

The  
History  
of the  
Presbyterian  
Church,  
Clinton,  
S. C.

Price 10 cents.

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Clinton, S. C

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THE HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLINTON, S. C.

FOR FORTY-FIVE years, nearly half a century, the Clinton Presbyterian Church has been doing its work for our dear Lord. Beginning in weakness and poverty and ignorance, it has now entered upon a new phase of life. The past years have been filled with the great work of foundation-laying. Faults there have been,—errors too, and a present weakness, but there are those things that make us not ashamed to recall the past. And besides that, it is the record of *our* church—the church of our love, of our spiritual birth, training and warfare. We read our individual histories in it. It is well then for us to turn over the pages of these living years, and meditate upon our failures and our successes, that thus we might be better prepared to grapple with the questions of the future, and to plan for an expanded growth and increasing usefulness.

Presbyterianism in Laurens County is not an ancient plant, only because the County itself was not settled more than 150 years ago. The first organized Presbyterian church in this county was that of Duncan's Creek, which is the old mother church, of which Clinton is a child—the youngest child. Duncan's Creek was "composed of emigrants from Ireland and Pennsylvania, some of whom settled here as early as 1758. The original settlement was made three years before Braddock's defeat, by Mr. John Duncan, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who first emigrated to Pennsylvania, and then moved to this county, on the creek which bears his name. He was the highest settler by ten miles in the fork between the Saluda and the Broad Rivers, and the only man at this time who had either negro, wagon or still in this part of the world. About the year 1763, Messrs. Jno. Adair, Tom Erving, Wm. Hanna, and Andy McCrary and his brothers united in building a house of worship, all of whom, except Mr. Hanna, were ordained elders—the communicants numbering about sixty. The manners and dress of these first settlers must have been quite primitive. Their dress was a hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins, adorned with buckles and beads. Their hair was worn clubbed and tied and up in little deer-skinned bags." (Dr. Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina.)

Immediately after the setting up of the Duncan's Creek section of Irish Presbyterians, there seems to have been an inpouring of emigrants,

2792

as we find the Little River Church organized in the very next year 1764; and the Rocky Spring Church in 1780; fourteen years later, the Fairview (1787), and Liberty Spring (1790) following next. Thus at the beginning of the settlement of the county we find a strong Presbyterian element to begin with; although from 1776 to the present time, the ground has been occupied by Baptists and Methodists.

Presbyterianism made scarcely any progress in this section for many years, till Bethany Church was organized in 1833. A great deal of this lack of progress can be traced to the dissensions that prevailed among the Presbyterians of that day, mainly springing out of dissatisfaction in regard to Church music. A warfare was carried on between the Rouss-ites and Watts-ites. Many members left the quarrelling churches and went over to the Baptists, and in the meantime a tide of emigrations to the west, thinned out the churches and brought them almost to the verge of extinction.

In those days that section of the country now occupied by Clinton was almost uninhabited. Although situated at the crossing of two famous highways, the land was hardly considered as worth having, in comparison with the rich bottoms of Duncan's Creek and Little River. A sparse population occupied the country, but being miles distant from Duncan's Creek, Rocky Springs and Little River churches, the Sabbath fell almost into disuse; the day being occupied in hunting, fishing and sports of more questionable character.

The earliest attempt to establish Presbyterian preaching in the limits of the present town of Clinton was about 1817. At that time Dr. Daniel Baker, the noted evangelist, then quite a young man, spent several days at the residence of Mrs. Holland (a half mile below this present location on the Newberry road) and preached several sermons. A year or two after that he returned and preached at a stand erected near Mr. Holland's Spring. Col. Lewers, whose memory is blest in all this country and who was instrumental in establishing the Bethany and Laurensville Churches, also preached at the same place occasionally. No Presbyterian preaching was ever held regularly in the bounds of the present town, but for several years Rev. Edwin Cater preached at Huntsville church within the bounds of this church, that building having been erected originally as an union church. There he held his famous "controversy with the Universalists," which sect then had a church organized in that locality. It was long felt that a

church was needed in this neighborhood, as the distance to any other Presbyterian church was considerable.

It was about the year 1852 that the village of Clinton made its first beginning—and a miserable beginning it was. A little frame building was erected in the middle of a mudhole or stagnant pond of water, at the corner of Broad and Pitts streets—the spot now occupied by the station of the Seaboard Air Line Railway. The words “bar-room” painted on its side are a history of that house. It was opened as a bar room. A log from the door to terra firma was the way of approach, and many an unlucky fellow who walked straight in walked out so crooked that he would topple over into the pool below. This was the first business opened in this town and was for years its blight and curse. Of course it was accompanied with gambling, betting, horse-racing, chicken fighting, street brawls and the like. It partook of the character of many railroad towns all over the west. For years the worst elements of the population were in ascendancy, and it required courage in those who believed in the right to stand up for it. The tale is told that in the choice of a name for the young city, “Five-points” came near carrying the day and was defeated only by the friends of the name “Round-jacket,” (from the shape of the coat worn by a notable character of the day), who combined with the better element upon the name “Clinton,” named in honor of Henry Clinton Young, then an honored and distinguished resident of the city of Laurens.

Clinton owed its existence to the Laurens Railway, which by that date had reached this point in its construction. The five dirt roads that here converged and crossed with the, entire absence of any railway facilities north of this point for several hundred miles made this, at that time, an important trading point.

It was about the year 1853 that the Rev. Z. L. Holmes, that faithful and zealous worker in the Master’s vineyard, who was supplying the Duncan’s Creek Church, saw the necessity of doing some work here. His first preaching was held in a thick grove on Musgrove street, now occupied by Mr. C. E. Franklin’s and Mr. C. M. Ferguson’s property. Very soon the project developed strength. Mr. Holmes saw that a church could be organized here. A petition asking for a church was sent to Presbytery in 1854, but opposition from the mother church postponed action. The application was renewed in the opening of 1855 and this time successful. In the meantime a beautiful

four-acre lot had been purchased, and the frame of this building in which we to-day assemble was erected, weather-boarded, covered and painted; and at length on the 28th of July, 1855, the committee to organize the church assembled.

The following thirty-one members united to form this new church: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blakely, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Leake, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Phinney, Mrs. Mary A. Holland, Miss Isabella Fulton, Miss Ibi Henry, Mrs. Mary Fairbarn, Miss Mary McClintock, Mrs. Eliza Stroud, Mrs. Nancy Henry, Miss Matilda Fairbarn, Wm. H. Henry, Mrs. Carolina Fulton, Ewel T. Blakely, Mrs. Lizzie McDowel, Miss Pamela McDowel, (afterward Mrs. Pyles), Mrs. D. A. F. Williams, Mrs. Sallie Young, Mrs. Nancy Young, Miss Martha Stroud, (afterward Mrs. Newton Young), and Mrs. Nancy Owens. Of all these, Miss Isabella, Fulton now in her 94th year, but whose heart is just as loving and tender as a young girl's, alone abides with us to this day. We thank God for her presence on this occasion, and it will be her hands that will set into its cavity the sealed box of documents that we shall place away, perhaps for many a century, no more to be seen under the light of day.

Of course, Rev. Mr. Holmes, who has been instrumental in organizing four other Presbyterian churches, was present and acted as moderator. Rev. Mr. Mills acted as clerk. John Blakely, of blessed memory, and Messrs. E. T. Copeland and R. S. Phinny were elected first elders; Wm. H. Henry, afterwards an elder, and Joel T. Foster, both of the church triumphant, were elected as first deacons.

The session organized on the 11th of September, and at its very first meeting, five young men were admitted to communion, and 20 days later, four young ladies. Among all these young ladies and gentlemen Miss Louisa M. Patton alone remains with us; all the others having entered into their rest. The Session of this church was constituted with three members only.

Rev. Z. L. Holmes, who was for nine years the minister of the church,—he was never its pastor,—resided nine miles away. It was difficult, therefore, for the session to meet. Hence, there were several entire years in which a normal meeting of the body was not held. On the 23rd of September, 1864, the session agreed to meet formally once a month, regularly, and oftener when necessary. This resolution has



MISS ISABELLA FULTON.

Oldest surviving member of the Clinton Presbyterian Church,  
now in her ninety-fourth year.

been faithfully kept, and on the 1st day of May it held its 825th recorded meeting.

With an untrained set of officers, without a resident pastor, with one sermon each fortnight, it was impossible for the church to make rapid progress. Still God blessed the infant fold. There were additions each year, except in those years of the war, 1861-2. In 1863 there was a gracious outpouring upon the young church. It was at the invitation of Mr. Holmes, and in the fall of this year, that the present pastor,—Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs,—then a young licentiate of Charleston Presbytery, assisted Mr. Holmes at a most delightful communion meeting, at which nine were added. Mr. Holmes seeing the possibilities before the church, determined to urge upon the congregation the choice of a pastor. Early in the fall he made a visit to Columbia Seminary to enlist the sympathies of the writer in behalf of the little flock. The result was an accepted call to the united field of Clinton, Shady Grove and Duncan's Creek Churches.

In April, 1864, he found himself as pastor-elect in the village of Clinton, for a year residing with Mr. Robert S. Phinney, who was then, and for years after, almost a foster-father of the church. At that time, the village had about two hundred white inhabitants. The church had upon its roll forty-three white members, and only fourteen of these resided in the town limits. The place itself was crushed beneath the burden of war, there not being a single place of business open in it. The reputation of the place as a moral village was at a low ebb, nor was this improved by the demoralisation that ensued at the close of

Still it was with faith and hope on the part of the Pastor and people, that on the 28th of May, 1864, 37 years ago, this day, the pastoral relation was formally instituted, by the ordination and installation of the young licentiate to the solemn work of the gospel ministry, Rev. Ferdinand Jacobs, D. D., presiding. It was at once arranged that Clinton should have two morning and two night services, each month—one for each Sabbath in the year. On the day following the ordination, the Pastor's first work was the reception of four new members, Mrs. R. E. Bell, Mrs. Eliza Little, Miss Mary McDowell and Mrs. Sarah Hipp. In the fall of the same year, nineteen were added. There were five additions in 1865. But the year that this church holds in thankful memory as its year of grace, was 1866. Then it seemed as if the heavens were opened and the violent took it by force. Under the faithful preach-

ing of Rev's. Stewart and Wilbanks the work went on. There are those who will not forget that eventful Thursday night in October, when the communion tables being spread, forty new converts sat down for the first time. There were weeping eyes, but rejoicing hearts in that crowded house, nor was it hard to realize as well as say—"This is the house of God, the gate of heaven." So clean was the town swept of the unconverted, that in the following year, not one white person was added to the church.

Since then, scarcely a year has passed without some proof of richest blessing from our heavenly Father. But perhaps our dear Lord has reserved our last year for our best. The 12 months ending April 1, 1900, added 148 souls to the church. We have up to this date filled out the full measure of one thousand precious members. Of this number, over 400 are today in full communion with us. Several hundred are active working members of other churches; and very many now constitute the glorified and redeemed branch of the Clinton Church in the Kingdom invisible.

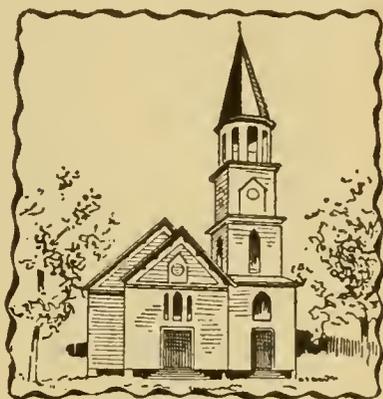
Our church has been privileged, out of its membership to furnish an array of ministers of the gospel and candidates for the ministry, 19 in number,—for which any church might be grateful. Rev. J. Ripley Jacobs, a brother of the pastor, was the first contribution made by this church to the gospel ministry. He is now a successful pastor in the city of San Marcos, Texas. Three young men died in course of preparation for the work. One, is now in far away Japan, representing us in foreign lands. One only, Rev. J. Charlton Scott, has left the church militant for the church triumphant. His last words were "I see an open door; do you?" In these last years of our church-life we have had many ministers residing in our bounds and their wives have been a blessing and a help to us.

In 1864 there were upon the roll of the church 28 colored members. In that year the church resolved upon the evangelization of the colored people as a part of its great commission. Services were held for them twice on each Sabbath. The colored membership increased rapidly, and at the close of the war there were 80 members. Although emancipation brought alienation, yet the church did not cease its labors. In 1865 over forty colored members were added, and by the tenth of May, 1869, the number had reached 163. Hoping to be still able to retain our hold upon this people, notwithstanding the fierce political contests of the hour, the session organized this membership into a colored mis-

sion. selecting three watchmen or elders for them. Presbytery, however, declined to organize them on the Assembly's or any other plan. This and the rapidly increasing political excitements destroyed our hopes. Then political preaching followed, in one instance enforced by pistol shots from the pulpit. By outside influence the negroes were excited to violent thoughts against their former masters, and, they being under the control of the United States Government, common danger threw the whites into an attitude of trembling self-defence. The colored membership deserted our church by scores, and by 1870 only 50 remained. That year will ever be remembered by the citizens of Laurens County. Armed bands of negroes marched up and down the county. On one occasion a fusillade of shots was scattered from their armory among the dwellings of Clinton. On many occasions the whites were compelled to gather for self-defence. No man lived in safety. At last the storm burst in the election riot of 1870. It was a dreadful time; thank God, past forever. Still our church continued through all this its regular services for the instruction of the negroes. But seeing the apathy then prevailing among our people, it was deemed best, as an organization could not be had in the Southern Church, to advise the membership to organize under the Northern Church. This was done, Rev. Mr. Gibbs (colored) having the matter in hand. The church now known as Sloan's Chapel was organized, and though today weak in numbers is a promising young off-shoot of this Zion. It numbers forty members. It is now planning for a better church edifice in a more convenient location, and when ready for this move, we trust will meet with the hearty encouragement and liberal support of our membership. It is a remarkable fact that in all the disturbances referred to this little church stood faithfully to duty and to right. It deserves well of us.

The next movement of progress was the establishment of that joy and pride of our church—its Sabbath-school. There had been a prosperous school in the Methodist Church some years before the war, but this had been discontinued. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to resuscitate it. At length on the 29th of May, the school which two weeks before had been proposed held its first session, with 90 teachers and pupils. Efforts were shortly made to found a library. This has grown now to a thousand volumes. For all but one year of its thirty-seven, the pastor has acted as Superintendent. Four years after the organization of the school, the 4th Anniversary was celebrated,

and since then the Anniversary on Saturday before the second Sabbath of May, has become a gala day in Clinton. A grand gathering of all the people is held. Speeches, music, dinner, and interchange of friendly greetings fill up the day. There is no pleasanter institution in Clinton than this Anniversary. In 1870 the school began to hold its services each Sabbath, instead of twice a month as heretofore. It grew larger and stronger, each recurring Anniversary showing an increase of numbers. "The Childrens' Foreign Missionary Society," which on the first Sabbath of every month puts its loving gifts into the treasury, class by class, was added to its work. Then came that which its expansion required—a neat, commodious Sabbath-school room. The zeal of our ladies, and the hearty co-operation of the men, remodelled the old house we were occupying, and a new and convenient home was provided, too good to throw aside, even when we enter our new church building, but which will doubtless serve us for other purposes for many years to come. The school now numbers 400 teachers and scholars, and is the largest Presbyterian school in this State. We are sure that nothing has ever done more for the refinement and elevation of our community than this loved school. Now 37 years of age, it has acquired great solidity of character and is full of life and promise of good to the church and village



THE OLD CHURCH.

Then came the prayer-meeting, organized on the second Thursday in August, 1864, while the cannon were thundering around Richmond. We have had many a delightful prayer-meeting. Sometimes the burdens of our troubled land were recounted there. Sometimes the meeting glowed with the enthusiasm of a revival. In all these years it has never been intermitted. At times its attendance has been very small. At times our lecture room was crowded. Around it have grown up other prayer services, some that have persisted,—like those held in College and Orphanage,—or some that have done their work of soul building and then have been laid aside, till other enthusiasm has developed other meetings. For fifteen years it was the only midweek meeting, even as our Sabbath-school was the only one of its kind

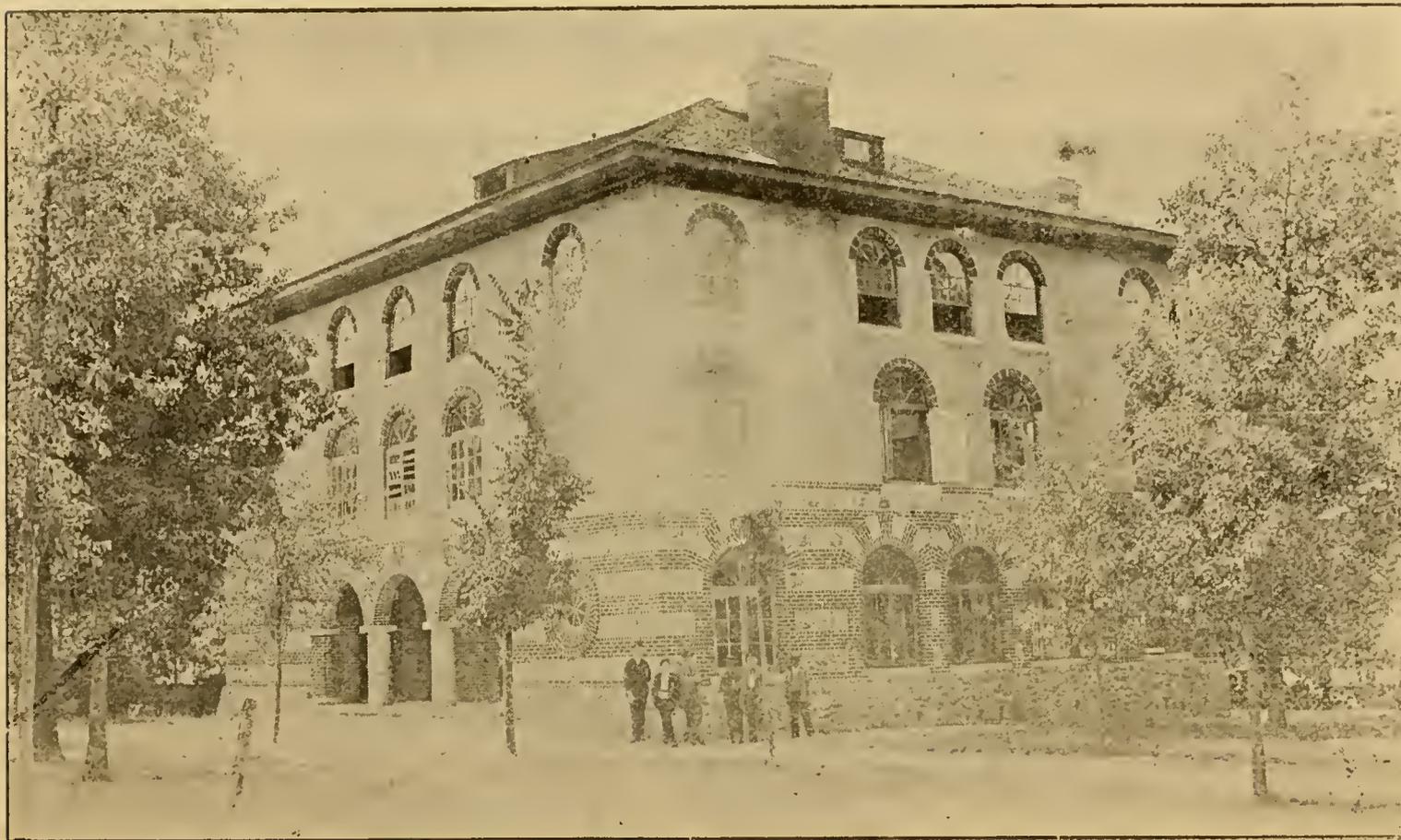
in the town. It kept alive a zeal for our Lord and for a higher Christian life.

Not only in caring for the living, but in caring for the decaying bodies of our beloved dead, did this church lead its fellows. The cemetery was founded with the church, added to afterwards, and then year by year filled, till now its white fingers point upward everywhere, and the earth is rich with the bodies of those who shall rise when Jesus summons them at the last day. There lies at rest every elder and deacon who presided at the organization, and many others who came afterwards, ministers too, and college presidents and our dear, sweet children, our glorious sainted mothers and wives and husbands, brothers and sisters. Our cemetery is filling up. So we are making history and biography in one. It is now too strait for us, and our growing city of the dead must keep pace with the city of the living.

Our godly women have always worked for the church. If means for the purchase of a new Bible, or an organ, or a carpet, or a stove were needed, to them the church turned always. About 25 years ago the Ladies' Aid Society took a new lease on life. It began to work as a church organism that could be counted on. Since then it has never faltered. Even yet it is toiling with young ardor and unprecedented zeal. A Sabbath ago it placed a thousand dollars in the treasury; it had raised many thousands before and many thousands are to follow.

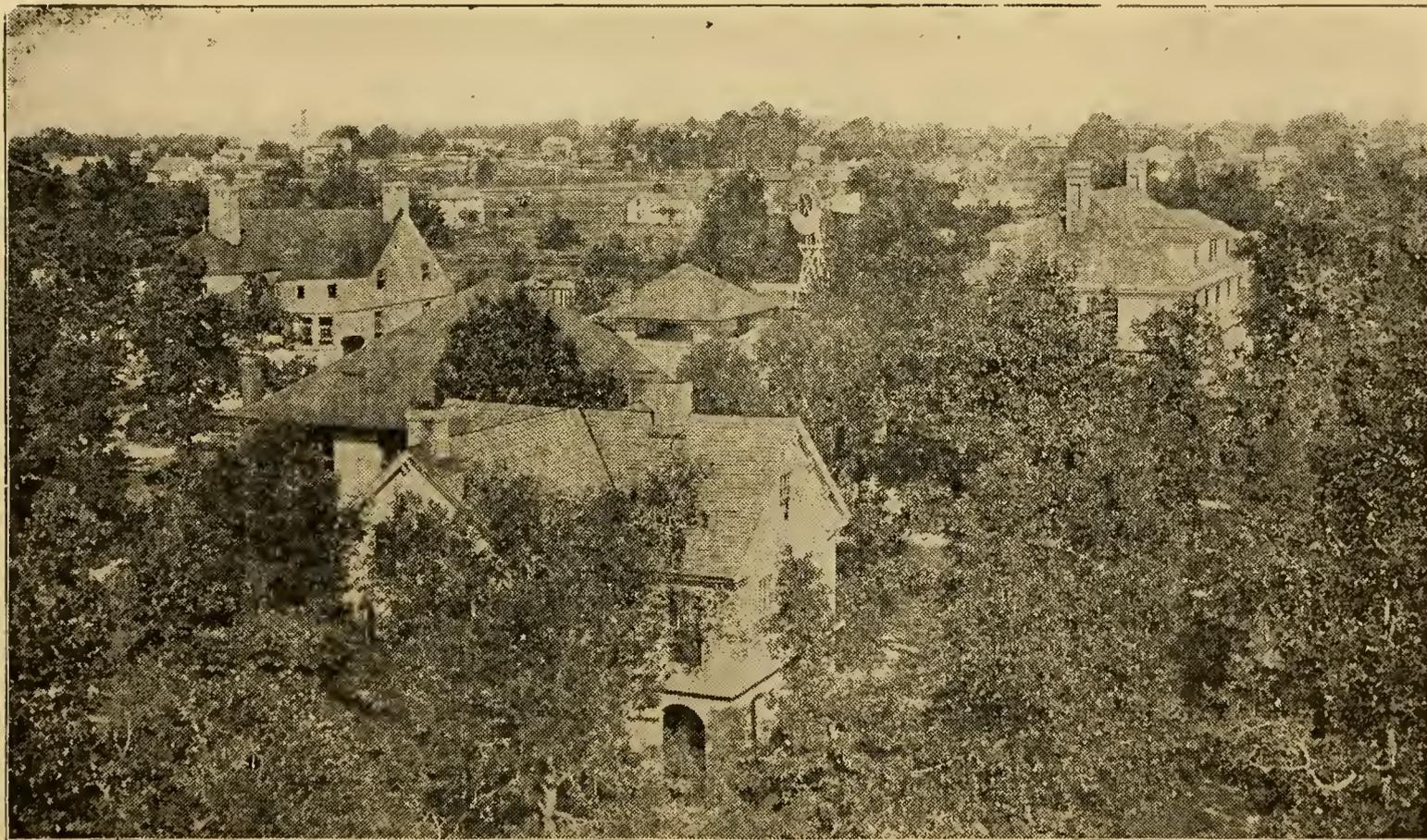
It was not till Oct. the 30th, 1864, that the first "collection" was taken up, and then only quarterly; the weekly collection was not instituted till Oct. 15, 1866. It is wonderful that a church of Jesus Christ should have earnestly opposed the consecration, week by week, of their substance to the Master. But in this, as in everything else, our church had to grow, and it has grown. The total gifts of the church in 1863, including pastor's salary, was \$206. In 1901 the church reported to Presbytery above \$5,000.00. And He is using this new church building to teach us the art of liberal giving.

For several years the work of our church went smoothly on. Little by little it crept upwards, and the roots of its new and now varied institutions struck down. The Sunday-school grew stronger. The work among the colored people progressed. The prayer-meeting took its place as a matter of course. The gifts increased in number. The church was arranged within, pews taking the place of benches;



PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

a carpet adorned the floor. The candles upon the walls were changed to lamps. Blinds within kept out the sun's fierce light. A neat avenue of elms marked the way to the church. The communion was made quarterly instead of semi-annually. The church membersaip rounded its one hundred. Then the vigorous young church demanded the whole of its pastor's time, as a fitting work for its fifteenth Anniversary. Presbytery heard the request with pleasure. The other pastoral relations were dissolved, and henceforth the church was set down as "able to walk alone." So it seemed that the summer had come at last. For two years, nearly, the church rapidly improved. Although it had to contend against much intemperance, profanity and Sabbath-breaking in the community, and sometimes in its own bosom; yet the contest with these was the normal conflict of the church. The church grew and prospered. But on the 31st of March, 1872, the blow fell. First, the railroad, that had brought the town into being and was supposed to be its very life, went from bad to worse and finally became a bankrupt wreck; its life the forfeit of bitter hostilities to the whole people. This was a stunning blow, but there was worse to follow. We have already referred to the bloody election riots of 1870—riots that seemed unjustifiable unless viewed through the eyes of men menaced by midnight murder or highway assassination; robbed of their property by confiscation; and crowded to the walls at last. Who the guilty parties were, who incited the riots, who made "blood tread upon the heels of blood," it is not for us to say. God knows and God will judge. But thank God, we can look into the very eye o' truth and say, "*We did not do it! Our Church had no hand in this!*" Yet when the blow fell, it fell on us, the innocent. Warrants came as thick as autump leaves. And to sustaian them, "perjury swore back on perjury." Men were indicted who were in their graves at the time of the riot. Blank papers were carried about by constables, with charges against blank persons of conspiracy and murder, so that if one man couldn't be caught, another name of some unsuspecting person might be inserted. Thus happy homes were broken up. Men fled from a doomed land. Business was ruined. The innocent were driven into exile, or hid about in graveyards by night and gullies by day, to be dragged out and hurried to a distant jail. These were days of anguish to us all, for none knew where next the blow would fall. Already, eleven of our members lay in jail in Columbia to be tried before a court that was bent on conviction, with a jury picked to convict, and



BIRD'S EYE VIEW—THORNWELL, ORPHANAGE.

the Governor caring only to convict. The days were very dark. Other were frightened away from their homes by the threats of prosecution, and attempts to extort blood-money. So the trial came, and this village, leaning upon God for succor, rose like one man to meet the issue. Every effort was made by the prosecution to deter witnesses from going to Columbia, but it was a vain attempt. No sooner was the message received, "Come and Help us!" than the town rose to go at its own charges, without waiting for legal summons. Pastor, elders, deacons, wives, sons, daughters, boys and girls gave up business, fears, and time, to prove the innocence of their loved ones. It was a dark day when the only service held by our church on that December Sabbath, was in an upper room in Columbia, but we bravely cast our all upon our God, and our God helped us. The right was maintained. Our enemies themselves being judges, nothing of evil could be proven, and then followed the happiest Christmas that was ever held in Clinton.

It was enough to discourage the stoutest heart,—but there were hearts of oak in Clinton in those days. Out of the very severity of our sorrow, while others fled their country, the men of Clinton, conscious of right, stood firm. On a day when marshals were searching the town for their prey, our people publicly met in a public store in that year, 1872, and doggedly set to work to organize this high-school association, raising funds to repair the building. It was from this little sad start that in 1880 developed the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. Born in troublous days, it has been a "man of war" fighting for the truth, at immense odds from its youth up. Lee was its first President, then Smith, and Kennedy, Cleland, Murray and Spencer,—an array of talent, two of them glorified and the last of them, (may his life long endure in strength) an honored elder in this church. Our College is our pride. Its outward appearance is not great, but Clinton men gave the broad acres on which it stands; Clinton men laid aside their plans for this church building, that the handsome stone recitation hall might stand as a monument to their liberality. God grant that the Synod at large may be roused to give and to help as it should. But, my brethren, when we have finished this great undertaking that engages us, if all others fail, let us arise and make the College all it should be.

It was in July of 1872, of that same year, that some of our brethren heard of a new and Quixotic idea. Surely the world outside must have thought us gone daft, that a poor little church, off from a railroad, with hard scratching to feed its pastor, after having founded a college, had

concluded to start an Orphanage as well. No wonder people looked on amused and amazed.

But long since, it had entered the head of the pastor, that there was work enough for him in broken-down and bankrupt little Clinton; and God had moreover set to him the duty—his life's work—of showing to all young preachers everywhere, that God expects of them work,—that pay is a very minor consideration: and he has well shown, that if we be faithful, he will care for the pay and the honor. What matter these, when the head is on its last pillow? And so, the Thornwell Orphanage came into being, a daughter of which any mother might be proud. We did not do it. God looked upon our low estate and did it for us. The twenty buildings and two hundred children are a constant reminder of the presence of our Father in this little city. "God rules." "God is." Every stone in all those buildings testify to it. For us is the joy and privilege of having all these dear children in our fold. It is their presence that makes our Sabbath-school the largest in our Synod. But our church has been faithful in its duty. Each year it has sent its gifts by hundreds into the treasury. That noble Ladies' Aid Society contributed to the first building, one thousand dollars of hard-earned money. But time is precious and I hurry on.

It is another story, how our church drove the bar-rooms out—some one and twenty years ago. It was a hard fought fight, and we won it. We were not alone, nor did we do our work as a church only, but we have a right to our full share in the task,—and it was no easy task, for Satan held a large place in this town in those days. But the pastor with the aid of the Legislature wrote the ordinance that made Clinton "dry" and his members pushed it through and enforced it.

It is yet another story, how we organized within ourselves,—and how our officers met as Session, as Deacons' Court, as College and Orphanage Board. Faithful, God-fearing men stoutly banded together have felled the sturdy oaks of opposition by their staunch blows.

It is yet another story, how we sought by mission enterprise to girdle the world, not satisfied with little Clinton for our field of labor. The Mission Training College, with its goodly class of consecrated young women has been a blessing to our city. Though born in 1893, it has graduates all over America in orphan work, and in Japan, China, Brazil and elsewhere, in mission work. Reacting upon our own Church, our Women's Missionary Society is having much to say and more to do for Jesus.

There is yet another story to tell of our busy labors in the press Clinton, once sneered at as ignorant, illiterate and uncultivated, without one person able to teach in all its borders, is now sending an army of teachers and preachers, up and down the land, has built up a local press speaking for Christ in OUR MONTHLY and by its money and to its cost, has captured that Presbyterian Nestor *The Southern Presbyterian*—and glories in the fact that here is a light-house scattering the printed page from beneath the shadow of our church-spire into thousands of homes.

The story of expansion is yet another. Our sweet child, Rock-bridge, still nestles in the bosom of the old mother church, and is not quite satisfied that she ever left the roof-tree. And side by side with us, our latest daughter, the Second Presbyterian, still leans upon us for support, and must long do so, if present appearances err not.

So we have worked for others. The Master at length has said to us—“Do a little for yourselves.” Our sainted sister Mrs. Green, with the legacy of seven hundred dollars, did for us what little Willie Anderson’s half dollar did for the Orphanage. She gave us a charge to go forward. For ten years we have talked about it. At length on this 28th of May, with M. S. Bailey as the leader of our Building Committee, and our willing builder, T. C. Scott to put our dollars to use, we are filling up the cornerstone. Because God, through railroads and cotton mills has changed our village into a town, and our town is evolving into a city, we shall build of good old hard-headed, Presbyterian granite; as rugged as our doctrines and as firm as our principles. We have begun;—we do not know when we are going to finish. Month by month we will give and pray and labor. As the Sabbath-school, the Church, the College and the Orphanage all grew slowly but surely, so will this Church grow. Let us sacrifice! Let us work! Let us be patient!

Beloved, I have told you a marvellous story. I have shown you here, how if men trust and are willing and do his bidding, the Lord will do great things for them. We gray-headed men and women shall shortly finish our part of the story, but I foresee that the end is not yet. That which ten years ago depended on the life’s current of a few zealous workers, has passed the experimental stage. God will surely be with you, if you deal rightly and righteously with Him. *All* depends on that. Let it be our aspiration, therefore, to live on for Him and for the world’s betterment. That is the reason we lay this granite block. It is laid for posterity.