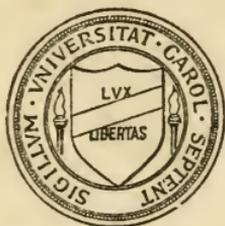


THE PASTOR
BELOVED

G·T·STEPHENSON



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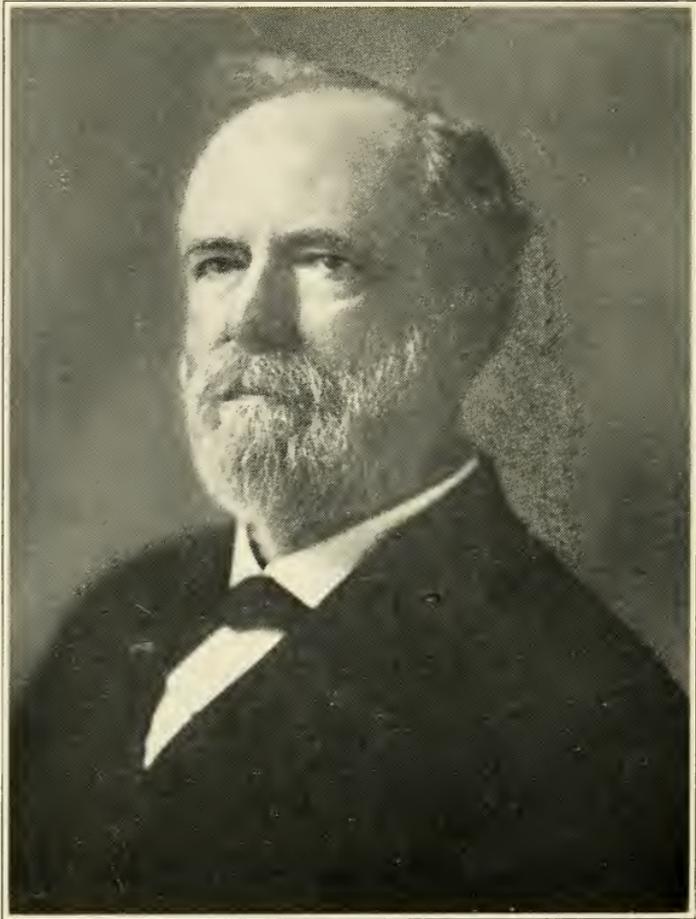


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EP



Sincerely,

W. A. Brown

THE PASTOR BELOVED

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON

The Pastor Beloved

An Appreciation
of

DR. HENRY ALFRED BROWN

Pastor

of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, North Carolina,
forty years (1877-1917), and Pastor Emeritus of all
the Baptist Churches of Winston-Salem
since 1917

By

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON
RALEIGH, N. C.



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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Southern Baptist Convention
Nashville, Tenn.

Printed in the United States of America.

To the Memory
of
CHARLES WINGATE SCARBOROUGH
Another Pastor Beloved

*"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that
bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good
tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion,
Thy God reigneth!"* ISAIAH 52: 7.

THE PREFACE

Dr. Henry A. Brown holds such a distinguished place in the admiration and affection of the people among whom he has lived and labored the past forty-seven years that a record of his life and work should, by all means, be preserved, if for no other reason, that it may be the inspiration of future generations.

Soon after Dr. Brown retired from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in 1917, when for the first time in his life he had the prospect of some leisure, it was suggested to him that he prepare an autobiographic sketch and an interpretation of his lifework. The suggestion did not meet with any favor from him. All his life he has been thinking of others and magnifying Another. He cannot now magnify himself by even so much as appearing to evaluate his own accomplishments.

Later the Board of Deacons of his church asked me to prepare an appreciation of Dr. Brown. I was then a member of Brown Memorial Baptist Church which was named for him.

This appreciation of Dr. Brown, undertaken as a labor of love and pursued intermittently the past five years, has given me more real joy than any work of the kind I have ever done. It has brought me into association with the older residents of Winston-Salem, who have known Dr. Brown since he came to the village of Winston in 1877, a young man of thirty-one years. It has given me access to his papers and to his splendid library. Best of all, it has brought me into intimate as-

sociation with Dr. Brown himself. The last alone is a privilege any young man may well covet. With him I have visited the scenes of his childhood and youth in Rockingham County, North Carolina. He has shown me the log house in which he was born. He has taken me to the spot on which he accepted Christ as his Saviour.

Diffident as he was about writing an autobiography, yet he has been ready and willing at all times to help me in every way possible. Not only has he turned over to me such of his files as I needed but he has, from time to time, answered in writing questions that I have submitted to him. It will be noted that wherever possible all through this little book I have let Dr. Brown speak for himself. I have quoted freely from his sermons, his newspaper articles, and from the memoranda he has prepared for me. This, I think, is as it should be. One is more interested in what Dr. Brown, himself, says than in what anybody can say about him or his work.

Nothing that partakes of the nature of a biography of Dr. Brown would be complete without special mention of the Right Reverend Edward Rondthaler, Bishop of the Southern Province of the Moravian Church. Fortunate indeed are we to have an introduction to this appreciation of Dr. Brown from the pen of Bishop Rondthaler. They both as young men came to Winston-Salem in the fall of 1877, Bishop Rondthaler a few weeks ahead of Dr. Brown. From that day to this they have been fast and unfailing friends. Throughout the earlier days, when there was not always the harmony between denominations that now exists, nothing ever arose to mar the friendship of one, the pastor of the strong and long-established Moravian Church in Salem, and the other, the pastor of the weak and re-

cently established Baptist Church in Winston. On the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of their work in Winston-Salem, Bishop Rondthaler, speaking of the friendship between himself and Dr. Brown, said, "And then we like each other because we have never meddled with each other. Sometimes we will not see each other for a month, because we do not pass each other's way. I have never written him a letter of advice during these thirty years, and he has never written me a letter of advice in this long period of time. We do not meddle, especially into matters of denominations. In the course of these thirty years, maybe, half a dozen of his people have joined me, half a dozen of mine have joined him. When anybody has gone under these circumstances we have given him a kind letter and an affectionate God-speed between us. It made no difference between us; and when our churches saw it made no difference between us, they concluded that it made no difference between them either. So we have gone on with the churches just the same." Speaking of his friendship for Bishop Rondthaler, Dr. Brown, with a touch of humor so characteristic of him, says, "The good Bishop and I have been bosom friends through all the long years of my stay in this city. We have taken all sorts of friendly privileges with each other. One time I saw the Bishop marching the street like he was going to a fire. I held up my hands and halted him and said, 'Stop and breathe a little while. Another day is coming and there will be thousands of things to do after you are dead. You are burning your candle out too fast. Let us make haste slowly.' He smiled and went on his way, and I said to myself, 'He is the captain of the fast-walking brigade.'" It is a distinct satisfaction to be able, here and there, to quote Bishop Rondthaler, for he, perhaps, better than any

other man knows what it is that has given Dr. Brown such a distinction among the men of his generation.

For the title, "The Pastor Beloved," I am indebted to Dr. Jesse B. Weatherspoon, who was Dr. Brown's immediate successor as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem. No apter phrase to describe Dr. Brown could be found.

If this little book shall have any lasting interest or value outside the circles of his family and friends, it will be because it illustrates the worth and influence of a simple life of piety in an age of turmoil. Dr. Brown has lived among men and been interested in the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of men, yet he has remained as pure and unspotted from the world as any saint of former times who cloistered himself apart from the world. What Dr. Brown has done others can do. Herein is the inspiration of his life.

Then, again, there may be in a study of the life and character of this minister of the gospel, who has been in the service of his Master over half a century, something of practical value to the young minister, who is concerned about making his life count for the most in the ministry. With this in mind particularly, I have included the chapter, "The Elder Brother," which contains Dr. Brown's advice to young ministers drawn from his own experience. The example of Dr. Brown richly deserves emulation. If the world had more preachers, more pastors, and more men like him, the kingdom of God would be nearer at hand.

I wish it were possible to make public acknowledgment of all the assistance I have received. I have already mentioned Bishop Rondthaler and Dr. Weatherspoon. In addition to these I must make special mention of Miss Carrie R. Jones, one of the few surviving members of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem

when Dr. Brown became pastor in 1877, of Dr. D. Clay Lilly, for a long time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston-Salem, of Captain F. M. Hamlin, of Danville, Va., Dr. Brown's leader in the days of the Confederacy, of Dr. W. B. Royall, Dr. Brown's teacher and friend at Wake Forest College, and of the members of the Board of Deacons of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem. All these and many others have shared my feeling that it is a privilege to have any part whatever in preserving a record of the lifework of this man of God. To them is due the credit for whatever is of interest or value in this book. I am but the recorder of their interpretation of this noble life. As Calvin says in his dedicatory letter to his Commentary on Romans, the whole charge of an interpreter is "to show forth the mind of the writer whom he hath taken upon himself to expound." If we have to any degree shown forth the mind and heart of Dr. Brown, then we are grateful for the opportunity to be his interpreters.

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

RALEIGH, N. C.

MAY 1, 1925.

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1854

JULIA CAIN BROWN

1914

“The woman with the golden hair who was destined to be my companion for life, the mother of my children, the sharer of my joys and sorrows, the inspiration of my life, the one on whom I have been more dependent than on any other for whatever of success and happiness has come to me.”—H. A. BROWN.

INTRODUCTION

The esteemed writer of this correct and beautiful tribute to Dr. Brown and to his work has asked me to furnish a few lines of introduction to a book which, we trust, will be an inspiration and help to many a young pastor as well as to many another reader who desires simply, lovingly and efficiently to follow Jesus Christ in daily life.

Dr. Brown and I have known each other intimately for nearly fifty years and walked side by side amid the varied and often difficult duties of a happy Christian ministry.

Our relations to each other may, perhaps, best be expressed by a simple compact between us: Whichever of us is called first to cross the river will, if possible, have the other by his side to bid him Godspeed, in the sure hope of meeting some day and walking with each other beside the River of the Water of Life under the trees of the heavenly Eden.

EDWARD RONDTHALER.

CHAPTER I

THE PASTOR BELOVED

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." PROVERBS xxvii: 19.

Beloved By All

On the occasion of Dr. Brown's retirement from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the second Sunday in December, 1917, after a continuous service of forty years, the *Winston-Salem Journal* paid the following editorial tribute to him, which expresses the feeling of the people of a city of over 60,000 souls, without regard to creed or color, towards the one man among them whom they would name without hesitation their pastor beloved:

"The tremendous outpouring of people at the First Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon to pay tribute to a great life that has been spending itself in our midst for the last forty years was as much of an honor to Winston-Salem as to the retiring pastor of the First Baptist Church in whose honor the meeting was held.

"It was a magnificent thing for the city to do—as beautiful as it was unusual. Seldom indeed has such a spirit of appreciation been manifested by the people of any community. The world is ever ready to lay flowers on the graves of its dead but seldom has a wreath for the living.

"Sometimes it does. Happily for the world and all who live in it, sometimes it does. Winston-Salem brought

all of its flowers Sunday and banked them high at the altar of a life—a life that for forty years, without counting the cost, has poured itself out in service to others.

“If we had not known before, we would know now—all of us would know—from beautiful experience that he who would save his life must lose it in service to others. It has been demonstrated in our very midst. We have seen with our own eyes what it means to lose one’s life and yet save it.

“Dr. Brown is one of the rich men of the earth. Millions in gold would not purchase his future—yea, all the gold that was ever milled could not buy his future. It consists of friends and a life. It has been said of him that there is not a man or a woman or boy or girl or dog or cat in all the city that does not know and love Dr. Brown.

“This is something that money cannot buy. This is the essence of the life that counts. In the long run it is all that does count. For what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose that?

“What does it amount to? Where is the reward? Fortunately for Dr. Brown, he has lived to reap it. Many, indeed most, men have to wait until they reach the other side to experience what he must be experiencing today. He has come face to face with the most welcome opportunity a true man ever found in this world—an opportunity to render the more perfect service.

“As pastor emeritus of all the Baptist churches of the city, he can now touch closely the lives of thousands who love and respect him. It is given to him to render the fullest service possible to his generation. That is his reward.

“Surely, there could be no more beautiful climax, no more inspiring zenith, than this to such a life as Dr.

Brown has given to this community—a life to which the highest tribute that can be paid is that it has been so busy thinking of others that it has not thought of itself.”

Beloved By the Members of His Own Congregation

When Dr. Brown retired as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem the members of his church adopted fitting resolutions in which they said:

“As pastor, we have never known your equal; as preacher, you have expounded the full gospel, sound to the core; as a citizen, you have rendered unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s; as a Christian, you have offered an acceptable sacrifice and have rendered unto God a full service; socially, you have uplifted mankind, accepting, as you have, the hospitality of the humble as well as the exalted, rejoicing at the marriage feast and experiencing and expressing deep sorrow at the open grave.”

Beloved By Members of Other Denominations

The second Sunday in December of each of the last twenty years or more of Dr. Brown’s active pastorate was celebrated by the Christians of the city as an anniversary occasion. Representatives of other denominations participated in the services. Bishop Rondthaler invariably brought or sent a message of congratulation and good will from which quotation will be made as we go along. Dr. D. Clay Lilly, many years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston-Salem, says of Dr. Brown, “His broad and fraternal attitude to his brethren of other churches is in a large way the cause of the remarkable spirit of unity which characterizes the churches of Winston-Salem.”

In 1907, a reception at Salem College was given in honor of Bishop and Mrs. Rondthaler, Dr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fries in celebration of the completion by each of them of thirty years of definite Christian service in Winston-Salem. To this reception the people of the city thronged to pay tribute to these three remarkable Christians and their wives—two of them ministers of the gospel and one a business man. All three of them are still living. It is a coincidence, too, that to each of them a memorial church has already been established—Rondthaler Memorial, the recent large addition to the Home Moravian Church, Winston-Salem, to the Bishop; Brown Memorial Baptist Church, to Dr. Brown, and Fries Memorial Moravian Church, to Mr. Fries.

Beloved By Baptists of Other Churches

In 1909, the name of Broad Street Baptist Church in Winston-Salem was changed to Brown Memorial in honor of Dr. Brown. This church had been organized in 1886 as a mission of the First Baptist Church. It is now one of the most active and progressive Baptist churches in North Carolina.

In 1917, as soon as Dr. Brown resigned his active pastorate, he was immediately and unanimously elected pastor emeritus of all the Baptist churches of the city, each of them eagerly contributing to his salary—modest, to be sure, but all that he would accept.

Beloved Without Regard to Age, Color, Creed or Condition

In the little paper published by the pupils of the high school of Winston-Salem I found the following essay by a tenth grade girl:

"Girls! if anybody should ask you who was the most beloved man you had ever heard of, whom would you say?" asked Peggy Hastings of a crowd of girls talking out in front of the dear old Winston High School.

"Why, Dr. Brown! Who would dare to say anyone else?" chorused all the girls.

"That is just exactly what I told Miss Mary when she asked us in English class this morning," said Peggy. "Anyone in this community would agree with us, but I had never before stopped to think why it is true. Why would you say so, Nancy?"

"Well, Peggy, of course, I am only a girl of sixteen, but he has been the pastor of our church for forty years and everyone in our congregation agrees that he has never heard or heard of an unkind word uttered by the lips of this dear old man. If you meet him on the street he always has something sweet and kind to say to you. If a marriage takes place, no matter what denomination, Dr. Brown always helps in the wedding. Why, the young people of Winston wouldn't feel as if they were married unless he were there. And there's that old adage, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Has any girl ever heard of anybody being in trouble without Dr. Brown being there to comfort and console him? If you are in doubt about a thing as to whether it is right or wrong to whom is the first person you think of going? Always, Dr. Brown. He is loved by every man, woman and child in our city, and throughout the state wherever he is known. Oh! that our community were made up of characters such as this. How much better we all would be to live our religion day by day."

Among the papers of an old colored servant, along with her insurance policy and other papers that she regarded as valuable, I found a clipping yellow with age

containing an article by Dr. Brown that may have been a source of comfort to the soul of this old colored woman.

“The thorn in the flesh, in the Christian life, is a well-nigh universal experience. We need not think that Paul had a monopoly on the ‘thorn business.’ We do not know what his thorn in the flesh was. He was not sufficiently explicit in his statements for us to reach definite and certain conclusions in his case. Many commentators have spent much time in trying to make it plain to the average man but after we have waded through all their theories and explanations and have come out on the other side, we have the mists of uncertainty hanging about our eyelids still. Perhaps it would be an easier task for us to locate our own thorns than to maintain a fruitless search through the years for Paul’s thorns. In our own cases we may not be far wrong in saying that there is a something within us that puts a limitation on our love, service and enjoyment of the kingdom of God. This something may be some unloving deed which we have done, the memory of which haunts us by day and by night and which we would fain forget and cannot, or it may be some selfish, unkind word we have spoken and which has opened deep wounds in the heart of another and which we would bind up but cannot. David said: ‘My sin is ever before me.’ It would not down at his bidding. Sins may be forgiven, but often they cannot be forgotten by those who have committed them. You may cut a deep gash in a growing tree and the wound may bleed and heal but the scar will remain after many years have passed.

“We need not think that our thorns are always given to us lest we should be exalted through the abundance of the revelation given to us. There is many a thorn in our hearts that has no connection with any special reve-

lation. Many of our thorns are of our own planting. When some physical ailment seizes us and we are laid aside for weeks from our loved employ, we are apt to say it was a calamity—a thorn in the flesh. Thorns have their mission in life as well as roses. The Psalmist said, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but since I have kept thy word.' Physical pain may have a corrective influence on our lives. Afflictions, though they seem severe, are oft in mercy sent. The bird with the broken wing may utter the sweetest notes. And the flowers that are crushed may send forth their most delightful fragrance. Baxter and Spurgeon were great physical sufferers, but their sermons fell on their hearers like the balm of Gilead.

"And when our day's work is over and we are tired of waiting and sit in the shadow of the river and listen for the sound of the boatman's oar and feel that in all that is going on we can have no part, we may console ourselves that this waiting is the finishing touch in the preparation to be made before we appear at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And whatever may be our thorn in the flesh, we may rest assured that the grace of God will be sufficient for us."

In 1918 a vicious assault was alleged to have been made by a colored man upon a white woman in Winston-Salem. The man was caught and lodged in the city jail. A wild and angry mob, fretted into frenzy, gathered around the city jail, determined to lay hands upon and lynch the man. Shots were fired by the crowd and into the crowd. Innocent bystanders—children—were killed. The whole city, it seemed, had gone mad. The authorities were helpless. In the midst of the wildest excitement the mayor of the city sent for Dr. Brown. Standing in the midst of the mob this aged man of God, with-

out a tremor of fear, along with other leading men of the city, pleaded with his people to refrain from violence and let the law take its course. Slowly the excitement subsided and the lynching was averted. I relate this, not for the purpose of showing the effect upon the mob of Dr. Brown's presence, but to show that this pastor beloved was one of the men to whom the city turned in its hour of distress and that he faced the crowd, angry and crazed though it was, without a tremor.

In the fall of 1921 the city launched a campaign to raise \$100,000 to secure the location of the first Baptist hospital in Winston-Salem. It was a community, not a Baptist, effort. On the night before the canvass was to start, the workers met for dinner. The principal speaker was Mr. W. M. Hendren, a Methodist layman. The climax of his notably impressive address—the rallying cry of the campaign—was that the city could ill afford not to do its part towards securing and maintaining the Baptist hospital because it was the Baptist denomination that had given to Winston-Salem its greatest possession—the life and character of Dr. Henry A. Brown.

The next night, when it was apparent that the city had already oversubscribed its allotment and that contributions would continue to be made, at the suggestion of a member of the Roman Catholic Church a group of citizens—the group being composed of Moravians, Presbyterians and Methodists—went to the First Baptist Church—it was prayer-meeting night and they knew where to find him—and, calling Dr. Brown out, asked the privilege of devoting all the surplus fund to a ward memorial to him to which the sick and needy might be admitted without cost. They knew that a charity ward would be the most fitting memorial to one who had given his life for the sick and needy.

At the celebration of Dr. Brown's fortieth anniversary as pastor of the First Baptist Church, ex-Governor Robert B. Glenn, then on his sickbed and only a short while before his death, wrote, unsolicited, a letter of appreciation of Dr. Brown and asked the privilege of having it read by a friend at the service. I quote only a portion of the letter: "Dr. Brown and I were raised in the same county and from my young manhood to the present hour he has been one of my most loyal friends and supporters. To him I have gone in my joys and in my sorrows and found him a ready listener and a true helper. In spiritual matters he has been a friend beyond compare, always pointing me to higher things and stimulating within me noble thoughts and higher aspirations. For these reasons I love the man and ask permission from a sickbed to add my testimony to his worth in the community.

"Dr. Brown does not belong alone to the Baptist church and its people but to all creeds and people of Winston-Salem, for to all he has been a true friend and adviser and, therefore, won their esteem and love. He has married more couples, conducted and assisted in more funerals, visited more sick (regardless of church affiliations) and been a help and comfort to more that mourned or were in distress, than any man who has ever lived in our city, and, good man as he is, has always been ready to laugh with us in our joys, sympathize with us in our afflictions, and never turn away the humblest hungry soul without trying to add a spiritual blessing to his life."

At the time of the thirtieth anniversary of Dr. Brown's pastorate in Winston-Salem, the local editor of the *Union Republican* paid the following tribute to him: "Personally, the local editor would say that he has no better friend than Dr. H. A. Brown. Although of different re-

ligious faiths, our respect for each other's views could not be greater or our friendship deeper or more sincere. We have been intimately acquainted, yea, associated on many occasions since he came to Winston, and his visits to this office are regular and his presence always a source of pleasure, as we discuss matters of local, religious, or a general nature. Of his sermons we have been a frequent and always interested hearer. By his kindness of heart, conservative views, faithful and earnest in his work, and with the good will of every one at heart, Dr. Brown knows every one and every one knows him, and he has wielded an influence in this community, outside of his pastoral relations, which is far-reaching and as lasting as life itself. His counsel, sympathy, prayers, and sermons are a benediction and a blessing. And while congratulating him upon his long and successful life and labor among our people, we also sincerely hope and desire that he may be blessed with life, health and usefulness for many succeeding years."

The *Twin City Sentinel* said of Dr. Brown, "If a stranger should ask who had done the most for the moral and spiritual welfare of the community and who had done the most active work to make Winston-Salem an ideal city in which to live, the name of Dr. Brown would be one of the first mentioned."

Beloved By the Baptist Brotherhood

Not only is Dr. Brown the pastor beloved among his people of his own city but he is the pastor beloved to many Baptists throughout the state, some of whom have never seen him in the flesh. As far back as 1906, the editor of the *Biblical Recorder* said of Dr. Brown, "Since the Beloved Disciple went away, Brother Brown will be

recognized as the saintliest man among us. He is such a man as every Christian desires to be—a shining example of the Christian life and a witness to Jesus Christ whose testimony shines with a bright and unvarying light. . . . Brother Brown's ministry is an ideal one—in length, in progress, in his influence upon every citizen of his city, in his work for the denomination, and in the closeness of his walk with God. . . . It is worthy of remark that he has achieved so nobly without falling into any peculiar doctrine of higher life or enduement with power; it is enough for him to live the Christian life."

Dr. W. B. Royall, more than fifty years a teacher of Greek at Wake Forest College, pays this tribute to his former pupil and long-time friend: "Years ago one of his old teachers had a very heavy burden laid upon him. He desired help that only God could give and felt the need of companionship at the throne of grace. Among the few whom he thought of as living so near to God that he would esteem it a privilege to be assured that they were praying with him and for him, one was his former pupil and trusted friend—H. A. Brown."

Wake Forest College, his alma mater, has always delighted to do honor to Dr. Brown. Graduating in 1871 as salutatorian of his class, Dr. Brown was called back just twenty years later to deliver the alumni address and receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at the commencement of 1891. While appreciating fully this latter honor at the hands of his alma mater, he remarked, with his irrepressible humor, that it meant only that he was "forty and respectable." For a number of years he was a trustee of the college. An oil painting of Dr. Brown, the gift of Col. H. Montague, now adorns the walls of the Euzelian Society of which he is a member.

The Baptist denomination has honored Dr. Brown whenever he would give it the opportunity to do so. But he has always kept himself in the background and shrunk from anything that might in any way be interpreted as exalting himself. On this point Dr. F. P. Hobgood, late president of Oxford College and a college mate of Dr. Brown, said: "Several times I invited him to come over and preach one of my commencement sermons; but his self-deprecation always prevented him from accepting such work as this. He did not assert himself and did not have much to say, but what he said on any subject was final."

The Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, in session in the city of Durham in 1917, took note of Dr. Brown's long and distinguished service in Winston-Salem by adopting a resolution from which I quote:

"In the city of Winston-Salem on Sunday next, Dr. Henry A. Brown will close his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church of that city. For forty years Brother Brown has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem. This is the longest term of service ever rendered by any Baptist pastor of a full-time church in this state. For this reason we deem it fitting that this Convention take recognition of this notable event. Therefore, be it resolved:

"That we congratulate Brother Brown upon his long and successful pastorate and upon the marked tokens of God's favor upon him and his work.

"That we congratulate the City of Winston-Salem upon having secured the consent of Brother Brown to become pastor emeritus of all the Baptist churches in the city. This is a very happy arrangement, as the church of which Brother Brown has been pastor is the mother of all the other Baptist churches in the city.

“That we extend to our beloved brother our cordial and fraternal greeting and assure him of our abiding love for him personally and of our thorough appreciation of the great work he has done in Winston-Salem and of the valuable service he has rendered the cause at large.”

Enough has been said, to be sure, to show that Dr. Brown is richly entitled to the appellation “Pastor Beloved.” What an array of witnesses! The members of his own congregation throughout a pastorate of forty years, his associates in the ministry of the gospel, his fellow Christians of all denominations, his fellow citizens of every walk and condition of life—the child, the colored servant, the leading citizen, the city at its worst, bent upon lynching a criminal, the city at its best, promoting the ministry of healing, his schoolmates and teachers! Tributes and events chosen at random show more clearly than anything I could say the extent to which he is the pastor beloved.

But why is he the pastor beloved? Not because of his generosity, for his means have always been very limited. Besides, men cannot purchase love with gifts. Not because of offices he has held. He has always shrunk from public notice. Besides, men win homage, not love, with fame. Not his intellect, though that has been keen and clear. But men do not win love by logic. No, Dr. Brown is the pastor beloved because of other, more abiding qualities that go to make up his personality.

From now on our aim will be to find in a study of the life and character of Dr. Brown an answer to the question why is he the pastor beloved; with the hope that in his life and philosophy of life others may find the way to become pastors beloved, whether inside or outside the ministry of the gospel.

CHAPTER II

THE SIMPLE LIFE

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." LUKE xvi: 10.

The value of the life of the pastor beloved cannot be determined without taking into account the events of his career, simple and unheroic though they may be. I mean such as his birthplace, his ancestry, his schooling, his calling.

His Birthplace

Henry A. Brown was born September 28, 1846, in a two-room log house, which still stands on a three-hundred-acre farm in Rockingham County, North Carolina, near Wentworth, the county seat. When he was ten years of age the family built and moved into a three-room frame house, which is immediately in front of the log house. Both of these houses are now occupied by tenants on the farm of Dr. Brown's brother, Robert. In an article in the *Christian Index*, August 31, 1905, entitled "Vacation Notes," Dr. Brown has this appreciation of his childhood home: "At the old family homestead once more. Here are the trees as in other days—'the deep tangled wildwood and every spot that infancy knew.' Here is the path to the spring, over which my childish feet wandered in days that are gone. Surely the water that David drank from the well of Bethlehem was not sweeter to the taste. If I could be

a child again but for tonight, I should see the dear faces long vanished from human sight, and hear the voice of mother at the close of day, as in olden times. New people live in the dear old buildings, new faces look out of the windows; it is not home to me any more! I visit the old barn in which I knelt forty years ago and obtained pardon and peace. It will always be a dear spot of ground to me—the place of my spiritual birth. Not Peniel, of which we read in patriarchal times, not the hill Mizar of which David speaks, not ‘Silca’s brook, which flowed hard by the oracle of God,’ not that place on the Damascus road near the city gates where Saul of Tarsus saw the light of life, mean so much to me.”

His Parents

Dr. Brown’s father, Robert Brown, was a school teacher and farmer; he was not a very practical business man. At a time when lawyers were few, he prepared deeds, wills and other legal papers of his neighbors. Dr. Brown speaks of his father as “the adviser of the neighborhood.”

His mother, Sarah Troth Brown, was born and reared in the same neighborhood of Rockingham County. She was the better manager and stronger personality of the two. Dr. Brown says that after the Civil War his father was despondent. “All the labor of his life had been swept away. The slaves were freed, the children were small. His strength was gone. There were debts to be paid. But my mother was an heroic mould. She said, ‘The children are growing every year. The home and land are still left us. We will take hold and bring things to pass. It is never so bad that it might not be worse. God will help us through and all will be well’.”

Dr. Brown had three brothers and three sisters, only one of whom is still living—Mr. Robert Brown, who owns and occupies the old Brown homeplace, having added to the land until he now has a plantation of six hundred acres.

His Ancestry

On his father's side, Dr. Brown's ancestors were Scotch Irish. His grandfather, Robert Brown, moved to Rockingham County from Winchester, Virginia, soon after the Revolutionary War. He was a sturdy tiller of the soil, owned a good plantation and several slaves, and accumulated some property. Through his paternal grandmother, who was a Campbell, Dr. Brown is related to General Samuel Houston of Texas.

On his mother's side, his ancestors were English. Her father, Henry Troth, died when she was three days old. He was referred to as "an exemplary young man." Through his maternal grandmother, Dr. Brown is related to General Abraham Phillips, General of the Militia after the Revolutionary War, who was one of the leading citizens of Rockingham County during the early years of the Republic.

His Youth

Dr. Brown speaks of himself as being "a delicate child, nervous and imaginative," to whose uncertain appetite his mother catered. He says that he never used intoxicating liquors. Mr. G. W. Suitts of Wentworth, one of the few now living who knew him as a child, says that Henry Brown was one of the most pious boys he ever knew. "I never knew him to indulge in anything that was of a sinful nature," says Mr. Suitt.

He went to school during the winter months to the Piney Grove District School, which was about three miles from his home. His father was his teacher. Says Dr. Brown, "I owe a great deal to my father's teaching. He made me spell every word in Walker's Dictionary. It was three miles to the school house, and he would give me six pages to recite to him on the way home. He also drilled me in arithmetic. Sometimes, he would lose patience with me, thinking I was a blockhead."

His Army Life

On the 15th of February, 1864, the Confederate Congress passed an act for the enrollment of Junior and Senior Reserves, the former boys between seventeen and eighteen; the latter men between forty-five and fifty. In March, 1864, at the age of seventeen, Henry Brown, over the protest of his mother, enlisted at Wentworth as a Junior Reserve and was ordered to report to Col. John H. Anderson at Greensboro. Thence he was ordered to Camp Holmes, Raleigh, where his company as Company O, was attached to the Fourth Battalion under the command of Major John M. Reece. In June his company was ordered to Camp Davis on Masonboro Sound below Wilmington, where it spent six months guarding the State Salt Works and the beach—the latter to prevent slaves escaping to the Federal gun-boats. While here Sergeant Brown was stricken with malarial fever and taken to the hospital. In December of that year his battalion participated in the bombardment of Fort Fisher. Thence it was rushed on flat cars to Bellfield, Virginia, where it helped repulse General Grant's efforts to destroy Weldon Bridge. The battalion helped repulse another raid fifteen miles down the river from

Tarboro. Returning to Goldsboro, the Junior Reserves were organized into the Third Regiment, with Col. John W. Hinsdale in command. This was later known as the Seventy-second North Carolina State Troops, Company K, attached to Armistead's Brigade, Hoke's Division. At Kinston the Division met a Federal force approaching from New Bern, and the Junior Reserves were in the thick of a fierce fight. "Here it was," says Dr. Brown, "men and horses were shot down near me. I asked the Lord to spare me. I promised to devote myself in body, mind and spirit to his service." At Smithfield, after the Battle of Kinston, the Junior Reserves were reviewed by General Johnston and Governor Vance—the last review of the Confederacy—and Governor Vance made a memorable speech addressed to the Junior Brigade. Then began the long retreat—through Raleigh, Chapel Hill, Alamance, on to Randolph County, fording swollen streams waist deep. It was on this march that his commander, Capt. F. M. Hamlin, now of Danville, Virginia, noticing Sergeant Brown limping and struggling along, said:

"Brown, how are you making it?"

"I am almost given out and don't feel I can hold out much longer," he replied.

"Certainly, Brown, you can last to Rockingham," he said.

"Yes, Captain; I will go as long as the flag is held up or fall in my tracks."

"I looked," says Captain Hamlin, "and saw that his feet were swollen and actually bleeding. I said, 'Yes, Brown; I know what you are made of.'"

Captain Hamlin says, "Sergeant Brown was the one man in the company who had religion enough in his heart to know it himself, and enough shown in his life

that others could see and know it. May I not testify that after fifteen months in camp, on the march, and in battle with Sergeant Brown, he has measured up to the highest mark in his patriotism, his fidelity, and efficiency? As Captain of the one hundred and forty boys, (I testify) not one excelled him, if any equalled him."

Col. John W. Hinsdale pays this eloquent tribute to the Junior Reserves: "North Carolina has much to be proud of. She was first at Bethel, she went farthest at Gettysburg, she was last at Appomattox. Her dead and wounded in battle exceeded in numbers that of any other two States of the Confederacy together. But her best and most precious offering to the cause of liberty was her boy soldiers, who, at her bidding, willingly left their homes and marched and fought and starved and froze and bled that she might live and be free. God bless the Junior Reserves. Their memory will ever be cherished by the Old North State they loved so well."

After the surrender, Sergeant Brown was one of those who volunteered to go west across the Mississippi and carry on guerilla warfare. But fortunately, the better judgment of the leaders prevailed and Sergeant Brown returned to his home in Rockingham County.

His Preparation for College

The first year after the surrender Dr. Brown worked on his father's farm and taught the district school. The next year he began his preparation for college. He attended two preparatory schools in Guilford County—one at Center, taught by Mr. Gid. Hines; the other at Monticello, taught by Rev. John C. Denny, a Presbyterian preacher. Of his school days at Center and Monticello, Dr. Brown says: "Everything was scarce, and

the young men organized the 'mess' plan. Each boy furnished so much meal, bacon, lard, butter, etc. Then we hired a good country woman to do the cooking for us. In that way my board cost me \$4.00 per month. It was a hard life I lived in those days. My mother made the homespun clothes I wore and had my washing done for me. I would walk home once in two weeks, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, to get my clean clothes. It was here I did my hardest work. I studied Latin, the grammar and reader, read Cæsar and Ovid, read Greek, and stumbled and fumbled and fretted with Algebra. I was just beginning to practice in preaching and would go out on Sundays and do my best before the eager crowds of country people who wanted to hear what a pale, beardless boy had to say about religion, duty, and destiny. I spent nearly two years in these schools."

His College Days

Dr. Brown entered Wake Forest College in the fall of 1867 as a beneficiary of the Beulah Association and graduated in the spring of 1871, the salutatorian of his class. Of his college life, he says: "I had been well prepared and had no difficulty in entering. I roomed in the old college building (now the Administration Building). I made my own fires, brought up my own water, made my own bed, and cleaned my own room. It was a year of strenuous work, great sacrifice and self-denial. I made many friends. The boys in the college helped in many ways. I soon felt at home with them and the professors in the college. I joined the Euzelian Society. I liked its motto, 'I will find a way or make one.' That motto often fired my ambition to do my very best. I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brewer and in their

house shared many blessings and privileges. Here I heard the story of Dr. Wait and his saintly wife, of their long journey over the State in a buggy, of the early history of Wake Forest. I have never known more lovely people than the Brewer family. I served as the janitor of the Euzelian Society for a few months and in that way paid some of my little expenses. I read many books in the library. I always prepared myself to make a speech on every question under debate. This required much time and thought, but it was worth all it cost me. I was in love with all the professors and all the students of both literary societies. Love begets love. I found many anxious and willing to help me. I attended every prayer meeting and every preaching service when I was not away, myself. I was superintendent of a mission Sunday school a few miles from the college (Neuse Mills). I often preached at that point on Sundays at eleven o'clock. Kind friends were sympathetic and gave me opportunity to improve my gifts. They helped me financially and encouraged me in many ways. I served my society (Euzelian) in many ways. I acted as a critic, secretary, and president, and served on many committees. I am indebted to my work in the literary society for much of whatever has come to me in later life. A young man makes a great mistake in college who does not take advantage of all the opportunities afforded him by his literary society. I was laughed at in some of my first speeches. My voice was not under good control. I was nervous and excited, awkward and full of imperfections. Some well-dressed young men laughed immoderately at my unseemly bearing and my peculiar way of expressing my thoughts. I remember well how I winced under these things. I said to myself, 'I shall see to it that these young men shall recognize my

ability to do things.' It was not many months before they would come to my room to get my aid in reading Latin, Greek, etc. They were my truest friends and, in after years, always ready to boost me and put me forward as their friend and champion. I was elected unanimously to deliver the address on one of the anniversary occasions and at its delivery received an ovation at their hands. A little criticism and fun-making at a young man's expense often prove a means of stimulating him to do his best. I preached a few times before the students in the chapel, but always with more or less trepidation. I did not call on the ladies very often, as I felt I did not have time and I knew I would have many opportunities later in life. My motto was, 'I must do one thing at a time and do that one thing well.' My classes were large during the first years of my college life. But many dropped out as the months passed. Only four young men graduated when I did. The names of these young men were W. D. Trantham, William Sykes, Columbus Durham and H. A. Brown. I graduated in an alpaca coat that cost \$3.00. It was the best I could afford. But, thanks to an appreciative audience, I was none the less honored. Wake Forest has always been one of the dearest places on this earth to me. For her I have labored and prayed through many a year, and rejoiced at every advance made by my Alma Mater. From her walls have gone out some of the best and most distinguished men who have helped to make our good old North State memorable among the sister States of our Federal Union."

Dr. W. B. Royall tells an incident of Dr. Brown's college life that throws some light on his character. He says, "One attribute of his character was very marked. He shrank almost morbidly from the building of any

kind of wall between himself and those to whose service he wished to dedicate his life. He was afraid that a college diploma might do this. He came to see it in a different light and wisely decided to complete his college course. We know now that his college education was but a stepping stone to the attainment of that fervid and eloquent simplicity and ease with which he writes and speaks and gives him access to the minds and hearts of the learned and the unlearned, of saints and sinners."

His Conversion, Baptism and Call to the Ministry

Dr. Brown was born into a moral but not a religious home. At the time of his conversion not a member of his family was connected with any church. His mother was converted and baptized two years after he was. She testified that she was first impressed of her need for salvation while witnessing her son's baptism. Then followed the conversion and baptism of Dr. Brown's father and his six brothers and sisters.

Dr. Brown was inclined toward religion from his earliest youth. Of himself he says that he was religiously inclined from his earliest recollection, that he prayed much without having been taught, and that he had faith in prayer. Mr. G. W. Suitts, already mentioned as one of his boyhood friends, says: "At that time there was not a church near his home, and he was eager to be in the service of his Master. So he conducted a Sunday school and prayer meeting in a district school building."

After the War, at the age of eighteen, he was converted. He took me to the very spot. It was in a barn standing near a big oak tree in front of his father's house. The barn is gone but the tree still stands. "Till then," he says, "I had never had any experimental

knowledge of Christ. I had been a moral youth. I had no bad habits. But I felt that my heart was not right. Kneeling there in the barn, I had a definite experience that I would not swap for any other experience I ever had. A deep sense of unworthiness crept over me, and I cried, 'Oh, Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.' Like the prodigal, I said, 'I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am not worthy to be called thy son.' In penitence and deep contrition of soul, I said, 'Here, Lord, I come; take me just as I am.' I looked on him and he looked on me, and we were one forever. I was a new creation in him. Old things passed away and all things became new.

"Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love'."

He was baptized in Troublesome Creek, Rockingham County, by Rev. F. H. Jones and joined Summerfield Baptist Church. Of his baptism, he says, "It was a beautiful Sunday morning in the month of September. The birds were singing in the trees. The water moved softly in its glad march to the sea. Two nieces of Governor Reid, the Misses Scott, were baptized on the same day. My mother, yet unconverted, stood on the banks of the stream. I was buried in the likeness of my Saviour's death and raised in the likeness of his resurrection. I was symbolically dead and buried to the world and raised to the newness of life in Christ. I had the answer of a good conscience and went on my way rejoicing."

The impression that he should preach the gospel came to Dr. Brown soon after he was baptized in 1865. Others were similarly impressed about him, for on the day he was baptized some one in the congregation remarked

that a Baptist preacher had been baptized that day. But he was not ordained till six years later, in 1871, soon after he had graduated from Wake Forest College. The ordination service was held at Yanceyville in Caswell County. The presbytery was composed of Dr. W. M. Wingate of Wake Forest College, Rev. F. H. Jones, who had baptized him six years before, Rev. S. G. Mason, Rev. W. S. Fontaine, Rev. F. M. Jordan and Rev. P. H. Fontaine. The sermon was preached by Dr. Wingate from the text, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. F. H. Jones and the charge given by Rev. F. M. Jordan.

His estimate of the ministry of the gospel as a life-work is expressed by Dr. Brown in these words: "Next to the assurance of salvation is the joy of being put into the ministry, called of God as was Aaron, chosen as was Paul, subject to the law of necessity which inhered in the economy of grace. Well may a true minister magnify his office. He bears in his message the unspeakable riches of Christ. He is a chosen vessel meet for the Master's use. He enjoys a privilege not given to angels that circle the throne of God."

His Missionary Work

Soon after his ordination Dr. Brown was engaged by the State Mission Board to do mission work in Rockingham, Guilford, Stokes and Forsyth Counties. I cannot do better than let him tell in his own way his experiences as a young minister in a mission field. "I had eight or nine appointments to reach each month. This required riding on horseback nearly one hundred and fifty miles per month. I had to ford Dan River four or

five times a month. Often it was swollen and I came near having trouble and being in danger on several occasions. I rode a hard-trotting horse which gave me fine exercise.

“One of the mission points was at Beaver Island, six miles above Madison, among the hills of upper Rockingham County. A few Baptist families resided in that community. We met in a log schoolhouse. I preached there on Saturday and Sunday once a month. I held a protracted meeting under a large bush arbor. The people came from near and far. One Sunday, while I was preaching, I saw a young man who was much exercised. He was standing by a post with his arm about it and trembling. I approached him and asked the cause of his alarm. He said, ‘I am a lost man. I feel as if the earth would sink under my feet. Will you tell me what to do?’ I said, ‘Yes, repeat after me,

‘Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovers around thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.’

He and many others professed religion. I baptized a number in Mayo River. Then we began to discuss the building of a new house of worship on a piece of ground not far away. The people were poor, money was scarce, and there were many discouragements. One elderly man was a carpenter. The brethren sawed and hauled lumber to the place. This old man began the building. He was much discouraged at times. Once when I went there to preach he said to me:

“‘I have had a great wrestle down there in the woods.’

“‘I said, ‘With whom did you wrestle?’

“‘He said, ‘With Satan. Satan said to me, “You have no business giving of your time and strength to build

this house. Let some one else build it or let it go un-built”.’

“Then the old man said to him, ‘It is none of your business what I do with my time and strength.’ Then we clinched and I had it out with him.

“This house was finished in due time and since then many souls have been born into the Kingdom in it. (Beaver Island Baptist Church.)

“Another mission point was at Oak Ridge, ten miles north in Stokes County. We met in a school house. Many people lived in the vicinity, but very few who professed religion. We held a protracted meeting there and many professed faith. It was here I baptized my first candidate. Brother F. M. Jordan, who had assisted me in the meeting, went into the water with me to show me how to baptize. The man to be baptized was past sixty years of age. After this first baptism I baptized a negro woman, and then quite a number of others. During the meeting an incident occurred which caused much discussion. One day at the close of the sermon persons who wished to be prayed for were asked to kneel in the congregation. A young girl about ten years of age knelt. When her father, who was not a Christian, saw it, he left his seat, went and pulled his daughter from her knees, led her to the door and pushed her out. Then he walked about the yard, talked loudly and created much disturbance. The young girl went home and was soon after seized by some serious disease. I was sent for to go and see her and pray for her. Her brothers were engaged in a neighborhood broil and were badly wounded. The girl died and shadows deep fell on the community. The incident produced a profound impression in the community.

“Soon after I began preaching there I heard there was a man living not far away who had a very interesting family but who never went to preaching and did not like preachers about him. I decided to go and see him. He seemed a little distant at first. I did my best to make myself agreeable and talked with him about things he was interested in. I went with him to the stables to feed the horses, to the pens to feed his hogs, out to the barns to see his tobacco, across the fields to see his growing crops. He began to feel at home with me. The next morning, to my great surprise, he hitched up his two-horse wagon, and said, ‘I am going to church and take my wife and all my children. And I want you to make my house your home when you are in the neighborhood. I have plenty to eat, good fires to sit by, and you are as welcome as you can be.’ He became my fast friend and was always at church after that on Saturday and Sunday. Preachers should study human nature. It is more important than reading theological discussions.

“There was an old colored woman who always attended the services at this point. She remained loyal to her former master. She was very ignorant but very pious. On one occasion I preached from the text, ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God for I shall praise him,’ etc. I tried to tell something about the soul. It was separate and different from the body. It was the undying, imperishable part of us. It was the part that thinks, feels, reasons, hopes, etc. After the sermon was over and we were on our way to the home where she still lived with her former master, several of us were talking together. This old woman began to talk about the sermon. She said, ‘The brother, he did try so hard to make it plain about the soul, but, the poor sinner, he

do not understand it, he do not know where the soul is, but I knows all about it.' Then, raising her foot and striking the bottom of it with her cane, she said, 'There is the soul.' I felt, after all my efforts to simplify and make the matter plain, I had made poor headway.

"The schoolhouse was burned down, and, for a time, I preached in an old storehouse. Later a commodious house was built and a good church has for many years been a growing blessing to all this country around.

"At another of my appointments there lived a man of age and more than ordinary information. He was one of the brethren who feel called to keep the preacher straight in doctrine and practice. I preached on one occasion as well as I knew how to preach. After the sermon was over he took me aside and said, 'I am constrained to tell you that you did not preach the truth to-day. You greatly misinterpreted your text and led the people astray.' I said, 'I thank you for telling me and I am sorry if I failed to teach the people as they should have been taught. I confess I do not know very much, but I spent considerable time preparing the sermon. I compared the text with other passages. I followed out parallel lines of thought. I consulted commentaries. I prayed over the matter, asking for guidance. Perhaps you have not investigated the matter closely. Allow me to ask you to think of it more and at my next appointment tell me of your conclusion.' When I went back a month later he met me in the grove where I was hitching my horse. He had a smile on his face and grasped my hand eagerly and said, 'I was too hasty in what I said to you. I find I was wrong and you were right.' It is always well to be sure that we are right before we take it for granted that the preacher does not know what he is talking about.

"It was at Summerfield Church that I made my first public prayer. It was at the Saturday meeting. The pastor took me to walk a little distance and asked me if I would not pray at the close of the sermon. I declined. I said I could not do it. He said nothing, but on the next day, at the conclusion of his sermon, when the house was crowded, he called on me to pray. My heart was in my throat. I choked for utterance. I stammered and stumbled through. But I have always been thankful that he helped me to do my duty. Many a timid young man could, perhaps, pray in public if called on and find himself able to do what he thought before he could not do.

"I assisted in special revival meetings in Person, Caswell, Orange, Guilford, Rockingham, Stokes, Forsyth, Surry and Davidson Counties. I preached and sang often until I was almost exhausted. This continual preaching and singing brought on a throat trouble which caused me to have to give up my work for several months. I was under the treatment of several physicians. Dr. Joe Hollingsworth, of Mt. Airy, gave me some advice which enabled me to begin work again. It was to dip myself into Eno River every day at sunrise for a month, to let my beard grow out, and to go on preaching." This explains why Dr. Brown began wearing a full beard early in his life and has continued to do so ever since.

His Fayetteville Pastorate

After recovering from his throat trouble Dr. Brown taught school a few months and then accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Fayetteville. We have his reminiscences of this pastorate published in the *North Carolina Baptist* in 1903.

"I was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Fayetteville in July or August, 1874, and remained there three years. I had never visited the town and was not known to any member of the church. It was a mystery to me how my name had gotten before them. It was before the days of candidating on the part of preachers or of skilful manipulating on the part of pulpit committees. I learned afterward that Brother J. B. Richardson had spoken kindly of me to a friend of his who was a member of the church. A conference was held, a prayer was offered, and the call was extended. I accepted it with fear and trembling, believing it to be the will of God that I should go. I had never preached in towns or cities, had only labored a few months as a missionary in the destitute portions of the Beulah Association. I knew that Dr. McDaniel, who was regarded as a distinguished pulpit orator, had served that church for many years. I knew also that Rev. William Brunt, a graduate of the Southern Baptist Seminary, and a fine thinker and a preacher of no mean ability had succeeded Dr. McDaniel. I can never describe the feelings of anxiety that filled my bosom as I contemplated entering the pulpit as a successor to these men of God. With scarcely any experience as a pastor, with only a few poorly prepared sermons, with my Bible and a dozen or more other books I made my arrangements to obey what I felt to be the call of God.

"There was only one passenger train a day that slowly crept into the Fayetteville of that period. It was night when I boarded the train at Sanford, having come from Cary that afternoon. I saw, soon after entering, a well-dressed, dignified man in the rear of the car. I decided to engage him in conversation, if possible. I found him affable and well-informed. I soon

learned that he resided in Fayetteville, that he had been North to buy a stock of goods, that he was a jeweler, that he knew everybody in Fayetteville, that he could tell me many things I was anxious to know. I was careful not to tell my name or my mission. I interrogated him about the preachers, the churches, the Sunday schools. He talked freely and wonderfully interestingly to me. I ventured, at length, to ask if the Baptist Church had a pastor. He answered in the negative. He spoke tenderly of McDaniel and Brunt, and of G. W. Greene, who had supplied for a time. Then he said, 'I have heard that the church has called a young man by the name of Brown from the hills of the western section of the State, but I have not seen him, never heard of him before.'

"I said, 'Is it believed that this young man will accept the call?'"

"He said, 'None of the members seems to know and it seems like a leap in the dark.'

"'It seems,' I said, 'like a risky business, but I hope it will turn out well.' I still played non-committal.

"'My friend,' he continued, 'I do not know you, or what you are religiously, but I do not hesitate to say that I am a Baptist and not ashamed of my people, their faith, their history, or their good works.'

"I answered that I had known some very estimable people among the Baptists, and some who were only flesh and blood with all the inherited weaknesses common to poor, frail human nature. I wanted to know if the Baptist Church in Fayetteville was in peace among themselves, if there were any factions among them, if they were loyal to their pastor, if there were any cranks in the membership, if they were willing to be led, if there were any critic among them, etc.

“He answered discreetly and truthfully. The conductor cried out, ‘Fayetteville,’ and we parted for the night.

“On the following Sunday night I saw this same man in the congregation. (It was Rev. J. M. Beasley.) He came forward with open arms to greet me and to say, ‘Why did you not tell me who you were on the train?’

“The truth is, I wanted to get my bearings, so I would know how to adjust myself. I never had a better friend than J. M. Beasley. His store was my headquarters while I remained in Fayetteville. Together we talked over the cause; together we often prayed and preached in the country churches; together we planned for the enlargement of the Kingdom. Few people will ever know what this unpretending man did for the cause of Christ. With his own money largely, he built houses of worship in destitute localities and supplied them with the gospel. He traveled widely in his own buggy and preached the gospel without charge in many neighborhoods where Christ was not so much as named. He was enthusiastic in his work and had the ability to inspire others with his spirit. He was easy of approach and possessed that open-hearted candor that made him valuable as a friend and adviser. At his death there came into my heart a consciousness of real loss. And I have never been in Fayetteville since that I have not missed him and wished for him as in the days of long ago.

“My first sermon was preached the second Sunday in September, 1874. The house of worship was crowded to its utmost capacity. The text used was, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” A few remarks were made about the beatitudes; an effort was made to describe the pure in heart, and the people were told some of the senses in which the pure in heart could

see God. It was a simple analysis, with no effort to be deep, learned or profound. The sermon was written and almost committed to memory—a rather hazardous method for a young preacher. If my call to the church had depended on my first sermon I should probably have never been pastor. I was conscious that I was not preaching a trial sermon, and here I only aimed to begin as I hoped to hold out. One of the older members told me before I preached not to make the mistake of preaching my best sermon first. I told him my aim had always been and should always be to do my best under the circumstances. I know even now, after the expiration of many years, no better rule for the preacher to follow.

“At the conclusion of the sermon a host of people gathered about me, and in the midst of their warm, fraternal greetings I almost forgot that I was a stranger among them.

“I do not know what impression was made by the sermon, though some were kind enough to express appreciation. I have reasons to believe, however, that they were not ‘specially taken’ by my appearance in the pulpit, as they went to work quietly and furnished me an elegant suit of clothes to be worn on the next Sabbath. Of course, I submitted. What else could I do? I was fresh from the country and unacquainted with city folks or city customs. I must become all things to all men that I might win some. After all, is there any lesson more important for the preacher to learn than the lesson of adjustability? Gradually I became acquainted with the congregation and felt at home among them.

“I found soon after beginning my work that there was a debt on the church and that the house of worship was mortgaged. This was to me a source of anxiety. A church debt is always a troublesome quantity. It is

always in the way when an advanced step is proposed. Arrangements were made to begin the liquidation of the debt. A 'Church Relief Society' was organized, made up of the young and old people. This society met once a month on Sunday afternoon. A program was always arranged, consisting of music, recitations, essays, etc. The members paid their dues and a general collection was taken. After a few months the debt was removed and the people greatly encouraged. The church had no baptistry at that time and money was subscribed and the work was begun. Soon after the baptistry was placed in the building a series of meetings was held and a number of happy converts were baptized on profession of their faith in Christ. Rev. C. Durham, who was a classmate of the pastor, assisted in the meetings. His preaching and his singing made a powerful impression on the congregations that heard him.

"Many of the older members of the church were known to hold widely differing views on the subject of election and predestination. One of their former pastors had seemed to lean strongly towards Arminian views, while the other had insisted on Calvinistic views generally held and believed by the Baptist people. These older brethren would often meet and warmly discuss their differences. They had their proofs, their Scripture passages, and were always ready for a debate. I soon found that I would have to make a deliverance from the pulpit on these much disputed subjects. Each party was sure that I would champion his side of the subject. I assiduously avoided preaching on these subjects in a conclusive way. Sometimes I would preach free agency as if there was no such doctrine as the divine sovereignty; then I would preach God's sovereignty as if there were no such thing as free agency taught in the Scrip-

tures. Both parties wanted to know how I was going to reconcile these teachings on these subjects. I told them both were taught in the Scriptures, that I believed both and would not attempt to reconcile what God had not attempted to reconcile in his Word.

"In a few months they began to realize that the Bible deals largely with the great practical duties of life. And they were willing for the pastor to preach as he thought best on any and every subject. The theological debating society gradually disbanded, and they vied with one another in their efforts to illustrate the great practical principles of our common Christianity.

"There are some spots about Fayetteville that will forever remain sacredly enshrined in my memory. I think of Hay Mount, from whose top I so often caught a view of the valley of the river and the gently sloping hills that lay beyond, sleeping in the lap of beauty. Here were the elegant homes of many good people, and hard by was the site of the United States Arsenal, so rudely and ruthlessly destroyed by Sherman's army in the closing weeks of the Civil War. I think of the historic 'Cross Creek,' where two streams came together which were said by the older people to have crossed each other in the long ago without intermingling their waters. I think of Liberty Point, dear to all genuine patriots as the place where the Revolutionary fathers met to declare their independence. I think of the cemetery with its winding walks, its shady nooks, its fragrant flowers, its peaceful atmosphere, its quaint inscriptions on the tombs where the 'forefathers of the hamlet sleep.' I think of the old buildings that stood in the midst of the streets of the city. What tender memories of the long ago cluster about me as I think of the sunset and evening bell as seen and heard from the ancient markethouse

in dear old Fayetteville. Sweet memories of the river, of the cool spring under the wide-spreading oaks, the bridge above the mill, where the water sings softly on its glad march to the sea, come to me o'er and o'er as I make my pilgrimage towards the sunset.

"In the summer of 1877 I felt my health beginning to fail, and my mind turned again to the Piedmont section of the State, and I resigned my pastorate in Fayetteville."

His Winston-Salem Pastorate

Dr. Brown, as he says, was disposed to return to Piedmont, North Carolina, because he thought it would be better for his health. He was now thirty-one years old. He is described by one who knew him then as "quiet, slender, bearded." Miss Carrie Jones of Winston-Salem, who was a little girl when Dr. Brown came to Winston-Salem, recalls that she told her father that the call of Dr. Brown to the Baptist Church in Winston was risky business because he looked so delicate. Yet during a pastorate of forty years he was not absent from his pulpit on account of sickness more than six or eight times.

The Baptist Church in Winston and the Red Bank Baptist Church, ten miles out in the country, were both without a pastor in 1877. The two boards of deacons had considered and rejected several names of proposed pastors. At length, the two boards without consultation with each other unanimously called Dr. Brown to preach at Winston three Sundays a month and at Red Bank one.

Long Pastorate

The story of Dr. Brown's work as pastor forty years of the Baptist Church in Winston, now the First Bap-

tist Church of Winston-Salem, constitutes the balance of this book and cannot be covered in part of a chapter or even a whole chapter. But inasmuch as his has been one of the longest whole-time pastorates of a city church in the annals of Southern Baptist history, it is well here and now to record what Dr. Brown, himself, has to say about long pastorates.

Staying Power of People

“In order to promote permanency in the pastorate quite as much depends upon the membership and congregation as upon the pastor himself. The people must have staying power if the minister abides. If the people are in an unsettled state, coming and going like gypsies, changing their camping ground, anything like permanency in the pastoral relation is almost impossible. There must be enough people rooted to the soil to maintain the traditions of the church and resist the dangerous innovations of the newcomers, if the pastor goes on year after year in increasing efficiency in the work of the church. This staying, conservative element in the church will serve as a wall of protection to the pastor until his plans shall mature and his work shall blossom into promise and fruitfulness. These persons will be to the pastor like Napoleon’s bodyguard, a mighty reserve force for effectiveness in a time of emergency. There are always some to tell how they did things in the Sleepy Hollow Church and how the pastor did down in the old church in Camden, or how they used to do in the church just across the line in some adjacent State.

“If there is not a wall to break the force of this incoming tide of suggestion the pastor and the church may be swept off their feet. It is worth a great deal to

a poor pastor, agitated by a thousand suggestions as to how to manage the church, to have some good, level-headed members who have had staying power rise up and say, 'We have seen these plans and suggestions tried in other years and found they did not work in our organization.' This lifts the burden from the shoulders of the pastor and prevents his coming into antagonism with men and measures that would mean strife and division with reference to him.

"I have been pastor of a single church for thirty-two years (it continued eight years longer) and more, but I am confident it would have been necessary for me to have 'packed my grip' and moved to pastures new several times if I had not had members with staying powers who moulded the policy of the church and relieved the pastor of many an embarrassing situation.

Co-operation Among Members

"To bring about permanency there must be co-operation on the part of the membership. They must be willing to wait for time to develop pastors and churches. They must not 'get down with the fever' for a change of methods and pastors every time the east wind blows. Much friendly counsel, sympathy and forbearance are necessary if a pastor continues his labors through a long succession of years. No one is more conscious of mistakes than he is, no one grieves over them more than he does, and no one tries harder always to do and say the right thing in the right way at the right times than he. Alas, he belongs to an imperfect tribe. He is a man of like passions, encompassed with the same sort of infirmities that so often embarrass other men.

“He is not as wise as Solomon, as good as Barnabas, as logical as Paul, as eloquent as Apollos, or as patient as Job. He is a plain, blunt man, it may be, who speaks right on and loves his friends and wants to please his Master most of all. If his people love him, believe in him, and stand by him, he will grow stronger and more widely useful the longer he stays with them. His advice will be more sought after, his visits will be more welcomed, his prayers will be more enjoyed, and his sermons will be more appreciated. It is wonderful how many allowances people will make for their pastor if they only love him. It is amazing what poor preaching they will sometimes ‘put up with’ if they only trust him. Love hides a multitude of faults; charity thinks no evil.

“If churches desire permanency in the pastoral relation let them remember that pastors are human and liable to err; let them love them, notwithstanding their imperfections, and co-operate with them in the spirit of harmony. Let them think of the Scriptural injunction, ‘Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your soul, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief; for that is unprofitable to you’.”

Staying Power of Pastor

But to promote permanency in the pastorate, the pastor himself must play a conspicuous part. He must have staying power. It is not well to take a field simply as an experiment. The Lord’s work is too serious and important to be experimented with. When a pastor accepts a field, he should enter upon it with the solemn purpose of making it the greatest success possible under his leadership. To enter upon a work sim-

ply as a springboard to get into a larger place is unworthy of any true man and an insult to the people on whom the imposition is practiced. Such methods as this have had much to do with making many of our churches experiment stations. Brother W. R. Gwaltney used to say that some men entered upon their pastorate with one foot lifted up ready to jump into another place as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

“Many pastors have found by sad experience that they do not always better their conditions by a change of fields. I know there is a sort of fascination about the thought of beginning new work under changed conditions. Distance lends enchantment to the view. ‘Hope springs eternal in the human breast, man never is but always to be blest.’

“Our hopes do not materialize. We have seen our fondest hopes decay. It is not best to move away from a field because it is difficult. There are no rosy fields for consecrated, devoted pastors. Each field has its trials, its problems, its seemingly unsurmountable difficulties. But somebody must beard the lion in his den, somebody must face the situation, somebody must lay down his life in every place for Jesus Christ, and who knows but that we have come to the Kingdom for such a time as this. There is such a thing as jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. And it may be better to endure the ills that we have than to fly to what we know not of. It is the part of good judgment to look before we leap.

“I know a pastor who had a difficult field and he received a telegram from another church, offering him just twice what he was receiving. It was a temptation, but he said, ‘Some man must put his life-blood into this work here if it succeeds. Why should I not do it?’ He declined the call and it proved the best step of his

life. The members to a man rallied around him and they all worked and suffered together. The church became his joy and crown.

Acceptable Preaching

“If we have permanency in the pastorate, the preacher must preach acceptably to the people. Long pastorates are generally characterized by good average preaching. Such men as Cuyler, John Hall, Spurgeon, and Maclaren held their pastorates through long years because they gave the people something to think about and enjoy. Sheep will continue to follow the shepherd if he leads them into fresh pastures and supplies their oft-recurring needs. The saints will gladly turn their feet to the places where their spirits are refreshed. Even men of ordinary ability may stay with their people a long time if they study human nature, adjust their themes to the demands of the times, and preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Keeping Up With Times

“It is not a new gospel that the people want, but the old gospel in new forms of thought. They want old truths dressed in new garments.

“The man who would stay long must cater to the needs of his particular generation. ‘The man who is out of gear with his own times cannot interest others.’ The gospel has its special message to reach successive generations. It adjusts itself to the demands of the rolling centuries. It is said of a great Scotch preacher that he stood always at the foot of the cross, but from that center he swept the circumference of active life.

The abiding pastor cannot continue to preach the same sermons he preached twenty years ago because there are conditions to which the gospel must be applied that had no existence then. To attain unto permanency, then, let pastors study variety, adaptation, illustration, the changing order of things, that they may not lose touch with the moving procession.

Visitation

“Much attention must be given to private visitation, if a pastor is to become a fixture in any community. It is the personal touch that glues pastor and people together. No amount of pulpit brilliancy will hold a congregation together through the years without much contact with them in their homes. ‘Congregations are built up externally by thorough pastoral work, and then they are built up internally by a thorough setting forth of Bible truth. It is one thing to attract a gaping crowd to witness a display of pulpit fireworks; it is quite another thing to attract and hold attentive listeners to the gospel of life. People do not get greatly interested in preaching until they become interested in the man who does the preaching. One good man said once he always enjoyed the sermon more on Sunday if he had had a warm handshake with the preacher during the week before. The more families a pastor can tie to himself and the church through visitation and personal attention, the more secure and permanent the relation becomes. ‘The good shepherd calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out. A stranger will they not follow for they know not the voice of strangers.’ Let a pastor become thoroughly imbedded in the affections of all the people,

and the gates of hell cannot prevail against him in that community.

Soul Winner

“Every pastor should strive to be a soul winner. Every person won for Christ and baptized into the fellowship of the church and trained for service during his pastorate becomes an additional cord to make the relation permanent. He may be all the while lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of his pastorate. As the young people grow to maturity and are married by him and the sorrowing relatives are comforted by his ministry, the bonds that bind pastor and people together grow stronger and stronger.

Careful About Debts

“If a pastor would tarry long with his people, he must not contract debts that he cannot pay. Better suffer for bread than lose his influence through repeated failure to meet financial obligations. Let him avoid taking an active part in partisan politics. Let him be courteous and considerate to all. Let him be an example unto the believers—wise as serpents and harmless as doves—and he will finish his course with joy and the ministry which he has received of the Lord Jesus.

“There comes a time in every pastor’s life when he should change or surrender his pastorate. He should be in a position to decide when that time comes. I once asked Brother J. H. Mills how long a pastor should remain on a field. He replied, ‘When they persecute you in one city, flee to another.’ When by reason of age or infirmity the pastor becomes unable to do the work that needs to be done he should surrender. The Kingdom of

God in any community is more to be considered than any man, however popular and useful he may have been in the years that have passed.

“Dr. Gambrell says pastors are divided into three classes—the builders, the setters and the splitters. Don’t be a setter; don’t be a splitter; be a builder, and you may stay as long as you ought to stay.”

Speaking on one of the anniversaries of Dr. Brown’s long pastorate, Bishop Rondthaler said: “I have sometimes wondered where Dr. Brown would have been by this time if he had been one of those hasty reformers whom I have seen here. When a man begins to hurry reforms he is likely, ere long, to move somewhere else. I have imagined two men meeting on the street. One would say, ‘Do you remember Dr. Brown, the former pastor of this place?’ The other would say, ‘Yes, I remember him; he preached in the First Baptist Church.’ I imagine the first speaker saying, ‘I saw him sometime ago and then I heard of his being in Montgomery, Alabama, and then of his making things hot in Arkansas, and he has now gone to California.’ Something of a wanderer of this sort my dear brother would have been if he had not settled down from the outset, determined that he would be a preacher of the gospel and to be in the community in which God had placed him. And I can imagine a different conversation. Two people meeting each other along our street, one says, ‘Do you remember Dr. Brown?’ The other says, ‘Dr. Brown? How could I ever forget him? Why, when our baby died and when we were rebellious against God in our great affliction, Dr. Brown came and talked with us about God’s loving ways even in the midst of darkness. Dr. Brown! I cannot forget him as long as I live.’ There is where the difference comes in. And that is what I

like him for; because he has gone in and out among the poor and troubled and the bereaved and the sick and dying. He preaches the gospel on Sundays and in the week he visits the families with reference to the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

His Pastorate Emeritus

Immediately after his resignation as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem in 1917, Dr. Brown was unanimously elected pastor emeritus of all the Baptist churches of that city. This was meant to be a graceful but not an empty compliment. Every Baptist church in and around the city was an offshoot of the First Church. The older members of every one of them had once been members of Dr. Brown's congregation. They all felt that he was still in a real sense their pastor. So, after 1917, Dr. Brown visited and frequently preached in the different Baptist churches until a slight stroke of paralysis in the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in 1918, from which he soon recovered completely, made his physicians advise against his preaching. Since then he has continued to attend the preaching and prayer meeting services and occasionally leads in prayer. During these eight years of his pastorate emeritus his counsel and advice have been sought and obtained on all matters of interest to the Baptist churches of the city. He has advised about the location of the new churches. To him have been brought vexatious problems of church discipline, and his advice has been accepted as final.

His Home Life

This account of the simple life that Dr. Brown has led for nearly seventy-nine years would not be complete

without a reference to his home life. It has been beautiful in every way. Speaking of leaving Fayetteville to accept the pastorate in Winston, Dr. Brown said, "But my heart was still there, for I had left the woman with the golden hair who was destined to be my companion for life, the one on whom I have been more dependent than on any other for whatever of success and happiness has come to me. I can now see some reasons why I was strangely guided to Fayetteville." Mrs. Brown, who was Miss Julia Cain of Fayetteville, was the ideal pastor's wife—cheerful, tactful, practical, the complement of her husband. As Struthers Burt says of the hero's mother in "The Interpreter's House," "He had never known his mother, but in the figure of his father he had long ago recognized one-half of a perpetual love affair; a mutual decision unshakable by death or separation. The living half of what had been an intimate, untalkative union, continuous and satisfying." Mrs. Brown died in 1914 after a lingering illness in the midst of which she remained cheerful unto the last. One who knew Mrs. Brown intimately in her home life says of her: "Never did a pastor have a better co-worker than he who is left to continue life's journey without his long-time counselor and helper. The sad notes of human suffering touched her open ears with a peculiar power. She was known as a bearer of oil and wine to the stricken about her. Her home was a haven of rest for God's ambassadors. The upper chamber was ever ready. Many a wayworn traveler has found peace and refreshing within those walls. The glorious optimism of faith, the inspiring outlook of hope, and the gracious heartswell of charity were happily blended in her rich life."

Another who knew her equally well in her church life said of her on the tenth anniversary of her death,

“While he worked upon the field she labored in the home. While he dispensed spiritual advices and comforts, she dispensed hospitality. While he preached the gospel from the pulpit, she taught many in the Sunday school. Her womanly and friendly greetings were extended to every part of our church life. Many of us to this day still look for her in her usual place near the door, where she greeted and welcomed almost every one who came to the house of worship.”

A short article by Dr. Brown entitled “The Story of the Clock that Stopped,” in the *Biblical Recorder* gives such an accurate pen picture of his own home life that I quote it in full:

“Many years ago two young people were happily married, and among the gifts sent in by friends was a family clock. It was not, like other presents received on such occasions, laid aside and in the course of time forgotten. It remained through many years to render faithful service. It had a place on the mantel in the first little room occupied as a home by this young couple. All through the ‘honeymoon,’ when every word was seasoned with affection and every glance of the eye revealed love in the heart, when music was in the house and every prospect was pleasing, when the birds were singing in the trees, and the stars were shining in the night, the clock in the room struck off the hours as the happy days went by.

“As the months went on, a new home was entered and it was all their own—the dearest place on earth to them. And among the sacred furnishings was the clock to occupy its place, from which it would mark off the hours for them through the coming years. After a time, the first baby came into the home, with laughing eyes and a radiant face, and the loving mother watched tenderly

over it through many a night while the clock was striking the hours. In the course of the years other children came to romp and play and sing in the home, and then stand and watch while the 'hands' on the dial went slowly around, that they might count while the clock was striking the hour. They soon became very fond of it. It was their companion and friend and 'company' for them when the parents were not in the room. They believed it almost infallible. Other watches might go wrong, other clocks might fail, and even the big town clock might not keep up with sun, but their clock was always right. It kept the time for them to go to bed at night and to rise in the morning, to leave for school and to return in the evening.

"When sickness was in the family and the doctor came to ask all sorts of questions, to look at the tongue, take the temperature, and write the prescription, the clock must be depended on to keep the time for taking the medicine. It was always consulted for the arrival of the train and for its departure when they wished to visit friends in distant cities. The clock was the only member of the family that did not complain, did not lose its temper, did not act ugly when the weather changed. Other faces changed but its face was always the same. The silver threads came into mother's hair, and the wrinkles came on father's face, but the clock never seemed to grow old. Its voice never changed, but rang out like a silver bell, and its familiar 'tick-tock' was like the soft dropping of the rain in the darkness of the night.

"But sad changes came in the home, as they always do, sometime and somewhere, in the history of every family. Mother was sick unto death, and while the loved ones stood silently by, the clock marked off the anxious

hours. The end came at length. The angels came for her and bore her away to the home of the blest. And the clock stopped.

"We could not persuade it to continue its work. It seemed to say, 'The time has come for silence and rest,' We took it to the jeweler and he examined it and said, 'There does not seem to be anything wrong with it, but it just will not run.' It stands silent and still, there on the mantel in the room where the husband and father sleeps. It has been the silent witness of many transactions in the home, but it has revealed no family secrets. A thousand tender memories cluster about it. No money would buy it, for it is more precious than silver and gold. No rude hand must touch it, for it is more valuable than rubies. It is still standing there—the old family clock—motionless and quiet since the 'dear one' went away to the heavenly home to wait for the coming of our feet."

Dr. Brown had an only son named Wingate. He was a youth of promise. After completing his education at Wake Forest, he entered business with the prospect of a bright future. But in 1916 he was stricken down suddenly while in the city of Philadelphia on business.

Dr. Brown is now spending his last days in the home of his younger daughter, Mrs. H. S. Stokes, in Winston-Salem. Next door lives his elder daughter, Mrs. W. O. McCorkle. There, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, two of the latter bearing his name—Henry Brown McCorkle and Henry Brown Stokes—he may be seen sitting on the front porch gazing "westward out to sea," waiting, as he says, for the sound of the boatman's oar. In passing it may be observed that in Winston-Salem, it is said, the number of "Henry Browns" is greater than the combined namesakes of the Presidents

of the United States from Washington to Coolidge. "Many old people," he says, "make themselves miserable and others miserable as well by always imagining that they are in somebody's way. They do not realize that they may be in the home as a benediction to the grandchildren, and inspiration to the parents, a comfort to the weary and sick, and a welcome presence to visiting friends. The promises of God come home to the old like the sweet breath of the springtime."

Thus he speaks of the eventide of life: "It is given to some of the saints of God, after their strenuous work is over, to wait quietly while the sun is going down. What an inspiration these 'waiting ones' are to their companions who have not traveled so far on life's pilgrimage, or shared the same experience. What a benediction to hear of battles long since won, and of fruits that have ripened and mellowed with age, and of hopes that have become settled and fixed, and of prosperity that has given men radiant hope with each advancing stage! It is worth while to wait if by so doing we may be revealers of God's will, interpreters of his providence, and sharers of those richer joys which come to those who have reached the high tablelands of faith and experience.

"There are many now who quietly wait and rest at the sunset's hours, while a thousand tender memories of those 'loved and lost awhile' come trooping through their minds. They think of many a Bethany, where quiet evenings were spent in communion with those they loved. They go over again in thought the seeds they sowed, the fields they cultivated, the harvests they gathered. They think of influences they started, which were destined to girdle the earth.

“The retrospect may be pleasant to those who are waiting, but the prospect is glorious. Paul said, ‘I am now ready to be offered. I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith.’ That was the retrospect. But how joyful was the prospect! ‘Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness and not for me only, but for all them who love his appearing!’ There are visions of better things to those who wait. There are sweet drawings to the better land for those who are waiting, like the soft South winds that hasten the ship to the shore. They have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. They ‘would not live always, they ask not to stay.’ They are like those who are ready to move and have sent their furniture ahead. In visions of enraptured thought they see, while they wait, the wide-open gates through which they may enter ‘the home of the blest.’ There are loving hands that beckon them from out the ivory palaces. They are not tired of watching and waiting, but should the summons come, they would hasten away as school boys do when the day is done.”

In the events of this simple life is not to be found, we are quite sure, the reason why Dr. Brown is the pastor beloved. In a sense his life has been uneventful. Many another has, to all outward appearances, lived very much the same life as he. In the annals of secular history his record is brief—a country boy, a brave young soldier, a Baptist minister, holding but two pastorates over a period of fifty years. He must live, and he will live, throughout succeeding generations, not because he did much that is suitable for record in history, but because he lived in such a way as to influence the lives of other men. Though we have in the self-revelations of the man in the quotations I have given in this chapter an inkling

of the reason why he is the pastor beloved, we must pursue still further our study of his character if we would really know the pastor beloved.

CHAPTER III

THE WISE LEADER

“Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.” HEBREWS xiii: 7.

The leadership of Dr. Brown throughout a period of half a century, from the beginning of the Fayetteville pastorate in 1874, is proved by results achieved rather than by any claims to leadership made by or for him. Yet, as will be seen, he has been a leader—a leader in his local church, in his city, in his State, in his denomination. But he has led, not because he has desired or tried to lead, but because his wisdom has made others look to him for leadership.

Leader in His Church

When Dr. Brown came to Winston in 1877 there were but fifty Baptists in the two towns of Winston and Salem. As he says, “Our people were plain, good people, but they did not claim for themselves financial strength, social prestige, or intellectual superiority.” Winston was still a mission point. Rev. F. M. Jordan had traveled once a month from near Hillsboro to preach in the courthouse and later in the schoolhouse. The church building, started before Dr. Brown came to Winston, was not finished or furnished. When completed it was a one-room brick building 40 by 60 feet. Besides, the little congregation was cumbered with a building debt of

\$500—a burden that was heavier by far than one an hundred times as big would be to the present congregation. There was no Sunday-school room, no baptistry, no furnace, no organ. The pastor's salary was \$325 per year.

Now, see how the new pastor, "quiet, slender, bearded," young man of thirty-one, in his own way, went about leading his little flock into larger things. The congregation, itself, needed enlarging. "During the first year," he says, "a visiting committee, composed of three ladies, was appointed, and these good women reported having visited many families. As a result of this work the Sunday school and congregation were largely increased."

He wished to pay off the church debt. "A committee was appointed to pay part of the church debt. They agreed to pay \$200.00. They adopted a novel plan. Each member pledged himself or herself for a certain amount. Of course, they succeeded."

He had need of a baptistry. "The members up to this time had been baptized in Belo's Pond. It was a difficult task to build the baptistry, and the church did not feel willing to undertake it, but some members assumed the responsibility, and went to work and erected it."

He needed an organ for the church. The pastor appointed a number of little girls to secure funds for this purpose. They were very enthusiastic and soon had the money in hand. But there were some of the members who were opposed to the organ being used for church services, and when it was used for the first time they went out of the church. But they soon became reconciled and everything moved on smoothly."

The next step was for the church to cease to be a beneficiary of the State Mission Board. Without ado the

church declined to accept any more aid from the board, greatly increased its contribution to missions, called the pastor for his whole time and substantially raised his salary.

By 1888 the church had outgrown its quarters. A committee was appointed to recommend the changes to be made. They were made and paid for and the work continued to progress.

In 1898 the cornerstone of a new church building was laid and in due course the building completed.

Thus quietly, without show, and without apparent effort, Dr. Brown led his people on to larger things. So quietly did he lead them that they were scarcely conscious of being led.

In 1877, as I have already said, there were only fifty Baptists in Winston and Salem. Thirty years later there were 670 members of the First Baptist Church, and by 1917, when Dr. Brown retired, six other Baptist churches had been established in Winston-Salem whose members were drawn largely from the First Baptist Church.

The growth in grace of giving kept apace the growth in numbers. In 1877 the Baptist Church in Winston was contributing \$8.00 per year to all objects of benevolence; in 1917 it contributed \$3,461.68.

The growth in influence of the First Baptist Church under Dr. Brown's leadership was equally noteworthy. In 1877 the Baptist Church in Winston was in such disfavor with Baptists even, on account of prejudices that had been aroused, that one of the leading Baptists in the section would not give his approval to the church even to the extent of attending its services. Yet in 1881, five years after Dr. Brown became pastor, the Baptist State Convention met in Winston for the first time. "The people of Winston and Salem, without regard to denomi-



In 1909 the name of Broad Street Baptist Church in Winston was changed to Brown Memorial. Dr. Brown's comment, so characteristic of him, was: "The Broad Street Church proposes to build a beautiful house of worship in memory of my life and labors. It is a graceful thing for them to do, but an honor unsought by me."

nations, threw open their doors to the delegates and visitors," remarks Dr. Brown, as if this fraternity among the brethren of different denominations was a new thing. To-day, a former fellow-pastor, as already quoted, gives Dr. Brown's "broad and fraternal attitude to his brethren of other churches" credit for the remarkable spirit of unity which characterizes the churches of Winston-Salem.

During the last years of Dr. Brown's pastorate steps were taken to erect a new house of worship, which, when completed, will be one of the handsomest church edifices in the South. The building is being done under the pastorate of Dr. J. R. Jester. It is a far cry from the unfurnished little building in 1877 when the young pastor, Henry Brown, preached to a congregation that barely required half a dozen seats, to the handsome building in 1925 that will accommodate sixteen hundred people. Yet the leadership of Dr. Brown during the years of beginning made possible all that is being accomplished now. His spirit goes marching on.

Leader in His City

Prior to 1870 there was not a Baptist in Winston. About that time Mr. Alfred Holland, with his family, moved to Winston from Smithfield in Johnston County. In Brown Memorial Church is a window memorial to Mr. Holland as the first Baptist to settle in Winston-Salem.

Rev. F. M. Jordan, who recently died at the ripe old age of ninety-odd years, then a missionary under the State Board, stationed near Hillsboro, organized the Baptist Church in Winston September 22, 1871. Soon thereafter a lot was purchased and arrangements made for

the building of a Baptist church. It is said that Rev. Mr. Jordan walked the streets of Raleigh begging money to pay for the lot for a Baptist church in the village of Winston. The few Baptists of Winston made their contributions mostly in kind—that is, by furnishing and hauling the timber and doing the work.

When Dr. Brown began his pastorate in 1877 Winston was a village of one thousand people. Where the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company building now stands was a little store conducted by Mr. Robert Gray, who lived on the site now occupied by the Owens Drug Company. The O'Hanlon corner was in woods. The whipping-post stood near what is now the heart of the city. Winston was noted, not for its great industrial plants, but for its dried blackberries. Three churches had already been established in the community—Moravian, Methodist Protestant and Presbyterian.

The growth of the Baptists of Winston and the vicinity has more than kept pace with the growth of the city. In 1877 there was but one Baptist church in or near Winston; in 1887, two; in 1907, four; in 1917, eight, and in 1925, thirteen. In 1870 there was not a Baptist anywhere in Winston; in 1871 there were but five; in 1877, when Dr. Brown came, fifty; in 1897, six hundred and seventy-five; in 1907, eleven hundred and nine; in 1917, when he retired, two thousand, seven hundred and thirty-nine; and in 1922, four thousand and sixty-one. In 1877 the Baptists, as has already been stated, were contributing \$8 a year to all objects of benevolence and paying their pastor \$325 per year and receiving aid from the State Mission Board. In 1924 the Baptists of Winston-Salem contributed \$34,633.74 to benevolences and \$237,803.97 to local expenses, a total of \$272,437.71 to all objects.

Leader In His Association

It was inevitable that the leadership of Dr. Brown should extend beyond his local church and beyond the churches that were offsprings of his church and that it should extend to the churches of all the outlying area.

The Pilot Mountain Association, composed of Baptist churches in Forsyth, Stokes, Rockingham and Surry counties, was organized from the Beulah Association in 1885. In 1890 (the first minutes available) it had 2,080 members and contributed \$5,164.76 to all objects—benevolence and local expenses. In 1917 it had 9,843 members and contributed \$47,662.54 to all objects.

Of the sixty-three churches in the Pilot Mountain Association, Dr. Brown aided in planting fifty. For nearly twenty-five years he was chairman and treasurer of the Executive Committee of the Association, whose business it was to find destitute fields, to place preachers in them, to find money to pay expenses, and eventually to plant Baptist churches, make them self-supporting and then to withdraw from them the financial aid of the Association and the State Mission Board. His reports as chairman of the Executive Committee made to the Association year after year are as businesslike as the reports of the president of a corporation to his board of directors. For each man engaged in missionary work in the Association he reported the number of sermons preached, the number of visits made, the number of baptisms, the amount of contributions received. He reported on the progress of the work in each separate field, with recommendations as to what should be done next in that field.

Dr. Brown was the captain of a little band of soldiers of the cross whose business it was to spread the gospel throughout the length and breadth of the Pilot Moun-

tain Association. Some of the members of his company were Pinkney Oliver, C. C. Haymore, S. F. Conrad, N. J. Matthews, R. M. Loftis, J. H. Llewellyn, and W. H. Wilson.

His Rallying Cries

Nearly every report of the Executive Committee for twenty-five years—and Dr. Brown was the author of them all—closed with an exhortation to go forward—never a note of doubt or discouragement—which must have served as a rallying cry to his little band of comrades. Some of them are worthy of repetition here.

“May the Lord give us larger views and grace sufficient to rise up to the full measure of our responsibility.”

“The fields are white unto the harvest and the Lord has blest us with the ability to do a great work in building up the ‘waste places.’ Again we ask, ‘Shall we not go forward?’ ”

“Let our motto be, in the future as in the past, ‘Onward and Upward’.”

“Let all our churches gradually increase their contributions to State Missions until all the waste places shall be supplied and, ‘from the mountains to the sea’ there shall not be a locality that is not blessed with a well-organized and well-equipped Baptist church and Sunday school.”

“Let all our churches do more and more for State Missions until the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad and the desert shall blossom like the rose and the smile of our God shall rest on all our land.”

“With gratitude in our hearts to God for great mercies received and with growing desire for the spread of the

gospel throughout the earth, we turn our faces joyfully to the coming century." (1899)

"The outlook has never been better for us, and with growing faith in God and confidence in ourselves as his servants, we can sooner make our part of the state blossom like the rose."

"Thus far the Lord has helped us.' Our faces are to the front and God is on our side. We need only to keep going forward to possess the land."

"Truly the Lord has been very gracious to us during all the year. Let us recognize his guiding hand and press forward to finish the work he has given us to do."

"With confidence in God and faith in our brethren, let us press forward to a larger effort for the spread of the gospel throughout the world."

"We shall be unworthy stewards of the manifold grace of God if we fail to make larger contributions to the growing demands upon us for the evangelization of the whole world."

"With gratitude to God for his mercies past, with consciousness of the present need, and faith in his goodness for the years to come, we joyfully turn our faces to the work before us."

"The future before us is as bright as the promise of God."

"Forgetting the toils and labors of the past, we will reach out for the larger things which our Master has in store for us."

"With our faces to the front and our loins girded about and our Master in the lead, we will do our best to take and hold the territory for him."

"With faith in God and in our own ability to do things, we seek to adjust ourselves to the changing conditions and finish the task committed to our trust."

The minutes of the Pilot Mountain Association during the past thirty years reveal the kind of leader Dr. Brown is. He kept himself in the background. He made few speeches and took active part in few discussions. He always stood for co-operation with the institutions, agencies and interests of his denomination. Most of the resolutions he introduced related to the connection between the Pilot Mountain Association and the general work—such as requesting the support of the churches of the Association for some mission or educational or orphanage enterprise of the denomination. Never once does he appear introducing a resolution or making a speech or taking part in a discussion that was critical of the work of his denomination or of his brethren. Just as in the case of his work on the Executive Committee of the Association, he stood for progress. He could be found always just a little in front of his brethren, not out of sight of them ever, beckoning them on to higher places in Kingdom work.

God's Chosen Leader

Dr. Brown would be the last of men to claim for himself or have me claim for him credit for the progress that has been made during the past forty-seven years in the work of the Baptist denomination, whether in the local church, the city, or the Association. Progress would have been made—maybe not so rapid or so symmetrical—had Dr. Brown never lived. The Lord is not dependent upon any one man to carry on his work. He is able to raise up a leader whenever he needs one. But God, in his providence, did see fit to make Dr. Brown a leader among his brethren. The progress under his leadership, as I have outlined it, shows the nature and efficiency of such leadership.

His Level Head

What has made Dr. Brown—quiet, unassuming, self-effacing as he is and has always been—such a leader among his brethren? Bishop Rondthaler who has known him intimately during all these years and has watched his leadership from the vantage point of membership in another denomination, attributes a part of his leadership to an uncommonly level head. He says that Dr. Brown was born with a level head. "I have never known him to make a mistake in judgment. It has kept him from going into excesses. He was never carried away by a fanatical movement. Twenty years ago the Perfect Holiness movement rose and swept some of our best people. Both of us had to suffer from the movement. Dr. Brown, when they asked him to preach Perfect Holiness, replied 'I am not going to preach anything I can't practice.'" Dr. Lilly says of his good judgment, "I think of him as a man of unusual poise and balance. His judgment was always good and his counsel safe. He gave me the impression of a wholesome, normal personality such as is seldom found." In a time of excitement, whether in affairs of church or community or state, you can count on Dr. Brown keeping his head clear and his spirit calm.

His Optimism

Another quality of Dr. Brown's leadership is that he has had all through the years an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the right. Note with what hopefulness and optimism he concludes his reports as chairman of the Executive Committee on the progress of the work in the Association. What he has said about Jesus and optimism in one of his short articles in *The Biblical Recorder* is really a self-revelation of his own spirit.

“He was an optimist in that he had large hopefulness, large love and patience and firm belief in the possibilities of men, through faith in God and effort on their own part, to rise out of their dead selves to higher things. He was not easily discouraged by conditions about him. He lived in a period of great poverty and suffering. He had made no earthly accumulations. He was a homeless man, with no place he could call his own where he might lay his head. But he said, ‘A man’s life does not consist in the abundance of things that he possesseth.’ When a great storm swept over the sea and the vessel was tossed by the winds and the disciples were almost frightened out of their wits, he stood up with great serenity and confidence and said, ‘Peace be still,’ and there was a great calm. The sunshine rested on the face of the waters and every breath of air brought healing and gladness.

“When his disciples came back from a great preaching tour and said, ‘The devils are subject unto us,’ he said, ‘I saw Satan as lightning falling from heaven,’ or, in other words, ‘I see Satan falling.’ A process was in operation which was destined to renovate the earth and finally overcome all the powers of evil. It is the one far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves. He saw it through to the finish and there was no tremulous touch of fear that, in the end, there would be failure anywhere.

“When Martha met him and told him of her brother’s death, he said, ‘Thy brother shall live again.’ But when she remonstrated, ‘I know he shall live in the resurrection of the just,’ he said, ‘I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me even though he were dead yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.’ This was a triumphant utterance

based on his conscious power to make all things new. And for the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. And our firm faith in his power to make good all that he has promised should make real optimists of us all."

His Patience

Still another quality of Dr. Brown's leadership is his patience. This, of course, is an outgrowth of his faith. Like Browning, he believes that the best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made. Being patient, he does not lose heart if his brethren do not move as quickly or in the very way he would like for them to move. This is illustrated in the way in which he has led his own congregation in steps of progress. He made the suggestion. That is, he planted the seed of an idea. Then he waited for it to germinate and shoot. It did not always come forth as he had pictured it would. But in the course of time it did come forth and bear fruit of its kind. So quietly had he moved that those who finally carried out the idea thought it was theirs, rather than his, they were carrying out.

Dr. Brown is a man of superior wisdom. To him the Lord has given a wise and an understanding heart. His calmness, patience and optimism are but manifestations of his wisdom. His advice, seldom volunteered, is, when sought, sound on matters of state and business as well as matters of conduct and doctrine.

Remember, we are still in quest of an answer to the question why Dr. Brown is the pastor beloved. Is the answer to be found in the fact of his leadership? Do men of all creeds, colors and conditions love him because

he has led the Baptists of his congregation, of his city, of his section of the state and, to a lesser degree, of the state as a whole to larger and larger things? No, we have not found the answer yet. Men never love a fellowman because he is a leader. They may, however, make him their leader because they love him. Herein is the reason for Dr. Brown's leadership, but not the explanation of the love that men have for him. In the qualities of his character displayed in his leadership—his commonsense, his optimism, his patience—are to be found the by-products of a soul that wins the love of men. So let us continue our study of the wise man whose soul has such by-products as good judgment, optimism and patience.

CHAPTER IV

THE EFFECTIVE PREACHER

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."
PROVERBS XXV: 11.

The superiority of Dr. Brown as a pastor has overshadowed his pre-eminent ability as a preacher. Or, as Miss Carrie Jones expresses it, "His goodness has swallowed his smartness. People have been so used to speaking of him as good. Any preacher that can occupy a pulpit as long as he did and preach the simple gospel must be a smart man."

His Preparation

Dr. Brown never went into his pulpit unprepared. Most of his sermons were written out in full but they were never read and, after the first years of his ministry, never memorized. In his reminiscences of Fayetteville he has this to say about his preparation of sermons, "It was my method in my early ministry to write every sermon on eight pages of foolscap paper. I committed it to memory, and when I started to the pulpit I always folded my sermon and placed it in my coat pocket, so that I could get it if I needed it. Once a great congregation gathered in the church. All the lawyers and doctors and other professional men of the city were present that morning. I had selected as my text the passage, 'While thy servant was busy here and there he was gone.' I

was much agitated when I saw such a company of distinguished men in the audience. I began with fear and trembling. Presently I forgot my place—forgot the next sentence, went back to begin again, cleared my throat, looked up at the ceiling, perspired and rubbed my head; then I took out my manuscript, opened it and began to read. It was a bitter experience and I was humiliated beyond expression. The people were sympathetic and I heard no criticism of the performance. It taught me a lesson, and I abandoned forever the task of trying to commit every word in my sermon to memory. I have failed many times since then but never for the same reason. Let the young preachers beware of this more laborious and unsatisfactory method of sermonizing."

Dr. Brown has always been a devoted but discriminating reader of the best in both contemporary and classical literature. Dr. Charles E. Taylor, for many years president of Wake Forest College and, himself, a discriminating reader, said of Dr. Brown's library, "This is the best working library I have found in any pastor's study." One of the things that has impressed me as I have been in Dr. Brown's library time after time, both during his active pastorate and since, has been the number of new books and magazines and religious publications on his table. Not all the books were on theological or even religious subjects, either. He is, indeed, one of the scholarly ministers of the gospel of our day.

Not only his wide reading but his broad human sympathies as well gave him a wealth of material for his sermons. I find in reading only a portion of his bi-weekly short articles in *The Biblical Recorder* that he quotes freely from or draws illustrations from the lives of the poets, Shakespeare, Byron, Robert Louis Stevenson, Browning, Burns; from the statesmen, Lincoln, John

Quincy Adams, John Randolph, James A. Garfield, Woodrow Wilson; from the philosophers, Benjamin Franklin, Socrates, Plato, Dr. Samuel Johnson; from the essayists, Emerson, Thomas Carlyle; from the novelists, Victor Hugo and George Elliot; from the soldiers, Alexander the Great, Ulysses, Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, Robert E. Lee; from the preachers, Horace Bushnell, William Carey, John A. Broadus, Charles Spurgeon, John Knox, Matthew T. Yates, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, and from the scientist, Herbert Spencer. He seems to be equally at home with Greek mythology, Greek philosophy, with poets, statesmen, seers, soldiers, scientists, ancient, medieval and modern. This, to be sure, is a side of Dr. Brown's life little known to the public; for his heart has overshadowed his head.

His Style

One of the characteristics of Dr. Brown's style, as one would expect, is the simplicity of his language—short, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon words. He has little patience with the use of ponderous words that so often hide lack of thought. He thinks clearly; therefore, he writes and speaks simply. He “never allowed words a part in completing the fabric of an imperfect thought.” Here is what he says about the use of big words: “There are many people who are fond of using big words—words not in common use by the rank and file of the country. This is no indication of good taste and certainly no evidence of great scholarship. Great thinkers are generally very simple, plain and direct in their public and private utterances. Preachers who will live longest in the thoughts of coming generations used language easily understood by their hearers. We have famous illustrations of this fact in the

sermons of Broadus, Spurgeon, Beecher and Jowett. Preachers, of all men, need most to speak in language plain and strong, since their messages are for the benefit of all classes. Jesus did not make use of words that the humblest hearers might not comprehend. Dr. A. T. Robertson, says, 'Great preaching calls for great thinking, not for big words but for big ideas that touch the depths of the human soul and rise to the throne of God.' I have known a few men who spoke in an unknown tongue, but, while this may have been pleasing to them, it was unprofitable to their hearers. Perhaps you have heard of the college professor who spoke after that fashion to an ignorant colored servant, 'Conduct this quadruped to suitable quarters, stabulate him and supply him with a sufficient quantity of nutritious aliment, and when the luminary of the day shall illumine the gorgeous east I will compensate you for your service.' The poor negro did not know that he simply meant for him to put his horse into the stable and feed him. Rev. P. H. Fountain told me this incident: There was a great meeting going on in a colored church. The pastor called on one of the members to pray. He thought he must make an impression by the use of big words, so he began by saying, 'Horous, horous, most diabolical God.' The pastor called out, 'Stop there, and let some other one pray who is better acquainted with de Lord than this brudder is.'"

And a characteristic of Dr. Brown's sermons is the simplicity of the illustrations he uses. Most of them are drawn from nature—the moon, the sun, the stars, the waves, the dews, the buds, the trees, the seed. His illustrations, like his words, are never above the heads of his hearers. In this respect his preaching is like that of Jesus, himself. Here is what he says about the dewdrop, "Is there anything in all the universe more beautiful



THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN WINSTON, 1877.

than drops of dew trembling on the blades of grass and the leaves of the trees and reflecting back to the skies the image of the sun? Behold how good and beautiful it is when brethren dwell together in unity. It is like the dew of Hermon descending on the mountains of Israel.

"Dew drops are little things, but they are things of beauty and a joy forever! They are symbolic of little deeds of kindness, little thoughts of sympathy and little words of love which make the earth an Eden like the heaven above. If it were not for the love of others which shines like the dew drops in the hearts of so many people on this earth it would wobble through space like a dead ball without sunshine and the songs of birds.

"The dew is a commonplace thing. It is everywhere—on the mountainside, in the field and valley, and sequestered spot. It had no hiding-place; it is open to the sight of all. Lot swept it away with his hurrying feet as he escaped from burning Sodom. Lazarus was in sight of it as he lay begging hard by the rich man's gate.

"Thank God, love is a commonplace thing. It is not confined to kings' palaces or the homes of the rich where luxuries abound. It is everywhere. In the homes of the poor, where the tired laborer wipes from his face the sweat of honest toil, he finds love in the laugh of childhood and the smile of motherhood. Its touch is on a million hearts tonight, and its joy is resting on a thousand homes, for where a mother's heart is love is there, and in the darkest spot of earth some love is found."

Who that lives in the country or was raised on the farm or that thinks he would like to live in the country

—and this includes everybody—but is not thrilled by this picture of farm life when the day's work is over, used by Dr. Brown to illustrate the end of one's life-work: "Farmers who follow the plow and the reaper from early morning till the evening are prepared to appreciate the quiet and restfulness that come when the day's work is over. They sit in their yards and listen to the drowsy tinkling of the distant folds and the lowing of the cattle at the farmyard gate. The chickens have gone to roost in the trees and the babies are sleeping in the trundle bed. All nature a solemn stillness holds, and the stars speak to them out of infinite spaces while a thousand voices whisper out of the deep solitudes all about them. It is a good time to meditate. Isaac meditated when he walked in the fields at the evening hour; David on his bed in the night watches.

"It is pleasant to think of the creation of the heavens and the earth—the vastness, the wisdom, the beauty, the glory of it. We need not trouble ourselves about the processes of creation since they are hidden from our eyes, but the fact of creation is manifest to our senses. The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

It must be manifest to one who listens to the sermons or reads the writings of Dr. Brown that he largely employs the language of the Bible itself—the King James Version. He is so familiar with it, it is so much a part of his life that he unconsciously at times, I think, uses the language of the Bible sometimes as a direct quotation, sometimes as an indirect question, and sometimes only a phrase. Hamilton Holt says of Corra Harris, "No editor could improve her style—and naturally—for it was founded and grounded on the Bible, which she read

constantly for love and never from a sense of duty." The same may be said of the style of Dr. Brown.

Another thing that soon impresses one who listens to or reads after Dr. Brown is the frequency with which he uses the language of the old hymns of the church. They, too, are a part of his life. He quotes them, no doubt, without being conscious that he is doing so.

Here are just a few of the quotations from these old hymns I take at random from his articles in *The Biblical Recorder*:

"We'll catch the broken threads again
And finish what we here began,
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then sometime we'll understand."

"He that tires and faints
And walks the ways of God no more
Is but esteemed almost a saint
And makes his own damnation sure."

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

"Fear not the want of outward good,
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside."

"So the dews on Hermon's hill,
Which the summer clouds distill
Floating southward in the night
Pearly gems on Zion light."

"Not now but in the coming year
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears
And then, ah then, we'll understand."

To a less extent he uses freely the language, quoting directly or indirectly, of the standard poems of our language—as, for instance, from Byron, Tennyson and Browning.

This it is that makes what Dr. Brown says and writes so pleasing. In the very phrases he uses one finds old, familiar friends. It happened that I arranged my notes for this little book while I was spending my vacation at a beach resort. At the hotel at which I was stopping was a splendid orchestra that entertained the guests at mealtime and during the evening. Habitually, as was natural, it played the jazz music of the day. But one evening the orchestra swung out of the jazz into the old song of the church, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and never had that song sounded so sweet. It was like finding an old friend in the midst of a host of strangers. So it is with the words of Dr. Brown, whether spoken or written, old friends brought together from the Bible and from poetry and from classical literature to share the attention, as welcome guests, with the slang of today.

Still another characteristic of Dr. Brown's style, as is to be expected, is the frequency with which he uses Bible characters for the purposes of illustration. With equal facility he draws upon Old Testament or New. The characters and events of the Bible are to him like the keys of a piano to a Paderewski—ready always for his touch without ever a conscious search for them.

One could hardly conceive of Dr. Brown preaching upon any but the most practical subjects. His first sermon as pastor in Fayetteville was a study of the beatitudes based on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." His first and last sermon as pastor in Winston-Salem was on the text, "The love of Christ constraineth us." (2 Cor. 5: 14.) It will be interesting to read what Dr. Brown, himself, says about his first sermon. "My first sermon was preached in a log schoolhouse,

for there was no Baptist meeting-house in twelve miles of the place. Many of my friends and neighbors came to hear me. I was greatly excited. I knew nothing about sermon preparation. My text was, 'The wicked is driven away in his wickedness but the righteous hath hope in the death.' I quoted many passages of Scripture describing the wicked. I referred to the difference in the conduct of the wicked and the righteous. I then spoke of how the wicked had been driven away in their wickedness. I referred to the antediluvians, the Sodomites, the people at the destruction of Jerusalem, Herod and other individuals. I spoke of the death of the righteous, referred to the death of Stephen, Paul, Judson, and some others I had known. I closed with an exhortation to sinners to turn before it was too late. Many spoke encouraging words to me. But there was one man there who was cold and critical and entirely out of sympathy with my feeble effort. He went so far as to say to some that he would rather hear the lowing of oxen or the braying of asses than to hear me try to preach. When I heard of this criticism it troubled me greatly. I was much in prayer for grace to help me. I said I need not expect to escape criticism and other forms of opposition in preaching the gospel. But as time went on he came again to hear me and then again. I heard of friendly remarks he made and of great confidence he expressed in my sincerity. And when he was very sick he wanted me to see him. I went and he expressed his interest in me and his love for me and asked me to pray for him. I prayed earnestly for him and he was greatly moved by it under the power of the Spirit. We parted at his bedside not to meet again until the day dawns and the shadows flee away."

Dr. Brown never tires his audience by the length of his sermons. Having carefully prepared them beforehand, he knows how long it will take him to deliver them. Nor does he try to hold the attention of his audience to the end—as speakers, sometimes do—by saying “finally” or “in conclusion” when he is only half through. Dr. Brown always knows when he is through developing the thought he has in mind, and, when he is through, he quits. I have known him to quit when his audience thought he was just approaching a climax. In fact, Dr. Brown does not approve of either long-winded preaching or praying. Here is what he says about it.

A Long Sermon

“Many years ago a friend of mine was in the habit of preaching sermons rather longer than was comfortable to many of his hearers. I ventured to say to him on one occasion, with great deference, that it might be well for him to keep back part of his material for another sermon. I said, ‘It is not best for the digestion to eat all that is on the table at one meal. If your sermon is medicine for the sick or a tonic for the convalescing, give it to them in smaller doses.’ At first, he seemed to resent slightly my insinuation that he was overdoing a good thing. He spoke with an air of confidence when he said that Paul preached long sermons. At one time he continued his discourse ‘until the break of day.’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘but do you remember that while he was continuing his discourse a young man went to sleep and fell out of the window and broke his neck? And Paul went down and healed him. But if someone would have an accident like that while you were preaching you could not do what Paul did.’ He smiled

and said, 'I suppose not.' But the time element is not the only thing that makes a sermon seem long. It may be only fifteen minutes from beginning to end and yet be a long sermon because the people are 'dull of hearing' and the matter is heavy and the delivery not engaging. On the other hand, a sermon may last an hour or more and not be 'long' because the preacher is moved by the Spirit, clothed with power and unction, and the people with open hearts hear the word with gladness, and it seems just a little while."

A Long Prayer

As to the long prayer Dr. Brown says "A score of years ago and more a brother minister and I made a tour of the churches in Stokes, Forsyth, Rockingham and Caswell Counties in the interest of the endowment of Wake Forest College. The canvass required twelve or fifteen days. The congregations were large, the churches far apart, and the roads were hilly and rough and we were often tired at the close of the day. Our plan was to have a sermon and an address on education each day. We alternated. One day I would preach and he would address the people on education; the next day he would preach and I would speak on education. We came at length to the closing day of the itinerary. We traveled some distance to the home of a good man and his family. After supper was over and some conversation was had on many topics the hour for family prayer arrived. I read the Scriptures, the group knelt in a circle, and my companion in labors and journeys led the prayer. 'It was linked sweetness long drawn out.' He prayer all

around the earth—for mission and missionaries, for churches and pastors, for governments and rulers, for saints and sinners, for people at home and for those out on the stormy deep, for the home into which we had come—the parents and the children. When he said ‘Amen’ he and I arose and took our seats, but the others were fast asleep on their knees. He began to sing “Sweet Hour of Prayer, Sweet Hour of Prayer.” This aroused the others. It was a time to laugh. The good woman of the house saw the humor of the situation and said, ‘It was a sweet hour, wasn’t it?’ It may be well to have a long prayer occasionally but ordinarily it is not best. All the prayers recorded in the Scriptures are comparatively brief. It is not length but depth and power that are essential.”

Dr. Brown’s attitude toward and way of dealing with controversial matters in the pulpit are shown by his handling of the issue of divine sovereignty and free will during his Fayetteville pastorate already mentioned. Though a public spirited citizen, he never used his pulpit as a platform from which to air his views on the political and industrial and social topics of the day. At the close of his last sermon as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winson-Salem he said “I never tried to preach sensationalism. I thank God I have never preached anything but the pure old gospel.”

His Manner in the Pulpit

His manner in the pulpit was quiet and soothing. He talked to his congregation from the pulpit as he would talk to the members of his congregation in their homes. He saw no need of loud or vehement preaching and did not indulge in it. About loud preaching he says: “A

good friend of mine and one who has labored much with me in special meetings was preaching on one occasion. He was in the habit of preaching loud and using great vehemence in the delivery of his message. I said to him at one time, 'Surely you have not learned that it is not the thunder that kills but the lightning.' At the time mentioned above he seemed greatly wrought up, the veins in his neck were distended, he was throwing out his clinched fists and gesticulating violently. There was a half-witted man who lived in the neighborhood and his family did not allow him to go to church often; but on this occasion he had slipped away and come to the church. He did not understand what the preacher meant by his loud talking and shaking his fists so much. He deliberately arose from his seat and marched down the aisle in front of the preacher and said, 'Now if you want to fight, I'm your man, and ready for you.' The preacher stood still and looked at him. The deacons quietly removed the man and there was a great calm."

Dr. Brown has led men to Christ by making them want to be Christians and not by making them afraid not to be Christians. While he never hesitated to preach the stern qualities—his power and his justice—he always kept in the forefront his gentle qualities—love and mercy. The very fact that both his first and last sermons as pastor in Winston-Salem were on the constraining love of Christ shows that he preferred to entice men into the kingdom by love rather than to rescue them from hell by appeal to their fear. Bishop Rondthaler has characterized Dr. Brown's preaching as being "scriptural, experimental, spiritual, instructive, pleasant to listen to, and comforting to remember."

We must begin to see now why he is the pastor beloved. A man cannot preach such an enticing gospel of love without himself winning the love of his fellowmen, provided only he lives as he preaches. So now it remains only to see the extent to which he has lived the gospel of love that he has preached.

CHAPTER V

THE ELDER BROTHER

"Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." 1 TIMOTHY iv: 16.

As I stated in the preface, if this appreciation of Dr. Brown is to have any lasting value and be of any interest outside the circles of his family and friends, then it must be made so because it suggests to others a way of life that Dr. Brown has proved to be pre-eminently practicable and successful. This applies with especial force to young ministers who want their ministry to count for as much as possible.

For twenty-five years Dr. Brown has been the elder brother of every young minister of every denomination who has lived in Winston-Salem and to most of them who have lived in the Pilot Mountain Association. No single incident in the life of Dr. Brown better illustrates his wisdom, tact, and brotherly feeling for young men in the ministry than the following: Dr. Jesse B. Weatherspoon, a young man still in his early thirties, was called to succeed Dr. Brown as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem. Naturally, he had a very delicate and difficult place to fill. Before the first business meeting of the church after Dr. Weatherspoon's arrival, Dr. Brown went to him and said, "For several months I shall not be present at the business meetings of the church." When the young pastor asked why, the

old one replied, "Well, you are a young man and will not be able to use an old man's harness. You will desire changes in the organization and methods of work, and I don't want you or the church to be embarrassed by my presence." "Nor could I persuade him otherwise," says Dr. Weatherspoon. "From that day I knew I had in him a wise and sympathetic helper, and we became and remain to this day as father and son."

On the occasion of Dr. Brown's thirty-third anniversary in 1910, Rev. W. M. Biles, a Methodist fellow pastor, wrote "Your life has been a blessing to me. Possibly you do not recall the timid boy preacher who came to Winston-Salem ten years ago. It was the warmest handshake and Christian fellowship coming from you and from no other that cheered me up then and helped me to do my work. I shall always feel indebted to you."

His Charge to Young Ministers

Dr. Brown participated in the ordination of many Baptist ministers and has "delivered the charge" time after time. Knowing that his "charge" would be the cream of his advice to young preachers I asked Dr. Brown to write out the substance of the "charge" he has given so many times, and I am glad, indeed, to give it in full as he wrote it out for me.

"I shall begin by quoting a passage from Paul's letter to Timothy, 'Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.' I would urge you to read and study carefully the letters of Paul to Timothy and Titus. You will find much helpful information bearing on the work of the ministry and many helpful suggestions as to life, conduct and teaching

which you will do well to heed and reduce to practice in your ministry.

Health

“When Paul uttered the words quoted at the beginning of this address he was beginning to be an old man and Timothy was a young man beginning his public ministry. The apostle was much concerned for his physical welfare and his ministerial success. As Timothy was delicate—a dyspeptic or suffering from nervous indigestion—Paul said to him, ‘Take a little wine for thy stomach’s sake and thine often infirmities.’ He did not mean that he was to become a winebibber, a drunkard, or an habitual drinker of strong drink. The wine to which he referred was probably non-intoxicating—a light wine such as was often used for table purposes. It was taken as a medicine for its tonic effect on his system. Every preacher ought to be careful about his health. His health is his best asset. What can a poor preacher whose health is blighted or all run down do in the work of the ministry? Preaching is a man’s job. He needs to put his best physical energies with his preaching. The human body is a machine and it must be kept in good condition in order to produce its best results.

“One of the temptations of preachers is to eat too much. When they are away from home they live on the fat of the land—the best the country affords. The good sisters—I must say, ‘God bless them’—are often responsible for the preacher overdoing his duty in the matter of eating. They spread sumptuous meals when the preacher comes. They load the table with fried chicken, biscuits, pastries, desserts, etc. The preacher is hungry, and, like Tom Sawyer, often calls for more. And sometimes when he pushes his plate back the good wom-

an at the table insists that he take more, that he try this new dish and that, and if he declines she will sometimes say, 'I am afraid you do not enjoy my cooking.' The result is he eats too much. He tumbles from side to side of his bed; he sees things in his dreams; he gets up in the morning with a bad headache. Many a good sermon has been destroyed because the preacher did not control his appetite. His imagination would not work; his manner was slow and heavy; his delivery was dull because his stomach was too heavily loaded. I knew an excellent preacher several years ago whose ministry was greatly marred by the habit of over-eating. On Saturdays when he had come from home, his sermons were fine. After preaching he would go home with some good member and at suppertime he would eat enormously. And often he would be too sick to get up the next morning and his Sunday appointment would have to be 'called off.' All this happened because he had not taken the advice of Solomon—'Put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite.'

Dress

"A preacher should give some attention to dress. There is something in the outward appearance as well as in the inner spirit. I do not say that you ought to wear a beaver hat, a clerical coat, a high-standing collar or low-quartered shoes. It is better not to be too fastidious and it is very important that you be not slovenly. Indifference as to appearance in the pulpit will sometimes create an indifference to the message to be delivered. Clothes do not make the man but they have much to do with the kind of reception he will receive from many people.

Character

“A preacher should take heed to his character. Shakespeare said, ‘Whoever steals my purse steals trash, but whoever filches my good name takes away that which cannot enrich him and leaves me poor indeed.’ It may be true that whoever steals a Baptist preacher’s purse will steal trash, but, if by any means, he loses his good name, he will suffer irreparable loss. A preacher’s good name should be like Cæsar’s wife, ‘above suspicion.’ Preachers, like other folk, must watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. Many of them have fallen by the way greatly to their own detriment and the sorrow of the cause they represent. They are exhorted in the Scriptures to be examples to the flock. Many eyes are upon them and they are expected to walk uprightly. I knew a pastor many years ago who was a brilliant man. He was the idol of all the people in his section of the country. Great multitudes followed him to his appointments and listened with eagerness to all his utterances. He yielded to temptation. It began to be noised about that he was not living as a preacher should. Then his sin came to light and he lost his good name. He lost his place in the confidence of the people. It was pitiful to see him in his old age, neglected and desolate ‘and none so poor to do him reverence.’

“Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and it is also the best means of escape for those who are called to preach the gospel and live above reproach.

Influence

“Ministers must take heed to their influence. The position of a preacher should be one of commanding influence in the community in which he lives. He should

share the confidence and the good will of all the people. He should have a kind word for the children, sympathy and expressed interest in all the young people, high regard for parents and older people.

Debts

“There are many things he must do if he would retain the confidence of all his hearers. He must be careful about making debts that he knows he cannot pay.

Controversies

“He must play the non-committal in many delicate situations. He must be a leader and not a driver. He must not pride himself in his authority but be a quiet and wise adviser of his brethren. He should not become a partisan and take sides when there are differences of a grave sort among the members of his church. Jesus said, ‘Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.’ If we could always observe this precept we could find ourselves growing old with an ever-increasing influence among our people. ‘Prudence is the better part of valor.’ Spurgeon’s admonition to preachers and others is always in order. ‘Beware of the three D’s—dirt, debt and devil.”

Doctrine

“Preachers must take heed to the doctrine. Read Paul’s solemn charge to Timothy: “I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering

and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but, after their own lusts, shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned into fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

Conviction

"Preachers should be men of conviction. There are some truths they should hold with an ever-increasing tenacity. There are some doctrines for which they should be willing to lay down their own lives if need be. Our business as ministers of Jesus Christ is to preach the truth as it is revealed in the Scriptures, whatever men may say or think on the subject. We are not to be mere pleasers of men but servants of Christ to whom we must render a final account. We should hold and preach without wavering the great doctrines of the ruin of sin, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the necessity of regeneration, the importance of repentance and faith, the resurrection of the dead, the second coming of Christ, the reward of the righteous and the eternal punishment of the wicked. We are living in a time when many sneer at the great doctrines. In this we find a fulfillment of prophecy. There are those in high places who seem to doubt some of the things taught in the Scriptures. If you do not believe the Scripture you can never be a successful minister of Jesus Christ. If we do not believe what we preach we need not hope to make others believe it. A firm conviction of the truth of our message will go far towards impress-

ing our hearers with the necessity of giving earnest heed to it. And the truth we preach out of earnest, believing hearts will not only save ourselves but them also, who hear us. And these will be the seals to our ministry. They will be our crown of rejoicing in that day. May we all so live and preach the gospel of Christ that we may hear him say at last: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"The following lines from Cowper may be studied with profit by every minister as a description of a true minister of Christ:

"I would express him simple; grave; sincere;
In doctrine circumspect; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent; solemn; chaste
And natural in gesture; and much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

To Rev. W. D. Spinx, pastor of Brown Memorial Baptist Church, one of the younger men who has much the same conception of the ministry as Dr. Brown, I said, "Imagine yourself ten years younger than you are, at the beginning of your ministry, knowing Dr. Brown as well as you do now. Imagine that you had an opportunity to sit at his feet and ask him what you wanted to know about the work of a preacher. What points would you ask him to talk about? Mr. Spinx suggested the following points and I submitted them to Dr. Brown who answered them in writing.

Business Affairs

“What attitude should a pastor assume toward the business affairs of the church he serves? Should he attempt to control its business or leave that to others—say, the board of deacons?”

Dr. Brown's answer was, “It must be remembered always that a Baptist church is a democracy. Pastors and deacons are not to play the role of bosses to lord it over God's heritage. Personally, I do not often use the phrase ‘the board of deacons.’ Deacons are servants of the church and advisers of the pastor. The pastor should not attempt to control the business of the church. He should be familiar with it and advise, if the church wishes his opinion. The deacons are to serve tables—the table of the pastor, the table of the poor, the table of the Lord. In seeing after the support of the pastor and incidental expenses the deacons may be associated with other members on the finance committee. There may be and often should be special committees appointed by the church to look after the business interests of the church—such as building committees, committees to raise money for special objects, etc. All action by deacons or committees is subject to confirmation by the church.”

Young People's Societies

“What should be the relation of the pastor to the young people's societies of his church? Should he reserve his strength and freshness of mind for his pulpit, or divide it with the aforementioned societies?”

“The pastor is an overseer. It does not mean because he is the overseer that he must attempt to do all the work himself. He should see that it is done by others. He should look in on the young people's work, the Sunday-

school work, the mission work of the women, and smile on it and encourage it in every way possible. His great business is to preach the gospel with all the fervency and power that he possesses. If he comes to the pulpit jaded after other forms of service he is not capable of giving the people the best that is in him, unless he has a surplus of physical energy which he wishes to spread out over wide surfaces. It is better to get ten men to do the work than to undertake to do the work of ten men."

Pastoral Visiting

"In this day of multiplied and complex organizations, if a pastor attends to all matters that claim his attention, his pastoral work in visiting his members must suffer. Is it more important to attend to his pastoral work, at the expense of other matters, or neglect it for other duties? Which would you say from your experience is of greater importance?"

"There are some people who seem to think that the church is a great organization with all sorts of machinery attached to make it efficient. A Baptist church is a little democracy—an organism made up of persons who profess regeneration and are associated together to do the will of Christ in teaching his word, preaching the gospel, caring for the poor and the sick, and carrying the good news of salvation to every creature. Too many organizations hinder rather than help church efficiency. They sometimes create friction and jealousies that hamper the best growth. Simple organizations for the distribution of power and service are useful. The pastor must be a shepherd. He must feed and lead and comfort the flock. He cannot turn away from his main work to fritter away his strength in mere matters of detail that may be left to others who have time for it."

Social Evils

“What attitude should a pastor take towards popular social evils? Should he attack them, ignore them, warn against them, or not? This is a serious question, for some people in every church consider that a preacher should take the role of a reformer which, if he does, is almost certain to make enemies who will hinder him in his mission of preaching the gospel.”

“Any course of conduct that leads to immorality, dishonesty and corruption of the Christian character and standing in the community may be held up by the pastor as a danger signal. He is to reprove, rebuke and exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. He need not proclaim himself a reformer and so invite opposition from unexpected forces. He need only be a true minister of Jesus Christ who has the welfare of human souls on his heart and who does not want to see his people indulge in any practices which would hurt their influence and weaken their power and example for good in their churches and communities.”

Dr. Brown's calmness, charity, commonsense and, withal, his love of younger people make him the ideal elder brother to young men in the ministry. Not many pastoral problems but that he at some time in his fifty-odd years of active ministry has had to face and solve, if solution were possible. Nor need the young minister feel that Dr. Brown will be uncharitable towards his mistakes or his inexperience. On the contrary, he is the kind of man before whom the erring and perplexed do not mind opening up their heart to its very depths—knowing that they can count on his interest, his sympathy and his advice as to a way out.

CHAPTER VI

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

"But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children; so being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us." 1 THESS. ii: 7, 8.

Dr. Brown will be remembered longest by those who knew him best as the gentle shepherd leading and tending his flock, in the home, by the sick-bed, at the marriage altar, at the grave. He says, "To be a good pastor is to be an under-shepherd—to feed the sheep and nurture the lambs of the flock."

His Visits

The most characteristic picture of Dr. Brown during the years of his active ministry would not be one of him as the scholar in his study or the preacher in his pulpit but the pastor on his round of visits. At the celebration in 1907, of Dr. Brown's thirtieth anniversary as pastor in Winston-Salem, Bishop Rondthaler said the following that has been repeated so often already as to be one of the traditions of the community, "He and I will meet each other sometimes on a winter day when it is raining or snowing, I see a pair of gum shoes coming along and I see an umbrella, and then I see Dr. Brown between the two, and probably crossing on stepping-stones, we will stand and talk awhile and start on and



Dr. Brown (right) and Bishop Rondthaler—one 78 and the other 82 now—have been bosom friends and co-laborers in the gospel ministry in Winston-Salem since 1877.

I will see the gum shoes moving on and the umbrella and Dr. Brown between the two, on his way to comfort somebody in his regular course, sometimes dusty, sometimes muddy days."

In Health

The thing that I shall remember with most affection about Dr. Brown is his calls upon me in my office and later in my home when I first went to Winston-Salem in 1911 to practice law. Straight from college, I went to that city and was a stranger to everybody in the city but a very few schoolmates. I joined Brown Memorial and not the First Baptist Church. Yet, though I was an unknown stranger and not a member of his church, Dr. Brown soon found his way to my clientless office. Quietly, without ado—with the gum shoes if it was even threatening rain—he came and welcomed me, said a few words and went on. And in later years, after clients had found their way to my office, he continued his visits. He knows to a degree of perfection I have never known in any other man how to make a call on a busy professional or business man in his office or place of business during work hours. He comes without apology for interrupting and leaves without apology for having stayed so long. He is at perfect ease during his call and makes you at ease. He does not talk religion, engage in a discussion of the topics of the day—not even the affairs of his church or denomination. But he inquires with manifestly genuine interest about you, your work, your family, your plans, and then, in a perfectly natural way, says a word of encouragement. This done, he rises, says good-bye and leaves. A Spanish gentlewoman once told me that her impression of American men socially was that they could not terminate a call gracefully. This is

not true of Dr. Brown; he has reduced to perfection the art of making and ending a call.

But most of his visits during his active ministry were in the home rather than the office or place of business. He did not wait for sickness or death to call him to the home, he came as well when health and happiness abounded. From what he has said about long pastorates, we know how highly he places visitation among pastoral duties. On another occasion, speaking of the relations between pastor and people, he had still more to say about visits that is pertinent at this point.

"The world is not old enough yet to have outgrown the need of pastoral visitation. No social gatherings or class reception or circular letters or formal visits made by paid secretaries or workers can take the place of the friendly call, the warm tender handshake, and the quiet, home-like conversation of the pastor, himself, around the family fireside. It is still true that the home-going pastor makes the church-going congregation. 'It is one thing to attract a gaping crowd to witness a display of pulpit fireworks; it is quite another thing to attract and to hold attentive listeners to the gospel of life.' And this cannot be done without the personal touch."

In Sickness

"Of course," Dr. Brown continues, "he must make a point to visit the sick members in his church and congregation. There are times when he may not know of the sickness, then he should be notified by the family or other members of the church. He should not be censured for neglecting his people when he does not know of their need of his services. It may require an expenditure of nervous energy to face delicate situations in the sick-

rooms, but no conscientious pastor should hesitate to do his whole duty in any particular case whatsoever of suffering and inconvenience it may require. He need not think it necessary to preach a sermon by the sickbed or administer reproofs to those who have neglected duties. His manner should be gentle and tender, and his words full of interest and affection for those in sickness or distress. 'Bring into their rooms the sunshine of a cheerful countenance and a morsel of fresh manna from heaven that shall have the taste of honey.' He should know how to speak a word in season for them that are weary. The visit should not be 'too long drawn out.' There is a time to leave as well as to come. Sometimes it may be best not to go in and see the sick. You have no idea how the sight of a face may agitate the sufferer and rob him of the little life that is fluttering in his feeble frame. Just a call or a friendly inquiry after the 'dear ones' may be all that is best to be done. When the sickroom is crowded by well-meaning but needless intruders, it may be well for the pastor to put them all forth as the Master did from that chamber in which the daughter of Jairus was in the death slumber. For lack of sense and sensibility and tact a pastor may sometimes do almost as much harm as good by his visitation of the sick. The prayer in the sickroom should be brief and full of faith in God and affection for the suffering ones."

At Death

Bishop Rondthaler says that in funerals Dr. Brown is the most welcome man the community has ever had. His great desire is to have everybody helped. He finds out about the members of the bereaved family and then prays for them in a delicate and suitable way. His ser-

vice in funerals is not the remarks he makes, appropriate though they are, but in the fact that in his prayer he forgets nobody.

Of the pastor's duty at the time of death, Dr. Brown says, "Perhaps one of the most delicate duties connected with the pastoral office is the ministry to families over whose hearthstones have fallen the shadow of death and bereavement. The funeral hour is forever sacred in the annals of a family's history. It is the time to have the heart filled with sympathy like that which characterized Jesus when he stood beside the sorrowing sisters at the grave of their brother. A cold, formal, mechanical service at such an hour is out of harmony with the eternal fitness of things. A studied oration is not necessary; a long mournful sermon is rarely ever appropriate. A few selections of Scripture, sympathetically and impressively read, a simple and tender prayer offered, and such allusions to family history as may be necessary may well constitute the part to be taken by the pastor at the funeral hour. Some excellent pastors never make any preparations for a funeral but let the occasion suggest what needs to be said and done.

"I have found it very helpful to those who are bereaved to make them a visit and offer a prayer in their homes a few days after they have laid their loved ones away. It is a time to do them good, for their hearts are open and responsive to any service that may be rendered for their benefit. And among the things they will remember longest and appreciate the most will be the pastor's visit and prayer in the home after the family circle has been broken."

His Universal Touch

One of the most noteworthy features of Dr. Brown's pastorate was his universal touch—his acquaintance with, friendship for, and intimacy with people of all kinds in every walk of life. None was too bad or too good, too ignorant or too learned, too poor or too rich, for Dr. Brown to know, love and serve him.

When a few years ago one of the leading business men of Winston-Salem realized for the first time on his death-bed his need of a Saviour, it was Dr. Brown that he sent for to come and talk to him about his soul's salvation. Dr. Brown went and led him to Christ and he died happy in the faith, though he joined in his last hours—and Dr. Brown knew he would join, if he joined any—a church other than the Baptist. It did not make a particle of difference with the sick man or with Dr. Brown that the former was not of a Baptist family and the latter the pastor of a Baptist church.

One of the deacons in Dr. Brown's church tells an experience he had with Dr. Brown that illustrates further the universality of his touch. He and Dr. Brown were walking along the street one day when he saw approaching one of the notoriously bad women of the city. She was so bad that the deacon said he felt like crossing the street so as not to go near her. But he and Dr. Brown walked on. As they were about to pass the woman, Dr. Brown stopped, shook hands with the woman, called her sister, and kindly inquired how she was. Wasn't that Christlike? What a rebuke to the deacon!

On another occasion at night the telephone rang in Dr. Brown's home and he was asked to go at once to a house at a certain street number. Without question, Dr. Brown took his hat—and his gum shoes, and umbrella,

no doubt—and started off to look for the number. He found it at last—on a back street, the house of a colored family. He found, when he went in and inquired, that a member of the family was sick and that the call had been intended for a colored physician, Dr. Brown. But there was no incongruity whatever in the white Dr. Brown—the physician to sick souls—being in an humble colored home in the night time.

A man who has worked much among the poor and needy of Winston-Salem says, “Ever since I have been doing my little for the poor of the city I have never yet failed to find that Dr. Brown has preceded me or meet him on the way as I leave. He seems to have been everywhere a ray of sunshine is needed.”

Nor does Dr. Brown confine his pastoral services to members of his own church or even his own denomination. One time a new Methodist family had moved to Winston-Salem. The pastor of the leading Methodist church of the city remarked, “I want to go see —— who has been here a week, but I’ll bet Dr. Brown has been there before me.” And, to be sure, he had. Yet the pastors of other churches never resented Dr. Brown’s calling upon their members. There was never a hint of proselyting in his calls. Upon this point Bishop Rondthaler says, “Dr. Brown is as loyal a Baptist as I try to be a Moravian. Our differences do not offend each other. We have lots of other things to discuss. We do not discuss our points of difference. That is a part of the secret of his influence in the entire community. Nobody ever questions his being a good Baptist. But he does not elbow sharply into anybody else’s views.”

Welcome Everywhere

There is not an office or place of business or home in all the city—whether of white or black, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, rich or poor, whether in sickness, in health, in joy, in sorrow—in which Dr. Brown will not find a warm welcome. Why is it? The answer to this throws light on why he is the pastor beloved.

Dr. Brown is welcome everywhere, in the first place, because of his genuine humility. He has followed Christ with almost unconscious faithfulness. He is the friend of all people. They instinctively feel it. A proud man cannot get close to many people. Dr. Brown is not mindful of high things, nor does he condescend to the lowly. Nor is his broad human interest a studied effort. Whether in the drawing-room or cottage, whether among the poor or rich, he is sincerely one of them. As Bishop Rondthaler says, "Through the tenements of Salem we have met each other through the years—going up and down Marshall Street, visiting the people from Davidson and Yadkin and Stokes. He fitted himself humbly into their lives. He was not company but just one of them."

Dr. Brown is welcome everywhere also because of his genuine sympathy. It is not of a general character but takes individual form and shape. He is interested in men as individuals, not men in the mass. In this he feels that he is following the example of his Master. Here is what he says about Christ's love for the individual.

"No person can read the New Testament and not be impressed with the importance attached to the individual in the teaching of Christ in the Gospels and epistles. When he discussed the great subject of regeneration it was with Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, and in the

stillness and quietness of the night time. The appeal of regeneration is personal and sympathetic. When he wanted to impress the doctrine of the new life involving a change of character and conduct, he addressed himself to a lone woman by the well of Jacob. And so profoundly was she moved by this teaching that she left her water-pot at the well and went into the city to tell other individuals of their need and opportunity. When he wanted someone to state the great principles of Christianity to coming generations and become a flaming evangel to cities and countries he halted Saul of Tarsus in the Damascus Road and revolutionized all his plans and purposes in life.

“He did not lose sight of individuals in great surging crowds. To him the multitude was only an aggregation of individuals. He saw everyone bearing his own burden of sorrow and sin, having his own outlook on life, and his own difficulties to adjust, and his own problems to solve. He passed Matthew at the receipt of custom, saw in him great possibilities of usefulness, and said to him, ‘Follow me.’ And he arose and followed. He heard the piteous wail of blind Bartimeus as the multitude passed with eager haste along. He saw him and diagnosed his case, and made him the recipient of his healing power.

“When Zaccheus was in the sycamore tree Jesus saw him and called by name and said, ‘Zaccheus, come down; for I must this day abide in thy house.’ And through that abiding power he became willing to bestow the half of his goods to feed the poor and make a fourfold restitution to any he had wronged.

“He knows each by name. He does not mistake Peter for John. He knows our every weakness and interprets our groans. He has fellowship in all our gladness. The

kingdom of heaven standeth sure having this seal, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.' Our names are written on his hand. He understands our thoughts afar off. He knew Martha's temperament and said to her one day, 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.' Like many of us, she was wearing her life away with many little worries that need not have wasted her energies.

"He visited the lonely dwellings of men and moved amid their common haunts and sympathetically knew the needs of each individual heart. 'He knows, he knows, and tempers every wind that blows.' He is the great Shepherd and knows his sheep and leads them out into the green pastures and down by the still waters. If we are his, he will know us on the other side of the river and lead us into the mansions aforetime prepared for us."

What a self-revelation of the gentle shepherd!

CHAPTER VII

THE FAITHFUL WITNESS

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels; that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." 11 CORINTHIANS IV: 5-7.

Dr. Brown's greatest contribution to his day and generation and to posterity is his faithful testimony of Christ. He is and has been a witness for him in Winston-Salem, throughout the Pilot Mountain Association, and unto the ends of the State. He has testified for Christ not only with his words but, even better, with his life.

Testimony of His Words

In one of his articles in *The Biblical Recorder* Dr. Brown quotes with hearty approval the following testimony of an unknown author:

"My own theology begins and ends with the person and teachings of Jesus Christ. There is a passage in the New Testament which I would like to turn around. 'Ye believe in God, believe also in me.' I prefer to say, 'I believe in you, therefore I believe in God.' Without Christ I should believe that there was some Force, some ultimate Reality, but I should not worship it, pray to it, nor give it my vote. To me Jesus Christ is the divine Manifestation. He is the only man I ever heard

of who looks like God, who talks like God, and who acts like God. If he is not divine, then my hopes are all dust and my faith dead. He is my Lord and my God. I worship him and follow him in the dark, as best I may. To me he is the most interesting, the most valiant, the most wise, the most charming, the most independent person who ever walked the earth. I had rather see him, be with him, and hear him talk than to see Shakespeare, Goethe or Beethoven. No man ever spoke with such truth, sincerity and grace. Everything he said about human life is true and can be verified. Therefore, I believe that what he said about the future life, which we cannot know and which cannot be verified, is also true. I am 100 per cent Christian. I find it easy to believe in his miracles. If he did not live after death, then I do not want to."

Dr. Brown follows this with his own testimony of Christ. "He is God manifest in the flesh. He is the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. He is to me Prophet, Priest and King, Saviour, Lord, Companion, and Advocate. His words are food on which I feed—sweeter than the honey in the honeycomb. His presence is my inspiration. His commandments, my last court of appeal. His companionship is my choice possession. His example, my hope of imitation. His life, my highest ideal of living. His death means deliverance from sin and salvation for all who will, through faith, accept the merits of his atonement. His resurrection means that we shall live together in him. He said, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' It means our triumph over the gates of hell and our eternal reign with him. Our tongues will sing his praises through all the cycles.

“Jesus, I love thy charming name!
’Tis music to mine ear.
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.”

Testimony of His Life

Bishop Rondthaler has likened the life of Dr. Brown to an electric light bulb through which has shone forth the light of Christ that is in his heart. He says, “Dr. Brown became a Christian early in life. He has lived, taught and worked as a Christian. The light of Jesus has shone out in the man. The bulb, in the heart of which is this electric power, has been kept clear and well wiped of dust. The light of Jesus has been permitted to shin out with unusual brightness—not dimmed in its transit. These are some of the rays of light—his great humility, his sanctified good sense, his sympathy for the individual, his loyalty to his church.

This is the perfect tribute to the testimony of his life—his life a clear glass through which the spirit of Christ has shown undimmed.

The Testimony of His Outlook

Already I have quoted several references by Dr. Brown showing the calmness and even the joy with which he anticipates the sound of the boatman’s oar coming to take him across the bar to meet his Pilot face to face. Could any testimony of the reality of Christianity be more convincing than the calm assurance of the future it gives men like Dr. Brown who have experienced a lifetime of faith? See how Lyman Abbott, a man with very much the same kind of spirit and faith as Dr. Brown though he moved in a different sphere, anticipated death:

“And I look forward to the Great Adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I enjoy my work, my home, my friends, my life. I shall be sorry to part with them. But always I stand in the bow looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the life before me. When the time comes for my embarkation, and the ropes are cast off, and I put out to sea, I think I shall still be standing in the bow and still looking forward with eager curiosity and glad hopefulness to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me.”

Let me quote a few more references Dr. Brown has made to his outlook upon the life ahead.

“The way grows brighter as the days go on. We sit together in heavenly places. Springs of joy refresh our weary spirits, as we get nearer the end of the pilgrimage. The time of waiting is not long. ‘Those loved long since and lost awhile’ are nearer than we think to meet us and greet us as we enter through the gates into the city. The pilgrimage is ended, the weariness of earth is past, and we are home at last.”

“The prospect grows more glorious as we think about it. ‘Sweet fields arrayed in living green’ and rivers of delight greet our enraptured vision while we wait for the summons to ‘come up higher’. Some one has said that we will not have been in heaven one-half hour before we will have forgotten all the troubles we ever had on the earth. The prospect is far more glorious than the retrospect and we feel like saying, ‘Come Lord Jesus, and come quickly.’

“So tired now! and facing an unfinished task we think of heaven as a place of rest—not a cessation of effort, but absence of weariness. So ignorant now and here of so many things we would like to know, we think of

heaven as a place we shall know even as we are known. So lonely here since loved ones are gone! We walk softly under the light of the stars and wonder if in that far away strand in the homeland of the blest we shall meet and greet them as in the days of yore.

“Heaven grows more real day by day,
 Not strange and cold but very dear—
 The glad homeland not far away
 Where none are sick or poor or lone
 The place where we shall find our own
 And as we think of all we knew
 Who there have met to part no more,
 Our longing hearts desire home, too,
 With all the strife and trouble o'er.”

The Great Commandment

Why is Dr. Brown the pastor beloved? Recall the course we have taken together—the simple and uneventful life measured in terms of human history; the wise but unspectacular leadership in his church, his city, his State; the effective preacher, sticking to the simple gospel, drawing men to him who was lifted up; the elder brother teaching, warning, counselling, encouraging, inspiring the younger brethren in the ministry of the gospel; the gentle shepherd, knowing his sheep by name and leading them—without regard to color, creed, or condition—into the more abundant life of love and service; the faithful witness testifying for Christ by his words, his life, and his faith in the future.

Is he not the pastor beloved because throughout his long span of years he has obeyed with uncommon fidelity the Great Commandments? “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt

love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Dr. Brown loves his fellowman because he loves God, the Father of us all. His fellowmen love him because he first loved them. This, then, is the secret of the life of the pastor beloved—his love of God and man expressing itself in cheerful service.

The Legacy of Peace

Some years ago, while he was still active in the pastorate Dr. Brown sent around to his friends and to members of his congregation at Christmas time a prose poem of his own authorship entitled "The Legacy of Peace." In closing this appreciation of the pastor beloved, I cannot do better than send out once more his legacy of peace to his host of friends and brethren in the Christian faith throughout the world.

"Jesus said, 'Peace I leave with you!'

"What a priceless legacy he has left us!

"Peace for the mind, peace for the heart, peace for the conscience.

"Peace like the sweet music throughout the morning hours, peace at noon like the soft shadows resting on the green grass, peace at sunset like the infant's sleep on the patient mother's breast.

"Peace like the calm in the deep bosom of the ocean when storms break on the surface.

"Peace that cannot be weighed in balances or measured in vessels, or counted in numerals, peace that lights up the countenance, reigns like a queen in the soul, and makes melodious our poor human speech.

"Peace that grows beautiful and abundant like the shining river, the deep, fathomless peace of God!

“Dear Saviour let us realize this peace when the shadows grow long and the burdens seem heavy to weary, failing feet!

“When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll!
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul’.”

