

Historical Sketches: The Manning Hill.

(Continued.)

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No. VIII.

A MEDLEY—A HASH. "NED'S COMING."

"What ails you, Ned," said Nancy Manning, as her brother got up from the table one fine June morning, and leaving his breakfast untasted, silently took his hat and left the house. When he was out of hearing Nancy continued, "Those Newlight meetings are setting him crazy." Ned started for the woods, having, down deep in his heart, taken the resolve that he would settle the matter of his salvation in the solitude of the forest. Strong as he was physically, strong as he was mentally, he now felt that the load of guilt on his soul was unendurable, more than he could bear. It must be cast off his soul, or he must sink into a yawning perdition; and if that was to be his destiny, it mattered not how soon the worst was known. Buds are bursting, leaves expanding, may-flowers blooming, birds singing, squirrels chattering and the throbbing and jubilant notes of life are all around him; but within him is darkness and the horrors of great darkness. In the midst of these scenes of exultation on coming spring he fell upon his knees, and, indifferent to the ecstasies of his surroundings, wrought mightily with God in word and desire for deliverance. The sun moved slowly through the heavens but no deliverance came. The silent trees and the silent blue sky looked sympathetically upon him. Soon the great joyous spring sun hangs on the western horizon. The earth will soon be in darkness. The night and his soul, both dark, will pity each other. No! The night will have its stars; but no stars blink through the darkness of his heart.

What shall I do? Ah! Thank God the Newlights have a meeting in a private house. There I will go. God won't settle my destiny in the bright day under the blue sky in the lonely forest. I will go to the place where Christians pray and sinners groan. Thither he went. Others had arrived before him. Before the door was a group of men. Among them one of Ned's companions. As Ned approached the little group he heard the young man, his intimate friend, say "Ned's coming." Ned understood the words. They meant not that he was coming to the Newlight meeting. All saw that. No! Ned is coming out of darkness into light, out of gloom into glory. That prophecy flashed a ray of light across the night of his soul.

Once in the house he took his stand against the wall. The praying, the groaning, the rejoicing went on. Some were without, talking and wondering, but Edward Manning remained motionless within, leaning against the wall of the house. The darkness grew darker, the burden heavier and heavier. The pains of hell gat hold upon him. He found trouble and sorrow more than he could bear. His physical strength at length gave out; and down went that six feet five inches of young manhood upon the floor. All stood back and looked upon that great manly form, stiff and unconscious. The praying did not stop. The rejoicing went on. No one ran for water to dash in his face. There was plenty of good air. The wide open-throated fire-place afforded no lack of ventilation. The doctor was not called. This was no uncommon sight. "Ned was coming," that was all. He had reached a new stage on the spiritual road. This was a crisis. Thirteen years after this little William Chipman, then seventeen years old, tumbled over in his uncle's pasture on the slope of the South Mountains just a little above Bridgetown. There were no Newlights praying and rejoicing around him. The morning sun looked upon him. There he lay till the spell went off. With returning consciousness came shouting. Never was the agile step of that little man lighter than it was, as he almost flew, rejoicing as he went to tell his aunt, Mrs. Thomas Handy Chipman, that his soul was out of the night into the day, out of bondage into liberty. That was the final settlement with him. I see him now with his iron-grey locks, drawn from each side of his head to cover up the baldness on the crown, his eyes swimming in tears, saying, "I have from that moment in the pasture till now never had any more doubt of my second birth than I have of my first birth. How could I?"

After about an hour Ned came to consciousness. Then and there his soul began to take hold of God in Christ. At length perfect light came when he had to grasp his horse's neck to keep himself in his saddle. "Ned is coming"—The young man in the group prophesied truly.

THE BARN AND THE FLAIL.

It is late autumn now. Ned is in the barn. His heavy swingel comes down, thud, thud, thud, upon the unfolded bundles of golden wheat. The "flooring" is turned and soundly threshed on the other side. The straw is raked away and kicked about between his heavy foot and the rake till all the wheat falls out upon the floor. Then the straw is made into bundles and stowed away for future use. The wheat and chaff is thrown into the wind. The chaff goes careering on the currents of air about the Manning Hill. The wheat falls in a golden heap upon the floor, ready for the miller. Gideon had threshed wheat; and had been called to lead the army of the liv-

ing God. The wicked were like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Ned's mind was not on his threshing, nor on his winnowing. He was not in the Manning barn on the Manning Hill. He was in the narrow way where the few walked, in the full enjoyment of soul liberty. But he saw the broad road, crowded with a rollicking, godless throng. Oh, their end, their awful end. I must go and warn them, said Ned. Look out for him ye godless people of Maine, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia. "Ned is coming." The young Newlight has made the prophecy. He hung up his flail. It had a large handstaff and a big swingel. Ned's blows were heavy. His words too were heavy. His bodily presence was not weak, neither was his speech contemptible.

THE HOUSE AND NANCY.

"Sister Nancy," said Ned, "put me up a bundle—a clean shirt, a pair of socks and some bread and meat." "I thought you could not stand it much longer," replied the discerning Nancy. "But," said she, "what ails you Ned." I must go and tell sinners to "escape from hell," replied the brother, weeping. Nancy, the sister, true woman that she was, cried, and her brother cried. Newlightism has got into the Manning house. Indeed Falmouth was surcharged with it. Nancy puts up the bundle and bids Ned good-bye, wipes her eyes with her apron and watches him trudging off towards the forks of the Avon—towards Chester—towards Joseph Dimock's home. There he will find comfort—there he will get advice. Nancy stands in the door and watches Ned, carrying his bundle, made secure in a handkerchief tied at the four corners, and his staff in his hand, till he is out of sight. True enough "Ned is coming."

MIDNIGHT UNDER THE TREES.

The sun goes down. The night falls. The blazing on the trees disappear. Ned halts for the night. The fire is in his soul. The night passes under the friendly branches of the trees. The stars look down upon him and blink. He is not alarmed. The solitary loon from the near lake pipes its weird, dolorous notes, the owl of noiseless wing hoots from the tree tops, but Ned shouts praises to God—sends up prayers on bended knees to high heaven. He travels for souls. Mighty are his pleadings. That was no lonely night to Edward Manning. It was the banks of the Jabbok. Another wrestler with God—another Israel.

So soon as the sun revealed the blazing on the trees, the pilgrim moved on, staff in hand. Chester sinners found out that Ned was coming—is coming on snow shoes.

CANARD AND THE END OF SPRINKLING.

The prophecy that "Ned is coming" was made about 1786. A decade passes away. Thomas Handy Chipman, Joseph Dimock, Harris Harding, James Manning and John Payzant are at Canard. They plan about an Association. Edward Manning is there, of course. He is the pastor of the Newlight church in that place. He has been coming all the way along. Ned is still coming. Look out for him. "Jim," said "Ned" to his elder brother, "I want you to go and tell those people who have brought their babies to be sprinkled to take them home. I will never sprinkle another person old or young as long as I live." "Jim" told them. They were, of course, shocked and disappointed; but they respected their pastor's conscientious convictions. The babies went home without a drop of water according to the word of Ned, and on Sabbath day the Rev. Thomas Handy Chipman—six feet in height, straight as a candle, dark hair and grave face, orderly as a clock—showed the Newlight ministers and the Newlight people present what he thought of the ordinance of baptism. He solemnly, gravely went with two converts down into the water and baptized them. They came up out of the water. Ned looked on. He felt stultified. He, too, had been down into the water and had baptized converts, but as to himself he had never been baptized. Chipman, Jim and Ned extemporized an advisory counsel, they three and no more. Their decision was that Ned should go to Granville and that Chipman should baptize him. To Granville he went, into the water he went and Chipman baptized him. Ned is coming, coming into the light, into order.

1809 AND THE ASSOCIATION.

The hand of Edward Manning is now upon the mixed affairs of the denomination. He has had an awful time with the fanatical Newlights. They persist in being guided by their impressions. They will not take the Word as a court of final appeal. Irregularities come, immoralities follow. A stand must be taken. Edward Manning is leading. Ned is coming, and a great Baptist denomination is following him. That is a stern resolution before the Association in Canard in 1809. No church practicing occasional communion with unbaptized persons shall be members of this body. This resolution is discussed. It passed. Ned is coming. Now he is easily the master mind of an out and out Baptist body. Not a polished scholar in the whole Baptist denomination at that day, but there were several giants.

Eighteen years more pass and the Association is at Horton. Here are young recruits. That straight, agile young man of dark hair, black, piercing eyes is Lewis Johnston, M. D., of Halifax. That tall, slight, innocent

looking young man is James Walton Nutting, also of Halifax. Another tall, fine looking fellow with a high forehead and benevolent expression is Alexis Caswell, late of Columbian University near Washington, now pastor in the capital of Nova Scotia. That other young man, majestic in form, with a high forehead, a Roman nose, prominent and striking, a sharp chin, a full head of hair that bunches out and refuses to be straight, is Edmund Alburn Crawley, half Hebrew, half English; a gentleman and a Christian every inch of him, and a man of rare talents. That other fellow, a little the senior of the others, is John Fergusson.

Through the winter of 1827-28 they have been dreaming of an Academy for the Baptists. The fathers know of it. They have helped in it. Already there is in the pocket of one of the young men a prospectus, a plan for an Academy. Baptists are there in large numbers, there from Dan to Beersheba. Among them a big, burly, self-confident ex-soldier, an Englishman, Robert Davis, a Baptist minister. His courage is equal to his convictions. He resolves to kill off this batch of prim young fellows fresh from college, and all, save one, fresh from Episcopacy. He has gone up the steps and is in the pulpit haranguing the Baptists.

He sees danger. He lifts up his voice in thunder of warning. Learning means death. Now is the time to deal a death blow at the enemy. But the redoubtable Davis cannot go on forever. He finishes his impassioned appeal to ignorance and prejudice. A sermon is now preached by Alexis Caswell. The prospectus is read. But Davis has the people. Stop, Ned is there. He can turn the tide. He can send the young lawyer and the doctor back to Halifax chagrined, disgusted or he can send them back with light hearts and high hopes. Ned is now between 60 and 70 years old. He has been thinking all these years. The whole matter had been solved in his mind long ago. His convictions his beliefs, his sympathies had been given to the great Drs. McCulloch and McGregor of Pictou years before this. His venerable form appears above the little wine glass pulpit. The sounding board is not far above his venerable head. His speech is slow, his words carefully chosen. He rehearses the whole matter. He tells the people—house packed, galleries packed, open windows full of eager faces, how he had got along without an education. He tells then how much better he could have done had he been educated. He thought of the great Dr. McGregor who had tramped the county, slept before fires on heaps of straw, turned himself from side to side before fires in winter nights in the woods. He thought of the princely Dr. McCulloch, and his work of founding an Academy. All this and more had gone again and again through his mind. His great frame shook with emotion, his lips quivered, but he mastered his strong feelings. The people were caught up, they were fired in a minute with educational zeal. Robert Davis, of whom Dr. Crawley had nothing worse to say than that he was a well meaning ignorant man, neutralized. His speech was dead, dead. Ned is coming all the time coming just as the young man at the door in Falmouth had said. Then followed the eloquent T. H. Harding, the John like Joseph Dimock and others.

The young men from Halifax had never seen it on this wise in their Episcopal Israel. There was stuff in those old Baptist fathers—there was good stuff in the rank and file of the churches which made crowds at the Association. The young men went back to Halifax victors. They come, they saw, they heard, they conquered. Other of the fathers gave their views. The next June saw Horton Academy. May there be an Academy there as long as there is a sun to shine on it. "Ned is coming." True it is as his young friend the Newlight had said.

ANOTHER SCENE—THE LAST.

"Here we are," said the venerable father in a letter written with a trembling hand, Mrs. Manning and I looking at each other, and pitying each other but, unable to assist each other. The end is nearing. Soon after this he lies on the bed of death. Firm as a rock to the end, assured and courageous. The last breath is taken. The spirit departs, the great Edward Manning has finished his course, he has kept the faith. That young man and many of those who attended that Newlight meeting had passed on to their rewards. Let us have a fancy, a harmless fancy. The young man and a host of others now in heaven's light see another spirit coming home and the young man again exclaims: "Ned has come." "Ned has come."

Ready to Die.

"There is but a step between me and death." If every person realized that this utterance of David is literally true in his case, he would feel the deep responsibility of his present acts and words. But this utterance is true concerning each of us, and we ought to live and move in view of its truth. Old Flavel suggested that we ordinarily think of death as a precipice toward which we are walking all the time. The next step may carry any one of us beyond the brink. Those older or more feeble than ourselves may keep on without taking that step. Those younger and stronger and most robust and hearty than we may take it the next hour. If we are not ready to die to-day, we are not really fitted to live today. —Sunday-school Times.

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The constitution

Convention in election, gives the primary objects of age and support men called of God churches to which among all the people College is to North is to our denomination four years older to struggle for a infancy form an of the "Child of that the application Wake Forest Institute brought about on gles in the history there was but on University, which the two preceding and of the whole read nor write.

have been the ap conservative, which and deemed it an the friends of the prove a successful stitution; and the Baptists" to the enterprise. It is scrupulous opposit ents of that win happily reduced to anti-missionary Ba ture, not knowing great body of the the Baptists sum and so failed to su that in some instar were defeated, in e the House of Repre had considerable v majority in favor passed only by the D. Mosely, a mer political history of Baptists who had b religious persecuti Though not a mem of his ancestors, wh strong in him, an prejudice and passio as proved afterwar denominations, the College education i Mr. Mosely had sav his name became to served.

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Wake Forest stea ence. In Moore's H says: "Wake Foren Colleges of the usefulness among intended end was th ministry, but this h successes of its gradu usefulness in our mid the learned professio by men who laid th diligent application students at Wake For Forest and other de he says: "These d noble adjuncts to the ties for liberal cultur written about the year

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