved, he said: "I think you have very likely stated the fact as it is. I think it likely that you are right." How grateful the writer was the next morning, how grateful he is now, that he spoke those words of appreciation at that time! At seven of the clock that evening we all went out to dinner and spent a delightful hour around the social board. From the dinner table we all went to the night session of the General Association, whereat Doctor Carter spoke with great power. The session of the evening ended, Doctor Carter stood upon the platform and pronounced the benediction. The last time the writer saw him alive, he was holding his hands out over the audience and was breathing a blessing upon many, many persons whom he most loved, from the very threshold of the glory world! He went back to the home of Mr. Cammack, expressed his gratification that his work at that session of the Association was now done, went to bed, slept sweetly until the gray dawn of a beautiful autumn day began to spread itself over the world, and then—went home to God!

The writer had these particulars of his departure from the lips of that great woman who was his wife, and who had entered fully into

his great life and ministry, as, perhaps, no other woman could have done.

One word more: At nine of the clock that morning the writer met Deacon J. N. Potts, of Huntington, and said to him: "Brother Potts, are you sad?" The reply came: "Oh, no; I am not sad! Just think what a meeting of Carter and Walker has been this morning!"

MR. CARTER IN THE HOME, AND IN HIS STUDY.

By HON. DAVE D. JOHNSON, of Parkersburg, W. Va.

It is said you cannot know a man well "until you have lived with him." Few men have been more highly esteemed in any of the walks of life than John William Carter. Nor did he in anywise forfeit this high esteem in his home life. As a dutiful son in the ancestral home, as a husband and father at his own fireside, and as a welcome guest in other homes, he was the same true, genial Christian gentleman. Here, as everywhere else, he was unique. There was but one John W. Carter. As a boy on the back-woods farm, with his father, and among his kindred, he was obedient, kindly and helpful. In his young manhood it fell to his lot to share largely with his father the arduous task of transforming a West Virginia wilderness into a productive farm. From this strenuous life he did not shirk, nor did he fret and complain with a longing for an easier life. This home and its manner of living were of the primitive style. The conveniences and comforts of modern times were not available. Carpets and "store furniture" were almost unknown in the neighborhood. From such a life and environment the average young man of today, having the ability of Mr. Carter, would have set off for the city without delay.

But the subject of this sketch loved this home and was devoted to his parents. He knew what self-denial was and learned to practice it. Hard work with the mattock and plow, the maul and wedge, grubbing and fence-building were not distasteful to him. He was thoroughly reliable, and could be trusted in the management of the home work, and in the conduct of the farm. Restraint did not worry him, nor make him discontented. His environment afforded scant opportunity to fulfill any ambition, but he was content "to do what he could, not what he might wish to do." He was ambitious, and was eager for an education, and when school privileges were denied him, he studied by the light of a



MRS. ELIZABETH JOHNSON CARTER.
1908.

shagbark hickory fire on the hearth after the hard day's work was over. If the means of securing a college education were lacking, he nevertheless made the most of every opportunity to acquire knowledge and mental training.

After his conversion, he felt more than ever the need of an education. He had a feeling that he was to be a preacher. Rev. J. M. Purinton, the father of our Dr. Purinton, who lived then in Preston County, kindly offered him the opportunity of becoming an inmate of his home and joining the family school. He did so, and was instructed by Mrs. Purinton, and thus fell under the influences of a model home and the example of godly people.

The domestic instinct and parental affection were predominant in the development of his home-loving character, and in fitting him for a blessed experience of thirty-eight years in a home of his own. His devotion to his parents, and his appreciation of their worth were exemplified in his later life. Preachers usually desire a vacation for travel and new scenes. For Mr. Carter there was but one vacation journey—one place of supreme interest to him, and that was the old home in Upshur County. As long as either of the parents lived he made his annual pilgrimage to that rude old country place, not for his own pleasure alone, but for father and mother's sake.

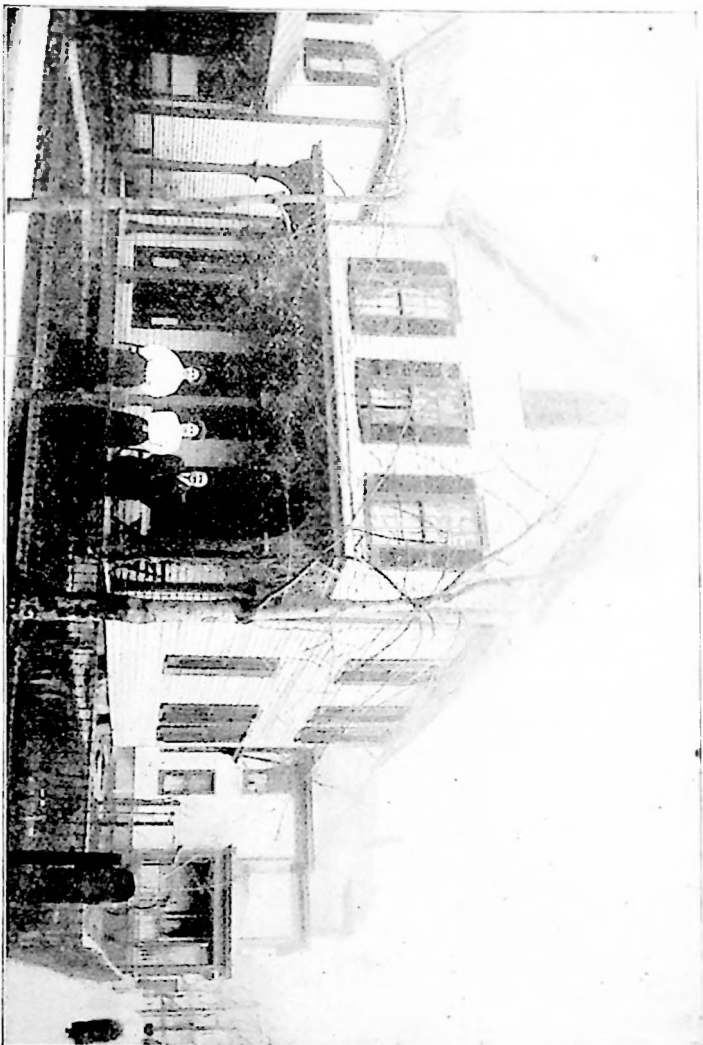
Some years before his death he made a journey back to Albemarle County, Va., to visit the scenes of his early boyhood, the place of his birth and the home from which his father came to Upshur County. He had retained a vivid recollection of it, though he was perhaps not more than seven years of age when he left it. Great and sorrowful was his disappointment, for time had wrought unspeakable changes. The woods were cleared away, the orchard gone, the house decayed and gone: nothing seemed natural, except the old spring that sent forth its fountain of clear water from which he used to quench his boyish thirst. He had learned as never before that Heaven alone will be an abiding home.

He was a welcome guest in every household. I first knew him at my father's home, where his odd, unconventional manners impressed me, as they had every one who knew him. He was a delightful guest, and came to be especially agreeable to my sister. How or when he did his courting, nobody knows, but it is safe to

say he did it differently from any other lover. He married my sister in 1869. The wedding had been planned for my father's birthday, October 25th, the occasion of our annual family reunion. Two weeks before this anniversary my mother died. The reunion was to have been a "joyous occasion"; but the house of joy was turned into a house of mourning, with father left desolate in his old age, "mother" gone and the only daughter about to leave him. Those most concerned insisted that the wedding should be deferred. But at father's request the reunion and the wedding were both to go on as planned. And so the family gathering, with its greetings, its devotional prayer meeting, the old hymns and reminiscences of joys and sorrows, went on as usual, with the added incident of a wedding to vary the interest of the occasion.

An account of the home life of Mr. Carter would not be complete without at least a brief notice of this sister who helped to make his home and shared it with him for thirty-eight years. Mrs. Carter, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Taylor Johnson, was born at Long Reach, Virginia (now West Virginia), on the Ohio River, forty miles north of Parkersburg, August 2nd, 1841. Her father was William Johnson, one of the pioneer Baptists of that section of country. She was one of fifteen children who grew up to manhood and womanhood in that Long Reach home. Her father was twice married and she was the only daughter among nine children of this second marriage. Her mother was Elizabeth Dye, of Monroe County, Ohio, a Baptist from early womanhood.

She attended the High School of Marietta, Ohio, and afterward was graduated from a Presbyterian seminary, then located at Steubenville, Ohio, about 1865. She gave her heart to God and united with the Long Reach Baptist Church at Sistersville in 1860. She was well qualified in every way to be the helpmeet that Dr. Carter needed. She attained high honors and great influence among West Virginia Baptists and especially in Woman's Work in the state, in which she took the lead and was chiefly instrumental in the organization of the Woman's Baptist Mission Society in the state. She was a most faithful companion, making for Dr. Carter and their children a delightful home, and was a wonderful help to him personally, smoothing down his oddities and looking after his personal appearance. She joined with him in his most gen-



THE CARTER HOME, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

erous hospitality, and aided him greatly in his work, especially in his pastoral ministrations.

Mr. Carter first came to my father's home in 1864, soon after he became pastor of the Parkersburg Baptist Church. The occasion was the meeting of the Parkersburg Baptist Association which was held that year with the Pleasants Church, a few miles back of Long Reach. My brother, Okey Johnson, was a member of Mr. Carter's church and was one of his most ardent admirers. These little providential circumstances, no doubt, led to the acquaintance that resulted in the marriage of my sister five years later.

That Johnson home, with its family altar of forty years' standing, with the evening and morning offering of prayer and worship, had long been consecrated to God. The home life had never been a thing apart from the worship of God. Perhaps something of its spirit was added to Mr. Carter's already exalted idea of home. Anyhow, his own home became a house of prayer, a place where the Master was as welcome as he had been at that old home in Bethany. When there were children born, his constant thought was, "Here, Lord, am I and the children which Thou hast given me." It is often sneeringly said that preachers' children are worse than most boys and girls. This was not so in the Carter home. God gave them three children to add to the joys of their home: Martha Emerson, who with the mother now lives at the old home in Parkersburg; William Johnson, who is now married and lives in Raleigh, N. C.; and Mary Gale, who is now the wife of Mr. J. S. White, of Mebane, North Carolina. In due time they all accepted Christ as their Saviour and they have honored their father's God. With such an example before them, and with such a consecrated life, it could hardly be otherwise, while God's promises are true.

No one will claim perfection for Mr. Carter. He would have doubted the sincerity of any one who so professed to regard him. His chief fault, if it was a fault, was his oddity. And yet his peculiarities added a sort of charm to his personality. He was so true and genuine, that we think of his odd manners as lovely characteristics. His noble manhood and his splendid personality made you forget these peculiarities.



WILLIAM JOHNSON CARTER.

MARTHA EMERSON CARTER.

MARY GALE CARTER (WHITE).

No one could fail to be impressed with his sincerity. While his sense of humor was acute, and he was never morbid or dull, yet he never trifled. He was entertaining in conversation and had few equals as a story-teller, yet a coarse joke or idle talk found no favor at his fireside. Things requiring serious consideration were not lightly passed over in his family circle. Issues had to be met and fairly settled. In his church work, when the Holy Spirit moved upon the hearts of his people, he was full of anxiety for the conversion of souls. If the interests of the church or denomination were in any peril, he was always deeply concerned. These anxieties and serious reflections were manifest in his daily home life. Yet while he might be seriously concerned, he did not fret or complain. In matters where the reputation of the church, or his own personal honor were at stake, he was always concerned for the right and for the truth.

He was scrupulously careful as to his own personal affairs and dealings with his fellowmen. Sometimes it might be that his salary was not promptly paid, and though this might cause him real embarrassment, yet he would not complain. Nor would he go in debt. I doubt if he ever gave a note in his life. If the ready cash was not available for household expenses, then household expenses simply had to be eliminated.

He knew but little about the details of ordinary financial affairs, and the rules of the commercial world were an enigma to him. He gained a little bit of experience, I remember, once in entertaining a "tramp." The fellow was hungry and willing to work, so he was set to tasks about the premises, and worked not only that day but the next and the next. He wanted to get on to his home, and said that the bank, whose cashier was a neighbor, and for whom also he had done some chores, would let him have the money, if Mr. Carter would endorse his note. He would return the money, of course, as soon as he reached his home. That seemed simple enough, so Mr. Carter endorsed a thirty day note for six dollars, and thought no more about it. In due time, however, he received a notice of protest. What could that mean? It informed him that "the holder will look to you for payment." Look indeed! Why not look to the fellow that got the money? However, when this financial problem was explained, he was sorry he had not paid

the note and thus have saved the costs of protest. He went to the bank and handed over the money, saying: "There is six dollars for misplaced confidence, and a dollar and a quarter for being a fool."

Doubtless he must have sometimes entertained "angels unawares," for he scarcely ever turned away those who came to his door begging bread.

His brethren in the ministry were always welcome to his home. Even the "strolling evangelist," with whom Dr. Carter had but little sympathy, could find entertainment in that home; and brethren from the country who were receiving scarcely a living for their ministerial services, to whom entertainment was sometimes a real help, knew that in passing they could find a cordial welcome to the "prophet's chamber" in the Carter home.

His society was always agreeable and sought after. Awkward and unconventional though he might be, yet he was the life of every social circle, whether at his own fireside or elsewhere. If some incident was to be rehearsed, or an anecdote to be told, he could do it to perfection, and woe be to any one who undertook to engage him at partee.

He could seemingly follow two or more distinct trains of thought at the same time. He would sit with a newspaper before him, his chair tipped back, absorbed in some interesting matter of news, yet all the while pay the closest attention to current conversation, in which he was ever ready to join. At the same time he would often, by some unconscious remark, betray the fact that he was pursuing a train of thought preparatory to his next Sunday's sermon. Thus his "study" was wherever he might be.

They used to tell stories about him that he would walk down the middle of the street, oblivious of his indecorous behaviour; or he would neglect to raise an umbrella when the rain began to pour, failing to remember that he had it with him. He frequently emphasized his serious meditations by his odd gesticulations as he walked the street. Whenever the power of his thoughts was upon him, then and there he was preparing for his ministerial labors.

It was his habit, however, to seek the seclusion of his own room, for special study and preparation for the public worship. With his shoes off and his coat laid aside, he would stretch himself upon his

bed, double his pillow into a knot under his head and there would outline, plan and rehearse his sermon through from beginning to end. In an undertone he would repeat sentences, applying the Scriptures and recite illustrations. Sections of the sermon, however, were neither written nor recited, though the whole discourse was carefully thought out. At such times it was interesting to overhear him. He would repeat sentences over and over again, while his thoughts were running on with some other part of his sermon. With peculiar forcefulness and pathetic emotion he would wrestle in prayer, seemingly intent on weaving the power of the Holy Spirit into every fibre of his intended discourse.

Especially did his power and earnestness grow upon him, as he felt the need of God's immediate help, in cases of emergency. During revival meetings he spent much time in prayer. On one occasion, when meetings were in progress at his home church, the attendance was large, many of the unconverted were among his hearers and profound attention was being given to his preaching. Night after night the meetings went on, with all the energy of his soul poured into his preaching. But there was not a break in the ranks of the unconverted. Evidently saints and sinners were greatly moved but nobody was being saved. Agony of soul was upon the preacher. One evening he went directly to his home without tarrying after the service. Others of us followed to his residence, when we could hear him pacing the floor in his room above, praying as he walked. Going part way up the stairs we could hear him repeating over and over, apparently in the utmost distress of his soul, "Oh, Lord, am I not Thy child? Oh, Lord, am I not Thy child?" Scores of times did he repeat it, until we were so moved that we were driven to our knees in prayer in the room below. Yes, yes, he *was* God's child, and his agonizing petition was heard. It was soon to be signally answered. At the following evening meeting a score or more of penitent sinners were moved to publicly seek the Lord. One man fell upon his knees and cried aloud, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" He is now one of the honored deacons of the church. Before the revival closed more than fifty persons were added to the church.

To him the preaching of the Gospel was a serious business, and the time spent in his study preparing for his public ministrations

was a time of prayerful meditation. While he never was too busy to be interrupted, yet his mind could not be wholly diverted from his preparation. He wasted no time in devising clap-trap methods or unusual means of making the Gospel attractive; his reliance was upon the Word itself, and the Holy Spirit to make it effective. The secret of his success as a revivalist, I verily believe, was to be found in the profound earnestness of his private devotions. This inward crying unto God seemed to be a part of his daily life.

Down in the Old Ann Street Church, many years ago, at the close of his sermon he would frequently call upon Old Father Smith to pray. During the prayer Mr. Carter's sermon went right on in his own thought, and there behind the pulpit desk he would gesticulate, and in a half audible voice continue his pathetic discourse, half sermon and half prayer. So completely absorbed was he that he became simply the "voice of the Spirit."

At his home and in the study this intense earnestness was his strong characteristic, varying only as he felt that God was moving among his people. This was the secret of his success in his long and successful pastorate at Parkersburg, during which time the church grew from a little band of sixty to more than three hundred, and increased its church property in value from \$1,000 to \$25,000.

If he was a kind and affectionate husband and father; if he was a delightful companion; if he was hospitable at his own fireside, and a welcome guest in every home; if he was a prince among his brethren; if he was a great preacher and a splendid pastor, a man universally beloved, it was not so much because of his superior mind and natural ability, nor because of extraordinary and peculiar personality, his genial comradeship, his ready sympathy, his unselfishness and helpful disposition; nor was it because of his tact and practical common sense in bringing things to pass, but it was because he brought all of these gifts and laid them at the Master's feet, and with all his soul and intense energy consecrated his talents and himself to Christ, willing and insistent that the Holy Spirit should take him and use him, in saving the lost.

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

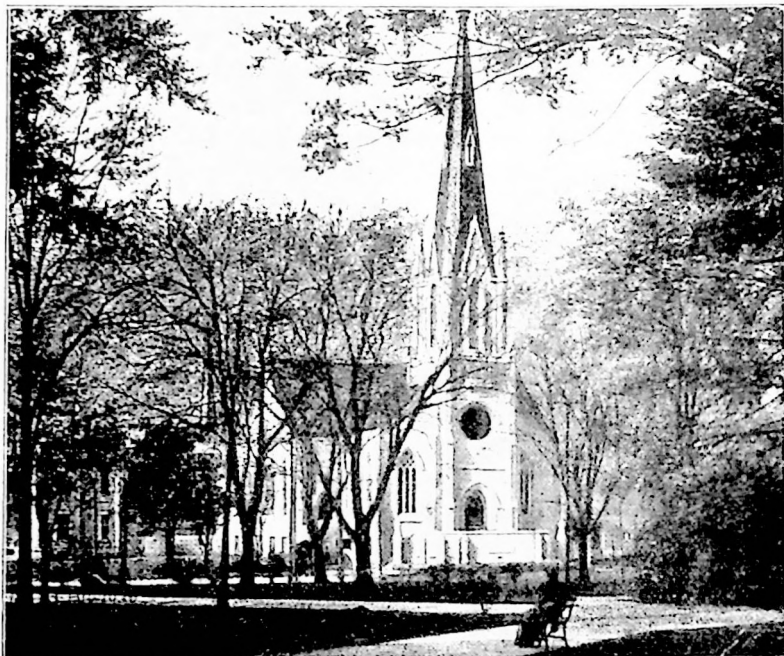
MEMORIAL SKETCH OF REV. J. W. CARTER, D.D.

Authorized by the First Baptist Church of Raleigh.

After I had made known to the editor of the *Recorder* my purpose to write some of my impressions of the late Rev. J. W. Carter, D.D., the First Baptist Church of Raleigh appointed me chairman of a committee, consisting of J. W. Bailey, S. W. Brewer and J. D. Doushall, to prepare a memorial of our church's regard for him,—who preached in her pulpit for eleven years the unsearchable riches of Christ and whose life throughout every hour of that ministry was devoted to the welfare of his flock. It is difficult in the same article to set up our church's memorial and to express my personal impressions. But seeing that my Christian life began under his ministry, and that my conceptions of duty and faith are due more largely to him than to any other, it is not altogether inappropriate, and it may not be too far amiss to assume that one so indebted to him, in speaking for himself may speak for the entire congregation, every one of whom, could he speak, would doubtless speak as I do—only more worthily.

Dr. Carter was made in titanic mould. There was about him every way suggestion of the gigantic. Whether of the body, the mind or the spirit, he was extraordinary. And this quality carried to me always the impression of largeness, of depth, and of experiences in a world far from me. He seemed to me to have long ago found his way into that realm that we call spiritual; to have in his power readily to unlock the door that stands between men and God;—and when I saw him or heard him I saw and heard one whose lips had been touched with the true fire of the true altar of the Holy of Holies.

In this way only can I account for the simplicity, the utter guilelessness of his life day by day; the great reach of his prayers which frequently attained the abandon and the rhapsody of David and



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,
WHERE DR. CARTER WAS PASTOR ELEVEN YEARS.

Isaiah; and the unique, intense, sacramental character of his preaching. Often as he prayed or preached he rose on eagle wings—nay on the wings of the Spirit—and it seemed to me not that he prayed in the presence of men or preached to them, but rather that he had joined with those who chant about the throne of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world the everlasting praises of salvation.

How far from earth he soared! When I hear men talking about endowments and the like, men teaching about “spiritual power,” as they call it, men claiming spiritual power and prescribing recipes for others whereby they may acquire it, I think of this man who, boasting not at all, was so far separated from the world that when he prayed or preached he uttered himself as one who knew neither whether his face shone nor whether there were men about to see it—and not at all how to put a shine on any man’s face!

And I desired to write this article mainly because I desired to speak to our ministers of this peculiar feature of his ministry. Dr. Carter was not didactical, he was not pragmatical; nor was he an hortatory preacher; as I said, the sacramental feature of his preaching was dominant. He worshiped as he preached. He seemed to stand there in his pulpit and talk to God as one newly received at the Throne of Grace. To hear him preach, therefore, was to worship. And so to worship was to renew all good impulses. I wish there was more of this sort of preaching.

I have read some of Spurgeon’s sermons; and if I am not mistaken, this was likewise the feature of his preaching. Beecher was his superior as an orator. Joseph Parker surpassed him in literary expression. In sheer scholarliness Dr. Watson and George Adam Smith far surpass him. The late Dr. Storrs as orator and scholar would more than match him. In literary style and expository accuracy Alexander Maclaren has been surpassed by none of the sons of Levi. Nevertheless, when it came to the actual preaching, these mighty men would beg not to be compared with Spurgeon. Was it not because Spurgeon so far outsoared them? While they mastered the arts, Spurgeon knelt by the Throne. While they gained the kingdoms of this world, Spurgeon leaped their heights and took for himself the Kingdom of our God and His Christ.

Even so it was with Dr. Carter. Dr. W. E. Hatcher said by his

hler that he had heard Spurgeon and all the great ones, but none reached him as Dr. Carter did. He gave no explanation, but I take it that the secret is not far from the impression that I have very inadequately recorded.

I would like to dwell upon this subject at greater length, but I must pass to other features of his ministry. Let me first relate somewhat of an incident, however, by way of illuminating what I have written. It is well known that when Dr. Carter prayed in his pulpit he stood with head erect, his eyes open and often wandering over the congregation, his hands and body utterly abandoned. When the Central Association was in session at Bethel Church, Dr. Carter and a company of brethren were sitting on a piazza after supper, when I made bold to inquire of him why he prayed with his eyes open and how he justified it. His answer struck deep into my heart—"Why, Will, is that so? I am not aware that I ever saw anybody when I was praying." That is to say, he had two minds—as we all have—and the eyes of his soul saw so much that the eyes of his body saw not at all. Often as he sat in board meetings or as he lumbered down the street, one would see his lips moving and note eccentric gesticulations of his arms and even of his entire body. But he did not see them nor did he see those who did; his mind was in Christ and his heart burned within him as he went by the way.

Of Dr. Carter's ministry I cannot undertake to speak worthily; for it was he who ministered to my life when I was dead in trespasses and in sin. He was the most faithful of pastors, as all his people will bear witness. The sick and the lowly, the well and the proud—none missed his gentle ministrations. And with great tenderness and no little charm—for, unworldly as he was, his well-furnished mind and excellent wit and keen insight made him a capital entertainer—did he minister in the homes of his people.

The one servant whose memory—and for a memorial of her I will call her name, "Aunt Mary" (Winslow)—is most cherished in our home, when she found Dr. Carter at our door, would come back and say, "That godly man has come." She never spoke of him in any other phrase. And the while he sat with the family she would linger near the door that her prayers might rise with his. I know of no better suggestion of the atmosphere that Dr. Carter carried.

We cannot measure the value of a ministry like this. Our Raleigh First Church will carry Dr. Carter's impress to its latest day. His great preaching will outlast the walls with which his voice echoed. He laid great foundations. And how I would like to tell of his faithful, patient work in our young people's meeting!

But I must speak a word also about Dr. Carter's services to our Convention. He was a wise man—wise in trueness of purpose, deep honesty, thoughtfulness and sound common sense. In the conduct of our State Mission work he had a great hand. In the sessions of our Convention he was heard with great faith. And whether in his own pulpit or in others, he commanded a hearing that gained for us Baptists a splendid prestige. The most eminent men in the state looked for opportunities to hear him.

Dr. Carter was taken while he slept. He was away from home at the West Virginia General Association. As I think of his going I recall John Bunyan's record of the departure of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. "It was noised about," he says, "that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons; and had this for a token that the summons was true, that 'his pitcher was broken at the fountain.'" So was Dr. Carter's, even as he was filling it once more for others. Bunyan goes on: "When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, Death, where is thy sting? And as he went down deeper, he said, Grave, where is thy victory? So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." That, I am sure, was the way Dr. Carter passed over the river.

Our Church will remember Dr. Carter and bless his memory. And as his former flock one by one go the way that he has gone, they will bear in their hearts his triumphant life, and crossing over they will look for him to teach them again with old-time tenderness and power the language of the Celestial City.

J. W. BAILEY.

DR. CARTER A MANY-SIDED MAN.

By EX-GOVERNOR GEO. W. ATKINSON.

My acquaintance and social relations with the Rev. John W. Carter, D.D., covered more than a generation. I therefore knew him well and I think intimately, because he was always approach-

able by even the humblest of people. He was "of the people" because he came "from the people." He never lost sight of the fact that his mission was to the "plain people." I believe he came as nearly to Christ's methods of preaching the Gospel as any clergyman I ever knew. Hence his phenomenal success in the work of soul-saving. His humility, sincerity and wonderful natural ability enabled him to reach the hearts, not only of the educated, but of the uneducated classes as well. In his pulpit ministrations he rarely, if ever, failed in a marked degree to command the closest possible attention of his hearers. His discourses were logical, clear, thoughtful, forceful, and everything he said seemed to be, and in fact was, original. His utterances were generally quaint, but they were always pointed, poignant and incisive. One could always tell what he was "driving at," and better than all, what he said could be remembered by his hearers. His sermons were homiletically arranged so that they contained "hooks" and "pegs" to which the verbal memories of his auditors could hang with ease and profit. Such preaching is the true kind, because it is enduring. At times he became fiery eloquent, but he never allowed himself to get off into the *invisible*, or to lose sight of the serious impressions he sought to make. He was profoundly witty and was also extremely humorous, but the latter was invariably kept within true bounds. He was likewise pathetic, and often moved his audiences to tears. Taking him, all in all, he was a great preacher, a profound thinker, and was as clean an all-round man as I ever knew.

Dr. Carter was pre-eminently a self-made man. Some men make their own careers, many are made by them, but the men are few to whom a career is at once training and achievement. Yet this is success in its full flower, when greatness grows by what it feeds upon. It is true of all such men, whatever their callings may be, that their abilities rise with their achievements; that their careers educate them, and the prizes of life become the visible signs of aptitude in the great school where men set their own tasks and rise as their efforts are equaled by their triumphs.

Honor and truth are not idle abstractions. They are the living, practical realities upon which men base their safest reliance for personal happiness, which is the bulwark of one's success. A citizen of a state is a citizen of the United States. Like single drops of

water in the mighty streams of population, every one may freely run and mingle in the great flow of human life which pours in unbroken flood throughout the "Great Republic."

Dr. Carter, notwithstanding many impediments, was a great orator. I have often heard him in his prime when the sweep of his power was irresistible. Rising to the magnitude of his subject, the electric current could almost be seen to scintillate from the ends of his long, bony fingers, as his high genius illumined his kindling eyes. He had no specially prepared great sermons. All of his efforts were great. He was an *even* preacher, and could be relied upon at any time and on all occasions to meet, in full measure, the high anticipations of crowded assemblies.

But better than a reputation for oratory and great pulpit powers was his manly character for sterling integrity. Dr. Carter's reputation for probity in public and private life was as spotless as a maiden's and as unsullied as a ray of light. Through his long, successful ministerial career his name was familiar in thousands of West Virginia homes as the synonym for purity and exalted Christian character. His memory will signally be perpetuated by the influence of a lofty example, in which was exhibited those noble qualities which enter into the composition of a character that combines a just pride without ostentation, candor without dissimulation, humility without affectation, learning without vanity, generosity without selfishness, truth without fear. All of these elements were the environments of Dr. Carter's daily existence and are the leading lessons of his successful, blameless life.

He has gone from the horizon of our visions, but his works and his stainless character are living yet, and will remain a heritage to our people for generations to come.

Charleston, West Va., August 8, 1911.

REMARKS OF PASTOR W. E. HENRY AT THE FUNERAL.

My acquaintance with Dr. Carter, as I recall it now, began during the session of the Baptist General Association of West Virginia, held at Grafton in October, 1902. To meet him was, of course, to learn to admire and to love him. Later we had him with us in special meetings at Weston for two weeks, and his

brief sojourn in our home endeared him to us to an unusual degree. It is not mine at this time, however, to speak of him except as preacher and pastor. As a preacher Dr. Carter was justly famous. Whether in his own West Virginia or in that "Sunny South" to which he went in his prime, he was readily recognized as a prince among his co-workers. And this recognition, so readily granted, was entirely deserved. I desire, if I may, to call attention to some of those things which seem to me to have contributed largely to his greatness as a herald of Christ.

His thinking was distinctly high thinking. Most of us tarry among the foothills of the vast mountain system of God's eternal truth, with only an occasional journey to the greater heights. But this mighty man of God lived among the very mountain tops, and at times stepped from peak to peak with a daring stateliness of tread that amazed even those who thought they knew him well. Vividly do I recall my feelings when he announced his theme as he began his sermon before the General Association at Wheeling in 1904. My expectations were high. I felt that we had come together to listen to one of the greatest sermons we should ever be permitted to hear. But I confess the statement of his theme startled me: "God's Rights." God's Rights! What a titanic undertaking for one discourse. Well, I thought to myself, you have gone to the limit. If you can manage that you are even greater than I thought. How well he did it is still fresh in our minds. No evidence of strain was discernible. Over a field of thought into which another preacher in the state would hardly have dared to venture in a single discourse, he moved with ease and never seemed to fall short of adequate presentation of the various phases of his theme.

Not only did high thinking characterize him as a preacher, but these high thoughts were put into beautiful and limpid speech. His diction was excellent. He spoke fluently, but always with careful precision in the use of words. Consequently he was never obscure. When a sentence was finished he had said with remarkable accuracy and clearness what he meant to say. Nobody was afterward heard to ask, "What did Dr. Carter mean by this statement or by that?" His meaning always stood forth unmistakable. God so constituted and trained him that he was able to a notable

degree to think and speak clearly. A striking illustration of this occurred at Huntington, perhaps only the day before his death. Some one had made to the Executive Board of the General Association a statement at considerable length concerning a certain situation. Shortly after, Dr. Carter had occasion to speak about the matter, and in a single sentence embodied with perfect clearness the substance of all that had been said.

But the clearness of his speech was not due to absence of adornment. Figures of speech flashed in his sentences like jewels in the diadems of monarchs. Illustrations which really illustrated occurred with pleasing but not tiring frequency. Even an ordinary thought was sure to be presented in an extraordinary way, and with a beauty that made it scarcely recognizable. With all the varieties of endowments to be found among men, such combination of beauty and clearness in the presentation of high thoughts as was found in him is rare indeed.

Another thing which contributed much to his greatness as a preacher was his sparkling wit. Let it not be thought that the play of his humor was ever vulgar, or that it was a growth forced for the occasion. It was as natural to him as the dew-drop to the spring time, and always dignified and pure. But what power it gave him! While he was with us at Weston in special meetings he preached one Sunday morning on "The Necessity of Regeneration." There were in the audience that morning several prominent citizens, more or less strongly inclined toward agnosticism. When Dr. Carter turned his attention to the agnostic position with respect to the new birth, and his wit began to play about it, I almost feared to look into the faces of those men. His sentences cut like a Damascus blade wielded by the hand of love. With swift, bold strokes, every ornament was relentlessly shorn away from the position and it stood before us in all the nakedness of its folly. I cannot conceive how any man without his wit could possibly possess his power.

Another factor that entered largely into his success as both preacher and pastor was his earnest sincerity and broad sympathy. He was not a man without convictions. His noble mind had reached conclusions and was able to defend them against all questioners. In public and in private he stood for the truth as he saw

it with a sincerity and an earnestness that would not be doubted. But while he had convictions and held them with all the strength of his masterly soul, he was not narrow. His sympathy was as broad as the human race. He was no respecter of persons or of classes. Wherever there was wrong, he rebuked it; wherever there was right, he sustained it; wherever there was need, he ministered to it. The man in him was so great it made him consciously akin to every other man.

But that which contributed most of all to his great success as a preacher and pastor was his life motive. He came to Parkersburg in 1864. The great Civil War was still raging and the sympathy of the community was not all with the North. Some, I understand, feared the young preacher might say something that would bring him into disfavor with one side or the other. But he made no such mistake. His first text as pastor of this church was, "For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." And those words might well be written as the motto of his whole life as a minister. With him Christ was indeed Lord. He had no other purpose than to make Him known. During all the nearly fifty years of his ministry he toiled day and night and spared not himself, but yet counted it all joy because the love of Christ constrained him. And with this love for Christ as the controlling passion of his great soul he wrought himself and his Master into the hearts and lives of the people to whom he ministered to a remarkable degree. The truth of this is adequately attested by the vast throng of people gathered in this house today.

But I desire to bring a word of personal testimony also. When I came to Parkersburg I was prepared by what I knew of Dr. Carter to find him very dear unto the membership of this church and the people of the city, but I have indeed been surprised as I have gone about among them to find how he has woven himself into their very souls. They speak of him tenderly, and there is a reverence in their words as if their thought was not so much of him as of the One he served.

And now permit me to speak a word concerning his departure. How beautifully fitting it all was. Some one has written :

“Might I choose
 When the final call shall greet me,
 And the bonds of time release me
 To that sweet and full perfection
 Of the Christ-made, timeless mansion
 Kept for me,

It should be
 While the stars are slowly paling,
 And the night winds still are wailing,
 And the song-birds join the chorus
 Of the angels sent to bear us
 Hence and home.”

Thus the summons came for him. The light that broke upon his enchanted vision that Friday morning was not of earth, but of heaven. The peaceful slumber of earth's night had merged into the endless delight of heaven's day. And the change had come with multitudes of friends about him from all over the state to which he belonged, and upon the very bosom of an organization, now grown to large proportions in members and influence, with whose founding he had as much to do perhaps as any other man. If as his friends we might have planned his going home, would we have equaled the Father's plan for him?

Thus he passed from us, never to return again in flesh and blood. We loved him, but our Master loved him more. We would have kept him with us, but the Master bade him come up higher. Oh, that we might have others like him!

“And he is gone!

The manly man, the faithful friend, the scholar:
 The fearless champion of truth—deferring
 To age when age was right, but ne'er rejecting
 A truth because 'twas new; to many debtor,
 And placing many under obligation
 To him: the faithful friend—oft giving comfort
 Himself in grief; receiving others' burdens
 Himself weighed down; with counsel guiding others
 Himself the field of fiercer strife; so loyal

That he had rather wound than be unfaithful:
 The manly man, the Christian man—more manly
 Because more Christlike, and again more Christlike
 Because more manly, self-controlled, not passive;
 Strong master of a mighty soul that answered
 The call of flesh and God, that crept and soared
 Withal, but never slipped the leash of power.

And he is gone!

Yes, gone. Gone as the Christian goes. By vision
 No more descried, but felt within the living
 As one who, dead, yet lives. Himself how freely
 He gave to us. The corn of wheat has fallen
 And fruit already from its death has ripened
 In many a field. He is not dead but living.
 In those he helped, in those he taught, in heaven.
 He is both gone and here."

A STRONG CHARACTER.

(Editorial, *State Journal*. Last Sermon Preached in Parkersburg.)

Rev. J. W. Carter preached at the First Baptist Church in this city yesterday a sermon of great power and beauty. He has a habit of expounding the Gospel in this way. It is one of a life of considerable length. For many years Dr. Carter has portrayed, has preached, Jesus Christ and Him crucified as a sacrifice for the sins of humanity. This Christ, this lowly Nazarene, who not a great many years ago was an humble carpenter, who had so few friends of influence that he was compelled to die on the cross for lack of such, now largely dominates the world, and in the course of time will completely fill it with Himself and His doctrine and His lessons. No one knows better how to hold Him up to view than Dr. Carter. His are the good old-fashioned sermons, not containing much of modern history, not dealing greatly in roses and sunrises, but full of the truth of the Bible, showing its remarkable richness and its saving doctrine, moving men to the depths of their natures because of its beauty and its teachings as to their destiny in time and in eternity. He finds in the book of books abundant food for

thought, enough to illumine the path of man through this world to the next, truth sublime, doctrine to the salvation of souls, such brilliant intellectual jewels, such food for the crying needs of the people of all the earth, that it is scarcely worth while to go elsewhere. To name him as a strong character, a great man in a comparatively humble sphere, a model in grace and in humility, one who is treading with studied purpose and ever-increasing diligence the narrow way that leads to heaven, is not saying too much.

The radiant light of the east is no longer in the eyes of Dr. Carter. His face is set down the slopes of the west, beyond whose walls there are more brilliant scenes than any beneath the sun or moon, or the star-lit skies of the night. He is treading softly the descent, yet beyond its earthly end are beauties and glories of which it has not entered the mind of man to conceive. Yet may the end of this way, the conclusion of this fair journey of life, be long postponed, and Dr. Carter be spared to many more years of usefulness to his fellowman!

DR. J. W. CARTER.

(*Huntington Dispatch*, October 19, 1907.)

There was a man sent from God—even in the nineteenth century. He was born J. W. Carter, and amid surroundings that but illy presaged what he was to be to the men and women of his generation. He was widely known and as deeply loved. The God who made him great kept him young, and as He meted out to him the strength that was his divine heritage, measured a corresponding degree of tenderness and human sympathy. In his nature there was a profundity of hope and trust and cheerfulness so deep and living that not the keenest shaft of disappointment could pierce it quite, nor the darkest cloud of adversity completely o'ershadow. Such a man was given to live a life of seventy-one years in West Virginia. He was as much the Apostle of Sunshine as he was the minister of God on earth. His sympathies were as broad as the realm of humanity. His eloquence was that of the prophet. He who might have had for the asking the richest metropolitan pulpit, chose rather to spend his rugged strength with and among those who were born his neighbors and lived and died his devoted friends.

A great loss usually entails a great sorrow. Certainly the death of Dr. J. W. Carter cannot be considered other than an immeasurable loss to West Virginia. And yet, so perfectly was his remarkable life ordered; so fully rounded out was the period of his service to God and usefulness to man; so much did he appear a part of Heaven's eternal plan, that sorrow is wont to give place to a reverential veneration, and even the keenest sufferer because of the dispensation which called him away from earth may find much consolation in the thought that a glorious life found exit to brighter fields through the means of a more glorious death. And yet those who mourn will be far more numerous than those who will take the philosophical view of the question. None ever came under the elevating influence of Dr. Carter's life but will hear with unmistakable feelings of sorrow that he is no more of earth. The sorrow felt for his death will be in part for the loss to the ministry and in part for the loss to humanity—for Dr. Carter was very human and his sympathetic heart beat strong for his fellowmen. He toiled long when the toil was hard; he hoped and prayed when the odds would have overpowered one less endowed with trust in God; he lived for humanity and died respected and revered of all men, and that was worth it all.

A MAGNIFICENT CLOSE.

Editorial, *Huntington Herald*. October 18, 1907.)

To use the words magnificent, splendid, in referring to the life which Dr. J. W. Carter lived and the death he died, one feels that such expressions are barely descriptive of the man and his influence. His was a life of beautiful thought, kindly action, remarkable results. Rarely is it given that a man shall be in his life so spotlessly pure, so thoroughly upright in all his dealings as was Dr. Carter. Perhaps if we say simply that he was a good man, those who knew him will find the term more definitive. For he was a *good* man! Into his life he took all the good that he could attain. Then he disseminated the good in his life among all those he met and his influence was thus incalculably great. All the blessings given to him he shared with others. To help some one be a better man or woman was his greatest ambition. Such a life, lived in such a

way, is more than significant of effect, it is a living illustration of how greatly important in the world today can be the one who concentrates the whole life to the service of the highest and best principles of religion. The passing over of Dr. Carter was gloriously wonderful. Not often is it given to man to leave his work at the highest summit of its completion and pass directly into reward. His was a life of power because he was a good man.

CHARACTER OF DR. CARTER.

(*Huntington Advertiser*, October 17, 1907.)

The character of Dr. Carter is one which paralyzes the hand of the eulogist; a great personality cannot be conveyed through the medium of print. Dr. Carter's soul made its appeal through the feelings and not through the understanding; not to have the feelings excited by the peculiar and powerful appeal of his approach was not to know him. God and Jesus Christ and the soul of man were taken for granted by this man, who spoke and acted as if the New Testament revelation was true as a matter of fact; accepting it he put it to the test of experience. This man of rare knowledge of men and events applied the principles of the Gospel as they were apprehended in his great and loving heart to all the problems of human life; therefore he was no mere herald of the saving power of the Gospel, but was that saving power itself, tremulous in lisping speech, looking out of the tenderest and truest eyes that God ever placed beneath a human brow; no such child as that old man has walked the streets of Huntington to the knowledge of any man now living, and no such wisdom has glorified human speech in the city's streets or pulpits as came forth from the luminous insight of love in the heart of this man of Jesus Christ.

This man was pastor in Parkersburg, Raleigh and Spencer; why there and not in great metropolitan pulpits God knows who loves Parkersburg and Raleigh and Spencer and Huntington. And though pastor in other places and not in Huntington, it is doubtful if the sound and competent spiritual manhood of Huntington owes so much to any ministry as to Dr. Carter's, so has he written himself in the hearts of his hearers in this city. No report of his

last words at the funeral of Dr. Walker, his fellow and his peer, has been preserved; all we can say is that the utterance of that heart in that hour made one of the greatest moments in the spiritual history of this city. "Foreordained us unto adoption as sons" was a part of the great Gospel this man preached with immense emphasis on the pronoun. And of this Gospel of the greatest apostles of Jesus the Christian faith had an unforgettable illustration in John William Carter.

DEATH OF DR. CARTER.

(*State Journal*, Parkersburg, October 18, 1907.)

The sudden and therefore unexpected death of Dr. J. W. Carter, the Baptist divine, at Huntington this morning, came as a great shock to the people of Parkersburg as could well be imagined. He was so well known here and had been here so recently in apparent good health, mingling in religious and other affairs, that his departure from the shores of time for those of eternity, was not in the mind of any one.

Dr. Carter was the grand old man among ministers of West Virginia. No one ever doubted his integrity or discounted his sturdy religion. He was taken everywhere as the genuine article. As a pulpit orator he was possessed of a quaint, rare eloquence, the like of which was never known in any one else, yet he was so strong in doctrine, so clear in his enunciations in regard to the Scripture, that the other side of his preaching was almost overlooked. Yet he did not stand as high as a dispenser of the truth from the pulpit as he did in godliness of character, in simple, sturdy nobility, in sweet, pure, tender, unselfish, self-sacrificing whole-heartedness. He lived the gentle life. If he ever had cause of complaint about anything, no one ever heard him utter it. Truly, as has so often been said in Parkersburg today, if ever a good man walked the earth, he was indeed that man. When shall we look upon his like again?

The death of this splendid specimen of Christian manhood is indeed a blow to this town and has touched profoundly many people. He walked these streets much of his life and preached in his church here for more than two decades. When he was

gone he was not forgotten, and when he returned from the South, where he had charge of a church for some years, to West Virginia, he again became a familiar figure here, although engaged elsewhere, at times being heard in his old pulpit. He went in and out among us, and was always welcome to come, making us sad when he went. Only last week he spoke to numbers at exercises here, and how few thought, as they listened to his "Look Backward," how soon he would gaze on fairer scenes.

So, what wonder many of us are saying, "Goodbye, old friend, goodbye!" and may we meet him when we have taken the journey on which he has gone this day, in that fair clime in which he shall dwell forevermore!

(Editorial, *Sentinel*, Parkersburg, October 18, 1907.)

Rev. John W. Carter, who died this morning at Huntington, was for twenty-five years pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city. Dr. Carter was the most eloquent pastor that ever held a charge in this city, and was one of the really eloquent ministers of the world. When it is recalled that he was the victim of an incurable impediment of speech, and that notwithstanding this affliction his eloquence was truly wonderful, his remarkable talents as a pulpit orator are more fully appreciated. He was a man of strong convictions, unswerving integrity, and upright in every affair of life. In his death there is a loss far beyond the limitations of the church.

(W. T. Heaton, in *News-Dispatch*, October 21, 1907.)

"He walked with God daily, nightly and hourly. If ever there was a man lived upon earth whose constant companion was God and who lived only by the manna as it fell from God's hand, that man was Dr. Carter." These words were spoken yesterday by Senator C. T. Caldwell to a friend on the street. And it is even so.

It seems fit that the leaves of autumn should fall into the grave of Dr. Carter. He preached a sermon once that the writer heard on the subject of "Autumn in West Virginia." He depicted the glories of fall time on the mountains and in the valleys of his native state. His words were painted as the leaves of the trees

are painted—gorgeously, gloriously and divinely. It was a classic, and those who heard it will never forget it. He was a student in the domain of nature, and an ardent worshiper of the hills, the gray rocks and the trees, for to him they showed forth the glory of Jehovah. The transfiguration of the leaves of the forest was to him only a presage and a reflex of the resurrection. Their hectic flush, to others a sign of death, was to him a harbinger of life and a glory of things to be.

The golden leaves of the maple on the hillside were to him the burning bush of Moses on the heights of Midian. The cloth of gold that covered the forest ways were to his prophetic eye the shining streets of the New Jerusalem, and the mystic hills of the Indian Summer time were the Delectable Mountains of the Better Land.

It is well to pause long enough by the grave of Dr. Carter to endeavor to realize what a life such as his means to the world. It certainly means more than the sordid getting of dollars and the selfish reasoning of the builders of material wealth. While his life will be an inspiration to those striving for better things, it should also be a lesson to the many in high places who lord it over the poor.

Referring to Senator Caldwell's remark, it is known that in the market place, on the streets, in the by-ways and the highways, good Dr. Carter preached his sermons of forbearance, patience and virtue all the time, and his fellow man benefited by his constant walks and talks with God. May his pure spirit in its returnless flight continue to influence his congregation, and may the fading leaves of each returning autumn wave a garland of remembrance for a good man now at rest.

(Raleigh, N. C., *Times*, October 18, 1907.)

The following telegram was received here this morning from a brother of Mrs. Carter:

“Huntington, W. Va., Oct. 18.

“Will J. Carter or T. H. Briggs, Raleigh, N. C.

“Mr. Carter died suddenly this morning. Remains will be

taken to Parkersburg this evening. Funeral there Sunday afternoon.

(Signed) DAVE D. JOHNSON."

Dr. Carter was pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city from January, 1899, to January 1, 1900—a period of eleven years. He was a man of most extraordinary ability and left his impress on this community and the state at large as few men have done. He was born in Albemarle County, Va., December 31, 1836, and when six years old removed to Upshur County, Va., where he grew up to manhood. He was a diligent student in private and an industrial pupil in Alleghany College, and became one of the most scholarly ministers of the Baptist denomination. He first served country churches, and then for a period of about twenty-five years was pastor of the Baptist Church of Parkersburg, W. Va. From Parkersburg he came to Raleigh and served the First Baptist Church here for eleven years. He was truly honored and beloved of all who knew him. For about five years he has been the pastor of the Baptist Church at Spencer, W. Va.

The telegram indicates that he died at Huntington, and Mr. Will Carter states that he was attending certain religious meetings at that place and at Parkersburg.

There survive Dr. Carter his wife, one son, (Mr. Will Carter, of this city), and two daughters, Miss Pattie (who resides with her parents), and Mrs. Sam White, of Mebanesville, N. C.

Dr. Carter had very many warm and true friends in Raleigh, who sincerely will mourn his death.

A GOOD MAN IS FALLEN IN DR. CARTER'S DEATH.

(*Roane County Record*, Spencer, W. Va., October 25, 1907.)

Rev. John William Carter, D.D., for seven years pastor of the Spencer Baptist Church and a resident of the town, loved and respected by every person, quietly breathed his last in Huntington, Friday morning, October 18, 1907, about 6 o'clock.

The end came suddenly. A great and powerful preacher, an unusually pious and consecrated minister of the Gospel, with unshrinking courage and unwavering faith in the cause he espoused, passed from earth to heaven. From the gentle sleep of

a child to the land of "bliss and beauty," without a struggle, he laid his earthly armor down and took up the crown.

At that memorable transition the music was the glorified song of the redeemed, the welcome on the other shore was the approving smile of an all-wise and ever adorable Heavenly Father, whose devoted servant he had been for more than half a century.

Spencer and Roane County people loved and greatly respected Dr. Carter. He was large in heart, soul and life, and from his raven eye and massive brain flashed the divine spark that stirred wondrously the hearts and lives of men.

The Spencer Baptist Church, as well as the town, the state and his denomination, sustains a great loss, but all are better because of Dr. Carter's life. No greater man ever lived, loved and died in West Virginia than Dr. Carter. Beside him all others were followers. His memory was marvelous, if not divine. Like the strong oak amid the neighboring forest trees, he towered in majesty towards the heavens, calling continually to the lost and erring to seek salvation in earnestness of heart and life, in zeal that sparkled and radiated with spiritual power, and with a freshness and newness that was marvelous in richness and transcendent in beauty of word, diction and thought. Men and women were bound in silken cords of divine love to the higher life.

Now all this has passed from mortal sound and sight to live in the presence of God and his angels forever, but what a life! So pure, so gentle, so faultless and sublime.

Even the children, whom he so devoutly loved, will recall as years roll on the grandeur and greatness of Dr. Carter. All words are feeble and impotent in describing such a man. He was a good man. He was a kind man. He was a noble, gentle, humble, faithful man.

His church, his neighbors, his loved ones devoutly mourn him, but all know he is with the redeemed of God, and lived out a well-rounded life. Blessed are they who walk with God and who die in the Lord. Dr. J. W. Carter did both.

The funeral services were held in the Parkersburg Baptist Church Sunday, October 20, 1907, at 2:00 p. m., in the presence of an immense crowd of people in which a number of ministers of the different churches participated. All paid the highest tribute of

praise, respect and love to his ability, his character and his life, as a model citizen, husband, parent, brother and "man of God." There were no "dry eyes" in that vast concourse of people. His beloved wife and three children and many relatives were present. The Spencer Baptist Church was out in a body almost, numbers of them glad to stand up for quite a lengthy service, the time all too fleeting, to hear the eloquent words of heartfelt testimony to their dearly beloved pastor. The entire church wept as a child bereaved of a parent, but rejoiced to know that heaven had righteously taken its own. Unspeakably glad that their lives had come in touch with his divine power, that they had been permitted to live and worship under the leadership of such a holy and beneficent life, under the inspiration of one of the world's most famous preachers and most consecrated disciples of the cross.

Rev. J. W. Carter was born December 31, 1836, and was near 71 years old.

The plaudits of men were not unpleasant to Dr. J. W. Carter, it is but reasonable to believe. The suspense with which his eager thousands of hearers hung upon the words of his burning and transcendent eloquence was but the manifestation of his earnestness and his spiritual power, and could hardly be otherwise than pleasurable; but over and far above all was the smile of the divine Master. Dr. Carter knew the Bible as few know it, and used it in every sermon. In fact and in reality he preached the Gospel. He carefully prepared every sermon, every discourse and every speech. He was a great worker and flashed the fadeless impress of his power upon all who came within the scope of his charming voice and his mighty intellect.

REV. JOHN WILLIAM CARTER, D.D.

(*The Baptist Banner*, October 24, 1907.)

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Yea, greater than Prince Abner. Was there ever jealousy or guile in the heart of Dr. Carter?

But we cannot lament as did the House of David, for our prince has been promoted to kingship.

Dr. John William Carter failed not, fell not at the hands of an enemy, but as a Christian soldier departed to his home in peace at the call of the Master. God loved him so that he spared him even the temptation to complain of suffering.

He was a great man; great from childhood—a noble youth. He was born in Virginia, spent his childhood in an unpretentious rural home, where he helped his father to conquer the wilderness, knowing nothing of conventionalities, or splendor, but lived the simple life of toil. Industry and integrity characterized his young life. In grubbing and hoeing, fence building and the burning of brush, he was always a leader, excelling his fellows. Books and study were his delight. By the light of the tallow dip, or of the pine knot burning on the hearth, he pursued his studies diligently after the day's work was done. His truthfulness and manliness were proverbial. An awkward youth he may have been, but not in character or intellect.

He was noble in seeking the conversion of his soul. Salvation was no trivial matter with him. After days of deep conviction of sin and with restless soul he spent the whole of a night in the woods wrestling with God, like Jacob of old, until He blessed him there. He was noble in consecrating his life to God. At the age of twenty-one years he became not his own man, but the servant of God. Convictions of duty, without allurements of place or honor, led him into the ministry. With only the rudiments of an education, without means or opportunity for scholastic training, he followed the beckonings of the Master, one step at a time, making the best of his opportunities until he became a self-educated man in the highest sense of that term.

He was noble intellectually. Somehow, somewhere, he mastered language, literature, history and a knowledge of events such as few men possess. He could converse intelligently on any current subject, the deepest problems of the day, of science, philosophy, of anything, with a knowledge of history, facts and theories, that it was hazardous ever to question.

He was noble in moral character. He walked with God in his daily life. His life was a challenge to the ungodly that could not

be answered. A man separate and apart from the world, "one that feared God and eschewed evil." If passion, or revenge, self-seeking or pride, meanness or deceit, if these or any of their kindred were in his heart, they were never manifest. He lived in close communion with God constantly and to the end; no wonder that at the last "he was not; for God took him."

He was a noble companion. Who ever knew him but to love him? Into whose home did he ever come an unwelcome guest? When was his presence regarded as other than a benediction? He was jovial, a superb conversationalist, cheerful and cheering, cordial and sympathetic, helpful to all with whom he came in contact.

He was a noble pastor. In sickness, at the marriage feast, or in the presence of death, he was a friend, a blessing, a comforter. Hope revived when he entered the sick room; wedded life was true and beautiful with his blessing to start with; grief and sorrow were sanctified by his gracious words of comfort. Did his people love him? Ask the congregations he has served. Ask the few of his early companions in Parkersburg who knew him forty years ago. Ask if you can the old friends who have been long waiting for him in the heavenly land.

Why need we say he was a noble preacher? Looking into the open casket, Dr. Hatcher said at Huntington, "I have heard Fuller; I have heard Burrows, Broadus, Gordon and Spurgeon; but none of them took hold upon my soul as did Doctor Carter. He must be numbered with the great preachers."

He is gone; gone into the glorious presence of the Master. Blessed memory! May it inspire us to nobler life and effort.

FRIDAY MORNING.

(Rev. R. B. McDanel, in Secretary's Report of the Association.)

Under the shadows of a great sorrow the Association met this morning. Before even the delegates had come to the church, the news had gone over the city that Dr. J. W. Carter had during the night fallen on sleep. The evening before he had made a most inspiring address, as happy and felicitous as any he had ever made, and at the close of the services pronounced the benediction. Then out from the crowded congregation, out from the auditorium where

not many years before he had pronounced his magnificent eulogy over the body of his life-long friend, W. P. Walker, he went, not to return again, but to enter into the glorious assembly of the saints in light. A blessed translation to go so quickly from earth to heaven, and to go from the midst of his brethren who loved him so well. Fuller account of his life and death will appear elsewhere in the *Banner*.

TRIBUTES TO DR. CARTER.

(Dr. T. C. Johnson.)

From my boyhood it has been my privilege to be more or less closely associated with Dr. Carter, both in the home and in the work of our denomination in the state, and elsewhere. The first time I ever saw him was in August, 1864, when he spent the night at my father's house on his way with many others to the Parkersburg Association at the Pleasants Church, on Middle Island Creek. I had heard before of his coming to Parkersburg and of his remarkable preaching abilities. When I saw him then I was impressed with his rather unique and commanding personal appearance. I admired and loved him then, and five years later, when he became associated with our family by marriage, I formed an attachment for him which has grown stronger and stronger with the passing years.

His kind and genial nature, his fluent and intelligent conversation, his clean and happy humor, together with his meek and lowly spirit, made him ever both a charming host and guest in the home circle and at social gatherings. He was a man of God, devoted to His cause, and unswerving in his loyalty to the truth. His piety was of that cheerful and attractive type which made him always a "bright and shining light."

But it was as a preacher of the Gospel that Dr. Carter excelled. It has been my privilege to hear the most famous preachers of our country. Some of them excelled in the subject matter of their discourses; some in the beauty and power of expression, and some in voice and the eloquence of oratory. But Dr. Carter excelled in all these particulars and more. His sermons were profound and rich in their subject matter. His choice of language in the

expression of thought could hardly be excelled. He had a voice and delivery peculiar in their richness, together with an inimitable pathos which always made his sermons both charming and deeply impressive. Even his peculiar lisp added to the charm and force of his eloquence. His sentences were never involved nor his words ill chosen. He made his points stand out so clearly that no one could fail to understand and be impressed. Behind it all was deep sincerity and earnestness, and a burning desire to benefit his hearers. Surely no one could excel him in bringing forth from the deep mines of God's Word "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

(Baylus Cade.)

J. W. Carter was, in many respects, the most remarkable man I have ever known. He was as near guiltless as it is possible for a mere man to be. Evil he did not do at all; he seemed not even to think of it, nor to allow it to color his thoughts about other things. For him, evil seemed to be not at all.

He was the most merciful man in his judgments of men that it has been my lot to know on earth. I knew him, knew him intimately, for nearly forty years, and I never heard him pronounce a harsh judgment upon any son of man. It must not be inferred from this that he did not condemn the wrong in men. For the wrong he had no compromises, and of it he made no classes whatever. But his condemnations of men were glorified by a charity that was poetic in its beauty, and Christlike in its tenderness.

His knowledge of history was extensive in its scope, and particular in its accuracy. He knew the history of the world as few men whom I have known knew it; and he could draw upon its splendid resources for whatever it could furnish, in the way of illustration or enforcement, at his own pleasure.

He was great in his friendships. Those who came near to him were drawn to him, as of a power that was resistless. Nor were his friendships of the sort that regards the social classes. He saw through all the classes of social distinction, and fixed his mind and heart upon the intrinsic worth of the man himself.

But it was as a preacher that he was prominent. For the readers of the *Banner* who knew him and loved him, it is not necessary to

speak here, because they know his greatness as a preacher; and for those who did not know him, it would be useless to write of his greatness in the pulpit, since nothing I could say of him as a preacher would give any adequate notion of his splendid power. I can, however, say what I know to be true, that he is held in North Carolina, where he lived and wrought for eleven years, to be the greatest preacher that ever lived in the state. Of my personal attachment to him, I shall not try to write now, or at any other time, for it is so tender and sacred, that it were a profanation to attempt to put it into speech.

DR. CARTER.

(*Religious Herald*, October 31, 1907.)

Dr. J. W. Carter died suddenly at Huntington, W. Va., on Friday morning, October 18th. He had been in attendance on the sessions of the West Virginia General Association, and was apparently in his usual vigorous health. In the early morning, while he was sleeping, his wife was startled by his struggling for breath, and in a few moments he had passed into the silent land.

Dr. Carter was a Virginian by birth, but while yet a boy moved to West Virginia, where nearly all of his long and useful life was spent, his pastorate at the First Church of Raleigh lasting eleven years, covering the only period of his residence outside of the Mountain State. He was one of the most genial and lovable of men. As guileless as a maiden and as brave and generous as a prince, he won for himself and held with hooks of steel unnumbered host of friends. He was an able minister of the New Testament. The first time the writer ever heard him is now, after the lapse of many busy years, distinctly recalled. The stalwart and somewhat ungraceful figure, the odd and yet musical voice, with its unaffected lisp, the glowing fancy, the flashing epigrams, the ardor and earnestness of his manner, all combined to make the occasion one never to be forgotten. That was thirty years ago and more, and yet there are many in the Grace Street Church who still talk of that sermon and that occasion. We have heard him a number of times since, and always with deepest pleasure and real profit. One

of these sermons was on the words, "And there was the hiding of His power," and it will go with us to the end.

We last saw him at the American Baptist Convention at the Jamestown Exposition in May. We stood on the deck of the steamer that brought us across Hampton Roads and talked together of many common friends and common interests. He was never brighter or more genial, never to all appearance more healthy or more hopeful. On that same return journey we talked for the last time with Dr. Eaton. And now both are gone. What shadows we are!

West Virginia Baptists are, of course, peculiarly bereaved in his death, but they must know that the whole Baptist brotherhood and particularly the brotherhood in Virginia and North Carolina, share fully in their sorrow.

May God comfort the family and sanctify this sorrowful providence to the good of us all!

REV. J. W. CARTER, D.D.

(*Examiner*, October 31, 1907.)

The Baptists of West Virginia have suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. J. W. Carter, D.D., who died suddenly, while at Huntington, W. Va., where he was attending the annual meeting of the General Association of that State. He was one of the original constituent members of that body, and had much to do with bringing about its organization at the close of the Civil War. No man had more influence than he in shaping the policies and carrying forward the work of the denomination in the state. As a preacher he was regarded as standing high in the denomination. Some may have surpassed him in oratorical power, others in the beauty and choice of language, and still others in the subject matter of discourse; but in all of these combined, and in his preaching week by week, he had few superiors as a profound and instructive leader. Dr. Hatcher said of him, that he was "unique, original and inimitable."

Morally and intellectually he was a great man. Even as a boy he was noted for his honor and truthfulness, and every act of his life was earnest and sincere. Few men were as free from passion,

malice and uncharitableness. He was, in the truest sense, a self-educated man. His opportunities for a common school education were very limited, and he had no higher educational training in the schools, except for a part of one year in Alleghany College, a high school in the mountains of West Virginia. But from boyhood he had made the most of his opportunities. By constant study and sturdy application he came to be scholarly.

Thirty-six years of his pastoral life were spent in Parkersburg, W. Va., and Raleigh, N. C. He united with the church at Sago, W. Va., a little country village, in 1858, and was there ordained to the ministry some three years later. He preached for some country churches until April 1, 1864, when he accepted the pastorate at Parkersburg. There he remained for nearly twenty-five years, and then went to Raleigh. He returned to West Virginia in 1900, and was pastor at Spencer, W. Va., at the time of his death. He was nearly seventy-one years old. Never was he in better spirit or in finer form than while attending the late meeting of the State Association. On Thursday evening he delivered a brilliant address and at the close of the meeting pronounced the benediction. This was his last public utterance. He retired apparently in the best of health, slept quietly and without waking, and with only a slight struggle, even before his wife could call for assistance, he died. His sudden departure caused a profound impression among the brethren. One session of the Association was given up to a memorial service and the remains were taken to Parkersburg for burial, where the funeral occurred on October 20.

TRIBUTE TO DR. CARTER.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Oct. 20, 1907.

The members of Zion Baptist Church appointed a committee, composed of the pastor and church officials, to draft resolutions as a tribute to the memory of Rev. Dr. J. W. Carter, who died Oct. 18, 1907.

WHEREAS, During the twenty-five years of Dr. Carter's pastorate at the First Baptist Church in this city, he greatly endeared himself to the members of Zion Baptist Church by the great inter-

est he manifested toward our welfare. A portion of the members in the Zion Baptist Church had formerly been members of the First Baptist Church, and whenever we were without a pastor, Dr. Carter would come over and preach for us, baptize our converts and administer the Lord's Supper, and the early records of the church show that he conducted our business meetings with great firmness and wisdom, and through his guidance at that early period our church was inspired to greater and higher aims. We feel it, therefore, a sacred and solemn duty to thus add our tribute to the memory of his work and worth, and in all the years to come his name will ever be remembered and cherished by us.

Resolved, That we humbly bow in submission to the will of Him who "doeth all things well," believing our loss is his gain, and while "he rests from his labors his works do follow him."

Resolved, That we now extend to the family and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and a copy to *The Journal and Messenger*, and a copy spread upon the church records.

Done by order of the church.

Cornelius Watkins, Tandy Brown, James Madison,
Thos. Gooden, Isaac Carr, Wm. E. Figgs, Committee.

WILLIAM TONEX, Pastor.

DR. J. W. CARTER, D.D.

(J. J. Hall.)

In the death of Dr. J. W. Carter I have lost a friend of many years. I loved him as I loved but few. For four years we were fellow-pastors in the city of Raleigh, met daily, talked and worked together without a single unpleasantness. In loving harmony we stood side by side, labored and prayed; had no secret from each other. His home was always open to me and my home was always open to him. I never knew a better man. I shall never forget his prayers. Nor did our friendship cease by our removal from Raleigh. When the Southern Baptist Convention was held in Norfolk, Va., Dr. Carter and wife came to my home and he preached in my

church there. I met him last in Richmond, Va., the last night of the Southern Baptist Convention there.

His friendship was of the noblest kind, strong and self-sacrificing. I had a remarkable proof of this when with him in Raleigh. One time there I was quite sick; other members of the family were also down. My dear wife had her hands and heart full. My church was thoughtful and kind. The Odd Fellows also put in a special nurse. Not a day went by for nearly six weeks but what Dr. Carter was in my home. He would quietly come in and steal away into one of my rooms, and alone he would talk with God, and more than once my wife found him in earnest prayer. It was about the time for the Southern Baptist Convention to meet in Birmingham, Ala. Dr. Carter fully purposed attending. Several members of his church and some of my own were going. So the day before the time for leaving, when Dr. Carter called, my wife said to him: "Well, Brother Carter, I suppose this is the last time I shall see you for a few days." And he said: "No, I am not going." My wife, knowing that he had looked forward and made preparation to attend, remarked: "Why, Doctor, anything happened to prevent your going?" And at length the dear man replied: "Sister, I will not go away while Brother Hall is so sick. I will not leave you in so much trouble. I will stay right here."

Do you wonder I loved Dr. Carter and that his memory is precious to me?

He was one of the most unselfish of men whom I ever knew. He rejoiced in the success of another. The gracious work God blessed us with at the Tabernacle made his heart glad. Nor shall I forget how some time after I had left Raleigh he learned that I was to pass that way, he wrote me inviting me to stop over and preach for him on a Sunday morning and night, not that he was going away, but would be home himself and occupy the pulpit with me. I was to be the guest with my family of some of his friends, and nothing less than this would satisfy him. It was a proof of brotherly love not surpassed.

Many excellencies made up his character; he was courageous; he was a faithful pastor; he was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, but let me place my tribute to his kindness, his friendship, his love.

REV. JOHN W. CARTER.

(From the *Journal and Messenger*, Oct. 24, 1907.)

The news came to us as a shock, that this noble servant of the Lord had passed to his heavenly reward on Friday morning, Oct. 18, in Huntington, W. Va., where he was in attendance on the sessions of the General Association. The writer has not yet learned the particulars, being compelled to remain away from the Association, except that he died in his room, where he and his wife were staying. No other man in the state has done more for the upbuilding of the Kingdom than Dr. Carter. It seems specially fitting that the Lord should call him, while attending the General Association, of whose organization he was, perhaps, the leading spirit. With the exception of a few years spent as pastor in Raleigh, N. C., his long life has been devoted to the work in his native state. There is no man in the state whose departure will be mourned with deeper sorrow than Bro. Carter's. His life has been a benediction to all of us who knew him. It speaks far more eloquently than our tongue or pen. His funeral services were held in the First Baptist Church of Parkersburg, whose pulpit he occupied for nearly twenty-five years.



PART III.



SELECTIONS FROM HIS
WRITTEN SERMONS.

I. THE CHRISTIAN'S DWELLING PLACE.

(A sermon preached in Mt. Pleasant Church, Upshur County, October 13, 1861, a year and a half after his ordination.)

Psa. 90:1 —“*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.*”

This Psalm was written by Moses while he was conducting the Israelites through the destitute and dangerous wilderness to the land of plenty and promise. During their journey of forty years' continuance and frequent change of location, they had, of course, no fixed place of residence. The opinions which are unanimously entertained by the civilized world and supported by the experience of a long series of departed generations readily affirm that this is one of the greatest and most vexatious privations which can be endured by man. When we survey the daily actions of men and hear their oft-repeated declarations we must instantly conclude that the great mass of mankind think that a settled place of habitation is almost essential to corporeal existence, and that home is the prolific source of nearly all those earthly pleasures for which so many sigh and toil and struggle. So universal and so well confirmed is this belief, that any individual who is not affectionately attached to his home is supposed to be deficient in some of the finest and most useful qualities that can adorn the human character. Home! What a throng of agreeable ideas accompany the word! What other word in the language is so rich in meaning, suggestive of so many and such varied thoughts, and recalls so many and such pleasant recollections! What a host of tender endearments cluster around the consecrated spot which is designated by this name! Cold and passionless must be that heart which is not thrilled and stirred by the reflections which it excites! Every one, if he is not an exception to the general rule which embraces the great majority of the race, loves his own home more dearly than any other spot on earth, whether it be located on his own broad acres or in the domain of another; whether it be the lordly palace or a lowly hut. He may often wish that his humble cottage or miserable hovel, as the case may be, was a more elegant

and luxuriant mansion, but he can still adopt the spirit and the words of the missionary hymn and say :

“Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;
 Happy home, indeed I love thee.”

As the savage surrenders the hunting grounds of his ancestors to the more powerful and more enterprising invader, with tearful reluctance; as the Iclander, living amid banks of perennial snow and bergs of never-melting ice, laughs at the folly of the traveller who advises him to exchange his rigorous northern home for a more fruitful soil and a more genial climate; as the aged prisoner of China, who, after a close confinement of more than fifty years, was released, but, in a short time bade adieu to the busy world and voluntarily returned to the narrow cell which was endeared to him by the associations of more than half a century, so most men esteem the inconveniences of home more highly than they do the luxuries of any other place. The want of a home and its attendant comforts was probably felt by the Children of Israel, most sensibly, during their long and painful march to the Canaan of rest and liberty. Behind them was Egypt, the land of chains, cruelty and scourgings. All around them was the desolate wilderness, inhabited by hostile and barbarous tribes. Encamping at one place only a short time, with nothing except their tents to protect them against scorching suns and beating storms and freezing blasts, we may naturally infer that they impatiently longed for the time when they would be established in their own country. But Moses, the meek and faithful man of God, with a spirit unconquered by sufferings and undismayed by hardships, and confidence in the divine promises, unshaken by the repeated rebellions and successive punishments of his countrymen, could declare that the Almighty Maker and Ruler of all was his habitation. “Lord, Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations.” Nowhere beneath the circuit of the sun was there a situation which he could call his own, yet the God of the universe was his secure dwelling place. That Eternal Being, who is so pure that the sinner cannot abide in His presence, so exalted that earth is

only His foot-stool, and so powerful that He makes the wrath of man praise Him, was the refuge of the homeless patriarch. The sentiment contained in our text cannot be justly treated as a passionate outburst of frantic enthusiasm, or the mistaken assertion of one who was ignorant of the subject upon which he wrote; for if there ever was a mere mortal who was intimately acquainted with the character of God, and the relations which He sustained to His people, it was certainly Moses, the man who was chosen to guide a fugitive nation to the land of safety and abundance; the man who was empowered to work many wonderful miracles; the man who conversed with God, face to face, in the most familiar manner; the man who stood unharmed amid the blazing lightnings and reverberating thunders and earthquake convulsions of Sinai. The figurative language employed by this holy man and inspired author implies that, in some respects, God is the same, in a spiritual sense, to those who worship Him, that an earthly dwelling is to its occupants.

I. Several points of resemblance are worthy of notice.

1. As a worldly habitation affords protection to those who reside in it, so God protects those who trust in Him. Man naturally looks to his own friendly roof for shelter from nearly everything that is injurious or disagreeable in the outer world. It defends him alike from the fierce and burning heat of noontide and the damp and unhealthy shades of night. It shields him with equal efficiency from the icy and chilling atmosphere of winter and the parching and penetrating rays of the summer's sun. He can generally remain in his own mansion with feelings of security when destroying tempests and roaring floods are sweeping over the earth with uncurbed and unrestrained fury. All who have a saving interest in the atoning blood of Christ can fearlessly depend on God for protection in every emergency. The Psalmist, in alluding to the tender and efficient care which God manifests for His people, says, "The Lord is my fortress," and repeats this assertion six times. In illustrating the same encouraging truth, he says that the Lord is a shield, and reiterates it twelve times. He repeatedly declares that the Lord is his refuge and strength, and adds he is a "very present help in time of trouble." If God should utterly forsake the Christian and leave him to his own unaided

efforts and unenlightened wisdom, of all men he would be the most hopeless and the most deplorably situated. Certain overthrow would be his inevitable doom. Eternal ruin would be his unavoidable portion. Like the murmuring Israelites, he could say that he had been brought out of the land of bondage to perish miserably in the barren waste. The frightful visions of future torments would haunt him continually and murder all tranquility. The dark abyss of unending woe would open immediately before him, but no way of escape could be seen or devised. To him, life would be worse than death, while death would bring with it no end of distress, but would only confirm his direct fears and his most dreadful apprehension. The voice of Christ, exclaiming, "Without Me ye can do nothing," would constantly ring in his ears. A Christian, totally abandoned by heaven and thrown entirely upon his own resources, would be the most perfect picture of despair of which we can conceive. He cannot, for a single day, undertake to stand by his own strength, without needlessly exposing himself to the malignity of fiendish adversaries. The stronger he is in his own presumptuous conceptions, the farther he is from God and the nearer he is to humiliating defeat. No sincere follower of Christ can carefully and prayerfully examine his past life without arriving at the conclusion that all his reverses are caused by a vain self-confidence, and that all his victories are the triumphs of that faith which overcometh the world, and which is the gift of God. When he feels the extreme weakness of human nature, when he sees that he is the frail and unworthy creature of a moment, and is accountable to the everlasting Author of all things; when he knows that all the bounteous blessings which he receives are undeserved and the free gifts of God's unmerited grace; when he realizes that he is only a brief probationer, and that all his external actions and all the hidden and unrevealed intentions of his heart are seen by the never-slumbering eye of the impartial Judge, before whom he must ultimately appear, well may he tremble under the fearful weight of his awful responsibility, and ask, "Who will be able to stand?" But when he obeys those enactments contained in the written word of revelation; when he acknowledges his inefficiency by bowing in the dust and imploring help and guidance of Him who is mighty to save; when he per-

ceives that God imposes no duty without imparting ability to perform it; when he feels that the Lord of hosts is a citadel to the beleaguered saint and a dwelling place to all who confide in Him, then he can fight the good fight of faith with all that calm and sweet assurance exhibited by the youthful David when he went to meet the boasting giant of Gath. Every child of God is indebted to his heavenly Father for deliverance and continued preservation. Every Christian in this world of strife and turmoil is a living memorial of His condescending mercy, and will be an everlasting monument of His love and faithfulness. Every one that will reign with Him in Heaven will be an immortal witness of His enduring kindness, and a grateful representative of His overshadowing protection.

2. The most important worldly interests of man attach him closely to his place of residence, just as spiritual interests of the believer bind him indissolubly to his God. Home is the center around which the principal wealth of its proprietor is concentrated. The fruits of his toil and the proceeds of his industry are generally invested there. The earnings and accumulations which afford him subsistence and supply his daily necessities are usually collected there. Almost everything that makes this life a pleasure or this world desirable is found there. But interests of immeasurably more consequence, interests which are as lasting as eternity, as imperishable as the throne of God, and as valuable as immortality, unite the Christian to the Lord of heaven and earth. Everything that elevates the affections above shadowy trifles to eternal realities emanates from Him. Life and death, happiness and misery, heaven and hell, are in His hands and at His sovereign disposal. By one single word He can fix your destiny so unalterably that it can never be reversed by time nor powers nor principalities. He can reward righteousness with unnumbered ages of felicity, and punish wickedness with uncounted centuries of suffering. His approbation can exalt you to the highest heaven, and His condemnation can sink you to the lowest depth of agony. All that is calculated to promote the welfare of the never-dying soul originated in His mercy. Are you invited to pause in your sinful career and present yourselves as supplicating penitents to Him, with the solemn assurance that you shall be forgiven? It is

because the eternal Son of God died to save all who will come to Him. Have you abandoned the soul-enslaving service of sin, accepted the life-giving proposals of redeeming mercy and found unutterable peace and joy in believing? It is not because you were governed by the desires of your natural heart; not because you conferred with flesh and blood, but because the regenerating Spirit of God, in all its quickening power, enlightened your understanding, revealed to you the deplorable consequences of unbelief, and led you to a pardoning Saviour. Do you expect to persevere in well-doing until the Master shall call you to Himself and bestow upon you the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joys of thy lord?" It is because you believe that the triumphant grace of God will be sufficient for you. If the comparatively trivial affairs of the present moment, the preservation of decaying body and the unimportant concerns of earth can absorb so much time and attention and attach man so closely to his abode where he spends a few brief years, surely the momentous events of the unseen future, his well-being in the world to come, and the salvation of a soul, with all its tremendous results, should attach the Christian still more closely to his God, his happy dwelling place for millions upon millions of ages. What can we think of the wisdom or forethought of the man who lavishes years of precious time and thousands of glittering treasure in ornamenting and beautifying his residence, but makes no preparation for the next life, although death will soon destroy his high-born expectations, and justice will make him a homeless exile through boundless eternity? Though he may be one of the pampered sons of affluence, though posterity may erect a costly monument, bearing a flattering inscription, over his moldering bones, but what profit would all this be if his deathless spirit should be doomed to sink deeper and deeper forever under the continually increasing indignation of God?

3. As the natural affections of man are fixed on his place of abode, so the tenderest and purest affections of the Christian are set on God. Man, whether he is as wealthy as Dives or as poor as Lazarus, is bound to his home by a thousand engaging ties. It is

endeared to him by the pleasant associations of other years, by his love for the living and dead, by the golden memories of the past, and by the smiling hopes of the future. When he leaves it for any considerable period of time, he departs with painful emotions. He may wander on the other side of the globe, but he revisits his home, in his imaginations by day, and in his nightly dreams. When he returns to it after a long absence his delight is only surpassed by that which is felt by the devoted servant of God when the never-fading splendors of the heavenly Jerusalem burst upon his enraptured vision. But the true and adoring worshiper regards God with love that is purer in its nature, higher in its origin, and more disinterested than that which the desponding traveller feels for home and kindred or the banished patriot for his native land. He who is not willing, if necessary, to surrender his most valued possessions and his dearest relatives for the sake of Christ, will receive no approving welcome from Him. None was ever released from the bonds of sin and Satan, none was ever reconciled with an offended God, none ever was changed from nature to grace, unless he complied with this essential condition. The Saviour says, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." If God is not the being around whom the warmest affections of those who profess Christ are entwined, then their pretensions are hypocritical, their devotions are insulting to the majesty on high, and their supplications are solemn and unmeaning mockery. Their love for God must consist of something more substantial than formal actions, sounding words and fashionable phrases. It must be that vital love which burns in the heart and shines in the daily deportment; not lifeless imitation that is told by the tongue. It must be that un murmuring love, "which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," which will submit to reproaches and persecutions for the sake of Christ, which would rather suffer personal disgrace in the estimation of the world than see a wounded, bleeding and dishonored Zion, not that selfish principle which is regardless of everything except individual interest. It must be that heaven-born love which, rising far above all interested considerations, identifies itself with the kingdom of the Redeemer, for weal or

woe, which hates sin more than it dreads endless punishment, and reverences God for His goodness and holiness, more than it desires heaven; not the enthusiastic impulse of the moment, which dies, as soon as the occasion that calls it into existence passes away. If the hallowed influences of the family circle, the cherished scenes of home, and the venerated ties of consanguinity and friendship can make an earthly residence so transcendently dear, with what affectionate feelings should we think of God in whom all perfections are united, to the entire exclusion of all that is unholy or objectionable; who is encircled by an innumerable multitude of kindred spirits with whom we expect to dwell forever. How obstinately and perversely blind is the intelligent creature who idolizes the perishable, but rejects the incorruptible, who fondly clings to a transient abiding place in a world of tribulation, but lays up no treasures in heaven.

II. (1) The Lord is a comfortable dwelling place to those who serve Him. One great desire of most men is to secure for themselves the conveniences of life; and if they can obtain them by exhausting toil and incessant exertion they are generally satisfied. Gold and silver are not loved for their intrinsic value, but because they are a medium of exchange with which the myriad productions of art and industry can be procured. But all the comforts and luxuries of which the world can boast, all the pomp and display which may surround the vain monarch, and all the ornament and splendor that may bedeck the palace of the prince, are sordid and unsatisfying, when compared with the banquet which God has prepared for them who love Him and do His will. His unbounded benevolence has anticipated every want of immortality. All that paternal affection could suggest, all that infinite wisdom could devise, all that almighty power could accomplish, has been done for the peace and prosperity of the people of God. It was for their redemption that Christ became a man of sorrows and died a criminal's death. It was for their admonition and instruction that angels, as delegated messengers from the world of joy, visited earth. It is for their sakes that the wicked are preserved, for ten righteous men would have saved Sodom and Gomorrah. It was to reward their obedience that the thrones of heaven were erected, for they shall be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. It was to

revenge their injuries that the deep dungeons of despair were dug; for we are taught that "the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth." It is for their interest and improvement that the dispensations of providence are arranged. "For all things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to His purpose." "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" Rom. 8:32. "Therefore let no man glory in men; for all things are your's; Whether Paul, or Appollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours; And ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. 3:21, 22, 23. Nothing that can increase the usefulness and happiness of believers is denied. As long as they have earth to kneel upon and heaven to appeal to, there is no reason why they should mourn for any spiritual comfort. They can be assailed by no adversary so strong that he cannot be repelled by the arm of the Lord. No cloud can gather over them so dark that it cannot be scattered and dispersed by a single beam from His countenance. They can be placed in no situation where He cannot find them and administer consolation. Though they may be homeless fugitives, yet, like wandering Moses, they can commune with God. Though they may be separated from friends and fellow-followers of Christ, yet like Israel's captive prophet in the land of idolatry, they can maintain their Christian integrity and refuse to worship any other than the Most High God. Though they may clank the gloomy dungeon's chain, yet, like Paul and Silas in the Philippian prison, they can sing the praises of God. Though they may be required to seal their devotion to Jesus with their blood, yet, like martyred Stephen, they can spend their last moments in praying for their murderers. While they live, He will live with them, and give them strength for weakness, courage for timidity, comfort for affliction, hope for suffering and joy for sorrow; and when the mortal tabernacles of their immortal spirits shall be shattered by the resistless stroke of death, they will rise on angelic pinions,

join the congregation of the redeemed, and adore God through an endless sabbath.

(2) The Lord is a safe dwelling place. Perfect security can be found in no earthly habitation. Life, health and property are everywhere and every day exposed to destruction. The worldly prosperity of man and even his physical existence are endangered by a variety of causes over which he has no fixed and absolute control. The dwelling in which he lives may be hurled from its base by vindictive elements, and he may perish in the wreck and ruin. When he retires to rest at night he does not know but that before morning's dawn he may be destroyed in the conflagration of his mansions, or be aroused from his slumbers to see the consuming flames lighting up the midnight darkness, or rolling upon the nocturnal breeze. Misfortune or injustice may drive him from his home to wander in penury and suffer the torturing pangs of unrelieved want. But God, the eternal, the all-wise, the all-powerful, is beyond the reach of danger and casualty. His dominions are as wide as unmeasured immensity. His authority is acknowledged and revered in the most exalted heaven. His power is felt and dreaded in the deepest and darkest chambers of the bottomless pit. Archangels joyfully obey his commands and devils believe and tremble. He controls cause and effect. He presides over the destiny of worlds. He gives laws to universal nature.

But here I pause to inquire, How can any serious calamity befall those who dwell in such a habitation? They may be persecuted but cannot be permanently overcome. They may be slaughtered, but cannot be materially injured. Impious Belshazzar was not safe in the massive walls of Babel, but righteous Noah was secure when a wicked world was drowned and a sinful race was extirpated. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" If He does not impute sin, who will judge us for it? If he approves, who will censure? If He does not condemn, who will pass sentence? Is there any enemy that is stronger than he? Is there any resistance that can dethrone him? Is there any power that can reverse His decisions? If the blood-washed saint whose transgressions have been forgiven and whose iniquity has been blotted out, can be precipitated into the gulf of misery, who can be saved? Christ says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know

them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." The omnipotence of God is unconditionally pledged for the salvation of all of the flock, and the least and humblest and weakest lamb can never be torn, bleeding and lifeless, from the tender and loving embraces of the Good Shepherd. That every other refuge to which man has fled for safety is dangerous and insecure is proved by the untimely fate of unhappy multitudes; but millions of weary and heavy-laden souls have found rest, repose and an inviolable asylum in God; and none has ever perished there and none ever can, unless the hand that moves the universe can be palsied, unless the Rock of Ages can crumble to dust.

3. The Lord is a spacious dwelling place. Earthly habitations are necessarily restricted in extent, and are built for the accommodation of a limited number of persons. But God is simultaneously everywhere. His presence fills boundless infinitude. The globe which we inhabit is only an atom in His vast empire. All that exists, whether seen or unseen, whether material or spiritual, is His creation. Myriads of refulgent worlds beyond the range of mortal vision belong to His sovereignty and move in obedience to His irrevocable decrees. The minutest occurrences and transactions are observed by His omnipresent eye. All the intelligent and responsible creatures included within His moral government might reside in Him, but His inexhaustible fullness would not be diminished. The entire family of Adam might fly to that sure and peaceful retreat which is found beneath the mercy seat, but yet there would be room. Millions of polluted sinners have been washed in the blood of Jesus, but the healing fountain still overflows. No trembling penitent can reasonably doubt the all-abounding sufficiency of His grace, for the invitation is to come and buy without money and without price. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

4. The Lord is an eternal dwelling place. Endless duration can be affirmed of nothing that is terrestrial. The undoubted tendency

of all material things is to decay and dissolution. Every day brings with it its changes and its inroads. The proudest and most stately structures must be overthrown by the assaults of violence, or demolished by the noiseless ravages of time. But if man inhabited earthly mansions that were imperishable, his occupation of them would still be brief, for death would soon terminate his mortal career. But God is eternally and immutably the same. Chance and mutation can never reach or affect Him. The silent lapse of ages can never impair His interminable existence. Before the march of time commenced. He was, in every respect, the same being that He is today. When the earth, with all that it contains, will pass away like a half-remembered dream, He will still be unchanged and unchangeable. Those who dwell in Him have an everlasting habitation. He will guard them amid the reverses and vicissitudes or mortality, and when life and its responsibilities will close, they will exchange the tears and trials of earth for the undying joys of heaven. But language cannot describe the future condition of those who will go, without repentance or forgiveness, to the place of judgment, for the Lord will not be their dwelling place. Look at the miserable and homeless beggar, worn down with fatigue, wasted away with decrepitude, tottering with age, pale with grief and suffering, exposed to the unfeeling derision of earth and the cruel storms of heaven, starving for the want of nourishment, and dying in some unknown solitude, without a friend to listen to his last sad groan or close his eyes: and then imagine what must be the forlorn wretchedness of the unpardoned worker of iniquity in the world of darkness and torment, where no friendly voice will ever utter a consolatory word; where no hope of approaching deliverance will encourage him; where the fierce and unabated tempest of heaven's wrath will beat unceasingly upon his unsheltered soul. May the God of love and mercy help the Christian to improve his privileges and opportunities, and the sinner to choose that good part which shall not be taken from him.

II. THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

(A sermon preached in the beginning of his pastorate at Parkersburg, West Virginia, May 1, 1864.)

Luke 9:30, 31—*“And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, Who appeared in glory, and spoke of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.”*

Events are of many kinds, and of various degrees of importance. They differ very essentially and in many ways, from each other. Some are of but little consequence and make only a slight and passing impression on the mind. Others are exciting and all-absorbing, and are the subjects of long and anxious reflection. Some are soon forgotten. All recollections of them die with the generation that first sees them or hears of them. Others are of lasting interest, and will live in the memories of mankind and on the page of history as long as time itself. Some are quite common, and are naturally looked for every day. Others are peculiar in their nature and occur but very seldom. Some are extremely limited in their influence. They affect but few persons, and in many cases but a single individual, and are not cared for or thought of by anybody else. Others are so wide-reaching in their results that the welfare of millions on millions is wrapped up in them. The destiny of nations and generations is seriously affected by them.

Scenes and themes, almost countless in number and greatly varied in appearance, constantly invite and command the attention of man. With mingled and ever-changing emotions he looks upon all that is in reach of his vision, and hears and reads of the past and the distant. He is charmed by the beautiful. He is entranced and overawed by the sublime. He is surprised by the new and strange. He is thrilled by the romantic. He is shocked, he is chilled and frozen with horror by the cruel and painful. He has a great variety before and around from which he makes his selections. He always has his favorites, and you can often tell what manner of man he is by the choice that he makes. There are some subjects which are specially prominent in his feelings and affections, and upon which he usually thinks and converses. But what sad and

fatal mistakes are often made by multitudes of misguided mortals. How frequently they prefer the tempting and perishing to the holy and the eternal. How diligently they devote their time and energies to this world, but hardly bestow one lingering thought upon the grandest occurrence that is recorded in the annals of earth or heaven.

The death of Christ rises and towers above all other events, like some stately pillar among surrounding ruins. It lives everywhere but in the hearts and minds of unconverted men. In its conception it is as old as God Himself. Its announcement was the work of the prophets. It is a cause of wonder among the angels, for they are students of the mysteries of redemption. It is the body and soul of the anthem that is sung by the redeemed in heaven. It kindles the gratitude of saints on earth, and for aught I know, it deepens and embitters the groans of the lost in hell.

Christ, during the whole of His life among men, was evidently looking forward to His decease on Calvary. Every thought that was suggested by His mission must have reminded Him of the heavy sorrows and dreadful sufferings that were not far off. At every glance into the future He surely saw the bloody cross. He frequently told His disciples what awaited Him. His transfiguration was deeply interesting. Some of heaven's glory was then transferred to earth. Beams of divinity shone resplendent through the veil of humanity. The color of His raiment was changed to an unearthly white. It seemed that Christ, the man, was almost lost and swallowed up in the glory of Christ the God. What a scene was then beheld! The mountain top was bathed in a deluge of dazzling light. A bright and gorgeous cloud from which the voice of the Almighty was heard hovered over them. All was brilliant and glittering. Three of the apostles were present, but mortal could not look upon such a display. They fell and hid their faces in the dust.

But Moses and Elias were there. The one had died nearly fifteen hundred years before that on Mt. Pisgah, while the smiling fields of Canaan were spread out before him; and the other, more than nine hundred years previously, had been welcomed to the joys of heaven without dying, but they were both with Christ when He was transfigured. On this solemn occasion, when inhabitants of two

worlds were present in this striking interview in which both heaven and earth were represented, the theme of conversation was the death of Christ. They "spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." The presence of the august Saviour, the silent terror of the fallen disciples, and the deep and awful tones of God's voice did not divert their attention from their chosen subject. Moses had seen the burning bush that was wrapped in flames but not consumed; he had heard the prayers and complaints of his countrymen, and seen the bitter and uncalled-for wrongs, that were heaped upon them while they were suffering the bondage of Egypt; he had repeatedly carried the messages of God to the proud and heart-hardened Pharaoh; he had seen the power of the Lord sweeping over a doomed and sinful land, turning rivers to blood, wasting and desolating the country, entering every dwelling, from the palace to the lowly cottage, and making every house an abode of death, and every family mourners; he had stood on the summit of shaking and blazing Sinai and talked with God as one friend talks to another; he had guided a wandering nation through raging seas and barren deserts.

Elijah had felt the bigotry of Ahab and the cruelty of Jezebel; he had been driven a weary and hunted fugitive to the wilderness; he had dwelt in a lonely cave; he had stood on Mt. Horeb when it was shaken by wind and earthquake to its ancient foundations; he had been conveyed by a chariot of fire to the bosom of his God. Both Moses and Elijah had for long ages been ranging with angelic freedom over the fair fields of Paradise—enjoying, worshiping and feasting on the Mount of God—but when they came down to earth, robed in the shining garments of heaven they did not speak of the wonderful events that crowded their mortal lives, or of the delights and pleasures of the saved and glorified, but they did talk of the death of Christ.

Moses was the giver of the law, and Elijah was a zealous and fearless defender of the law, but they both "appeared in glory," and bowed to Christ who was the end and fulfilment of the law. They "spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem."

It was first in the thoughts of their minds, the affections of their hearts, and the impulses of their purified natures. Well they might

talk of it, for it is a subject that addresses itself with peculiar force and emphasis to every Christian that lives; yes, to every child of earth. These two sainted ones had long been singing a Saviour's dying love, but they were not tired of it; and at the transfiguration they still talked of it. The theme upon which such sinless beings conversed at such a time and under such circumstances must be an uncommon and momentous one.

1. The power and nature of the evil which Christ died to conquer is another evidence that proclaims the vast importance of the Redeemer's death. Shortly after His resurrection He appeared as a stranger to two of His disconsolate followers as they were walking to the village of Emmaus, and taught them. He said, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?" But why was it needful that He should pour out His blood and give up His life? Where and what was the terrible necessity that laid such weighty and grievous sufferings on Him? Paul answers and says, "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Mankind had sunken into a state of wickedness, and was sinking down into a home of horrors that was lower and darker than the grave. God had been disobeyed, His authority had been denied, His laws had been broken, and His vengeance had been insultingly challenged. Immortal and intelligent man, who had been created in the image of his Almighty Maker, who by nature was "a little lower than the angels," had wandered far from the ways of obedience and was under the control of ruinous passions. He had lost his early innocence and been changed into the willing slave and loving worshiper of sin. His purity of heart had been given for corruption and death. Not a trace of his original holiness survived the mournful wracking of his hopes and character. Once he delighted in God, in goodness, but now he hated both; and his only pleasure was in sin. Without any effort he could plunge into ruin, but he could not possibly, by anything he could do, rise to bliss. His poisoned affections forced him to embrace evil in its most hideous forms. His feelings drove him forward in his downward course. All that he could do was to treasure up wrath against the day of wrath. He was steeped in pollution and was all dripping with iniquity. He had no right to look for one word of comfort and

assurance. To expect pardon, while the claims of the law were not complied with, was to expect God to blot His own character. Mercy might have pleaded long and loud, but the demands of justice could not be slighted. God could not consistently forgive one sinner until the injury done His moral government was repaired, until full and complete satisfaction was given. But the offenders had nothing to offer. They might have been punished for ages without number, but the unsatisfied justice of God would still have thirsted for sinners' blood; the dreadful curse would not have been exhausted, and the fearful weight of God's wrath would have crushed them lower and lower into destruction. But Christ proposed to assume the obligations of the debtors, and to take the place of the guilty, to pay the price of freedom, and suffer the penalty of crime, to release the prisoners and wipe away the stain of sin. He agreed to harmonize the perfections of God in such a manner that offenders could be pardoned, while the divine attributes would be not only satisfied, but pleased. But He could not bring relief to the needy unless He died.

If He went forward, He went into the very jaws of grim and gluttonous death. If He refused and drew back, the world must be forsaken by mercy, deserted by hope, blasted and blighted by the worse than lightning stroke of wrath and ruin, and given up to blank despair. Millions of precious souls that might be redeemed by His blood must live forever in the agonies of death. Generation after generation, without the slightest opportunity or smallest possibility of escape, must be certainly and rapidly hurried down into the flaming lake of woe and misery. Toil and gloom, trial and anguish were before Christ, but He faltered not until the bloody price of His people's redemption was paid. He died that they might live, and multitudes of happy immortals can ascribe their life to His death. All believers can say with the prophet, "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Surely that struggle, in which such dreaded and powerful enemies as sin and death were overcome, was an all-important one.

2. In the nature of His death we have proofs of its importance. But here several thoughts are presented.

(1) His death was appointed. He is a "lamb slain from the foundation of the world." On the day of Pentecost Peter told the Jews that He was "delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God"; and if you can find a time when God did not have counsel and foreknowledge, you may find a time when the death of Christ had not been ordained. The doctrine of salvation through a Saviour's blood was obscurely taught as soon as sin entered Eden and began its deadly ravages. When our first parents left their native garden, their joyous and lovely home, they carried with them a positive and consoling assurance that a Redeemer would come and break the power of the adversary. The promise of Christ which they received was the first ray of light that gleamed through the soul-sickening blackness in which an infant world was wrapped. It was the first faint and glimmering dawn of the Gospel day. And as we travel in time's pathway from Paradise to Calvary we see that the evidences of the coming of Christ increase in number and brightness at every step. The plans and purposes which eternally existed in the mind of Deity were gradually unfolded until the Sun of Righteousness rose in cloudless splendor, to set no more.

(2) His death was sacrificial. His sufferings were all vicarious. "In due time Christ died for the ungodly." He "bore our sins in His own body." A Being who was holy and heavenly, laid Himself on the altar as an offering for the vile and perishing. When we view Him, a suspended criminal, convulsed with pain, trembling with anxious emotion, and reeking with blood, we should remember that our guilt hung Him there; that it drove the nails and opened His ghastly wounds. All the sacrifices of the Levitical dispensation were types of what He did and suffered, and derived all their virtue from Him. They were only guide posts and way marks to direct the inquiring pilgrim to the cross.

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they."

When His humanity bled and languished and expired, eternal life was purchased for all who believe. No severe terms were imposed; no hard task was given; no partial forgiveness was offered; no price was demanded; but a full, free and ample pardon, sealed with redeeming blood, and signed by the Judge of all the earth, was provided.

(3) His death was voluntary. Hear His own language: "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." All His actions were voluntary. He was beyond the reach of fear and change.

He might have remained forever in the Father's bosom, and His honor would not have been stained or His goodness impeached. He might have continued happy and glorious in the love and adoration of the unfallen, and His character would not have been sullied. He might have turned a deaf ear to every wail of despair that could have arisen from a dying world, and nobody could have uttered one complaint. He might have left the ungrateful creatures, who had wickedly sold themselves for naught, to have lingered out of a life of gloomy wretchedness into a boundless, hopeless and cheerless eternity, and none could have censured Him. But He pursued a widely different course, and gave a loving response to the plaintive cry of distress. When He saw the omnipotent arm of His Father ready to sweep into yawning destruction all those who rebelled against Him; when He saw the black and threatening cloud of heaven's vengeance hanging over a guilty world and ready to burst upon it in all appalling fury; when He saw the drawn sword of justice waving over a doomed race, ready at tremendous stroke to inflict merited punishment, He hastened from the shining courts above, threw Himself between the trembling victims and their impending fate, and exclaimed by His actions, if not by His words, "Righteous Father, let Thy uplifted blow fall upon My defenceless head. Let the withering curse of heaven be poured out upon Me. Let

justice turn His vengeful blade to My heart. Will My life satisfy Thy claims? Then I lay it down. Will My blood wash out their deep-dyed guilt? Then let it flow in crimson torrents. Will My death rescue them from the eternal horrors that must otherwise overwhelm them? Then I bow to the awful sentence. Will My obedience raise them to seats of bliss and make them conquerors at Thy right hand? Then "not My will, but Thine be done." To have imputed sin to unwilling and protesting innocence would have been an act of flagrant and arbitrary injustice; but when Christ consented to bear the burden of others, and become their ransom, God could honorably and consistently accept the offer.

(4) His death was shameful. We are told that he "endured the cross, despising the shame." Nothing that could add ignominy to His condition was wanting but a crime. Crucifixion was a shocking and degrading punishment, and was generally reserved for basest and most hardened criminals. The attending circumstances evinced studied insult and derision. The crown that He wore was of thorns. The kingly robe in which He was clothed was put on Him in mockery. The regal titles that were applied to Him were taunts. Those who bowed before Him were His boasting and exulting crucifiers. Those who suffered with Him were justly condemned malefactors, and one of them, while he was convulsively struggling between life and death, reviled and reproached the mild and bleeding Jesus. That unfeeling culprit knew full well that before the sun, which had already run more than half its daily course, should go down behind the hills of Judea, he would be plunged into another world, yet with a spirit that fiends might covet, lifted up his faltering voice and heaped abuse and ridicule upon the Son of God. The few disciples were affrighted and filled with dismay. They were scattered and their hopes were dead. Angels had withdrawn. The countenance of God was veiled. The Saviour was at the mercy of His enemies, and it seemed that they taxed and strained their energies to increase His pain, and tortured and racked their ingenuity to invent new and unheard-of modes of punishment. Alone and unaided, He contended against the malice of devils and the violence of men, while the wrath of heaven beat in one terrific tempest upon His disquieted soul.

(5) His death was triumphant. Long, desperate and agonizing

was the conflict. While He was resisting the terrible shock, all was commotion and agitation. He suffered and languished on until the mighty indebtedness was paid, and then, when He felt that the triumph was won, He said, "It is finished. It is finished." We can imagine that these words rang, echoed and resounded throughout the moral universe. In heaven they were the joyful tidings of victory, for they announced that the release of millions on millions from the doleful captivity of sin was secured, that God could now consistently take creatures of earth in His arms and exalt them above the skies, and that the great Captain of our Salvation had invaded the dark dominions of death, and would soon subdue the last enemy, and return through the broken portals of the conquered tomb. In the gloomy abode of despair they were the announcement of decided and overwhelming defeat, for they declared that fallen man could approach his God and live; that pardoning mercy had prevailed, and that the grave would soon be robbed of its terrors, brought into the service of God, and be, not a dreaded destroyer of hope, but the nursery of life and immortality. The value and extent of the success which Christ gained on Calvary are beyond all calculation. The influences of the cross reached back through four thousand years, to the time when man first became a sinner. They have come down to us through more than eighteen centuries.

They have a saving and healing virtue which the flight of years can neither impair nor diminish. They travel across oceans, deserts and mountains; they extend over islands and continents. They must advance and brighten until the millennial day shall dawn, until earth redeemed shall be a trophy of God's love and grace. The death of Christ must be commandingly important, for when He died, He fulfilled a purpose of God, and stood in the room of exposed millions, and meekly exhibited such moral qualities as the world never saw on any other occasion.

3. We infer its importance from its results. But we must be very brief here. The field is so broad that a rapid glance over it is all that can or ought to be attempted now, and it contains so many flowers that perhaps the archangel Gabriel has not found them all yet. But to proceed.

(1) The death of Christ gives liberty. It sets all Christians free. Their natural condition is that of extreme servitude. Sin is

the haughty and gloomy tyrant that reigns over them. It darkens their perceptions so that they do not see the dangers by which they are threatened. It deadens their sensibilities so that they feel no dread. It holds all the powers of their souls and all the faculties of their minds in subjection. They are the menials of a task-master that knows neither pity or remorse. It waves its iron scepter over them, and yet they think they are free. But repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ bursts the shackles that bind their captive souls, and brings them to the enjoyments of all the privileges of redemption, of the glorious liberty of the children of God. They can feel and say that God is their indulgent Father; that angels are their interested companions; that heaven is their happy and endless home; that for them to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Like the beloved disciple of old, they can lean confidently upon the bosom of Jesus.

(2) The death of Christ gives knowledge. It is a fountain of mental and moral light. Had He not suffered, man would have remained in almost total ignorance of the noblest and grandest subjects. God would have been an unapproachable Being, surrounded by frightful terrors. All that ever could have been learned of Him and of His character would have been taught by the outpourings of His anger. It would indeed have been known that He was just and powerful, but some of His attributes would have been almost hidden and all would have been partially veiled and obscured. But Christ has died, and we can now behold, but cannot express, the greatness and boundlessness of His love for man, and the intensity of His hatred for sin. He consents to be our familiar friend. We can commune with Him and have His spirit in our hearts.

Like the ancient Mary, we can sit at the feet of Jesus and listen to His wisdom. The cross standing on the brow of Calvary, crimsoned, speechless and tottering, and sustaining the weight of the dying Saviour, is the best of God's perfections that the world has. It describes His goodness more eloquently than do the songs of the angels in the third heaven, and His justice more forcibly than do the shrieks and wails of the condemned in hell.

(3) The death of Christ gives holiness. It is a center from which purity emanates and is diffused. The natural man is

depraved, is a mass of pollution and defilement. Sin erects its throne in his heart and stifles and strangles all holy desires and longings. It murders all that is good and righteous. It wages a war of extermination against all that is pure and unstained. When man fell, the change wrought in his nature was complete and universal. Nothing escaped in the general wreck and destruction. The only antidote for the evil is the blood of the covenant. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," says the inspired man of God.

When this remedy is applied, a principle that is new, holy and spiritual is quickened into being. The individual is regenerated. "He is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." He acts from new motives and labors for new objects. The tendencies of his soul incline him towards God and lift him towards heaven. Sin may still lurk in his heart and disturb his repose; it may shoot its fiery darts at him and inflict grievous wounds on him; it may contend in life-long warfare against the Spirit of God, but it has received a death-blow and must certainly die. Christ is the portion of His saints, and His merits and righteousness are enough for them. When they are ripened for heaven angels carry them away to God, and while eternity marches on they shine in blood-washed and white-robed multitude.

All the causes that produce and promote holiness in the human heart; and all the restraints that curb and check sin in its wide wasting ravages have their origin in the Saviour's death.

(4) It gives happiness. It is a source of numerous and durable pleasures. The faithful Christian has all that he needs. The gifts that he receives are a cure for every ill, and a cordial for every care; the joy of health and the comfort of sickness. They make him a child of God, a conqueror of death, a fearless and peaceful tenant of the tomb, a resident of heaven, and an heir of eternity. Yet all the blessings that he has, and all that he ever expects to have, were paid for by the sufferings of Christ. Salvation is of grace—altogether of free, blood-bought, priceless and all-sufficient grace. Measure the distance from the throne of God down to eternal midnight; ascertain the difference between the ransomed in heaven and the punished in torment; consider that somewhere in the distant cycles of the future there will be a time when one

soul that is saved will have enjoyed more than all the human race has done to this moment, and when one soul that is lost will have suffered more agony than all mankind has ever yet felt; and remember also that the multitude who will be saved cannot be numbered; and then with all the light of reason and of God's Word before you, see if you can form any idea of the vast amount of happiness that has resulted and will result from the death of Christ.

Moses and Elias had great and good reason to speak "of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." All Christians while they live should keep a crucified Saviour in their hearts; and then death will only be the beginning of life; when death itself will be dead, they will be young. They will be with the throng that the exiled John saw, and will ever wonder and reverence, praise and adore. But amid the delights and felicities of heaven there will be one anthem longer and louder, deeper and sweeter than the rest. The song of Moses and the Lamb, chanted by grateful millions, will ever anon bring them back in memory to Calvary, to Gethsemane; and its notes wafted by celestial zephyrs over the wide and blooming plains of heaven will ever remind the redeemed that Jesus died to save sinners.

III. UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

(A sermon preached in Parkersburg, at the beginning of the Week of Prayer, January 2, 1870.)

James 4:3—*“Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss.”*

Prayer is the Christian's grandest privilege. That a helpless and sinking sinner can be forgiven, and not only forgiven, but clothed with the right to talk to God and wrestle and prevail with Him, is almost too much to believe. It seems to us that God's wondrous grace must surely be almost exhausted in doing so much for one who can do nothing for himself.

Prayer is also the believer's mightiest weapon. It is as essential to his spiritual life as breathing is to his natural life. Give him earth to kneel upon, heaven to appeal to, God's Spirit to direct and help him, and God's promises to plead, and he “can smile at Satan's rage, and face a frowning world.” Earnest, believing prayer has turned back the enemies of the church in confusion, scattered the darkness of unbelief, broken the fetters of sin, brought peace to the troubled heart, and opened the gates of “doubting castle.”

But there still remains the solemn fact that thousands and millions of prayers are unanswered. They make no more real impression than if they were addressed to some heathen deity. They pass away and are forgotten, as if they were written on “the viewless air.” Many Christians who pray for strength still continue in weakness. Many husbands, wives, fathers, mothers and children whose conversion is prayed for, still go on in sin. Many churches that pray for revivals still droop and languish. Many souls that have been prayed for are doubtless now in perdition. Perhaps not one of you has received one-half that you have asked for. Many prayer-meetings that have been held in this house have probably brought down no blessing from heaven. If all the prayers which have been offered, but not answered, could be written down they would make more books than any library in the world could hold. If they could be printed on the heavens they would cover the whole sky from horizon to horizon, and eclipse sun, moon and stars.

Why is it that so much prayer is in vain? Where is the cause

to be found? Not in heaven. Upon whom does the blame rest? Not on God. If you could take the wings of a seraph, soar away to heaven, range over all its broad, bright plains, commune with all its inhabitants and explore all its mysteries, you would find that heaven is all in sympathy with the Christian and engaged for him. If you could take in every thought that is wrapped up in the mind of the Almighty, you would see that God the Father always keeps His promises; that God the Son ever pleads for His people; and that God the Spirit is ever ready to help their infirmities. Why, then, are not their prayers all answered? If you would find the cause which thrusts back their prayers into their faces and on their hearts, you must not look up to heaven, but you must look down into your own bosoms. You must not examine God, but you must examine yourselves. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

I invite your attention to some of the reasons which prevent the answer of prayer. There are many ways in which men "ask amiss."

I. They "ask amiss" when they appear before God with unrepented sin upon their consciences. The Gospel theory of prayer includes and demands repentance. All sin is offensive to God. It is opposed to His government and character, and is loathsome in His sight. Repentance cannot blot out our sins or atone for the least of them, but when we do truly repent we hate our sins and take sides with God. We justify Him and condemn ourselves. We declare that he has been right and we have been wrong all the time. But if we go before Him without repentance we show that we have no respect for His commands and no regard for His holiness. Our attitude is an insult to Him. Our prayers may be many in number and logical in form; our words may be well-chosen; our requests may be proper enough, and our petitions may be urged with apparent earnestness; but if sin is loved and cherished in our hearts, we "ask amiss." Prayer can rise to heaven from caves and dungeons. It can go up to God through flames and blood. It cannot be pressed down to the earth by pain or poverty. But one weight which it cannot carry is unrepented sin. One known sin which is not repented of eats out the life and substance of prayer and leaves nothing but the worthless and weightless husk. The man who is guilty but not penitent wastes his time and breath when he prays over his own sins for the conversion of others. His

prayer should be that of the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner." What strange inconsistencies are sometimes brought to our notice! The world-loving professor prays for grace and spirituality. His heart is set upon the treasures and pleasures of earth; his mind is full of them; they employ his thoughts and energies; they are embraced in all his plans and schemes; yet he prays the Lord to enrich him "with all spiritual blessings" in Jesus Christ. He first binds his prayers down with chains of adamant, and then wonders why they do not rise to God. He must repent and mortify his world-seeking spirit if ever he offers a prayer that is answered.

The spiteful professor prays for his enemies. His heart is hot and smoking with malice. He nurses jealousy, envy and resentment. These feelings even crop out in his devotions. Still he prays for his enemies. Perhaps he makes enemies by his unchristian conduct, and then adds insult to injury, and falsehood to harshness, by asking God to forgive those whom he himself has needlessly offended. I once knew two persons who were members of the same church and the same family. But they engaged in a bitter quarrel, which they occasionally carried into the prayer-meeting. Of course they didn't call names but they described characters. Everybody knew exactly what they meant. They would pray straight at each other across the house. Under the pitiful sham pretense of praying for each other they would hurl any amount of mean abuse at each other. But I never heard that either was hurt or helped by the prayers of the other. What they both needed was repentance. God would be a thousand times more likely to answer the chattering of an idiot, or the ravings of a lunatic, than those impious, hypocritical prayers that are made the vehicles of anger and prejudice.

The covetous professor prays for the spread of the Gospel. His substance is withheld from the Lord. He would drive the ministry to secular employments for a support. He would starve missionaries from their fields of labor. He would let the widow and the orphan suffer for bread. Yet he kneels down and says, "O Lord, spread abroad Thy Gospel. Subdue the earth unto Thyself. Be merciful unto the poor. Feed the hungry. Clothe the naked." But his actions prove that his prayers are all pretense. He convicts himself of sin, for he asks God to do for others what he is

not willing to do for them. If he wants his prayers answered let him repent of his idolatry and consecrate his means to Christ.

The inconsistent professor, whose whole life is a stumbling block, prays for the conversion of sinners. His worldliness, his stinginess, his dishonesty, his contentiousness and his unchristly spirit all operate powerfully against the success of the Gospel. The unconverted point at him, and declare that he is guilty of conduct which they would scorn to imitate. If Christ had no better and truer witnesses than that man, Christianity would command no more respect than Mormonism. Yet he prays, "O Lord, convert sinners. Awaken them from their stupor. Show them their sins; lead them to Christ and save their souls." Of what value are his prayers for others? If he desires them to turn to God, let him repent, put on sackcloth and ashes and confess his sins to the church and the world. The attitude of contrition is the only one in which we may hope to meet the God of Jacob, and receive a blessing which will raise his people to a higher level of holiness, and subdue to Christ the careless and impenitent who are perishing in our midst. O may the Spirit of God lay us all low before Him, who sitteth upon the eternal throne!

Go, my friends; lie in the dust; hate and bemoan your sins; put away iniquity from your hearts—else your public, family and closet prayers will be as water poured out on a rock. Thus it is written, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." When Christians themselves set an example of repentance, God stoops downward to hear their words and groans, and is well pleased with their prayers; and sinners exclaim, "We will go with you for we have heard that God is with you."

II. We ask amiss, when our prayers are prompted by selfish feelings and motives. The one great, grand object for which you should live and labor is the glory of God. He is infinitely worthy of the highest praise which can be ascribed to Him. He made you after a model suggested by His own wisdom. He has preserved you through the myriad perils of earth. He has redeemed you with the precious blood of His own Son. He gives you grace to serve

Him. Your indebtedness to Him would beggar worlds on worlds. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." In all the incidents and actions of life, remember your obligations to Him, and His claims upon you. It is right to desire health, wealth and influence, if you intend to use them for Him: but it is wrong to desire them merely for the pleasure they afford. If you seek them altogether for their own sake, you commit a sin. You put yourself before God. You make your own enjoyment the great center, and Him the servant: your selfish gratification the darling object, and prayer a convenient method of getting something to waste on yourself. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." The prayer that is answered comes from the heart that is truly devoted to God. This is taught by the Almighty Hearer of prayer. He says, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him." But brethren, selfishness often creeps into our devotions. It frequently puts on Sunday clothes, goes to church, and makes prayers which are good enough in form and sound.

One brother pleads fervently for the church. He prays that her interests may be promoted, and that the numbers and activities of her membership may be increased. It all sounds well: but if you could search to the bottom you might find that his piety is all sectarianism, and his Christianity all churchianity. He loves his church as he would love a club or a party. He has far more churchly pride than Christly feeling. He sighs for the good time when it will be his privilege to boast that he belongs to the strongest church in all the country. Therefore he prays for the outpouring of the Spirit; but his prayer is purely the outgrowth of unholy ambition. It is all dressed up selfishness. Ah! I fear that the glory of the church is more to some than "the glory of God." I fear that there are some Baptists who believe more in water than in the Holy Spirit, and love their church more than their Saviour. I fear that there are some Methodists who glorify Methodism more than God. I fear that there are some Presbyterians who find more comfort in the doctrine of election than in the indwelling of the Spirit. I fear that there are some Episcopalians who trust more

in the forms of worship than in the blood of the Crucified.

Another brother prays for the conversion of sinners. It does seem that he is really interested for them. His prayers make you believe that he truly desires their salvation. But if you could analyze his thoughts and motives, it might be found that he is both deceived and deceiver. He is a member of the church. He feels that he must attend the meetings and bear his proportion of the expense. But the burden rests on a few, and he is weary of his work. He thinks that if others were converted, less would be required and expected of him; therefore he prays for a revival. But the substance of his prayer is, "O Lord, release me from some of my duties, for I am heavily tasked; send others to do my work, for I am tired and want to rest." Would it not be a wonder of wonders, if this miserable mockery which is called prayer were answered? It would be doing vast injustice to the character of God to suppose that He ever could smile upon such whitewashed selfishness. Another prays for the conversion of souls; but his prayers are as fashionable as the other parts of his worship. He is specially concerned for the wealthy and refined. His interest in their welfare is almost measureless. He cares nothing for the toiling poor, but he is exceedingly anxious for the higher classes to be reached. He says in heart, "If these rich men were converted, they would be a massive addition to our strength. They would give standing and respectability to our church. Their influence would be felt in society. They would keep up the finances. Some of us who have hitherto 'borne the heat and burden of the day' would not be so severely taxed." Ah! the selfishness of that man! He might as well pray to strike oil or find a gold mine, and call it praying for souls. It is said that a certain church once enjoyed a revival. In a short time afterwards one of the members, while visiting some distance from home was accosted by a Christian friend who said, "I hear that you have had a good time at your church?" "Yes, indeed we have," was the ready reply, "more than fifty thousand dollars was added to our church last Sunday." He said nothing about the good that was done, the souls that were saved, or the impulse that was given to the cause of Christ; but the money was all that he could think of. Surely all prayers

offered in the spirit which he evinced are an abomination before the Lord.

Another prays for the conversion of his friends. He is almost overwhelmed with a sense of their lost condition. His heart bleeds for them. When he pleads with God for them his bosom heaves with emotion, his voice trembles and falters, and his tears flow freely. When you see and hear him you are convinced that he is deeply in earnest. You say, "Surely such prayers will be effectual." But when you come to understand him better you find that his prayers proceed from his sympathies. He forgets that God is to be glorified. He thinks that it would be dreadful and harrowing for his children and neighbors to perish in perdition. The thought of eternal separation from his dearest ones is very painful. Therefore he prays for them. They have rejected Christ and deserved wrath and anguish; yet he, in his feelings, takes sides with them, and against the justice of God. All that he cares for is that their poor souls may escape hell. He loses sight of the great motive which should enter into every prayer and labor. Much that passes for Christian earnestness is only human sympathy in a religious dress. But all prayers which make more of the happiness of man than the glory of God do not comply with one of the essential conditions of prevailing prayer, and are therefore only wasted breath. Selfishness has been the death of thousands on thousands of prayers. It has strangled them. It is a clog with which they cannot rise. When you seek good merely for the pleasure of enjoying it, merely for your own ease and convenience, you may be sure that you pray in vain.

III. We "ask amiss" when we ask without faith. Believing importunity is the soul of successful prayer. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." "What things so ever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." God invites us to ask, to seek, to knock, to try Him, to prove Him, and to open wide our mouth. His

promises are so simple that a child can understand them, so broad that they are a foundation beneath the feet of all his people; and so firm that they can never fail. They are just what we need. If he had given us blank paper and told us that he would accept and sign whatever promises we would write, we could not have drafted as good ones as we have. Shall we not trust in them? Faith causes patient, expectant perseverance in prayer. When Elijah had prayed once he sent his servant to see if there was any prospect of rain. He was told that there was none. He prayed a second time, and still the same message was brought to him. But when he had prayed seven times, the cloud appeared. But if the answer had been longer delayed, I have no doubt but that the prophet would have kept on, until he had prayed, not only seventy times, but seven hundred times, if necessary. If you truly believe you will ask and wait, and wait and ask, until God rends the heaven and comes down. If you exercise true faith, your prayers will be heard. They cannot be kept on the earth. Prisons cannot hold them. Chains cannot bind them. Floods cannot drown them. Flames cannot consume them. Sorrow and weakness cannot weigh them down. Oppression and persecution cannot suppress them. They will have wings on which they will soar to God. But if they are not offered in faith, no amount of learning, fluency, eloquence or argument, can ever get them up to heaven. They are failures before they are uttered. And yet unbelief is fearfully common. We depend more on a thousand other agencies than on the power of prayer. We believe in the sermon, the exhortation, the Sunday School lesson, and the religious book; yet the truth is these are all but pointless arrows and edgeless swords without prayer.

Millions of prayers have gone unanswered because there was no faith in them. They were comely in form. Perhaps they fell like music on the ears of men, but there was nothing but words. They never rose as high as you can raise your hand. They died on the lips of those who uttered them. They fell to the earth like arrows from an unstrung bow. The winds blew them. In prayer, faith is indispensable. Desires, tears and sobs can never do its work. No substitute for it can be found. An ounce of genuine faith is worth more than a ton of mere emotion. Unrepented sin upon the soul, selfishness and faithlessness are, I believe, the greatest bar-

riers to success in prayer. Doubtless there are others, but these three are probably the most common and most difficult to remove.

God stands pledged to set his seal upon all prayers that are not at variance with the conditions which are mentioned and defined in the Bible. When a penitent and trustful petition rises to Him, an answer is always forthcoming. He commands angels in their work, controls the course of events, directs providence in its march, and sends forth His Holy Spirit that prayers may be answered. He will pluck down or upheave mountains, prostrate giants in sin, or raise up giants in holiness, and destroy or create worlds, rather than fail in keeping His promises to His people.

Then, friends, examine well your hearts; look in the depths of your own bosoms, and may the Holy Spirit be as a lighted and flaming torch to aid you in the search. Look abroad upon your brethren, children and neighbors, and may the Spirit draw a map of this wicked town upon your hearts. See what are the obvious necessities of Christ's cause. Ascertain as best you can what would be for the glory of God. Then pray—but let penitence, resignation, thankfulness, self-consecration and faith be mingled with all your prayers, and answers of peace and joy—answers which will gladden your souls—await you. Christians will grow in grace, righteousness will prevail, sin will be checked and restrained, Zion will put on her beautiful garments and go forth in her strength, the efforts of God's people will be signally blessed, converts will be multiplied, and the week of prayer, upon which we are now entering, will be not only a week of blessings, but the beginning of a year of blessings.

IV. GOD'S RESERVE POWER.

(The Annual Sermon at the Baptist General Association, at Hinton, West Virginia, November 9, 1882.)

Habakkuk 3:4—*“And there was the hiding of His power.”*

One of the mighty events in the history of ancient Israel was the giving of the law from Mount Sinai. The twelve tribes stood on the plain in front of the bold, naked peak. The mountain became a scene of mingled glory and terror. It shook and throbbed as if rocked by an earthquake. It was wrapped in blackness and crowned with lightnings. Jets of fire shot forth from the mass of darkness. The long, loud sound of a trumpet was heard, and also the roar of deep and rolling thunders. It was then that “the Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; He shined forth from Mount Paran, and He came with ten thousands of saints; from His right hand went a fiery law for them.” Deut. 33:2. Moses at the command of God went up into the quaking Mount; but when he came back to the camp his face was so bright with the strange glory in which he had bathed that he had to veil himself before the people could bear to look upon him. The event, so glorious and awful, made a most profound impression upon the mind and heart of the nation, and was often mentioned by the sacred writers from Moses down to Paul. Long afterwards, when the prophet Habakkuk, in the time of grievous backsliding and great peril, spoke the word of the Lord to a guilty people, he referred in a sudden burst of poetry to the startling scene at Mount Sinai, when the law was given. He said “God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light; He had horns coming out of His hand; and there was the hiding of His power.” “And there was the hiding of His power.” Though the clouds came, and the blackness gathered, and the thunders echoed, and the trumpet pealed and the lightnings flamed, and the mountain trembled, and wondrous voices spoke, and deathless words were heard; yet the tremendous scene was only a hiding of God’s power. The divine power was restrained

far more than it was exerted; and the divine glory was concealed far more than it was revealed. The glory that was seen and the power that was manifest were only faint flashes and slight movings, when compared with the power and glory that were held back.

The subject which I get from the text, and about which I want to talk to you, is God's Reserve Power. Every great worker must have reserve power. He who puts all his power into every effort makes a costly mistake. We see all there is of him. We can measure him as easily as we would a bushel of grain. His strength is rapidly wasted. There is no fresh force which he can call into action to meet an emergency. He is almost surely doomed to failure. Take the man who is always at his absolute best, and you will be likely to find that his best is poor enough. If you want the man who can run the longest race, do the most work, lift the heaviest weight, fight the hardest battle, endure the stress and strain of the severest struggle, or win the greatest success, then choose the man who has the most reserve power.

Now, our God has infinite reserves of power. Once millions of men and women turned pale with suspense and were struck dumb with awe as they gazed upon His robe of storm and flame, while His footsteps shook the mountains; but all that was only "the hiding of His power." Whether we look within or without, above or below, we feel the steady pressure of His reserve power.

I. The proofs of God's Reserve Power crowd upon us in nature. He made the world. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." I am not before you today to tell you *when* God made the world, or *how* He made it; but I insist upon the fact that He *did* make it—a fact that stands forth and looms up before mankind; a fact so simple and grand that common sense can never doubt it; a fact which is denied by none except a very few very wise men, who, in the sublime height of their wisdom, claim that sightless, aimless and mindless force can do better work than an All-Wise and Almighty Worker. They ask us to believe that godless law is mightier than the infinite God; and that unintelligence is more intelligent than infinite intelligence. It is evident that creation is the thought and work of a Being, who foresaw the wants of distant ages and generations, and provided for them. This earth which God made for man is a mighty magazine of forces

and resources. When any valued article fails there is always something better to take its place. Nature is a great mass of reserves which always come forth at just the right time. There were vast reservoirs of oil waiting for man's use, until the whales should be almost driven from the ocean; while locked up in the coal mines there was a sleeping force sufficient to drive the machinery of the world. More than I can tell, I admire the *patience* of God. He peopled space with armies of bright suns and moving worlds, and filled earth, air and water with unseen wonders; but He did not—as you and I would have done—hasten to report and explain all His work. Man was left to find out these things for himself, and thus to gain the knowledge, strength and discipline which would surely come from ages of research and experience. God was in no hurry. For the good of men He waited for them to learn little after little, until many littles would amount to much—waited for them to advance by very short steps very slowly taken; waited through thousands of years for them to explore the hidden recesses of nature: waited for them to make glass and grind it, and produce telescopes, so that they could search the heavens and measure the distances and magnitudes of the stars; waited for them to invent microscopes that they might study the minute forms of life which swarm everywhere; waited for them to read the “history of creation” as written upon the rocks and buried in the earth; waited for them to gather facts and combine them into systems. Here was divine patience.

“Star-eyed science” has done much; but vastly more still remains to be done. Every breath of air, every grain of sand in the great globe, every drop of water in the ocean and every flash of light that comes from sun or star asks questions which no human brain has ever been able to answer. There is every reason to believe that the earth contains immense remainders of force and wealth not yet touched by man's skill or reached by his thought. Let us all give our hands and hearts to science in its attempts to conquer the secrets of nature, for the real work of science is to bring up God's reserves.

But here we are told that well-known men of science reject and denounce the Gospel. It is often claimed that science condemns the Bible. But what need we care for this stately talk? We have

learned to distinguish sharply between the facts of science on one side, and the fancies and guesses of some scientific men on the other. Like God, we can afford to wait. "All's well that ends well." The last word will be the best word. The time will come when all the sciences will bring their brightest honors and proudest trophies and lay them at the feet of the Man of Calvary. One of the hardest and bloodiest battles of the late war was fought at Chickamauga. On the afternoon of the second day a desperate rush of the Southern soldiers swept the right wing of the Federal army from the field. But the left wing, under the command of General George H. Thomas, was still unbroken. He drew his men into closer ranks and fought on with a courage that cannot be forgotten until Chickamauga is forgotten. His compact line stood like a wall of rock bristling with steel, and rolled back wave after wave of the fiery chivalry of the South. But while the fight was fiercely raging, away to the right and to the rear, and through clouds of smoke and dust, a dense column of soldiers was seen pushing on with quick step towards the battlefield. Who were they? Ah! that was a trying question. General Thomas was troubled. If these fresh troops were friends they were welcome; but if they were enemies then everything "except honor was lost." Strained eyes were pressed against field glasses in the anxious effort to make them out. But on, on they came; nearer and still nearer. The suspense of the moment was dreadful. But when they came close enough it was seen that the flag that streamed over them was "the stars and stripes," and that they were the Federal reserve commanded by General Gordon Granger. So, in the long warfare between faith and unbelief, some of the facts of science may sometimes be seen dimly in the distance, and through the mist and dust of speculation; and when thus seen, it may be feared that they are against the Gospel; but if we will wait, only wait, until they come into plain view, and are seen in the clear white light of truth, it will be found that they are God's reserves, commanded by the Captain of our Salvation, and marching under the banner of the cross; and we may be sure that they will come into the conflict at the very time when they will be most needed. Able and learned men who, in the name of science, oppose religion, are simply "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the Gospel of

Christ. They are great blind Samsons working for our God. Their labors will be pressed into His service. The result of their work will be to unfold and declare the wisdom of His work, and the glory of His grace. The man who does not see that nature is full of God's Reserve Power must be blind-hearted.

II. My second appeal is to history. Its lessons are timely, and telling. There is an all-knowing Providence that presides over the affairs of men. This universe is not a clock-like machine which only needed to be made and set in motion and it would run on of itself forever. The same God Who created all things at first also upholds "all things by the word of His power," and makes "all things work together for good to them that love" Him. He is not a kind of an Irish landlord, who, owning this world, puts it in charge of swarms of brainless, heartless agents called laws, forces and fates, then withdraws far from us and dwells in distant eternities, while His remorseless agents collect His rents from us, His helpless tenants, without the slightest regard to our wants and welfare. But He makes history, and its countless events are charged with His reserve power. There is a sense in which it may be said that the toils and struggles, the successes and failures of the past, have made the present, and will go very far towards making the future. God has worked mightily, and is still working through the events of the past to shape and make the present and the future.

We who live now are especially indebted to three of the nations of antiquity—the Greeks, the Romans, and the Hebrews. The Greeks were famous for culture. Their country was the native home of the Muses. They carried sculpture, architecture, poetry, eloquence, history and philosophy to a very pitch of perfection. Mankind will never cease to value and admire their literature. The Romans were wonderful fighters, workers and organizers. They sent forth trained armies that carried their eagles and pushed their conquests almost to the ends of the earth. They compiled codes of laws, which are still studied and quoted. They built bridges which were marvels of strength and skill. They made roads which have withstood the wear of two thousand years. The Hebrews were the chosen people of God. Their law was an uncommon educator. Their worship was a system of object lessons. Their prophets were brave men who felt that God spoke through them, and whose voices

startled the nation from its guilty sleep. Their idea of God was unspeakably higher than that of any other ancient people. Their religion was the best and purest known to the world before the Sermon on the Mount was preached.

Now here were three forces—Greek culture, Roman organization and Hebrew devotion. They differed greatly from each other. They were as three streams which came from widely different directions, but which, flowing on under the guidance of a good Providence, met and mingled, and thus formed the deep and broad river of modern progress. They were three of God's reserves, which in His own time and way combined to produce that glorious collection of arts, and forces, and sciences, and morals, and achievements which we call Christian civilization.

When Jesus was nailed to the cross Pilate wrote, "This is the King of the Jews," and placed the writing over the thorn-crowned head of the lowly sufferer. As was highly appropriate, this inscription was written in three languages—"Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew"—in Greek, the language of literature, and Latin, the language of law and organized force, and Hebrew, the language of spiritual religion. We may regard the fact as a kind of unintended prophecy that Greek culture, Roman power and Hebrew religion should all serve the Crucified and contribute to the growth and glory of His kingdom.

It is common for us to misread events when they occur. We often live long enough to see that many of them didn't mean what we once thought they meant. It may take a thousand years to explain an event which any "day may bring forth." God sees the end from the beginning, but His gracious purpose may be deeply hidden from our minds. Perhaps we guess at His meaning, and guess wrong. But slowly His purpose ripens and unfolds. At last the veil is rent and we see clearly; God's grand purpose is made plain, and we find all-seeing wisdom and fullness of meaning where once we saw nothing but mingled confusion or dreary common-placeness. A sudden sorrow bursts upon you. It smites like a bolt from heaven. It scathes and scorches like lightning. It lays your fondest hopes in the dust. You stagger under the shock. But time marches on; leaf after leaf of the mystic book is turned and read, and when years are gone you see that that crushing sorrow was

one of the fullest blessings of your life. The shell was rough and rasping but the kernel is goodness and mercy. It looked like a stone, but it proved to be bread. Behind all the bitterness there was a large and lasting reserve of sweetness.

A soldier received a letter from his sister just as he was about to enter the stubborn battle of Fair Oaks. It was unread, for the call to arms was in haste. When the fight ended he lay on the ground a bleeding captive. Then he opened the letter and read it—read love-words from home; read also a poetic quotation:

“With patient mind, the course of duty run;
 God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
 But thou wouldst do thyself, couldst thou but see
 The end of all events as well as He.”

It was enough for the soldier's faith. He was content; and he lived to know that every word of it was true.

When Jacob was told that his long-lost Joseph was alive and was a great ruler, he dared not believe the strange report. But when he saw the wagons that had been sent for him and for the wives and children of his eleven sons, his spirit revived and he said: “It is enough: Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.” (Gen. 45:28.) He and his sons and their households all went; and were all fed through the years of the famine; and the nation that God and the world would need in the far future found a safe home in Egypt during the period of its infancy. But not until he saw the wagons would Jacob believe. And so it often is with us. We have to see the wagons before we are convinced of God's higher wisdom and larger goodness. “Surely the wrath of man shall praise” Him; the remainder of wrath “shall He restrain.” (Psa. 76:10.) Dark-minded and hard-hearted men may fight against Him. They may heap guilt on guilt. They may swindle and oppress, plunder and destroy, burn and butcher; they may mean wickedness and destruction; but God means righteousness, and the ages will prove that He reigns. Future generations will gather some of their richest blessings from the ashes of burned treasures, and reap some of their choicest harvests from fields of blood and death. Crime will avenge crime; sin will devour and consume sin; and wars, and persecutions, and ambitions, and

oppressions will somehow promote the cause of religion and the progress of humanity.

God in history is to me the greatest fact of history. Its myriad scenes and events are merely the hiding of His power. Thus He has formed, and is forming, long lines and enormous masses of reserves, which He can call into service at the best time, and by which He can influence ages and peoples yet unborn.

III. There is the Bible. It is God's revelation of Himself and His will to mankind. It is a searching treatise on human nature, a book of doctrines and a code of moral laws. Already it teaches "the way of salvation" in scores of the languages and hundreds of the dialects of the earth. Wherever it has gone, schools, asylums and churches have been established, woman has been exalted, government has been improved, the useful arts have been taught, and multitudes of the weary and troubled in spirit have turned from sin and taken Christ into their hearts, homes and lives. If the Bible gets into the thought, the conscience and the life of men and women it will save them and mould society, even if it never gets into the Constitution of the United States. So far from losing its hold upon the heart of the world, it is a book of more power today than it ever was before. It is better understood than ever before; and therefore more loved, better studied, better taught and better lived than ever before. The writings of the Fathers, who lived in the second, third, fourth and fifth centuries of the church are often quoted. Their books have an abiding historic value. They have preserved many facts which are highly important. But as expounders of God's Word, they were misty, dreamy and often wearisome. Some passages were literalized to death, and others were spiritualized to death. Their interpretations of Scripture were often forced and fanciful, and taken as a whole were a mountain of mummery and flummery which would hardly be endured now in any Protestant church. The interpretations of the present day are so much simpler, less strained, more thoughtful, more practical and better connected, that the contrast is refreshing to both mind and heart.

But somebody asks, "Is not the Bible the same book that it was hundreds and hundreds of years ago?" Of course it is, just the same. Africa is substantially the same land that it was a thousand

years ago. It contains the same rivers, mountains, deserts and continents that it contained then. There has been no great change in the habits of its rude tribes. In most of its features it remains about what it was in the distant past. But Africa is better known to us than to any former generation. The world's knowledge of it has greatly increased. "The Dark Continent" is not quite as dark as it once was. Much of it that was hidden from the world's eye for long ages has been brought within our view by the severe labors of the Bakers, Livingstones, Camerons and Stanleys. Streams of light have been let in upon the mass of dense darkness. The map of Africa that I used in my early boyhood would be a real curiosity now. There were vast spaces enclosed by lines and dots and inscribed as "unknown deserts." Large rivers which flowed into the ocean stopped very abruptly at only a short distance from the coast. Right through the middle of Africa there was a long and lofty range called the Mountains of the Moon. But there has been some progress since that map was made. The fabled Nile has been traced to its source; interior lakes have been discovered; water systems have been mapped; deserts have been outlined; the mighty Congo has been tracked to the ocean; and it has been found that the Mountains of the Moon are on the Moon, and not in Africa. Now, it is easy to see where the change is. Africa has not changed, but our ideas of it have changed, because we know far more of what there is in it than we once knew.

Now the Bible is the same blessed book that it was when its last chapter was written. It reveals the same Saviour whom it revealed then. It teaches the same truths and doctrines that it taught then. It requires the same duties that it required then. But the present knows more of its teachings than the past could know. The Bible is now the most common of books. The growth of the Sunday School is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. Millions on millions study the Word of God in their homes. Oriental lands have been carefully searched. The habits and customs of oriental peoples have been rigidly studied. Old libraries have been ransacked. Forgotten manuscripts have been recovered. Treasures long buried in the ruins of dead cities have been resurrected. Natural science has given its help. Patient research and trained and critical scholarship have done their utmost. Light has come

from many sources. In view of all these facts it is not egotism to say that man's knowledge of the meaning of the Scriptures is larger, clearer and more exact than at any time in the past. Never before did the Bible come so close to the hearts and daily lives of the people; and the better it is known, the greater is its power to help and bless.

But is there not more progress to be made? I think so. Shall the Bible be treated as an exhausted mine? I hope not. I have not a spark of sympathy with the so-called, loud-sounding, liberal views of men who want to cast the old doctrines of grace out of their hearts, and therefore try to explain them out of the Scriptures. But I do believe that God has immense reserves of moral power shut up in this book. New and deeper discoveries of its meaning will reward the efforts and scholarship of the future. It has been more than two hundred and fifty years since John Robinson said, "I am confident that God has more light yet to break out of His holy Word." That was true then, and is just as true now. Perhaps there is not a chapter of the sacred volume so perfectly understood but that fresh light may yet break forth from it. In the Bible there is much prophecy which has not been fulfilled. It refers to events which have not yet come to pass. Some men seem to think that this kind of prophecy is intended to make them prophets. They will unfold the ages, unroll the eternities, unwrap mysteries, and describe crashes and crises, resurrections and judgments with the most careful regard for minute details; and do all this with a robust confidence that would be amusing if they were not speaking of the most solemn of all subjects. But is it not likely that these unfulfilled prophecies are reserves that will be felt in the moral battles of the future? It may be that they will yet astonish the world and silence the voice of unbelief.

Here is the Book of Revelation. It is a book of lightnings and thunders, and plagues, and fires, and deaths. It is a brilliant panorama of mysteries. Very few intelligent men pretend to understand it; but some ignorant people profess to know all about it. If you ever want a man who can explain it all to you I advise you to select one who knows nothing else. Most of us confess that this hard book baffles us, but God has some good use for it. There are

many useful lessons which may be learned from it. But I love to think of it as one of God's reserve forces, and to feel that the truth of it will yet be flashed into the eyes and mind of the world and burned into history in a way that will perhaps confound and astound infidelity and give a glorious impulse to the Gospel. We all doubtless agree that the Bible is more worthy of God who gave it, and better suited to us who need it, because it is a magazine of reserve power.

IV. We must not forget the Holy Spirit. He is the promised Comforter of whom Jesus said: "When He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." (John 16:8.) In Him we have an unseen and silent worker, who applies God's truth, informs dull minds, unlocks stony hearts, searches wayward souls, and quickens torpid consciences. Not only does He breathe life into the dead in sin, but He maintains and nourishes spiritual life when it is given. He also answers the prayers and blesses the labors of God's people. In Christian work He is our supreme Helper. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." (Zech. 4:6.) On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was present in a grand rush of power. Instead of many sermons for few converts there were thousands of converts for one sermon. Though the blessed Spirit has been striving against the hardness and deadness of the world so long, we need not fear that He is either feeble or weary. He still flames forth in stirring revivals. Not even Pentecost itself surpassed in burning power the gracious work among the Telugus in far-off India within these last years. The resources of the Holy Spirit are limitless. None can say to Him: "Hitherto shalt Thou come, but no further." He is able to cast down all that can oppose Him. Is there not good reason to conclude that the mightiest displays of the Spirit's conquering power are to be in the future? It lies within Him to do things so great that the heart of man has never even thought of them. May He not work with a power that will surprise heathens, skeptics, Christians too? May not the church in times to come expect revivals of longer sweep and wider range than any that the earth has ever known? When the conditions which God is surely preparing are complete, why may not nations be quickly born into Christ's Kingdom? It is stating the truth too

tamely to say that the Holy Spirit can command a reserve power that is simply infinite.

Thus our appeal to nature, to the workings of Providence in human history, to the Bible, and to the Holy Spirit, gives us some slight impression of the vastness of God's Reserve Power. The subject that I have tried to present is more than full of good cheer to Christians everywhere.

1. It means the perfect fulfillment of God's promises. Precious, gracious promises, so many in number, so ample in extent, so careful and thoughtful of our wants, so positive in expression; God's Word is pledged to His church; pledged to every faithful preacher of the Gospel; pledged to every child of the great household of faith; pledged to every praying, trusting one down to the weakest lamb of Christ's flock; pledged for the success of His truth and the final triumph of His kingdom. And of all that He has promised nothing can fail. He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." There is no power in the universe that can prevent Him from keeping His word. We can rest with calm and sweet confidence upon the promises of our God: for all the security that we can ask for their fulfillment is found in the invincible reserve power which He can wield.

2. The same fact insures the final overthrow of His enemies. He may bear long with them, while they reject the pleading Christ and refuse to repent. They may mock, and taunt, and blaspheme. They may fling their feeble challenges at the very throne of the Eternal. They may even mistake His patience for weakness. But unless they repent, their doom is certain. Unless they bow to the golden scepter of His love they must be broken by the iron scepter of His power. If they will not yield to His long-suffering grace, they must go down before His Almighty Justice. How can those who prefer sin to Christ expect to stand before the holy God, when He can employ a reserve power that is overwhelming and irresistible?

3. Finally, we find here much to encourage the Christian toiler. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" All true workers for Christ have their trials. Sometimes, when sight fails, and they have to walk by faith only; when it is all sowing and no reaping; when prospects are clouded; when the pressure of "the burden and

heat of the day" is severe; or when the weak flesh restrains the willing spirit, their hopes tremble and their courage falters. But let them remember that, though their efforts may seem to be in vain, yet they cannot fail, for God with His countless, measureless reserves of power is behind them, and will keep His word with them. Napoleon's famous Old Guard was often kept in reserve, until the very crisis of the battle came. But every soldier in the army fought with more bravery and spirit because he knew the Old Guard was standing behind him and would, at the proper time, be hurled into the fight with a weight and shock that would crush the enemy. So in our moral warfare, it may seem to us that many of God's mightiest reserves are held back until the hardest, sorest hour of the battle; but it ought to make us stronger and braver to know that these reserves are waiting, and will, in the time of greatest need, be thrown into the conflict with a force and effect that only God Himself can calculate.

I hope that the company of brethren to whom and for whom I speak this afternoon will draw some Christian strength from the subject which I leave with you. Members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Lewisburg University, it is doubtless the prayer of many friends that you may have steady hearts and hands for the work which God gives you, and that His presence may keep and sustain you in all the walks and scenes of earth. In all the service which you may attempt for Christ during the years that you may spend in this nursery of Christian culture, and also in the wider work of the larger sphere of coming life, may you ever feel that behind you, above you and around you the infinite reserves of His love, wisdom and power are massed for your support. And in the great day when Christ and all His people shall meet to part no more, and when all the reapers shall come from all the fields of the earth, to present their gathered sheaves to the Lord of the harvest, may you appear among the successful reapers; and may we all be there to "crown Him Lord of all," and to share His glory forever.

V. THE CHRISTIAN'S LOVE TO THE CHURCH.

(A sermon preached in the first year of his pastorate at the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, North Carolina, March, 1889.)

Psalm 137:5, 6—*"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."*

This plaintive Psalm is an outburst of sorrow. It is dripping with tears and vocal with groans. It is the lament of the captive Jews in Babylon. In their own city and country they sinned against the God of Israel, and preferred the worship of dumb images to the worship of the Most High. By their idolatry and other wickedness they brought consuming judgments upon themselves. The king of Babylon came, besieged Jerusalem, took it, broke down its walls, plundered the temple, burned it, desolated the city and carried away a multitude of the Jews into captivity. At that time Babylon was the world's greatest city. It stood upon the banks of a noble river and in the midst of a rich and rare country. Its walls were one of the "wonders of the world." Its palaces, temples and hanging gardens were gorgeous works of art. "Great Babylon" was the richest, proudest city of its age. But the Jews who had been torn from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers, were not happy there. They were captives, but their condition was not as bad as it might have been. The way to wealth and influence was open to them, if they would adopt the country and its customs. But the mass of them still longed and sighed for Jerusalem. The ruins of Jerusalem were almost infinitely dearer to them than the splendors of Babylon. In their distress they sat down "by the rivers of Babylon" and wept when they "remembered Zion." Their harps were hung upon the drooping willows, and their music and mirth ceased. When people of strange habits, manners and language asked them to sing one of their national songs they refused. Their answer was "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Then with heads and hearts bowed in grief they exclaimed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember

thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." The Jew loved his harp and song, but he loved Jerusalem more. He felt and said that it would be better for his right hand to forget its cunning and never again sweep the harp-strings, and for his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth and never more be heard in song, than for him to forget Jerusalem.

But if we who live now have fellowship with Christ, our privileges are vastly greater and our prospects are vastly brighter than those of the ancient Jews. We have far more to love, far more to enjoy, and far more to weep for, if it should be lost, than they had. Their city and worship and country were only types of better things to come. Names like Zion, Israel and Jerusalem now have a New Testament or spiritual meaning. The Kingdom of our Lord is His spiritual Zion; the people of God everywhere are His spiritual Israel; the heaven of perfect bliss is the New Jerusalem; and the Church of Christ is the spiritual house of God. The text of this morning not only expressed the attachment of the absent Jews to Jerusalem, but it also declares the attachment of the Christian to the church. If we have accepted Christ as our Saviour, we ought to love, ah, must love, the church of our Redeemer more than the weeping Jews loved Jerusalem.

But why do we love the church? The reasons are not hard to find.

I. We love the church as a birth-place. One often feels a peculiar regard for the place where he was born. There is a tender tie that draws it near to his heart. If he removes from it he perhaps leaves it with regret; and afterwards often goes back to it in thought and memory. A thousand little things which he cannot forget bind him to it; and these little things, when combined, form a great and strong cord which nothing but death can break.

Now, a Christian is a person who has been born again—born, too, of the Spirit of God. He has "passed from death unto life." As our natural birth was the beginning of our natural life, so the believer's spiritual birth is the beginning of a new life, which is a higher, holier, happier life than he had ever known before. The mighty power of God has worked in him and produced a profound heart-change, by which he is lifted above the world in feeling.

longing and affection, and conformed in spirit and desire to the teachings of the Gospel. He is taken from under the dominion of sin and brought into active sympathy with the Kingdom of Christ; and plucked from the grasp of Satan and the edge of perdition, and made an heir of heaven. He has been born again, and in a certain sense the church is his birthplace. In one of the Psalms we have this language: "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her. * * * The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there." (Psalm 87:5, 6.) Paul in the Galatians draws a sharp contrast between the old and new dispensations, and represents the old by Ishmael, the son of the bondwoman, and the new by Isaac, the child of promise. Then, speaking of the church, he says, "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." (Gal. 4:26.) Thus there is a sense in which the church is our mother.

The blinded sinner, who cares nothing for the commands of God and the appeals of the Gospel, closes his ears against threats, warnings and invitations, and hardens his heart against convictions, is as dead spiritually as Lazarus in the grave was naturally. He is a dead soul, lying thoughtless and pulseless, shrouded and decaying in the grave of sin. But the new-born Christian is Lazarus, quickened from the sleep of death by the voice of Christ, and coming forth from the grave of corruption to the life of faith and service. He has become a subject of the new birth. And the various influences which are borne to the heart with new creating power by the Holy Spirit, and which are blessed to the conversion of the soul, are all wielded by the church. "The oracles of God," and indeed all the means of grace, have been committed to the keeping of the church. It preserves, publishes and circulates the Word of God, and sends forth and sustains the living ministry. Its prayers and teachings, its warnings and appeals have been mightily effectual in the salvation of millions on millions. Almost every Christian knows that he was awakened through the blessing of God upon the faithful use of some one or more of the many agencies which the church employs. We love the church because it is our spiritual birthplace, and because it has as high a claim upon us as that of the mother upon the child.

"There is a spot to me more dear
 Than native vale or mountain;
 A spot for which affection's tear
 Springs grateful from its fountain;
 'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
 Though that is almost heaven;
 But where I first my Saviour found,
 And felt myself forgiven."

II. We love the church as a home. Home! Home! Sweet Home! What meaning, what music, what power in the word; what a throng of pleasing and stirring ideas it suggests to the mind! Cold, and hard, and passionless must be the heart which does not feel home joys, which does not delight in home scenes, and which is not thrilled by home memories. If a man can love at all, he must love his own home. He is a strange man, he is a bad man, if he doesn't love it. It may be only a little cottage in the wilderness, or a lowly hovel by the wayside, or a rude cabin in the forest, but to him it is the dearest spot in all the dear country. Whenever he speaks or thinks of it, he can adopt the language of the missionary hymn and say:

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;
 Happy home, indeed I love thee."

Now, if we are Christians, the church is our spiritual home. It is in the church that we are watched over, loved and taught. It is there that we are guarded from evil and prepared for usefulness. It is there that Christian principles are developed, habits of piety are matured, wrong desires are restrained, holy influences are thrown around us for our protection from temptation, and the best character is formed. It is there that we find thoughts for our minds, growth for our powers, employments for our hands and hearts, and enjoyments for our spirits. It is there that we grow up for heaven and ripen for glory.

But, perhaps somebody asks, cannot a man be saved without making a public profession of faith in Christ and joining the

church? Perhaps he can. But a churchless Christian is a homeless Christian, and homelessness is always a peril. The church is the spiritual fold which "the Good Shepherd" has prepared for His sheep—not for goats, but for His own sheep—and surely the sheep are better fed and guarded, and are safer, more prosperous and more useful in the fold, than they could be out in the wilderness.

But we are told that church members are not perfect. I grant all that. We all have our weaknesses and failings. But the same thing may be said of those who form the family circle in your earthly home. The father, mother and all the children are all very imperfect. But you do not desert your home for that. You love it still, though its inmates are all very far from perfection. Though it is true that the members of the church are all sinners, yet if they are "sinners saved by grace," they are still the best company that the Christian can find on the earth, and the church is still the best and safest home that the child of God can find this side of heaven. Oh! how ardent and earnest is the love with which millions of the best and purest men and women regard the church.

You know that there is such a feeling in the world as home-sickness. It is a settled depression of spirits, a kind of melancholy, caused by separation from home and friends. Many a person has sighed and sorrowed for home until his form was wasted and thin, his cheeks were pale and his eyes were dull and dim with grief. It is said that some have actually died of home-sickness. But there have been many home-sick Christians in this world. The Christian traveller in far-off lands, the Christian soldier in camp, the Christian sailor out on the wide and wild ocean, and the Christian exile among strangers, have remembered the church of their love and wept; and have prayed that they might again meet their brethren in the Lord and once more worship with them. Each Sabbath day that passes, each Scripture verse that is read, each breath of prayer that rises to God and each return of the mind to the past, forces full upon them a sense of their spiritual loss. Like David, they have cried out: "My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." (Psalms 84:2.) Like the weeping captives on the banks of Babylonia's rivers, they have said: "If I forget thee, O church of

my Saviour and church of my heart, 'let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not thee above my chief joy.'"

The church is our home; and it surely becomes us to do all that we can to make it a pure and happy home.

III. We love the church for its congenial associations. We are all social beings. The average man must have society that is suited to his wants and tastes, or be miserable. The Christian can go out of the church and find those whom he respects and esteems, to whom he is indebted for kindness and friendship, in whom he feels a tender and anxious interest, and for whom he would sacrifice much. They can add to his earthly comforts, and perhaps increase his stock of knowledge; but there is much that they cannot do for him. They cannot deepen and enlarge his religious joys by sharing them with him. They cannot help him in his spiritual troubles and conflicts. They cannot plan, and pray, and labor with him for the growth of Christ's Kingdom. They cannot rejoice with him in the blood and merits of Jesus, and in the triumphs of the cross. What they value the highest cannot rise above the second place in his affections; and what he holds the dearest they care but little about. For pleasures and comforts they look to this sin-cursed world; and he away above the azure skies to the pure and all-perfect God. He might live in a palace of gold; the loudest plaudits of admiring millions might be showered upon him; he might possess all the wealth that earth could give, and groan beneath the weight of a world's honors; but if he was entirely deprived of Christian society he would be like a lonely exile in a land of strangers. Like Moses, he would choose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season"; and like him, esteem "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of this world. (Heb. 11:25, 26.)

Once, when Peter and John were preaching in Jerusalem, the officers came, seized them, cast them in prison, and kept them all night. Next day they were released. Then what did they do? The Book tells us: "Being let go, they went to their own company." (Acts 4:23.) When all restraints were taken away and they were allowed to do as they pleased, they went straight to their own company. That was just like a Christian.

When members of the church go into the world for their fellowships and closest friendships, they are in extreme peril. They are probably retreating from their position and profession and returning to their former habits. Time will be likely to prove that they are on their way out of the church.

As in the natural universe, the power of gravitation holds the worlds in their places and swings the planets through space and around the sun; so in the Christian religion, there is a spiritual gravitation which draws believers of all lands, tongues and classes into a vast brotherhood and binds them to Christ. In Christian experience there is a magnetic power that is often felt. I am sometimes reminded of an arrangement for lighting candles which many years ago was in use on western steamboats. It was long before the electric light was known and before petroleum was discovered. Many candles were required to light the spacious cabin of a large steamboat. Scores of candles were placed in a long row and so arranged that the wick of each candle touched a certain wire. Then, when the time came, a stream of electricity was sent along the wire, and then in an instant the candles all flashed out into a flame. So a single act of Christian experience may touch and kindle a hundred or a thousand hearts at once.

If a man is genuinely converted, he desires that Christians may be his comforters and co-workers while he lives; that their joys and sorrows, their trials and triumphs may be his; and that they may watch over him in his final hour and catch his last faint whisper. We find a weighty reason for life-long attachment to the church in its hallowed associations.

IV. We love the church for its privileges. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." (Eph. 1:3.) God is still among men to teach and cheer, to guide and guard, to keep and save his saints; and the church is His earthly dwelling-place. "Believers are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also

are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." (Eph. 2:19-22.)

A little boy once hastened home from school, rushed into the house and bounded joyously into the presence of his mother. "What makes you so glad," she asked. "Because I've got home," was his ready answer. "But," said she, "what makes this house home to you? Here in a few yards of us there is another house that looks just like this. If you were to go into that house, hang up your hat, and put away your books and slate, why wouldn't it be home to you?" He looked thoughtfully around for a few moments, and said: "It wouldn't be home, because mother wouldn't be there."

But if it takes the presence of mother to make a home for a little boy, it requires the presence of God to make a home for a Christian. And we know that He is present by the power of His Spirit in His church. God, the awful, glorious, precious God, robes Himself in cloud and storm, walks forth upon the wings of the wind, plants His footsteps in the deep water, shakes the solid globe with His earthquakes, lifts up His voice in the thunders, and loads the air with pestilence and death; but we find the most of Him, see the most of Him, know the most of Him, and feel the most of Him, as He reveals Himself in power, and yet in mildness and mercy, to His own people in His own sanctuaries. The tear of gladness that is wept by the joyous Christian, the prayer of faith that enters into the ear and heart of the Almighty, the pang of conviction which fastens upon the soul of the sinner, the trembling glance of the mourner's eye to the cross of Christ, and the swelling hopes of converts all declare that God is present.

But where the Lord is, there believers enjoy the largest and most gracious privileges. They have peace with God, because they have repented of sin and believed in Jesus. They enjoy spiritual liberty, because the Son of God has made them free. They rise to a higher holiness because their growth is away from sin and towards Christ. They grow in knowledge because God by His Word and Spirit and Providence teaches them. And they have security because He surrounds them with His presence, keeps His word with them, delivers them from their enemies, and at last finishes the good work which He has begun in them. We love the church

because in its fellowship we find the sweetest and most helpful privileges.

V. We love the church for its conquests, for what it has been, is now, and will be; for its future triumphs, its present hold upon the heart of the world, and its future increase and glory. The religion of Christ is the great civilizer and humanizer. It lifts nations out of barbarism and greatly improves their condition in this world. Millions of men who are not Christians are greatly indebted to Christianity for a thousand social and moral blessings. Yes, some men of brains and culture, who hate the Gospel and fight the church with all the weapons in their reach, and who declare that the worship of the Eternal God is debasing superstition, would today be savages, living in the vilest wretchedness and bowing down to "stocks and stones," if it had not been for the influences of the very religion which they despise. Loathsome prisons are found in heathen lands; but you do not find hospitals, asylums and other noble charities anywhere except in Christian countries.

At the present time a dreadful famine is raging in one of the provinces of China. People are dying by thousands of hunger. In the City of New York a large sum has been raised to supply the perishing with food. In New York there are numbers of rich Chinamen but not one of them has given a cent to the relief fund. They grew up in heathenism, and therefore they leave their own countrymen to perish; but Americans, who were brought up amid Christian influences, send relief to the starving Chinese. In February, 1884, the Ohio river beat its own record and rose higher than it was ever known to be before. In the town in which I lived hundreds of persons were driven from their homes by the swollen waters. All that we did or tried to do for several days was to take care of people and property. But in less than a week the United States government came to the rescue. Steamers bearing the flag of the government and loaded with supplies for the suffering appeared on the river. But why was this relief sent? I can tell you why. The relief boats were sent because a man named Jesus died more than eighteen hundred and fifty years ago on a cross in Judea. The moral power that prompted the charity came from that cross.

But vastly more important is the spiritual work of the church.

Its mission is to wage ceaseless warfare against sin in all the forms, shapes and colors which it may assume. Its weapons cause no pain, break no hearts, and dig no graves; "but are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." (2 Cor. 10:4.) It opens the Bible, enforces the teachings of God's Word, rebukes sin, repeats the story of the cross, preaches repentance and faith to sinners, and holds up a pierced and dying Saviour as the last refuge of the guilty. It teaches us to seek God's help in prayer, and to depend entirely on the Holy Spirit for guidance and success in Christian labor. Already the church has been an unspeakable blessing to mankind. Already the Bible has been translated into scores of tongues, and the Gospel has crossed oceans and continents and almost girdled the world. Already countless millions have lived in the fear of God, died in the hope of heaven, and gone to join the growing multitude of the glorified. And today millions of others are trusting in Christ, and are striving to follow Him along the path of service. We love the church because the blessings which it brings to humanity are so uplifting and far-reaching.

VI. We love the church for its exalted and glorious destiny. Its work is not yet done. The Gospel has not yet been preached to all nations. The church has still hard battles to fight, great victories to win, wide conquests to make and choice jewels to gather for Christ. Its course must be onward and upward until all "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs" upon their lips, "and everlasting joy upon their heads." (Isa. 35:10.) The church must still toil and suffer for its Master, and must still continue to bring sinners to Christ, and train Christians for heaven, until the Lord shall come back to the earth, not as the lowly "Babe of Bethlehem," but as the Judge of all nations. Then "the church militant" shall become "the church triumphant." Then the weeping, working, praying, struggling church shall become the glorified, rejoicing church.

Paul, in one of his epistles, said: "Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5:25-27.) This Scripture tells us what Christ intends to

do for His church. He loves it, not only for what it cost Him, and for what it is now; but for what He intends to make of it. It is now all covered with blemishes; but in the New Jerusalem it will be pure and perfect; and there will be a stainless robe for every form, a crown for every brow, a song for every tongue, and a harp and palm for every hand. Christ finds his people all blinded, bound and blighted with sin and buried in corruption; but he redeems them, calls them, quickens them, renews them, washes them, and works in and with them, until they outshine, outsing and outsoar the angels. And there will be a glad, great day when they will all be presented to Him. All the ranks and orders of the celestial world; all the powers and principalities of heaven, and all the myriads of angels and archangels will be there to behold the scene. What a thrilling occasion it will be. It would be worth a million years of agony to be there and see it.

My unconverted friends, you often criticize Christians. You often speak of their moral failings and shortcomings. But just wait till you see them at home. They are now pilgrims in a foreign land. They are on a journey. Their garments are dust-soiled and travel-stained. But wait till they get home and exchange their travelling dress and working clothes for the robes of dazzling white, the crowns of glory, the harps of gold, the palms of victory and the songs of ecstasy; and then point the finger of scorn at them, or lift up the mocking tongue against them, if you can.

Don't you want to be one of them? If you do, come to Christ with your weakness and in your wants; and He will receive you, keep you, and finally confess you before the "Father in heaven."

VI. JOB'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

(A sermon preached in the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., We find at the end of this sermon the following statement by Dr. Carter: "This sermon is written in about the same language in which I had preached it. It is given, not as a specimen of polished English, but as a specimen of my common, every-Sunday style of preaching.)

Job 19:25-27—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Nobody needs to be told that this is a world of sharp contrasts. Almost every human life proves it. Let us behold Job before he was bruised and battered by affliction. We see a man riding upon the high tide of prosperity. He is probably an Arabian chieftain. Ten children, seven sons and three daughters, brighten and gladden his home. His wealth is vast. His flocks and herds consist of thousands and thousands of sheep, camels and other domestic animals. His household is large and splendid. Troops of loyal servants receive their orders from him.

He is highly honored. Whenever he appears in public he is greeted with that solemn and stately courtesy which it is common for great men to receive in oriental countries. The old men arise and stand in his presence. The young men stand afar off and behold him from a distance. Princes are silent when he speaks. He is also a good man. He fears the Lord and hates evil. He is a friend to the poor. The widows and orphans do not forget his kindness to them. Good men admire his uprightness and piety, and bad men envy his prosperity.

But the scene quickly changes. A few days pass away. We look again, and now we see a poor, childless pain-stricken man. His household is dismal and silent. Instead of ten children to love, there are ten fresh graves around which his heart lingers. His immense wealth is gone. Not a sheep or a camel is left. His health fails, too, and his body is covered with grievous sores. His

servants are either dead or hopelessly scattered. His wife, in a fit of despair, advises him to "curse God and die." Many of the professed friends of former years now forsake him and turn against him. His enemies rejoice in what they suppose to be his final downfall, and heap reproaches upon him. Even the friends who try to comfort him in his distress misunderstand him entirely. They take it for granted that his afflictions are a special punishment sent upon him for his wickedness. They lecture him sharply and exhort him to repent. They comfort him with mustard and pepper. At first he is almost stunned. His mind is somewhat dazed. His heart staggers under these repeated blows. He wishes that he was dead. He feels that to him the still grave would be a sweet retreat. But his faith soon begins to revive. More and more it rallies. Higher and higher it rises. At last he triumphs. He says: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

When he came to this strong language he felt that he was about to declare a mighty truth. He called special attention to what he was about to state. He said: "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." Like many another good man, he had doubtless said many things which he wished to forget—many things which he wanted to perish. But now he was about to say something that he wanted to live forever; something that he thought worthy to be written with an iron pen on the face of the everlasting granite. Here it is: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

The subject that we have before us is Job's Confession of Faith. He believed in a Redeemer. ,

I. Let us consider this Redeemer. Job's Redeemer was personal. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand

at the latter day upon the earth." The Redeemer to whom Job looked was a Person. He was not a mere quality, or principle, or policy—not an abstraction of any kind—but a real Person. The Jewish people once believed in a personal Messiah, who would come and bring great blessings to them. But many of them have grown weary with long waiting. Their faith has been slowly wasted and worn away by the lapse of ages. Thousands of them have now ceased to hope for a personal Messiah. They think that the Messiah of the Old Testament is not so much a Person, as a better social condition, an improved earthly state. They claim that the Messiah has come, and is with them in the larger freedom and greater privileges which they enjoy.

But the Redeemer in whom Job trusted was a Person who could think and feel and act. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was a cry of joy and triumph from a man who had bled and struggled, but had got the victory. But this cry of gladness was prompted, not by faith in a lifeless, abstract something, but by faith in a Person, who had a brain to think and plan, a heart to feel and love, a hand to guide and bless, and whose presence was felt. Job believed in a personal Redeemer as surely as we trust in a personal Saviour. His Redeemer was not only a Person, but a helpful and loving Friend, who did for him a needed and definite work. The nature of this work is suggested by the word "Redeemer," or next of kin. To redeem is to buy back—or to recover that which is lost by buying it back. Here is a piece of property which is lost or forfeited. Its title has lapsed. But somebody buys it back and restores it to its original owner. Now the act of buying it back is redeeming it; that which is bought back is redeemed, and he who buys it back is its redeemer.

Redeemer is one of the precious names by which Christ is known. We are taught that He is our Redeemer. He "gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Men had gone away from God, and were lost in guilt. Sin had divided them from Him and brought them into condemnation. They were in danger of an endless death. But Jesus came to bring them back to God. He offered for them an accepted sacrifice. He Himself became their ransom. He paid the one price that was needed to bring them

within the reach of saving mercy. Now, His work on earth was a stupendous act of redemption; all who are brought back to God and saved through Him are called the redeemed, and He is the all-loving Redeemer. We learn that heaven will be filled with the millions and millions of the redeemed; while in the midst of all, and over all, and as the joy of all, and the glory of all, will be Christ, the ever-blessed Redeemer.

Job said "My Redeemer." His Redeemer was not a redeemer of houses and lands, or of things, but of men. Job lived away back in the distant past, hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ came in the flesh. The eye of history almost grows dim, when we look back to him. To find him, we must go back, perhaps almost to the time of Abraham. When we see him, he seems to be standing by the cradle of new-born history; yet he stood as upon a mount of vision that commanded the future. Some of the holy light which broke in upon the minds of the ancient prophets dawned upon him. And as, with spirit-guided eye, he looked down the track of the ages and into the far-off future, he was able to catch some bright glimpse of Christ, to form some proper idea of Christ's work, to feel that Christ was his faithful and unfailing Friend, and to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Job's Redeemer was ever-living. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." The latter day of which the text speaks is probably the great day of trial, when Christ will come in His power to judge all the ages and all the earth. When that awful day of doom and destiny shall burst upon a startled universe, Job's Redeemer will be living and present. He meant that his Redeemer would live forever. He knew that his children were dead. Ten happy faces had gone away from his home to return no more, and ten merry voices were silent forever. But his Redeemer still lived. He knew that he would die. He said, "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." He believed in immortality. He would die, but after death he would see God. Yes, he was to die; still he was to live forever. The two great facts of death and immortality were linked together in his mind. Though his body should become a banquet for the worms, and turn to dust, yet his Redeemer would live. Ah! the earth itself

would grow old. Its career would be run. Like a worn-out and useless thing, it would be cast away. But when the old earth should die and lie down in the grave of ages, even then the Redeemer would stand by the deathbed, and watch the death struggles of a dying planet.

Job's Redeemer was Divine. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." In one verse it is "my Redeemer," and in the next it is God. The God of one verse is the Redeemer of the other. Job felt the need of divine sympathy. It looked as if the world had forsaken him entirely. His children had gone from him, and he would see their faces and hear their voices no more this side of eternity. His wealth had withered and shriveled until not a fragment of it was left. His wife was half-dead with despair. Many who had pretended to be his friends, when he was prosperous, had now turned against him, and were saying: "Ah! we always knew that he could not be trusted, and that he would come to a bad end. It is just as we expected. We always thought so." The friends who did not forsake him, but still tried to comfort him didn't understand him at all. They insisted that he was a great sinner, and kept preaching repentance to him. They meant well, but were poor doctors. They gave the right medicine to the wrong patient. They comforted him with a lash of scorpion stings. All earthly helps had failed him entirely. All earthly supports had been swept away. Every stream of earthly joy had been dried up. But Job felt that he could bear it all, for his Redeemer lived, and was Divine. He could say: "His heart is larger than all my sorrows; His arm is stronger than all my enemies, and His sympathy is deeper than my deepest sufferings." We all sometimes feel the need of divine sympathy. In every human life there are times when, and places where, it is keenly felt that human strength is weakness; that human friendship cannot help; and that all earthly prosperity and glory are but vanity. It is deeply felt that all earthly comforts, supports and refuges are as nothing. They are too weak and worthless, too shallow and feeble; and unless God helps us; unless His eternal love reaches down to us; unless

His divine wisdom guides us; unless His almighty power sustains us, we are undone.

Now, we have found out four things about Job's Redeemer: 1. He was a Person. 2. He was a Friend, a Redeemer. 3. He was ever-living. 4. He was Divine. Now, who was He? Answer me this question: Who was Job's Redeemer? Think of all the men who have ever lived upon this earth—of all the sages, philosophers and teachers whose voices have been heard or whose words have been written in this world. Think of all the angels in heaven—of all the powers, principalities and hierarchies of the celestial world—of all the ranks and orders of angels and archangels. Think of God in all His various revelations of Himself to humanity. Then tell me, Who of all these was Job's Redeemer? It seems to me that there can be but one answer to this question. His Redeemer was the Christ, who, long ages afterwards, was to come into this world, live, weep and suffer with men, die for them, then go up to the Father's right hand to reign in glory and majesty; and at the latter day, come back to the earth in final judgment, to take His ransomed people home, and pronounce the last sentence upon His enemies.

II. What was this Redeemer to Job? How did Job regard Him? Job had faith in Him. He trusted Him. He believed in Him. He said "My Redeemer." Faith is that act of the heart by which we take Christ for our Saviour; His sacrifice for our atonement, and as the ground of our pardon; and His perfect work as the foundation of our hopes. It is that heart act by which we take the benefits of His redemption, feed upon them, apply them to ourselves and enjoy them. A man who has no faith can say, "The Saviour," or "The Redeemer." But when he has Gospel faith he can go further and say "My Saviour," "My Redeemer." The power of faith is seen in the case of Thomas. He was a constitutional doubter. He was a kind of natural skeptic. On Sunday morning Jesus came forth from the grave. That evening ten of the apostles were gathered in a room in Jerusalem. Two were absent, Judas the traitor and Thomas the doubter. But ten were there, talking of the strange tidings which had come to their ears during the day. Suddenly Jesus stood in the midst of them and said: "Peace be unto you." They told Thomas all about it; but he said it couldn't

be true; they were mistaken; he would not credit it. Said he, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." A week passed away. It was Sunday evening again. Now eleven of the apostles were in the same room, for Thomas was present. Again Jesus stood in the midst of them. His eye singled out Thomas from the others, and fixing upon him an earnest gaze of mingled love and reproof, He said, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing." It was enough. Thomas' doubts went out of his heart, and out of the world in a twinkling; and he exclaimed: "My Lord and my God." When faith reigns within, we need not talk of Christ as a Saviour in a kind of general sense; but we can say "My Saviour; my Redeemer, and my Lord."

Job's faith rose to the height of assurance. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." All assurance is faith, but there is much faith that is not assurance. Feeble faith is not assurance. Faith that has to fight for its life, or has to wrestle with grim and ghastly doubts, is not assurance. But assurance is a very high degree of faith. It is that clear-eyed, strong-winged faith which rises above all glooms, shadows and doubts, and rests upon the firm promises of the changeless Christ, and would continue to rest upon them, even if the very foundations of the earth should give way—just as the eagle is supposed to mount above the clouds and storms and rest in the serene air beyond them.

Job said, "I know." But there is a distinction between head-knowledge and heart-knowledge. We know many things with our heads that we don't know with our hearts. But if we know anything with our hearts we know it with our heads, too. It is one thing to know something, and it is another to realize it. We realize a thing when it becomes real to us. When it ceases to be a shadow, an opinion, a theory, or a mere fact of the mind, and becomes an intense reality to us, then we realize it. I may be allowed to repeat the substance of Robertson's illustration. You know that you must die. You have no more doubt of it than you have that you now live. Every time a friend passes away, every time the funeral bell tolls, every time you see the black-plumed

hearse creeping along the street with its burden of mortality, every time you see the crape fluttering from a door knob, the thought that you must die may come to your mind; but you don't realize it—don't realize what is for you to die; for death to come and stifle your breath, shut your eyes, seal your lips, and still the beatings of your anxious heart; for the hearse to stand at the door for you; for this great bright world to be moving on without you; and for the flesh in which you now walk these streets, and in which perhaps you take so much pride, to have the coffin lid screwed down tight upon it, then be put six feet deep in the earth, and then "left to darkness, and silence, and loneliness, and the worm." Or take another illustration. A little child dies in your home. You stand by and see it draw its last breath. You know that it is dead. Yet you don't realize it. But you come home from the funeral, and there is an empty chair or cradle by your fireside. At dinner there is a vacant seat at your table. Night comes, and you go to put your children to bed, but there is one that you don't have to put to bed now, for death has already put it to bed in its little grave. You go about the house, and you find little shoes and clothes, but there is nobody to wear them. You go upon the street and come back; as you approach the door you think you will take up your child and embrace and kiss it, but there is no child for you to embrace and kiss. Ah! then you begin to realize it. In spiritual things we often know far more than we realize. Here are those who are not Christians. They know that they are sinners. They know that Christ loved sinners and died for them. They know that they are exposed to the tremendous wrath of God. But they don't realize these things. But when they come to realize what they know; when head knowledge becomes heart knowledge, and when the facts of the mind become the facts of experience, they pass through a change which leaves its marks upon the soul forever. Let them realize that they are sinners against a holy God, and condemned by His law; let them realize that Jesus loves them and can save them; let His promises and invitation become realities to them, and they pass "from death unto life." The change is thorough and radical, going down to the very roots of the life they now live, and reaching onward through death and into eternity. Then when faith conquers all doubts, it

becomes assurance. Paul probably had assurance, for in the midst of all losses, sufferings and persecutions he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Job tasted the sweets of assurance, for when in the depths of sorrow he could rejoice in a living Redeemer, whom he would see beyond death.

Again, Job confessed his Redeemer. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Suppose that as Job and his friends sat, debating high questions of providence and destiny, another person had come near enough to hear Job say "I know," but had failed to catch the words that followed. Let us also suppose that he was anxious to know what it was that Job knew, and that he had asked, "Job, what is it that you know?" Now, there are many answers which Job might have given to the question. He might have said "I know that I was once rich and honored and prosperous." He might have said "I know that my children are dead." He might have said "I know that my wealth is scattered and destroyed." He might have said "I know that my health is gone, and my body is grievously stricken." He might have said "I know that my wife is down in the depths of despair." He might have said "I know that many who once professed to love me have proved to be false friends and are gone." He might have said "I know that the friends now with me are mistaken in me. They are lashing and scourging me with their taunts and calling it comfort." But he gave none of these answers. He said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And he might have added, "He is about all that is left to me in my desolation. My prosperity is gone; my children are gone; my wealth is gone; my health is gone; my friends are gone; my former glory is all gone; my earthly joys and supports are gone; but my Redeemer still remains. All my hope is in Him. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

All who believe in Christ unto salvation ought to confess Him. Love to Him, gratitude to Him, duty to Him, and common sense all require it. Jesus said, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven." "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels."

Job also found comfort in his belief in a living Redeemer. His faith was a support to him in his terrible trials. When his losses and troubles came upon him so suddenly—came upon him as the hungry panther might pounce upon his victim—came upon him almost as quickly as the thunderbolt drops down from the cloud; came upon him as the crashing avalanche rushes down the mountain side; he was at first almost overwhelmed. He longed for death. He envied the dead. He wanted to hide himself from the ills of life in the stillness of the grave. But his faith, though stunned, was not dead. It soon revived. The great truth that his Redeemer lived rose up in his mind. It came to the front. It stood before him. He saw it. He felt it. It thrilled him. His Redeemer lived; therefore he, too, could afford to live, and he had something to live for. After this we don't hear Job peevishly wishing for death any more. There is many a person who could brace himself up to bear a great sorrow, and when it came he could endure it with tearless eyes and a kind of stubborn fortitude. But a bright, fresh, unexpected joy—a joy that is new, sweet and unlooked for—can conquer the strongest man, and make him as a little child. When he feels its thrill, his tears, smiles and words are those of a little child. He weeps, speaks, acts and smiles as would a little child. Now, when Job was in deepest distress the precious truth that he had a living Redeemer seemed to rise up out of the gloom and loom up before him; or to come out from behind a black cloud, as the sun, and shine upon him. It came to him almost as a new truth; and when he felt its force there was a new ring in his voice; and if we could have stood by him we would have seen that there was a new light in his face and a new inspiration in his soul.

“My Redeemer!” “My Redeemer!” What an experience is this! What depth, what power, what fullness there are in it! “He who has not learned to say ‘My Redeemer,’ will have to walk the hardest and saddest part of the pathway of his earthly pilgrimage with a lonely and darkened heart; and when the day of storms and trouble comes he will possess none of that spirit of triumph which enabled Job to look down as from the top of a lofty rock upon the surges that dashed so madly below, but could not reach his bosom at all, and could only reach his feet with their spent spray.” (Robertson in substance.) Faith has been the nurture and strength of multi-

tudes of God's children. It has turned their darkness into light, calmed their sorrow into peace, and given them order from confusion.

Perhaps you have heard of the aged woman who lived in a little hut with a little grandchild. She had many trials. Sorrow after sorrow came to her. Friend after friend died. It was one affliction after another. But she met each reverse with "Jesus lives." Her reply to each trouble was "Jesus lives." But one day there came a grief which at first was too heavy for her. For a little while her faith lost its balance. Its eye lost its clearness of vision, and its hand lost its firmness of grip. She bowed her head in anguish, and as if the darkness of despair was closing around her. The little grandchild, who had never seen her so overcome before, came and said, "Grandma, what is the matter now? Is Jesus dead?" The words of the child were as the voice of heaven calling the aged Christian back to the sure Refuge. In a moment her face brightened, and she replied, "No; Jesus is not dead; He lives; and praise His name, He will live forever." And she was strong again. Ah! my friend, you remember when you were sorely tried; and when the sharp iron went down deep into your soul. Perhaps you stood by the bedside of a dying friend, or you sat by the coffin of a dear dead one; or you stood by the grave of a fond earthly hope or a sweet earthly joy. Your heart trembled within you. You felt that you were in peril. But you said, "Come, poor heart, be still, be quiet now, be strong, be brave, be confident; the Redeemer lives; therefore I will be kept." And you were kept.

Conclusion:—In heaven we will praise the Redeemer forever. There will be myriads of millions of the redeemed, but there will be one glory for all. Heaven will be as a vast, bottomless ocean of purest joy, over which will ripple and roll the waves of sanctified song; and the soul of every anthem will be Jesus the Redeemer.

Let the unconverted hasten to take Jesus as their Saviour, that they may be able to say, "My Redeemer." You have a privilege which is enjoyed by no beings but men and women, and in no world except this—the privilege of taking Jesus for your Helper. Angels cannot say, "My Redeemer." Devils cannot. You can, if you will repent and believe.

VII. GOD'S RIGHTS.

(The Annual Sermon at the Baptist General Association at Wheeling, West Virginia, October 12, 1904.)

Daniel 4:35—*“And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?”*

Nebuchadnezzar was the mightiest and haughtiest of the kings of Babylon. It was hard for him to learn that he—great man as he felt himself to be—was, in the sight of the God of all power and grace, only a puny babe of flesh and blood that could barely crawl in the dust. Blinded by his own selfishness and vanity, he claimed special glory for himself. He said, “Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?” His punishment was sudden and severe. He was smitten with a strange insanity which sent him forth to wander with the beasts of the field and eat grass like the oxen. But his grievous affliction taught him weighty and useful lessons which he would not learn before. When reason came back to him he glorified God instead of himself. In the language of the text, he confessed his own littleness and God’s greatness: “And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?” This confession, wrung from the heart of the proud king, was and is the truth; and the truth, whether sung by seraphs or told by human tongues, whether chanted by angels or groaned out by fiends, is still the truth.

We are taught that God is gloriously and infinitely exalted. He is the King of kings and the Lord of lords. He is supreme in heaven and earth. He is the highest and holiest. His “dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation.” Now every intelligent being has rights which justly belong to him, until they are forfeited by crime. The Declaration

of Independence says that "all men" are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," among which "are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The Roman citizen of ancient times was justly proud of his rights. Every American citizen who is worthy of the name sets a high value upon his rights, and feels that they ought to be earnestly maintained and honestly exercised. The nature of the rights which belong to a being depends on his position and character, and also upon his relations to other beings. The man who obeys the law possesses rights which do not belong to the convict. The constable or policeman possesses rights which do not belong to the private citizen. The general possesses rights which do not belong to the common soldier. The judge on the bench possesses rights which do not belong to the lawyer of equal talent at the bar. The governor of the state possesses rights which do not belong to any other citizen of the state. The king possesses rights which do not belong to the subject. The angel possesses rights which probably do not belong to any man on the earth. And God possesses rights which do not belong to any other being in the universe—rights so high and awful that it would be horrid blasphemy for any created being to think of claiming them. "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?"

In this age of discussion and agitation, much is said about the rights of different classes, and some strange claims are made. The liquor seller declares that it is his right to tempt the weak, manufacture vice and strife, corrupt society and debauch politics with his blood-and-death traffic, and tax the whole community for his own benefit. The liquor drinker insists that it is his right to poison his blood, darken his mind, wreck his manhood, rob his wife and children and break the hearts of his dearest friends. We hear much about men's rights, women's rights, the people's rights, the rights of labor, and the rights of capital.

But the subject about which I want to speak to you is God's Rights. "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?"

"God's Rights." You all know without thinking that this sub-

ject rises far higher than I can ascend, and reaches vastly farther than I can go. It is a good place for a preacher to be modest. All that I propose is to refer briefly to a few of the simplest and commonest rights of God.

I. He has a right to the love and worship of all mankind. It is the duty of every child of Adam to love and serve God. "We are His workmanship, created in" wondrous wisdom for His glory. He breathed our mental and moral powers into us, and gave us our high place in the scale of being. The many voices which speak to us from above and from within all tell us that He made us for Himself. He is the giver of all good. We feed upon His bounty. He meets our daily wants with daily supplies. His mercies never fail. He crowns the year with His harvests and fills the earth with His goodness. His countless blessings flow to us in steady streams. Surely our love ought to go forth to Him in response to His regard to us. When He says, "My son, give Me thine heart." (Prov. 23:26) He asks only what He has a right to demand.

God is infinitely good and great and glorious. In character He is all-perfect. We find in Him everything that a holy being can admire, and nothing to which a holy being can object. He is worthy of the largest love, the highest praises, the purest worship that men or angels can bring. When we think of His exalted position and matchless perfections, we must feel that we ought to devote our bodies and spirits to His service. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind" is not only "the first and great commandment," but it is the reasonable and natural duty of every man and woman.

God is the rightful Ruler of the universe. The crowds of holy and happy beings that gather closest around His throne and know the most of Him, bow down in His presence and exclaim, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created." (Rev. 4:11.) He reigns, not only in greatness and glory, but also in goodness and righteousness. The angels serve Him with gladness and fill heaven with His praises; men must be saved by His grace or crushed by His wrath; and demons are subject to His power.

He not only desires and seeks the supreme love and loyalty of every human heart, but he has a right to require them. He is the only Being in this universe who can be properly worshiped; and if all intelligent creatures were in perfect harmony and sympathy with Him the universe would be a vast heaven. Love, peace and righteousness would prevail everywhere. Let His "will be done in earth as it is in heaven," and earth would be as pure, if not as lovely, as heaven itself. To refuse Him the first place in our souls and lives is a most daring and glaring sin. It is robbing God. It is rebellion against the Almighty. It is a violation of the highest law. It is a contribution to moral anarchy. It is a disturbance of the peace and moral order of the worlds. It is a sin against the universe. As every good citizen feels that wrong must be suppressed, crime punished and law maintained, so every holy being in the universe feels that God must reign, that His authority must be respected, and that all who rebel against Him must either repent of their sin, or be shut up in the prison of His justice. But you can find men who claim that it is large-hearted and generous for them to give God's rights away, just as some seem to think that it is a virtue to be liberal with other people's money. Our God is often hated and denounced because He insists upon His rights. It is sometimes said that He is more brutal than the gods of the pagan. He declares that He is a jealous God; but Brahma, as quoted by the Hindoos, said that he would regard all the love and service given to other gods as given to himself. "They who honestly serve other gods, involuntarily worship me." These words, put into the mouth of Brahma, are repeated; and we are told that the God of the Bible is narrow, harsh, jealous, selfish, cruel and revengeful, while Brahma is broad and liberal. But this talk is all bloated and painted nonsense. Let us apply the same rule by which some men judge the eternal God to the common affairs of life. Suppose a man should say: "Let my wife neglect her duties to me as much as she likes; let her be as false to me as she can; let her give her love and time to other men as freely as she chooses; but I will regard all the love and devotion which she gives to them as given to me." Would he be a large minded and liberal man? Would he not rather be either a hopeless idiot, or a moral nondescript, without a spark of manliness or self-respect? But how can that

which would be low and base in a man be noble and princely in God? Or suppose that war between the United States and England was in progress, and that the President at Washington, with the consent and advice of Congress and his cabinet, should issue a proclamation saying: "Let citizens of the United States give aid and comfort to the enemy whenever they please; let them betray their own country; let them enlist under the flag of the British Queen; let them fight her battles; let them plot against our interests, burn our ships, plunder our cities and butcher our brethren; but we will regard all the service which they render to the British government as given to us." Now, that might be large and liberal, but it would also be insane and suicidal. It would be the strangest joke of history. It would be setting a high premium on treason. It would be inviting destruction. But how can that which would be weakness and folly in an earthly government be wisdom and greatness in God's government? I remember that, when eleven states of this republic tried to withdraw from the Union, even Colonel Ingersoll blazed with fury. The English language, powerful as it is in expletives and descriptives, was not copious enough to express his abhorrence of the crime. He buckled on his sword and marched southward, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" as he went. He fought brilliant battles—with his tongue. But let us do him exact justice. It cannot be said that the blood of any foeman ever stained his innocent sword; and it is certain that his blood never stained the steel of any Southern soldier, for he surrendered to the enemy at the first convenient opportunity. Now, we don't want a God who, like Ingersoll, will threaten, bluster and then surrender. But the universe—to save it from anarchy and moral wreck—does need a God who has the fullest right to the deepest love and faithfulest service of every human being, and who demands His own.

II. God has a right to prescribe the conditions upon which sinners can be saved. When sin came into the world it caused the saddest and direst results. God's holy law was broken. Human nature was loaded with crooked and perverse tendencies. Minds were darkened and hearts were hardened. Generations were started upon a downward career. The world was filled with falsehood and bloodshed and all kinds of iniquity. Men were

turned away from God. They were alienated from Him in spirit and life, guilty in His sight, condemned under His law, and exposed to His consuming wrath. How could they be saved? Ah! this was the question of questions. How could breakers of the divine law settle their awful account with divine justice? How could creatures, sin-soaked in nature, acquire moral fitness for heaven? It was the ancient problem: "How should man be just with God?" (Job 9:2.) Man could not tell. It was for God to decide. Infinitely just and holy as He was and is, almighty and all-loving as He was and is, sinned against as He was and is, and supreme ruler of all worlds as He was and is, it was His right to fix the terms upon which the guilty could receive pardon and become the heirs of life and glory. And His answer to the great question is heard in the Gospel and seen in the cross of Christ. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Pet. 3:18.) "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace." (Eph. 2:13, 14.) "He gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Titus 2:14.) He clothed Himself in our nature, lived the pure and perfect life of lowliness and cross-bearing, taught lessons of the highest wisdom and truth, carried food to the hungry, health to the sick, and comfort to the afflicted, cast out demons, died the death of anguish and sacrifice, and rose from the dead in mighty triumph—all that we might be brought back from our moral exile. And now, we have the word of God for it, that every one who truly repents of his sins and trusts in the merits of Jesus shall be saved. When the weary and troubled sinner comes to the cross he is saved; saved from himself to Christ, from the power of sin to the love of holiness, and from perdition to heaven. Christ's perfect work for us meets the demands of the broken law, declares the fullness of God's love, appeals to the affections and conscience of the sinner, and saves the Gospel believer—saves him, not at the expense of either justice or mercy,

but with the joyful consent of both. But he who lives and dies without Christ rushes upon a dreadful doom.

The prodigal son came home ragged and hungry, foot-sore and heart-sore, but penitent and trustful. He said: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." (Luke 15:21.) He was greeted with a royal welcome. He found the father's strong arms around his neck and the father's warm kisses on his cheeks. But if the prodigal son had come back, bringing his vile habits and wicked associates with him, and demanding room for them, would he have been welcomed? No! never. Every door of the house would have been locked against him. But the man who rejects Christ and still expects to be saved proposes to pass through the gates of glory robed in his own righteousness, and march on to endless life over all the rights of God. Of course he must fail. All heaven would rise up to thrust him out. If he was ten thousand times stronger and worthier than he is, he would still be cast down into darkness and death.

III. He has the right to direct the movements of Providence. The God of nature and of grace is also the God of providence. "In the beginning"—the far-back beginning—"God created the heaven and the earth," and ever since the beginning He has been with and in His creation, "upholding all things by the word of His power." It is easy for me to believe that the pressure of His presence is felt at every point in every world. "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." (Jeremiah 23:23, 24.) With His unerring vision He sees the end from the beginning, and all the known and unknown forces and processes of nature are subject to His will. It is His right to be supreme in providence and to be present with every event which comes into human life and experience. Well might the Psalmist exclaim: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." (Psalms 76:10.) The wrath of man is often fierce and cruel. It rushes millions into the wildest excesses. The stream of their wrath often rises higher and higher until it threatens to break over all restraints and overflow all barriers, but God can

glorify Himself by the directions which He gives to the wayward passions that surge through human hearts. War often springs from unbridled ambition, and often degenerates into brutal butchery; and commerce is often grasping and heartless; but God employs war and commerce to open the way for the Gospel. Men, for their own profit, build ships, construct railroads and stretch telegraphs across continents and under oceans, but God presses them into the service of His Kingdom. With the triumphant apostle many Christians can say: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Romans 8:28.) Nothing is idle. "All things work together for good" to the believer. With our narrow vision, and from our low point of view it often seems that all things are working against each other. Plans fail. Hopes and prospects fade away. Joy dies out of our lives. Disappointments crowd upon us. Moral disorders rush on in a riotous course. The peoples and nations are plunged into dismal confusion. We look out on a stormy sea of troubles. As we behold the world it seems to be a vast tangle of unanswerable questions and inextricable difficulties. Within is distress; above are cloud and gloom, and around are darkness and tempest. But God reigns, and at last He will untie all the knots, calm all the disorders, answer all the questions and adjust all the difficulties to His purposes.

Jacob sinned and he suffered. Joseph, his favorite son, was sold into slavery; but after years of bondage and imprisonment, he rose to great honor and high position in the land of Egypt. When his ten brothers stood before him and told him that they had a younger brother back in the land of Canaan, Joseph demanded that Benjamin should be brought to him, and cast Simeon into prison as a pledge for the bringing of Benjamin. When the nine brothers went home and reported to their aged father, he was almost broken-hearted. In an agony of sorrow, doubt and almost despair, he exclaimed: "We have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me." (Gen. 42:36.) But Jacob lived to see that "all these things" were for him, and were short but necessary steps in the work of preparation for the future nation, and the coming of Christ and His Kingdom. When we stand on the everlasting

hills we will see ten thousand things as we cannot see them in the present life, and will praise God for His grace in providence as well as His grace in redemption.

IV. He has a special and sacred right to command the services and sacrifices of all Christians. All tribes and tongues, all classes and conditions of mankind ought to worship and serve the glorious and infinite God. But especially high and holy, even higher and holier than His claim upon angels of heaven, is His claim upon the love and labor of all believers in Christ. They are His, not only by creation and preservation, but by purchase and conquest, by redemption and regeneration. He has redeemed them from sin and death by the blood and sufferings of His own Son. He has conquered their natural hardness of heart, dullness of conscience and deadness of spirit with the wondrous love of Christ. He has brought them out of darkness into light, and created them anew in Christ Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit. They are the Lord's by a three-fold right: and in addition to that, they, when they received Christ as their Saviour, willingly and gladly gave themselves to Him. When Christ was revealed in them the language of each renewed spirit was:

"If I had ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
If I had ten thousand thousand hearts,
I would give them all to Thee."

When the Greek spirit of debate and contention and the Greek tendency to division broke out among the Christians of Corinth the church was rent into fighting factions. Some were for Paul, some for Apollos, and others were for Cephas or Peter. But the unselfish Paul protested. He would not be the head of a party, or the rival of the eloquent Apollos or the fiery Peter; but he would be the servant of God and God's people. He said: "All things are yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are your's; and ye are Christ's: and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. 3:21-23.) Writing to the Christians of Rome, he said: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reason-

able service." (Romans 12:1.) We are exhorted to present our bodies with their powers and energies as a living sacrifice. Not a dead sacrifice. Almost any man is willing that the Lord may have his body when it is dead and he can no longer use it for himself. But the sacrifice for which God calls is a living sacrifice. Again Paul said: "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. 6:19, 20.) If we are in union with Christ we belong to God in a special and spiritual sense, and should honor Him with our bodies as well as spirits, and with our spirits as well as our bodies. It is His right to choose for us, and our simple duty to do what He commands. Then let us recognize His right of property in us, and give ourselves to Him—our hearts to love Him, our minds to think for Him, our eyes to watch for Him, our ears to listen for Him, our lips to speak for Him, our hands to labor for Him, and our feet to walk with and for Him in the ways of righteousness. The risen and reigning Christ, in the Great Commission, has given a great work, and, if possible, a still greater promise to His church. The work is the mighty missionary enterprise, which is as large as humanity and has been prolonged through almost nineteen centuries, and the promise is the assurance of His presence down to the end of the age. Let us then cheerfully accept the work and confidently expect the fulfillment of the promise.

V. God has the right to reward His servants for their labors, sufferings and sacrifices. "Salvation is of the Lord." (Jonah 2:9.) "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; Not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2:8, 9.) We are saved, gloriously saved, by the all-sufficient grace of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our sins may be great, but His grace is greater still. Our sins may be more than heavy enough to drag us down into hell; but His grace is more than strong enough to rescue us from the guilt and curse of sin. Our sins may rise up like mountains but His grace is as a boundless and bottomless ocean: and the mountains of our sins, when cast into the ocean of His grace, sink out of sight and disappear forever.

Now, in addition to salvation by grace, we are rewarded for our "work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope." The

reward comes in this life, and also in the next. The faithful believer, while he is still in the flesh, finds a precious reward in larger Christian growth, in sweeter fellowship with God, in greater usefulness, and in the enjoyment of more of heaven on earth. But in the world to come he receives the reward in its endless fullness. He is rewarded for every Christian deed he performs, even down to the smallest. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. 10:42.) He is rewarded for his labors in the Master's service. "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16:27.) He will be rewarded for winning souls to the Saviour. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." (Daniel 12:3.) He will be rewarded for all sufferings endured for Christ's sake. "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you." (Matt. 5:10-12.) "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. 12:11.) The affliction is not pleasant while we are enduring it, but rather painful and grievous. Perhaps we shrink from it; but afterwards it yields richest blessings to them to whose good it is sanctified. Thank God for that precious afterward. Here we have health and lose it, but we find it again in that glorious afterward. Here we have friends and lose them, but we will regain them in that blessed afterward. Here we have trials, sorrows and conflicts, but we will have rest and peace and joy in that immeasurable afterward. It is not in the power of man or angel to estimate the greatness and value of the reward which awaits the servants of God. Christ with His infinite fullness and preciousness; heaven with its joys and glories, its blisses and raptures, its splendors and grandeurs; and eternity with its countless

ages of unfolding riches and blessedness, will be the rewards of "the saints of the Most High." They are God's, and heaven and eternity are His, and it is His right to give them to those who trust in and serve Him.

VI. God has the right to cast off and condemn all who persist in resisting His grace and rejecting His Son. Justice is a divine attribute as truly as love. The God of love is also the God of justice. He would be as imperfect and as grievously maimed in character without justice as He would be without love. Justice has its rights and makes its demands as well as love; and if men will not be moved to repentance and godly living by divine love, they must fall into the hands of divine justice. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him." (Heb. 2:3.)

Sometimes men claim that somehow, somewhere, and somewhen, all mankind without any exception will come to glory; and in explaining and enforcing their theory they often speak beautifully and eloquently of the love of Christ. Truly the love of Christ is a matchless and marvellous love. It is a down-reaching, out-reaching; far-reaching and long-suffering love. It is a patient, pleading, thorn-crowned, cross-bearing, blood-sweating, agonizing and dying love. It is an amazing and wonderful love.

"Love

Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death."

But it might be well for us to remember that the most terrible language used in God's word to describe the doom of the impenitent came from the lips of the all-loving Christ. It was He who spoke of the "outer darkness" where "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth"; (Matt. 25:30) and of the awful place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark 9:46.) To those on His left hand He will say: "Depart from me, ye cursed into eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels"; (Matt. 25:42) "And these shall go away into eternal punishment; but the righteous into eternal life." (Matt. 25:46.)

Shall we, whose knowledge is so limited, pretend to know more about the saving power of Christ's love and the destiny of the wicked than Jesus knows? In Revelation 6:15, 16, we read that a great multitude, consisting of varied classes from the king down to the slave shall call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them "from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." "The wrath of the Lamb!" "The wrath of the Lamb!" I regard this as one of the most terrible expressions in Scripture. It is not the wrath of the raging and ravening lion, but the wrath of the inviting and entreating Lamb. When the loving and bleeding Lamb, who gave Himself as a sacrifice for us, turns upon sinners in the power of His wrath, where shall they go to find a refuge? When the love of the Lamb, long insulted and despised, rises up in wrath, how dreadful that wrath must be!

Oh, unconverted friend, if thou art here, rejoice that the gates of hell have not yet closed upon thee, and that the darkness of perdition has not yet gathered over thee. Thank God that salvation is still possible. Ah, not only possible, but certain, if thou wilt hasten into the outstretched arms of the Saviour. Escape for thy life. Escape from the Sodom that is doomed to destruction, across the plains which are overshadowed by the upas tree of death, and to the mountains of safety. "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." (Psalms 2:12.)

I have now tried to insist that God has a right to the worship and love of all nations and generations; that He has the right to determine and define the conditions of salvation; that He has the right to guide providence in its onward march; that He has a right to the truest and best service of all believers; that He has a right to glorify them with Himself forever; and that He has the right to condemn the impenitent and Christless.

When the brilliant Helen Keller was a little girl, and great questions were beginning to press upon her mind and heart, she wrote to Phillips Brooks, and in her letter said: "Tell me something that you know about God." It was the plaintive cry of a restless spirit, seeking light and help. This evening I have told you something I know about God. What shall be our response? What shall be

our attitude towards the rights of the "King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God," to whom "be honor and glory forever and ever"? (1 Tim. 1:17.)

It is said that on the Isthmus of Panama there is a place where the voices of two oceans can be heard at the same time. Away to the east the listener can hear the wrathful roar of the stormful Atlantic, while away to the west he can hear the softer murmur of the calmer waters of the more peaceful Pacific. But when we consider the past and turn from it to the present, and from the present to the future, it seems to me that unnumbered voices call aloud to us; mighty and commanding voices from God and His throne on high; myriad voices out of the ages of the past; voices from Bethlehem and Calvary, from the resurrection and Pentecost; voices from the great conflicts and triumphs of the great heroes of the cross; pathetic voices from the dungeons, and crosses and graves of the martyrs; many voices from the present; voices from our own state, from its mountains and valleys, its mines and factories; voices from all sections of our vast country, voices from India and China, and Japan, and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and all the lands of the earth; pleading voices, eloquent voices and thrilling voices; voices louder than the thunder's peal, and sweeter than the songs of angels—all appealing to us to respect and regard the rights of God, and thus render unto Him His own.

BIBLE REALING ON BAPTISM BY DR. CARTER.

(No Date.)

I. THE ORIGIN OF BAPTISM.

1. Practiced by John. Matthew 3:5, 6.
2. And also by Jesus. John 4:1, 2.

II. THE LAW OF BAPTISM.

3. Comanded by Christ. Matt. 28:19, 20.
4. And also by Peter. Acts 10:48.

III. WHO IS TO BE BAPTIZED.

5. Men and Women. Acts 8:12.
6. The Taught. Matt. 28:19.
7. The Believer. Mark 16:15, 16.
8. They that Repent. Acts 2:38.
9. They that Receive the Word. Acts 2:41.
10. They that Receive the Holy Ghost. Acts 10:47, 48.
11. He that Receives the Holy Ghost. Acts 9:17, 18.
12. Those that are Brethren. Acts 16:14, 15, 40.
13. They that Believe. Acts 16:32-34.
14. They that Believe. Acts 18:8.

IV. THE FORM OF BAPTISM.

15. Where there was Much Water. John 3:23.
16. It was in the Jordan. Mark 1:5.
17. He Went Up Out of the Water. Matt. 3:16.
18. They Went Down Into the Water. Acts 8:38, 39.
19. It is a Burial. Romans 6:3, 4.
20. It is to be Buried. Col. 2:12.

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