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THE AULD LANG SYNE OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

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 Spartanburg, S. C.,
December 12, 1905.

It was away back yonder while I was a student in Wofford College, (in 1859,) that my noble friend, Tom Duncan, and I called to visit some ladies who lived in a house near the present Wofford Fitting School. It so happened that the Rev. Hugh Walker, the Presiding Elder here in those days, called while we were there. In the general conversation that followed our common visit I awkwardly made use of the expression "old ang syne." Said the old gentleman, (I vividly recall the deliberate tone of his measured words) "Why do you say "old ang syne;" why don't you say 'auld lang syne' or old long since." The little fool who was quite disgusted with the intensive criticism of the venerable preacher has never forgotten the occasion and its lesson; and claims to have less folly now in the nascent old age in the thoughtful attention of partial friends, some of

"Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

It was dear Bobbie Burns that used to sing:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o'lang syne?"

It is my purpose and pleasure to talk to you tonight of the South Carolina Conference of near half century ago. And yet I must not begin my self-imposed task 'till I have expressed my sincere regret that Dr. James H. Carlisle does not occupy the hour I shall try to fill. It was the wish and plan of the resourceful President of our Historical Society that the dear old doctor should address us tonight as he was induced to do at the last meeting of our Conference here in Spartanburg, eighteen years ago. Oh! Yes, we all so much desired to hear one who knows so much about South Carolina Methodism and is so much of it.

And now, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Historical Society of the South Carolina Conference, Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to say that I deem it a happy circumstance in the experience of your speaker for this occasion that he first learned really to appreciate his Conference and Church while he was a student here at Wofford College (1856-1859). I came to college from Western North Carolina—that part included within the boundaries of the old South Carolina Conference—and had vivid memories of the picturesque eloquence of Henry H. DuRant and the at times irresistible pulpit-power of John W. Kelly, the only two Presiding Elders of those days that I knew and can now remember. Of the pastors of my boyhood, I shall mention only two. Jacob Laban Shuford took my little hand when I came trembling forward to join the Methodist Church fifty-six years ago. He was so much to me then; and afterwards when we were members together of the same Conference, he used to claim me, and also Dr. Jesse Clifton and some others I doubt not, as his boys. While he was living, I joyed and rejoiced in his confidence and patronizing love, and now that he is dead, I bless God at every remembrance of him. The only other that I shall mention was Charles Orville Lamotte. He was the brightest and brainiest preacher and the most magnetic man that we ever had on our circuit in those days—days of the “auld lang syne.” He was a native of Charleston and was educated at the Citadel Academy. He was a beautiful speaker, sang very sweetly, was effusively polite and affable, was the light and life of every company, was as artless and playful as a boy, (we used to play tag and prance on stick-horses on our way to the Wednesday night prayer meeting.) He was my boyhood’s friend; was the companion of my studies and directed my reading. It was he who induced my father to buy for me Olin’s Life and Letters, Olin’s Travels in the East, and the Holy Land, and Daugbigne’s History of the Reformation. I used to go round with him on his circuit—I remember some of his preaching ’till this day. He gave me Baxter’s “Call” and Alleine’s “Alarm” when I was a mourner at a protracted meeting at the Baptist Church in Shelby a few years after I had joined our own Church. He joined our Conference at Wadesboro, N. C., in 1850, and a few years afterwards withdrew from the Conference and the Church. He became a lawyer and editor. The sad mistake of his short life was when he turned aside from the Divine call: “Son, go work today in my vineyard.” I feel happy in my audience tonight insofar as it is composed of young men and youthful preachers of the gospel. My dear brothers, as you value your happiness and usefulness in life, as you value your soul, I beg you, trifle not, not with God if He should honor you with a call to preach the gospel of His Son. At your fearful peril, trifle not about a matter so solemn and momentous.

Returning to Spartanburg, I came here to join the Freshman class of Wofford College in January, 1856, and to receive tuition and training for three years and a half from Drs. Wightman and Smith, and Professors David Duncan, Warren DuPre and James H. Carlisle. The last named, the youngest member of the Faculty then, is the only one of them that has been spared to the country, to the church, to the college, and to me. Samuel B. Jones was pastor that year (1856) of Spartanburg station. I remember his first sermon here from Heb. 12:1, 2. He was a young preacher

then. He told me in after years that the work of this, his first station, involving much hard work and close study, had much to do with what we all know to have been his conspicuous success in the Conference in which for so long a time he was a member and an ornament. He was followed in the pastorate here by Henry H. DuRant, to whose striking qualities as a preacher I have already made passing reference. He in turn was followed in 1858-59 by the lovely and beloved William C. Kirkland. I think of him as another Barnabus, a son of Consolation. He was my dear pastor and just such a one as I especially needed at the critical time and crisis of my call to preach. He was so gentle and tender and wise. It must have taken a great deal of knee drill to make him the efficient man he was. He seemed to know just how to interpret my Savior's voice that kept ringing in my soul: "Go thou, and preach the Kingdom of God." He got me first to leading in prayer in the weekly meeting in the basement of the old Church that used to stand here, and then to practicing on the colored people who met on Sunday afternoons in the same basement. It was in the early summer of 1859 (I was a licensed exhorter then) that I was preaching ("preaching" of my manuscript ought to be marked with an interrogation point) to my dusky congregation on a hot Sunday afternoon. I remember my text; and my sermon, so-called. It was about Naaman washing his leprous body in the Jordan and being healed. Interesting subject, to be sure, and appropriate withal. But as I have just intimated, the weather was hot, and the ventilation (except from the pulpit) was possibly poor, and — and — and so forth. Anyway, my congregation got to sleep. Not the children only, but men, women and children got to sleep. Now, what was I to do? What except the very thing I did. (I was young and green, you know, and didn't know any better.) Why, I called out nearly at the top of my voice: "Wake up! Wake up!!" and then when they woke up I gave it a spiritual significance and application, e. g., "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." I have had a good many sleepy congregations since—little and big, black and white; but I have never repeated this experiment of my novitiate, and I don't intend to do so tonight. The fact is I sometimes take sides with the pew. I get sleepy myself on occasions when neither the preacher nor I have liberty. But dear brother Kirkland bore with me and continued to arrange appointments for me in the basement and at the school houses and churches around town. He was a solid and solemn preacher. I remember some of his preaching yet. I need not say in this presence that a son of his became a distinguished member of the South Carolina Conference; that one daughter is the wife of one of our preachers, and that another is, with her cultured and consecrated husband, at work in our Brazil mission field.

I do not consider that I am extravagant in the opinion that nowhere in Southern Methodism did we have such a high style and type of preaching as we had at the Methodist Church in Spartanburg in 1858-59. Dr. W. M. Wightman and Dr. Whiteford Smith, president and professor respectively in Wofford College, and Dr. Joseph Cross, president of the Spartanburg Female College, and co-pastor with Brother Kirkland of the Spartanburg station, gave some of the very best work of their lives and ministry to the

Church here in Spartanburg in those days. It very frequently occurred that all three of these preached. I pause a moment to pay a tribute in passing to three other Spartanburg preachers who were prominent and useful in those days. John G. Landrum was then pastor of the Baptist Church here. He was the most popular preacher in the Spartanburg District of those days. Quite a number of years ago, his biography was published, and a most interesting volume it is. John D. McCullough was rector of a parish hereabouts. I learned to love and esteem him very highly for his own sake and his work's sake. I considered it an honor to be permitted to speak in memoriam of him in a convocation of the Episcopal Church at Yorkville a short while ago. What was once St. John's College (now Converse) ought always to be spoken of in connection with his faith, and courage, and Christian liberality. Washington Baird was the Presbyterian preacher then. A fine old bachelor he was. He was quite literary in his tastes and was quite as orthodox as John Calvin. He and our preachers frequently exchanged pulpits. He was every inch a man—a gentleman.

But coming back home, it was a great privilege to worship in the Methodist Church and frequently to hear Dr. Wightman, the grandest man and greatest preacher of the South Carolina Conference; and to hear Dr. Whitefoord Smith, the John Chrysostom of the South Carolina pulpit, —and also to hear Dr. Jos. Cross, another Cicero in his matchless speech and finished composition. “There were giants in the earth in those days.”

JOSEPH CROSS.

Joseph Cross preached more frequently than the other two. As I have already said he was at that time co-pastor with the saintly Kirkland, the latter doing almost all the pastoral work and the other preaching pretty much all the time except when relieved by Drs. Wightman and Smith. He was now in his prime. Was about fifty years old. So far as his itinerant work was concerned he might be called a bird of passage. They call them giraffes now, I believe. Before he came to South Carolina, he had served churches at the North (Methodist Episcopal Church) and in the South-west. To illustrate the extent and variety of his fields of labor, he received young Linus Parker on probation somewhere in New York State and a short time afterwards into full membership in the city of New Orleans, the young man changing his residence and the preacher changing his church coetaneously. Linus Parker afterwards became a Bishop, but he never gave Joseph Cross an appointment, for the venerable ecclesiastical peripatetic left us to go to the Episcopal Church, and then afterwards left the Episcopal Church to return to the Northern Methodists, and then later went back to the Episcopalians, in whose fold he rested from his wanderings and finally from his labors. He came to Spartanburg (Spartanb-o-r-o-u-g-h, he always pronounced it) after a year's travel in Europe, following a pastorate in Trinity and Bethel Churches in Charleston, where he was much more appreciated in the pulpit than out of it. “A Year in Europe,” his account of his European itinerary, is one of the most interesting books of travel and incident that I have read. “Pisgah Views of the Promised Inheritance” and “The Hebrew Missionary” (a study of the Prophet Jonah) were written and published by him while he was a

Charleston pastor. They are fine specimens of good English. Though somewhat eccentric and erratic, he was an earnest and eloquent preacher as he was also an artless and transparent Christian man. He made mistakes and he made friends, and these friends regretted and deplored his mistakes, but remained his friends.

I have a vivid memory of him as he used to preach in the old pulpit of the old Church near where I am standing now. He was of slight build and about my height, five feet and eight inches. He had a full, carefully trimmed beard on the lower part of his face. His fine black hair was combed straight back and was rather long. He was near-sighted and wore gold-rimmed specks. He was always dressed in clerical style, with his black cloth coat buttoned up to the chin. He had a refined and cultured appearance with the far-away look of an absent-minded student. His voice was quite melodious and well-managed. He used it; didn't abuse it. He didn't holler when he preached. He was the best sermonizer I have ever heard. Each sermon was the perfection of a system. He prepared his sermons most carefully. He always had them before him written in short hand, in which he was an expert, in a small blank volume bound in black. This little book he held on the pulpit before him. If he wanted to gesticulate he would turn the opened volume down and make the gesture accordingly, frequently stepping back and around in dramatic style. I saw him once in the midst of a sermon walk down the pulpit stairs with the Pulpit Bible under his arm, and return with it immediately, borne on his shoulder, descriptive of Christ bearing his cross as he toiled to the crest of Calvary. You have a fair specimen of his style as a preacher in the "Methodist Pulpit, South" (W. T. Smithson, 1859), an elegant sermon which I heard him preach here, soon after he had prepared it on Acts 13:36: "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his father's and saw corruption." I remember the occasion well. Both he and his large congregation were deeply moved that Sunday morning, forty-six years ago. I remember hearing Bishop Pierce and Dr. Whitefoord Smith, just a little while before the death of the former, speak together critically and most appreciatively of Dr. Cross' qualities as a pulpit orator. They agreed that his style (his pulpit style) was about perfect. He was self-educated, he was a very gifted man, to be sure,—but he was a close student. He wrote and edited quite a number of books—possibly as many as twenty, beginning with the "Life and Sermons of Christmas Evans" and closing with an autobiographical sketch: "The Days of My Years." (Gen. 47:9; Ps. 90:10). A friend of mine—a lover of good books and a good judge—pronounces this last volume a very fine specimen of English prose.

The doughty little Doctor had his oddities and it is but fair to say that these discounted his usefulness. Now and then there would be a fly in the ointment in his pulpit or platform work. I remember a missionary society occasion we had here in those days. Dr. Carlisle made the address. He was at his best. He closed his most impressive appeal by a pathetic and very tender reference to a recent visit to the new-made grave of his mother, and the closing words of his speech were: "Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakable gift!" Dr. Cross followed and lifted the collection.

And such a time we had of it! The Hon. Simpson Bobo presided. Mr. Bobo was the leader of Spartanburg Methodism in those days. He was Sunday-school superintendent, was regular at the weekly prayer meetings, and was foremost in every good word and work. Now, he was as innocent of perpetrating a joke in a public service in the Church as he was of abetting another in such undignified profaneness. And yet next day a witty student put the case thus: "We had a circus at the Methodist Church last night. Mr. Bobo was ring-master; and Dr. Cross, the clown." The Doctor made fun for the crowd. Disorderly behavior from the platform to the vestibule. All the same, the Doctor got the ducats. I gave a dollar, though I had to borrow the money to do it.

Dr. Cross was one of the most delightful singers I have ever listened to. We had no organ, pipe or reed, in those days. Our voluntary choir was composed of unpracticed voices. We had more volume then and less melody, as the preachers would line out the hymns and all the people would sing. The pulpit solo was about the only chance for exceptionally fine music. I remember ever so distinctly how the old-time preacher, just before the sermon, or immediately after, would sing all alone such pieces as "Watchman, tell us of the night," or

"O, what ship is this that will take us all home?

O, Glory! Hallelujah!

'Tis the old Ship of Zion, Hallelujah!

'Tis the old Ship of Zion, Hallelujah!"

And especially well do I remember that glorious old lyric, which would frequently be punctuated by shouts from the amen corner:

"When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,

I'm going home."

In connection with such singing, I am thinking of Simpson Bobo, and David Moore, and John Archer, and Dr. Ab. Bivins, and Brothers Joe Smith and Gus Kirby, who is still with us—blessings on his frosty brow! And Brothers Wilson and Lockwood, and George Hamlin, and dear old Aunt Betsy Wright—God rest her soul! And Brother and Sister Kiest, "of happy memory." But it was of Dr. Cross' singing that I started to speak before I allowed myself in this spontaneous parenthesis. It seems to me I hear his rich, mellow, sweet voice tonight, wafted to me through all these years, or if you please, coming to me more directly from the new heaven and the new earth when he sings a new song. It was one Sunday morning that a visiting brother occupied the pulpit with him and preached. The little Doctor was observed to be taking notes, presumably on the sermon we were hearing. As soon as the preacher finished and took his seat, up he jumped (Dr. Cross, I mean) and sang the hymn he had just composed, embodying the discourse of the visiting brother we had all been listening to.

I have tarried thus long on the first of my trio because of the striking character of the preacher and the original style of his work, and then because he is not so distinctly remembered and known as the other two distinguished preachers, who will now claim our attention. The gifted Dr. Cross and his equally gifted wife, Mrs. Jane T. Harden Cross, spent seven years in South Carolina; four years in the Trinity and Bethel parsonages in Charleston from 1852-56; one year keeping Charleston as their home, but traveling mostly in Europe, and two years in Spartanburg, Mrs. Cross teaching in the Female College and the Doctor engaged as we have seen. Their short stay with us is as a dream; but they did some of the very best work of their brilliant careers in the seven years spent in our midst—in their professional work and in their literary work, some of this last in newspapers and magazines and some in books on a variety of subjects in poetry and prose.

Might I not be allowed to candidly confess to my audience that my address is longer than I proposed when I sat down to prepare these notes. But so it is. I just couldn't help it. Please continue to give me your countenance—your countenance, ladies and gentlemen, in the most obvious significance of the word.

WHITEFOORD SMITH.

Whitefoord Smith came to Wofford College as professor of English literature and Belles Letters in January, 1856, the very time I came here to college to join the Freshman class. I remember the first sermon I heard him preach here in the old (then new) Methodist Church soon after his arrival, and I remember that the impression it made on me was disappointing. I had heard of him as the most eloquent preacher in South Carolina and his first sermon here, as I have just said, disappointed me. My boyish standard of pulpit eloquence was on the style of the Bascomese. What I affected was the meretricious ornamentation and the highfalutin bombast which had come to be too much the style of poor imitators of the majestic and stately periods of the grandiloquent sermons of the peerless Bishop Bascom. What I heard was greatly in contrast with what I expected and desired. Though very fluent, he expressed himself in the purest and simplest words of idiomatic English. See a sermon of his in Smithson's "So, Meth. Pulpit." I heard him frequently after that for three years and a half and then occasionally as long as he was able to occupy the pulpit, and his preaching all these years was an important part of my education. Sometimes he would fall below his average preaching and you would remember but little more than the musical tones of his wonderful voice; but then sometimes he would rise away above this average and you would be mightily moved by the potent spell of his irresistible eloquence. You would never think of calling time on him, and when he was at his best you would actually lose the count of time. His pulpit presence was most impressive. His fine face had always a pleasant look and was often lit with a smile. His head was bald and when I first knew him he never or rarely wore a periwig. He scarcely ever made but one gesture. Raising his right arm above the level of his head, his hand would tremble in mid-air for a second or so and then he would bring it down with a jerk to the

level of the Bible on the pulpit before him. And this gesture he would repeat in more or less frequency and force during the progress of his sermon. I never saw him make a gesture for the purpose of dramatic effect. It was only the unconscious movement of his right arm in the heat of the perfervid periods of his eloquent speech. "Good manners" in the pulpit is what an intelligent layman once emphasized to me as a need of the times. He wanted things done decently and in order, and this was the striking way he had of putting it. Dr. Smith was a fine example of the strictest propriety and decency in the conduct of public service in the Church. As much as any man I ever knew he seemed to fit that holy place where the anointed ambassador of Christ is divinely called and authorized to deliver his message and his soul. I have never known a better reader of the Bible lessons at a public service; or a more impressive reader of our beautiful hymns, for he never announced any but those of the better class—or a more decorous celebrant of the liturgical offices and services of the Church. In these several respects he was a fine example to his students and especially his younger brethren of the ministry. He always read the two lessons, one from the Old Testament and the other from the New, appointed for the morning service, and invariably concluded each lesson thus: "Here endeth the reading the first (or the second) lesson." It would seem in his intelligible reading of the Scriptures that he had prepared for this part of the service as certainly and as distinctly as for the sermon which followed. His reading of the hymns was in a beautifully intoned and somewhat declamatory style. Here he was at his best as an elocutionist. After he had retired from all public service and was "in age and feebleness extreme," the late Dr. Girardeau, while calling on one occasion to pay his reverence and respect, begged his venerable friend to read for him one of his favorite hymns. How I would like to have been one of the charmed circle of that sacred occasion, and to have heard him as for instance he would recite:

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer."

I must mention also his public prayers. Who that ever heard him on such an occasion will or can ever forget it? He was never so powerful as when on his knees leading the public prayer of the great congregation. Here he was a student as in other parts of the service. He made large use of the incomparable litany of the Episcopal Church. It seems to me I can hear him even now reciting the Litany, as he would incorporate it in his opening prayer. I think I have never heard such seraphic strains of holy prayer as we had there in the concluding exercises of our Conference at Charleston twenty years ago conducted by Dr. Smith. The late Dr. Baer sat near me on the old Trinity pulpit at the time. Turning to me at the close of the dear old doctor's prayer he said: "That's like it used to be when the doctor was here in his early prime." It was a wonderful service, that.

Though uniformly an excellent preacher, at times he preached with overwhelming power and with instantaneous effect. When our lives are

out of order, (let us bless God that He looks at our hearts rather than at our lives) and the wind blows from the East, (that East wind has had a bad reputation from the days of the patriarch Job) yes, when such adverse conditions as these prevail, all of us preachers are more or less affected by them. Nor was the doctor an exception to this. But when the conditions were all favorable, and a great occasion demanded his best work, he frequently preached, as I have just said, with overwhelming power and with instantaneous effect. Sometimes, as he would reach his climax in the old Methodist Church here, tears would be raining down the cheeks of the brothers and sisters, suppressed "amens" would be audibly whispered if not effusively spoken by old Brother Kiest and others, while old Aunt Betsey Wright would shout to the top of her dear old sweet voice. It is a happy circumstance when preacher and congregation have liberty at one and the same time. "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

He preached the commencement sermon of Wofford College in 1859. It was a great sermon, and to me it was a memorable service. The choir sang before the sermon a hymn composed for the occasion by Dr. Cross, to the familiar tune "Joyfully, joyfully onward we move." They also sang in a way I do not hear nowadays:

"Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes Thous't decreed us
Till our last great change appears."

Then the sermon: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." (1. Cor. 16:13). The preacher must have been at his exceptional best that Sunday morning. I never heard him to better advantage. The sermon that day created an epoch in my experience and opened up in dim vista the possible scenes of my life-work. I did not want to preach. All my plans and aspirations were in another direction. It seemed to me that I would gladly have died to get rid of the call to which I had already yielded, but with reluctance and misgiving. I would have been a recreant Jonah to have gone away from that sermon and service with hesitation as to my duty and future work. Even to this day, more than forty-five years after the event I am describing, I thank God and take courage.

I used to hear Dr. Smith in those days of the "Auld lang Syne," at the close of a sermon or in the course of it, feelingly refer to his life in the pastorate and, as if overcome by his sympathies, beg the congregation to send for him if they should feel a need of him as a pastor and a sympathizing friend. He would as it were turn aside from his distinctly professional work to serve a brother, a friend who might need or desire his personal service. I recall a circumstance which is far too personal to be in excellent taste. A student of those days, who was a very much worse boy than the Faculty had been led to suspect, was detected in a very disgraceful breach of college discipline. He looked forward to expulsion from the College. He knew he ought to be expelled. He was in the depths. To go home to his father, who was poorly able to give him the advantage of a College education, why, he felt like he would rather be an outcast

and a tramp than to have and to give such humiliation. Just when he most needed friendly help, here comes a note from Dr. Smith, inviting him to call that night and meet him alone in his study. Then and there, the recusant and repentant boy, while bowed in prayer with this man of God, realized purposes and aspirations that have kept him, by God's gracious help, in the way of Christian duty and service to this glad day. How glad I am that Dr. Smith declined a call in 1858 to his Alma Mater (the South Carolina College) and remained here at Wofford in the service of his Church. Allow me further to say: We Methodists cannot sufficiently thank God for an institution of learning for our boys conducted under the auspices of the Church—our own Church. When several years ago Dr. James H. Carlisle was called to the presidency of the South Carolina University, I confess to the weakness of desiring him to go. Somehow I wanted for our Church the prestige that the Doctor's presidency there would give us. And assured the Doctor—whom I honored more than I honored any living man—that I would take my patronage past the very doors of the University in order to get here at Wofford, the loving watch-care of my Church for those who were dearer to me than my own life. I wish I could leave upon my audience tonight the profound impression that Dr. Whitefoord Smith left upon me, as an ideal preacher of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. His great natural gifts, his fine attainments, the sweetness of his personal ministry, the high-toned and generous and unselfish work that he did for the College and elsewhere, the sweet fragrance of his example of holy living through so many years of service and work. As we review his life, in the light of all this, let us thank God for all he was to us, and for what in the immortality of his influence he is to us today.

WILLIAM MAY WIGHTMAN.

William May Wightman was, as I knew him in 1856-59, a very fine specimen of the physical man. He was then about fifty years old. I doubt if he had ever been seriously sick. Though a man of scholarly tastes and studious habits, his face was not

“Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.”

He was of healthy mien and had the alert and springy step of one who had business and meant business. He was of medium height and was of symmetrical proportions with a slight tendency to **embonpoint**, as the French would say. His fine eye would sparkle and his handsome face would shine in animated conversation or in the course of an impassioned sermon. His work as a college president and professor was most satisfactory. In addition to the details of discipline and administration, he was professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. In those days each one of the classes recited weekly on the Greek Testament. He taught one of these classes. He taught the Freshmen the odes of Horace. He gave our Senior class a course in French. His forte, however, was Metaphysics and Moral Science. His students had the utmost confidence in his attainments and great ability. We all thought him quite sufficient for any

demand of his responsible office and work, and this circumstance gave him great power over us. And then we felt quite sure that he was the personal friend of each one of us and that he had a lively interest and a generous sympathy with us as of a father for his son. "In loco parentis" was a favorite way he had of expressing the relation of the Faculty to the student body. I well remember interviews of our class, as a class, with him; and also personal interviews that I had with him, involving delicate and vital issues, which would have been only possible under such conditions and circumstances as I have just recited and described. He loved us; and we loved and trusted him. At the close of the College year of 1858-59, both he and Dr. Smith dissolved their connection with the College, Dr. Smith going to the presidency of the Columbia Female College and Dr. Wightman going to Greensborough, Ala., to become Chancellor of the Southern University. Dr. A. M. Shipp was elected President of the College and Dr. D. S. Doggett, of Virginia, professor in Dr. Smith's place. Dr. Doggett did not accept. This, by the way. We boys, to show our appreciation of the retiring members of the Faculty, presented on commencement day a fine Bible to each of them. Mr. King, who soon after became a victim to the pending war, possibly the most popular man of our class, made the presentation address, and each of the distinguished doctors made suitable reply. Dr. Wightman's speech on that commencement day was one of the great successes of his life. He was overwhelmed by a power and influence which in turn overwhelmed the great and elegant audience, such as Wofford has ever had at her annual commencements. The memories that came crowding to him at the moment, his realization of his success as the head of the institution, his feeling of gratitude and dependence, his sense of personal worthiness and power, and especially his sense of God's presence then and there, all these wrought mightily upon him and possibly he was never greater. The fountains of the great deep of his surcharged soul were broken up. No Methodist exhorter ever had greater liberty. "Oh! liberty, what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!" But it was the real article that day and had the true ring. I shall not undertake to describe the scene further than to say that at its conclusion and climax, after that the great audience had been worked up to a high state of emotional sympathy, when the doctor took King by the hand, (it's a wonder he hadn't taken him into his arms,) that the whole of us were swept off our feet, so to speak, into the turbulence of a good-natured fraternal pow-wow.

The doctor's preaching in those days constituted a distinct epoch in Spartanburg and all the surrounding country. He was not only the preacher of great sermons but he was a great preacher. Sometimes preaching in easy pictorial and tropical style, and then in the same sermon taxing your powers of thought to follow his metaphysical analyses, occasionally hesitating almost painfully to get the right word which he invariably got, he now appealed to your imagination and now to your logical faculty and now to your experimental response, and generally reached his climax at the close of the sermon.

This was not always the case. An eccentric brother who used to hear him in his early ministry was delighted on a certain occasion to hear

him after he had attained the fine reputation of several years later. His complimentary reference to the sermon was, "Well, Wightman always was a high-flyer; but I notice he lights a sight easier than he used to." He preached two sermons on two successive week-day evenings in one of those great revivals we used to have there in the auld lang syne. They were both sermons of a very high order and yet they differed. The first night he preached on "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." He was at his best, his very best. He swung clear—swept every thing before him. The reputation of the first night's service brought out a still larger congregation for the next sermon, which was on the text "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" I remember how he started off. Said he trusted by the time he finished the congregation would be ready to join in the "Hallelujah" of the text. And yet they didn't. Dr. Cross was in the pulpit and he hallelujahed lustily time and again; but he had it all pretty much to himself. But is a preacher, great or not so great, apt to duplicate the effect of a sermon before a congregation expecting certain results? It is only your professional pulpiter that is likely to succeed in this thing, e. g., the man who recites his sermonic masterpieces after the style of a tragedian, or, better still, after the style of a comedian.

A fine specimen of his more practical style of preaching may be seen in the So. Meth. Pulpit, already twice referred to in this address. He was a great preacher because he was a great man. Himself was involved in his work. The Holy Ghost resting on his mind and heart and life, and sparkling from his eyes and shining from his face caused his preaching to be in demonstration of power. He would have had power and been a power in the fact of his native genius and his culture and his magnetic personality; but his best work—his spiritual preaching—was in answer to the invocation in "Veni, Creator, Spiritus:"

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love."

Ah, my friends, it has been a long time since—nearly fifty years—since much that I have been telling about took place. There were no wrinkles on my smooth face then—no gray hairs, no white beard (no beard at all). I was young then; but I am no longer young except in my heart which refuses to grow old. And in my hopes. Juvenile then; juvenescent now. You may marvel why I remember so much of the old preachers and their preaching. The fact is, I remember all this and I remember more. I used to go to Church for a double reason in the auld lang syne. I had two ears for the sermon and a single eye for the preacher. What about the other eye? Excuse me!

"And said I that my limbs were old,
 And said I that my blood was cold,
 And that my kindly fire was fled,
 And my poor withered heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love?
 How could I to the dearest theme,
 That ever warmed a minstrel's dream
 So foul, so false, a recreant prove!"

* * * * *

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grave,
 And men below and saints above;
 For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

Dr. Wightman was an alumnus of the College of Charleston. His Alma Mater conferred on him its highest distinction—the literary title of LL. D., while he was President of Wofford College. Two of his classmates (good boys they were) answered to the names of E. T. Buist and J. C. Furman. While he was here at Wofford, the former (Edward T. Buist, D. D.) was president of the Laurensville Female College; and the latter (Dr. James C. Furman) was president of the university at Greenville that bears his honored name. I heard the doctor once refer, in a sermon at a revival meeting here, to the above mentioned circumstance, as an instance of the gracious and conservative influence of early piety.

While here at Wofford he wrote for our publishing house at Nashville his "Life of Bishop Capers"—a noble specimen of editorial and authorial work. More than any one else he was the successor of William Capers in South Carolina Methodism. After Capers, he had more to do—much more to do—than any one of his contemporaries in handing down to us, his sons in the gospel, the high type of Methodism which signifies so much as a moral force and a spiritual power in South Carolina. Every memory and thought of him is a tonic, my brethren, for the work providentially set for us. He was a great and a good man. I am glad of this opportunity and privilege of refreshing your memories and of stirring our pure minds by the way of remembrance to the end of our exemplification of his noble qualities and the perpetuation of his useful influence.