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Samuel A. Weber

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The Conference of 1859, and Else.

BY REV. SAMUEL A. WEBER, D. D.

An Address Delivered Before the Historical Society of the South Carolina Annual Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Greenville, S. C., Tuesday, December 8, 1903.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Historical Society of the South Carolina Conference, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To me History has ever been at once a favorite study and a pleasing diversion. You hear it said that History is Philosophy teaching by example, which is quite likely so. I however have not attained to the higher realms of historic research and study. Mine has been the humbler work of reading and studying character in the lives of folks—individual men and women, and in the incidents and events of separate and occasional epochs in past and current history. I confess that I haven't outgrown my childish fancy and fondness for pictures. Give me a picture-book, embellished with the faces of the living and the dead, and with scenes and circumstances whether of war or of peace,—and for the time being you about unfit me for every thing else.

Quite unexpectedly, I am, Mr. President and Gentlemen, your historian for this occasion. Here not to fill the place of another; but to fill my own place as best I can. And I come to you with just such instincts as what I have just said would seem to indicate, to ask your indulgence for some references, meant to be realistic and pictorial, to my personal recollections of the South Carolina Conference of 1859, which like the present Conference was identified with the generous and elegant hospitality of Greenville, the queen city of our South Carolina Piedmont.

Yes, it was in 1859—30th of November, 1859—that the South Carolina Conference met for the first time in this goodly and picturesque city; and here and then I had my first sight of that venerable body and my first experience of it.

BAPTIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

I pause on the threshold of my especial theme to mention—because I ought—that at this time (1859) the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary had just been instituted and located in the town of Greenville. It had recently brought to this place four men, the members of its original faculty, four fine men, who were then in their youthful prime, and who afterwards did a great work for their Church: Boyce, the wise and munificent administrator of a great trust, clear and strong and distinctly doctrinal as a preacher and as a theological instructor; Williams, the sunny Christian gentleman, the earnest and popular minister of the gospel, and the conscientious and well-furnished professor; Manly, whose very name is a descriptive adjective of his consecrated life and his useful life-work, and, last but not least, Broadus, whose name and fame are coterminous with the Church, nameless here except in that Name which is above every name.

Excuse me if I copy here the dedicatory page of Dr. Broadus's *MAGNUM OPUS*—Commentary of the Gospel of Matthew—which is inscribed with the name of his father-in-law, who was a local preacher of the Methodist Church:

To the Cherished Memory of
GESSNER HARRISON, M. D.,

For many years Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Virginia.

At your feet I learned to love Greek, and my love of the Bible was fostered by your earnest devoutness. Were you still among us, you would kindly welcome the fruit of study, which now I can only lay upon your tomb; and would gladly accept any help it can give towards understanding the blessed word of God, the treasure of our common Christianity, whose consolations and hopes sustained you in life and in death, and went with you into the unseen and eternal

*Nomen multis clarum et venerabile,
Mihi adhuc magister atque pater.*

J. A. B.

And here we also found Furman University just beginning its fine work in generous and fraternal rivalry with our Wofford College. Dr. James C. Furman, whose historic name and

that of the institution over which he presided shed lustre either on other, was then President of the University. Charles H. Judson, the product of a Methodist home, and who had recently come hither from our Carolina Female College, in Ansonville, N. C., was then the youthful and studious, as he is now the venerable and learned, Professor of Mathematics of the University. He has, by a recent munificent contribution to the endowment fund of Furman University, enrolled his name among the benefactors of South Carolina and as a very Mæcenas of his times.

I wish I could reproduce a scene in our Conference here, in 1882—just twenty-one years ago. It is vivid in my memory at this moment. Bishop McTyeire was in the chair. Dr. James H. Carlisle, our President of Wofford College, had the floor. He was in the midst of a masterful address and a thrilling appeal on Christian education. He recognized his coadjutor in a similar great work, Dr. Furman, in the audience, and in pathetic tones and in unconscious dramatic style, thus addressed him, speaking at once for himself and the Conference: "I see before me Dr. Furman, the President of the University that bears his name. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren's and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."

THE CONFERENCE OF 1859.

But to my pleasant task. The Conference of 1859 met at the Court House. Here we held our daily sessions and held religious service every night and all day on the two Sundays of the occasion. Several of the Committees and the Mission Board met in Greenville several days before the Conference formally convened, so that the town was in the hands of the Methodist preachers for about ten days. No wonder the local caricaturist—a good Methodist and a genius withal—marked the exit of a later Conference here with a solitary rooster venturing out, from his whilom covert, and clapping his wings, and crowing the exultation of his marvelous escape and present safety. But, dear friends, we don't stay so long these latter days. We have learned to economize,—whatever that may mean. Good old Bishop Early presided. He was 73 years old and had been a bishop only five years. He was a fine old Virginia gentleman, and would remind one of Thos. Nelson Page's "Old Gentleman

of the Black Stock," except that the venerable Bishop's kerchief was white. He was clean shaven and had a full head of snow white hair. The Bishop presided with dignity,—and with persistency, also. He could see your point as soon as you made it; was not a little impatient if you were slow to make it,—and was utterly out of patience with you, if you didn't make a point at all. I think he called it a *pint*. Ah! my brethren, there were giants in those days,—and John Early was one of them. He lived in the same County in Virginia with my paternal ancestors. My grandfather was present at the campmeeting where and when young Early, after a struggle at the rude altar, was converted. He gave way to his feeling in part by climbing a black-jack sapling. He believed in emotional religion of the I-know-so style—the direct-witness-of-the-Spirit type. Any one could have told that who heard his ordination sermon at the eleven o'clock hour on the Greenville Conference Sunday. It was on the conversion of the Saul of Tarsus into the St. Paul of Christian History. He found in it a type of the old-fashioned Methodist style of getting religion, and that you didn't have it unless you got it, then and there got it.

The Bishop presiding at our present Conference was at the time of which I speak a lad, ten years old, at his father's home in old Sumter District. His father, a former member of the South Carolina Conference, was one of my best friends, and I account myself happy in having the friendship of the son. I voice the thought and feeling of this present audience when I bid him welcome to his native State, and to the Conference of his earlier ministry, and to Greenville here his former home. And I will be allowed to say this, which gives me profound pleasure and satisfaction, that he is all the more welcome to me and to my brethren of the Conference for whom I speak, in that he preaches that same simple gospel, and in the pentecostal power of it, which crowned the ministry of the apostolic John Early with such phenomenal success is the hey-day of his ministry in Old Virginia.

The Rev. F. A. Mood was the Conference host here in 1859. He met the trains at the old G. & C. depot, and, perched on an eminence above his brethren round about, assigned us, as we gave him our names, to our homes in the city. That was before the time of Conference directories published in the Advocate or elsewhere. He gave me a good home with the Clerk of the

Court, Capt. McDaniel, and along with me Jonathan McGregor, J. W. McRoy, and A. J. Stafford, as fellow guests. I need not say that Francis Asbury Mood was the youngest of four brothers who at the same time were members of the South Carolina Conference and that their father in his early ministry belonged to the same body. He transferred a few years later to Texas and left as his monument the Southwestern University—the great Methodist educational plant and center of the Lone Star State. His task would seem to require the brain and brawn of a giant. But Dr. Mood had neither. He had a will to work and had faith in himself and in God. He set for himself a great task,—and he tried, and tried again and again, and finally succeeded. His life, prepared by his colleague, Prof. Cody, is a most interesting book and is the record of a noble life of hard work.

Our host for the present occasion is the Rev. Chas. Betts Smith. He is fortunate in the convenient assistance of our younger brethren, Herbert, Speake and the Junior Harmon, each of whom is a host within himself. As to my brother Smith, the host-in-chief, perhaps I had better suspend judgment till after Conference. But, no. I have known a great many Smiths—first and last—but never a one that has suited me quite so well, not even excepting the Bishop. I don't believe, and I won't believe, that beauty is only skin deep. Why,—some men are pretty to me even in the dark.

THE OLD GUARD.

Of the large body of ministers—in charge of a Conference lay membership of more than 87,000 (white and black)—of this body of ministers who assembled here forty-four years ago, only eight remain. Let me call my short roll: A. M. Chreitzberg, Jno A. Porter, John M. Carlisle, A. J. Cauthen, W. W. Jones, W. A. Clarke, O. A. Darby and William C. Power. My friend and class-mate, R. R. Dagnall, was not then a member as the Minutes would seem to show. He was admitted in 1857 but immediately retired from the active work to continue his studies at the Cokesbury Conference School. He was admitted regularly in the class of 1862. T. J. Clyde, Jno. W. Humbert, J. B. Campbell and A. J. Stokes were admitted in 1859. Brother A. J. Stafford and I went up also, hoping to be admitted at this Conference. Stafford was teaching at Bennettsville and I was

one of the faculty of the Cokesbury Conference School. We desired to be admitted and to be allowed to continue at school work in connection with nominal pastoral service. But that was declared to be irregular, and so we fell behind our college class-mates, Humbert, Stokes and Weaver. Lindsay Carr Weaver! I pause to pay the tribute of a sigh to his memory. For more than half of his college course, he was utterly indifferent to religion. So it seemed to his associates and friends. But during a revival in which Drs. Wightman, Smith and Cross did most of the preaching, but in which the saintly W. C. Kirkland did most of the personal work, Weaver was powerfully converted. It was a genuine case of sun-bright conversion. The young convert didn't doubt it. Nor did those who knew him before and after this distinct crisis in his life. He graduated in June and soon after went to Philadelphia to commence the study of medicine. He remained there for a few months pursuing his studies with conscientious fidelity; but realized all the while a felt want of congenial fitness for his work. He forced himself to his task; but had no heart for it. God was inviting him to a higher mission and work. Medicine is a profession; the ministry of the gospel is a vocation. The homely English of vocation is "a calling." God was calling him to preach the gospel. He hesitated, but not long. He applied at his first opportunity for admission into the South Carolina Conference. He failed his second year (1861) at Yorkville Station. I remember—oh! so distinctly!—how impressively the venerable Bond English read his obituary in the memorial service at the Sumter Conference of 1863. At the end of the year (1861) he was granted a supernumerary relation, which he continued to sustain until his death, at Bishopville, in Sumter District, February 28th, 1863. He was amiable in spirit, uncompromising in integrity, unflinching in zeal, and abundant in labors, during his short career. He died in the faith, and his end was peace. Servant of God, well done!

A WORD PERSONAL.

Will my brethren suffer a word of testimony and experience. (It is always in place in a Methodist meeting.) When I realized that I was not to be allowed, with my college mates and others,

to enter the Conference in 1859, I turned away from the Conference and Greenville, with a distinct feeling of loss and with a sense of sadness akin to what I afterwards knew as personal bereavement. I did not apply the next year at Columbia. I did apply at Chester in 1861; but the war was on, and no class at all was admitted. It was in 1862, in Spartanburg, that I was admitted on probation with my dear Dagnall, who still labors and waits with me, and my other two friends, James C. Hartsell and Robert C. Oliver, who have gone on before. Oh! my brethren of the South Carolina Conference, dearly-beloved and longed for, "my joy and crown," excuse me when I assure you how very essential you have become and are to me. I have learned best to know the meaning of the communion of the Saints in the fellowship of the South Carolina Conference. All the investment of good name and Christian character I have made among men is just such as I have by your partiality and sufferance. You can very easily do without me as I don't know how soon you must; but oh! how can I ever do without you!

"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."

I love thy Church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

THE WORK AND THE WORKMEN.

Let me give you a list of the Districts and of the Presiding Elders who reported them in 1859:

Charleston District..... W. P. Mouzon

Orangeburg District.....	Paul A. M. Williams
Marion District.. .. .	Abel M. Chreitzberg
Columbia District.....	W. A. Gamewell
Cokesbury District.....	W. A. McSwain
Spartanburg District.....	H. A. C. Walker
Shelby District.....	H. C. Parsons
Wadesboro District.....	Sidi H. Browne

I write from memory and there may be the error of a name in the above list. You will agree with me that this was a strong cabinet—very strong. The Conference of that day could not easily have furnished a stronger one. Indulge me for a little while. Mouzon was a fine sermonizer, perhaps the most acceptable in the pastorate of any man amongst us; he was safe but not aggressive in his District work. Williams was an earnest and intelligent preacher; excelled as a writer for publication, and was acceptable and useful on his District. Gamewell stood very high both as a preacher and presiding elder. Conservative, safe, useful, and well-nigh universally beloved. His port and the very tones of his solemn and kindly voice prepossessed you with his godly character. McSwain was a soaring eagle in the pulpit, preached metaphysics, sometimes, and was then much above his average congregation; but could and frequently did preach with fine effect and immediate results. He had personal magnetism in a high degree and drew crowds at his District appointments. H. A. C. Walker was in many respects at the head of the list, and a leader, born and made, among his brethren. He was a strong, clear, orthodox preacher of our Wesleyan theology. His judgment could about always be relied on. No member's words meant quite so much on the Conference floor. Sidi H. Browne was a man of poise and power. His preaching was generally as clear as a sunbeam and at times was in intellectual and spiritual force. He gave close attention to the details of business. Seemed slow-motioned but always got there. He made large use of his pen and was a writer of marked individuality. He looked, as he was, a strong man. Hilliard C. Parsons was the youngest member of the cabinet; but retired early from poor health and died young. He made fine promise of great usefulness and prominence. He was well versed in Methodist theology and was wise in administration. He was ready in debate on the floor of the Conference. Abel M. Chreitzberg is still with us. Even then he was a marked man.

Strong on finances and good at figures. Had already made a fine reputation as a strong, and at times eloquent preacher. He early gave promise of what he has become, a great man in our Isreal.

THE BISHOP'S ADVISERS.

The presiding elders then, as now, were the Bishop's right hand. They (and possibly more then than now) made the appointments. A good thing is told of good old Bishop Early, but it didn't happen in South Carolina. The cabinet was in session and the Bishop and the elders were hard at work fixing the appointments. There was a hitch. The wheels locked and wouldn't go round. The Bishop chafed at the delay, and became nervous and impatient. This is about the way it was: the Bishop loquitur: "If you please, this is my work. I'll make these appointments. If you please, brethren, I'll make the appointments. If you please, certainly, this is my work. I know the preachers and I know the places. Certainly, I'll make the appointments." And the old gentleman, a la Francis Asbury, to whom the whole connection was, as it were, a personal diocese, went to work to make the appointments, and hadn't proceeded very far till he found, as might be expected, that, contrary to what he had just claimed, he knew neither the men nor the places; and was glad enough to have the elders come to his rescue and help—and especially to the help and rescue of the preachers whose appointments were being made.

EXAMINATION OF CHARACTER.

But the elders were none the less important on the floor of the Conference during the examination of character, conducted then, when not otherwise ordered by the Conference, with closed doors. This proceeding in secret session has been criticised as a Star-chamber process, and like that a possible means of injustice and oppression. We all know, and everybody ought to know, that it was never anything of the kind. It constituted an ordeal of ministerial character absolutely unique in Church government. The Conference is in session. A brother's name is called. If there is nothing against him, he retires and the brethren hear what there is to be said in his favor. If, however, there should be charges or complaints, these are brought to his personal attention and notice, and he is allowed every

opportunity of explanation or defence. The old preachers used to hold us, then young fellows, to strict account. Our general behavior, our habits of study, our attention to the details of the work of a preacher, as to whether we preached too long or too loud, our bearing in society, especially in the society of young ladies,—all these matters were looked into very carefully.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

A preacher—a young brother, I mean—was expected to consult with his seniors in the ministry about the important step of getting a wife. A young brother once consulted Mr. Wesley about his marrying a certain lady. “No,” said the wise man—wiser it might seem about other folk’s marrying than his own—“No, I am quite sure she wouldn’t suit you.” “But, Mr. Wesley,” persisted the other, “she is a good woman—very pious—she lives close to the Lord.” “Ah! my brother,” resumed our great founder, “the Lord may live with a good sister that you and I can’t.” It is told of another that when he went to consult his older brother about getting to himself a wife, the older brother doubted and begged him to proceed cautiously. “But I feel quite sure she is the very woman to be my wife.” “Well, my young brother, you had better make it a subject of prayer.” “But I have done so—I have prayed over the matter, and the Lord has answered my prayer and told me to court the lady.” “Oh! well,”—and the interview closed. He proceeded with the courtship; but the dear young sister said, No. She wasn’t going to submit to any such snap judgment. I don’t blame her.

My hearers who are mathematically inclined will observe my frequent use of corollaries and scholiums (scholia?) in the course of—shall I call it?—my demonstration. The good sister is too important and too distinctly a feature in our economy and of our work not to have a showing in this nondescript production of mine. Why, at the last anniversary occasion of this Historical Society, woman was the feature of the meeting. The address was on “The Epiphany of Woman.” Good. Yes, indeed. The sister is here and here to stay,—and in the fore in every good work and word.

A venerable and beloved preacher of the Baptist Church—one, too, whose name is as ointment poured forth—once naively and sweetly remarked: “Well, if I did not have a wife and there

was only one marriageable woman in the world, I'd court her, and, if she wouldn't have me, I'd beg the privilege of boarding at her house." To all of which I say, Amen and Amen. The author of "Proverbial Philosophy" says: "Seek a good wife of thy Lord, for she is the best gift of His Providence." In the book of Proverbs it is said, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." Solomon knew a good thing when he saw it, and he not only wrote by inspiration but from large experience. Look here, boys, do you get married. Each one of you get a wife; only be sure in doing so that you fulfill the conditions of the wise man, "a prudent wife is from the Lord." The Bishop and the elders may advise you to go slow; but each one of them has a wife. And I have found out in a general way by observation in such cases, "the gray mare is the better horse."

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE.

I turn away for this occasion from woman—God bless her!—as we find her a regular and sympathetic and responsive member of our congregations, (Oh! what would become of us if the sisters would boycott the parsons?),—or again as we find her as her pastor's right hand in loving alms-deeds and labors of mercy and charity, or as we find her in Sunday School work, or as we find her at work in her societies for Missions, both at home and abroad,—I turn aside from such inviting fields to woman as we have her in our parsonages. When on occasion we pray at the family altar or in the public service for the pastor, let us not neglect to pray at the same time for the Mistress of the Manse. In her delicate and responsible work and in the peculiar burdens she has to bear,—oh! she craves and she needs our sympathy and our prayer. If a preacher is sent to a poor charge and put on short allowance, how she will scrimp, and save, and turn, and patch, and darn, that something may be saved from a small salary to keep the children at school and after a while to send them off to college; and when Conference comes around how happy it makes her to deny herself a new gown that her husband—the handsomest man in the Conference in her loving eyes—may wear a new coat. I am so glad of that beautiful custom of ours to mention in loving memory the names of our deceased wives at the annual memorial service of the Conference. But let us not wait till they die to think justly and speak sweetly of these hand-maidens of the Lord.

A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY ON WHEELS.

The Committee to examine applicants consisted of H. A. C. Walker, Samuel Leard and Cornelius McLeod. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to speak further of Walker. Samuel Leard, too, who only a few years ago went from us to be forever with the Lord, after a blameless ministry of 61 years, is pleasantly remembered as a very St. John of loving discipleship, and as a writer of pleasing and instructive annals of our denominational history in South Carolina. Cornelius McLeod was less generally known. He was a man of very considerable culture. By self-education he came to know something of Latin and Greek and Hebrew; knew quite a good deal of Ecclesiastical History; knew mathematics up to mensuration and surveying,—and he knew—how well he knew!—old Murray's English Grammar. He examined on grammar, and without a book. We found out something of what he knew; he found out more of what we didn't know. This examination was my introduction to the Conference Course of Study which I afterwards resumed when I was regularly admitted into the body. Our class went through the whole four years without a break. I had some excellent teachers *en route*, e. g., A. M. Chreitzberg, J. T. Kilgo, Henry M. Mood, Thomas Mitchell, besides these mentioned above. Brother Kilgo stands first in my recollection of all my examiners. This Course of Study was then our theological seminary. And it is largely so still. Our sister churches are at great labor and pains to teach their theologues some things "hard to be understood," as Peter said of some of the writings of his dearly-beloved Brother Paul. I have thought that we have a lighter task than our brethren of other denominations in learning and teaching the doctrines of grace. And yet it may be allowed that free grace, like free trade among the politicians, is easier in theory than in practice.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL TEACHERS.

I think I could write a book on my schools and school teachers. Dating from my earliest recollection at my mother's knee, and later in the "abecedary" instruction of the primary school, on through Academy and College, and still further in my Conference Course of Study, and further still in my commerce and communion with my fellow-men, the process is carried on till

now, to be continued elsewhere at the day of my death. How much do I owe to my school teachers, first of all to James H. Carlisle, the inspiration of my College days and ever since; to Samuel Lander, who prepared me for College and who afterwards associated me with him for a while in the work of teaching, the most thorough teacher I have ever had,—and to Robert W. Boyd, who was of essential service to me in my early experience as a teacher, at our Conference School at Cokesbury. He was the very man I needed at that particular time. Happy the young preacher who has a capable and kind critic in the formative period of his ministry. The Bascomese was a temptation in the way of pulpit style about the time I began. Excuse the offensive use of the first person singular in what I shall now say. To be a second Bascom, if not to leave him in the shade as I might intervene between him and the sun,—ah! me—how I remember my short-lived ambition to soar toward the Empyrean. Bascomese was a distinct disease, and I had my case—broke out thick like when one has the measles, the most picturesque of human ailments that I have known about. It was in the fall of 1859. It was during my novitiate as teacher and preacher at Cokesbury. I had for my pupils John Attaway, R. R. Dagnall, J. C. Russell, W. M. Wilson, C. C. Fishburne, N. K. Melton, Jno. L. Sifly, H. M. Morgan, W. A. Hodges, E. G. Gage, Malcom Wood, John E. Penny and Jno. L. Stoudemire, who became members of the South Carolina Conference.

EFFORTS AT PULPIT ORATORY.

Occasionally I took my turn in the Cokesbury pulpit with the venerable and beloved Joel Townsend; the former Rector of the School, Geo. H. Round, a man of great personal dignity and an imposing figure in the pulpit—his sermons would do to print just as he preached them—; Prof. James Wesley Wightman, a younger brother of the Bishop, and who showed occasionally something of the Bishop's consummate power and eloquence; Rev. S. B. Jones, who was much admired even then as a pulpit orator; the Presiding Elder, Rev. W. A. McSwain, who was greatly admired,—and the Pastor, Rev. J. W. North, one of the strongest doctrinal preachers I have ever heard—possibly the strongest of the Conference since the days of the eccentric Samuel Dunwoody. So when I did preach I must be at my best. I have long since lost my notes; but I can distinctly remember some of

the instances of my youthful eloquence. I am tempted to give you a specimen or so—*ex pede Herculem*. But, no. I will only venture to tell you how some of my flights of oratory were received. Remember that my congregation was composed largely of my pupils, and many of them about my own age— young fellows of about the average sense and nonsense. The old rule used to be: (1) “Begin low, go slow; (2) take fire, ascend higher; (3) when most impressed, be self-possessed.” I had got beyond my firstly, “begin low, go slow,”—and never did get to thirdly, “when most impressed, be self-possessed.” No, at the time of which I am to tell, I was at my secondly, “take fire, rise higher.” I had just left the earth, fragrant and beautiful with flowers, and was making excursions through the starry heavens, when away back from one of the back benches, something between a hiss and whistle punctuated my elaborate sentence. And I have never since adventured the *hifalutin* without a lively recollection of my early experience. I remember so well when on one occasion I was doing or trying to do something extra in the way of oratorical effect or pictorial rhetoric, or possibly both of these, my good friend, the Doctor, who sat conveniently in front of the pulpit, looked up at me with such an air of mild reproach, that I was glad to get through with a promise to myself not to do so any more.

Different this was my treatment by dear old simple-minded Turner Kendrick. He had an unqualified compliment for me, whether I failed badly or not so badly. It was always the same: “Fine, sir, very fine. Great sermon, Brother Weber,—you’ll be a great preacher some of these days.” And so it went, and so it goes,—nor do I have to draw on my imagination for my facts.

THE MASTER WORKMAN.

And, now, will my brethren—I mean my younger brethren—suffer a word of exhortation. If I had my life to go over I would make the art of preaching a study. I would learn how to preach, or at least I would try to do so. I wouldn’t try to learn to preach metaphysical sermons, nor to discuss scientific questions and issues in the pulpit, nor to deliver discourses on apologetic theology, which needs no apology from me. Such preaching may serve a good purpose on occasion. I address myself rather to the average preacher who is to preach to the average congre-

gation,—and I would advise him to study and to learn the art of delivery—an art equally in place for the exceptional work of a great preacher—a star preacher if you please, and for the every-Sunday work of a field-hand in the vineyard. Now the schools—Theological Seminaries, Summer Schools and other—teach this in classes and by correspondence, and I would advise my young brethren to avail themselves of such convenient opportunities. It means the adaptation of common sense to the highest calling and greatest function open to human employment. To know how to regulate the voice, to husband the strength, to be natural under the supernatural impact and impress of the Spirit, to use so as not abuse one's powers and gifts,—oh! I am sure there is room and reason for some such advice as I am adventuring.

* * * * *

MAKING AND PRESERVING HISTORY.

But, I forbear. I have a good deal more of the same sort in my memory and on my heart. I would like to tell you about our Conference singing in 1859; about our Brother in Black; about some of the Conference debates and debaters; about some of the preaching, and about the anniversary exercises of the S. S. and Missionary Societies,—and I would like to tell you about Greenville and the Greenvillians of those days, &c., &c., but time fails me. And so I mark my address to be continued at another time and elsewhere. I am so glad to be able to respond to the courteous invitation of Rev. H. B. Browne, the able and successful President of our Historical Society, and to address you this evening. May God continue to give us success in the good work of writing and preserving history; and let us further pray that He may continue to give us still greater success in the much better work of making history.