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*The Christian Repository*

Samuel Howard Ford











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THE

# Christian Repository

AND

FAMILY VISITANT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

S. H. FORD.

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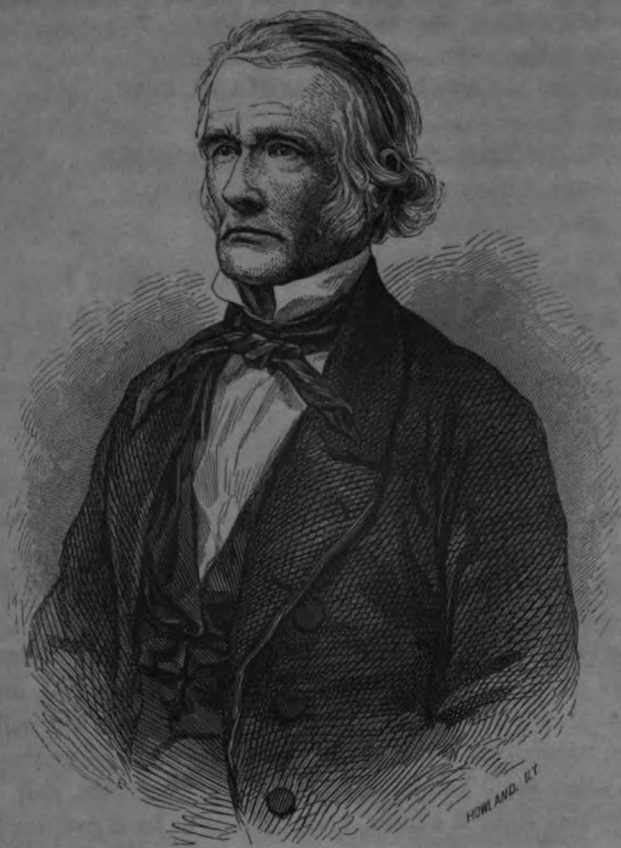
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**ROBERT KIRTLEY.**  
*(See Biographical Sketch on page 77.)*

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXXV.—JANUARY, 1859.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

INTRODUCTION.

For centuries back, men of God have looked forward with peering expectancy to the period which is now upon us.

The grand drama of earth and humanity, foreshadowed to the ancient seers, has been steadily unfolding in all its astonishing developments. Twelve hundred and sixty years have nearly transpired since the apocalyptic woman was enthroned in regal and priestly splendor in the Seven-hilled City. The Holy City has been trodden under foot by the gentiles for over eighteen centuries. The sound of the gospel has gone through every land—has been preached as a witness to all nations. **THE END IS NIGH.**

Whatever diversity of views good men entertain of the *future*, there is everywhere, among Bible-reading Christians, a conviction that the *present* is the eve or the dawn of a new era, and that spiritual things will not long remain as they are. Nor will it be presumptuous if we pause a moment in our rapid pilgrimage and ascend some calm height, and glance upon the past, and, if possible, by the light it affords, look into, or at least prepare for the future.

On the wide waste of waters on which the mysterious woman sat with her names of blasphemy, deep darkness rested century after century. The waters, we are to understand by inspiration, were "nations and peoples." The whole "world wondered after the beast"—wondered on for ages in the thick, rayless gloom. On that deep night, Luther rose like a light shooting up on the wide, starless ocean. It gleamed awhile, startled the slumbering na-

tions—flickered—and waned. It flashed its kindling beams on France, on Britain, on Spain, on Italy itself. But its clear, bold light has become a gorgeous chandelier—has, to all *spiritual* intents, gone out. The nations are still wrapped in darkness.

*Protestantism*, rising in great power, marched forth in triumph, causing the earth to shake beneath its tread. But it soon relapsed into the habits of its Roman mother, and now sleeps in tinsel trappings of state patronage, wealth, and pompous forms.

From the mountains of Wales, from the valleys of the Alps and the Pyrenees, the disciples of Jesus Christ, driven from the thronged habitations of men—the Baptists—have come forth in the midst of the world's battle field, with weapons furnished from the armory of truth, and victory has crowned their bannered hosts.

But even with them, inglorious ease has often succeeded the shout of triumph. The "Babylonish garment" has been pleasing to the eye. The applause or good opinion of the world has been desired. *Respectability, pomp, show, rivalry* with worldly societies for the patronage of the world, has, to a sad extent, seized hold upon them. The good fight of faith has been, in numerous instances, abandoned for the fight of worldly præminence. To rival other sects in architectural taste, in costly buildings, in expensive modes of worship, in showy charities, in titled and popular orators—this has, in late years, in many sections, been the goal of the race. The spiritual power of such churches has been impaired, broken. The glory has departed. The Baptist denomination, with all its apparently great strength, has been shorn of its locks, and has reposed in the lap of Delilah.

The past year has been one of manifest spiritual power. All over this country has been felt an unusual trembling and turning to God. It has, in many respects, been a **GLORIOUS YEAR**. In the midst of these refreshings from the presence of the Lord, have gone forth voices which have thrilled through the great heart of the Baptist denomination—"Return to the old paths"—"Return, ye backsliding children"—"Fling your "idols to the moles and to the bats"—Banish shams and vain shows—Stop that trumpeting forth of your charities, your greatness, your respectability—No more of your compromising with errors for the sake of peace or pop-

ularity—"Build up the walls, even in troublous times"—Establish the "Ancient Landmarks which your fathers have set"—"Cast out the bond-woman and her son"—"Strengthen the things which are ready to perish." Yes, the past year has been one of conflict for the simplicity of the gospel between those seeking to rival other sects in respectability and display, and those seeking to return to the old paths, those "*who love not the world, neither the things of the world,*" and consequently are hated by it.

Satan, it would seem, has been active in the conflict. To fight the battle with the weapons of truth would most certainly result in his defeat. The "*dogs of war*" were unloosed. **WHEN HAS THERE EVER BEEN** such a determined, such a general, and, apparently, concerted attack on private character—on the very life of God's witnesses—and that, too, in the midst of the camp itself—as during the past year? *The year is unexampled* in the history of our denomination. May its like never occur again.

But God rules. He is stronger than Satan. His fearless witnesses still live. Truth has triumphed, and the anti-christian element, the compromising spirit, the semi-episcopal presumption of great churches and titled Rabbis—have received a blow which Satan feels throughout all his serried ranks.

And now for the future. Shall we nerve ourselves for the fight? That great battle of Armageddon (which word means *great city*) is yet to take place. Popery, in one form or another, is yet to have power to persecute and tread down God's people. The Baptist denomination is chosen of God to enter the lists in the mighty struggle with Babylon, single-handed, and under the leadership of "Jesus only." **ARE WE READY FOR THE CONFLICT?**

Men, brethren, fathers—ye who put not your trust in "chariots or horses," but whose strength is the Lord Jehovah—quench, *quench* the false glare of worldly pride, of pompous display, of human machinery. Let our future be marked by that stern, uncompromising fidelity to God's teaching, which will meet error with defiance, moved neither by the flattery of her charms nor the terror of her frowns. Trust in God steadfastly. Wear his armor constantly. Fight the good fight manfully. Then you shall conquer triumphantly, and covered with glory, your brow shall be enwreathed with the chaplet which immortal victors wear.



In conclusion, to aid in this struggle is the aim and object of this journal. This is its high and holy mission. From this, nothing shall divert it. Persecutions, afflictions, scorn; the rich man's frown, the proud man's contumely; the false cry of charity, or compromise, or schism; neither flattery, nor defamation; neither the malice of foes, nor the treachery of false friends, shall cause it to swerve from its path. So, GOD HELP IN THE STRUGGLE.

S. H. F.

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## ACTS AND USAGES OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.

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### CHAP. II.—A GOSPEL CHURCH.

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*“Whosoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them.”—Matt., 18 : 20.*

This was the initial outline of a gospel church. Wherever two or three baptized believers are assembled and organized in the name, and in accordance with the laws of Christ—there is a gospel church. Of its characteristics it will be noticed.

*It was an assembly.* “Tell it to the church.” Here it is evident that it was an assembly of disciples, to which the offended brother could tell his grievances. It was to the *church assembled* to which these grievances were to be told, and not to its officers or representatives. And the church thus assembled was to hear the complaint, presented to each one individually, as much as to the whole collectively.

*It was an organized assembly.* Its organized character is evident from the fact, that it was authorized to “hear,” to judge, and to decide; and its decision was authoritative and final. “If he will not hear the church, let him be to thee as an heathen man and a publican.” But further than this, the very enrollment of its members is given of the first organized church on earth. “The number of names together were about a hundred and twenty.” Acts, 1 : 15. And further on we find this body consisting of enrolled members, deliberating and voting.

*It was, therefore, a local assembly.* This is, of course, self-evident from the facts above given. It was called “the church

at Jerusalem." They met in one place for worship; "were all with one accord in Solomon's porch."

*It was necessarily a visible assembly.* And although the term "church" is sometimes used in the more extended sense of the "General assembly and congregation of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven," united to Christ, and one and complete in him; yet, wherever it is used in reference to an organized body—one constituted to exercise the functions of ecclesiastical government, execute the laws of Christ, and maintain the ordinances of the gospel—it means a *local visible assembly*. Not a single exception to this can be found.

*It was, therefore, a distinct assembly.* From the first it was known as the "church at Jerusalem;" and after other churches were constituted, the "church at Jerusalem" was ever distinguished from "the churches throughout all Judea, Galilee, Samaria," and elsewhere, by this local appellation.

*It was a voluntary assembly.* None were forced into it against or without their own consent. Adapted to man's individual wants, and pressing its claims on his individual consciousness, Christianity demanded personal soul-felt obedience. A descendant of Abraham, or the servant of an Israelite, was initiated into the national compact without and against his will. The yoke was placed upon him. But he who would be a disciple of Christ must take up his (own) cross and follow him; must take His yoke upon him. Voluntary submission, voluntary obedience was, and ever must be, essential to a membership in a gospel church. It is a visible, immovable landmark; and wherever it is wanting, a gospel church is wanting also.

*It was, further, a spiritual assembly.* As a man by birth claims the rights and privileges of an American citizen, so a man by birth claimed the rights and privileges of a Jew. He inherited by natural descent all that pertained to his nation. They were *born* Jews. But those who can rightfully claim a participation in the blessings of Christ's church must be born from above. "Not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." "He was in the world"—not the Jewish Church—"and the world was made by him"—and thus was his own—"and the world knew him not," "but as many as received him

to them"—and them only—"gave he power to become the sons of God," "fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

*It had its inviolable terms of admission.* The Saviour, we are told, "made and baptized disciples." In accordance with this example, he commissioned his apostles to "Disciple (or teach) all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." Under this commission the apostles proclaimed the Messiahship of Jesus, calling on the Jews to "repent and be baptized, every one of you, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." And when, through the instrumentality of the apostles and the divine agency of the Holy Spirit, they were "pricked to the heart," and "had received the word," they were "added to the church" by being "buried with Christ in baptism"—they solemnly thereby "gave themselves to the Lord and to each other," taking the solemn vow upon them "to walk in newness of life." "This radical change," says Dr. Harris, "must take place before they are admitted into the church. Baptism is the vestibule or entrance into this spiritual temple—the church. So that before his disciples can pass the threshold, he requires them to receive the print of the sacred name." That print is not the washing away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience—the seal of heaven's approbation. "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." Made members of this body—the church—by being "baptized into his death." "For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body." 1 Cor., 12: 24. A burial with Christ in baptism was essential to membership, then: it is essential now. It was the vestibule of the holy temple, then: it is the vestibule or entrance still. This ancient landmark has never been obliterated; it never can be. "Not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed." The constituents of a gospel church are immersed believers, who have been called, cleansed, and sanctified by the spirit of grace. Spiritual stones "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets—Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord."

## CHAP. III.—MATERIALS OF A GOSPEL CHURCH.

“The Lord added to the church the saved.”\* Acts, 11 : 47. The Lord opened Lydia’s heart, “that she attended to the things which were spoken by Paul.” Acts, 16 : 14. Baptists require that all who are admitted into the church shall profess to have been convinced of sin ; to have turned to God with heart-felt repentance, and to have believed to the saving of the soul. There must be confidence in each other’s Christian character, fellowship for each other’s views and exercises, and harmony in regard to the teachings of the word of God. “How can two walk together unless they are agreed ?”

## BAPTISM.

“Baptism is an ordinance of the New Testament, ordained by Jesus Christ to be unto the party baptized a sign of his fellowship with Him in His death and resurrection ; of his being ingrafted into Him ; of remission of sins, and of his giving up unto God, through Jesus Christ, to live and walk in newness of life.

Those who do actually profess repentance towards God, faith in, and obedience to our Lord Jesus Christ, are the only fit subjects of this ordinance.

Immersion, or dipping of the person in water, is necessary to the due performance of this ordinance.—*Philadelphia Confession*, p. 68 ; *Romans*, 6 : 3, 4, 5 ; *Matt.*, 3 : 16 ; *John*, 3 : 23.

In the organization of a church, it is required, among Baptists, that “the persons being *first orderly baptized*, according to the command of Christ, give up themselves to the Lord and to one another.”—*Philadelphia Confession*, p. 78.”

What, then, is it, to be *orderly* baptized ?

“In 1791, a case was brought before the Kettocton Association which produced considerable agitation. Jas. Hutchinson, who was born in New Jersey, but raised in Loudon county, Virginia, had gone to Georgia, and there first became a Methodist, and then a Baptist preacher. Previous to his joining the Baptists, he had been baptized by a Methodist. When he offered to join the Baptists of Georgia, it was made a question whether his baptism, being performed by an unbaptized person, was valid ? The Georgia Baptists decided that it was valid.

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\* *Such as should be saved*, in the authorized version, is acknowledged to be an incorrect rendering.

"In the year above mentioned, Mr. Hutchinson came to Virginia to see his relations in Loudon county. While he was there, his preaching became effectual to the conversion of many. Mr. Hutchinson baptized them. These things stirred up the question in the Ketocton Association, whether the baptism of Hutchinson and his disciples was valid? The decision here was just the reverse of the decision in Georgia. They determined not to receive either him or those baptized by him, unless they would submit to be re-baptized. After some time they consented, and the ordinance was re-administered."—*Semple's Hist. Virg. Bap.*, p. 302.

In 1787, the first church in New York sent to the Philadelphia Association the following query :

"Whether a person, applying to one of our churches for admission as a member, and satisfies the church that he has been previously baptized by immersion, on a profession of his faith in Christ, but at the same time confesses the person who administered the ordinance was, at the time, neither ordained to the work of the ministry, nor baptized himself by immersion, but only chosen and called by a religious society to officiate as their teacher or minister, should be received?" (See Min. Philadelphia Association, p. 229.)

This was laid over to the next Association, and answered as follows :

"In answer to a query from the first church in New York, of last year, held over to this time, respecting the validity of baptism by a person who had never been baptized himself, nor yet ordained, we reply, that we deem such baptism null and void :

1st. "Because a person that has not been baptized must be disqualified to administer baptism to others, and especially if he be also unordained.

2d. "Because to admit such baptism as valid, would make void the ordinances of Christ, throw contempt on his authority, and tend to confusion; for if baptism be not necessary for an administrator of it, neither can it be for church communion, which is an inferior act; and if such baptism be valid, then ordination is unnecessary, contrary to Acts, 14: 23; 1 Tim., 4: 14; Pet., 1: 5, and our Confession of Faith, chap. 27.

3d. "Of this opinion we find were our Associations in times past, who put a negative on such baptisms in 1729, 1732, 1744, 1749, and 1768.

4th. "Because such administrator has no commission to baptize, for the words of the commission were addressed to the apostles, and their successors in the ministry, to the end of the world, and these are such whom the Church of Christ appoint to the whole work of the ministry."—*Ibid.* p. 238.

This lengthy quotation from the Minutes of the Philadelphia Association covers the whole ground, and refers to the previous answers of that body back to 1729.

This is the oldest Association of Baptists in America, and, as a matter of course, its adjudications ought to be respected and have their due weight, not only because of its age, but because from the first it had within its bounds some of the ripest scholars and ablest divines in the denomination.

David Benedict, for many years past has, without doubt, held a more extensive correspondence with the Baptists upon this continent than any man in America, and therefore has a better right to know what the practice of the denomination has been upon the subject under consideration than any other man. Says in his Church History of ancient and modern Baptists, in a note at page 943:

*"I have ascertained by my extensive correspondence that by FAR THE GREATER PART of our denomination both RE-BAPTIZE and RE-ORDAIN all who join them, from whatever churches they come. A MINORITY omit re-baptism in favor of those candidates who came from the Freewill Baptists, the Methodists, and Campbellites, or Reformers."*

The following, from the oldest Association in Kentucky, bears on the same subject:

The Committee to whom the following queries from the first Baptist Church in Lexington were referred, viz:

"1st. Can persons, baptized on a profession of faith by an administrator not regularly ordained, be received into our churches, under any circumstances whatever, without being again baptized?"

"Report, in answer to the question, that it is not regular to receive such members. In the minutes of 1802, this Association defined valid baptism to consist in the administration of the ordinance by immersion by an administrator legally called to preach the gospel, and ordained as the scriptures direct; and that the candidate for baptism make a profession of his faith in Jesus Christ, and that he be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by dipping the whole body in water.

J. VARDEMAN,  
E. WALLER,  
JAMES FISHBACK,  
JOHN EDWARDS, } Com."

*Minutes of Elkhorn Association, 1822.*

## PROPHECY AND HISTORY.

## No. I.

Nineveh was the capital of the Assyrian Empire. That ancient kingdom is now called Kurdistan, and being often the seat of war between potent empires and nations, has become what the finger of prophecy pointed out as its doom, "a wilderness and a desert."

Assyria had Armenia on the North; Medea and Persia on the East; Susiana, a province of Persia, on the South, and the river Tigris or Heddekel on the West, into which ran through Assyria by a South-west course, the four small rivers, Lycus, Capros, Gorgus, and Silla. Among its noted cities were Resen, Calah, Bessarak, Ctesiphon (on the east bank of the Tigris,) and Arbela and Artemias further eastward.

But Nineveh or Ninus, was the great overshadowing city of the empire, and is frequently put for the whole of Assyria. It was, says the prophet Jonah, 3: 3, "An exceeding great city of three days journey," that is, in circuit. "Its builder," says Diodorus Seculus, "Ninus proposed to build a city of such magnitude that it should not only be the greatest of the cities which were then in the world, but that none of those who should be born after that time, attempting the like, should easily excel it; and nobody afterwards built such a city, either as to the greatness of the compass, or as to the magnificence of the walls." "The whole circuit of the city was four hundred and eighty furlongs," (sixty miles or three days journey.) "Its length was one hundred and fifty furlongs," (twenty miles;) in breadth ninety furlongs, (twelve miles.) Its walls are said, by heathen historians, to be a hundred feet in height, and were defended by fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high.

In the days of Menahem, King of Israel, Pul, the King of Assyria, invaded the land, and was bought off with a thousand talents of silver, (2 Kings 15: 19.) And "in the days of Pekah, King of Israel, came Tiglath-peleser, King of Assyria, and took several cities, and Gilead and Galilee; all the lands of Naphtali, and carried them captive to Assyria, (2 Kings 15: 29.) "And Ahaz took the gold that was found in the house of the Lord; and in the treasures of the King's house, and sent it for a present to

the King of Assyria," (2 Kings 16: 8.) And in the days of Hoshea, King of Israel, "Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria, came up throughout all the land" and "took Samaria and carried away Israel with Assyria, and placed them in Halah and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." (2 Kings, 17: 5, 6.) "In the sixth year of Hezekiah," Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, carried Israel away captive, and "in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah, did Sennacherib, King of Assyria, come up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them." (2 Kings, 18: 13.)

This brief scriptural record is sufficient to show that the Assyrians disturbed the land of Judah, bringing upon itself the anger of the God of Israel.

#### PROPHECY CONCERNING NINEVEH.

The burden of Nineveh. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite. God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth, and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies. With an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies. What do ye imagine against the Lord? he will make an utter end: affliction shall not rise up the second time. For while they be folden together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry. There is one come out of thee, that imagineth evil against the Lord, a wicked counsellor. Thus saith the Lord: Though they be quiet, and likewise many, yet thus shall they be cut down when he shall pass through. And the Lord hath given a commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown; out of the house of thy gods will I cut off the graven image and the molten image: I will make thy grave, for thou art vile. For the Lord hath turned away the excellency of Jacob, as the excellency of Israel: for the emptiers have emptied them out, and marred their vine-branches. The shield of his mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet; the chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation, and the fir-trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings. He shall recount his worthies: they shall stumble in their walk: they shall make haste to the wall thereof, and the defence shall be prepared. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. And Huzzah shall be led away cap-



tive, she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts. But Nineveh is of old like a pool of water: yet they shall flee away. Stand, stand, shall they cry; but none shall look back. Take ye the spoil of silver, the spoil of gold: for there is none end of the store and glory out of all the pleasant furniture. She is empty, and void, and waste; and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and much pain is in all loins, and the faces of them all gather blackness. Where is the dwelling of the lions, and the feeding-place of the young lions, where the lion, even the old lion, walked, and the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid? The lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with ravin. Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will burn her chariots in the smoke, and the sword shall devour thy young lions: and I will cut off thy prey from the earth, and the voice of thy messengers shall no more be heard. Woe to the bloody city! it is full of lies and robbery: the prey departeth not; the noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots. The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword, and the glittering spear: and there is a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcasses; and there is none end of their corpses: they stumble upon their corpses. And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing stock. And it shall come to pass that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee and say, Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her; whence shall I seek comforters for thee? Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria; thy nobles shall dwell in the dust: thy people is scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them. There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the bruit of thee shall clap their hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?—*Nahum 1st, 2d, and 3d Chapters.*

#### HISTORY OF NINEVEH.

*Before Christ, An. 612. Josiah 29.*—In the twenty-ninth year of the reign of Josiah, which was the twenty-third of Oyaxares in the kingdom of Media, Nebopollasar, king of Babylon, having made an affinity with Astyages, the eldest son of Oyaxares, by the marriage of Nebuchadnezzar, his son, with Amyitis, the daughter of Astyages, entered into a confederacy with him against the Assyrians; and, thereon joining their forces together, they besieged Nineveh; and after taking the place and slaying Saracus, the king, (who was either the successor of Chyniladanus, or he himself under another name,) to gratify the Medes, they utterly destroyed that great and ancient city; and from that time Baby-

lon became the sole metropolis of the Assyrian empire. From the time that Esarhaddon obtained the kingdom of Babylon, both cities equally had this honor, the kings sometimes residing at Nineveh, and sometimes at Babylon; but after this Nineveh lost it forever; for, although there was another city afterward erected out of the ruins of old Nineveh, which for a long time bore the same name, yet it never attained to the grandeur and glory of the former. It is at this day called Mosul, and is only famous for being the seat of the patriarch of the Nestorians, of which sect are most of the Christians in those parts. It is situated on the west side of the River Tigris, where was anciently only a suburb of the old Nineveh; for the city itself stood on the east side of the river, where are to be seen some of its ruins of great extent even unto this day.—*Prideaux's Connections*, p.90.

THIS IS CONFIRMED BY ROLLIN.

Arbaces, Governor of Media, having found means to get into the palace, and having with his own eyes seen Sardanapalus in the midst of his infamous seraglio, enraged at such a spectacle, and not able to endure that so many brave men should be subject to a prince, more soft and effeminate than the women themselves, immediately formed a conspiracy against him. Belesis, Governor of Babylon, and several others, entered into it. On the first rumor of this revolt, the king hid himself in the inmost part of his palace. Being obliged afterwards to take the field with some forces which he had assembled, he at first gained three successive victories over the enemy, but was afterwards overcome, and pursued to the gates of Nineveh; wherein he shut himself, in hopes the rebels would never be able to take a city so well fortified, and stored with provisions for a considerable time; the siege proved indeed of very great length. It had been declared by an ancient oracle, that Nineveh could never be taken, unless the river became an enemy to the city. These words buoyed up Sardanapalus, because he looked upon the thing as impossible. But when he saw that the Tigris, by a violent inundation, had thrown down twenty stadia of the city wall, and by that means opened a passage to the enemy, he understood the meaning of the oracle, and thought himself lost.

Semiramis and Sardanapalus both governed the same kingdom; both had the same people, the same extent of country, the same revenues, the same forces and number of troops; but they had not the same dispositions, nor the same views. Semiramis, raising herself above her sex, built magnificent cities, equipped fleets, armed legions, subdued neighboring nations, penetrated into Arabia and Ethiopia, and carried her victorious arms to the extremities of Asia, spreading consternation and terror every

where. Whereas Sardanapalus, as if he had entirely renounced his sex, spent all his time in the heart of his palace, perpetually surrounded with a company of women, whose dress and even manners he had adopted, applying himself with them to the spindle and the distaff, neither understanding nor doing any other thing than spinning, eating and drinking, and wallowing in all manner of infamous pleasure. Accordingly, a statue was erected to him, after his death, which represented him in the posture of a dancer, with an inscription upon it, in which he addressed himself to the spectator in these words: *Eat, drink, and be merry; every thing else is nothing*; an inscription very suitable to the epitaph he himself had ordered to be put upon his monument.

Of the ruins of this vast empire were formed three considerable kingdoms; that of the Medes, which Arbaces, the principal head of the conspiracy, restored to its liberty; that of the Assyrians of Babylon, which was given to Belesis, Governor of that city; and that of the Assyrians of Nineveh, the first king whereof took the name of Ninus the younger.—*Rollin, Vol. I., p. 189.*

In further confirmation of the entire destruction of this once proud and powerful Nineveh, and the palpable fulfillment of Nahum's prophecy, the sceptical Gibbon writes:

“The Romans boldly advanced from the Araxes to the Tigris, and the timid prudence of Razates was content to follow them by forced marches through a desolate country, till he received a peremptory mandate to risk the fate of Persia in a decisive battle eastward of the Tigris, at the end of the bridge of Mosul, where the GREAT Nineveh had formerly been erected. *The city, and even the ruins of the city, had long since DISAPPEARED. THE VACANT PLACE [empty, void, and waste—Book of Nahum,] afforded a spacious field for the two armies.*”\*

“The name of Nineveh, says Volney, “seems to be threatened with the same *oblivion* which has overtaken its GREATNESS.”

“The Lord hath given a commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown.” “I will make thy grave, for thou art vile. Darkness shall pursue His enemies.”

#### THE GREAT NINEVEH IS NO MORE.

Even its site cannot be traced with certainty. Its locality is known by another name. “It is empty, void, and waste.” The Lord has stretched forth his hand;” “HE HAS MADE NINEVEH A DESOLATION:” “A PLACE FOR BEASTS TO LIE DOWN IN.”

S. H. F.

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\*Decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

## THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

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STRICTLY speaking, there never has been any *covenant* between God and fallen man. It is true that we read in Isaiah, 59 : 21 : “As for me, this is my covenant with them.” And in Jeremiah, 31 : 31, 34 : “I will make a new covenant with the house of David after those days, saith the Lord”—referring to the gospel dispensation. But in regard to these, it should be observed,

1st. That the word *covenant* often means a statute, ordinance, or decree, as in Gen., 9 : 11

2d. That the use of the word *covenant* might be more consonant with that legal dispensation than of a Testament.

3d. That it is not strictly correct to speak of a testament while the testator lives. Heb., 9 : 15, 16. But when Christ was about to make his soul an offering for sin, he uses the proper word—testament—“This is the New Testament in my blood.” Matt., 31 : 28. After this, the word testament is uniformly used when the dispensations of grace are referred to; and wherever the original is translated *covenant*, testament will be found in the marginal reading.

But besides, when we consider the nature of a covenant, we plainly see that it is impossible that such a thing could exist between God and man.

1st. “Mutual wants in the parties covenanting. 2d. Mutual benefits enjoyed by them. 3d. Power in each party to perform the conditions of the covenant. 4th. Each party is brought under obligations to the other by the performance of those conditions. 5th. Merit on both sides. 6th, and lastly. Neither party ought to be under prior obligations to the other respecting the conditions of the covenant—of which particulars, not one can be admitted in the present case.

“As for the Abrahamic covenant, as some call it, it only respected temporal things, and the externals of religion, though it had the promise of the Messiah tacked to it, and was, therefore, called the covenant of promise, Eph. ii., 12. It was with regard to selecting Abraham and his descendants from the other nations of the earth to a national church state, and the enjoyment of the

land of Canaan, the peaceable and quiet possession of which they were to enjoy, upon condition of their observing the external rituals of that dispensation, and being obedient, which they promised, and had in their power to do. And this was the covenant of which they received circumcision, an external mark or token, as a seal to confirm it. Gen. xii. 18 ; xvii. 7, 8 ; xxvi. 3, 4 ; Deut. v. 29.”

The sum, then, is this ; that the glorious dispensations and manifestations of the rich grace and mercy of God in Christ, contain free, absolute and unconditional promises of the free, rich, and unmerited gifts of God, conveyed to the heirs as legacies, in a testamentary way.”

“ Having thus shown you that there can be no such thing as a covenant between God and man, respecting spiritual blessings and service, we come now to consider what foundation there is to style the glorious transactions between the persons of the ever blessed Trinity, respecting man’s recovery, a covenant ; and here, undoubtedly, there is some appearance of that kind. If ever there was a covenant of grace, this is it. If ever there was a covenant of redemption, here you will find it. And, on the part of Christ, a covenant of works, too ; forasmuch as the great work of redemption, the fulfilling of the law of God, in behalf of his people, for whom he undertook as their surety, was performed by him, Psalm cxix. 122 ; Isa. xxxviii. 14.”

“ The passages of Scripture that speak of this glorious transaction as a covenant, are these following : ‘ And my covenant shall stand fast with him,’ Ps. lxxxix. 22 ; ‘ And give thee for a covenant of the people,’ Isa. xlii. 6 ; xlix. 8 ; ‘ Neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed,’ Isa. lvi. 4, 6 ; ‘ As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant,’ Zech. ix. 11 ; ‘ Even the messenger of the covenant,’ Mal. iii. 1. But then it is spoken of under different views, in these that follow : ‘ According to the eternal purpose, which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord,’ Eph. iii. 11 ; ‘ And the counsel of peace shall be between them both,’ Zech. vi. 13 ; ‘ For I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God,’ Acts xx. 27 ; ‘ The immutability of his counsel,’ Heb. vi. 17 ; ‘ being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,’ Acts ii. 23.

## A SERMON.

BY D. WITT.

*Preached in Farmville, Va., Sept. 12, 1858, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. N. J. HAY.*

Phil., 1 : 21: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

HAPPINESS is the object of universal desire and universal pursuit. Man's aching heart pants for it, as the thirsty hart pants for the cooling stream. But where shall it, where *can* it be found? In wealth? It is not there. "Riches make to themselves wings, and fly away." In fame? It is not there. The pinnacle of human glory is too sharp for the comfort of him who stands upon it, and in its proud elevation, the head and the heart are too apt to grow dizzy and vain. In the indulgence of voluptuous desire, and the wild and corrupting pleasures to which it leads? It certainly is not there. In the shady walks of literature and science? It is not there. "Much study is a weariness to the flesh, and of making many books there is no end: this is also vanity." In the affection of congenial hearts and the pleasures of "home, sweet home?" It is not even there. The best heart is the seat of many a fierce conflict, and the happiest home upon the earth is often saddened by sorrow, and sickness, and death. Where, then, shall the restless heart find this priceless treasure? The text presents to us a happy man, and it indicates the source of his happiness. The apostle Paul had learned, in whatever state he was placed, "therewith to be content." He had brought his desires within the circle of his circumstances. He had willingly committed himself to the guidance of an infallible wisdom, and to the protection of a particular providence. Resting with an evangelical faith upon the promises of the gospel, he had nothing to fear, in the reverses of life, or in the terrors of death. His consecration to the service of Christ gave to him the assurance of divine support while he lived, and of a blissful immortality beyond the skies. It was with unutterable triumph that, encompassed with difficulties and dangers on every side, and standing in view of eternity itself, he could exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

There is some obscurity in the language here employed by the apostle. Without wasting your time by stating the opinions of commentators, and the different interpretations of this passage which I have met with in the course of my reading, permit me just to explain what I suppose to be the meaning of the apostle in the declaration, "For me to live is Christ." I suppose, then, that he intended to say, that his presence and influence upon the

earth were directed to the accomplishment of the great object which Christ came into this world to accomplish ; so that his living on the earth so subserved the cause of his Master as to answer the purpose of his actual presence in the world. He was the representative of Christ ; and by his authority, and in his name, he commanded men to be reconciled to God. Charged with the great interests of the kingdom of Christ, he "magnified his office," and so discharged the duties connected with it, that the exercise of his ministry, sustained as he was by the power and blessing of God, was equivalent to the real presence of Christ among men. Not only as a minister, but as a man, he copied the character of Christ so closely, as to reproduce it in his life ; so that those who looked upon his conduct could not fail to see the exact image of him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners ; living for the glory of God, aiming at the salvation of a ruined world, and consecrating all his powers, and all his opportunities to the great work of Christian life, he could say with holy confidence and joy, "For me to live is Christ."

The fact here stated by the apostle implies an important truth, which is stated elsewhere, with more clearness—*our oneness with Christ*. To this blessed union we are indebted for our hopes, our usefulness, our happiness, and the prospect of immortal life in another world. And before I proceed to offer you some reflections upon that part of the text which seems to be more appropriate to the mournful circumstances under which we have been convened this morning, allow me, in a few remarks, to direct your attention to that indissoluble, spiritual relation, which enlivened the heart, nerved the arm, and brightened the prospects of the apostle, in life and in death.

1st. We are one with Christ in the changeless *purposes* of the Eternal Mind. In this respect, "both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified, are all of one." They are all included in the same gracious design, in fulfillment of which, the blessed Son of God left his sweet home in heaven, and dwelt awhile in mortal flesh. It is very pleasant to reflect, that, before the foundations of the earth were laid, or God had decked the midnight sky with the unnumbered worlds that glitter in the depths of space, he formed the glorious scheme of mercy which the gospel reveals, and included in its ample provisions all who shall finally be saved. According to this view of the subject—a view which is sustained by the infallible word of truth—Christ came into the world on no uncertain errand. Eternal love, in the amazing depths of its riches, gave him to the world ; and eternal love gave the world to Him as the reward of his sufferings and death. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." "He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall

prosper in his hand."—Isa., 53. "All that the Father giveth me, shall come unto me."—John, 6 : 37.

It is surprising that there should be found among those who love God, and acknowledge the authority of scripture, a single opposer of the divine purposes. But there are those who not only cavil at the doctrine of God's sovereignty, but complain that he should have a purpose at all. They bring the perfection of Deity below the dignity of blind and erring man, and arraign the wisdom and goodness, which govern the world, at the bar of fallible, human reason. "Nay, O man! but who art thou that repliest against God?" We invite those who doubt or despise this doctrine to read and ponder the following passages. I did not make them. They are found in God's own book: "According as he has chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will."—Eph., 1 : 4, 5. "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son."—Rom., 8 : 29. "God hath, from the beginning, chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth."—2 Thess., 1 : 13. These quotations might be greatly enlarged. If they teach anything, they teach, in unmistakable terms, the sovereign purpose of God in the salvation of men. Let us, my beloved brethren, while we bow with profound submission to the mysterious wisdom and sovereignty of God, glory in that plan of mercy which includes our perishing souls within its grasp, and makes us one with Christ in the immutable purpose of God. It is a truth replete with comfort. Standing upon this rock, our apostle boldly bid defiance to all earthly opposition, and to death itself.

2d. We are one with Christ in *Federal relationship*. God constituted Adam the head and representative of the race. By our connexion with him, we have all become sinful, polluted, and guilty. "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners." But the second Adam, who is "the Lord from heaven," as the great head of his people, has repaired the ruins of the fall, and restored them again to the forfeited favor of God. This doctrine is stated and enforced in the writings of the apostle to the churches of Rome and Corinth.—Rom., 5 : 15, 16, 17, 18 ; Cor., 15 : 21, 22. To this infallible testimony we refer you as decisive of this subject.

To establish this relation, it behooved the blessed Son of God to become a man, and in our proper nature to live, and suffer, and die. "He took on him not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham." "He was born of a woman; made under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law." All his acts of obedience were rendered to God, as the substitute of



sinners. All his sufferings, from the manger to the cross, were endured on the behalf of sinners, and for the purpose of making atonement for them. He stood in their stead. He uncovered himself to the wrath which was their desert. "He bare their sins, in his own body, on the tree."

He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead ;  
For man, O miracle of grace,  
For man the Saviour bled."

We are represented in the scriptures as being "crucified with Christ," "dead with Christ," "quickened together with Christ," "risen with Christ." These several passages teach the precious truth, that we are in him, as our great head and representative, in all that he did for the salvation of our ruined race. "In him," in all the acts of obedience which he rendered to divine law ; "in him," in the sorrows and tears of his laboring life ; "in him," in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and the mysterious agonies of the cross ; and "in him," in his triumphant resurrection from the dead, the pattern and the pledge of our own resurrection from the grave of sin to the enjoyment of eternal life. He is "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." We have the same animal nature. We have the same spiritual nature. More than this, through him "we are made partakers of the same divine nature."—1 Peter, 1 : 4. The life which we now live is not our own life ; "but Christ liveth in us." From this union with Christ comes our justification before God. "There is now therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." From this relation, too, we derive sanctification—"who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." In a word, from this blessed connexion flows all the rich blessings of the covenant of peace. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

The nature and strength of this union are illustrated in the various figures employed by the sacred writers to describe it. Christ is the "Head," we are the "members." He is the "vine," we are the "branches." He is the "foundation," we are the "building" of God, reared upon it. He is our "Father," we the "children" of the family. We are the "body," he is the "Spirit" which quickens and pervades it. To consummate and perfect this heavenly relation, in his last intercession for his people he prayed that they might be one, even as he and the Father were one. "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfect in one." "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

3d. We are one with Christ in the *Spirit* which pervades us. "He that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit." "If any man

have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Perhaps there is nothing which so clearly distinguishes the true Christian as the spirit which is in him. In this respect, he is diverse from all men. In the great work of regeneration, a new character has been imprinted upon him. "Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, he is changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." In the depraved heart of man there reigns the spirit of wickedness. He is proud, revengeful, selfish, rebellious, unholy, unthankful. He tramples under his feet the laws of the divine government. He rejects with scorn the offers of the gospel of the blessed God. His language is, "Who is the Lord, that I should fear him?—or the High God, that I should obey his voice?" "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, seditions, murders, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revillings, and such like." What a frightful picture of the human heart; what a long and dreadful catalogue of sins is here drawn by the pen of inspiration! A very little observation, however, will be sufficient to convince us of the truth of this description of human character. Alas, for the world, it "lies in the wicked one." But regeneration infuses another spirit, and stamps the soul with a new and holy character. "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature." "The mind which was also in Jesus," takes the place of the "carnal mind, which is enmity against God." Under the discipline of divine grace, the man becomes meek, lowly, forgiving, submissive, penitent, believing, prayerful, obedient, holy, devout. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These graces constituted the beautiful form of godliness as it was exhibited in the spirit and practices of the primitive saints. I do not wonder that the people of those times, who looked upon the conduct of the early Christians and marked their resemblance to Christ, should have taken knowledge of them, "that they had been with Jesus." Darkness and light, sin and holiness, heaven and hell, are not more opposite to each other, than is the spirit of this world and the spirit of Christ. I think it probable that "the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch," because they had not only received the instructions of Christ, but imbibed his spirit, and lived under its constant influence. In this respect, if in no other, they were one with him.

4th. We are one with Christ in the *great object of our lives*. The great object which Christ came into this world to accomplish, was the maintenance of the glory of God and the salvation of perishing sinners. To this divine work he consecrated his life, from the beginning to the end of it. At twelve years of age he said to his anxious and enquiring parents in the temple, "Wist ye not I

must be about my Father's business?" He never lost sight of that business amid all the scenes of a most eventful life, until he indicated its full completion when he bowed his head on the cross, and cried, "It is finished." Wherever he went, whether in the bosom of friendship at Bethany, or amid the festivities of a wedding feast in Cana of Galilee, or weary and thirsty at the well of Samaria, or preaching to the multitudes that attended his ministry the great things of his kingdom, or gathering around him, as the hour of his last sufferings approached, the little family of disciples whom he had chosen from all the world as the depositories of his truth and the ministers of his grace, amid the bloody sweat of the garden and the unknown agonies of the tree; in sunshine and in storm, in life and in death, he kept his eye and his heart steadfastly fixed on the great end of his mission. "Lo, I come, as it is written of me, to do thy will, O God." "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Well might the angels desire to look into these things, and regard with intensest interest the humiliation of Christ. The object in view was one of infinite benevolence; and it was accomplished with all that fidelity to his engagement which constitutes one of the brightest perfections in the divine character.

It is worthy of our serious consideration, my dear brethren, that in this work of glorifying God and saving sinners, our blessed Redeemer has taken us into connexion with himself, and designs, through our instrumentality, to fill the earth with his glory, and heaven with the "multitude which no man can number." He might have adopted other means for the attainment of this end; a word of his power might have reconstructed the moral world, as a word of his power built the stupendous fabric of creation at first; but it has pleased him, "by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe;" and through the agency of persons attached to his cause, to promote its interests among men. We are "workers together with God" in this grand affair of saving sinners. Before the Saviour ascended to heaven, he committed his gospel to his church, and commanded that it should be preached to all nations. The apostles, as his representatives upon the earth, and clothed with official authority, went forth, encouraged by his presence, and supported by his power, to subdue the world "to the obedience of faith." Nor were they unsuccessful in this enterprise. "Their sound went out into all the world, and their words to the end of the earth." The pall of spiritual death was removed from the nations, and the light of salvation fell upon the dark places of the earth. It is the promise of God himself, that his word, thus committed to men, "shall not return to him void;" it shall accomplish that which he pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto he has sent it.

In this divine arrangement, so well adapted to the accomplish-

ment of the end in view, we can easily discern the surpassing wisdom of God. Angels are not suited to the performance of this service. Although they are swallowed up in the glory of God, and take a deep interest in the welfare of man, they have no fellow-feeling for the lost; nor are they competent to realize the "riches of grace in Christ Jesus." Bad men are not employed in this work; their agency is not suitable, and they have no heart for it. But God has chosen you, my brethren, who have been included in his purpose of mercy; who are united to Christ, and in love with his cause; whose souls are alive to his glory, and pervaded by his spirit, to bring back the revolted nations of the earth to the dominion of the Prince of Peace. And for this very purpose he has called you into union with himself. You wear his livery. You bear his image. You act under his authority. You are strengthened by his power. You are nourished by his goodness. You are enlivened by his presence. Nay, "Christ is formed within you, the hope of glory." And although you are all weakness; and feeble as your efforts may seem to yourselves, or others, he shall be eternally glorified through the consecration of your life to his service. As sure as there is might in Jehovah's arm, or truth in his promises, or mercy in his heart of love, the great object of your efforts shall be achieved at last. Workmen may die, but the work will still go on. One after another may fall at their posts, but others shall be in readiness to take their places, and finish their work. Moved by the same holy impulses; laboring in the same cause; aiming at the same grand consummation, you will, you *must* succeed. The eternal God is by your side, and in your heart; his blessing is on your labors of love, and he will see to it, that the interests of his own cause shall be advanced by the means which his own wisdom has ordained for the accomplishment of the object. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." "For I know, whether by my life, or my death, Christ shall be glorified in me."

And here let us pause for a moment, and contemplate the holy influence of such a life. It brings out to view the sacred principles of the gospel. It diffuses the lovely spirit which religion breathes into the heart. It reproduces the life of Christ, in many of its beauties and moral excellencies, and enforces the reality of godliness by the power of a holy, blameless example. The influence of such a life of piety must be felt. It forms the living epistle, mentioned with a holy pride by the apostle, which was "known and read of all men." It will be felt in the family, as it breathes its fragrance about the hearth-stone, and creates the purest enjoyments of "home, sweet home." It will be felt in the social

circle, in the purity which it produces, in the elevation of soul which it imparts, and in the happiness which it inspires. It will be felt in the common pursuits of business life, in the constraining motives which it presents, and in the strict integrity which it enforces. It will be felt in the church in the kind, courteous, Christian intercourse, which we hold with its members, and the love which it exercises to all the brotherhood. It will be felt in the world, as we put forth our efforts to lighten the load of its miseries, to stay the burning current of its vices, and to lead it back to holiness and heaven. It will be felt upon the interests of time, as it promotes the general welfare of the race; leads to the highest civilization, the greatest improvement, and the purest happiness. It will be felt upon the interests of eternity, as it points to the skies, and leads to "glory, immortality, and eternal life."

O my brethren, how high is the position which you are called to occupy as the representatives of Christ upon the earth. You are to show forth his glory, to display to the world the loveliness of his character, to maintain among men the honor of his cause, to exhibit his spirit, and perform his work. If some one were to inform us that Jesus had made his appearance once more upon Mount Zion, and was unfolding his glories to the gaze of mortals, how many among us would be willing to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to look upon the person of the Son of man? Or, if I were to announce to you that he is now in this crowded assembly, ready, as in the days of his humiliation, to serve the souls he came to save, every heart would bound with unutterable emotions—every man would spring from his seat to see the Saviour. But he is as really present as if we could see his form and hear his voice. He is present in the persons of his people. He has said, "I will walk in them, and dwell in them." "We will come to him, and make our abode with him." So closely is he identified with them, that a word of slander, aimed at them, he regards as spoken against himself. A deed of kindness, intended to promote their comfort, he receives as offered to himself. "Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." And through them he exercises his sovereign power and goodness, in working out the salvation of souls. Oh, who can estimate the extent of that Christian influence which grows out of such a connexion with Christ—such an identity with the interests of his cause? Every day you live, in every step you take, in your every word and every action, you are touching a string which shall vibrate long after you are dead, and sound out its notes in eternity itself. If this be true, "what manner of persons ought we to be—in all holy conversation and godliness." "For me to live, is Christ."

Having briefly adverted to the nature and influence of *oneness*

with Christ, implied in the passage before us, permit me to unfold to your view *the blessedness of dying*.

"To die is gain." Surely, if to live is Christ, to hold indissoluble union with him, to subserve his cause, to do his will, to glorify his name—it must, it *will* be "gain" to die. The scythe of death cannot cut the cord that binds us to Christ. The putrefaction of the grave cannot annihilate the life of Christ in our souls. A happy death is the appropriate termination of a life of piety.

But let me here remark, that death is not gain to everybody. It is the beginning of hell to a poor, unpardoned sinner. His life has been wasted in sin; his period of probation has ended; in rejecting Christ, he has rejected the only means of salvation; there remains no more sacrifice for sin; he listens to the sentence, "Depart," and sinks into perdition. Oh listen! Do you not hear those awful utterances of woe—those shrieks of wild despair? Eternal justice is putting to death the souls of impenitent sinners. "There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." "And the smoke of their torment shall ascend up forever and ever." Death is not gain to everybody.

Death is not a gain, the possession of which we always *desire*. It is strange that even good men often shrink back with terror at the approach of death. Encompassed with various sorrows, borne down beneath the burden of nameless ills, sometimes absolutely crying out under the crushing load of life, dreading the unknown future, and "enamored of our clay," we fear to exchange the warm home of the living for the cold mansion of the dead. The love of life and the dread of death seem to be instincts of our nature. No man enters the unknown land, "from whose bourne no traveler returns," without casting behind him many a longing, lingering look. It requires piety, in its highest and holiest exercises, to reconcile us even to the idea of death.

Death is not a gain, of which we are always *sure*. Clouds and darkness sometimes darken our prospects, "and hide the promise from our eyes." We fear that after all our hopes, and conflicts, and fears, we may miss heaven at last. If, in the happier moments of our experience, we feel the assurance which the apostle here expresses, at other times we fear with him, "lest we should be cast away." This painful apprehension often embitters life, and casts a gloom over the prospects opened to us in the gospel. But still, whatever may be our desires, or our doubts, if we are united to Christ, it is "gain to die." The pen of inspiration has written it, and we are not at liberty to question its truth. We may have much to resign on the verge of the grave—of riches, honors, pleasures, influence, friends—still, "to die is gain." Death may present to us a terrific aspect; his presence may be

attended with unknown agonies; he may consign us to putrescence and to worms, still it remains true, "to die is gain." A few remarks will set this subject before you in a proper light.

1st. Death delivers us from the numberless *troubles* of life. Whatever truth or falsehood may be contained in the opinion so often expressed, that "man was made to mourn," it is universally acknowledged that trouble is a part of his sad inheritance. "He is of few days, and full of trouble." "He is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." He carries in his own breast the fruitful source of a thousand miseries. In the blindness of his mind, in the depraved affections of his heart, in the frightful disturbances of his conscience, in the derangement of his whole intellectual and moral constitution, we have an explanation of the disquietudes to which he is doomed. The world without him, too, blasted as it is by the curse of God, concurs with the state of things within him to increase the troubles of his life. There is the empty profession of false friendship; the blasting of hope; the disappointment of fondly cherished desire; the loss of health; the death of friends; and all the endless reverses and afflictions of a life rapidly tending to a termination in the grave.

"As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upward borne,  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn."

But death ends all the troubles of life. "There the wicked cease to trouble, and there the weary be at rest." Oh, it will be sweet to terminate the ills that afflict us here, in the undisturbed quiet of the grave.

2d. Death delivers us from the wasting *labors* of life. Man seeks, in a fancied independence, an exemption from the labors to which he has been doomed. Ever restless, and always seeking ease, he would free himself from the curse which has sent him out into the world to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. But the providence of God holds him to the destiny of his being, nor is it in his power to change it. And there, too, is the mental toil of the midnight hour, and the ever-pressing duties of religious life. Sometimes, amid the incessant whirl and round of labors which distract our minds and leave us no leisure, we sit down and ask, "and is there no place of undisturbed repose, where the weary heart may rest?" Oh yes! "There is a happy land, far, far away." "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go, and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." And where is that place of perpetual beauty, which Jesus has promised to us? The observant astronomer, as he scans the starry heavens, has discovered, in the revolutions of the worlds, which he has brought

within the scope of his glasses, an apparent revolution around some common centre; and he has imagined that that common centre is the "city of the Great King"—the palace of the universe—the peculiar residence of Deity, and the home of the glorified. It is a sublime conception. It may be fancy, or it may be fact. We are not at liberty to pronounce, where God has not spoken. It is the opinion of many wise and good men, that this earth, now weltering under the curse of God, shall be so purged and purified by the action of the final fires upon it, as to become a suitable residence for Christ and his people; and that from the ashes of this very world of ours, there shall come up the "new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," and which is to constitute the place of our eternal abode. This is all conjecture. It may be true; but we are not at liberty to speak where revelation is silent. One thing we know—there is a place, of all others the most glorious; and a state, of all others the most blessed—reserved for the enjoyment of those who love Christ and keep his commandments. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God," and death gives to us that rest.

3d. Death delivers us from all the *sins* of life. The best of men are but men at best. They are subject to many weaknesses and many sins. The clearer their views become of the law of God and the proper standard of Christian character, the more deeply do they feel a consciousness of their own innate depravity. This consciousness constitutes the source of their most bitter experience. Under the stress of this burden, the apostle cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" There are sins of omission, and sins of commission; there are secret sins, and public sins; there are sins of heart, and sins of life; sins which beset us from youth to age, and which weaken our strength, and poison our peace. Here originates that bitter repentance, which wrings tears from our eyes almost every day we live. Here arises that cloud of darkness and of doubt, which often throws a gloom over our future prospects. But death will release us forever from this bondage of corruption. We shall leave our sins, with our mortal bodies, in the grave, and triumph in eternal freedom from their galling, grinding power.

Oh, who would live away!—fettered by sin, wasted and worn by perpetual labor, bowed down beneath the load of nameless sorrows? If death ends all these evils, then it is a privilege to die.

4th. Death conducts into a world of *perfect light*. Here "we see through a glass, darkly." We "know only in part." Our clearest views are dimmed by many errors. "He that thinketh he knoweth anything, knoweth nothing, yet, as he ought." How little do we know of God, of Christ, of eternity, and of heaven—our blessed home! We vainly try to grasp these momentous sub-



jects ; we fail in every attempt. We follow our departing friends in their mysterious flight beyond the stars with many an anxious thought ; but we are soon bewildered and lost. Standing on the verge of life—overlooking the vast eternity which lies before us—we send out many an ardent aspiration to heaven to illumine our darkness and to guide our way ; but heaven, all shut and silent, sends back no response to our earnest enquiries. But one moment after death, the great secret of eternity is solved. “ Then we shall know, even as we are known.” There will be no room for skepticism in the heavenly world. When eternity flashes its light on the soul, infidelity expires ; faith is lost in vision ; hope is merged in enjoyment, all doubt in sweet reality. Oh, to bathe in the eternal sunshine—to enjoy the perfect light of an eternal day—“ is a heaven worth dying for.”

5th. Death leads to a world of perfect *holiness*. Nothing unholy or unclean can enter the gates of the celestial city. The “great multitude, who have reached the heavenly blessedness through much tribulation, have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The heart, long torn with inward conflicts, fights its foes no longer. The protracted warfare of Christian life is consummated in the perfect holiness of the skies. Sin, the fruitful source of tears and sorrow, is banished from the soul forever, and in its place comes up every virtuous thought, every holy desire, every gushing aspiration.

“ Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.” We shall catch in our transparent spirits the exact image of our glorified Redeemer, and shine in it all over the heavenly world.

Finally. Death confers upon the soul eternal *happiness*. The descriptions of the heavenly felicity, contained in the Apocalypse, are sufficient to ravish the heart, even before we are permitted to taste its bliss. There flows from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb “the river of the water of life.” There grows the tree of life, whose ripened fruit is for the healing of the nations. There are the crowns of righteousness, which never fade, and a glory which never grows dim. In that clime of beauty and of bliss, the curse is forever done away, and sickness, sorrow, pain, and death, “are felt and feared no more.” When the apostle was transported in vision to the third heaven, and beheld the glory of the upper skies, he was unable, on his return to the earth, to communicate to his brethren an idea of what he had seen and heard. He realized, in the ecstasy of that hour, unspeakable things, which it was not possible for him to utter. But ever afterwards he spoke of the glory and blessedness of heaven. He desired to “depart and be with Christ.” He longed for the heavenly inheritance. He wished for the dissolution of his “earthly house,” “that he

might be clothed upon with his house from heaven," and that he might be "swallowed up of life."

My brethren—my dear brethren—although we know so little of the glory of the heavenly state that we can only stammer out a few syllables in regard to it; although we cannot now ascertain with certainty the ingredients of our future cup of joy, or what shall be our employments in the eternal world, we have learned enough from the intimations of scripture to raise in our minds the highest expectations of blessedness, and triumph, and glory. "And the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come unto Zion; everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Lord, it is enough. If death shall end the troubles of life; if it shall terminate forever the labors and the sins of life; if it shall introduce us to the light, the holiness, and the happiness, which shall know no end, then, indeed, "To die is gain." Come, then, welcome death—with all thy terrors, and all thy unknown agonies—come. I open my bosom to thy stroke. Strike home to this aching heart. Dissolve this clay to dust. With heaven in my eye, I no longer dread thy presence. Thou art the avenue to life. Thy gloomy gate is the entrance to immortality. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

It now remains for me, in a few closing remarks, to advert to the mournful event which has brought us together this morning, and to pay a last tribute of respect to a beloved friend, who has recently left this world of sin "for fairer worlds on high." Since my residence in the vicinity of this place, I have preached more than twelve hundred funeral sermons; and it does not seem to me that I was ever called upon to perform funeral services under circumstances of deeper solemnity, than those by which we are now surrounded. It is difficult for me to realize that the wife of your pastor, and my own affectionate friend, has indeed disappeared from the earth, and that I shall see her face no more. But what mean these habiliments of woe? Why is this pulpit robed in black? Why this badge of mourning in the open Bible which lies before me? Why the attendance of this crowded congregation, and the grief which is depicted on so many countenances? And why, especially, the melancholy sadness which broods over the face of my respected brother, who sits behind me, weeping over the memory of his loved and lost one? Alas! it is too true. Our beloved Sister Hay is dead.

She resided among us but a few brief months. But in that passing period we had learned to love her. And when, a few weeks ago, I received a letter from her husband, containing an account of her sudden death, I felt the visitation as a bitter personal bereavement. And so, I doubt not, many of you feel under

this affliction of Providence. But "let us not sorrow as they who have no hope." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." It becomes us, at all times, to bow with profound submission to the dispensations of that mysterious wisdom which ordains "the times that pass over us," the bounds of our habitation, and the period of our lives.

Our departed sister was born and raised in the State of Kentucky. Nature endowed her with an intellect of a superior order. She embraced the opportunity, which her position afforded her, to improve her mind by literary culture. And to the refinement of an amiable disposition, she added the crowning excellence of a fervent and unassuming piety. She professed conversion to Christ at a very early age; and no one, who was acquainted with her first religious exercises and the maturer piety of her after life, ever doubted the genuineness of that work of grace upon her heart. From the time of her return to God, she was much impressed with the condition of perishing sinners. She lost no opportunity of urging upon her associates the importance and value of religion. At the age of fourteen years, she was often found kneeling with an elder sister (then without hope), in earnest prayer for her conversion. Her piety, unlike the "early cloud, or morning dew," increased with her years. Like the "morning light, it grew brighter and brighter to the perfect day." She was, at one time, much exercised in regard to her duty to become a missionary. The great enquiry of her heart ever seemed to be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" She was always ready to discharge her duty, whatever it might be, with meekness and love. If there were enquiring sinners in the congregation, she took pleasure in pointing them to the Lamb of God. If any were sick, she was among the first to soothe their sufferings by her gentle Christian sympathy and kindness. Her place in church, in the Sabbath-school, in the female prayer meeting, was always filled. Such a life of earnest, disinterested piety, had its proper influence. "The heart of her husband did safely trust in her," and deeply does he deplore the loss of her counsel and co-operation in every good work. She was eminently fitted, by nature and grace, for the position which she was called to occupy. Surely, "for her to live was Christ."

A life of so much excellence could not fail to secure the divine approval, and the divine blessing, in its end. And though the disease of which she died deprived her of the power of speech, and cast an apparent gloom over her last moments, yet, doubtless, the cloud, so dark to us, to her was streaked with living light; and the gloom which fell so thick on the sorrowing friends who surrounded her dying bed, was to her but the bright transit to "sacred, high, eternal noon." I love to think of her, not as she appeared in her death-struggle (torn with cruel convulsions, and unable to give utterance to the feelings with which she re-

garded futurity), but as she was when I last saw her—her placid countenance beaming with intelligence and piety; her heart full of love to Christ and his cause; devising liberal things, and doing good as opportunity offered, as did the Master whose life she copied. But she has ceased from her labors, and disappeared from the earth. Her form was fragile as the lily—"the wind passed over it, and it is gone." But the place where it grew is yet fragrant with its perfume; and although it has faded and fallen from our view, it blooms in a more congenial clime, beneath a brighter sun. "The memory of the just is blessed."

One word to the ladies of the congregation, and I have done. Permit me to present to you the example of our beloved sister, as worthy of your imitation. I am not here to pronounce her eulogy. I do not mean to say that she was perfect. The world has never seen but one perfect character, and that character was presented by the lowly man of Nazareth. She was, doubtless, conscious of many imperfections, and mourned over them. She was a sinner saved by grace. United to Christ, she had imbibed his spirit, caught his image, and she followed his steps. Imitate her example, then, as she imitated the perfect example of Christ. "Be ye followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises." And soon, oh, how soon! the union broken up by death shall be renewed in heaven.

And you, my dear *young* ladies, whose cheeks now blossom as the rose, and whose gay hearts are full of worldly hope, take a lesson of wisdom from this mournful scene. A few months ago, our departed friend stood before the altar, leaning with confidence upon the arm of him who then promised "to love and cherish her until death should separate them." Ah! little thought she, in that bridal hour, that she was destined to pass so soon from the greeting of friends, and the prospects of life and happiness, to the cold dominions of the dead. The coming event cast no shadow before it. But ere one little year had run its round, she sickened and died. She exchanged the bridal dress for the shroud—the house of rejoicing for "the habitation appointed for all the living." May we not trace in this sad event the history of some person now in this assembly? In looking forward into your future days, in some fair, happy hour, I see you reach the summit of your hopes, in the formation of a connection which you fondly hope shall secure the happiness of your life. How sweetly flow the passing moments!—how brightly shines the sun of prosperity upon you! Alas! that the joys of earth should wither and die so soon. I pursue you a little farther, and see you perplexed with cares, torn with apprehension and filled with anxious solicitude. I look in another day. I see you wasted and wan, and lying on the bed of death, bid a last farewell to earth and its fleeting pleasures, as you pass into the dread realities of the eternal world. Or, it may

be, seated in your lonely chamber; the companion of your youth asleep in the grave; the last rock of your hopes shivered to atoms; you weep, in the cold desolation of a widowed heart, over joys forever lost, and schemes of happiness which are now spread out, a shapeless wreck on the stream of time. Oh, stop one moment, in the wildness of your worldly delirium, and ponder the probabilities of the future. "Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." Give your young hearts to Christ. Consecrate to his service this finest period of your lives. Love him, worship him, obey him. And then, whether you lie down in an early, or a later grave, as you strip yourselves upon its brink, you may say, in holy triumph and joy, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

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### THE VENOM OF IRRESPONSIBLE LYING.

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It is comparatively seldom that a lie is manufactured out of whole-cloth at once. Your liars cannot afford it. Their whole stock in trade would soon be used up. They must economize; they must take remnants and shreds. Then, too, your men of small abilities cannot manage a system of wholesale lying; the business is too much extended, and their own private property gets involved, when there comes a crash. Large schemes of swindling and lying demand as great a genius for rapid disintegrations and reconstructions, sudden changes of parts, and new combinations, as the vast strategies of Napoleon. A liar is often like a greenhorn endeavoring to make his way through a vast forest, without guide or compass. There are so many turnings and windings, so many trees to be blazed, so many way-marks alike, that the miserable wanderer finds himself crossing and re-crossing his own tracks, often compelled to take an entirely new starting-point, and as often brought back to the point from which he started. "The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands; in the net which they hid is their own foot taken. Behold he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head."

The element of *defeat* is a thing that the contrivers of large and extended or intricate lies do not sufficiently provide for. A

good general will always keep open a way of retreat ; but a heedless liar, or a man swallowed up with his own malignant purposes of treachery, never looks to see if the bridge be broken down behind him. It seems to be one of the judicial infatuations attending the villainy of false witnesses and liars, that they so often advance too far to turn back, without asking the question, *What shall we do if we are unsuccessful?* As little do they think of God's interposition, which, however, is plainly assured by Him for the sudden discomfiture of slanderers. "For the sin of their mouth, and the words of their lips, let them even be taken in their pride, and for cursing and lying which they speak. Who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words, that they may shoot in secret at the perfect ; suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not. They encourage themselves in an evil matter ; they commune of laying snares privily ; they say, Who shall see them ? They search out iniquities ; they accomplish a diligent search ; both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep. But God shall shoot at them with an arrow ; suddenly shall they be wounded. So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves ; all that see them shall flee away, and all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God."

But there are plenty of retailers of scandal that will make a living, even as the rag-pickers out of old rags. And a garment of falsehood that has been used up years ago, may find its way into the market, almost as good as new, when it has passed under the hands of the scourers and patchers. Many are the lies that, like a single pipe of pure port wine, can be increased and propagated, as the wine is by dint of logwood and rotten whisky, or the slops of the distillery, for the supply of whole nations, till hardly one drop of the pure, original falsehood can be found, to every hogshead of exaggeration. There is as little truth in many of the scandals with which the smatterers of current slander entertain one another in conversation, as there is of pure Johannisberg in the cellars of old toppers, or in the Five-Points groggeries. Hence, in most cases, the impracticability, not to say impossibility, of running after lies, to stop them, or to nail them. In some cases, you might as well run after a cuttle-fish, a squid, that can

blacken the water for such a distance around itself, that its pursuers are confounded. Many liars have just such an ink-bag of inexhaustible calumny, sophistry, and abuse, which they eject in every direction, till the clearest water is as black as night. In other cases, you might about as safely run after a skunk ; if you are wise, you will let the creature go, at as safe a distance as possible. In other cases again, the search after falsehood is as bootless as it would be to trace a single drop of pure port through all the manipulations and distilleries, where it has served for the forging of millions of gallons. Omniscience alone can trace the original falsehood. But all the additions to it likewise are falsehoods of themselves, no more sanctioned, or excused, or justified, by the original lie, than your manufacturers of imported wines are justified, because the liquor which they concoct is put into old foreign casks, with the custom-house seal upon them ; no more justified than a merchant is justified for selling native goods as of foreign manufacture, because one pair of Paris-made gloves, or one India shawl, or one piece of Brussels lace, or one Paris-made hat, or one piece of French broadcloth, is put into each case of the particular kind of goods to be circulated.

Many persons ease their consciences for the present, in scandal-mongering, because they are merely Satan's retailers, and are not themselves the original or wholesale manufacturers. They are merely commission merchants, and must sell what they receive ; and as they receive it, free of all responsibility, except for the return of pride. And just as some persons, otherwise good temperance men in theory, will sometimes sell rum on commission, because they think themselves justified, if not obliged, by the very nature of their commission business, to sell whatever is consigned to them—just so, some persons, that in theory abhor scandal, false-witnessing, and lying, think themselves not only justified, but bound to spread every report that has been committed to them, however diabolical and injurious it may be. The retailers of scandal do it gratuitously, and therefore imagine that they do not secure or receive a commission, as if it were a regular business ; they think there is no account to be balanced, but there is ; and there is a terrible commission to be paid, and no possibility of refusing it, or getting clear of it. The commission *will* be

paid, cent. per cent., and compound interest, whether it is desired or not ; for in this case no man can refuse his master's wages.

The wickedness and mischief, so pungently described in the Word of God as produced by this vice, spring very much from simply *listening* to scandal, and then, with a grave caution, repeating it. One of the definitions of a liar in the Word of God has this mischief in view, and is one of the most extraordinary things in all literature. *A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips, and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue.* It is not said that the liar is the man merely who invents and originates the falsehood, but he that *giveth ear* to it ; and the wicked doer is not the man merely who himself strikes his neighbor, or plays the assassin in person, but he that *giveth heed* to false lips, he that accepts and reports the accusation. Hence the burning maledictions upon tale-bearers, and hence the characteristic of a good man, as one that *taketh not up* a reproach against his neighbor.

If it were not for the ready listening ears given to false reports, most of the scandals in the world would die for want of nourishment. But these slanderers and listeners keep a foundling hospital for all reports deserted of their father. And some men are so constituted, that it is quite impossible for a report to pass through their hands just as it came to them. They cannot help adding to it. If the report is evil, it is sure to be exaggerated ; if it is good, some flaw will be picked in it, or some amendment tacked upon it, quite frustrating its friendly operation, or some essential point will be left out, reducing it to a nonentity. If it is bad, it will lose nothing, but gathers like a ball of snow ; everywhere it is sure of some kind of endorsement and enlargement. It is curious to see the process, if you stop one of these scandal-mongers or tale-tellers, and question him closely.

"As the north wind driveth away rain, so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue." You have a right, then, to put on an angry countenance, and to blow a gale, when such a tongue mutters its perverseness. And if every backbiting tongue had to encounter such a norwester, blowing back its calumnies, they would soon be stayed. "I tell you (the slanderer whispers in your ear) that such a one said, that Mr. So-and-so did so-and-so." "What ! did he say that ? Well, that's very bad, but it can't be.



"Tis impossible. I know it to be false." "Well, such a one told me, and he must have known." "But, did he tell you those words? Did he say that Mr. So-and-so really did that thing?" "Well, I cannot say that he said exactly those words, but he said as much as would permit anybody to understand that he meant as much as might justify that conclusion."

Aye! and so you have caught up the extreme of what might possibly have been, or might not have been, in his mind, and have put his *supposed* meaning into your own words as a certainty, reporting your own conclusion! In other words he gave you the raw material, and you have neatly coined the lie into a compact and convenient shape for handling and passing. He did not, indeed, *say* so, but you are sure he *meant* so, and *you* say so. He gives you a draft against Mr. So-and-so's character, but without any definite amount named, or any voucher, though he signs the indefinite calumny. But you, in your turn, instantly fill up the blank, and put your name on the back of it, and so pass it on. Well! it may possibly never come back to you in this world, but it will in the next. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Perhaps you have acted as the pottifogger for a company, the receiver-general of their vague accusations, to put them into shape, and to add by your own ingenuity and recklessness a definiteness and malignity, a combination of venom and sophistry, which no one of the company, nor all together, could or dared furnish; but you, as employed by them, possess a license of weaving and stamping, an authority for putting their general and vague innuendoes and half-truths into bold assertions and positive falsehoods. You are the brass nozzle of their bellows, the converging point of their compound blow-pipe. You are the well constructed sewer, through which the muddy compost of their multi-flavored salmagundi of unbottomed injurious reports and misrepresentations flows forth, a consistent, well-kneaded, and concocted mass, into the carts prepared and sent for it.

Any scavenger's employment is more dignified than his, who lives by compounding and shoveling the scandals of society. A man had better work up to his waist in filling bags of guano, and never breathe any other atmosphere, than make his living as the

go-between of slanderers, or the penny post of the father of lies. We have an instance before us, of a man crushed to earth under a pack of injurious allegations, who, being without friends, he has no means of disproving, and the attempted refutation of which would only blazon the injury, without the possibility of repairing it. What can the victim of prejudice and slander, in such a case, do? And what should be the punishment of any man, who, without positive knowledge of his own, sets his name, as an original witness, to charges, of which he himself has but recently heard, and never knew anything at all but by hearsay only? O.

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## Family Visitant.

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### THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

#### CHAP. XV.—THE RESCUE—GOD'S HIDDEN ONES—THE SMALL UPPER ROOM.

In our last chapter we left Mary forsaken and in despair, wandering in wild phrenzy up Ludgate Hill, towards St. Paul, while the hideous cry, "Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!" fell on her ear, and rang in horrid peal through her sinking soul. Death carts rattled through the now almost vacant streets, and the sound of human voices was heard only in the dreadful summons of the cartman as he paused before the houses of death, and the wailing shrieks of a mother, or sister, or wife, as they gave up into his keeping the now loathsome remains of those who but a few hours before had been their joy and solace in life.

Mary was pressing on—she knew not whither, indeed, she scarcely cared, so great was her horror—with that instinctive dread of pause which haunts the human soul when danger is around us. She was vainly endeavoring to flee, from the invisible monster, to some place of security. She knew it was certain

death if she remained where she was. She felt the fetid atmosphere as filled with the seeds of the plague, and it moved heavily over her. It seemed to her that the wing of the Angel of Death had put in motion the thick suffocating air, which stifled her and pressed her down.

"I shall die, and my father will never know what became of me," she said to herself, as she groped her way along the street, vainly endeavoring to do something for her relief. She thought of prayer, but in her wild alarm she knew not what to ask for.

She was hurrying on with her hands thrown wildly out before her, and her bonnet falling from her shoulders, while her face wore the pallor of death, when suddenly she struck her foot against a stone and fell prostrate. She shrieked with terror as she fell. She could not rise—fright had rendered her powerless.

"I must die here; I must die, O God! my poor father! my dear father! and my mother, and the children! I must leave them all! O God, pity me!" she exclaimed to herself, as she lay unable to rise.

A hand touched her arm. She started and screamed. "I am not dead, I am not dead," she gasped convulsively, as she started up and turned her face upward towards the man whom she felt bending over her.

"I see you are not dead, but you soon will be if you stay here," replied the man, in a full hard voice. "Get up, get up; do you want to be thrown into the cart?" She shuddered from head to foot as she heard the words. "Havn't you got any home? where does your mother live? Tell me, and I'll take you home."

"Mrs. Gaunt, in the Drury, stammered out Mary, incoherently.

"Well, get up and come along; we'll soon be there."

Mary, electrified with the thought of so soon being freed from danger, sprang to her feet, and clutched the hand of the man, which rested on her arm. But he had mistaken her words. He understood her to say Jewry, and, instead of bearing her to Mrs. Gaunt's, in Drury Lane, which, at that time of the plague, was comparatively free from the pestilence, he hurried her along towards the old Jewry, where it was raging in wildest fury.

As the blind girl strode along, holding on to the man's hand,

she sobbed aloud with emotions of thankfulness at her deliverance.

On, on they went, in the gathering gloom of the twilight, Mary weeping aloud, and the man hurrying her forward towards the old Jewry.

“What is the matter, child?”

The man and Mary paused, as they heard these words spoken in a kind soothing voice.

“She has lost her way, and I am taking her home,” replied the man hurriedly.

“And where is your home, child,” asked the old man of Mary, who had loosed her hold of her conductor’s arm, and had turned towards the speaker. There was something in his tone, so gentle and so kind, that re-assured Mary’s heart, and gave her hope. Her sobbings were hushed, and she was able to reply with some calmness.

“I live in Elstow, sir. I am staying now with Mrs. Gaunt, who lives in Drury Lane.”

“Drury Lane, girl? I thought you said you lived in the Jewry. I have been bringing you away from home instead of carrying you to it. Why didn’t you tell me? Couldn’t you see I was taking you wrong?”

“I cannot see, sir; I am blind;” she answered timidly, as if unwilling to tell of her misfortune to a stranger. “Blind! live in Elstow?” repeated the old man, in a low voice, as if talking to himself. “And what is your name, child?”

“Mary Bunyan, sir; my father is in the Bedford jail.”

“The Lord be praised!” exclaimed the old man fervently. “Come with me, child. I will take care of you for your father’s sake. He is suffering for the testimony of Jesus, and his child shall never suffer as long as I can protect her. But we must hurry away from this dreadful place. The plague is raging here with great violence.”

“I will relieve you of your charge, my good friend,” said the old man, turning to the man at his side. “I will take care of the child until she can be sent home.”

The man spoke a good evening, and, turning on his steps, hurried back towards St. Paul’s.”

“Bring out your dead!” rung out in wild hollow tones on the still dead air. Mary shuddered as she heard the cartman’s dread call. Involuntarily she pressed more closely to the old man’s side.

“Come, my child,” said the old man to her, as he placed on her bonnet and grasped her hand. “Come, we have got a good walk before us, and it is late; but you cannot see it, poor child,” he added, in a tone of pity, as he remembered she had told him she was blind.

The two hurried forward towards Grace-church street. Not a word was spoken until they reached London bridge.

“This is the bridge,” said the old man to Mary, as they entered upon it from the street. “I live in Southwark, and we have to cross the river.”

Mary could not see the ponderous old bridge, as it threw itself across the sluggish Thames, with its carriage-way and foot-ways, but she felt a fearfulness creep over her, as there arose the dead hollow sound from the footsteps of those who, from compulsion, were crossing at this hour. The lamps gave out a sickly glare, as the old man and the blind girl hastened on.

“There is the daughter of our dear brother Banyan, of Bedford, Jane,” said the old man to his wife, as he entered their door, in Southwark, leading Mary by the hand. The good wife started up dismayed.

“Is Bro. Banyan in London, Mr. Brown? Where did you find the poor child? Come, child, take a seat. Poor thing, you look pale and scared. Where did he find you? Do tell me, Mr. Brown, where did you cross this child of our dear brother?”

“In the street, Jane—knowing not whither she was going. The Lord directed me to her. A few steps more, and she would have turned from the street, and I should have missed her entirely. It was a kind Providence to send me along that way, before she got into the Jewry.”

“Oh, heavens! was she going there? Are you staying there, in that miserable place, my poor child, where the dreadful pestilence is so fearful?”

“No, ma’am. The man did not know what I said to him. I

told him Drury, and he thought I said Jewry, and I could not see to tell him any better."

"Oh, yes; it was so dark, you could not see, and you were so scared. Yes, yes—I know how it is; you were so far from home, too."

"I cannot see," said Mary, turning to the good woman so glad to know of her escape. "I am blind."

"Ah, poor child! that is it, is it? He was leading you into death, and you did not know it. Thank God, he delivered you in his own good way."

"There, take off your bonnet, child, and drink this glass of ale; it will do you good after your long walk. The good Lord be praised, that he has sent you to us. And where have you been staying in the city? with some of the children of God?"

"I have been with Elizabeth Gaunt, who was once at my mother's house, at Elstow."

"Oh, yes; a dear good woman, my child, sister Gaunt is. She does a great deal of good for the poor and suffering of Christ's kingdom. She goes about like our dear Master—always doing good. And you have been staying with her?"

"Yes, ma'm, ever since I have been in the city."

"And where does this good woman live? I have seen her at Bro. Kiffu's church sometimes, and once or twice I have seen her in at a few sisters', just this side of the bridge in High street, but I never heard where she lived."

"She lives somewhere in Drury Lane, it is called; but I do not know where."

"And she was way up by ——, Mr. Brown? Oh, poor child! how did you wander so far from home?"

Mary told the good woman all. How she had determined to see the King a second time in behalf of her father, and to do this without troubling Mrs. Gaunt; of the great fright they had received, as they reached Charing Cross—she could not remember the name; of their turning back and hurrying on until Margaret Purdy, her companion, found that they were lost; of the girl leaving her alone in the street, and of her trying to find some one to take her home, but could not, until the man crossed her

where she had fallen prostrate from fright; then they hurried on towards the Jewry, until they were met by Mr. Brown.

"Poor child," and the kind-hearted woman wiped her eyes, and looked upon the pale, innocent face before her with an expression of sincere compassion. "The Lord himself did deliver you."

"And your dear father! how does he bear his long, weary life in the jail; he has been there now five years?"

"Do you know father?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Oh, yes; and we know of his great sufferings, and of the distress of his family, and of the cruelty of the persecutor. But the Lord himself will avenge his innocent children, who bear all things for his name's sake. He was in London, some years ago, to see the King. He wanted then to get himself out of jail. He was in our house. Oh, how we loved him! He told us about you; your name is Mary; and he called you his dear blind child; and he told us of your mother, and your brothers, and the baby—little Sarah, I think he called her name. Oh, his heart was most broke when he found he could do nothing with the King. His majesty is so frivolous. He will never take time to right the wrongs of his subjects. The Lord only knows what will become of us—his people. We are cruelly treated by those who rule over us. You don't understand all these things now, dear child, but you will by and by. Lord, when will thou come to avenge us?"

"In his own good time will he come, Jane, to bring light out of darkness—and that time is near at hand, even at the door. What is the meaning of this terrible pestilence? Is it not making straight the paths of the Lord—preparing his ways, as saith the prophet: 'Wrath and destruction must be poured on his enemies, even upon Antichrist, and the woman who rideth on the beast. The measure of her iniquities is almost full. Then will the Lord come in power and great glory to destroy the Wicked One with the brightness of His coming, and give to us, who long for his appearing, a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' We are pressing on towards that time. It is not far before us, thank God. 'Then shall the living be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and the righteous dead shall

be raised to reign with him forever and ever. The Lord himself hath spoken it.'”\*

“Yes, bless the Lord; we are looking for and trusting to his coming,” replied the kind woman, while an expression of enthusiasm overspread her face.

“When my poor John died, ten years ago; John was my only child, Mary, and I loved him very dear—when he died, I was sorely grieved. It did seem to me I could not live. The world was all so hollow and so dark. I wondered why it was God had afflicted me so. I felt it was very hard—oh, so very hard, because I had only the one, but I now see it was all well. John might have been in prison this day instead of being in heaven. John might have been suffering, and tortured, and tormented; but now, thank God, he is happy—oh, so happy! my poor tongue cannot tell it, and he is ever before the throne of God and the Lamb to praise them forever and ever; and I shall soon meet him, and my Saviour, in the clouds of heaven. Thank God! thank God! for the exceeding great and previous promises of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!”

“Amen and amen!” responded the old man, fervently.

“My child,” said Mrs. Brown to Mary, in a voice of most motherly affection, “you are weak and tired. Here lay you down on this little bed, and rest you until you get something to eat.”

Mary heeded her bidding, and was soon wrapt in sound sleep.

Mrs. Brown busied herself to prepare something for her husband and Mary to eat.

“How sweet the child looks,” said the wife to the old man, as, standing by the little side table, she pointed to Mary, who lay sleeping with head reclined on one thin frail hand, while the other rested gently on the blue spread by her side. Her hair fell partially over her pale, sad face, showing in broken outline the calm features. The lips were slightly parted, for she slept with the

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\*This brother Brown was one of the Fifth Monarchy men, who, in the time of Charles II, were constantly looking for the second coming of Christ “without sin,” (or a sin offering.) “unto salvation.”



heaviness of intense weariness of body and mind. Her white kerchief, partly opened, revealed a neck of snowy whiteness and delicate proportions. Her respiration was deep and slow. The tired frame sought to recuperate itself.

"She is a sweet, pretty child," replied the old man, gazing at her earnestly. "I wish we had such a girl, Jane."

"And blind, too?"

"Yes, Jane—just as this dear child of Bro. Bunyan is. She is so innocent and kind. I would be willing to nurse her and tend her all the days of my life. She is so gentle and so pretty."

"What will we do about going to meeting to-night, John? we can't leave this child here alone, and she will be too tired to go with us."

"When she wakes up we will tell her how it is, and if she can't go, we can send for Ellen Carter to stay here with her."

Mrs. Brown went to the kitchen to see about the tea. The old gentleman sat by the doorway, and gave himself up to thought. He sat where he could see the sleeping girl, and ever and anon his look rested upon the pale, calm face, while his eyes grew moist, and then the big tears would course slowly down his wrinkled face.

#### GOD'S HIDDEN ONES—THE SMALL UPPER ROOM.

While persecution raged, the Nonconformists were driven to seek private places for worship, lest the insatiable enemy should spy them out, and report them to the law. They were also compelled to hold their meetings at *such times* as the eye of hate could not search them out. An obscure upper room, a barn loft, the midnight depths of the forest, an humble unobtrusive homesteading, the midnight hour, the early morning dawn—these were the places and times where and when the hunted, down-trodden children of God met together to call upon his name, and to speak words of trust and encouragement to each other.

Bunyan, before the rigorous sentence was passed that "he should not go beyond the prison walls," was oftentimes compelled to disguise himself as a cartman, and appear with a cartman's whip in his hand, that he might be able to assemble himself with the little flock and break unto them the bread of eternal

life; and oftentimes he had to enter through the back door, and escape by the same way, that he might elude the vigilance of the blood-hounds who were ever on his track.

In London, the "Fifth Monarchy men," or those who were looking for the immediate coming of Christ, had rendered themselves particularly odious to both state and church. They were compelled to meet under the cover of night, and to use every precaution that would insure profound secrecy. Their steps were dogged by officers of the law, intent on bringing "these vile miscreants to justice;" and, when discovered, as they sometimes were by these Argus-eyed pursuers, they had to secrete their bibles in secret places, provided for that purpose, and let themselves down through trap-doors; or, like the Apostle Paul, make their escape through windows, that they might not meet the fiery vengeance of fiendish hate and malice.

We, who live in the present age of religious toleration and freedom from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, can form but faint conception of the trials and sufferings of those of our forefathers in the faith, who stood as witnesses for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, when the bloody hand of persecution marked all such out for the prison, the stake, or the gibbet.

Nearly two hundred years ago, in an upper room of an old building in Southwark, a small company of men and women had assembled to worship God. The house stood very near the present site of the New Park Street Chapel. It is a memorable locality to Baptists. Here, more than a century later than the time of which we write, did John Gill, that man of God, stand as a witness for those truths for which Bunyan, and the Hewlings, and Elizabeth Gaunt, and many others, suffered imprisonment and death. And now, in the same spot, at this day, Spurgeon stands, to proclaim and defend these same immutable gospel truths. God has not left himself without a witness in Southwark, London. The beginning was small; a few persons gathered together in his name, in a small upper room of an old building—defamed, pursued, maltreated. Now, there stands very near the same spot a handsome new edifice, where thousands gather from Sabbath to Sabbath, to listen to the everlasting gospel, and to worship God Most High in the beauty of holiness. Hath not

the mighty arm of Jehovah gotten to himself a great victory ? Should we not, in view of these facts, pray with increased faith for the ushering in of that glorious period, when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever ?"

The night was quite advanced. The noise and activity of the past day were hushed to silence. In the small upper room of the old building we have mentioned, a little company of disciples had come together for the purpose of worship. They had met thus late that they might escape the eye of the detector. It was a plain, untenanted room, situated at the head of a stairway which communicated with the street, through a narrow, dark alley, into which no lantern flung its sickly glare.

One by one the few brethren and sisters had gathered themselves together to explain the Scriptures, and to pray. There were old and young men, hoary-headed matrons and maidens—all moved by the same spirit, actuated by the same motives, and pressing on towards the same goal even everlasting life at God's right hand. It was a touching scene, thus to see these true disciples of the Saviour assembled at the midnight hour in this small upper room, away from the knowledge of man, that they might worship God as they thought acceptable to Him—that they might in security and in truth follow him in the ordinances of his own appointment.

In one corner of the room, into which the lamp scarce throws its feeble light, sits the blind girl, between her aged friends. Her face, so pale but a little while ago, is flushed now with excitement. But no one observes her, and even if they did, it would matter but little to her. Her sealed eyes would bring no intelligence of it to her sensitive, shrinking heart. No one notices that she is a stranger. The attention of all present is directed to a middle-aged man, who sits near one of the lamps, with a bible in his hand. One of the company present now goes to the door—listens a moment, then, closing the door carefully, and fastening it securely from within, he returns and takes his seat.

The middle-aged man then rises and addresses the little assembly in words of deep brotherly love and encouragement. He

then repeats the blessed words of our Saviour: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me," &c. In a deep, earnest tone he reads the 14th verse of John, commenting as he proceeds. His words are full of faith and encouragement. The spirit has borne witness with his spirit that he is born of God, and by faith he lays hold on the precious promises, and makes them all his own. God has pledged himself for the safety of his children, and the heavens and the earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of his word shall pass till all things be fulfilled.

The little company kneel, and a fervent prayer ascends to God for his presence in their midst, for his guidance and support in the trying difficulties and oppressions which now surround them, and for victory over the flesh, the world, and the devil. A song is sung, then a brother rises to exhort those present to a doubling of their diligence, that they may make their calling and election sure, and to patient continuance in well-doing, that they might inherit eternal life. He speaks of his conflicts, of foes within and foes without, and then, in tones of melting tenderness, he dwells on the love of God—the compassion of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, for our sakes, became poor—of the joys of heaven—of the certainty of the promises—until every heart is moved, and each face bathed in tears, looks radiant with the joys which passeth knowledge.

Mary's heart is troubled. She feels as she has never felt before. Tears are streaming from her sightless eyes—but they are not tears of joy; they are not tears of repentance. She is sore troubled. The spirit is at work about her heart. She has sinned against the high and holy God, and these sins, "red as crimson," now stand in dreadful array before her. No one heeds her trouble; each is so engaged with matters pertaining to himself. She strives to suppress her tears—endeavors to conceal her sorrow. Satan is contesting every inch of territory. He will not be vanquished. But He "who worketh, and none hinder," hath commissioned his holy spirit to go forth to convict of sin. Which shall have the mastery?

One, and another, and another, rises to bear testimony for Jesus. It is a time of confession and supplication. Enemies are

abroad. They are beset on all sides. The enemy is within. The Evil One tempts to sin. The dreadful pestilence walketh at noon-day. Friends and acquaintances are falling on every side. The times are perilous! When will succor come?

In song, and prayer, and confession, the time is spent. A poor sister, one of the faithful of the Lord, rises to ask prayer for her unconverted son. He wanders day by day in the paths of the wicked one, and sets aside all counsel, and heeds no reproof. But she remembers the promises of God—"are yea and amen in Christ Jesus;" and she will trust. Another sister has a husband, ungodly and unconcerned; "pray for my dear husband," she cries, that he may not go down to eternal burnings."

"Remember my father," entreats a maiden; "pray God that he may not be cut off in his sins. He is a bold blasphemer. O Lord, have mercy on him," she exclaims, while her heart almost breaks with anguish.

"And pray for me," said Mary, rising to her feet. "I am a poor, lost sinner. Oh, ask God to pardon me." Her voice, low and sweet, is broken by her sobs. Her eyes are streaming with tears, and her hands are held beseechingly out.

"This is Bro. Bunyan's daughter," said old Bro. Brown—rising to his feet, and grasping the hand of Mary. "I found her in the streets of London, when it was almost night, wandering without any home, and now God has sent his spirit to call back her soul from its wanderings in the paths of sin. Let us ask God, to bless her, my brethren. Oh, let us thank Him that he doth manifest himself to his children, as he does not to the world. Glory to His holy name! He is mighty and willing to save."

"Bless his dear name—the precious name of Jesus," exclaims sister Brown, as she threw her arms around Mary, and kneels by her side.

The old man cries unto the Lord for a blessing. "I will not let thee go until thou bless me" is the spirit of his prayer. Each case was remembered before the throne of Almighty Grace—the son, the husband, the father, the poor blind child of the suffering brother. For each ascended a deep, heart-burdened petition. The cry goes up to the ear of the God of Sabaoth, who hears and answers whenever his children cry to him in faith.

And now the little company is about to disperse. They have assembled themselves together in the name of their blessed Lord and Master, and he has been in their midst. "Happy are the people whose God is the Lord; they shall be continually praising Him."

They all gather around Mary. She is the daughter of Bunyan, of whom they have all heard. They love her for her father's sake, and they want to point her to the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, that she may have peace and joy in believing:

"Look to Christ, my child, our blessed Lord and Saviour, who died that sinners might live. Seek pardon through his blood. He is willing and able. He has saved thousands of sinners, my child, as vile and wretched as you are, and he can save you. Don't fear to come to him; he will not cast you out. He came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost. Trust in him. O thou blessed Saviour—then Jesus of Nazareth—who died for poor perishing sinners, have mercy on this blessed child, and forgive her sins. Oh, that my poor son would come to Jesus! oh, that he could feel himself a sinner before God;" and the poor old woman, almost exhausted by her tears and cries, clasps her hands in agony, and offers up a prayer, interrupted by tears and sighs, for Mary, and her erring son.

It is the mother of William Dormer. William has not yet turned to God. Day after day, night after night, has the heart of the mother gone up in fervent prayer, that God would have mercy on her William. He is her only hope now. Her daughters are all dead. They died in the triumphant faith of the gospel. The father is still in prison, and she has come to Southwark, that she may be with her son; that she may spend the remnant of her days on earth, watching over him, and praying for him.

The little company sing a hymn in a low, subdued voice, and then the servant of God pronounces the benediction.

"This is our dear brother Bunyan's daughter, sister Dormer, says old sister Brown to the dear old woman who has just prayed.

Mary starts at the sound of her name.

Your husband is in the same prison with her father—the old jail at Bedford—resumes Mrs. Brown, not observing Mary's movement.

“Yes, my poor old man is there, because he would preach the gospel of Christ. And is this really Bro. Bunyan's daughter? Poor, dear child; how did you come down to this place—and blind, too. Poor child!”

Mrs. Brown explains the matter to her.

“Ah, dear child, the Lord has been with you. He alone could have rescued you, and sent you here where his spirit has come, to knock at your heart. Do not grieve that spirit, but invite him to come in and be a guest. Never give up seeking, my child, until you find Christ precious to your soul. Oh, that my poor William may be led, like you, to see himself a sinner.”

The words thrilled Mary's being.

“I want to go to Mrs. Gaunt's,” she said to Mrs. Brown with childish simplicity, as they reached the door. “She will be wondering why I don't come home; won't some body take me to her?”

“You cannot go to-night, my child,” replied the old man tenderly. “We do not know where sister Gaunt lives.”

“She lives in Drury Lane,” interrupted Mary eagerly.

“But we could not find her now, and, besides, it is a long walk. You cannot go to-night.”

“Will anybody take me to-morrow?” she asked beseechingly. “I must go, she will be so distressed.”

“If we can find the way, child; you cannot see to tell us, you know. Brother Dorrow, said the old man, addressing the preacher, “do you know where sister Gaunt lives—sister Elizabeth Gaunt, the woman who does so much for the poor and needy?”

“No, Brother Brown, I do not; I have heard a great deal of sister Gaunt, and have seen her two or three times, but I do not know where she lives.”

The question was asked of all those of the little company there convened, but no one knew where she resided. The only individual, widow Dormer, who could have given any information, had left. Poor child, it seemed that disappointment awaited

her on every hand. She longed to fly to Mrs. Gaunt that she might tell her all she felt. She could not speak her feelings freely to strangers. She felt that Mrs. Gaunt could lead her to the Saviour; she loved her next to her own dear parents. Could she but unbosom herself to her own dear father,—could she but tell him all she suffered, and ask him to pray for her, it seemed her burden of guilt would be removed, and she be able to rejoice in the pardon of her sins. She must do something to recommend herself to God, something whereby to secure his favor, and make him willing to forgive her. Such was the temptation Satan was now besieging her with. Alas, how many in all ages of the world have had to wage war against the same wiles of the devil; do something to merit divine favor, when all we can do is to feel we can do *nothing*, and fall into the outstretched arms of our great Redeemer, who wrought out our salvation amid tears and anguish on Mount Calvary.

Mary believed she or Mrs. Gaunt, or her father, must do something before she could be reconciled to God; something to fit her for adoption into the family of the Most High. She could not see that “all the fitness he requireth is to feel our need of Him.” The eyes of her understanding were not opened; the enemy of souls was plying hard his wiles to keep her from the true knowledge of her heart. She could not yet say—

“Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

The remainder of the night was spent by the blind girl in fervent prayer and meditation. She was seeking Jesus, he of whom “Moses in the law and the prophets did write;” he who is to his people all and in all, and to the sinner “born again,” “the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely.”

The morning dawn found Mary troubled and anxious. She endeavored to suppress and conceal her feelings, but she *could not*. This was another suggestion of the adversary of her soul; he was appealing to the pride of her heart.

Oh! thou arch-fiend, how ever ready thou art to beguile the children of that mother whom thou didst persuade to taste of the forbidden fruit!

The threatenings of Sinai sounded through the awakened con-



science of Mary the death-knell of all her hope. She had broken the law which was "holy, just, and good," and "whosoever breaketh one of the least of these commandments is guilty of the whole." How could she escape the penalty annexed to the transgression, even eternal damnation! "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." She had heard this fearful sentence fall from the lips of her father, and from those of the "holy Gifford," but hitherto they had seemed possessed of but little meaning; now they rang through her awakened soul in awful notes of condemnation. How could she be accepted of God? how restore herself to his favor? The more she looked into her heart, the more fully she saw that she was a slave sold under sin. How could she relieve herself of this fearful bondage? She must do something to reconcile her to an incensed Jehovah, who is "angry with the wicked every day, and who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." In her deep anguish she forgot that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and you shall find rest for your souls." She heard the voice of his Spirit thus calling her; "but how could she come unto him wretched and sinful as she was? She must wait until she could feel that she had a right to receive." Ah, poor child, how blind!!

Mary was sitting alone in the room which looked out upon the street. She was pale and haggard, and the traces of mental anguish were visible in the downcast countenance. Her head rested upon her hand. Her whole attitude was expressive of deep thought and sorrow; no one looking at her for a moment could mistake this. Her hair hung loosely over her shoulders, sighs escaped her heaving bosom, and ever and anon the big tears would gather in her sightless eyes, and roll down her marble-like cheeks. She was dressed as we have described her on the preceding evening. The clean white three-cornered handkerchief pinned over her dark tight-fitting boddice. She was thinking on her lost condition.

The front door, which stood ajar, opened, and persons entered. The sound of foot-falls arrested her attention. She was frightened, and turned to leave the room.

"Stay, child," said a kindly voice. "I have brought William to see you. Don't be running off."

Mary paused. She looked confused. William Dormer was before her. Blushing, she timidly held out her hand, as she heard the young man and his mother approaching her.

"How do you do, Mary?"

It was the same manly voice, the same sweet intonations. Mary's heart beat quick and high. The changing color of her cheek, now a soft rose-hue, and then again so pale, bespoke her deep emotion. The young man took her by the hand, and led her to the seat she had just vacated. Mrs. Dormer slipped to the kitchen to see Mrs. Brown. Poor, frightened dove; her heart beat audibly, and her whole frame trembled. The color was in William Dormer's cheek, too, and a look of soft tenderness in his eye, as he gazed upon the fragile form and blushing face before him. But Mary knew it not. Yet the softened tone, so tremulous, which voiced words of kindly inquiry, spoke to her quick ear and sensitive heart far more readily than changed aspect could have done to the most perfect vision. It rolled in upon her soul in waves of sweetest harmony, but was not potent enough to drive away the trouble of her heart.

She sat with downcast eyes and agitated frame, awaiting some remark from William.

"You can go home now, my child," said Mrs. Brown, as she entered the room where Mary and William sat, her sweet, benignant face all sunned with smiles. "You can go to see Mrs. Gaunt now, for William here knows where she lives, and his mother says he can go with you. I have just been telling her in the kitchen how you wanted to go last night, after meeting."

"And do you want to go to Drury Lane, Mary?" asked William of her, as she sat with her face, now bright with hope, upturned in the direction of Mrs. Brown's voice. "The plague has broken out there too."

"Oh, then you must stay here in Southwark with us," exclaimed Mrs. Dormer, whose eyes, riveted on the lovely girl before her, wore a look of deep solicitude.

"Please let me go," said Mary.

The tone was so sweet and so beseeching, that the two old women could not interpose any farther objections.

"Please let me go now?" said Mary, in the silence that followed her earnest entreaty. "William, will you take me now?" she asked of the young man, who stood bending over her, while the blood mounted to her temples and her voice trembled. "I must go to Mrs. Gaunt; she does not know where I am. Margaret cannot tell her, for she left me in the street."

"Poor Margaret," she added, as the thought of her companion flashed across her mind, "I wonder if she got home?"

"Who, Mary," asked William, "Margaret Purdy?"

"Yes; she left me in the street yesterday. We got lost, and she said she would go and find somebody to take us home. I have not seen her since. I hope somebody took her back to Drury Lane."

"We'll see when we get there," replied William.

Mary tied on her bonnet to leave. The two good old women commended her to the care of God, and sent messages of comfort by her to her father.

"We may never meet on earth again, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, as she held the blind girl by the hand, while tears ran down her aged cheeks. "But don't give up the good work which God's spirit has begun in your young heart, and we will meet after awhile in heaven. Go on, my child, and may God bless you." Mr. Brown, who had just come home from visiting a sick brother, added his blessing to that of his wife and Mrs. Dormer, and Mary and William departed.

"God bless thee, sweet child," said the old man, as he looked after the child, "God bless her, for her father's sake."

"And her own, too," added the wife; "she is a good, darling girl."

The two passed hurriedly on up High Street towards the old bridge, the hollow sound of which filled Mary's heart with terror. They did not speak. Neither one seemed to know how to break the deep silence. Just as they crossed Fleet Street, a death-cart rolled before them, and the driver called out in a cold, hollow tone, "Bring out your dead!" Mary grew suddenly pale, and grasped the hand of William more tightly. He drew her more

closely to his side, and, supporting her with one arm, quickened his already rapid pace.

They passed through Lincoln's Inn, deserted by its former occupants, who had fled to a more secure asylum, and which was now become the rendezvous of the lowest classes of society, who sought lodgings in these comfortable quarters. Mary instinctively shrunk to her companion for protection, as she heard the low jests and vulgar oaths, mingled with the groans and cries of sorrow, which escaped from this motley assemblage of wretched beings.

William, entirely unconscious of what he did, in his great anxiety to protect Mary, dashed on into Lincoln's Inn Fields, then an open square, and mostly unenclosed. When he found himself, he was rushing northward, in the direction of Holborn. Seeing his error, he turned back, and passed out to Drury Lane. Cries of "Bring out your dead!" met them at every step. The plague was increasing in violence every day. It had not yet reached its worst.

Mary was almost breathless through fright and fatigue when she reached Mrs. Gaunt's door. They found it closed. William, knowing Mrs. Gaunt's method of fastening her lock when she went out, passed round and opened the house for Mary's admittance.

They had not been long in, before Mrs. Gaunt entered. She burst into a flood of grateful tears when she beheld Mary.

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were lost. I was sure some evil had befallen you. Where have you been, Mary? I have been looking the town for you. Oh, you cannot tell, my poor child, how I have been troubled. I feared you had been cut off by the plague. Thank God, thank God, you are safe, my child! Where is Margaret Purdy? Did she come with you? Her mother is almost distracted. Jane Sevelles said she saw you two go off together, and we feared you had both fallen victims. Thank God, you are safe. Where is Margaret?"

Mary told her the whole story as best she could. When she came to where Margaret had left her alone in the street, Mrs. Gaunt, unable to wait further, exclaimed:

"And hav'nt you seen her since, Mary?"

"No, ma'm, I never heard from her after that. Oh, it is so dreadful, if she is lost, Mrs. Gaunt."

"I must go and see if she has got back. I pray that she has. Her poor mother is almost mad about her."

Poor Margaret! Her mother's eyes shall never again in this world behold her. She is even now struggling with the fell monster, which heeds not a mother's piercing cries for her lost child, neither a mother's anguished prayer. A few hours more, and that daughter, so beloved, shall be an inmate of the charnel house—a loathsome corpse—weltering with the many that together have found an unmarked resting place.

Mrs. Gaunt returned, bringing Margaret's mother with her. Poor woman, she was wild to hear all Mary had to say, that she might discover, if possible, some clue to her lost daughter. But all her inquiries were in vain. Mary, poor child, could give her no reliable information. She did not know the streets of the great city by name, and she could not *see* to describe the way. The mother had to return to her desolate home heart-broken. She could gain no intelligence of her lost daughter.

"I must go home, Mrs. Gaunt," Mary said to the good woman, as the two sat talking with William Dormer after the excitement had measurably subsided. She spoke in a very earnest tone, which betrayed to Mrs. Gaunt's ready mind something more than the fear of the plague.

"What for, Mary?" she asked, "you are not afraid, are you?"

"I want to see my father," answered the girl, reddening with excitement. "I must see him, Mrs. Gaunt."

"Is anything the matter, Mary?" the good woman asked, somewhat alarmed at the manner of the blind girl. She did not know but what the fever, which preceded the plague, was upon her. "Are you sick, my child?"

"Oh, no, it is not because I am sick that I want to see him," and she hesitated for a moment. "But I must go home," she added, "and you must go with me. You must not stay any longer in this dreadful city. You will die if you do."

"Well, I will die in my Master's cause, if I do, Mary; and he will give me my reward. It matters but little where, or how, I go."

“Mary is right, aunt Elizabeth,” interposed William Dormer, (he always called her aunt for the love he had for her) “you must go to Bedford, and I will go too, and take mother with me. We must not stay here to die. God does not ask it at our hands.”

He and Mary joined in importuning the good woman, until at last, under their arguments and entreaties, she consented to go.

William pledged that his mother should accompany them. She had been desiring for a long time to go up to see her husband. It was arranged that they should set out the next day, provided they all lived.

William left to see his mother and tell her of the plan. Poor woman, she was delighted at the prospect of again beholding her husband. But she knew not all the good things in store for her, else would her old heart have bounded with joy. Her prayers were about to see their fulfillment. Her son was on the eve of the “new birth.”

*(To be Continued.)*

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## A VAGARY.

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PERSONS of retentive memory can, with magic power, call up scenes of by-gone days with such vivid coloring, that they enjoy the past with as keen delight as the present. Shadowy and dreamlike persons and places rise on the canvass of the imagination until the present is forgotten, and, rejuvenated, we tread again the path of childhood. From that point, how dark and impenetrable the veil concealing the prospect ahead! Could we have forseen the dangers besetting our future path through life, how quickly the rosy hue of early life would have darkened into sombre colors! What ambitious schemes would have been abandoned; how many futile projects avoided which only brought disappointment and misery! Fate, deeply concealed by unfathomable futurity, with inexorable will bids us come on—onward to the end. But some spirits are so elastic, that circumstances fail to weigh them down; their minds leaping, as it were, beyond the petty influences immediately around them, the shafts of time fall harmless. Ever hoping and believing a better time is coming, they are fortified to bear the vexations of the present. Again, there

are persons so phlegmatic, the waves of adversity or prosperity roll alike unheeded over their unsusceptible natures. Indifferent to the present, reckless of the future, callous as regards the happiness of their fellow-beings, they live receiving no exquisite emotions of pleasure peculiar to human nature, and imparting none to others. Such persons die unloved and unlamented, and live no more in the memory of those with whom they associated on earth.

As memory flies back, away back, I see an old stone house concealed from the main road by forest trees, situated at the foot of a mountain, whose precipitous sides were covered with sombre evergreens. On the north a cascade leaped and dashed from rock to rock, until, reaching the bottom of the dell, its calm waters rested as if never disturbed by wind and storm. My childish wonder was often excited by looking at the enormous stones of which my aunt's house was built, and it was with intense satisfaction I would congratulate myself, that let the winter storms rage and howl as they might, this was a place of entire safety. The edifice contained many rooms, although it was but a story in height, and not being in a compact body, it spread over much ground. Aunt entertaining a strong prejudice against cellars had her servants' rooms erected here and there over the premises, which imparted a romantic and very picturesque appearance to her mountain home from the road winding along the mountain side. Steeples, mounted by gilded fish or ball, shooting up from the groves, gave one the idea they were approaching a village embosomed in trees. It was far away from the busy haunts of man; peaceful solitude gave opportunity for calm reflection and the study of life's serious lessons. We had few casual visitors, but at certain periods many persons resorted to these mountain fastnesses for health and relaxation from business, and during the hot months of the year our house was rather gayer than desirable. But there never was on aunt's countenance the slightest modification of annoyance from unwelcome visitors. She was truly liberal-minded, and in the minor acts of her life displayed much kindness and generosity. There was a cloud, however, which cast a shadow over the dial of her life, but her warm sunny temperament was ever dissipating its threatened gloom.

Turning an abrupt angle of the mountain, just out of sight of the main dwelling, stood a small brick house in which lived a superannuated negress. I had taken shelter in her room from a severe snow-storm one afternoon, when, after throwing a few fag-gots on the fire, and sweeping the hearth-stone, she asked me in a low tone if my aunt was in good spirits. I was somewhat surprised, and said, "oh yes, she is invariably cheerful." Looking curiously up in my face, she said, "then you ain't found out!" "What," I could not refrain from replying hastily. She clutched at a stool near by, and drawing it to my side with the garrulity belonging to her race, related the following facts. Prefacing her remarks by saying in a solemn tone: "Oh, child! heap sees; but few knows. My mistress was a mighty pretty creature, and as blithe as a bird, until her husband took to drink. My old man, 'lame Dick,' told me he was the richest nabob in old Vir-ginny when he came a courting her. He built her this place, but he did not stay much with her. I used to think it was monstrous cruel in him to leave her every winter, and at last, when she had growed as high as her mother, he took his daughter too. They went to a big city and staid until the warm days in March, and goodness knows she was hardly able to come then. She was cold like a dead thing when I took her in my arms and carried her in the house. He had never written to mistress how the child was declining for her mother's face, and the longing to come home. But he kept her there because he loved gay company," and sinking her voice to a scarce audible whisper, she said, "he loved to drink. But here, honey, you look so pale, put your feet on the end of this warm log; I spec you'll be sick from this tramp in the snow." "Oh no;" but putting my feet as directed, I said, "it is strange my aunt Eleanor has never spoken to me of my cousin. What was her name?" "Eleanor, the same as her mother. Oh no, honey, she is never gwine to talk to you 'bout them times. Ah, child, heap sees, but few knows. Go to the window yonder, and you can see her room—way yonder past the fountain, where the window shutters is never opened; she died in thar. Ah, honey, my eyes never seed such a night as when she died. All we black folks was called in, and she charged us to be kind to mistress. Dat wicked man seed the error of his way dat night.



He howled, honey, like a beast; and I heard him ask the great God to have mercy on his soul; but, like a hog, he went back to his mire again, and the Lord cut him off wid out giving him time to repent of his wicked ways. He was throwned from his horse, and his head struck agin a great tree, leaving his clotted hair and brains on the bark. I often wonder why she don't have that tree cut down."

How deep within the human heart can lay concealed feelings which the prying eyes of worldings may not know. How well schooled the actions to suit the tried heart's stern decisions.

My equanimity was somewhat disturbed one day by my aunt asking me to sing, as she desired to judge of my musical talents. My aunt's words, by some electric power, touched the minor tie of consanguinity between us, and I slowly approached her, and without looking in her face, I said, "let me be your daughter." She moved back a step, and seated herself on the broad window sill. A convulsive sob burst from her lips, as she murmured, "Oh would that my heart was chastened until I could say, thy will, and not mine." Arising and taking my hand, she drew me along with her. A feeling of awe crept over me, for I felt certain she was moving towards cousin Eleanor's chamber. I had never been in this hall before, as the doors had always resisted my utmost efforts to open them. Two large rooms on each side constituted that portion of the house which had been unused. In one of these stood an organ, before which my aunt paused a moment, a perceptible shudder passing over her as she slowly raised its dark mahogany lid. With indescribable astonishment and pleasure I heard her touch the keys with superior skill. Wrapped in her own feelings, she became unconscious of my presence as I moved softly about the room. Without interrupting her I went into the adjoining room. My attention was instantly riveted by a full length portrait of a young girl, whose face and form were surpassingly lovely. I must have been entranced, for, when my aunt's voice aroused me, I felt as if I had been gazing a long time on that sweet face. She made no inquiry as I came forth, but bade me in a low, but firm tone, come and try the instrument. Not daring to demur, I played as well as my excited feelings would allow. She seemed gratified, and remarked it should be tuned imme-

diately for my use. We left this room and entered another on the opposite side of the hall, which seemed to have been used merely as a drawing-room, containing nothing but statuary, a piano, and some pictures and books, all bearing the impress of long disuse. Drawing aside the drapery from the window, a rich flood of light burst in revealing the gilded books, dust and mould, covered as they lay in confused heaps on the floor. On the left side of the door at which we entered, a heavy black curtain swept from the ceiling; I felt certain it concealed the entrance into another chamber. There she must have died. Like one in a dream, aunt Eleanor moved about, speaking in a suppressed tone.

"Time destroys all the works of man. Seven years ago this vase contained flowers which gladdened the eye to gaze on their brilliant hues, and now nothing is here but a slight discoloration on its surface, and she who placed them here——. The vase is decayed, but her spirit is growing in immortal beauty. Look here, Lucy," she continued, "like these plants, so decays and disappears the human body."

Startled at her singular philosophy, and the circumstances connected with these rooms, I hesitated. It had, unperceived by us, been growing cloudy towards sunset, but a flood of rich crimson still poured in over the door leading out on a veranda. I slowly turned my face as directed. In the center of the room, about half way between the floor and ceiling, was a beam of light about a foot in length, unconnected with any visible agency. I kept my eye fixed on it as it gradually disappeared. "Doubtless you regard this as a phenomenon," said aunt, going towards the spot. "Here is the solution. A yarn string suspended from the ceiling, carried by some insect—it reflected the rays of light as perfectly as glass. The impulse has seized me to use the key granted to my importunities, and now will I unfold to you treasures hidden from the common herd. We know God has made nothing in vain. Turn to the North. Behold thou immense barriers of ice, debarring and defying man's curiosity. Those cold, impregnable walls enclose man's first home on earth. Aurora Borealis like, the flaming sword flashes and threatens destruction to intrepid man. Cast out on the wilderness which lies between this garden and the door from whence the serpent came,

man for a few brief days struggles and dies ; and alas, 'tis worse with woman. But God's curse is not forever. His infinite mercy shortens the period of probation, and soothing, like the soporific influence of chloroform, her misery is mitigated ; and when she washes her robes in the blood of the Lamb, once more she will enter the gates of Paradise beyond the reach of temptation."

During the whole time aunt spoke, her eye had been watching the setting sun, but turning, she looked into my face and said :

"When you have lived as long as I, and passed through great tribulation, the scales will fall from your eyes, and then you will earnestly turn your attention to the next world. Every breeze will bear a message ; every flower, as you tread the forest, will prove a token from some friend who has gone a little before. Incline your ear, and you will catch strains of far off music, borne through fields of viewless air. But be not impatient, else the blade may cut through the scabbard, and rust for want of covering. Tarry here awhile longer, for as in the fullness of time comes the blossom, so will the fruit follow."

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

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[For the Christian Repository.]

## LYDIA; OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

SOME years ago, in one of the most populous sections of one of our Western States, there stood a brick school-house. It is said the old school-house is torn down now. The little foot-paths that childish feet had trod in the grass-plot that spread out between the old school-house and the road in front, have long since been effaced ; and the old stile, where children loitered at recess hours, to watch travelers pass along the highway, has years ago gone to decay.

The old school-house was originally built in the form of an oblong rectangle. Within, it was divided by folding-doors into two rooms of equal size, one for the boys, the other for the girls. As the school increased its numbers, under the assiduous supervision and management of its able teacher, it became necessary to add

to the building a small room for the younger scholars, in the rear of the girls' department; and when the old school-house became dignified with the title of "Academy," this room was known as the "Preparatory Department."

The old teacher in the old academy, Mr. Cunningham, was what common parlance denominates a *grass widower*. Long years before he was installed generalissimo of the juvenile forces, the silken bands that had bound him so lovingly to his *cara sposa* had been rudely snapt asunder by that most inexorable of shrews, suddenly carrying into effect one bleak November morning the idea she had as suddenly conceived, namely, that of returning to her parents, carrying with her most of the valuable effects of the domicil. The hearth-stone was left desolate. And from that time henceforth, the deserted man seemed to be steeled against the tender charms and winning arts of all lovely maidens.

The patrons of the "Academy" had dubbed the old man "Professor," but the children not approving what their worthy sires had done, conferred upon him the more *honorary soubriquet* of "Old Governor." This was not for want of love or respect for the old man that they had thus styled him. Oh, no! They loved him fondly, and felt for him great respect;—not that "*awe-ful*" respect which masters of the birch and ferule inspire, but that respect which a child feels for a kind and tender parent.

But a word now about the old man's *physique*. He was about five-feet eight inches in height, but did not look so tall, from the fact of a most ungraceful stoop in his shoulders, contracted while he was mastering the problems of Euclid and the laws of hydrostatics. Sanitary school regulations were not much enforced during the juvenility of our worthy "Professor." His hair, which had once been as dark as midnight, was now besprinkled with gray. Time and thought had bleached the jetty locks. His dark gray eyes were calm and meditative, and wore, when unaroused, somewhat of the tender look of woman. But when ill-starred urchin, with more artistic genius than sound judgment, struck forth on the white-washed walls of the "Academy" a sly profile or full-sized picture of the "Old Governor," his beaming eye shot flames of living light around the room until it rested on the luckless

wight, and then, when the trembling culprit, dragged forward, made confession of his high misdemeanor, the cornscations of those fiery orbs seemed well-nigh ready to wrap him in sheeted flame. Oh, what severe threats were poured on the defenceless head of the poor quaking scape-grace! What terrible promises were laid up in store for future fulfillment! One would have thought, to hear them, that the poor unfortunate, on the day of retribution, would have been reduced to "an airy nothing." And, doubtless, this would have been the case, had the time ever arrived for administering these horrid flagellations, so well stored away. But the truth is, the "Old Governor, even when his lips were giving utterance to these thundering fulminations, had no serious intention of executing them. "Pay day" never came with him. His tenderness of heart very soon obliterated all trace of past indignation and all remembrance of future punishments. So the scholars went on from day to day, loving the old man, and growing wiser and better, too, under his instructions.

It was a beautiful morning in May, of the year 188-. The sun had not yet kissed the May-dew from the emerald bosom of the earth. The "Old Governor," who, among his other good habits, numbered that most excellent one of early rising, sat in the front door of his sanctum, looking with delight on the little grass-plot spread out before him, shimmering with its myriads of pellucid pearls, and watching with manifest pleasure the urchins, as one by one, with ruddy cheeks and nimble steps, they gathered in along the narrow footpaths that crept slyly through the little green. The sun smiled gloriously from the cloudless heavens, and the fresh green leaves of the woodland, which skirted the horizon, woke to a new life under his kindling beams; and the tiny flower cups of the prairie opened their tender bosoms to embrace his genial coming. All nature, gladdened by his warmth, put on a look of glorious beauty. Poets write themselves into rhapsodies, and travelers never weary of talking of the gorgeous sunsets of Italia; but they cannot surpass a western sunrise of a May morning.

As the old man sat feasting on the beauties spread out so lavishly to his ravished sight, and living ever in memory the bright days of the by-gone, a scholar, about eighteen years of age, with

studious look and eye intent, sauntered along the highway and seated himself on the front stile. He took from his pocket a Greek grammar and testament, and commenced to study.

Presently there came riding up, on a small gray pony, a young girl, about two years younger than the youth, with her sister, a girl several years younger than herself, seated behind. Her green calico sun bonnet had fallen from her head, and now rested on her shoulders, revealing a face, not beautiful for symmetry, but lovely in its expression of intelligence and soul. Her *dark* hair escaped from the confinement of the comb, and spread out over her shoulders in rich luxuriance. Her cheeks were roseate with the excitement of the ride. Her buckskin satchel of books hung pendant from the pommel of the saddle. In her hand she held some wild prairie flowers, which she had brought as a gift to the old man. He had a love for these sweet offerings of nature rarely ever found in the bosom of one who has so fully tried this cold, selfish world. Trouble with him had served to drive him to the shrine of nature, rather than win him from her worship.

The thoughtful student, laying his books beside him, arose immediately to help the young girl and her sister from the horse. As soon as he seized the bridle-rein, she sprung to the block, exclaiming, "thank you, Sam; thank you."

The youth assisted little Sarah to alight, and, taking the buckskin satchel from the pommel, walked beside the young girl to the door.

She presented the flowers to the old man. "Take them, Mr. Cunningham," she said. "I gathered them for you early this morning. They are very pretty; don't you think so?"

"They are pretty, Lydia," replied the old man, as he arose to place them in the little mug, which stood on his table. "Thank you, child," he said with his calm simplicity of voice. "They are sweet flowers."

The girl gave her satchel to her youngest sister to deposit in the desk, while she remained without.

"There is going to be meeting in the school-house to-morrow and next day, Sam," she said, addressing the young man who stood by the door. "The preacher staid at our house last night,

and he and father made all the arrangements. Father is going to send round to the neighbors to-day, to let them know of it."

"What kind of meeting, Lydia, is it they are going to have? and who is the preacher? Some new man, I suppose, with some new doctrine to preach. Why don't he preach in the meeting-house. Sunday is not the regular meeting day."

The preacher's name is Anderson, but he is not going to preach any new doctrine at all; and yet, in one sense, it is new—but it is the same doctrine the Christians preached at Antioch. It is the doctrine of the bible; none of your man-made creeds."

"Ah! indeed, replied the youth rather quizzically and amused at her enthusiasm, and at the same time greatly interested in her story. What denomination does he belong to, Lydia? and how has he made this great discovery?"

"He belongs to the Christian church. Some people call them Campbellites, but that is very wrong. They are not Campbellites, nor Reformers, but Christians."

"Why, Lydia, have you turned your head, too? I thought you were a Baptist."

She blushed as she replied—"I did once believe the Baptists were right, Sam, but I am convinced that I was wrong. They are too narrow-minded—cling too much to their creeds, and are too bigoted. I believe just as Mr. Anderson said last night: that all Christians should unite—they should throw away all their old confessions of faith, which are man's work, and take the bible, and that alone, as their guide, and call upon men everywhere to be baptized for the remission of sins, that the millennial reign of Christ may spread over all the earth."

"And this preacher has really converted you, Lydia?"

"Yes, Sam—and he would have converted you, too, if you had heard him. Mother and father are going to leave the Baptists and join the Christian church."

"And are you going to join too, Lydia?"

"Yes, Sam," she answered, in a more earnest tone. I think it is high time I was obeying the commands of Christ. I, too, am going to put on the Lord in baptism."

"But, Lydia, you don't believe that baptism can save you from your sins, do you?"

"I believe just as Mr. Anderson does. He explained it to me last night, and it is so clear to my mind that I cannot doubt it. Mr. Anderson talked to us till twelve o'clock, and he convinced us all fully that his way is right."

"Well, what is that way, Lydia? explain it to me; I want to understand it, too."

"In the first place, he said"—

Just then the school-bell sounded out to call the urchins from their plays to study. Mr. Cunningham was the very embodiment of punctuality, and he taught the same most excellent lesson to his boys and girls.

"I will tell you all about it, Sam, at noon," whispered the girl, as she seized on her bonnet, and hastened to her seat in the school-room.

#### THE DISCUSSION.

Lydia's lessons were but poorly recited during the forenoon. Mr. Cunningham wondered at her indifference and hesitation in answering. She was the best scholar in school among the girls. Indeed, very few of the young men were her superior. Lydia blushed deeply over her imperfect lessons, but her mind was too much engaged with other thoughts to be able to take in Greek verbs and geometrical demonstrations. She had not studied any at all the night before, and when she arose early in the morning, to endeavor to make up for lost time, she found her head so filled with the preacher's words of the night before that she had no room for school-book ideas.

Noon came. The scholars were dismissed for dinner. Lydia had been all morning arranging her ideas, that she might be able to meet her young friend at noon. She had carefully gone over all the preacher's reasons, and, whenever a thought presented itself, to strengthen her argument, she jotted it down. She felt to be quite invulnerable.

Dinner over, the two disputants sought a corner of the girl's department, to discuss the subject of the new preacher and his new doctrine. Most of the children and young men were outdoors, enjoying themselves in the sunshine. The "Old Governor," as was his habit, had walked out into the prairie to practice elocution.



“ So you think, Lydia, that baptism is for the remission of sins, do you ? and on this belief you are going to let the new preacher baptize you, are you ? and then you will be a Campbellite.”

“ Not a Campbellite, Samuel. You ought not to call them by that name.”

“ But, Lydia, are they not followers of Alexander Campbell ; and if so, why not call them Campbellites ? ”

“ Oh, no ; they are not followers of Alexander Campbell, or any other man. They follow Christ.”

“ Well, so do other denominations, Lydia ; they are not peculiar in this respect ; and, so far as you have gone, I do not see what your preacher has to boast of above other people.”

“ Why, he is so much more liberal in his views, and then he takes the bible alone as his guide, and, instead of keeping everybody out of heaven, except those who can tell great, long experiences, he says anybody who believes Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and is baptized, can be saved.”

“ Well, I think baptism has nothing to do with salvation, Lydia—that is, that it never saves anybody.”

“ Yes, you may think so ; but what does the bible say ? ”

“ It says : ‘ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ ”

“ Yes, and it says baptism saves us, too. And Mr. Anderson says we must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. And the bible says baptism saves us.”

“ And does Mr. Anderson say baptism saves us ? ”

“ Well, I don’t know what he says ; he doesn’t say anything himself ; he takes the bible ; and I heard him read last night to father that baptism saves us.”

“ Where is that passage, Lydia ? ”

“ Well, I don’t know where it is exactly—but it is in the bible. I heard him read it last night, and explain it to father, and it was as clear as the sunlight.”

“ Well, I think you had better read it for yourself, and if I am not very much mistaken, you will find that Baptism saves us frequently. That is the meaning of it.”

“ Yes ; Mr. Anderson said other people rely on their own in-

terpretations and their figures, instead of taking the words as they are in the book."

"Well, now, Lydia, let me ask you two questions. Do you believe you are now saved?"

"Why, certainly not, I hav'nt obeyed."

"Well, do you believe baptism is going to save you?"

"Certainly not, the Lord saves me."

"Ah, Miss Lydia, you are dodging the point."

"No, I'm not," and her silver laugh rung out. She felt she had triumphed.

"Well, Lydia, you say you are not saved now; don't you believe in Christ now?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me ask you, do you think you will be saved, or in a saved state when you are baptized?"

"Certainly I do, the Bible says so."

"Ah, Lydia, I think you are mistaken. But I must look over my lesson before school takes up, and yonder comes Mr. Cunningham."

"Well, but I'm not mistaken; and you come here to-morrow and hear Mr. Anderson preach, and you'll see I'm not mistaken. He'll make it as clear as daylight."

"Well, I'll come."

Mr. Cunningham's presence prevented any further discussion. The scholars were "rung in," and the school moved on to the close of the week. Nothing was said on the subject of dispute during the evening recess. But Lydia, that night, amused Mr. Anderson and her father with a rehearsal of her debate and her triumph.

#### THE MEETING.

The morrow came. Mr. Anderson, according to arrangement, preached in the school-house. It was a very busy season of the year, and but few of the farmers turned out. The young student was there, and several other of the larger boys of the Academy. But Mr. Anderson either did not notice them, or else he concluded it would be a waste of words to enlighten such minors, and he did not, as Lydia had promised, "make it all as clear as sunlight." At the conclusion of the services, he gave an invitation

for any present who desired to do so, to come forward and make the good confession. Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, and Lydia, moved forward, and Lydia expressed her wish to make "the good confession." They were received for baptism, which ordinance was to be administered the next day.

It was as bright and beautiful a Sabbath morning as ever broke upon the earth. From a clondless sky the sun streamed down in floods of golden glory. All nature woke to life and joyousness beneath his kindling smile. The woodland in rear of the school-house, clothed in garniture of freshest green, was stirred with the wild music of numberless songsters offering up their tribute of adoration; and the soft zephyr that whispered through the young leaflets was burdened with the perfumes of the myriad wild flowers that sheeted the bosom of the neighboring prairie.

The news of Mr. Anderson's appointment, and of the baptism that was to take place, had gone out far and wide; and persons came thronging from all directions to hear this new preacher. Old folks and young folks; mothers with tender infants in their arms, with children behind them seated on gentle nags, and followed by neighboring colts, came riding up to the great log stile in front of the old school-house, and the house was soon filled. Long before Mr. Anderson commenced his discourse there was not a vacant seat to be found in either of the three rooms.

When the hour arrived he opened services, and read the second of Acts; and wholly unconscious of the frequent interruptions of persons passing to and from the water-bucket on the table at his left, and the crying of the infants, he manfully proceeded. The burden of his discourse was salvation.

"You must understand, my fellow-citizens," said he, "that this book teaches that we are saved by grace; and also, that we are saved by faith, and that we are saved by hope; and also, that we are saved by baptism. It teaches us, moreover, my friends, that we are justified by faith, and then we are justified by grace, and also that we are justified by works. And you will see that it is not by faith *alone*, nor grace *alone*, nor baptism *alone*. It is all these united. They are all rounds in the ladder, or links in the chain, and if one is wanting, the whole thing is incomplete. Let us suppose a case by way of illustration.

A man is sick of a chronic disease. The physician comes, through favor and kindness, like the Lord Jesus Christ, the "Good Physician," came into this world. He prescribes three powders, which the sick man must take, or he cannot recover. He takes the first—it rouses him up; then the second—that makes him sick; he refuses to take the third, and he dies. You see it took the three, according to the prescription, to save him, and his salvation turned upon taking the last. Now suppose we call these powders Faith, Repentance, and Baptism. The man believes; he repents, and in so doing he complies with two points in the prescription, but he refuses to be baptized; and what then, my friends? I leave it with you to make the application. I will not give you any opinions of my own. I have none outside this book, and we will see what it says. I turn here, and I read the words of our blessed Lord to his apostles: "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." I will read again from the words of Peter, carrying out the commission of Christ, here in this 2d of Acts: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Now, my friends, you have here the three conditions of salvation—faith, repentance, baptism. Refuse to comply with any one of them, and see your situation." The speaker closed in a very pathetic strain, after urging on all Christians to unite in the good work of carrying on the Redeemer's kingdom.

There was deep excitement throughout that rural congregation. Some of the hardy pioneers, it was evident, were receiving the new doctrine with avidity, while others, by their shaking heads and frowning faces, manifested their strong opposition to the new tenets. All were intensely interested. At the close of the discourse a song was sung, and an invitation given all present to come forward to make the good confession. No one came. The congregation was dismissed, and a general buzz pervaded the assembly. Persons made haste to repair to the water.

"Well, Bro. Jones, what do you think of the sermon?" asked an old man who had led the singing and given the most uninterrupted attention, of another old brother just outside the door. "Don't you think we ought to throw away all our creeds, and unite on the Bible—the Bible alone?"

“Well, I’ll tell you, Bro. Mason, just what I think of that sermon. I think it is all heresy, every word of it.”

“Oh, you are mistaken, Bro. Jones. It’s clear to my mind that Christians can never prosper until they come back to the ancient gospel. We must throw away all our creeds and confessions, and take the Bible alone for our guide. We’ll have to come to this.”

“Well, I’d like to know, Bro. Mason, if the Bible teaches what this preacher says—that if you are not baptized you can’t be saved?”

“He didn’t say that, Bro. Jones.”

“Well, he had just as well have done it. It amounts to the same thing. I, for one, can’t and won’t believe any such false doctrine. He talks about ancient gospel. I wonder if the ancient gospel says a man must be baptized, or else he can’t be saved?”

“He did not say that, Bro. Jones.”

“Well, what did he say?”

“He said just what the book says.”

“My Bible don’t teach me any such stuff as that he preached to-day. And I don’t believe one word of it.”

“Well, Bro. Jones, you think about this matter. I must hurry on to the baptizing. We must throw away all creeds and confessions, and return to the ancient order of things; and I am going to make a motion next Saturday, at our church-meeting, to throw out our creed, and take the Bible in its place.”

“Bible in its place! as much as to say we have not the Bible now. You bring in your motion to throw out our creed, and you’ll soon find your motion thrown out.”

“Well, you’ll see.”

They parted, to meet again at their Saturday’s meeting as leaders of their different parties. That meeting is to be a crisis in that little church. “May he who walketh amid the candlesticks and holds the storm in his hand” be there to shield his own from the shafts of heresy and the wiles of sophistry.

*(To be Continued.)*

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

## ROBERT KIRTLEY

Is now in his seventy-fourth year. He is one of those venerable and godly men who link the present generation with those fathers who were imprisoned in Virginia for the testimony of Jesus.

He was born in Culpepper county, Va., May 30th, 1776. His father, Jeremiah Kirtley, emigrated to Kentucky in 1796, when Robert was but ten years of age. His father was for many years a deacon in a Baptist church, and a licensed preacher, so that the recollections of Robert's earliest years are filled with incidents of Baptist history, of which he possesses a stock more full and accurate than perhaps any of our aged brethren, except George Waller.

All acquainted with the state of society in Kentucky sixty years ago, will know what kind of opportunities Robert had for obtaining even the most elementary education. And yet Bro. Kirtley is, in many respects, an educated man—that is, his mind is stored with knowledge; and the Bible and its glorious language are as familiar to him as household words.

He was married in early life to Miss Mary Thompson, whose father was for years a deacon of Bryant's Station Church, Fayette county, Ky.

Bro. Kirtley was set apart to the ministry in 1819, and was associated with those men of God whose names will ever live in the memories of Kentucky Baptists—Absalom Graves, John Taylor, and James Dickens.

Since their death, he has been the acknowledged pastor of the Bullittsville Church—a church which has sent forth more preachers than perhaps any church in Kentucky. This, and other churches which have shared his labors, have enjoyed many interesting and extensive revivals. Several churches have grown up, and have been constituted under his ministry. Among them, Burlington, Big Bone Lick, and Middle Creek, have shared his labors ever since he commenced his ministry. His labors have

also extended into Ohio and Indiana, and the counties along the Ohio river.

With other brethren he met and sustained the shock of Campbellism, and afterwards, almost single-handed in the ministry, grappled with the Antinomian and Anti-mission errors, which caused such ruin among our churches in Kentucky.

But this is not the time for an extended sketch of this father in Israel. We know him, and love him. A man, is Robert Kirtley, whom none know without loving. Gentle and kind, a true friend, without one grain of envy, but a lover of good men, there is a something about him which calls forth, even from a stranger, a tender affection for the man of God.

He is gently descending the steps of the tomb. Loved and respected by all, he is a full shock of corn, ready for the garner. But amid the decay of nature, his mind is clear and vigorous, and his heart generous and warm. We saw him last at the North Bend Association, of which he has been, for years, Moderator. His noble and talented son was by his side (formerly pastor of the church over which the writer of this now presides). The aged patriarch spoke of his departure being at hand, and as each eye was wet with weeping, each heart rejoiced that God had given to the churches James E. Kirtley, to fill the place which might soon be vacated by the death of the father.

S. H. F.

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### THE COURAGE OF FORGIVENESS.

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THE *brave* only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions;—cowards have even fought—nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgives; it is not his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security; and, above all, the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.





## TYPES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The varieties of the human race, according to the opinion of the greatest comparative anatomist, may all be included under three primary divisions, between which, in their typical examples, a very marked difference is observed. These M. Cuvier has termed: 1, the fair or Caucasian variety; 2, the yellow or Mongolian; 3, the black or Ethiopian.

The Caucasian race is typically characterized by a white skin; red cheeks; copious, soft, flowing hair, generally curled or waving; ample beard; small, oval, and straight face, with the features very distinct; expanded forehead; large and elevated cranium; narrow nose; and small mouth.

The moral feelings and intellectual powers of this race have been developed in the highest degree of perfection which human nature has ever exhibited. The Caucasian has given birth to the most civilized nations, both in ancient and modern time, and has always exercised dominion over the rest of mankind, when not opposed by a vast superiority of physical strength. The mighty nations of antiquity, and the no less resistless powers concentrated in modern Europe, evince the superiority of this race in all that ennobles the immaterial part of man, and all that renders him formidable to his fellow-creatures; while every age witnesses a progressive but a surprising advance in all those qualities which indicate intellectual endowment.

The Mongolian variety has these characteristics: the skin, instead of white or fair, is olive yellow; the hair, coarse and straight; little or no beard; broad flattened face, with the features running together; small and low forehead; square-shaped cranium; wide and small nose; very oblique eyes; and thick lips. Stature inferior to the Caucasian. In this race the moral and the intellectual energies have been developed in an inferior degree. Tradition, indeed, has assigned to the most powerful nation, the Chinese, a high degree of civilization, at a period when Europe was in a state of barbarism. Yet there are many circumstances which throw considerable suspicion on this fact; and even if it be allowed, a stronger proof could not possibly be

produced to show the limited intellectual powers of this race; for, while the European Caucasian nations have advanced from rude savages to become masters of the world, the Chinese, after reaching a certain state of civilization, have remained stationary in every respect, through a series of ages.

In the American variety, the skin is dark, and more or less red; the hair black, straight, and strong, with the beard small: face and skull very similar to the Mongolian, but the former not so flattened; eyes sunk; forehead low; the nose and other features being somewhat projecting. The moral and intellectual character of this race is in unison with the great difference it presents in outward form from the Caucasian. Like the Mongolian, it has remained stationary; but stopped at a point very much below that to which the Asiatics have reached. The ancient and now extinct empires of Mexico and the Incas may be considered analogous to those of China and India, exhibiting the highest point of civilization to which the two races have ever reached; but farther than this the comparison cannot be carried.

In the Ethiopian variety the skin is black; hair short, black, and wooly; skull compressed on the sides, and elongated towards the front; forehead low, narrow, and slanting; cheekbones very prominent; jaws projecting, so as to render the upper front teeth oblique; eyes prominent; nose broad and flat; lips (especially the upper one) particularly thick. The African or Ethiopian race has ever remained in a rude and comparatively barbarous state. Their cities are but congregations of huts; their laws, the despotic whim of the reigning chief. Incessantly occupied in war or in the chase, they seek not to perpetuate their ideas. They have no written language, nor even a code of hieroglyphics. Abundantly supplied by nature with every necessary of life, they have retained their character unchanged, after centuries of intercourse with the most enlightened nations. Different branches of this type spread over the whole of the African continent, excepting those parts bordering the north and east of the Great Desert, which are occupied by the Caucasian Syrians, and where all traces of the negro formation disappear.

The Malay variety varies in the color of the skin, from a light tawny to a deep brown, approaching to black; hair black, more

or less curled, and abundant; head rather narrow; bones of the face large and prominent; nose full and broad towards the tip. Under this variety, observes Mr. Lawrence, are included races of men very different in organization and qualities. They nevertheless present certain general points of resemblance, which forbid their association with either of the foregoing varieties. Under this head are, therefore, included the inhabitants of Malacca, of Sumatra, and of the innumerable islands of the Indian Archipelago and the great Pacific Ocean. Most of these tribes are stated to speak the Malay language, which may be traced, in the various ramifications of this diversified race, from Madagascar to Easter Island.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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LOUISVILLE, January, 1859.

*Sermons for the Churches.* By Frances Wayland. Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. Also other new works. For sale at G. W. Robertson's, Masonic Temple.

The fine, new Baptist Church, at Lexington, Ky., was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. Cost \$30,000. No insurance.

Baptists of South Carolina are moving sternly in opposition to the importation of slaves from Africa.

Our increase of new subscribers, after a careful comparison with the same time last year, shows an increase of nine-fold. Will not each subscriber send us one new one in January?

Georgetown College has twenty-nine young brethren preparing for the ministry.

A child, of Jewish parents, sprinkled while it was sick by a Papist servant girl, has been therefore kidnapped by order of the Pope and sent to a convent to be educated. "Is not infant baptism the main pillar of Popery?"

An exchange paper asks, "Is not life insurance a species of gambling?" It is answered, "Yes, and a most reckless species at that. Those who long to draw a prize by the death of the insured, are murderers at heart."

*New Books.*—We have received several books from publishers, some of which are not worth either reading or noticing. We hope that no publisher or bookseller will hold us bound to notice or insert other's notices of all and every book sent us. If they do, they will be greatly mistaken.

*Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament.*—We have received this work, and glanced hastily over its contents. The translator or revisor gives *change*

of mind, instead of *repentance*; to and from the river, instead of *into* and *out of*. Our good old version has still a hold on our affections, which none of its rivals have, as yet, displaced.

The Southern Baptist Sunday School Union was regularly organized at Memphis, in November. C. Y. Dayton, President; J. R. Graves, Corresponding Secretary of Board located at Nashville. We have, from the first, felt decidedly in favor of this movement, and have been astonished at the determined opposition it has met with. We believe it is to accomplish great good.

*Money.*—It is painful to us to have to appeal to any one for money. The past year has been one of serious pressure all over the country. The *Repository* has borne up against it with all the nerve it had. But it can now appeal for what is due it, that its debts may be wiped out. If those in arrears knew how we are watched, questioned, and parties urged to bring suit against us, and thereby annoy us and break down the *Repository*, they would remit at once.

*Fisher and Franklin's debate.*—This man Franklin, when completely overwhelmed in the discussion with Elder Fisher, refused to go into its publication. Now that a correct report of the discussion has appeared, he says it is a "bogus book." Is he not a bogus Ben. Franklin? Will he next say that he is not the man that debated with Fisher? Will he not, sooner or later, say that the whole system he has been trying to build up is a "bogus" affair? Wont he write himself down "bogus?" Let the debate be read. Let it be circulated. It will enable people to discriminate between true metal and "bogus coin."

*Waller's Writings.*—We learn that Dr. Waller's work on Communion is in press, and will soon be ready for delivery.

We have received a strong and lengthy review of all that has been written about his writings from the pen of Chas. Y. Duncan, of Bloomfield, Ky., accompanied with his fifth letter, which appeared in the *Journal* last summer. The reason we did not insert that letter with the other ("D") letters, which appeared in the *Repository*, was, that we did not know that such letter was written till some three weeks after the other letters appeared in the *Repository*. If the *real* friends of Dr. Waller wish it, we will publish Mr. Duncan's review and said fifth letter, but at present shall only insert the following letter, which was handed to us for Mr. D.'s use after our article in the December number was set up. It is from the well known evangelist, T. J. Fisher.

Nov. 26th, 1858.

CHAS. Y. DUNCAN—*Dear Sir:*—I was, as you suppose, intimate with the late John L. Waller. When R. L. Thurman and myself were proprietors of the *Recorder*, Bro. Waller had one-third of the proceeds for editing. This (and our old friendship, which had never been interrupted since his boyhood) brought us into the most confidential and intimate relationships. I traveled with him in his trip to Missouri in the winter of '52-3. When he returned, he was sick at Owens' Hotel for a number of weeks, and it was thought by us

all that he would not recover. During that time he unbosomed himself freely to me. He got me to arrange many of his private matters. He told me of his plans. I, of course, knew what private papers he had, and what manuscripts he had, having often looked for him in his trunk, in which he kept his correspondence and valuable papers.

He told me then, and often between that time and the time of his death, that he had *not the materials for a History of the Kentucky Baptists*, and had *not commenced it in any way*. He has frequently told me that he relied on Elder B. F. Kenney to collect the materials, and so soon as Elder K. had a sufficient quantity to justify a commencement, the work would be commenced. Bro. Waller, a short time before he removed to Beechland, introduced this subject to me, desiring me to help him with my means to publish his book. He told me then that he expected B. F. Kenney had a good deal of material for commencing a History of the Kentucky Baptists, and that said material could be obtained at once. He wanted me to agree to aid him in bringing out the book, and, if I would agree to do so, he would get the materials from Kenney, and get Bro. Kenney to travel for other materials, and commence compiling the work.

Not a great while before Bro. Waller died, I saw him again in Louisville. He was then expecting to bring out his Discussion with Rice on the Waldenses. He again spoke to me of his work on Communion (the only work he had ever spoken to me about as commenced). He told me he had not the means to bring it out himself, and the publishers offered almost nothing for it. He then asked me to advance the money, and he would publish the book himself. He alluded to his work on the History of the Kentucky Baptists. I asked him if he had commenced on it? *He told me, no*. He had not yet got the materials from Kenney; but, if I would take part in the work, he would get what Kenney had, get Kenney to visit the churches, and get their church books, &c., and call on the clerks of churches to send up materials, and it would be ready in twelve months. I declined, however, and the matter dropped. This was the summer before he died.

You are at liberty to make what use of this you please.

T. J. FISHER.

We stated in our last, that the articles from the *Recorder* were left at Messrs. Morton & Griswold's to be printed by them at a stipulated price. It should have read, "We left the articles, &c., with Mr. A. F. Cox, who carried on the printing establishment at Morton & Griswold's publishing house, to be printed at a price to be stipulated." No estimate of the *cost* was ever made.

"*Coming and Kingdom of Christ*"—By Lord.—We have read this work with deep interest. We cannot agree with all his interpretations or conclusions; but before we had ever read anything from the pen of Mr. Lord, we had undergone an entire change of views in regard to the Coming and Kingdom of Christ. The work before us is a general summary of the former teachings of the author on this great problem—"Will Christ reign personally with his saints on earth?" The solution cannot fail to interest even those who differ from the author. The work costs one dollar, and those who buy and read it will not regret it. Want of room prevents us from saying more at present. For sale at Davidson's Theological Bookstore, Third st., Louisville.

*Rev. A. Gellert*, a pious and distinguished Baptist minister of New York, has proven that he has been shamefully slandered by a witness in a divorce case at New Haven, Conn.

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXXVI.—FEBRUARY, 1859.



**HENRY IRELAND BUCKNER.**

Henry Ireland Buckner, oldest son of Daniel and Mary H. Buckner, was born about fifty miles from Knoxville, East Tennessee, 18th of December, 1818, and received his early education

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from his father, so that by the time he was ten years old, he had read all the common school books, and all the scriptures, both of the Old and the New Testament. He was then sent to an academy in the town of Madisonville, Monroe county, Tenn., where he made rapid advancement in the several branches of a good English education. He professed religion in the church of which his father was pastor, in Madisonville, in August, 1832, and in the same month, with twenty-five others, was baptized by his father. Five of that number made respectable ministers of the gospel. At the age of seventeen, Henry entered a Presbyterian Seminary, in Meronville, Blount county, Tenn. At that time there was not a Baptist high school in the State.

At the age of twenty, he taught a school in Cleveland, Tenn. He then went to Alabama, where he commenced preaching. Was ordained in 1840; read the Greek Testament under Dr. Manly in the State University in Tuscaloosa, Ala.; preached with good success. In 1842, he came to visit his parents in Pulaski county, Ky., and in the same State married Susy Ann Dogan, daughter of Elder Samuel and Nancy Dogan. A few years after his marriage, he was employed by the General Association to labor as a domestic missionary in the Big Sandy country, of this State. He acted in this capacity for three years, when he settled himself on a little farm near his parents, where he lived comfortably and happy, until his mind became impressed with a sense of duty to go as missionary among the Indians; and in January, 1849, he was set apart to the work of a missionary, by T. J. Fisher, John James, Samuel Dogan, and Daniel Buckner. Soon after this, he and his family went on board a steamer, in the Cumberland river. As the boat moved gradually off, he sung at the top of his voice the hymn,

“ Yes, my native land, I love thee.”

Since that time he has been laboring among the Creek Indians, save one year, when he was called home by the Board at Louisville, to act as agent for them. During that year, I believe, he collected nearly Ten Thousand Dollars; the amount, however, is published. I think he has baptized among the Indians some five hundred, constituted a great many churches, and ordained a

number of ministers (I know not the precise number). While on his agency, he was offered by a church a salary of Fifteen Hundred Dollars to become their pastor. He said to me, in speaking of it, there was not money enough to hire him from the Indians. I will subjoin a piece of history in relation to his early attachment to the Indians.

Some years before their removal from Tennessee and Alabama, I lived twenty miles from them, and at the request of Jesse Bushahead, a native Cherokee preacher, I preached among them every fall until their removal; and as a number of them became acquainted with me, when they came into the settlement trading, they would come to my house, and many or few, I would feed them as long as they would stay. He was then a member of the church, and they became fond of him, and he equally so of them. He says, ever since then he has had a fondness for them.

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We know Henry Buckner well. We know him as a kind, companionable man—artless, loving, sociable; one to whom the society of brethren, and relatives, and the associations of civilized life, are dear, and would be enjoyed in the highest degree.

The above memoranda is from the aged and beloved father of Henry Buckner. We cannot close without recording our heartfelt tribute of respect and affection for this earnest missionary of the cross.

From the midst of friends and relatives; from the comforts of a peaceful home; from the opening paths of eminence and influence among his brethren he voluntarily parted, to endure the privations, the solitude, the actual sufferings of the wilderness and of savage life. "Yes," he said to the writer once, "it is hard. The lack of society, the destitution of everything like home comforts, the chilling isolation, and especially the circumstances of my family. But the conversion of the Indian to Christ—*that thought nerves me to endure all things.*"

And God has blessed his toils. For all the sufferings of cold, and hunger, and solitude, God has rewarded him in giving him hundreds upon hundreds of souls for his hire.

Bro. Buckner is a man of strong intellect, of ardent feelings and attachments. As a minister, he would have been useful and



distinguished in almost any locality. As a writer, he would, and will yet (we predict), distinguish himself. As a speaker, he is impressive, pathetic, and often really eloquent. In the social circle, he is one whom you at once take into your confidence, and to your heart, and love as a brother.

For him and his devoted and amiable companion, let our prayers ascend, and let us not forget, in the midst of our comforts, our brother and sister far away in the wilds with the poor Indian.

S. H. F.

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[For the Christian Repository.]

### PRAY FOR INDIAN MISSIONS.

*“And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel.”*

TO ALL MY BRETHREN IN KENTUCKY:

There are many ties which bind me to you, and by all of them I am encouraged to hope you will read this *appeal*, and then grant my earnest request.

You are aware that missionaries must be sustained by their brethren *at home*,—that heathens will not support the minister of a religion to which they are opposed. Of this you have given proof by your former liberality, as well as by your recent remembrance of my necessities. Has it never occurred to you that there is the same necessity for a missionary to be sustained by the *prayers* of his brethren *at home*? That if heathen people will not support a missionary, much less will they pray for his success? You kindly remember our temporal wants; and when you read of our afflictions, you perhaps shed tears of sympathy. You think of the friends and comforts we have left behind, and you are convinced that we are not seeking worldly enjoyments, nor pecuniary gain. This is well, and you have our sincere gratitude; but in all this you are remembering only our *temporal* necessities; you may yet forget that. By becoming missionaries, our spiritual wants are increased more than our temporal; and that we had rather God would strip us of all earthly good, so that we might

be reduced to bread and water, than that we should labor in vain, or spend our time for naught. The prayers of saints are a rich spiritual treasure, and that minister who does not possess them is a beggar. How can we possess them, unless our brethren *at home* pray for us? What can compensate us for the loss of those comforts we had in our own land, when we were surrounded by relatives and sympathizing friends? You might build a palace for us and multiply our salary by three; you might send us annual supplies of choice luxuries, so that we would lack for nothing, yet, if we were not successful in our labors, we would be miserably unhappy. How, then, are we to be successful, and *thus* rewarded for all the sacrifices we have made? *We must be sustained by the prayers of our brethren at home.*

You know but little of the peculiar trials of your missionaries. I am convinced of this from the various questions that have been asked me while traveling as agent. Poverty, sickness, bad fare, exposure to inclement weather by night and by day; and such things as these are hardly worth placing on the list of missionary trials, for they are held in common by many poor pastors at home. Yet our brethren will hardly allow that missionaries endure more than the things I have named. We do not wish to boast of special graces, yet I declare to you, that if my trials were not of a *different* character, and *more grievous* than the above-named, I would never appeal to you for special prayer.

These things have been my familiar acquaintances all my life, and but little more so since I became a missionary than before; hence I do not take them into the number of missionary trials. If I were in want, I would ask for contributions, and they would come with the same good will that you have always manifested; or, if I were sick, it would be no more than what happens to my brethren at home, and might happen to me either here or there. I am not asking alms, but I am beseeching you for that which (I fear) is harder to obtain, and which I know to be infinitely of more value—*an interest in your prayers.* The blessings that I most need can come from God only, and in answer to the prayers of his people; and the sum of them all is, *that I may be successful as a missionary.*

I need not tell you what a missionary's peculiar trials are; it

is enough to tell you what they are not: that they are not temporal want, sickness, the absence of relatives, &c., but are of a spiritual character, and can be removed only by the prayers of God's people. We do not wish to say to you, "Come, and behold our zeal for the Lord;" neither would we boast of special grace, that is not possessed by our fellow-laborers at home; but are you not aware that it is very hard to get missionaries for the Indian field? We would not deter others from coming, and yet we are free to say, that he who has an eye to the missionary work, and takes these temporal afflictions into the number of peculiar trials to the missionary, is mistaken, and has not yet counted the cost. I have been in want, in days past, so as to lack some of those things termed the necessaries of life; and I have seen affliction, such as is not common for families to suffer in the most sickly climates; but then I had no temptation to abandon my work, because I had few spiritual trials, and had an abiding evidence that my labors were blessed, and, to some extent, appreciated. But now "the enemy has come in like a flood;" trials, new and of a different nature, overwhelm my soul. You will all bear me witness, that when Indian Missions were pecuniarily bankrupt, and I was compelled to take an agency, I had no temptations to abandon the cause, but declared publicly, and on all occasions, that I would return, "salary, or no salary." It is enough for you to know, then, that now, while I am in no special want of temporal blessings, I more ardently desire the prayers of God's people than I ever desired their contributions when there was no money in the treasury.

When you read this, PRAY FOR INDIAN MISSIONS, "*And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel.*"

H. F. BUCKNER,  
*Micco Creek Nation.*

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PRAYER is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? You shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer.—*Spurgeon.*

## ACTS AND USAGES OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.

## CHAP. IV.—CONSTITUTION OF A CHURCH.

HAVING seen what a gospel church is, and the essential qualifications of its constituents, the next question which arises, is—*In what way are the individual baptized believers organized into a regular worshiping congregation or church?*

*Query from the First Church, Philadelphia.*

What is the smallest number of members necessary for forming a gospel church?

*Answer.* On this head different sentiments are entertained. Some have supposed two or three sufficient; others have imagined five; some ten, and others twelve. Because it would seem that the church at Ephesus was formed of twelve men. Acts, 19: 7. The Association is of opinion, however, that much depends on the probability of the persons living permanently together who may be about to be constituted. It appears desirable that there be (in a new settlement, where removals are frequent), at least seven, and that of these, two or three be males.—*Minutes Philadelphia Association, Session of 1806.*

## EXAMPLE—THE CHURCH AT LOWER DUBLIN, PROVINCE OF PHILADELPHIA.

By the providence of God, several persons from Radnorshire, in Wales, being baptized upon a profession of faith, members of a meeting in the parish of Landdowri, Henry Gregory, pastor, came over into this province and settled near Pennepeck Creek. In the year of our Lord 1687, came Elias Keach, son of Mr. Benjamin Keach, of London, and preached unto the people there, and at parts adjacent. About this time the above said persons, by name, John Eaton, George Eaton, Samuel Jones, and John Watts, with others (baptized by said Keach), agreed, by the advice of said Mr. Keach, to set apart a day, and by fasting and prayer, to settle themselves in a church state; which, when they had solemnly accomplished, they made choice of said Keach as their pastor.—*Bruce's Narrative of the Churches holding Believers Baptism in Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, p. 1.*

## USAGE.

It has been customary, where individuals baptizing persons have labored under inconveniences, as before stated, to propose a constitution, if their numbers be sufficient. Should they have joined any other church, a regular dismission is necessary; when that is obtained, a day is then appointed, which is observed as a

day of fasting and prayer, ministers being called upon from neighboring churches to attend. On meeting together for this very solemn and important purpose on the day and place appointed, inquiry is generally made by the preachers present, respecting their religious sentiments, whether an agreement in sentiment (as it appears necessary they should be agreed in order to walk together); whether each of them do propose in his heart to live in obedience to the word of God, and desire to fill his place in the Church of Christ? This being done, they are publicly acknowledged and declared by the minister or ministers present to be a Church of Christ, and the right hand of fellowship given to each of them, accompanied with prayer to God for the prosperity and growth of his Zion.—*History of Ketaocton Association, Va., page 24.*

ORDER OF PROCEEDING.

*Let all things be done decently and in good order.*

1. A sermon suited to the occasion.

2. A suitable prayer and hymn.

3. The minister presiding asks the following questions:

Q. Is any person appointed to answer in behalf of the church?

A. Yes.

Q. For what purpose are we invited here to-day?

A. For the purpose of constituting sundry persons into a regular church.

Q. Have the persons about to be constituted received letters of dismission from the churches to which they belonged?

A. They have.

The letters are then produced, and read aloud by one of the officiating ministers.

Q. Have you provided yourselves with a church covenant, expressive of your FAITH and FELLOWSHIP in the gospel?

A. We have.

4. The covenant is then read, and the constituents either come forward and sign it, or (individually) by voice or show of hand, signify their adherence.

5. The right hand of fellowship is then given, and the company is declared a gospel church.

6. A suitable charge is then delivered by some one appointed for that duty.

7. A prayer and suitable hymn.

8. Dismission.

It is this mutual consent, confederation, and union of persons into one body, as a particular church, that makes that church distinct from any other church, and makes the members of it members of that church more than any other. "Onesimus, who who is one of you;" "Epaphras, who is one of you," Col., 4: 9, 12. "So we being many, are one body in Christ," Rom., 12: 5.

## CHURCH COVENANT.

We, whose names are underwritten, conceiving it will be for the glory of God and our mutual edification to be constituted into a regular gospel church; and having received letters of dismission from the church (or churches) to which we respectively belong, have called our beloved brethren, A. A., &c., to officiate to set us apart, and constitute us agreeably to gospel order, on this — day of —, A. D. 18—, at —, in the county of —, and State of —. And we do mutually unite in the following solemn covenant:

1. We do solemnly profess to believe and support those doctrines and principles contained in God's word, and set forth in a Confession of Faith adopted by the Baptist Association, met in the city of Philadelphia, Sep. 25, Anno Domini 1742.

2. We do solemnly agree to give ourselves to the Lord, and to one another in the Lord, submitting to the government of Christ in his church, as in 2 Cor., 8: 5; Rom., 15: 7, &c.

3. That we, each one, do agree to pray for our ministers, deacons, and fellow-members; watch over each other in the Lord, and, if need be, reprove and admonish each other, agreeably to our Lord's direction in Matt., 18: 15-18.

4. We do solemnly engage to receive the Christian admonition of our brethren in the spirit of meekness and love.

5. That we will endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, as in Eph., 4: 3, avoiding all discord or cause of divisions.

6. We do further engage to attend upon the means of grace in public worship upon the Lord's day, and other meetings appointed by the church, keeping our places in the house of God, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, as Heb., 10: 25.

7. We do agree that, if in the course of Providence we should be removed at a distance from this church, and into the vicinity of some other of the same faith and gospel order, to take letters of dismission, to the end that we may be under their care, and partake of their church privileges, Acts, 18: 27.

8. We also engage, as far as our temporal circumstances will admit, to contribute of our worldly substance to the support of him whom God may place over us in the gospel, or who may administer unto us in spiritual things, Cor., 9: 13, 14.

9. We do solemnly agree, that in cases of difference with each other in secular matters, if we cannot settle it ourselves, we will refer the matter in dispute to a committee chosen from amongst ourselves, agreeably to 1 Cor., 6: 1-4.

10. And lastly, we do, in the presence of God, solemnly agree to the above specified articles, adhering to them as far as God

shall enable us ; and that whatsoever amongst us deviates therefrom shall be deemed worthy of church censure, and dealt with accordingly. Signed,

11. Such particular churches have full power and authority to transact all their own affairs, independent of any other church or churches ; such as to choose their own officers, receive members, exercise discipline among themselves, exclude members, if need be, and in general, do everything that concerns them as a distinct religious corporation, Matt., 18 : 17 ; 1 Cor., 5 ; 2 Thess., 3 : 6, 14 ; Acts, 1 : 5-23, and 6 : 3-15.—*Treatise of Discipline New Jersey Baptist Association, 1820, p, 7.*

#### CHAP. V.—MINISTERS.

A particular church, regularly constituted, is said to be an essential church, yet is not complete while destitute of officers.

The officers of a church are Bishops or Ministers (called, also, Elders), and Deacons. Of Ministers or Bishops, the following terms are found in the New Testament :

<i>Original.</i>	<i>English version.</i>
<i>Uperetees</i> , used 20 times.—	As Officer 11 ; Servant 4 ; Minister 20.
<i>Deaconos</i> , 30	As Minister 20 ; Servant 7 ; Deacon 3.
<i>Lestorgas</i> 5	As Minister 5.
<i>Presbuteros</i> , 67	As Elders 66 ; Old Men 1.
<i>Didaskalos</i> , 5	As Bishop 4 ; Overseer 1.
<i>Kerux</i> , 58	As Master 47 ; Doctor 1 ; Rabbi 1 ; Teacher 9.
<i>Kerussomerros</i> , 3	As Preacher 3.
<i>Oikonomos</i> , 1	As Gospel Preacher 1.
<i>Poimeen</i> , 10	As Steward 8 ; Chamberlain 1 ; Governor 1.

The qualifications for this office are clearly pointed out in the New Testament, especially in Paul's letters to Timothy and Titus.

#### CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

1. To this office persons must be called. First, of God, styled the inward call, which is a zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of the souls of men, and a strong desire to be made useful in that way, with a persuasion of God's designation of the person for the office. This is the voice of God in his conscience, Isaiah, 49 : 5 ; Jer., 1 : 5, and 23 : 21 ; Heb., 5 : 4 ; 1 Cor., 9 : 16, 17 ; Rom., 10 : 15. Secondly. They must be called of the church, whose duty it is to look out for useful gifts ; and when they

have reason to hope that they discover some appearance thereof in any, they should move such to the trial of their gifts; or the person whose mind is impressed, may offer himself, 1 Tim., 3: 1.

2. If, after any one has been on trial some time, the appearances are promising, the church ought to give him a letter of license for the exercise of his gifts abroad, for his encouragement (and to obtain the opinion of others concerning his gifts). "Lay hands suddenly on no man," 1 Tim., 5: 22.

3. After he has been on trial a longer or shorter time, the church may proceed to invest him more fully with, and confirm him in, the ministerial office by ordination.

4. The essence of ordination consists in the call of the church, in their voting in his favor, and designating him by said vote to the ministerial work; which power it was necessary should be lodged somewhere with a view to maintain order; yet, to give the designation weight and solemnity, there should be a public and formal procedure when we instate a person in the ministerial office, Luke, 10: 1; Acts, 14: 23; Mark, 3: 14.

#### ACT OF THE CHURCH.

At a regular meeting of the Baptist Church at Marble Creek, on motion and second, it was unanimously agreed that our Bro. Ryland T. Dillard be set apart to the work of the ministry, and that a council of helps be invited from Bryan's.—*Ch. Record.*

#### MEETING OF THE PRESBYTERY.

A council of helps being called to examine and set apart Bro. William Warder to the work of the gospel, convened accordingly with the church at Russellville. Elder Z. Emerson was chosen Moderator, and Jacob Lock Clerk. The church and presbytery were then called to order by the Moderator.

#### ORDER OF PROCEEDING IN THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

1. Hymn.
2. Introductory Prayer.
3. Hymn.
4. Sermon.
5. Short address on the object of meeting by presiding minister.
6. Prayer for guidance.
7. Questions to the church.

*Question.*—Who represents this church?

*Answer.*—(The person appointed for that purpose rises and says): "I do."

*Ques.*—Is the candidate to be ordained to the office of an evangelist, or of a pastor?

*Ans.*—(As the case may be.)



8. A short address to the candidate, and then propound these questions to him :

*Ques.* 1. Will you state when and how you became convinced of your need of religion, and also your personal interest in the work of Christ ?

*Ans.* (Candidate relates his Christian experience.)

*Ques.* 2. What has influenced you to enter on the work of the ministry ?

*Ans.* (The candidate relates his call.)

*Ques.* 3. Do you willingly, and not by constraint, and not for personal or lucrative ends, devote yourself to the sacred office of the Christian ministry ?

*Ques.* 3. Do you firmly believe, and purpose, by divine assistance, to preach the doctrines of free, rich, and sovereign grace ? and will you state concisely what those truths are which you purpose to teach to others ?

*Ans.* (State his convictions in regard to the Trinity, Atonement, spiritual influence, repentance, faith, justification, sanctification, perseverance of the saints, resurrection of the body, and future rewards and punishments.)

*Ques.* 4. Do you intend to administer the ordinances agreeable to divine authority and practiced by the Baptist Church ?

*Ans.* (Candidate state his views in regard to Baptism and the Lord's Supper.)

*Moderator*—Has any member of the Presbytery any questions to ask ?

Has any member of this, or other church in fellowship with it, any further questions to ask ?

*To the Presbytery*—

Brethren, are you satisfied with the answers this brother has given ? *Ans.* We are satisfied.

*To the church*—

Is the church satisfied, and still desirous to proceed with his ordination ?

(Either a vote of the church is taken, or the person appointed for that purpose will answer.)

*To the candidate*—

The answers you have given are satisfactory ; and being assured, as far as mortals can be, of your requisite qualifications—such as your renovation, pious life, and abilities ; we feel willing to proceed in setting you apart, by the authority of God and this church, more fully to the important and solemn work of the ministry.

9. The candidate kneels, and hands are laid on him.

10. The ordination prayer.

11. The candidate rises, and the right hand of fellowship is given.

12. Sometimes a Bible is presented, with a short address.

13. The charge.

14. Concluding prayer.—*Treatise of Discipline New Jersey Association*, 1820.

*To all people, to whom these presents shall come, the subscribers send greeting :*

Being convened at Little Bonne Femme College, Boone Co., Mo., on the 4th day of September, 1843, at the instance of the Baptist Church of Little Bonne Femme, for the purpose of setting apart, by solemn ordination, the bearer hereof to the sacred office of the ministry; and being, by sufficient testimonials, fully certified of his moral character, zeal, piety, and sound knowledge in divine things, as well as ministerial gifts and abilities, whereof we had otherwise due knowledge, we did, therefore, on the said 4th day of September, 1843, in the presence of the said church, and a full assembly met, solemnly ordain and set apart, to the said sacred office of the ministry, by imposition of hands, prayer, and other rituals among us in that case in use, the said bearer, our beloved and worthy Bro. Samuel Howard Ford, whom we, therefore, recommend as such to favor and respect.

Elder David Doyle, Mod.,	} <i>Presbytery.</i>
“ Fielding Wilhoit,	
“ Isaac Taylor Hinton,	

(*To be Continued.*)

## TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

WHEN the Lord Jesus came down to earth, Satan knew his errand. He knew that the Lord Jesus was the Son of God, and when he saw him an infant in the manger, he thought if he could kill him and get him in the bonds of death, what a fine thing it would be! So he stirred up the spirit of Herod to slay him; but Herod missed his mark. And many a time did Satan strive to put the personal existence of Christ in danger, so that he might get Christ to die. Poor fool as he was, he did not know that

NOTE.—I have taken the liberty of giving, as a form of credentials, my own. I do so because it is after the ancient form of giving such documents, and also because, among the other scandals set on foot by my persecutors, is, that I have no ordination papers. The Lord pity these poor people. “They know not what they do.”

when Christ died he would bruise the devil's head. Once, you remember, when Christ was in the synagogue, the devil stirred up the people, and made them angry; and he thought, "Oh! what a glorious thing it would be if I could kill this man; then there would be an end of him, and I should reign supreme forever." So he got the people to take him to the brow of a hill, and he gloated over the thought, that now surely he would be cast down headlong. But Christ escaped. He tried to starve him, he tried to drown him; he was in the desert without food, and he was on the sea in a storm; but there was no starving or drowning him, and Satan no doubt panted for his blood, and longed that he should die. At last the day arrived; it was telegraphed to the court of hell that at last Christ would die. "He will die now," said he; "Judas has taken the thirty pieces of silver. Let those Scribes and Pharisees get him, they will no more let him go than the spider will a poor unfortunate fly. He is safe enough now." And the devil laughed for very glee, when he saw the Saviour stand before Pilate's bar. And when it was said, "Let him be crucified," then his joy scarce knew bounds, except that bound which his own misery must ever set to it. As far as he could, he revelled in what was to him a delightful thought, that the Lord of glory was about to die. In death, as Christ was seen of angels, he was seen of devils too; and that dreary march from Pilate's palace to the cross, was one which devils saw with extraordinary interest. And when they saw him on the cross, there stood the exulting fiend, smiling to himself: "Ah! I have the King of Glory now in my dominions; I have the power of death, and I have the power over the Lord Jesus." He exerted that power, till the Lord Jesus had to cry out in bitter anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But ah! how short-lived was hellish victory! How brief was the Satanic triumph! He died; and "It is finished!" shook the gates of hell. Down from the cross the conqueror leaped, pursued the fiend with thunder-bolts of wrath; swift to the shades of hell the fiend did fly, and swift descending went the conqueror after him; and we may conceive him exclaiming—

"Traitor! this bolt shall find and pierce thee through,  
Though under hell's profoundest wave thou div'st,  
To find a sheltering grave."

And seize him he did—chained him to his chariot-wheel ; dragged him up the steeps of glory, angels shouting all the while, “ He hath led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.” Now, devil, thou saidst thou wouldst overcome me, when I came to die. Satan, I defy thee, and laugh thee to scorn ! My master overcame thee, and I shall overcome thee yet. You say you will overcome the saint, do you ? You could not overcome the saint’s Master, and you will not overcome him. You once thought you had conquered Jesus ; you were bitterly deceived, Ah ! Satan, thou mayest think thou shalt overcome the little faith and the faint heart ; but thou art wondrously mistaken—for we shall assuredly tread Satan under our feet shortly ; and even in our last extremity, with fearful odds against us, we shall be “ more than conquerors through him that loved us.”

Death was the devil’s chief intrenchment ; Christ bearded the lion in his den, and fought him in his own territory ; and when he took death from him, and dismantled that once impregnable fortress, he took away from him, not only that, but every other advantage that he had over the saint. And now Satan is a conquered foe, not only in the hour of death, but in every other hour, and in every other place. He is an enemy, both cruel and mighty ; but he is a foe who quakes and quails when a Christian gets into the lists with him ; for he knows that though the fight may waver for a little while in the scale, the balance of victory must fall on the side of the saint, because Christ, by his death, destroyed the devil’s power.

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## A TEXT FOR MINISTERS AND POLITICIANS.

PHIL., 1 : 27. “ Only let your politics be as becometh the gospel of Christ.”

This is, of course, a new translation. The passage, as it stands in King James’ Bible, who probably thought that ministers and apostles should not meddle with politics, is thus : “ Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel.” In a free country, we suppose we may inquire which, or what is the true translation—that which corresponds most nearly with the exact meaning of the original ?

Let us consult the lexicons ; and as Donnegan’s seems to be

just now the standard one, we will take that. We find it in several kindred words, the meaning of which is given as follows:

*Polis*—a city; a town—a State; the commonwealth.

*Polites*—a citizen; a fellow-citizen.

*Politiea*—the condition or life of a citizen; the life or business of a statesman; the management of public affairs; politics, &c.

*Politeuma*, which is the word used in Phillippians, 3: 20, is defined as meaning the same.

*Politikos* (adjective)—pertaining to, proper, or peculiar to, or becoming a citizen; citizen-like; pertaining to, proper, or suitable to a statesman; politician; or one taking part in politics or government; political, skilled in politics, &c.

*Politeuo* (verb), a form of which (*politeusthe*) is the original of the passage above, is thus defined: "to be and act as a citizen; to follow the life and occupation of a citizen; especially, to take part in public concerns and politics; to discharge the functions of a public office; to manage and administer state affairs; in general to live and demean one's self as a citizen."

These words, it will be seen, are the very words in Greek which correspond with our English words, city, body, politic, citizen, citizen-ship, political, politics, and the like. The definitions quoted are the definitions just as they are given, *italics*, and all, in the present most approved Greek lexicon, and without any reference to the true translation of the text in consideration. And yet, that which is given as the "general" meaning of the very word used in this text, is "to live and demean one's self as a citizen;" and that which is given, "especially," as its meaning is, "to take part in public concerns and politics."

We submit it, then, to all candid and conscientious minds, whether ours be not the true translation of the inspired word; and whether the real injunction of the apostle to the Phillippians were not just this—"Be your conduct in civil relations worthy of the gospel of Christ?" For ourselves we cannot doubt it.

[For the Christian Repository.]  
HISTORY OF PREACHING.

BY J. A. IRELAND.

ABOUT the time men first began to meet for the public worship of the Divine Being, preaching commenced in the world.

Enoch, son of Jared, was a preacher, and lived cotemporary with Adam more than three hundred years. We talk about "thorough training." What must have been the opportunity of Enoch for learning the destiny of man, when he could learn from the lips of the *first* man the story of the creation, the circumstances of the fall, the terms of the promise, with other great truths connected with man's redemption? Hear him (Jude, 14, 15): "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all, and convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard *speeches* which ungodly sinners have spoken against him."

Enoch never preached by the clock, neither did he read his sermons; and yet it is said (Heb., 11: 5) "that he pleased God." From Enoch to Moses, each patriarch worshiped God with his family, and at certain times, such as new moons, &c., a number of families worshiped together. They were instructed by different preachers, alternately speaking to the people. They had no splendidly decorated church edifices, but met underneath some gigantic forest tree, or they were protected from the weather by tents constructed for the purpose.

Noah was a preacher of righteousness. Jacob, when his house lapsed into idolatry, preached against it, and exhorted them, and all that were with him, to put away strange Gods, and go up with him to Bethel.

Moses was a preacher, raised up by the authority of God. He felt the responsibility of delivering his message to the people; hence his earnest appeals in favor of his God.

Joshua preached with great effect to the tribes of Shechem. Deut., 34: 9. It seems that public preaching was not necessarily attached to the priesthood. Joshua was an Ephraimite, and

not a Levite. Solomon was a prince of the house of Judah, and Amos a herdsman of Tekoa; yet both were preachers.

When the Jews were carried to Babylon, the prophets still preached to them. When the years of captivity expired, Zerubabel, Haggai, and others, continued preaching to the people. They wept, fasted, prayed, preached, &c., and at last prevailed.

Nehemiah and Ezra performed a noble part among their brethren. The first was Governor, and reformed their civil state. The latter was a scribe of the law, and addressed himself to ecclesiastical affairs, in which he rendered the noblest service to his country and all posterity. Ezra restored, arranged, and published the Holy Scriptures after the Jews' return from captivity. He corrected many errors which had crept into the old manuscripts by the carelessness of transcribers.

The Jews have an extraordinary esteem for Ezra, and say, that if the law had not been given by Moses, Ezra deserved to have been the legislator of the Hebrews.

Ezra revived and new-modeled public preaching. During the seventy year's captivity, the Jews had almost lost the knowledge of Hebrew, and spoke a jargon, made up of their own and the Chaldean language, which was *mostly* used in Babylon. Hence it became necessary that he should explain words as well as ideas to the people. This gave a new cast to the art of preaching. Houses were now opened, not for ceremonial worship, as sacrificing, for this was confined to the temple; but for public prayer and praise, reading the law, preaching, &c. These houses were called Synagogues. The people repaired thither morning and evening for prayer.

At Jerusalem there was a large street near the water-gate, on which Ezra met the people on a Sabbath morning for the purpose of reading and expounding the law to them. Imagine that you see that good old man ascending a pulpit, constructed of wood, in fashion of a small tower; see seated at his side thirteen others of the principal preachers of his day. The whole affair looks very much like what I have seen at some of our country churches, where stiff aristocratic notions of propriety do not forbid the inviting our preaching brethren into the pulpit.

Ezra produces the law—commences unrolling it. The people

see it, and rise to their feet. Ezra blesses the Lord—the people respond, Amen, Amen. The preaching commences; the whole congregation is in tears. Think!—fifty thousand people standing in the open air, on a public street, weeping at the reading and expounding of the law. The famous Plato was then living, and teaching dull philosophy. But what was he, and what Xenophon, or Demosthenes, or any of those pagan orators, in comparison with Ezra?

From this period to the appearing of the Saviour, public preaching was practiced, and Synagogues were multiplied in great numbers. Yet it seems that the people grew more and more perverse in their wills, and wandered to a great distance from God.

As one light after another under the old dispensation was extinguished, the world became enveloped in moral darkness, until at last, when the fullness of time had come—and as the darkest hour of the night is just before day—it seemed that *all* was lost in darkness. But stop! The prophets had foretold a Saviour to come. Twilight makes its appearance. John Baptist is preaching in the wilderness of Judea.

After a brief period the glorious Sun of Righteousness bursts forth with all his resplendent glories, and illumines our world. Angels reach forth and pluck their harps from the willows, and strike up the song of redeeming love. Earth and heaven are in commotion. The Son of God is made flesh, and dwells among us.

Jesus Christ was the prince of preachers. No one can but admire his style, the transcendent beauty of his images, the alternate softness and severity of his language, the wise choice of his subjects, the loveliness and gracefulness of his deportment, and the indefatigableness of his most earnest zeal. The Saviour excelled all other preachers; and yet how plain was his language, how sublime his conceptions of heavenly truths, how well adapted was all his preaching to poor, fallen humanity. His sermon upon the Mount is full of instruction. His prayer, how beautiful, yet how sublime. His parables are inimitable, yet they bear to the human mind great truths, full of the most dignified wisdom, calculated to prepare mortal man for his final destiny. Christ's prayer, while he was on the Cross, contains more sound religious



instruction than whole volumes of theology prepared by men. The Saviour stands præeminently the greatest preacher the world ever saw. And how strictly all other preachers should aim to follow the blessed Saviour's example.

The apostles imitated their Divine Master, constituted multitudes of churches, and were wonderfully successful in all their arduous labors. They did not engage in the arena of political strife, but were contented while engaged in preaching Christ to the people. They did not employ the bombastic eloquence of school-theology. No, they had no use for it. They preached after the pattern Christ had given them, administering those holy truths burning and glowing with the impress of Deity stamped upon them, without being soiled and polluted by being cast and remodeled in a theological Seminary. Look at Peter, with uplifted hands dripping with water from his fishing net, crying to his fellow-men to repent and obey the Saviour.

What multitudes were moved to repentance and faith through his instrumentality. *Peter was not a graduate of any theological school. We have no reason to suppose any of the apostles were dubbed D.D., L.L. D., or Reverend; but on the other hand, we have scripture proof that they were plain men. Even Paul, though a well educated man, was the plainest of preachers. Chrysostom tells us he was but three cubits high, yet Paul was high enough to reach heaven. His conversation was there, and thence he derived those pure lessons of religion and morals, and that loftiness of Christian principle, for which he was so much distinguished. The other apostles performed their work, and, like Peter and Paul, were gathered to their fathers, being hurried from the stage of action by suffering and martyrdom. After the apostles died, everything came to pass as they had foretold. The whole Christian system underwent a change. Preaching shared the dreadful fate of other institutions, and this glory of the primitive churches was now, to a certain extent, degenerated.*

We must now "wade through a continent of mud" to find the history of preaching as recorded by the Christian *fathers*, as they are called. Christianity *is* found in the writings of those men; but it is so mixed with pagan philosophy and Jewish allegory, that it is difficult to separate the gold from the dross. This con-

tinued for about three centuries. The next five centuries produced many pious and excellent preachers belonging to the Latin and Greek Churches, but the doctrine they preached continued to degenerate.

Belonging to the Greek Church, we will mention Basil, bishop of Cæsarea, John Chrysostom, who preached at Antioch, and Gregory Nazianzen, all of whom flourished in the fourth century. About the same time Jerome and Augustine flourished in the Latin Church. For sometime preaching was practiced alike by Bishops, Elders, Deacons, and sometimes by lay-brethren. But this did not long continue. After awhile, preaching was confined to Bishops alone, and such as they saw cause to appoint. This appointment *they* called ordination. So many errors had crept into the church at this time, but little of gospel simplicity was to be found in the Christian Church, so called. A traveling Bishop claimed no right to preach unless he were invited by the churches where he visited. The style of preaching in those days differed very much. All preachers spoke extempore. Sermons were preached in what was called the vulgar tongue. Greeks preached in Greek; Latins preached in Latin. Preachers in those days did not preach against time, but one hour was the usual length of a sermon. It was usual for preacher and people to stand while worshipping, but occasionally very aged persons sat. Many of the fathers were fond of allegory, and took pattern after Origen, the everlasting allegorizer.

Degenerate as those days were in comparison with the days of the apostles, they were far better, in many respects, than the ages which follow. When metaphysical reasonings, and mystified mystical divinity, and Aristotelian categories, connected with the reading of the lives of saints, were in place of gospel sermons. It is enough to make a Christian heart bleed, and his eyes flow with tears of blood, to read the history of the apostate church from this time until the dawn of the reformation, when a new and glorious change took place. The people, as well as the clergy, began to read the Bible and interpret it for themselves. Preaching became more common, and pulpits, which had been "bells without clappers," according to Latimer, were occupied by preachers.

But it were well to remark, that while we trace the outlines of the history of preaching among a people where the gospel in its adulterated form was preached, there were still men who strictly adhered to the primitive simplicity of the gospel, and preached it in its matchless purity to obscure and vilely persecuted churches, who had to flee to the rocks and mountains to evade the blood-thirsty vengeance of an apostate church. History abundantly proves that, during the reign of persecution and miserable apostacy and adulterated Christianity in the *established* churches, there still remained a people who worshiped God after the apostolic model. Consequently a pure church, though frequently an *obscure* one, has always existed in the world ever since the days of the apostle. Men talk about a reformed Christianity. Christianity proper never needed, and never will need, reformation. Christianity is pure and holy—always remains the same, in all countries, at all times, and under all circumstances. But the half-fabricated complications of polluted compound mixtures of countless adulterations of Christianity, so called, did need reformation, and still needs it; or, rather, a complete transformation, which is alone to be accomplished by the omnipotent power of Almighty God, through the instrumentality of his faithful servants and true ministers of the Cross.

Since the days of Luther, we have had many eloquent preachers belonging to the different denominations of Christians. Knox, it is said, came down like a thunder-storm upon his hearers. Calvin was a man of great influence. Latimer went about on foot, with his Testament at one end, and his spectacles at the other of his leathern girdle. He frequently addressed the people from some hollow tree, or other place of rare convenience; but great was his success.

How unlike the ministerial work of the present day, when churches must have a splendid edifice, a fine organ and a choir of singers, hired seats, with all that sort of thing—so unlike anything found in the New Testament. But there were men in those days who served God from principle, and were willing to serve him under any circumstances. Cramner reproved *proud* Henry VIII. in such a manner as no other man dared to do. All of these men had not what is called a "thorough training," yet they

exerted a mighty power for God. Bishop Wilkins enumerated upwards of sixty who had written on the subject of preaching, and gave rules of instruction in the *art* of preaching.

Within the last two centuries we have had burning and shining lights in the pulpits of Europe and America—men who have faced all opposition that fiendish malice and hellish influence could exert to hinder the cause of Christ—while there have been men of eloquence, and piety, and great moral worth in other denominations. The Baptists have been honored with names of equal, if not far superior greatness. Look at the immortal Bunyan, who was confined in Bedford jail nearly thirteen years. Was he idle? No. He wrote that inimitable allegory, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which is now exerting such a vast influence over the Christian world. He preached through *iron grates* to the ruined sons and daughters of Adam. Andrew Fuller, John Foster, Robert Hall, and many others of England, were bright and shining lights.

Those who have read the history of our American brethren, especially the history of Virginia Baptists, remember how *they* preached and toiled for the cause of God. James Ireland, of Virginia, was an example. He preached through grated windows to perishing sinners.

Here I must leave my readers for the present.

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## DOCTRINAL TRACTS.—NO. II.

### MEDIATORSHIP OF CHRIST.

A mediator is concerned with parties at variance, betwixt whom he stands as a middle person, and his business is to bring them together and make peace between them. Christ acts in the capacity of Mediator between God and men, 1 Tim, 2: 5. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." A Mediator between God and men supposes—

First. A difference subsisting between them. This commenced upon Adam's eating the forbidden fruit; prior to which the most cordial amity and friendship subsisted between God and man. But this first act of disobedience broke the tender ties of love and esteem. Adam flew from, as dreading the divine presence, and soon contracted a contrariety of soul to the perfections of the Deity, and a horrid enmity against God. Thus the staff of

friendship was broken, and the quarrel commenced, entirely on the part of man. On the other hand, God, whose law had been violated, and whose goodness and friendship had been abused, appeared in the disagreeable light of an enemy to man; and, in fact, he was an injured sovereign, insisting that reparation should be made for the dishonor done him, by this violation of faith and breach of friendship.

Second. A Mediator between God and men supposes inability on man's part to repair the injuries done by sin, or to restore himself to the divine favor. Could he have done this, there would have been no need of the interposition of a Mediator; but the divine law was to be punctually observed, and satisfaction was to be made for the breach of it, which were impossible terms to man in his fallen state.

Third. A Mediator between God and men seems to suppose, that God could not, consistent with the honor due to his law, and the glory of his divine perfections, pardon man and receive him into favor, merely as a simple act of mercy. Had he done so, his justice must have bled, his holiness would have been tarnished, his truth shaken, and the rights of his throne and government infringed. Consequences, which it would be horrid and blasphemous to attribute to any of the proceedings of the Almighty; for the Judge of all the earth will do right. Hence appears the necessity of a Mediator. And this leads us to take a view of the designation or appointment of Christ to that office.

In order to which, we must look into the transactions of the Deity from eternity, before his works of old, Prov., 8 : 22; for thus early was Christ appointed to the mediatorial office, in the counsel, decree, and purpose of Jehovah. The Apostle Peter confirms this truth with a strong note of asseveration, 1 Peter, 1 : 20, where, after having spoke of redemption by the precious blood of Christ, he says, "Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world." And our Lord himself fully establishes this point, Prov., 8 : 23, "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was,"—set up, constituted, or appointed Mediator. God, from eternity, foresaw that Adam would fall from his allegiance, integrity, and fidelity, and that the whole human race would be involved in guilt, and must inevitably perish, unless a medium were provided for their recovery, in a way consistent with the glory of the divine perfections. To effect which, the Three Persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, formed a council, and entered into a covenant of grace, in order to lay the plan on which the salvation and happiness of fallen man should proceed; and to determine which of those divine persons should engage in the arduous work, Jehovah, the Father, in his manifold wisdom, having predestinated a select number of the fallen race to the adoption of

children, by Jesus Christ, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord (Eph., 1 : 5 ; 3 : 10, 11), now proposed the business, or work of saving the elect, to Jehovah the Son ; as well knowing the love he bare to them, as also with what alacrity he would comply with his will, proposing to furnish him with a body, and every way equip him for the discharge of his trust. The Son, whose will was the same with that of the Father, readily consented to engage in the work, and did, in effect, say, "Father, thy will is that rebellious man should obtain favor, the means therefore of his restoration shall not be wanting ; here am I, send me on that important design. Man shall be saved, in a way that will secure the honors of divine government, and by means through which the glory of the divine perfections will shine forth with the brightest effulgence." The cheerfulness with which Christ then complied with the requisition of the eternal Father, is pointed out by the Psalmist, Psalm 40 : 7, 8, "Then said I, lo, I come ; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God : yea, thy law is within my heart." And Christ himself is represented as speaking of his being appointed to the mediatorial office by the eternal Father, in Psalm 89 : 19, 20, "Then thou spakest in vision to the Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon One that is mighty ; I have exalted One chosen out of the people ; I have found David my servant, with my holy oil have I anointed him." Thus it appears that God was in Christ, even from everlasting, reconciling the elect world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, 2 Cor., 5 : 19 ; and that Christ was thus early chosen and appointed to the mediatorial office, in the counsel of peace, which was between them both, namely, the Father and the Son ; and in the covenant of grace, of which Christ is the Mediator, Heb., 12 : 24.

We pass on to consider the ability, suitableness, and qualifications of Christ for the great work.

Had not Christ been able, fit, and every way qualified for the discharge of the mediatorial office, the work might have been marred in his hands ; God might have been frustrated in his designs of mercy to his creatures, and all mankind might have perished in their sins. Events which cannot be admitted, even in idea ; for God laid help upon One that is mighty, and exalted One chosen out of the people, every way able to save, even to the uttermost. Psalm 89 : 19 ; Heb., 7 : 25.

First. The ability of Christ to execute the office of a Mediator will appear when we consider who and what he was. He was no other than the eternal Son of God, of the same nature and essence with Jehovah the Father ; for he and the Father were one ; of one nature or essence, equal in power and glory ; equally possessed of divine attributes and godhead characters, and alike

objects of divine worship and adoration. He was the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person; who upheld all things by the word of his power; superior even to angels, and the object of their religious adoration and worship, Heb., 1: 3, 6. And even as Mediator, all power in heaven and earth was given unto him. Thus powerful, thus able, was the divine person chosen and appointed to the office of a Mediator between God and men. We will proceed,

Second, To consider his suitableness or fitness for the discharge of that office. Power, simply considered, did not render him eligible. No, not even his eternal power and godhead. But what principally fits Christ for the execution of his mediatorial office, is the union of the divine and human natures in his one person. Hereby he is Immanuel, God with us; and being partaker of both natures, he must have an interest in, and a concern for both; therefore, while he mediates for man, he must still have a view to the glory of God.

Not to take any notice of his suitableness as the Son of God, and middle person of the Trinity, which yet seems to have some weight, it was necessary that the Mediator should be man, possessed of a human body and a reasonable soul, and so in all points be made like to his brethren, in whose cause he engaged; that he might appear to be their brother and near kinsman, after the flesh; which must afford them the greatest encouragement, when they fly for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them. Nothing could affect—nothing could encourage the distressed sons of Jacob more than those tender, those moving words, "I am Joseph, your brother." And nothing can more encourage the spiritual Israel, than to know that their Mediator and days-man is their brother, kinsman, and friend.

Again, It was necessary that satisfaction and atonement for sin should be made in the same nature that had sinned; therefore, the Mediator must be man. The apostle confirms this observation when he says, "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham," Heb., 2: 16; intimating that the nature of angels would not have been eligible to have made conciliation for the sins of human nature. Moreover, it was needful that the Mediator should be man, that he might be capable of obeying the law, given to man and broken by him. Therefore, "he was made of a woman, and made under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law," Gal., 4: 4, 5. "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Further, it was necessary that the Mediator should be man, that he might be capable of dying, to make an atonement for the sins of men. As God, he could not die. And "without shedding of blood there could be no remission." Therefore, a

body was prepared for him, that he might die, the just for the unjust, to bring us unto God, 1 Peter, 3 : 18. In fine, it was needful the Mediator should be man, "that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest;" have a fellow-feeling with his people under their infirmities, sympathise with them under their afflictions, and succor them under their temptations. Heb., 2 : 17 ; 4 : 15.

But then, the Mediator must not only be man, he must be more than man ; he must be a divine person ; otherwise he would not be able to draw nigh unto God, and treat with him about the terms on which peace was to be restored to guilty man, and enter into a covenant with him to perform those conditions. "For, who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto me, saith the Lord ?" Jer., 30 : 21. Could men or angels have done this ? No. None but Jehovah's fellow was equal to this arduous task. Moreover, had the Mediator been only man, he could never have supported under the amazing load of sufferings he had to endure ; therefore, he must be God as well as man. All the sins of an elect world were imputed to him, and all the ponderous weight of divine wrath, demerited by those sins, was to fall on his devoted head. "Surely," saith the prophet, "he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," Isa., 53 : 4. A load which would not only have borne down an individual of the human race, but even crushed, as it were, to atoms, all created intelligences, angels as well as men. None could have sustained the stroke of that flaming sword, divine justice, but that wonderful Man, even the God-Man, who was Jehovah's Fellow, Zech., 13 : 7. In fine, it was necessary that Christ should be God, to raise himself from the dead ; for had he remained in the grave, we must have perished in our sins, 1 Cor., 15 : 17, 18. And to have raised himself, had he been only man, he could not ; therefore, he must be God.

Now this Mediator was not only God and man, but he was the God man ; God and man in one person. The human nature was taken into union with, and subsisted in the person of the Son of God. And this personal union was necessary in order to give efficacy, dignity, and merit to his obedience and sufferings. Had he been a mere man, his obedience and righteousness could have been beneficial only to himself ; nor could his sufferings and death have atoned for the sins of others ; but being God and man, in one person, his mediatorial righteousness is the righteousness of God, and therefore all-sufficient to justify men ; and his blood is the blood of the Son of God, and so cleanses from all sin, and is a proper atonement for it. And in this view, God is said to have purchased the church "with his own blood," Acts, 20 : 28. Thus having taken a view of the ability and suitableness of Christ for the office of Mediator, we shall,



Third, Consider his qualification for the great work. Although the ability and suitableness of Christ involve the idea of qualifications for the execution of his mediatorial office, yet those spoken of are purely personal, or such as relate to his person as the God-man; besides which, he sustains various relative characters and offices, which qualify him for his work, as,

1. That of a covenant head to the elect. As such, God chose him from all eternity, and chose all his people in him, as members of his mystical body, Isa., 42: 1; Eph., 1: 4. As such, God made a covenant with him of life and peace, respecting the salvation and happiness of his people. This covenant was confirmed of God, in Christ, *i. e.*, made sure with his covenant-people, in Christ, their head and representative. All the promises and blessings of the covenant are secured to the elect in Christ, their federal head. All that Christ did and suffered, was in their room and stead. They were crucified with Christ, arose from the dead, ascended up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God with him; or in him representatively, as their covenant head. Gal., 2: 20; Col., 3: 1; Eph., 2: 6.

2. Christ is the surety of his people. As such, he drew nigh to God, in covenant, and engaged to do and suffer all that the law and justice of God required to make satisfaction for their sins. He put himself in their law place, took the whole debt of his people upon himself, and became responsible for it. They owed a debt of obedience to the law, and a debt of punishment for the violation of it; this double debt he assumed payment of, and did pay; in consequence of which, the elect, who were the principal debtors, were set free; and Jehovah, the Father, said, "Deliver them from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom," Job, 33: 24. Although the ransom price was not actually paid until the death of the surety, yet he being the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, in the decrees and purposes of God, who had accepted of his suretyship-engagements, the virtue and efficacy of his obedience, sufferings and death was applied to all the Old Testament saints; and they were justified, pardoned, and saved thereby, as fully and amply as those under the New, 2 Cor., 5: 19; Acts, 15: 11; Heb., 11: 13.

3. The Mediator is an advocate for all the chosen people of God, 1 John, 2: 1. In his character he drew nigh unto God, in the eternal council and covenant of grace, "and made intercession for the transgressors," Isa., 53: 12. This he did, not by laboring to extenuate their crimes, but by offering himself as their sponsor, to stand in their room and stead; bear their sins; make an atonement for their guilt; restore to the law its honors, and answer all the demands of justice, Isa., 53: 4-6; Rom., 5: 11; Isa., 42: 1. And the advocacy of the Mediator proved effica-

cious to the pardoning, justifying, and glorifying an elect world, Rom., 8 : 33, 34.

4. Another office which Christ sustains, is that of a prophet, Acts, 3 : 22. Under this character he was expected by the Jews, John, 6 : 14, and in this capacity he acted as Mediator. As a prophet, he had not only foretold future events, as the destruction of Jerusalem, the calamities that should befall the Jews, the end of the world, &c., but he taught, and does teach his people, so as never man taught. He teaches the knowledge of God, even the saving knowledge of the Most High, as a God of grace and mercy, as a God in covenant, pacified towards poor sinners, notwithstanding all that they have done, John, 17 : 3 ; Ezek., 16 : 63. He teaches the knowledge of himself, as the only and alone Mediator, the Redeemer and Saviour of lost sinners, Matt., 11 : 28. He teaches man to know himself, that he is a sinner, lost and undone, without power to help or deliver himself, and the necessity of a better righteousness than that of his own, Phil., 3 : 8, 9. He teaches the necessity of holiness in order to happiness, Heb., 12 : 14. All which, this great prophet teaches powerfully and efficaciously by his word and Spirit.

5. Again, the Mediator is a priest, Psalm, 110 : 4. He is "an High Priest over the house of God," Heb., 10 : 21. The business of a priest was to minister at the sanctuary, and offer up gifts and sacrifices for the sins of the people, Heb., 8 : 3. "For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices ; wherefore it is necessary that this man should have somewhat also to offer ;" and for this purpose a body was prepared him, a true body and a reasonable soul, even the whole of human nature ; which being united to the person of the Son of God, was offered up a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice for the sins of an elect world. And by this oblation a true and proper atonement was made for sin, satisfaction to divine justice was given, the wrath of an offended Deity was appeased, and sinners have free access unto God, as a God in covenant, a Father and Friend. Amazing scheme of salvation ! Astonishing to men and angels ! 1 Peter, 10 : 12. Intercession was another branch of the priestly office. Christ ever lives to make intercession for his people, Heb., 7 : 25. He prays for them that they may be pardoned, justified, sanctified, and saved ; yea, he prays that where he is, there they may be also, that they may behold his glory, John, 17 : 24. But,

6. The Mediator is also a king, Psalm 2 : 6. Saints are the subjects of his mediatorial kingdom ; whom he rules by the most wholesome laws ; and unto whom he hath given a most glorious charter of privileges contained in the covenant of grace ; which is ordered in all things and sure, 2 Sam., 23 : 5. He rules in his people by the power of divine grace, and he rules for them, conquering and subduing all his and their enemies ; and "he must

reign till he has put all enemies under his feet," 1 Cor., 15 : 25. These are some of Christ's qualifications for his work as Mediator.

We are now to consider how he hath effected it, or what he hath done for that purpose.

Besides those eternal transactions and covenant engagements, already taken notice of, and in consequence thereof the eternal Son of God did, in time, take upon him human nature, with all its sinless infirmities. According to ancient predictions, he was to be made of the woman's seed, and born of a virgin ; therefore he was conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the virgin Mary, of whom he was born, free from sin. Thus "the Word was made flesh," and dwelt with men on earth ; some of whom "beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," John, 1 : 14. The grand design of his incarnation was to save an elect world ; in order to which, as he was made of a woman, so he was made under the law. He was born under obligations to keep the law, as the surety of his people. The law must be kept, or man could not be saved. It is holy, just, and good, righteous in all its demands. Perfect obedience it positively requires ; a single deviation therefrom exposes to the curse, Gal., 3 : 10. Had Christ failed only in one point, his mediation would have been of no avail. But his obedience was complete. Divine justice could not charge it with the least flaw. "Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," Heb., 7 : 26. And such an one was Jesus Christ, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth," 1 Pet., 2 : 22.

Again, Christ, as Mediator, not only kept the law inviolable, but he died the cursed death of the Cross, to atone for the sins of his people. Without shedding of blood there could be no remission. And as the blood of slain beasts was insufficient to cleanse from sin, Christ offered his own, Heb., 9 : 19. "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." "The blood of Jesus Christ," being the blood of the Son of God, hath a divine efficacy, and "cleanseth from all sin," 1 John, 1 : 7. But, not only did Jesus suffer in his body, he endured infinitely greater torture in his soul. His bodily sufferings were indeed great, beyond compare. In this view, he was emphatically "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," Isa., 53 : 3. His wounded, mangled, bruised body, was so changed from what it had been, as to excite astonishment in the beholders. "As many were astonished at thee. His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men," Isa., 52 : 14. So distorted were his limbs, as to extract from him this grievous complaint : "My bones are all out of joint. I may tell all my bones, they look and stare upon me," Psalm 22 : 14-17.

Let imagination paint to faith's view the innocent Jesus, clothed in a robe of mock majesty, enveloped round with invidious foes taunting and jeering at him, spitting on his face, smiting it with their hands, piercing his head with a crown of thorns, plowing furrows long and deep on his back with a whip of wires, driving iron spikes through his hands and feet, nailing them to the cross, and thus suspending him between heaven and earth, exposed naked to the inclement rays of a burning sun, a spectacle to men and angels. Thus behold the agonizing Jesus, and judge whether there were ever any sorrows like unto his sorrows, or pains comparable to those he endured. But, after all, the sufferings of his soul were infinitely superior to these. These he bore—those he deprecated. Apprehensions of the divine wrath, which was to fall on his soul, caused his human nature to shrink, and drew from him these mournful accents: "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour," John, 12: 27. And when the vials of wrath began to be poured out upon him, he was in an agony—sweat great drops of blood—and said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt," Luke, 22: 44; Matt., 26: 38, 39. And when his soul was made an offering for sin, and divine wrath was poured out upon him to the uttermost, he cried out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Matt., 27: 46. Thus Jesus, the Mediator, suffered for us men, and for our salvation. Thus he died, commending his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, Heb., 2: 10. And that his humiliation might be reduced to the lowest degree, he was laid in the grave, where he continued three days and three nights, but his body "saw no corruption." On the third day he arose from the dead; for it was not in the power of the grave to hold him. Though he had been put to death in the flesh, he was quickened by the Spirit, Heb., 3: 18. The resurrection of Christ from the dead is an essential part of his mediatorial work; for had he not been raised out of the grave, all that he had done would have been ineffectual to the salvation of sinners. Hence saith the apostle, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, you are yet in your sins," 1 Cor., 15: 17. If the Head had continued under the power of death, the members must have remained there also. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept," 1 Cor., 15: 20. After his resurrection he continued many days on earth, showing himself to his disciples; comforting, encouraging, and confirming them; and then "ascended up on high, leading captivity captive;" when the everlasting doors were opened to receive the King of glory, and the heavenly arches rang with joyful acclamations, shouting, The Redeemer! God the Father manifested his approbation of all

that he had done, and the high esteem he had for him as Mediator by placing him at his right hand, "Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named," Eph., 2: 21. There the Mediator now sits, pleading the value of his merits on behalf of his chosen people; and we may be sure that "he is able to save them, to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb., 7: 25.

We proceed to point out some of the effects of his mediatorship.

First, With regard to God. Hereby God is glorified, more than he would have been if Adam had never fallen, or if all mankind had perished under the ruins of sin, John, 17: 4. All the moral perfections of the Deity are illustriously displayed and glorified in the salvation of sinners, through Jesus Christ. His wisdom appears conspicuous in contriving the plan; his power, in effecting it; his love, in giving his own Son; his justice, in punishing him; his mercy, in pardoning sinners; and his holiness in cleansing them from sin in his Son's blood. The angels, at the Redeemer's birth, sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." And all the ransomed of the Lord will praise God for this wonderful scheme of salvation to all eternity.

Second, With regard to the law of God. The mediatorship of Christ hath restored to the law all its rights and honors; for he hath magnified the law and made it honorable, by yielding a perfect obedience to it, and dying to make satisfaction for the breach of it.

Third, With regard to man, the blessed effects of Christ's mediatorship are scarce to be enumerated.

1. Hereby that desirable blessing, peace, lost by sin, is restored to all the people of God. Christ is "the Prince of peace," Isa., 9: 6. His covenant is a covenant of peace, Isa., 54: 10. His gospel is the gospel of peace, Rom., 10: 15. And this blessing he bequeathed to his people as a legacy, John, 14: 27. 1. Through him they have peace with God, Rom., 5: 1. Of him it is said, "This man shall be the peace," *i. e.*, the peace-maker, Micha., 5: 5; and "he hath made peace by the blood of his cross," Col., 1: 20. 2. They have peace of conscience, "joy and peace in believing," Rom., 15: 13. Their hearts being sprinkled from an evil or guilty conscience, they enjoy great peace within. 3. They have peace one with another, Mark, 9: 50. Being all one in Christ, their hearts are knit together in love, Gal., 3: 28; Col., 2: 2. The enmity betwixt Jews and Gentiles is removed, and they are united together in one body; "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us," Eph., 2: 13.

2. Pardon of sin is another effect of Christ's mediatorship. God, for Christ's sake, forgives his people, Eph., 4: 32. The blood of Christ was shed to make an atonement for, and obtain the remission of our sins; and God "is faithful and just to forgiving us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness," 1 John, 1: 9.

3. Justification is also through the mediatorship of Christ: "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory," Isa., 45: 35. The righteousness of Christ, as Mediator, is the sole matter and cause of a sinner's justification before God, Rom., 5: 17, 18. This righteousness Christ wrought out by his active and passive obedience to the law; and by it, "all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses," Acts, 13: 39.

4. Adoption is likewise through the mediation of Christ, and on account of what he hath done and suffered for us. He was "made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," Gal., 4: 4, 5. By this act of divine grace we are received into the family of God as his dear children, and are favored with the grace and "spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father;" being "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," and so entitled to all the blessings and privileges of the sons of God, Rom., 8: 15-17.

5. Through the mediation of Christ we enjoy the renewing, comforting, and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. He was a party concerned in the covenant of grace, of which Christ is the Mediator; and he is sent by Christ to convince the world of sin, renew the soul, comfort the people of God, sanctify and make them meet for heaven, John, 16: 8; Tit., 3: 5; Heb., 12: 14.

6. All the blessings and privileges of the gospel come flowing to us through the mediation of Christ. The gospel itself is his gospel, Rom., 15: 20. The doctrines of it are his doctrines; they treat of his person, offices, grace, blood, and righteousness. The promises, which are exceeding great and precious, "are all yea and amen, in Christ," 2 Pet., 1: 4; 2 Cor., 1: 20. Gospel ordinances were instituted by Christ, and represent, the one, his death, burial, and resurrection; the other, his body broken, and blood shed for our salvation, Rom., 6: 3, 4; 1 Cor., 24: 25. In a word, the laws, rules, and discipline of his house, are all good and wholesome, having a tendency to assimilate us to Christ and prepare us for glory.

7. Once more: through the mediation of Christ we have liberty of access unto God, and are invited to "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need," Heb., 4: 16.

8. In fine, eternal life is enjoyed through the mediation of Christ; for, although heaven is no where said to be purchased by Christ, yet sinners are redeemed in order that they may enjoy it. They are "vessels of mercy prepared unto glory," Rom., 9: 23. And it is the will of Christ, that all those whom the Father hath given unto him, should be with him, where he is, that they may behold his glory, John, 17: 27.

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## PROPHECY AND HISTORY.

### No. 2.

#### BABYLON.

ON the broad plain of Shinar rose that mightiest city of antiquity, the *renowned Babylon*.

Its walls, its brazen gates, its quays and bridge, its lakes and canals, its palaces, temples and hanging gardens, were properly numbered with the wonders of the world, and awaken our astonishment and admiration.

But a plain authentic statement will be more useful than an elaborate or declamatory description; and the following abridgment of Prideaux's, by the laborious Rollin, may be relied on as correct:

#### I.—THE WALLS.

Babylon stood on a large plain,\* in a very fat and rich soil. The walls were every way prodigious. They were in thickness eighty-seven feet, in height three hundred and fifty, and in compass four hundred and eighty furlongs, which make sixty of our miles. These walls were drawn round the city in the form of an exact square, each side of which was one hundred and twenty furlongs † or fifteen miles in length, and all built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime arising out of the earth of that country, which binds much stronger and firmer than mortar, and soon grows much harder than the bricks or stones themselves which it cements together.

These walls were surrounded on the outside with a vast ditch, full of water, and lined with bricks on both sides. The earth

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\*-Herod. l. i. c. 178, 180. Diod. l. ii. p. 95, 96. Q. Curt. l. v. c. 1.

† I relate things as I find them in the ancient authors, which Dean Prideaux has also done; but I cannot help believing that great abatements are to be made in what they say as to the immense extent of Babylon and Nineveh.

that was dug out of it made the bricks wherewith the walls were built; and, therefore, from the vast height and breadth of the walls may be inferred the greatness of the ditch.

In every side of this great square were twenty-five gates, that is, one hundred in all, which were all made of solid brass; and hence it is, that when God promises to Cyrus the conquest of Babylon, he tells him, \* that he *would break in pieces before him the gates of brass*. Between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners of this great square, and three between each of these corners and the next gate on either side; every one of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls. But this is to be understood only of those parts of the wall where there was need of towers.

From the twenty-five gates in each side of this great square went twenty-five streets, in straight lines to the gates, which were directly over against them, in the opposite side; so that the whole number of the streets was fifty, each fifteen miles long, whereof twenty-five went one way, and twenty-five the other, directly crossing each other at right angles. And besides these, there were also four half streets, which had houses only on one side, and the wall on the other; these went round the four sides of the city next the walls, and were each of them two hundred feet broad; the rest were about one hundred and fifty. By these streets thus crossing each other, the whole city was cut out into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each of which was four furlongs and a half on every side, that is, two miles and a quarter in circumference. Round these squares, † on every side towards the street, stood the houses, (which were not contiguous, but had void spaces between them,) all built three or four stories high, and beautified with all manner of ornaments towards the streets. The space within, in the middle of each square, was likewise all void ground, employed for yards, gardens, and other such uses; so that Babylon was greater in appearance than reality, near one half of the city being taken up in gardens and other cultivated lands, as we are told by Q. Curtius.

## II.—THE QUAYS AND BRIDGE.

A branch of the river Euphrates ran quite across the city, ‡ from the north to the south side; on each side of the river was a quay, and a high wall built of brick and bitumen, of the same thickness as the walls that went round the city. In these walls, over against every street that led to the river, were gates of brass, and from them descents by steps to the river, for the conveniency

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\* Isa. xiv. 2.

† Quint. Curt. l. v. c. 1.

‡ Herod. l. i. c. 180, 186. Diod. l. ii. p. 96.



of the inhabitants, who used to pass over from one side to the other in boats, having no other way of crossing the river before the building of the bridge. The brazen gates were always open in the day time, and shut in the night.

### III.—THE LAKES, DITCHES AND CANALS, MADE FOR THE DRAINING OF THE RIVER.

These works, objects of admiration for the skilful in all ages, were still more useful than magnificent. In the beginning of the summer, \* on the sun's melting the snow on the mountains of Armenia, there arises a vast increase of waters, which, running into the Euphrates in the months of June, July and August, makes it overflow its banks, and occasions such another inundation as the Nile does in Egypt. To prevent the damage which both the city and country received from these inundations, † at a very considerable distance above the town, two artificial canals were cut, which turned the course of these waters into the Tigris, before they reached Babylon. And to secure the country yet more from the danger of inundations, ‡ and to keep the river within its channel, they raised prodigious banks on both sides of the river, built with brick cemented with bitumen, which began at the head of the artificial canals, and extended below the city.

To facilitate the making of these works, it was necessary to turn the course of the river; for which purpose, to the west of Babylon, was dug a prodigious artificial lake, forty miles square, || one hundred and sixty in compass, and thirty-five feet deep, according to Herodotus, and seventy-five according to Megasthenes. Into this lake was the whole river turned, by an artificial canal cut from the west side of it, till the whole work was finished, when it was made to flow in its former channel. But that the Euphrates, in the time of its increase, might not overflow the city, through the gates on its sides, this lake, with the canal from the river, was still preserved.

### IV.—THE PALACES AND HANGING GARDENS.

At the two ends of the bridge were two palaces, § which had a communication with each other by a vault, built under the channel of the river, at the time of its being dry. The old palace which stood on the east side of the river, was thirty furlongs (or three miles and three quarters) in compass; near which stood the

\* Strab. l. xvi. p. 740. Plin. l. v. c. 26.

† Abyd. ap. Eus. Præp. Evang. lib. ix.

‡ Abyd. ip. Herod. l. i. c. 185.

|| The author follows Herodotus, who makes it four hundred and twenty furlongs, or fifty-two miles square; but I choose to follow Dean Prideaux, who prefers the account of Megasthenes.

§ Diod. l. ii. p. 96, 97.

temple of Belus, of which we shall soon speak. The new palace, which stood on the west side of the river, opposite to the other, was sixty furlongs (or seven miles and a half) in compass. It was surrounded with three walls, one within another, with considerable spaces between them. These walls, as also those of the other palace, were embellished with an infinite variety of sculptures, representing all kinds of animals, to the life. Amongst the rest was a curious hunting-piece, in which Semiramis on horseback was throwing her javelin at a leopard, and her husband Nimus piercing a lion.

In this last palace, \* were the hanging gardens, so celebrated among the Greeks. They contained a square of four hundred feet on every side, and were carried up in the manner of several large terraces, one above another, till the height equalled that of the walls of the city. The ascent was from terrace to terrace, by stairs ten feet wide. The whole pile was sustained by vast arches, raised upon other arches, one above another, and strengthened by a wall, surrounding it on every side, of twenty-two feet in thickness. On the top of the arches were first laid large flat stones, sixteen feet long, and four broad; over these was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, upon which were two rows of bricks, closely cemented together with plaster. The whole was covered with thick sheets of lead, upon which lay the mould of the garden. And all this floorage was contrived to keep the moisture of the mould from running away through the arches. The earth laid hereon was so deep, that the greatest trees might take root in it; and with such the terraces were covered, as well as with other plants and flowers that were proper to adorn a pleasure-garden. In the upper terrace there was an engine, or kind of pump, by which water was drawn up out of the river, and from thence the whole garden was watered. In the spaces between the several arches, upon which this whole structure rested, were large and magnificent apartments, that were very light, and had the advantage of a beautiful prospect.

Amytis, † the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been bred in Media (for she was the daughter of Astyages, the king of that country), had been much delighted with the mountains and woody parts of that country. And as she desired to have something like it in Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar, to gratify her, caused this prodigious edifice to be erected. Diodorus gives much the same account of the matter, but without naming the persons.

#### V.—THE TEMPLE OF BELUS.

Another of the great works at Babylon was the temple of Be-

\* Diod. l. ii. p. 98, 99. Strab. l. xvi. p. 738. Quint. Curt. l. v. c. 1.

† Beros. ap. Jos. cont. App. l. i. c. 6.

lms,\* which stood, as I have mentioned already, near the old palace. It was most remarkable for a prodigious tower, that stood in the middle of it. At the foundation, according to Herodotus, it was a square of a furlong on each side, that is, half a mile in the whole compass, and (according to Strabo) it was also a furlong in height. It consisted of eight towers, built one above the other, decreasing regularly to the top, for which reason Strabo calls the whole a pyramid. It is not only asserted, but proved, that this tower much exceeded the greatest of the pyramids of Egypt in height. Therefore, we have good reason to believe, as Bochart asserts, † that this is the very same tower which was built there at the confusion of the language; and the rather, because it is attested by several profane authors, that this tower was all built of bricks and bitumen, as the Scriptures tell us the tower of Babel was. The ascent to the top was by stairs on the outside round it; that is, perhaps, there was an easy sloping ascent in the side of the outer wall, which, turning by slow degrees in a spiral line eight times round the tower, from bottom to top, had the same appearance as if there had been eight towers placed upon one another. In these different stories were many large rooms, with arched roofs supported by pillars. Over the whole, on the top of the tower, was an observatory, by the benefit of which the Babylonians became more expert in astronomy than all other nations, and made, in a short time, the great progress in it ascribed to them in history.

But the chief use to which this tower was designed, was the worship of the god Belus or Baal, as also that of several other deities; for which reason there was a multitude of chapels in different parts of the tower. The riches of this temple in statues, tables, censers, cups, and other sacred vessels, all of massy gold, were immense. Among other images, there was one forty feet high, which weighed one thousand Babylonish talents. The Babylonish talent, according to Pollox in his *Onomasticon*, contained seven thousand Attic drachmas, and consequently was a sixth part more than the Attic talent, which contains but six thousand drachmas.

Such were the chief works which renders Babylon so famous. The greater part of them are ascribed by profane authors to Semiramis, to whose history it is now time to return.

Such was the majestic Babylon, the glory of Chaldean's excellency. It lifted its towery head in proud defiance, and girt with its mighty walls, and thronged with its myriad inhabitants,

\* Herod. l. i. c. 181. Diod. l. ii. p. 98. Strab. l. xxi. p. 738.

† Phal. part. l. l. i. c. 9.

it vainly gloried—"I shall be a lady forever; I am, and none else beside me. I shall not set as a widow, neither shall I know the loss of children."

## PROPHECY CONCERNING BABYLON.

"Babylon is fallen—is fallen; and all the graven images of her he hath broken unto the ground," Isa. 21: 9. Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed. Howl for her, take balm for her pain, if so be she may be healed.

**THE MAN.**—"Thus saith the Lord to his anointed Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places."—Isa., 45: 1-3.

**THE NATIONS.**—"Go up, O Elam (Persia), besiege, O Media," Isa., 21: 2. "Make bright the arrows, gather the shields; the Lord hath raised up the spirit of the king of the Medes, for his device is against Babylon to destroy it."—Jer., 51: 11.

"Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni and Ashchenaz."—Jer., 51: 27.

**THE MANNER.**—"The mighty men of Babylon have foreborne to fight; they have remained in their holds; their might hath failed; they became as women."—Jer., 51: 30.

**SHOULD BE TAKEN AT THE TIME OF A FEAST.**—"I have laid a snare for thee, and thou art also taken, O Babylon, and thou wast not aware: thou art found and also caught, because thou hast striven against the Lord."—Jer., 50: 24.

"And I will make drunk her princes, and her wise men, her captains, and her rulers, and her mighty men, and they shall sleep a perpetual sleep, and not wake, saith the king, whose name is the Lord of hosts."—Jer., 51: 57.

**THE TIME.**—"These nations (that is the Jews and neighboring captive nations) shall serve the King of Babylon seventy years; and it shall come to pass when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the King of Babylon and that nation, saith the Lord."—Jer., 25: 11.

## SIEGE OF BABYLON.

There stood the vast city of Babylon, rising in mountain gorgeousness and strength above the plain, defying alike the tooth of time and the strength of armies, while the nations bowed submissive to her warlike chieftain. But upon the blazing summit of its pride and glory, the prophetic finger wrote—defeat, ruin; wrote this seventy years before any foe menaced it. And let history tell the sequel.

According to the prediction, various nations allied to the Medes and Persians set down in battle array before the walls of Babylon. But better let Xenophon speak:

As soon as Cyrus saw that the ditch, which they had long worked upon, was finished, he began to think seriously upon the execution of his vast design, which as yet he had communicated to nobody. Providence soon furnished him with as fit an opportunity for this purpose as he could desire. He was informed that in the city a great festival was to be celebrated; and that Babylonians on occasion of that solemnity, were accustomed to pass the whole night in drinking and debauchery.

Belshazzar himself was more concerned in this public rejoicing than any other,\* and gave a magnificent entertainment to the chief officers of the kingdom, and the ladies of the court. When flushed with wine, he ordered the gold and silver vessels, which had been taken from the temple of Jerusalem to be brought out; and, as an insult upon the God of Israel, he, his whole court, and all his concubines, drank out of these vessels. God, who was provoked at such insolence and impiety, at the same instant made him sensible who it was that he affronted, by a sudden apparition of a hand, writing certain characters upon the wall. The king, terribly surprised and frightened at the vision, immediately sent for all his wise men, his divines, and astrologers, that they might read the writing to him, and explain the meaning of it. But they all came in vain, not one of them being able to expound the matter, or even to read the characters.† It is probably in relation to this occurrence, that Isaiah, after having foretold to Babylon that she shall be overwhelmed with calamities which she did not expect, adds: “Stand now with these enchantments, and with the multitude of the sorceries. Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee.”—*Isa. xlvi.* 12, 13.

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\* Dan. v. 1—29.

† The reason why they could not read this sentence was, that it was written in Hebrew letters, which are now called the Samaritan characters, and which the Babylonians did not understand.

The queen-mother, (Nitocris, a princess of great merit,) coming upon the noise of this great prodigy into the banqueting-room, endeavored to compose the mind of the king, her son, advising him to send for Daniel, with whose abilities in such matters she was well acquainted, and whom she had always employed in the government of the State.

Daniel was, therefore, immediately sent for, and spoke to the king with a freedom and liberty becoming a prophet. He put him in mind of the dreadful manner in which God had punished the pride of his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar, and the flagrant abuse he made of his power, \* when he acknowledged no law but his own will, and thought himself empowered to exalt and abuse, to inflict destruction and death wheresoever he would, only because such was his will and pleasure. "And thou his son," says he to the king, "hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knowest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou has praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God, in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from him, and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written, † MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. ‡ This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE, God had numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting; PERES, thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." This interpretation, one would think, should have aggravated the consternation of the company; but they found means to dispel their fears, probably upon a persuasion, that the calamity was not denounced as present or immediate, and that time might furnish them with expedients to avert it. This, however, is certain, that for fear of disturbing the general joy of the present festival, they put off the discussion of serious matters to another time, and sat down again to their banquet, and continued their revelings to a very late hour.

Cyrus, || in the mean time, well informed of the confusion that was generally occasioned by this festival, both in the palace and the city, had posted a part of his troops on that side where the river entered into the city, and another part on that side where it went out; and had commanded them to enter the city that very night, by marching along the channel of the river, as soon as ever

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\* Whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down.—Dan. v. 19.

† These words signify—*number, weight, division.*

‡ Or PERES.

|| Cyrop. l. vii. p. 189, 192.

they found it fordable. Having given all necessary orders, and exhorted his officers to follow him, by representing to them that he marched under the guidance of the gods; in the evening he made them open the great receptacles, or ditches, on both sides the city, above and below, that the water of the river might run into them. By this means the Euphrates was quickly emptied, and its channel became dry. Then the two forementioned bodies of troops, according to their orders, went into the channel—the one commanded by Gobryas, and the other by Gadatas—and advanced without meeting any obstacle. The invisible guide, who had promised to open all the gates to Cyrus, made the general negligence and disorder of that riotous night subservient to his design, by leaving open the gates of brass, which were made to shut up the descents from the quays to the river, and which alone, if they had not been left open, were sufficient to have defeated the whole enterprise. Thus did these two bodies of troops penetrate into the very heart of the city without any opposition, and meeting together at the royal palace, according to their agreement, surprised the guards, and cut them to pieces. Some of the company that were within the palace opening the doors to know what noise it was they heard without, the soldiers rushed in, and quickly made themselves masters of it; and meeting the king, who came up to them, sword in hand, at the head of those that were in the way to succor him, they killed him, and put all those that attended him to the sword. The first thing the conquerors did afterwards, was to thank the gods for having at least punished that impious king. These words are Xenophon's, and are very worthy of attention, as they so perfectly agree with what the Scriptures have recorded of the impious Belshazzar.

The taking of Babylon put an end to the Babylonian empire, after a duration of 210 years from the beginning of the reign of Nabonassar. Thus was the power of that proud city abolished just fifty years after she had destroyed the city of Jerusalem and her temple. And herein were accomplished those predictions, which the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel had denounced against her, and of which we have already given a particular account. There is still one more, the most important and the most incredible of them all, and yet the Scripture has set it down in the strongest terms, and marked it out with the greatest exactness; a prediction literally fulfilled in all its points; the proof of which still actually subsists, is the most easy to be verified, and indeed of a nature not to be contested. What I mean is the prediction of so total and absolute a ruin of Babylon, that not the least remains or traces should be left of it. I think it may not be improper to give an account of the perfect accomplishment of this famous prophecy, before we proceed to speak of what followed the taking of Babylon.

Here we close the first part of this literal and most minute fulfillment of prophecy. The records of history are the imperishable and impartial witnesses of the verity of God's book, and the certain fulfillment of all Jehovah has spoken. We will next introduce the utter ruin of Babylon, as predicted and fulfilled.

S. H. F.

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## Family Visitant.

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[For the Christian Repository.]

### LYDIA; OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

#### CHAP. II.—CHURCH MEETING.

THE news of Mr. Anderson's meeting and baptizing spread like wild-fire through the community. Every body was agog to hear and know all about it. The doctrine was declared by many, even by some Baptists, to be just the thing; so liberal and so consonant with the manifest teachings of the Bible—the broad platform on which all Christians should unite. Surely the millennial era had dawned upon the world! The sword was now to be beaten into the plow-share and the spear into the pruning hook, and Christian was to learn war against Christian no more.

Old women discussed the subject as they walked in their gardens to view the fresh-made flower-beds and the peeping heads of the early spring vegetables. Neighbor hailed neighbor by the road-side, and argued the system and its results, as he leaned on the handle of his plow. Youths and maidens gave their opinions, likes, and dislikes, with as much interest and reliance on their own respective views as did any of the older and wiser heads.

But at no point throughout the whole agitated region were there more frequent and more violent disputes on the wonderful preacher and his new doctrine, than at the "Old Academy." Many of the pupils, both boys and girls, took sides with Lydia Lovelace, who was now the advocate and bold defender of the



new system. Others holding on to the faith of their forefathers, rallied round the young man who became the champion of the old landmarks. Disputation ran high; party feeling became more and more intense. The line of separation became more and more distinct. The "old governor" alone remained neutral. Neither dared appeal to him, for fear he might decide in favor of his opponent.

The week passed on 'mid excitement and discussion. Saturday came; the church met agreeable to appointment. There was an unusually large attendance. Intimations of what might be expected had been bruited about through the neighborhood, and every body was on the tip-toe of expectancy to see what would be the result. All the old brethren of influence were present. There was but one vacant seat. Old Bro. Deacon Hays, a worthy patriarch of three-score-and-ten, was now lying on a bed of lingering langour. He was a man of great influence in the church. Possessed of sound judgment, characterized by deep piety, always ready to aid by good words and works the cause of his blessed Redeemer, and withal quiet and unobtrusive, he wielded a power for good which was felt by each individual member, both black and white. Only twice during the last thirty years had his seat been as now—vacant. Once the hand of sickness, as now, lay heavy upon him, and once he had followed, with sorrowing heart, the remains of his earthly companion to the grave. His absence was felt by all. He had so long decided all matters of differences; had so long been regarded as the final umpire in all questions of dispute, that the brethren felt they could scarcely decide a difficult question without his advice. He was a man of peace and of principle, and his desire to do justice was so apparent, and his judgment so reliable, that there was always full acquiescence in his decisions. He was truly a "peace maker" in the church and in the neighborhood.

Either intentionally or unintentionally, the two brethren—Mason and Jones—who had taken issue in the new preacher's sermon, were seated on opposite sides of the house, near the pulpit. This, too, was unusual. Generally, these two brethren sat along side of each other, in front of the pulpit. To the brethren and sisters, whose ears rumor had regaled through the week, this

fact seemed rather significant. Mr. Anderson, the new preacher, was present; and though not seated by Brother Mason, he was on that side of the house, and withal looked quite complacent. Beside him was Mr. Lovelace.

There was considerable excitement apparent, notwithstanding all present seemed evidently desirous to appear cool. It was that state of high expectancy which manifests itself in men's looks and actions, bridle their tongues as they may. Significant glances were exchanged among the old sisters, nods and winks given, and now and then, two bolder than the rest ventured on the exchange of words.

The new preacher sat a silent, but minute observer of all these things.

Finally the dear old man, Bro. Wilson, who had broken to these people the bread of life for the last twelve years, came in and took his accustomed seat in a chair beside the table.

The meeting was opened with singing. During the song the old man scrutinized the audience very attentively. His eye rested on the new preacher—it was but for a moment. He read the facts instantly.

When the song was almost sung, there was a general turning of eyes towards the pastor.

“Will he invite the new preacher to pray?” was the question that started to the mind of each, and for a solution of it they directed their attention to the old man.

“Let us pray,” he said, as the last words of the hymn died out; and lifting up his hands towards heaven as if to call a blessing down upon those assembled, he poured forth his soul in supplication for the peace and prosperity of Zion.

“Let peace be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces. Let no alien intrude within her sacred bulwarks to sow discord and strife. But may thine honor dwell here, O Lord, forever and ever. Amen.”

When the pastor ceased, all eyes were directed to the new preacher. He sat perfectly imperturbable. If any disappointed expectations moved the inner man, they did not disturb the outer.

Business commenced. The fellowship of the church was enquired for.

Bro. Jones arose, and after some hesitation remarked, "That whereas Bro. James Lovelace has seen fit to unite with another people calling themselves a Church of Christ, and has, by that act, virtually said that he no longer has fellowship with this church, I, therefore, move that he be expelled from our body."

The motion was instantly seconded, and the question was then declared open for discussion.

No one rose to speak.

After waiting a short time the Moderator put the question, and the motion carried. There was no opposition.

It was customary on the exclusion of a member for old Bro. Wilson to make such comments as the occasion suggested, but now not a word was spoken.

"Is there any other business before us, brethren?" said the old man, rising from his seat and stroking back the thin gray locks from his forehead.

No one answered.

At length Bro. Mason rose from his seat, and, addressing the Moderator, requested that the use of the house be granted to Bro. Anderson two Sundays in the month for the purpose of preaching. "I think, brethren," he added, "that this is nothing but what Christian courtesy demands at our hands. There are two Sundays each month that our house is unoccupied, and on these two days we have no preaching in our neighborhood. I can see no objection to our brother having the use of the house these two Sundays, that he may preach the gospel to us."

He had scarcely taken his seat before a young man on the seat next him rose and seconded the motion.

Evidently, every member present was on the alert. Anderson remained unmoved, a silent and seemingly indifferent spectator of the proceedings.

"The question is open for discussion, brethren," said the Moderator. "Has any one anything to say? Shall Mr. Anderson have our house two Sundays in the month for the purpose of preaching? If any brother present has anything to remark on this question, I hope he will rise and do so."

The Moderator had scarcely reached his chair, before a young brother arose and said:

"Bro. Moderator, permit me to say to you, sir, that I see in this move of the brother's, trouble and discord to this body. It is the introduction into our midst of that which will be our overthrow, if this motion carries. I will not argue this point at length, but refer you, Bro. Moderator, and those present, to the sad condition of many of our churches in a sister State, which have been dismembered by pursuing the course now recommended to us by the brother. We are at peace and are moving on harmoniously. Let us beware how we introduce into our midst that which will spring up and develop under our fostering care until it shall become a strong man, when it will turn again and rend us. I, for one, am opposed to this motion, and hope it will not carry."

The young man who had seconded the motion, rose to speak. He denounced in heated terms sectarianism, and besought the brethren to come back to the broad and simple platform of the ancient disciples. "Let us no longer be bound by the trammels of human inventions, my brethren, but let us throw off all these shackles and fetters, and, like freemen, whom Christ himself has made free, let us, with the apostles and primitive Christians, plant our feet on the broad platform of the Bible, and taking this, and this alone for our guide, let us cast away from us all creeds and confessions of faith which are the work of men. I move not only that we grant this brother the use of our house as requested, but that we extend to him the hand of Christian fellowship, and welcome him to our bosoms as one who can pray in sincerity and truth, that glorious prayer of our blessed Saviour: 'Father, that they all may be one, even as we are one.'"

"The young brother has spoken out my feelings, fully," said Bro. Mason. "I do think it is high time that we had thrown our creeds and confessions to the bats and moles. They are the fences which keep Christians apart. Break them down, and then we shall have a fulfillment of that blessed prayer of our Lord and Master which Bro. Dale has just quoted. We will all have to come to this, brethren, sooner or later. Christ, our Master, did not pray in vain. We will all be one, just as he asked of his father. And this can only be done by taking the word of God for our guide. We will have to come to this sooner or later."

"We take the Bible now, Bro. Moderator, as the man of our

counsel," spoke out Bro. Jones. "Bro. Mason makes a great mistake if he thinks we do not."

"This church, Bro. Moderator, takes the Philadelphia Confession of Faith. I was in the constitution of this church, and its teachings are spread out on our church-book as our articles of faith. Why not take the Bible."

"I would say, Brother Moderator, that this church does take the Bible as the man of her counsel and the guide of her conduct," interrupted Bro. Jones. "And it seems to me, sir, that the brother does not understand what he is talking about when he says that we will have to come back to the Bible. We have never departed from the Bible. Its doctrines are the doctrines of this church. Its precepts are here inculcated, and its hopes and promises are dear to us. We do take the Bible and the Bible alone. We stand on this broad platform and no other. And it does appear to me, Brother Moderator, when a man talks about throwing away all creeds and coming to the Bible, he does not understand what he is talking about. I contend, sir, that I believe the Bible as much as our brother who has just spoken, as much as the gentleman present, as much as any man. And here are our brethren and sisters present who do the same. If we all believe that blessed book teaches such and such doctrines, and not their opposites, why not, sir, embody that belief in writing, such that all can understand, that we may know whether we be agreed. This gentlemen present, and all who believe as he does, must have a creed; whether or not it be written, it is still a creed. Each one must know what he himself believes, and what the others believe, before they can tell whether they are agreed, and in spite of themselves they must have articles of faith. I don't care whether they commit them to paper, or only write them on the tables of their minds, they are articles of faith or belief."

"Bro. Moderator."

"Bro. Mason."

"Suppose we admit all the brother has said, what reason is this why we should not let this brother present, and those who have united with him, have the use of our house the two days it is idle."

"I will tell the brother why, Bro. Moderator," replied Bro.

"I look upon it as the entering wedge of great trouble. It is merely a stratagem to throw us off our guard, and when the enemy has succeeded in doing this, then he will rally his forces and overthrow us. I regard it—"

"The brother is mistaken," interrupted Bro. Mason. "There is no such intention."

"I look upon it in this light, and I do not think I am deceived."

"But you are deceived."

"Order, order, brethren," spoke out the Moderator, pounding the table.

Everybody present was wrought up to the highest degree of excitement. It was evident, that, during the discussion, two parties had been formed, and there now existed the strongest party feeling.

"Question, question," came from the Mason party.

Order was somewhat restored and the vote taken.

"Thirteen in favor of the question—a large majority against it."

The minority rebelled. Bro. Anderson rose to make a word of explanation. He was declared out of order. Mason and his party considered themselves insulted, and, declaring their intention to withdraw from the church, rose and left. Charges were preferred against them, and the matter was laid over until the next regular meeting.

The dear old pastor spoke with deep feeling of the most unfortunate difficulty in their midst, and earnestly besought that God in his infinite wisdom would overrule the matter to the honor and glory of his name. Then recommending the church to the care and guidance of God, they adjourned until their next regular meeting day.

Thus into this church, which, until now, had never known aught but peace and prosperity, were introduced the seeds of discord and strife. How many churches throughout our western country have been as this church, rent and broken by the enemy of Christ's kingdom transforming himself into an angel of light, thereby deceiving men and leading them from the path of true godliness. Some of us can well remember the schisms, feuds, and divisions introduced into Baptist churches by men ambitious of distinction, desiring their own praise rather than the glory of

God. How seduouly should Christians and churches guard against the slightest departure from the teachings of God's holy word, lest at any time they receive for doctrine the commandments of men.

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### CHAPTER III.—THE PARTING.

It was a soft, sweet evening in May. The sun, which, through the day, had warmed to life all nature, dressing it in robes of radiant beauty, was now descending the western horizon, leaving in his train a flood of golden glory,—a retinue more gorgeous far, than earthly monarch ere could boast. The evening wind swept lovingly over the swaying bosom of the prairie and through the laughing leaves of the forest. Lambs sported on the meadow sides, and browsing cattle ruminated over the green pastures. The song of the plowman, and the trill of the chirping bird, mingled in happy chorus with the great pean of nature. It was a scene of ineffable loveliness.

Beneath an old oak tree, whose centennial trunk bore high-upreared a wilderness of soft green leaves, there sat, in all the thrilling rapture of first love, two youthful hearts beating with the ecstatic joy of mutual hope and confidence. They were Lydia Lovelace and William Norton. The evening wind had quietly swept back from the rounded brow the soft dark hair of the maiden. The rose-tint was on her cheek, for her heart beat quick and strong. It was moved by love. Her fingers toyed with a rose which had fallen from her hair into her lap.

The youth beside her was tall and manly. His large brown eyes beamed with the light of intelligence. The light of love also dwelt therein. His open, broad brow, from which was thrown back his rich auburn hair, bespoke depth and comprehensiveness of thought, and his mouth told of decision and energy. His whole physiognomy was indicative of strength and purpose. He was yet young, not having reached his majority by several months. He was the son of a widow, and an only child. His father, an intelligent farmer, had died when the son was only twelve years of age. Since that time he had been taught to regard himself as his mother's guardian and protector, and this had

had a most happy effect in developing that manliness and self-reliance which had eminently characterized him from his childhood.

There was a pause in the conversation. William looked sad and restless. It was evident that something he fain would hide, and yet cannot, was preying on his mind. Lydia observed his agitation, and her color heightened every moment. A dread of some painful intelligence seized her mind, and thoughts wild and fast came thronging through her brain. She longed to read William's heart, but she could not. Her fingers still toyed with the rosebud, and her downcast eyes rested listlessly on the flower.

William looked at her long and earnestly. There was a degree of sadness mingled with the intensity of his expression. He endeavored to make a few light cursory remarks about the rose, but his stammering words and want of point only betrayed the more, his deep feeling.

"I must tell you, Lydia," he suddenly exclaimed, seizing her hand, "although it almost breaks my heart to speak the words. I am going away from you, Lydia, to be gone three years."

Her hand let fall the rose. Like one seized with sudden dread, she looked up in his face. Her cheek, but a moment before so rich in roseate bloom, was now blanched to marble. She fixed her eyes upon William, but spoke not. She could not trust herself with words.

"It is a great trial to me, Lydia, but my mother thinks it is best. So do all my friends. But I shall never forget you, Lydia, never. However distant I may be, and if years should intervene before we meet again, I will always cherish your image in my heart of hearts, as more precious to me than all the world beside. You do not doubt me, do you, Lydia?"

"No, William," she answered with child-like simplicity. "I do not doubt your love for me. I know you are true, but three years are a long time, William. We cannot tell what may take place before we meet again."

"But this we know, Lydia, let come what may, we will always love each other. Nothing shall ever interrupt this love. You will ever be faithful to me, Lydia, won't you?" he asked with deep earnestness."



"Yes, William," she answered, as tears gushed from her eyes and chased each other down her sorrowful face. "I will never forget you."

He pressed her hand with fervor, and smiled. "And you will write to me, Lydia, when I am far away. My mother is growing old now, and cannot write much. Won't you promise to write me in her stead?"

She bowed assent.

"But you have not told me, William, where you are going. I know you have been speaking for sometime of leaving home for college. Where have you decided to go?"

"I have decided upon Brown University as the most desirable eastern institution. My father was educated there, and my uncle Henry gives it the preference over all others."

"And when will you leave, William?" she asked, falteringly, while the tears flowed afresh at the thought of his going so far away.

"I shall go in a few days, Lydia. My arrangements are almost completed. Uncle Henry and his wife are going with me. You have heard me speak of my aunt Mary, who lives in New York. He is going to visit her, and he will spend the summer at Cape May for the benefit of his wife's health."

"But why do you go now, William? Is not the vacation near at hand? Why do you not wait until the fall term opens?"

"Mother and Dr. Harlow both think it will be better for me to pass a few months in traveling. You know my health has been very much worn down by study the last year. I am going to spend the summer in visiting some relations I have in Virginia and Delaware, and I hope when the time comes to enter college, I shall be stout and well."

"And will you not come home, William, until the three years are gone?"

"I do not think I shall, Lydia. It is such a long journey, that Uncle Henry thinks it will be best for me to spend my vacations at Newport."

"But what does your mother say, William? Can she consent for you to be so long absent from her?"

"You know, Lydia, she is governed in all these things by my

uncle. She depends upon his superior judgment in all such matters. She is going to give up her house and farm and live with him when I am gone. She will be very near to you; will you not go to see her often, Lydia, for my sake?"

"I will, William," she answered frankly.

"She knows of our engagement, Lydia, and approves of it. She already regards you as a daughter. Will you not be one to her?"

"I will do all I can for her happiness and comfort, William, for your sake."

She paused a moment and looked at him as if desiring to speak. Yet she hesitated. Her color came and went with the depth of her emotion. At length, fixing upon him a look of deep meaning, she said:

"William, I have one request to make of you before you go. Will you grant it me, William?"

"I will do anything for you, Lydia, that is reasonable, but I must know what it is before I promise. You know that I am conscientious, and would not like to break a good promise or keep a bad one. You must tell me what it is you ask me to do before I can answer."

She looked at him steadfastly, while her lips quivered with emotion. She brushed away the fast falling tears and attempted to speak. For a moment she could not. But choking down her feelings, and summoning to her aid all the purpose of her nature, she at length said:

"William, I want you to promise me you will join the church and be baptized."

Her voice was tremulous. Her face flushed, and marked agitation pervaded her whole frame as she uttered this heart-felt request. Her eyes rested upon him, and the expression was one of anxious inquiry.

"Oh, this is it," he replied quickly yet tenderly. "Why, Lydia, I am not fit to join the church."

"Talk not so, William. It is your duty to confess the Lord Jesus Christ, and follow him in his own appointed ordinance of baptism."

She felt so deeply,—her voice and manner were so full of solici-

tude, that the light remark he was about to utter died away on his tongue, and, putting his arm around her, he said in the kindest manner :

“ Suppose, my dear Lydia, that I do not feel it is my duty to do this, should I then promise ? ”

“ Why, William, don't you feel that you ought to obey Christ ? ”

“ Certainly I do, Lydia. I believe he is the son of God and died for the sins of the world, and that it is my duty to love and obey him. The Bible teaches me this, and I cannot doubt the Bible.”

“ Why, then, won't you do your duty, William ? Why won't you be baptized ? ”

“ Because I do not see that I have any right to be baptized. This is my only reason.”

“ Don't you believe, William, that Christ is the Son of the living God ? You certainly do.”

“ Most assuredly I believe this.”

“ And are you afraid to confess it to the world ; to acknowledge him before men ? ”

“ No, Lydia, I am not. I am perfectly willing that all men should know that this is my belief.”

“ Why, then, don't you come out and make this good confession, and be baptized for the remission of your sins as he has commanded ? ”

“ Because, my dear girl, I think something more is necessary. You know mother is a real sound Baptist, and she has always taught me that my heart must be changed ; that I must have the spirit of Christ ; that I ‘ must be born again ’ as Christ himself said to the Jewish ruler.”

“ My father once believed all this, William, and so did I, but he has found out that he did not follow the simple teachings of the Bible. It says “ repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the spirit of the Holy Ghost.”

“ Yes, Lydia, that is true, but I have not repented.”

“ Why, William, don't you feel sorry that you have sinned against God ? ”

“ Yes, I am sorry, but it is not a godly sorrow for sin. I feel

that my heart has not been changed, and I cannot join the church, Lydia, until I believe I am a Christian."

"But you cannot be a Christian until you follow Christ in baptism, William."

"Who told you so, Lydia, my dear girl; do not suffer yourself to be deceived?"

"Bro. Anderson said so repeatedly while he was with us, and I think it is true."

"Lydia, my dear girl, I am afraid you are too enthusiastic. Don't let this Bro. Anderson run you wild with your religious views. I cannot see the matter as he does. I believe a change of heart, effected by the holy spirit, is necessary before a man or woman has a right to join the church. You and I differ in this point, but we will not disagree. We will not discuss the subject now, but give our time to other thoughts."

"But you will promise me, William, to study this matter seriously, and if you are convinced that it is your duty to be baptized, you will do it."

"Yes, my dear girl, I will most cheerfully make you this promise. Bro. Anderson's religion is a very easy one if one can but make up his mind to fall in with it, and I am not prepared to do this just now. When I am gone, Lydia, will you not sometimes come out beneath this old oak tree in remembrance of this evening? I may not see you again before I leave. Business compels me to go to D—— to-morrow, and I may not return until the following day. The day after that we shall be off. I will try to get back on Wednesday in time to call over and see you. But if I should not, Lydia, take this and wear it for my sake."

So saying, he placed on her finger a heavy gold ring. Within were the initials of the two names, with an appropriate motto. Then bending over her he kissed her tenderly. The two arose and walked towards the house. They spoke not as they passed along. Their hearts were too full for words.

William bade the family farewell, and, mounting his horse, was soon out of sight. Lydia walked into the garden to prevent a betrayal of her emotion. Her young susceptible heart was almost breaking with sorrow. She sat down on a little mound near a favorite white rose-bush, whose pearly buds were just ready

to open into rich, ripe bloom, and wept bitterly. Oh, how dark the world was to her troubled heart. She gazed upon the ring, kissed it, and sobbed aloud.

There she sat, in all the indifference of sorrowing love; heedless of all outer-world affairs, until the shades of twilight wrapped themselves around her bowed form. The voice of little Sarah calling her to supper aroused her from her dreamy sorrow.

*(To be Continued.)*

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[For the Christian Repository.]  
CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

NO. I.—AMIABILITY.

THERE is no word more misapplied than amiability, nor any ingredient of our happiness so lightly considered, and yet so all-important as temper; which, though very much kept out of view, exercises so strong an influence over the trivial occurrences which make up the amount of life's enjoyment.

Amiability is usually applied to such as are of an equable temperament, whose resentments are not easily excited, nor, when aroused, violently expressed. But though we might congratulate the possessors of such dispositions, we could not applaud them for the exercise of a virtue in merely following the natural bias of temper. Besides, there is a true saying, "Beware of the fury of a patient man;" those smooth and quiet tempers are able to cherish a concentrated venomous feeling, which is anything but amiable, and perhaps wounds the deeper that it is expressed in cold and measured terms.

There is another class, who are generally called passionate, good-hearted people. These are the volcanoes and whirlwinds of the domestic world, and because after they have outraged the feelings of friends, inflicted violence and injustice upon their unhappy dependents, they condescend, when reason returns, to feel, perhaps confess a late regret, they are termed good-hearted. Miserable they, who share the goodness of such a heart.

Others there are, who have been aptly likened to the continual

dropping of rain ; their ill temper does not vent itself in any one act of violence, but oozes out in perpetual peevishness. But many are the shapes that ill temper assumes, and all dismal. By indulging in asperity of speech in trifling matters, we discover and aggravate ill temper. We would often excuse ourselves by urging that it is only our way and manner, but that which renders another uneasy, even for an instant, is an evil way. Neither is the assertion strictly true, "The manner of the moment is the feeling of the moment." Away, then, with this insufficient plea ; amend the temper, and the manner will be softened ; cherish the spirit of gentleness, and kind words and a gentle demeanor will necessarily follow.

The various cross accidents of life, and the petty vexations to which every one is exposed, occasion a constant demand upon the temper, and he who would pass usefully and pleasantly through the world, must acquire some government over his passions ; for an unstable man, like a city without a wall, is at the mercy of fools and children ; or like a helmless vessel, the sport of every passing wind. Our path is often rugged ; sometimes so beset with difficulties that it is narrow too ; some walk alone ; some, surrounded with helpless beings, whose presence is at once their joy and their anxiety ; while a few seem to bound through life, so even is their course ; but all are naturally dependent for kindness. Every one needs the cheering influence of good temper—the charm of a soft answer. How are the perplexities of business increased by the indulgence of unconciliatory dispositions. How many feuds and litigations arise from an easily offended spirit, or for the want of a few calm words.

But it is in domestic life—man's last, holiest sanctuary, where, frightened from a selfish, clashing world, peace would seek an asylum—that temper would seem the dispenser of good or evil. Wearied, baffled, wronged, and chagrined abroad, we may find consolation in the charities of home. There we are sure of sympathy ; there is faith unswerving ; there the welcoming hand, the listening ear ; but let us beware that we introduce not evil temper within its sacred precincts, lest we excite terror instead of confidence, and find forced submission instead of sympathizing affection. Who has not painfully felt the influence of ill temper over

his home enjoyments? How many a gloomy hour, a clouded brow, and silent meal, perhaps unkind word, may be traced to this prolific source of unhappiness? How frequently, under its evil, perverse sway, do we wound the heart we love? What bitter accents does passion prompt, whose import we would fain recall, but like water poured upon the earth, they may not be gathered up? And how often do the looks of our friends, the fearful obedience of our menials, and even the monitor within, ask us—“Dost thou well to be angry?”

This one defect will cloud the brightest qualities. The gift of genius, the pride of integrity, linked with unamiable qualities, may win distant admiration, but cannot secure the love of those around us; and where is the heart that is content with cold applause—that seeks not some object on which to repose its tenderness?

Worse than vain, to all religious profession, where the temper is unrestrained. Empty and unacceptable the most splendid offering, if on the altar of sacrifice we have not laid the spirit of anger; for surely the first step towards the *source* of benevolence, must be the cultivation of *his* spirit.

Pernicious as all will readily allow the effects of ill temper to be, to restrain and subdue it needs no common effort—is no light task. Most other errors steal upon us gradually—we have a little time to fortify our hearts; but this, as it were, takes us by surprise; hence the necessity of resolute vigilance. “Greater is he that ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city.” Greater, indeed, inasmuch as the concerns of the moral outweigh in importance the revolutions of the physical world. The spheres which roll around us in such order and majesty, how almighty the design and power that appointed their mysterious course! These material existences obey the laws of their divine mover, and are subject to no erratic influence. “The stars stand in their courses, and none ever fail in their watches.”

But who shall govern the tumultuous spirit? What laws circumscribe its wanderings? With every promised aid from heaven, how difficult for man, even in one particular, to rule his passions! Yet, arduous as the performance of this duty may be, it must be attempted, not only to secure our present happiness, but to war-

rant a hope of future felicity. And who is willing to forego this hope? Not the most debased of men. It is twisted around our heart-strings. Among all the pollutions of guilt, or the entanglements of earthly cares, there are moments when the soul, conscious of its destiny, aspires, though feebly, towards its native heaven. But how shall an envious, revengeful, violent spirit, enter the abode whose very atmosphere, we are taught, is composed of serenity, purity, and love.

Shall the unmerciful find welcome at the throne of the merciful? Can the violent stand before him whose appellation is the Prince of Peace—whose last precious gift to man was PEACE?

Let us not, then, be deceived, nor think slightly of that which is so intimately connected with our well-being. In the temper that we allowedly live we shall probably die; and we have no reason to believe that the seal which death shall stamp upon our characters will be effaced, even by the hand of Omnipotence.

NEW LIBERTY, KY., JAN., 1859.

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### MY FATHER'S WILL.

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I have lately come into the possession of an inheritance. It was left me by my father in his will. My father is in a far distant country. I am every day hastening towards this glorious home where my father is. I say glorious home; and so it is. I have not seen it yet, but my father has said it, and I believe. The walls are of precious stones, and the gates thereof are of pearl, and the streets of pure gold. Sometimes, in thinking of this home, I grow almost impatient because I am so long a sojourner here. But I must wait patiently for my father to send for me. He doeth all things well. When all things are ready—when the glorious mansion, which he has gone to prepare for me, is complete, then he will send for me. I shall then go to be with him forever.

I have never seen my father; but I know he is my father. I know it from several reasons. And the bestowal of this last estate, into the possession of which I have so recently entered, is unmistakeable evidence of it. If I had doubted it before, I could



not now. To do so would be to doubt my father's word, and my father never lies. With him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. All of his words are, "Yea and Amen."

I have often wondered why my father left such an estate as this to his children,—have tried again and again to solve this question. And after all my endeavors I can only conclude, "Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in thy sight." My father no doubt knows that it is necessary for his children that they have this inheritance, and therefore before he left this exile world, he sealed it up as a part of his will and testament to them. It is needful for their good here, and for a full preparation for entering in upon that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. My father has sufficient reasons for all he does. He is infinite in justice, wisdom, and love.

Before my father departed to go into the far country where he now is, he willed to me, his child, several estates, various in character and value; and the parchments on which these last testaments were written were sealed up with different colored seals, each seal indicative of the character of the estate the parchment bestowed. I have examined each roll and seal closely, and I find they all bear the impress of my father's seal of state. I cannot be mistaken about this. My father is too wise and just to leave his children in the least uncertainty with regard to anything he would have them know.

My father has not only left these various inheritances, but he has also wisely ordered the times at which I shall enter into their possession. But these times, in his wisdom and love, he has kept hidden from my view.

Many of the parchment-rolls, with their respective colored seals, have been opened, and I have immediately entered upon the possession of the estates they have conferred on me. And they have been pleasant inheritances—goodly lands, flowing with milk and honey. No nectar, no ambrosia, could equal the glorious repasts which I have enjoyed from my father's liberal hand. My father has been very kind to me. I have often thought he favored me above most of his children. True, my possessions have not been large, compared with the standard of this world, but then there has always been such glorious sunshine on my estates—such sweet

music ever sounding in my ears, and such glad, happy faces always around me, my cup of joy has been full. I have tried to feel very thankful for all these blessed gifts, and while I was in the enjoyment of them, I thought I was grateful. Alas! alas! what gratitude!

In the archives of my father's house, where his wills of his children are kept, I have often seen one marked for me, and sealed with a black seal. It bore his signet, therefore I could not but know it was genuine. As I have said, I have often seen it among the deeds of other estates. I never liked to look at it, or think upon it, and somehow I always hoped that *perhaps* my father would never have it opened. I know the title was to an estate in the valley of Baca. I knew, too, this valley of Baca was a destitute region, a land of bitterness and drought. I had read of it, and I had seen some of my father's children who had been on their estates in this valley.

I often wondered if my father would ever bid me go and dwell there. I know he was all love, and as he had always been so lavish in his blessings to me, I have concluded he intended to spare me this great trial. Blind I was, and slow of heart to believe. Had it not been told me I always should look from the prospect, and have often prayed, "if it be possible, Father, let this cup pass from me."

Sometimes I have feared this black seal would be broken, and then I have been filled with dreadful apprehension. Then I shuddered, and drew back from the prospect. My faith grew faint, my heart chill, and I was almost ready to doubt all good. But knowing that my father, though unseen by me, could hear my petition, I have gone away alone and besought my father to spare me this trial. Sometimes, again, when I have been in the happy possession of my goodly heritages, I have felt that my father was too merciful ever to command me or his agents to break that black-seal roll. I know he was a kind father, and would not *willingly* afflict me. And I could see no reason why I should ever dwell in the valley of Baca. Was I not my father's obedient child?

Thus flattering myself, I had ceased to dread the opening of

the black-seal parchment roll. Indeed, I had almost forgotten that it was among my father's testaments to me.

But my father is never mistaken with regard to the good of his children. He knows all things—sees the end from the beginning. He well knew, long before I was a pilgrim, what would be needful for me in this country where I now sojourn; therefore he left this dreaded will. And he knew, too, just when it was best for me it should be opened, and long ago he gave his agent direction concerning it. But I did not know it. I had not watched and prayed as my father had commanded, else might I have known more of his will concerning me. And then I should not have been so distressed when this seal was broken.

I have been dwelling for some months in this valley of Baca—this land of bitterness.

But I must tell you something of my removal thither. I was in possession of the last estate my father, as yet, had ever bestowed upon me. I was very, *very* happy. And I thought, too, that I was accomplishing his will according to his written directions. I thought I was endeavoring with all my power to carry out his command, endeavoring to labor in his vineyard. And I now feel this sore trial is anticipative, rather than retrospective, to prepare me for what is to come, rather than to chastize me for what is past. I feel so not because I am good, but because my father is come.

One day, in the very midst of my happiness, and when I was least expecting such a thing, there came suddenly to me a messenger to tell me that I must leave my glorious possessions, and take up my abode in the valley of Baca.

"It cannot be," said I, in consternation, for fearful forebodings seized my very soul. "Are you sure your message is true? Are you not mistaken?"

"Not mistaken," he replied. "It is the will of your father."

"The will of my father!" I exclaimed, full of apprehension. (The will of my father. I could not rebel against it). "But how am I to know that what you tell me is true?"

"Here," said he, handing me the parchment, with its horrid black seal. "Here, read for yourself."

I took it. The seal was broken. I opened it, and read: "*Yea,*

*and all they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution."*

I looked at it closely. There was no mistake. It was for *me*. I read a little farther on: "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." "It is enough," I said, "I'll ask no more," and immediately I removed to the valley of Baca, where I now dwell.

As you may well suppose, when I first removed thither, I was almost in despair. It seemed to me that I could not live. I was overwhelmed by sorrow. There was no light, but *blackness, blackness*, everywhere. Oh, I cannot tell you how dark, how deeply dark this blackness was! Words are too poor to describe it. I felt that my father had utterly forsaken me. I felt that all my father's children had forsaken me. Like my brother Job of old, I exclaimed, "The thing which I greatly feared has come upon me, and that which I was afraid of, is come unto me." And with David, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?—why art thou so far from helping me?"

I knew not whither to look. My heart was broken with grief.

My head was bowed to the earth. All the kind words of my father, all his former blessings, all his rare words of promise—were but bitterness to me. They were sharp arrows that pierced my soul.

The valley of Baca I found a desert-place; no pools nor wells of water, and I was parched with thirst. Neither date nor fig-tree, and I was starving with hunger. I could only think, and suffer. Remembrances of the pleasant lands from which I had come only served to render the desolation and darkness of the valley the more horrible. I tried to reason with myself. I said, "This is for my good, else my father would not have ordered it. I need to be won from this world. I need to be purified from the dross of this wicked nature. My father will grant me deliverance by-and-by. I must bear it all patiently."

While I soliloquized thus, two hideous figures, with dark, dread countenances, came and stood beside me, and offered to be my companions as long as I should dwell in this horrid place. They were Doubt and Despair. I shrunk back from their demon presence. They laughed and mocked at my anguish. Doubt, with fiendish delight, whispered in my ear, "Only through the

swelling Jordan, which lies just beyond the precincts of this valley, shall you reach your father's bosom." Then Despair took up the frightful threatening: "You'll never reach there," he shouted with malicious joy. "This is your only inheritance. Your father has forgotten you. He no longer regards your cries and tears." And he grinned a horrid, ghostly grin, as I sunk beneath the hopeless sentence.

Oh, my father's children, never, never shall I forget this dark and trying hour. If you have never been thus visited, you cannot appreciate what I say, though it were written in words of living light. And if you have, then I need not tell you. You know it all. Such seasons are never forgotten.

After a time these dreadful ministers left me to myself. I spared their companionship, for I felt that they were not sent by my father. Then there came a ray of light, faint and feeble at first, but gradually it served to light me on my way through this dark valley. I knew it was from my father, and I grieved that he had not forgotten me in my low estate. I remembered all his previous promises, and that he had said they were all "yea and amen." And when I remembered, too, that this heavy affliction had been appointed me, and that I had been foreordained of it, I felt to reproach myself for my want of confidence in my father's goodness.

When I had somewhat come to myself, and began clearly to realize my situation (for heretofore I was as one benumbed with grief), I gave myself to prayer and supplication. I knew my father's ear was ever open to my cry, though Despair, for a season, had made me believe otherwise—that his heart was beating with love and compassion for me, and that for my good, and not willingly, had he afflicted me.

I asked my father for strength; I asked him for guidance; I asked him that his grace might perfect me through suffering. And oftentimes, when this valley has been darkest, and when I have been most closely beset by my enemies, have I been made to rejoice in my afflictions, knowing that they were working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I have had seasons of darkest trial since I have entered upon this possession. But then I have had seasons of sweet comfort, too, for I

have felt persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth," shall ever be able to separate me from the love of my father. All things are his, and he is mine.

I have oftentimes thirsted in this place, but of late this valley of Baca hath become a well; the rain, also, filleth the pools. And I sometimes now hear my father's cheering voice, bidding me faint not. And day by day I am pressing on to that glorious country that eye hath never seen.

It may be that I am to abide here until I am called up to my inheritance above. If it be my father's will, I would cheerfully acquiesce. It cannot be a great while before I shall be called to my father's house. Therefore, let me not be faint. A glorious home awaits me, and when I shall get there, all my present sorrows shall be swallowed up in ecstatic bliss. Darkness shall be exchanged for light; tears for joy; trial and suffering for bliss which shall never end. I shall be forever with my father, and he shall wipe away all tears from my eyes.

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## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

### CHAPTER XV.—THE BAPTISM OF MARY.

Mary and her friends reached Bedford safely. Her first act was to find out her father in his low, damp cell, and pour into his ear all her sorrows and her fears.

"Blessed be the Lord God Almighty," he exclaimed as he listened to her words. "Blessed be his holy name for this great favor which he has vouchsafed to me. Now I know that he is the Lord my Redeemer, and there he has heard the voice of my supplication. Go on, my child, go on, until the good work begun within you by the Holy Spirit is made perfect in your full salvation." Tears of joy and thanksgiving streamed down his pale cheeks as he knelt beside his blind girl and prayed fervently that Christ Jesus would manifest himself unto her, "chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." He remembered how

the thunders of Sinai had driven his soul to the very verge of despair; and as he gazed upon the worn cheek, and sad, suffering face of his dear child, his heart was almost broken with tender solicitude for her. Never did mortal man pour into the ear of the Infinite Jehovah a more earnest supplication than did John Bunyan, as he knelt beside his blind sin-stricken Mary.

And his prayer did not long remain unanswered. Jesus, who is so full of compassion, whose heart is love itself, bent from heaven to list the cry of his faithful servant, and to Mary he gave an answer of peace and joy. While he was yet speaking, Jesus manifested himself unto Mary as he had done to her father, a Saviour able and willing to save her from her sins. She cast herself upon his bosom; it was all that she could do, and her sins which were as scarlet were made whiter than snow. The blood of atonement is sufficient for the salvation of the whole world. Oh, that the world would believe and live!

There was a meeting in the cottage home of Elstow. The father was not there. The stony walls of the prison bound him. But many were there with whom he had prayed, and wept, and rejoiced. That holy man of God, Mr. Gifford, was there, who, from the time of his most remarkable conversion to the day of his death, "lost not the light of God's countenance—no, not for an hour."\* And neighbor Harrow and Goody Harrow were there. And the London friends were present, together with others of God's faithful followers at Elstow and Bedford.

To this pious assembly, met for the worship of God, Mary, with throbbing heart and beaming face, told what the Lord had done for her soul. Her story was a simple one, and clear and convincing. It was a joyous time to the despised disciples. Their souls took fresh courage. The "holy Gifford," who had directed the steps of the father, when, faltering, despairing, he was plunging on through the darkest night of that most wonderful experience, until he had found peace through faith in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, now welcomed into the little church the daughter who was partaker of the same like precious faith, having been cleansed and purified by the same precious blood.

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\* Southey's Bunyan.

And God blessed the occasion, not only to the building up in faith and love of his afflicted saints, but also in sending conviction to the heart of William Dormer, who sat a silent but deeply interested specator of the joyous scene. It was an Ebenezer for the little church at Elstow.

While these scenes were transpiring at the "cottage," the prisoner in his noisome cell, like Paul and Silas at Phillippi, was praying and praising God. He was a freeman, for Christ had made him free though massive walls shut him in from the daylight. He was inheritor of the riches of the universe, for Christ was his, though he had naught earthly he could call his own but his Bible, Concordance, Book of Martyrs, and rose-bush.

The morning dawned. That morning Mary was to be baptized. It was thus arranged that they might not be disturbed by the populace, or be informed against by those who sought their destruction. Through the live-long night the father, like the Psalmist, had communed with God from off his bed.

The faint grey light of the morning found its way into the prisoner's cell. He arose and prayed. The sun, climbing up the hill-sides, was beginning to throw its first soft beams of glory over the earth.

The prisoner sat at his grated window. The light of blissful hope and joyous expectation made radiant his care-seamed countenance. He had put on his best attire, for to him it was a holy day. His Bible rested on his knee. He had been reading its glorious promises, and meditated thereon until his soul was filled with joy; until he could exclaim in all the freeness of undimmed faith, "Abba, Father, my Lord and my God." His Concordance and Book of Martyrs lay on a settle by his side. The rose-bush, which, to him, had been a beautiful companion ever since that fearful day when the prison doors barred out all liberty, stood blooming beside him, sending forth upon the close, damp air of the cell the little fragrance that the morning breeze evolved. His long hair was thrown back from his expansive brow, and, dressed in the fashion of that day, fell over his broad and manly shoulders. With looks of deep anxiety he peered through the heavy bars of the narrow window. The "liliated Ouse" was before him, its crystal waters softly murmuring their onward way to the sea.



Years before he had here been buried with Christ in baptism. The scene came vividly up before his imagination, and with electric rapidity he ran over the time which had intervened between that memorable occurrence and the present hour. And all along the way, in darkness and in light, he saw the hand of God dispensing to him inestimable blessings. But this was the greatest gift of all—his Mary saved from the cover of the second death. "What shall I render unto thee, O God, for all thy mercies unto me," he exclaimed, as his heart bounded with rapture.

There is a peace and joy which the world knoweth not. It cannot give it, neither can it take away. That peace is found in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Presently he saw a little company wending their way down the descent to the banks of the stream. He gazed most searchingly into their midst. Soon his eager eye discovered his darling Mary led by the pastor and neighbor Harrow. His Elizabeth and William Dormer were behind. He thought he saw a look of holy joy on the countenances of the beloved ones. His heart leaped within him. He strained himself earnestly forward. How his soul was bursting to take his Mary in his arms and send up praise and thanksgiving to Him who had washed her white in his own blood.

But the prison walls bound him; he could not go; and Satan came tempting him. "O God, my God, thy will be done," he exclaimed, as thoughts of his dreadful situation came rushing through his soul. "I will not chafe nor murmur under thy dispensation. Give me needed strength." How soon, ah how soon, was his praise turned to prayer. But a few moments before his soul, filled with ecstatic bliss, was rehearsing his many blessings. Now he was struggling mightily with the temptations of Satan, "The world, the flesh, and the devil!" What a combination against the child of God. Can he ever overcome this triple power. Yes. Thanks to him who giveth us the victory. He is able to conquer all foes, though their name legion, and their power satanic.

The disciples silently reached the river's bank. No song of praise and thanksgiving marked their steps. Their enemies were

round about them, and they dared not betray themselves to the spite of evil men.

They selected a spot where they could be in full view of the jail window. They could not see the prisoner, but they knew his look was upon them. They knelt, and the man of God prayed for the divine approbation on what they were about to do.

It was a beautiful and striking scene. A few down-trodden, despised followers of the Lord Jesus kneeling beside the crystal water in the gray of the morning dawn, to invoke his blessing upon an act typical of his burial and resurrection. What could have been more sublime and more touchingly interesting? Human eyes were not spectators. But the Lord of light, and shining angels, bent as witnesses above the hallowed spot, and in heaven was a record made of this act of faith and obedience.

The prayer was ended. Mary arose, and round her head was bound a stainless white handkerchief. Her shoes were then removed; and, leaning on the arm of that "holy man," Mr. Gifford, the two descended into the yielding wave; and there, in the name of the holy Trinity, Mary was buried with her Lord and Saviour in baptism. As she arose, she said sweetly, while her face wore a look of ineffable loveliness, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

The prisoner gazed through the bars of the narrow window upon the solemn scene. His face was streaming with tears, but they were tears of holy rapture. His heart was leaping with emotion, emotions of gratitude and love, and words of thanksgiving and praise were on his tongue.

The sightless eyes, flowing with tears, were turned to heaven as the two moved towards the bank. No word was uttered. All was silent as the grave, save the rippling of the pearly stream. One and another clasped her hand and pressed her to their bosom, whispering unto her soft words of assurance and tenderness.

As the morning sun, rising above the hill-tops, bursted in a flood of glory over the scene, the little company ascended the bank.

There was one heart in that assembly bowed to the earth under a sense of sin. It was William Dormer. God, through his holy spirit, had convicted him, and had shown him the "exceeding sin-

fulness of sin," and the justice of his righteous law. But Christ was not formed within him the hope of glory—he had not yet beheld him as the way, the truth, and the life; and his soul was sending up the cry continually, "How shall a man be justified with God." He was hoping to secure the divine favor by prayers and tears. He must do something to recommend him to God.

Ah, fatal mistake! Poor, sin-sick soul, you can do nothing but flee to the arms of Jesus. There, and there alone, is hope found.

And so William, at last, found it. He had to come,—as all the saved before him had done, and all who shall be saved till the end of the world shall do,—to the arms of the Saviour.

A few days after he was translated from the kingdom of darkness into the light and liberty of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And when, the next week, the little band again assembled under similar circumstances to witness the rites of baptism, there were other eyes than Bunyan's gazing through prison grates.

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#### CHAPTER XVI.—BUNYAN'S PRISON EMPLOYMENTS—THE CONDITION OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

Bunyan was not an idler in prison. His great active mind must have something to do. And, beside all this, he was compelled to work hard for the scanty dole on which a wife and four children dragged out their sorrowful existence. With his pincers, old pieces of brass, and tape, he managed to eke out a miserable pittance by working from dawn till dark.

We must remember that during the first two years of Bunyan's imprisonment he was permitted by the jailer, over whom he soon acquired a wonderful influence, to visit his family and to be present at the meetings of his brethren whenever he desired so to do; and during this time we have no account of his having written anything at all. Composition became to him a recreation. But as long as he could find relief from the tedium of the prison in visits to his dear family, and in sweet communion with his beloved brethren, he sought nothing beyond this.

How our hearts are touched with sympathy and sadness as we hear the jailer say to him after his weary walk from London,

“Mr. Bunyan, I have received a command, sir, which says you must no longer look out of the door.” “God knows,” replied the astonished man, “it is a slander that I went to London to make or plot an insurrection, or to sow divisions.” But his innocence was of no avail. The sentence must be enforced. And Bunyan bade farewell to family and friends, green fields, and the glorious light of day.

From this time begins his literary labor; and from this year, 1663, until the time of his release early in 1673, he wrote several books, among them his inimitable *Pilgrim's Progress*. And yet, perhaps, if it had not been for the rigor of his sentence, Bunyan would never have produced that work, which, next to the Bible, has been the solace and guide of the Christian in all succeeding ages. God had a purpose in his incarceration—a purpose of good to his people. And his people should praise him, that he has so wonderfully provided for their spiritual wants. How many a heart has been led unto peace and joy by the reading of the *Pilgrim*; has had its faith strengthened, its hopes revived, its zeal inspired, by following Christian as he journeyed on towards the Holy City.

After a diligent search of the old records, it has not been found, that, from early in 1663 until 1668, Bunyan was ever permitted to go beyond the prison walls. His employments throughout these five dreary years were as we have said, the study of the Scriptures only, and tagging shoe laces. It has been found from the records of the church-book at Bedford, that he was, during the year '68, three times appointed to visit disorderly church members. The jailer must have granted him privileges in the face of the law and the Conventicle Act. Philip tells us that “his name appears in the minutes of the church meetings in 1669, 1670, 1671. During the latter year, and while yet in prison, he was called to the care of the church at Bedford and ordained. He had been preaching since 1656. The record in the old church-book reads as follows: “On the 29th of August, 1671, the church were directed to seek God about the choice of Bro. Bunyan to the office of elder or a pastor, to which office he was called on the 24th of the tenth month, in the same year when he received of the elders (or pastors) the right hand of fellowship.”

When, after his ordination, he was permitted through the clemency of his jailer to meet with his flock, and sometimes with the brethren of other churches, thereby taxing his time greatly and interrupting to some extent his literary pursuits, he did not cease to write. It had become to him a pleasurable and profitable employment. It was the only way he could reach the popular errors of the day. We find him, then, in a few months after his ordination, sending forth from the prison that bold and decisive answer to Dr. Fowler's work on the "Design of Christianity," producing it with incredible rapidity.

The precise number of works written while in prison we have no accurate means of ascertaining. We know that there have been published of his productions sixty entire works—one for each year of his life; for he was just sixty years old when he died. Two of the sixty "Gospel Truths Opened." A "Vindication" of that were published, the one, four years, and the other three, before his imprisonment. Several works were written after his release from jail in 1773, for he continued a close student up to the time of his death. Sixteen of his works were published after his death, which occurred in 1788, fifteen years after his pardon.

Thus we see that this good and great man, in all situations, was a worker in the vineyard of his Lord. Nothing deterred him from his great purpose, that of winning souls to Christ. His pulpit efforts were signally blessed. His itineracies through the adjoining counties of Cambridge, Northampton, Buckingham, Huntingdon, and Hertford were frequent, and greatly blessed in the spread of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. His maxim was, "If I can pluck souls from the clutches of the devil, I care not where they go to be built up in their holy faith." Of his trials and persecutions after he came out of jail, we shall speak in a following chapter. They were malicious falsehoods, originating in the envy and jealousy of the less successful clergy. But they gave him great annoyance and deep sorrow.

#### CONDITION OF BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

Charles had promised the Non-conformists much. In 1657, three years before his restoration, and while he was at Bruges,

the Baptists addressed to him a letter, in which they call upon him to pledge his royal word, "that he will never erect, or allow to be erected, any such tyrannical, popish, and anti-christian hierarchy, (Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or by what name soever called) as shall assume a power over or impose a yoke upon the consciences of others: but that everyone of his subjects should be at liberty to worship God in such a way as shall appear to them agreeable to the mind and will of Christ."\* They also ask at the hands of Charles, that they shall not be compelled to contribute to the maintenance of that which is called the national ministry," and tell him in plain words, "that the whole nation, as well as the people of God, groans under the exaction of tithes."

Charles, seeing that the only hope for the throne of his father was toleration to all religious sects, felt very willing to make any promise to the people that they might demand at his hands. He was professedly a Catholic, having been strictly reared in that faith by his mother, Henrietta Maria. But his religion, as well as his morals, sat loosely on him; and rather than miss the crown of England, he would be anything.

Very soon after the new Parliament assembled in 1660, Charles sent that body a communication, containing what was called his Declaration, which set forth the following: "That, inasmuch as there was prevailing throughout the country a great diversity of religious opinion, the king, if restored to his throne, whatever his own or religious views or those of his government might be, would agree that his subjects should be allowed full liberty of conscience in all respects, and that nobody should be molested in any way on account of his religious faith or usages of worship."†

Charles had promised well. It was his interest to do so. But so weak and vascillating was he, that before he had been a year seated on the throne, the Non-conformists found that they had but little to hope from his Declaration. He soon became the tool of designing men, who determined to establish the state church despite all opposition. The Baptists were particularly odious to the Established church. Their power was felt wherever their doctrines obtained, and they at last came to be represented, and by some

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\* Clarendon, vol. iii., p. 359.

† Abbott's Charles II., p. 210.

regarded, as inimical to the government. Another cause of distrust and suffering was the divisions among themselves. There were General and Particular Baptists, Calvinistic and Free Willers, Strict and Open Communion Baptists; and again there were the Fifth Monarchy Men. Their dissensions amongst themselves weakened their forces, and made them the more the objects of opprobrium. And whenever a petition came before the king signed by one body, it always caused the others with whom they differed to sink lower and lower into disrepute, making them the subjects of vituperation and abuse, and the objects of persecutions the most dreadful.

The jails and prisons of the lands were filled with suffering ministers because they dared to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in obedience to his command. The pillory and the rack witnessed their tortures and testified to their groans. And their cries of distress went up from every part of the land. They were watched, misrepresented, brought before heartless judges, passed a mock trial and condemned. Fiendish informers took great delight in breaking up their meetings, and despoiling their goods, and dragging them to judgment. Yet they moved onward, amid all their dire difficulties, for the Lord their God was their shield and buckler. The captain of their salvation was the omnipotent God, and relying on his strength, they defied the powers of earth and Satan.

In 1669 the Conventicle Act was revived, and new clauses added to it. It received the royal sanction early the following year. Neale says of it: "The wit of man could hardly invent anything short of capital punishment more cruel or inhuman."\* And Hume says that Parliament appended a clause, "that if any dispute should arise, in regard to the interpretation of any part of the Act, the Judges should always explain the doubt in the sense *least* favorable to Conventicles, it being the intention of Parliament entirely to suppress them."†

No sooner had this "inhuman act" received the royal sanction, than it began to be enforced with the most unrelenting severity. Vile informers dogged every movement of the Baptists, dragging

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\* Philip's Life of Bunyan, p. 373.

† Hume, vol. vii, p. 453.

them from meetings of prayer and praise before the Justice' bench, and by misrepresentation and bribery dooming them, in many cases, to be most heavily fined, and, in others, to a felon's cell.

If an individual was suspected of showing the Non-conformists favor, he was seduouly eyed, and on the most trifling pretext arraigned and sentenced. Their goods were "*distrained*" to pay the fine, and, oftentimes, wives and children were robbed of all they had, and turned upon the charities of the world, while the husbands were sent to prison.

Here are two instances of their cruelty from a Narrative bearing date 1671 :\*

"The Thermopylæ of this grand field day, to Foster, was at the *Pipe-maker's*. There they 'hastened;' for Thomas Arthur had six pounds to pay. Incurrigible Bunyanite,—the Pipe-maker locked all his doors in the face of the functionaries of the Spiritual Court! What Deputy of a Commissary could brook such contempt? Not Justice Foster. He broke in the door, and distrained 'all the goods within doors and without.' The said Arthur desired to know how much money he had distrained for? To whom the said Mr. Foster replied, for Eleven Pounds. Whereupon Thomas Arthur desired (Bunyan-like again) to see the warrant, which being produced, he seeing himself therein but for six pounds, told Mr. Foster so: to which Mr. Foster answered, that there was five pounds more for keeping his door locked. When Thomas perceived that Mr. Foster would distrain *all* his goods, he said, 'Sir, what shall my *children* do? Shall they starve?' This would have been both a startling and a touching question to the functionary of any court but the Ecclesiastical. It did not, however, disconcert the Deputy in the least. Mr. Foster replied, 'that so long as he (the father) was a rebel, the children must starve.' This answer was worthy of the spiritual court itself. The fact is, that conclave knew full well from their own temperament, of what stuff to make Commissaries, Deputies, and Apparitors. Accordingly, Battison and the two Apparitors, with a file of Musqueteers, and a cart, carried away whatever household goods they thought fit, and all the wood for the burning of a kiln of pipes ready set."—p. 7.

"Mr. Foster having done his work at the Pipe-maker's, &c., passed in haste to the house of Mrs. Tilney, a widow, a gentlewoman well descended, and of a good estate, who was fined Twenty pounds: and to make her *exemplary* in suffering, Mr. Foster himself, being attended by his Public Notary, would see



the fine effectually levied upon her goods. And, indeed, the same was effectually done; insomuch that the Widow was forced to borrow *sheets* of her neighbors to lie in. She was forced to spread these sheets she borrowed on a bed and bolster of another's left in her house; they did not leave one feather-bed of her own. As for the value of the goods taken away, it is supposed to be betwixt forty and fifty pounds. Yet the said Mrs. Tilney was more troubled at the crying and sighing of her poor neighbors, who were much effected with her sufferings, she being very charitable, than for the loss of her goods, which she took very cheerfully. And so the officers left her, having finished that day's work."—p. 9.

This brief glimpse at the condition of the Baptists in England during the reign of the wicked and unprincipled Charles, will serve to give us a faint idea of what persecutions and trials our fathers passed through for the faith as it is in Christ Jesus; and viewing them, and the hand of God in them, working out his own wise and merciful purposes, let us, who suffer now for the same like precious faith, take courage and press on.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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LOUISVILLE, February, 1859.

*Bunyan and the Baptists.*—The Petition to Charles II, which will be found in the present chapter of "Dreamer's Blind Daughter," is an announcement of the spirit Baptists have ever cherished. Glorious was the plea for soul-freedom which rung through the wilds of Narraganset Bay from the heart and lips of Roger Williams. But he learned it from the down-trodden but unconquerable Baptists of England. Read that memorial in the Dreamer's Blind Daughter, taken from Crosby's History of the Baptists of England.

*Thanks* to brethren, and sisters also, for their words of cheer and active co-operation. We would, were there room, record their encouraging words, and may do it next month. They come from our fathers in the ministry; from the most prominent and influential, as well as from the most retiring and obscure; from those who have known us from boyhood, as well as from those whose faces we have never seen. Churches have forwarded resolutions approving our course and expressing their sympathy with us. We thank them all. May God reward them. These letters and resolutions we may publish in our next.

*Lydia.*—The second chapter of this powerful narrative of facts, woven together into an attractive story, appears this month. It will surpass anything that has appeared in our pages. *Back numbers can be supplied.*

*This year.*—We still hope to have six thousand subscribers this year. It has not yet reached five thousand, though it long since passed four thousand. If our brethren and sisters would make the effort this month—by loaning their number, speaking a good word for it, getting their neighbors to subscribe—we would reach it at once. The Repository ought to have that number of subscribers. Brethren and sisters, what say you? Will *you* send up one new subscriber.

*Mrs. Garnett* will be welcomed by our readers. She will write regularly through this volume. Have you read her work on Dancing?

*R. T. Dillard, D.D.*, has been laboring for two weeks past for the East Baptist Church in this city. This church, of which the writer is pastor, numbers three hundred and twenty-five members; is harmonious and united; has a Mission station, with a flourishing Sabbath-school. Ten have recently been added. Dr. Dillard's health is greatly improved.

*Prize Essay on Communion.* By J. M. C. Breaker. This is about the best thing that has ever been written on the Communion question. It costs but Fifteen Cents, and can be sent by mail. Address Graves, Marks, & Co., Nashville, Tennessee.

**STATE OF THE IMPENITENT DEAD.** By Alvan Hovey, D.D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Newton Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 16mo., pp. 168.

We have just received and hastily glanced over this work. It discusses the state of the soul between death and the resurrection—what death is, and the meaning of Eternal Death. To those tinctured with the fallacy of Foster, whose depth consisted, to a great extent, in his obscurity; or to those blinded by the sophistries of Distinctionists, this work will be very valuable. It treats of subjects which will often be thrown in the way of ministers, and of which they should have a full understanding. We expect to read the work carefully, and we recommend it to our young ministers. It is published by Gould & Lincoln.

**THE EVENING OF LIFE;** or Light and Comfort amid the Shadows of Declining Years. By Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by F. A. Crump, Louisville.

This is a series of original and selected articles adapted to cherish and comfort the aged, and smooth their pathway down the hill of life. They are of varied merit, some of them being very excellent, and others rather commonplace; but taken together, they form an interesting volume, well adapted to the purpose for which it was prepared.

**THE THEOLOGY OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.** By George D. Armstrong: Davidson, Third Street, Louisville.

This is a work of thought, and evidently the result of real Christian experience. It is, in fact, a treatise on theology as felt by him who has peace in believing. Sin, faith, the atonement, conversion—the whole Christian life, is investigated and illustrated by the tests of experience. It is an able work.

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# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXXVII.—MARCH, 1859.

## REPLY OF D. R. CAMPBELL TO A. CAMPBELL.

ELDER A. CAMPBELL,

DEAR SIR:—The Harbinger for December has come to hand with your "Response" to my last. As you have made some slight effort to restate the differences between the two denominations, I deem it right to reply, showing how the matter now appears from my point of view. The "clear and unequivocal issues" you now lay down are the following:

"First—Christian baptism is to be dispensed constitutionally, or according to Christ's own commission, *In the name of the Lord*, on a profession of faith in the Divine person, office, and mission of Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messiah, the Son of the Living God.

"In the second place, that the subject confess his faith in the Divine person and mission of the Lord Jesus—that he believes with all his heart that Jesus the Son of Mary is the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

"And in the third place, that he be immersed *into* the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, for the remission of sins.

"And in the fourth place—That the Christian dispensation did not commence with the Christian Era, but on the first Pentecost after the coronation of the Lord Jesus Christ," etc. "These," you add, "are our so called peculiar views." And they are the positions you propose to discuss.

Permit me to remark, that I can hardly suppress the conviction that you are trifling, both with me and your readers, when you gravely propose the *first*, *second*, and *fourth* of these "issues" for discussion, as "*peculiar*" to your sect. You must know that

the Baptists have always received the first and second, properly understood. And that many of them agree with you on the fourth, while others take a different view, though none of them give the subject sufficient importance to make it an issue with any. To me it is unaccountable that you should gravely single out such propositions as these. It looks like turning the whole thing into a farce. You might have selected points for discussion that are *real issues*, for certainly more than *one* such exists.

Your *third* proposition, however, is the only one on the list that seems to involve any real issue between the two denominations. But even it needs some explanation. What do you mean by the phrase, "remission of sins?" Do you use it as synonymous with pardon? If so, I do not understand how you can immerse for the pardon of sin, inasmuch you most distinctly teach that sin is *really* pardoned when the sinner believes, previous to immersion, and advise him "not to go into the water," because he has "no need of it." To give full expression to your sentiments, it seems to me that your third proposition should read thus: Sinners are *really* pardoned when they believe, and I advise them not to go into the water, having no need of it; therefore they should be baptized for the pardon of their sins!!

I want to know, farther, whether you mean to affirm by this proposition that "immersion is that act by which *alone* sinners can be pardoned?" If so, I am at a loss to understand how sinners can be pardoned when they believe, *previous* to immersion, as you teach. Is it a fact that sins are pardoned "*alone*" in baptism, and also that they are pardoned *previous* to baptism, having, therefore, "no need of going into the water?" Do you teach that pardon is really suspended on immersion in water, and at the same time that it is not so suspended? Can you still say, as you have heretofore done on this subject, "I maintain the affirmative and the *negative* too?" You must perceive the reality of the difficulty I feel. The manifest two-sidedness of your language occasions it. You will, therefore, not dispute the reasonableness or propriety of the questions I put. If we are to debate, the language in which the *issues* are to be couched must be definite and unequivocal. You cannot but admit that the terms you use on the subject are not merely varied and ambiguous, but really con-

tradictory, if interpreted by the established laws of language. You must, as an honest, fair man, explain and harmonize it. No gentleman will refuse to do this. But enough.

You seem to be vexed with my ignorance of the Greek and English idioms. I regret that the defects of my education should have so excited your literary nerves, and given you such anxiety about the consequences of the exposure before my "*students.*" The point I made with you was this: Does the *mere fact* that *baptism* is in the *accusative* and *repentance* in the *genitive*, in the sentence, "preach the baptism of repentance," make it appear that John the Baptist preached baptism for the remission of sins? If it does, then I heed that when it was said Mr. C. preached the duty of immersion for the remission of sins, *duty*, and not *immersion*, procured the remission, which you, I presumed, would not admit. I still felt sufficiently self-willed to insist that "preached the baptism of repentance, and preached the duty of immersion, are grammatically—in syntax—the same. There is in each a transitive verb, an accusative, and a genitive. The question is not how either is to be rendered into Greek, but whether each, as an English sentence, is grammatically like the other? You must not get excited because I still use the words *accusative* and *genitive*. You must really excuse me, if I follow such authorities as Latham and Fowler in such matters, rather than you.

It is some consolation, when severely handled, to be in good company. I am pleased that, in this instance, I am in company with such honored men as the evangelists, Mark and Luke. Your vengeance on the score of ignorance of the Greek idiom falls quite as heavily on those inspired men as on me.

In stating the fact, that John preached the duty of immersion, just as I stated that you in a certain place did, they ignorantly enough employ neither *opheiloodei*, *chree*, nor *kathaekei*, as you insist ought to be done to express the duty; nor do they use an infinitive to express "the act or action in which the duty was performed." They simply use a transitive verb, an accusative, and a genitive, as is done in the two English sentences already given—the one an exact rendering of the original, and the other, in the mere matter of syntax, like it. What blunderers in the idioms those evangelists must have been to be sure! Had they received

their Greek education at Bethany, I opine they should have known better how to express themselves!! Mr. Campbell is a bold critic; but his theology requires it. The Greek idioms are in his hands much as the Greek prepositions were in the hands of McKnight, only the latter is no where as compared with the former.

After all, Mr. Campbell having spent his idiomatic thunder, and emerged from the cloud of literary dust and smoke which he had raised about himself, unwittingly endorsed the appropriateness of my illustration, and the correctness of my views of the passage in dispute, and for this I feel no little gratitude. "Let me convert the passage from John," (Mark or Luke) he says, "into a similar form grammatically with these examples," thus: "preach the baptizing of repentance for the remission of sins." Thus converted, according to Mr. Campbell, the sentence is in its grammatical form like my illustration of it. Very well, I accept it; and remark that the word baptizing is, in such construction, a participial noun, which, according to Fowler, "performs the office of a noun." In this case, then, the word is equivalent to the noun, baptism, and may be substituted for it, as performing its office. We may then read either, "preached the baptizing of repentance for the remission of sins, or preached the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." The syntax is in either form the same.

But this is not all. Mr. Campbell also endorses the "import" of my illustration, showing that he unwittingly, and in spite of his Greek idiom, feels that my view is the natural, as well as the correct one. "What is the import of your example?" says he. "Let us convert it into purer and more classic idiom," thus: "The commissioner insisted that the vote, which was cast for the improvement of the canal, should be recorded." This import I cheerfully accept, and beg leave to place by its side, in true parallelism, the sentence whose import it is designed to illustrate, thus: "preached that the repentance, which secures remission of sins, should be manifested in baptism." In the one sentence the vote issues in record; in the other the repentance issues in baptism. So also in the one the vote obviously secures "the improvement of the canal;" in the other the repentance secures the remission of sins. It is hoped Mr. C. will not shrink from this

import of the passage. It is a fair deduction from his own conceded premises. It wrests the passage, however, from his former interpretation of it, and gives it a meaning that is natural, in harmony with the teachings of scripture elsewhere, and in accordance with the views of all evangelical Christians. I do trust Mr. O. will abide by this endorsement of my view of the passage. He has given it unintentionally I believe, but that only shows how natural it is, and how readily a man will sometimes slide into the truth when he is either off his guard, or is bewildered with his own ill-adjusted theory.

On the subject of open communion you speak very decidedly. "Presbyterians, Seceders, Episcopalians, Methodists, Covenanters, and unbaptized persons," you do "not admit" to "participate with you at the Lord's table." You add, "I have never heard or seen it done in any church in our communion." This language is sufficiently definite and unmistakable. It has produced quite a sensation among your people in these parts. In every pulpit on every Sabbath, and wherever a group of your followers meet with those of other denominations, there is a continual effort to explain, modify, and adjust themselves to this new position. In the face of their hitherto notorious practice, to the contrary, they find it difficult to satisfy the public that they have not been open communionists. Still they are making some progress. Time, and labor, and consistent adherence to this change, will, however, soon effect a revolution, and then it is very favorable that the public forget so finely. What a blessing this, to men of unsettled views! The ground you have taken, however, is the only tenable one. Your pliant followers will soon come to it.

When you say that, in charging open communion upon your sect, I "misrepresent and slander" them, you forget that you once said yourself on this very subject: "We, indeed, receive to our communion persons of other denominations, \* \* \* all who give evidence of their faith in the Messiah." This is certainly sufficiently open to admit "Presbyterians, Seceders, Episcopalians, Methodists, Covenanters," and even Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, and many other "unbaptized persons," who belong to "other denominations," and "give evidence of their faith in the Messiah." And as you hold that no church has



a right from her Divine Head to interfere with individual interpretation of what "faith in the Messiah is," I do not see how you could keep any Unitarian or Universalist from your communion privilege, or from "participating with you at the Lord's table." I hope you will do me the justice to retract the charge that I misrepresent and slander you in alleging your open communion practice. How can you harmonize the foregoing open communion avowal with your declaration: "I have never heard or seen it done in any church in our communion." As you are great on idioms, will you explain this one in your next?

Wishing to bring this pointless discussion into some shape, I submit the following interrogations, in the hope that you will give a direct, explicit explanation of each. This will very much promote the object we have in view—the discrimination and discussion of the differences between the two denominations.

1. Explain how it is that "Paul's sins were really pardoned when he believed," while the "Pentecostian hearers were informed, that though they now believed and repented, they were not pardoned."

2. Explain how it is, if those who are pardoned when they believe, have "no need of going into the water," that Paul afterwards went into the water, or was baptized.

3. Explain how it is that Paul's sins were really pardoned when he believed, if baptism is "that act by which alone he could be pardoned."

4. Explain how it is that you can consistently say, with respect to the question, "Is pardon suspended on baptism in water?" Paul's case for example—"I maintain the affirmative and negative too."

5. Explain how it is that "immersion in water" is "as necessary as repentance" to remission of sins, while there are "many Christians" who never were immersed. If immersion be as necessary as repentance, and necessary in the same sense, then may there not be "many Christians" who never repented at all, and for whom you "thank the grace of God."

6. Explain how it is that the Holy Spirit, by his "personal agency," can "begin" a man's "religion, as respects the grand affair of eternal life," when, as you also teach, he cannot even be

received until "the heart is purified and prepared for his reception in baptism." You generally make baptism the fourth, and the reception of the Holy Spirit the fifth, link in the chain of religious progress. How can that be the first link in the chain which is avowedly the fifth? How can that which begins to operate only in the middle of a series be said to begin the series itself?

7. Explain how it is that there is any "personal agency" of the Holy Spirit to begin, carry on, or complete, the eternal life of man, when "all the power of God and of the Holy Spirit, for the conversion and sanctification of sinners," is already "spent in the revealed word." What additional power can he exert for the sanctification of the immersed believer, if all his power be already exhausted in the word?

8. Explain how it is that you pray for either sinners or saints, if all the divine power is already in the world. If you are right on this point, is not preaching, teaching, and exhortation with a good example, all that the nature of the case requires? Why look up and pray for that which is all down already, and in your hands? On your view, what can God do that he has not already done? To pray to him and expect nothing is absurd, or even worse. Does prayer imply a divine agency not already in the word?

9. Explain how it is that you recognize the right of Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., to pray, when you teach that no man has a right to pray till he has had his sins remitted in immersion; and "that immersion is that act by which alone he can have them remitted."

10. Explain how it is that I misrepresented and slandered you and your brethren by saying that you were open communionists, when you had said yourself, "We indeed receive to our communion persons of other denominations \* \* \* all who give evidence of their faith in the Messiah!" "There is nothing sectarian in our views." "There are none excluded from our communion but those who deny the faith."

11. Explain how it is that you set your Christian System and your Christian Baptism, instead of a Bible, as the standard of your denominational faith and practice. Does not this squint in the direction of a denominational creed? Could a Presbyterian

have done more ! The Confession of Faith and the Christian's system contemplate substantially the same thing. The Baptists are getting very far behind. They have no formal denominational standard except the Bible. The current reformation ought to write over its standard, *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

12. Explain how it is that you cannot be induced to specify your real views on the differences between us in plain and definite terms, which the plainest reader may understand. Do you find it impossible to do so without exposing yourself on the score of contradictions ?

13. Explain how it is that you so much dread a written discussion.

14. Explain how it is that you cannot be induced to accept the offered use of the Western Recorder, after having so long and so loudly complained that no Baptist paper would admit you to its columns.

I have called for explanation on these points, inasmuch as they involve the most important differences now between us. Most persons find them to be inextricably confused. I freely confess my own inability to unravel and harmonize them. I, therefore, have thrown them into the above definite forms for the purpose of securing from you such an explication of them as your well known skill in such matters will doubtless enable you to give. It may be that the difficulty is occasioned in each case by the presence of some "mysterious idiom" in the English or the Greek that underlies it, which ordinary minds, like my own, cannot comprehend. Lest this should be the case, I prefer owning my ignorance at once, to save farther exposure before my "students," and look to you for the explanation which your superior insight in such learned difficulties will readily enable you to throw around them. Shall we have the explanation ? Let it be full and unmistakably definite.

Respectfully,

D. R. CAMPBELL.

*Georgetown, Feb. 5, 1859.*

## PROPHECY AND HISTORY.

## No. III.—FALLEN BABYLON.

The "golden city" still stood a magnificent monument of human pride and glory.

But its doom was written by the pen of prophecy, and the autumnal charms of its vicious loveliness hastened rapidly to irrecoverable decay.

**PROPHECY.**—"O thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures; thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness; and they shall not take of thee a stone for a corner, nor a stone for foundations; but thou shalt be desolate forever, saith the Lord; and the land shall tremble and sorrow, for every purpose of the Lord shall be performed against Babylon, to make the land of Babylon a desolation without an inhabitant; and Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment and an hissing without an inhabitant; the sea is come upon Babylon; she is covered with the multitude of the waves thereof; her cities are a desolation, a dry land and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby."—Isaiah, 51: 13, 26, 29, 37, 42, 43.

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."—Isa., 13: 19, 22.

"The violence done to me and to my flesh be upon Babylon, shall the inhabitant of Zion say; and, My blood upon the inhabitants of Chaldea, shall Jerusalem say. Therefore thus saith the Lord: Behold, I will plead thy cause, and take vengeance for thee; and I will dry up her sea, and make her springs dry. And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment, and an hissing, without an inhabitant. They shall roar together like lions; they shall yell as lions' whelps. In their heat I will make their feasts, and I will make them drunken, that they may rejoice, and sleep a perpetual sleep, and not wake, saith the Lord. I will bring them down like lambs to the slaughter, like rams with he-goats."—Jer., 51: 35-40.

**HISTORY.**—Babylon fell before the conquering Cyrus. Yet its greatness did not depart. Cyrus perpetuated its pre-eminence, and he left it to his successor in all its strength and magnificence. Precaution had been taken by Cyrus to prevent a combination or

rebellion among the Babylonians; and Xenophon informs us that "Cyrus obliged them to deliver up all their arms upon pain of death; distributed their best houses among his officers; imposed a tribute upon them; appointed a strong garrison, and compelled the Babylonians to defray the charge, being desirous to keep them poor as the best means of keeping them obedient.

But they rebelled against Darius, and held out to the last extremity. After a twenty month's siege, Babylon was a second time taken amid cruelty and blood.

It was a third time taken, by Alexander. He intended to restore it to its pristine glory, and actually commenced its repair. But in the midst of his gigantic undertaking, the conqueror of the world died in the flower of his age and the height of his glory. "*We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed.*"—Jer., 51: 8.

After the death of Alexander, the possession of Chaldea was contested between Antigonius and Selucus, and "ruler rose against ruler." In the second century of the Christian era, the Romans, *coming from afar*, desolated with cruelty the cities of Chaldea.

"Under the reign of Marcus, the Roman generals penetrated as far as Ctesiphon and Seleucia. They were received as friends by the Greek colony; they attacked as enemies the seat of the Parthian kings, yet both cities experienced the same treatment. The sack and conflagration of Seleucia, *with the massacre of three hundred thousand of the inhabitants*, tarnished the glory of the Roman triumph. Seleucia sunk under the fatal blow; but Ctesiphon, in about thirty-three years, had sufficiently recovered its strength to maintain an obstinate siege against the emperor Severus."\*

Ctesiphon was thrice besieged and thrice taken by the predecessors of Julian. And when attacked by Julian, the *anger* of that Roman emperor and of his army was not moderated, nor their *cruelty* abated, by the effectual resistance of the citizens of Ctesiphon against sixty thousand besiegers.

"The fields of Assyria were devoted by Julian to the calamities of war; and the philosopher retaliated on a guiltless people the acts of rapine and cruelty which had been committed by their haughty master in the Roman provinces; the Persians beheld from the walls of Ctesiphon *the desolation* of the adjacent country."†

\* Gibbon, vol. i. c. viii. p. 333.

† Ibid. vol. iv. c. xxiv. pp. 169, 185.

With such violence did he wreak his vengeance on the *inhabitants of Chaldea*, that their *fierce wrath* was conjoined with the *cruelty* of their enemies to *lay the land desolate*.

“The extensive region that lies between the river Tigris and the mountains of Media, was filled with villages and towns; and the fertile soil, for the most part, was in a very improved state of cultivation. But on the approach of the Romans, this rich and smiling prospect was instantly blasted. Wherever they moved, the inhabitants deserted the open villages, and took shelter in the fortified towns; the cattle were driven away; the grass and ripe corn were *consumed with fire*; and as soon as the flames had subsided which interrupted the march of Julian, he beheld the melancholy face of a *SMOKING AND NAKED DESERT*.”\* But “the second city of the province, large, populous, and well fortified,” in vain resisted a fierce and desperate assault; and a large breach having been made by a battering-ram in the walls, “the soldiers of Julian rushed impetuously into the town, and after the full gratification of every military appetite, Perisabor was *reduced to ashes*; and the engines which assaulted the citadel were planted on the *ruins of the smoking houses*.”†

Such were the steps by which Babylon became a heap of ruins. Let us look at it now.

“Ancient Babylon is now laid waste, but some ruins are still to be seen of Nebuchadnezzar’s palace, and men fear to enter there on account of the serpents and scorpions which are in the midst of it.”

“The village of Elugo now lieth on the place where formerly old Babylon, the metropolis of Chaldea, was situated. The harbor is a quarter of a league’s distance from it, where people go ashore in order to proceed by land to the celebrated city of Bagdat, which is a day and a half’s journey from thence eastward on the Tigris. This country is so dry and barren that it cannot be tilled, and so bare that I could never have believed that this powerful city, once the most stately and renowned in all the world, and situated in the pleasant and fruitful country of Shinar, could have ever stood there, if I had not known it by its situation, and many antiquities of great beauty, which are still standing here about in great desolation. First by the old bridge which was laid over the Euphrates, whereof there are some pieces and arches still remaining, built of burnt brick, and so strong that it is admirable. Just before the village of Elugo is the hill whereon the castle stood, and the ruins of its fortifications are still visible,

\* Gibbon, vol. iv. c. xxiv. pp. 191, 192.

† Ibid. vol. iv. c. xxiv. p. 170.

though demolished and uninhabited. Behind it, and pretty near to it, did stand the tower of Babylon. It is still to be seen, and is half a league in diameter; but so ruinous, so low, and so full of venomous creatures, which lodge in holes made by them in the rubbish, that no one durst approach nearer to it than within half a league, except during two months in the winter, when these animals never stir out of their holes. There is one sort particularly, which the inhabitants, in the language of the country, which is Persian, call *Eglo*, the poison whereof is very searching; they are larger than our lizards."

"In the middle of a vast and level plain, about a quarter of a league from Euphrates, which in that place runs westward, appears a heap of ruined buildings, like a huge mountain, the materials of which are so confounded together, that one knows not what to make of it. Its situation and form correspond with that pyramid which Strabo calls the tower of Belus, and is in all likelihood the tower of Nimrod in Babylon, or Babel, as that place is still called. There appear no marks of ruins, without the compass of that huge mass, to convince one so great a city as Babylon had ever stood there; all one discovers within fifty or sixty paces of it, being only the remains here and there of some foundations of buildings; and the country round about is so flat and level that one can hardly believe it should be chosen for the situation of so great and noble a city as Babylon, or that there were ever any remarkable buildings on it; but for my part I am astonished there appears so much as there does, considering it as at least four thousand years since that city was built, and that Diodorus Siculus tells us, it was reduced almost to nothing in his time."\*

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OMNIPOTENCE may build a thousand worlds, and fill them with bounties; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky, but Omnipotence cannot do an unloving thing toward a believer. Oh! rest quite sure, Christian, a hard thing, an unloving thing from God toward one of his own people, is quite impossible. He is kind to you when he casts you into prison as when he takes you into a palace; He is as good when he sends famine into your house as when he fills your barns with plenty. The only question is, Art thou his child? If so, he hath rebuked thee in affection, and there is love in his chastisement.—*Spurgeon*.

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\* Calmet's Dict. in Babylon, and Prideaux as before, and Ray's edition of these travels in English, part 2, c. 7.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. ROBERT T.  
ANDERSON.

BY REV. A. D. SEARS.

Elder Robert T. Anderson died at his residence in Christian county, Ky., on the 8th of June, in the 63d year of his age.

He was born in Virginia, April 9th, 1792; was married in 1815; moved to Green county, Ky., in 1818; was baptized by Elder Wm. Warder in 1821, and became a member of Mt. Gilead Church, in Adair county, in 1828. Whilst he was a member of this church, and a resident of Adair county, he commenced preaching the gospel.

He removed to Russellville in 1830, and became the pastor of Pleasant Grove Church, eight miles south of Russellville, to which neighborhood he moved in 1831. In 1832 he took the pastoral care of Hopewell Church, in Robertson county, Tennessee, and in 1834 he became the pastor of Keysburg Church. These churches he attended until 1839, when he was called to the care of Hopkinsville Church, and in 1840 he moved to Christian county, and with Hopkinsville, had the care of Olivet and West Union Churches. Subsequently he resigned the care of Hopkinsville, and became the pastor of Salem.

He continued to preach to Salem for three or four years. During his ministerial labors in Christian and Caldwell counties, which were through a period of several years, he constituted and preached to Locust Grove Church for some time. He also constituted Pleasant Grove Church, in Caldwell county, of which he was pastor when he died.

Elder Anderson, in addition to the service which he rendered to the churches of which he was pastor, labored arduously to extend the cause of Christ throughout a large extent of country which was destitute of the stated ministrations of the gospel. During the performance of which labor he supplied different churches for definite periods with preaching. And it has been



said, by some persons familiar with his history, that he did more to supply the destitute with preaching (and that, too, gratuitously) than any minister cotemporary with him in the Bethel Association. During the most of his ministerial career, he was engaged in teaching school, for which, by his attainments as well as his amiable disposition, he was pre-eminently qualified. He had connected with his school a department for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and his mode of instructing such has been considered by persons of experience and sound judgment well adapted to secure success; but it was as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that Elder Anderson was most useful.

Although at the time of his death he was only preaching as a pastor to Olivet, in Christian county, and Pleasant Grove, in Caldwell county, he was not an idler in the kingdom of Christ, but was always, when not confined by the necessary claims of his family and the duty he owed his school, actively engaged in traveling to and fro, and scattering the seeds of truth among the poor and destitute with a most unsparing and liberal hand. He was truly a most industrious and persevering minister of Jesus Christ. His labors, too, were for many years signally blessed of God. During the time he preached to Pleasant Grove Church, in Logan county, the church enjoyed much of revival influence, and several delightful and refreshing seasons were realized, during which upwards of three hundred were added to the church, and during the same years his labors were greatly blessed in the Hopewell Church, in Robertson county, Tenn., by the addition of about two hundred members. In addition to the foregoing, Elder Anderson labored successfully in many other places in the Bethel and adjoining Associations. Hopkinsville Church, of which he was once the pastor, realized great benefits from his services; and his industrious exertions to build up the cause there will long be remembered by many of the followers of Jesus Christ with the most devoted affection for him, and among none with whom he was associated during his life will his name be held in more lasting remembrance. At Pleasant Grove Church, in Caldwell county, he was eminently successful, and it is believed by his family that he hastened his death by exposing himself during a revival there last winter. Elder Anderson has been also most intimately associated with the

rise and progress of the Bethel Association. He was Clerk of the Association from 1838 until his death.

He ardently engaged in all the missionary and educational efforts of that body. His voice was always raised in the support of any measure calculated to advance the interest and elevate the character of the Association.

During his life he formed a very wide-spread acquaintance with members of the Baptist Church, especially in Kentucky and Tennessee, and no man ever mingled with his brethren under the influence of a spirit of warmer and more unaffected Christian courtesy than he did. He gave evidence, from the spirit which he uniformly exhibited, that he was a man of God; and he evidently enjoyed a large measure of God's Holy Spirit, and was pre-eminent for the equanimity of his feelings in the performance of all the duties of life. Immaterial, though gloomy and trying, the seasons through which he was called to pass might seem to others, yet to him each gloomy season and each trying event had a sunny side.

His physical frame was remarkably strong, and though in his sixty-third year, he looked as though he might live many years, and still be useful in the Church of Christ. But sometime last winter the church at Pleasant Grove enjoyed a most interesting revival. The meeting was continued for some weeks. The cause seemed to demand of him more than usual exertions. He preached continuously through several days. The weather being inclement, he took a severe cold, which continued for some weeks after the meeting ended, and finally terminated in neuralgia. This disease first affected his right arm, gradually moved to his head, and ultimately settled over his right eye, and terminated in apoplexy, of which he died on the 8th of June. We are thus particular in describing the disease of which he died, because a rumor went abroad that Elder Anderson's mind was affected. This is untrue. Although at times a great sufferer for upwards of three months, the native strength of his intellect remained unimpaired until the last; and he was always aware of his condition.

In conversation with his family and numerous friends, he frequently said he should not live long; said he believed it was all for the best; said he was convinced that his situation was such

that he would do no more good ; that he was no longer able to do anything for his family, or for the cause of Christ. Said that he felt that his labors with this world were closed, and that he was willing and ready to go. It is true, his whole nervous system was deranged by his disease, and at times he would become somewhat delirious—frequently having two, and sometimes as many as three attacks of this kind in twenty-four hours, but at such times he knew his friends. These seasons were generally increased, both in number and violence, from company and conversation. He continued usually cheerful throughout his protracted sufferings. Thus peacefully and happy, after a laborious life of twenty-four years in the ministry, Elder Anderson passed into the spirit world ; and though he has left a wife, children, grand-children, and numerous friends to mourn his loss, nevertheless they are not called to sorrow as those that have no hope. To him, no doubt, the Saviour will, at the last day, apply his own blessed words: “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant,” \* \* “ enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

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**THE ARK OF NOAH**—(Gen., 6 : 14–16.) Length 547 feet ; breadth  $91\frac{1}{2}$  feet ; height  $54\frac{1}{2}$  feet, allowing 18 feet to each story ; solid or cubic feet 2,730,782 ; marine measurement 81,062 tons. The form of the Ark was an oblong square, with a flat bottom, and sloping roof, raised in the middle, with a series of apertures, or a “ window,” like the offset of our western steamboats, to throw light into the cabin or saloon.

There were about 130 *genera* of four-footed beasts, that cannot live in water, and about 200 of birds and “ creeping things.” In the experience and inventions of 4000 years, human ingenuity cannot now contrive any proportion better adapted for its purpose than the Ark. It was made for *floating*, not for sailing, or rapidity of motion. God, the supreme, intelligent power, preserved it while the “ fountains of the great deep were broken up,” and immense torrents of rain poured down from the clouds.

DOCTRINAL TRACTS.—*NO. III.*

## EFFECTUAL CALLING\*

Is the subject now to be considered, as in the tenth chapter of our Confession of Faith.

That we may investigate this subject as fully as the limits of a letter will allow, we will consider, first, the call; secondly, the Author of the call; thirdly, the called; and fourthly, its efficacy.

I. The call. This is an act of sovereign grace, which flows from the everlasting love of God, and is such an irresistible impression by the Holy Spirit upon the human soul, as to effect a blessed change. This impression or call is sometimes immediate, as in the instance of Paul and others; though more ordinarily through the instrumentality of the word and providence of God; though in both the impression or power upon the soul or rational principle of operation must be the same. This may be considered as one power capable of exerting itself in various modes; as in perceiving, choosing, refusing, loving, hating, &c. Likewise the impression before mentioned may be viewed as one spiritual principle of operation in the soul, exerting itself in divers ways, rather than as different principles of grace.

II. We are to consider the Author of the call. The Author is God, the Father, Son, and Spirit. As in 1 Thess., 2: 12, "That we walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory." Also in 2 Tim., 1: 9, "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace," &c. In others it more directly applies to the Father, who is said to call them unto the fellowship of his Son. Sometimes it is ascribed to the Son, as in Proverbs, 1: 20, 8, where saints are said to be called of Jesus Christ. Lastly, it is ascribed to the Holy Ghost, as in Phil., 1: 6, "Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Upon the whole this call is heard as it is in deed and in truth, the call of God, and not the voice of man.

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\* This is a circular letter, written by John Gano for the Philadelphia Association, October 5, 1784.

III. We are to consider who are the called. They are such as God hath chosen and predestinated both to grace and glory, elected and set apart in Christ, as redeemed by his blood, although by nature children of wrath even as others; not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles. This is an holy, heavenly, and, consequently, an high calling.

IV. Its efficacy. It is effectual to bring the subjects of it to a piercing sense of their guilt and impurity. The mind is deeply convicted, that the fountain is in his very heart of nature, from which all its criminal actions have sprung; and that the lust within disposes us to violate the laws of God in as great a variety of ways as nature is capable of exerting itself, agreeable to Paul's expression, "Sin reviv'd, and I died." The soul is affected with a view of its sinfulness and the malignity of sin in its nature, as entirely opposed to the holy law of God; hence arises an abhorrence of sin, as vile and odious, and a sense of its demerit as deserving eternal death. This call produces a consciousness of the absolute impossibility of our contributing, in the least degree, towards a recovery from this wretched condition, and destroys all confidence of help in the flesh. It is a call to Christ, and gives a view of him in his suitableness and ability as a Saviour; the merit of his obedience and sacrifice, and the treasures of his grace are all brought into view, which creates desires of an interest in him, and resolutions of looking unto and relying wholly upon him for salvation; at the same time cordially acknowledging desert of rejection from him, and yet strengthened to rely entirely upon and surrender all unto the disposal of Christ; setting to our seals that God is true; believing the record he has given of his Son, which is eternal life, and that this life is in his Son. The changes produced are from darkness to light, from bondage to liberty, from alienation and estrangedness to Christ to a state of nearness and fellowship with him and his saints. This call administers peace of conscience towards God, and disposes its subjects to peace with mankind, so far as is consistent with righteousness.

This is an holy calling, and is effectual to produce the exercise of holiness in the heart, even as the saints are created in Christ. Jesus unto good works. God having called us, not to uncleanness, but to holiness, yea, even to glory and virtue, and "to live

holily, righteously, and godly in this present evil world ;” and to conform us, both as men and as Christians, to the pure dictates of nature and the authority of revelation, in all virtuous actions. To believe what is divinely revealed, and to obey what is divinely enjoined ; in which the saints are required to persevere unto “an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, which is reserved in heaven for them,” and unto which this effectual vocation ultimately tends. From all which considerations we learn what it is to be both good and great, and that the way to advance in durable riches and righteousness, to live on high, live above the vanities and pomp of this trifling world, and to shame those who walk unworthily, is to retain a sense of our heavenly vocation. Thus will the hearts and hands of all God’s people, and especially his ministers, be supported and strengthened ; thus will the religion of our adorable Redeemer be honored in the world ; thus shall we glorify God in life and enjoy his peace in death, and leave behind a finished testimony that our calling was effectual and our profession sincere.

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## IMPORTANCE OF UNION AMONG ALL CHRISTIANS IN ORDER TO THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

### A Sermon.

BY WESLEY WRIGHT.

JOHN, 17 : 19, 20, 21 : “And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

“Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word.

“That they all may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us ; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.”

THE intercessory prayer of Christ furnishes us evidence that he desired a union in the church. Just before his passion he gave his disciples comfort, and assured them he must go away, but promised to return ; and when his infinite mind was turned to the stay his Bride was to make on earth, knowing, as he did, the dark path she must travel down the stream of time, blood and carnage rolled before his mind ; and turning his eyes to those who stood by him, and looking at one as he was to hang, on another as he was to be thrown from the pinnacle of the temple, on

another beheaded, on another dragged by wild beasts—in fact, ten out of eleven to go down to untimely graves—while he awaits the arrival of Judas Iscariot with the Roman band headed by the Jewish Rabbis, his heart grew sick, and his sympathy kindled into a flame. He turns his aspiring mind to heaven, and offers one fervent prayer.

This is, indeed, the Lord's prayer. We often talk of the Lord's prayer, and refer to the prayer he taught his disciples to pray; but here, in the 17th of John, we have his prayer. Listen to it, oh ye dissenters, ye discordant disciples, listen to it! "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word. That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Genuine Christianity is a unit, and always was; and to pray for union, is to pray for pure and vital Christianity. But to-day I ask you to look at the condition of the religious world at this time, and especially in this nation, "the home of the brave, and the land of the free." Is the world ever to be converted to God, and what means are to be employed? *Union! Union!* is the only power adequate to that great end.

1. I remark, there is union in all the world in some respects. All agree there is a God. Go to the dark abodes of wretchedness in the heathen land. Look at the devotee as he bows to the image—the god of his imagination. Stand and behold him as he pays his devotion and sheds the tear of contrition. Look at the afflictions he has laid on himself to appease the wrath kindled against him for his transgressions. He feels pained in approaching an imagined deity. Go to the nominal Christian, whose heart is "in the gall of bitterness," and himself "in the bond of iniquity." See him bend the knee to the Joseph, and Mary, and Jesus. He has learned something of God, and feels that he has exalted privileges; he is assisted by the priest, and can make a very near approach to the majesty of that god. But still look, and lo! the meek disciple of Christ, as he pays his vows to the Most High!

The sacred desk, the burning lamp, the lifted spire—all go to say there is a God. In this the whole world agree. All nations, all tongues and people, say there is a God.

Again: All agree that God is good. Love can only be created by goodness and beauty; and no one can see God; hence, all say by their acts God is good and holy. But wherever the light of the Bible has shone, all agree that some kind of a change must take place in us to prepare us for the society of God. Hence the doctrine of the New Birth is taught in all the professed Christian

world. Catholics, Protestants, and Baptists everywhere, in all lands, substantially agree that we "must be born again;" and it is a singular fact, that all these colors and shades of colored parties, Catholic, Protestant, and Baptist, with their varied parties, agree that the originating cause that effects that necessary change, is found in the grace of God, based on the Atonement. (Justice demands, but grace gives.) Here all, *all* agree, that the legal obstruction could never be removed out of the way of the sinner's salvation without atonement, and without grace no atonement could be made.

" Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man."

Grace, as the originating cause, excites the affections of man, and interests all the inhabitants of heaven.

And again: All agree, that so far as the *merit* is concerned, it is found in the blood of Christ. I am aware that some people will think I am mistaken here; and that some think that merit is found in ordinances and obedience; but I am not mistaken. The Catholic, the Protestant, the Baptist, all over the land, say, and proclaim with trumpet-voice, that the meritorious cause of our salvation is found in the blood of Christ. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." All the blood that ran from Jewish altars and hecatombs, only pointed to the blood of Atonement. Go to the superstitious but pious-minded Catholic. He may bow to the Priest, and tell him how much money he has got, and the Priest may tell him he will forgive him; but he is informed all the time that the Priest is only a kind of aqueduct, lead-trap, to conduct the grace of God that flows through the blood of Christ to the soul. He may teach his dupes that sacraments are means of grace, and the priesthood the medium through which grace and merit are conferred; yet he himself bows to the image of Jesus, and tells the dying sinner that Jesus died on Calvary, and holds before him the cross, and says, "Look, there is the Son of God, who died that we might live." Turn to the Protestant world, and listen to the melting tone of the voice of mourning; and when the poor sinner is invited to drink of the water of life, "*the blood of Christ—the blood of Christ,*" is constantly reiterated as the meritorious cause of our salvation.

Turn to the Baptist—the faithful witness of Christ—and there you hear it said, "the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." And here I must say, the Baptists, though divided in various homilies on this point, all agree, without exception, that the blood of Christ is the meritorious cause that effects the change necessary in order to our salvation. They stand here united with the Catholic and the Protestant, but not blended.

I. have now noticed two out of three of the fundamental prin-



ciples and foundation pillars of the Christian temple. All agree there must be a cause for every effect; and if a change is to be wrought in us, and not in God, then God must, as sole arbiter, originate the cause, work out merit, and apply the same. What then divides the religious world in regard to the essentials in Regeneration (or Pardon)? It is not the originating, not the meritorious, but the *instrumental* cause.

Here, I am proud, yea, happy to know, that the large majority of Protestant Christendom agree that *Faith is the instrumental cause*. But unfortunately for poor man, pride comes in here and shuts out the Saviour. In thousands of instances man forgets he is under the influence of a depraved heart, from which flow a thousand polluted streams. He knows he is unholy, and to work he goes, forgetting he is not his own. He works in the wrong way, and determines to merit favor with God; and alas! he resorts to means devised by man, and fails of the grace which is treasured up in Christ. The Catholic depends on the sacraments, and looks to the Priest as God's vicegerent, and expects, through that channel, that grace will flow to his wounded conscience. Hence the doctrine of Sacramental Grace, or Baptismal Regeneration, believed in and taught by that large body of deluded people, called and known by the name of Catholics, East and West, North and South. Hence their zeal for baptizing the infant—a means of purification, according to the theory. Indeed, the idea of "*do and live*" is so congenial with the natural proclivities of the flesh, that it is hard for us to kick against that point; and even Protestant ministers often commit themselves, and in effect preach the soul-destroying dogma of salvation by works; and some of the old leaven has been put in the disciplines and confessions of Protestants themselves, who do not, in fact, believe the doctrine; and some who wear the name of Baptist, and are zealous for the truth, have fallen into the same error. Alexander Campbell, and thousands of the current reformation, seem to be baptized in the belief of sacramental grace.

I would not be understood as charging him or them with preaching baptismal regeneration, *far from it*; neither do I understand him or them as teaching that Baptism is on a par with the blood of Christ (as some have done), far from that; but an error equally as great, equally dangerous, and more in disguise. That I may be clearly understood, I now state the error there is in confounding things that should be distinct; confounding the law of pardon with the law of membership in the kingdom of Christ on earth. I now quote the language of the Bishop of Bethany. It is for him and his brethren to join together what God has put asunder, and show the law of membership and the law of pardon to be one and the same. Here are his words:

“God has ordained grace, blood, faith, repentance, baptism. These five constitute the five golden links in the chain of divine grace.”

Again:

“Grace is the originating cause; blood the meritorious cause; and faith, repentance, and baptism, are the instrumental causes, all expressed and perfected in the last act.”

Then he adds:

“The demonstrative cause is works.”

Now it is evident that this theory teaches the necessity of baptism in order to pardon. It is one of the five links in the chain of divine grace; though not exalted as highly as the blood of Christ, yet indispensable; the blood cannot be applied independently of it, for all are perfected and expressed in the act of baptism. Here we see the monster in disguise. Baptismal regeneration is denounced, and, indeed, I have said, not held to, by this fraction of Baptists (for so they must be called); yet an error that is paramount is there introduced, confounding the law of pardon with the law of membership; confounding overt acts with mental obedience; confounding the gospel with its ordinances—the parent error of a thousand off-shoots. Confound the knowledge of God with his purposes, and you have as the result, universal salvation. Confound the law of pardon with the law of membership, and you have as the result, a visible church saved, and the rest of the world damned.

But I rejoice to say to-day, that almost all Protestants, and almost all Baptists, are agreed on this point. Presbyterianism, with all her eight branches; Methodism, with her eight divisions; the Baptist Church, with her four families—all say, with one voice, that *faith* in Jesus Christ is alone the instrument of justification; and that a man may be a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and not be a member of any visible church; or he may have complied with the law of membership in the church, and not be a child of God by faith.

Then, O scattered spiritual Israel! why, I ask, why cannot those who love the Lord, who are journeying to the same happy land of Canaan, compromise away their errors, allow human variety, hold to divine unity, and stand up in one unbroken rank before the world and say, “This is the way, walk ye in it?” Remember the lowly Nazarene, while Judas was gone for the mob, saying, “Father, as thou art in me, and I in thee, and we are one, I pray they may be one in us, that the world may believe thou hast sent me.”

O brethren, let there be no division! Be of the same mind. “Mind not high things; condescend to men of low estate.”

If, then, pure Christianity is a unit, and this large body of devoted children of God are journeying to the haven of rest, *what*

is it, oh tell me, what is it that causes division among us? With God's help we will find the cause. "The leaders of my people cause them to err."

I contend that the main cause of division is found in the management of the religious press. So few seem to understand the nature of the change of heart. They seem to think, "I am right and you are wrong." "Ah!" they say, "if all believed as I do, what a happy world it would be. We came into the world, and found it in confusion, and we are laboring to mend it; how are we going about it?" "Why," says one, "my interest demands that I take this course, and I think it safe, and if I can get a party with me, I will feel doubly secure." And hence we find party spirit germinate and grow. The religious press is the locomotive that moves the cars of confusion. I would not be understood to condemn the press, but the way it is managed under the now existing circumstances. I believe every party has its organ, through which they send forth the chilling waters of confusion. Look at the Catholic. He reads the Catholic paper, or he reads none. The Protestant reads his Protestant paper, and boasts of his freedom. The Baptist reads his Baptist paper, and feels that he is unfettered. Now look at the way these varied and conflicting papers are managed. The Catholic, who edits his paper, looks with vigilance over the interest of his party; he pleads for the one church, the unity of the faith, and drives a thousand daggers into the hearts of his devotees (*hell's daggers*). The deluded masses believe in the Apostolic Succession, in Sacramental Grace, their sect, the Church, no baptism out of it; without baptism, no salvation; all children missing baptism, miss heaven. The child is kidnapped in the cradle, shackled with a creed, warped in the catechism, and woven out a sectarian, ready to endorse his creed at the expense of truth. He looks at all other sects as heretics, and is ready to put heretics to death, rather than see them go down to hell dragging thousands with them.

Then look at the ring-streaked and motley sects in the Protestant realm—all alike with their engines and locomotives moving on the cars of confusion, loaded with sectional issues, while the thousands who drink at the polluted streams forget the fountain is impure (many opinions), and thus they grow fat on the filth, and become mighty men in the ranks—giants in these days.

Look once more at the Baptist press, and lo! what do you see? Oh! here is the organ of truth, the paper for me, and it visits me weekly. And what does it bring with it? Why, sirs, a thousand contradictions! Yes, a thousand contradictions! North has her interest, the South hers. The *Baptist*, the *Recorder*, the *Watchman*, and a host of other Baptist organs, have one interest as a denomination; but individuals have individual interests to serve. "I am right and you are wrong," is the hue and cry all

over the Baptist realm. And then look at the source from whence the organs are supplied with the fire of strife. The ministers of the various denominations are the firemen who keep up the steam that propels the whole machinery, and keep the world wincing under the weighty and mighty load. They, too, have their individual interests to serve, almost forgetting they have grown to be what they are, on what they have been fed on. Philosophy, geology, astronomy, chemistry, &c., are the themes of many of their discourses. They have drank deep of the fountain of confusion, and feel themselves able to demolish their opponents; and the religious press is the vehicle on which they send forth their *opinions*. Failing to take the armor of God, and go out to battle against the Prince of darkness, they take their ecclesiastical sword, and whet it on the rough stone of denominational interest, and strop it on self-interest, till they can see their own image of success, and then thrust it in and gather the blades on which they feed, until their storehouse is full of fruit, and then barter with the devil, and give him bad for worse, and swap off their self-righteousness for worldly gain, and at last say, "All the world is wrong but us."

Not one of you, who have looked with a critic's eye, but have beheld with sorrow the sad fate of those who live and die sectarians. O brethren, how are we to have union? Can we have it? Yes, "there is balm in Gilead, there is a physician there." Then "let the daughters of my people be recovered." How can we have union? By listening to, and laboring for, the accomplishment of the Saviour's prayer—"For their sakes I sanctify myself."

Look for a moment at the life of Christ, the only specimen of perfection in the human character since the fall of man. Christ was freed from the contamination of sin by his miraculous conception, and he was set apart, sanctified for our sakes, "*their sakes*." There have lived great and good men, but none like Christ. Noah walked with God, but his character was stained with crime. Moses, in a fit of anger, broke the tables of stone. David thirsted for the blood of his enemies, and Peter was for taking revenge; but "Christ spake as never man spake." His garment was not stained. He asked not for the blood of those that persecuted him, but said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In looking over Jerusalem, he said, "Oh, that they had known the day of their visitation!" He told Peter to put up the sword in his place. His life was a life of self-denial. He never looked to his own, but to other men's interest; and so should we act. His life was a life of benevolence; and so should ours be. His life was a life of toil; and so should ours be. His life was a life of obedience; and so should ours be. His life was a life of usefulness; and so should ours be. He blessed the

world in which he lived ; and so should we. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth ; thy word is truth." The Bible is the chart of time, and the charter of immortality. It rests on an eternity, to us past, and will terminate on an eternity to us in the future—the richest boon of heaven, and the richest treasure that Almighty love ever imparted to a fallen world. It reveals to us the character of God, and lights up to us the gloomy vale, and stirs the divinity within us. It is a light to the sinner, and hope to the disconsolate ; and reveals all the riches of grace treasured up in Christ. It is the will of God, the voice of Christ, and the diction of the Spirit, the rich treasure, out of which come things both new and old. "Thy word is truth."

In order to have union, we must do away with human creeds and human rites. We must have one Lord and faith, and one rule of action. There must be one body, the church, as the executive body in the kingdom of Christ. Let all the Christian world be agreed on these great facts, and let God have all the glory through his sacrifice, and let the Spirit have all the glory through his transforming power, the Three in One, Trinity in Unity, the first great Cause, and last great End. Yea, let Him have all praise, "for it is in him and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory forever."

Let us recognize human variety, and make allowance for human imperfection ; but at the same time respect divine unity, and bow to the Supreme Majesty. We must have union, if ever the world is converted to Christ. "Gird thy sword on, O mighty Conqueror, and ride prosperously over the nations, till thou subdue to thy mild reign the rebellions nations of the earth."

Let me suppose a case. Suppose there was an important suit pending, that had been tried in some neighboring nation, and could not be settled there. You all sit as jurors, and await the testimony. Six hundred and sixty witnesses are to be examined. In the first and important point they all agree. In the second all agree. In the third all agree in the main, but in minor matters there are great discrepancies. Would you be as likely to decide the case without doubt, as if they had all agreed throughout ? "I trow not." Just so, brethren, in religious matters. In order to faith, there must be evidence ; and how can the world believe without it ? Faith is the thing believed, and the act of accrediting the belief ; or, in other words, faith is the gift of God, and belief the act of the creature. I know that literature is lame here ; but the truth, the word, is not lame. All agree that grace is the originating cause that effects the change in us necessary in order to eternal felicity ; and all agree that the merit is found in the blood of Christ. Why not, then, all agree (for most do agree) that the instrumental cause of our salvation is faith in Christ ?

Let us make our opinions, and our confessions, and disciplines, and articles of faith, all bow to the Word, as the sheaves of Joseph's brethren bowed to his, and then the long-anticipated happy day will come, when the world will believe that Christ is God's Messiah, and will bow to his Majesty; and we shall have one Lord, and his name be *One*.

In conclusion, let me say a word about the effect of union. I have already anticipated that the sword will be beaten into a plough-share, and the spear into a pruning-hook; and then, dry up, oh ye widows' cries! and be ye dry, ye orphans' tears! and the clamors of war shall cease; no more clash of arms; the thunders of Sebastopol shall be hushed in one eternal silence! Love to God, supreme, and to man subordinate, shall pervade every breast. Let the man of Europe meet the man of Asia; let the man of America meet the man of Africa, and all be peace and love. And while talking o'er their trials, as strangers and pilgrims, methinks I see Love and Hope mingled in contributing to elate the emotions of joy, and in bright anticipations, see the strangers greet each other and exclaim, "How sweet and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" And then look just over the little stream, and there you see the sacramental host of God's elect bathing in the ocean of eternal love; free from trials, free from division, free from dissension—all, *all* unity there!

"Thy kingdom come; let thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth!"

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## HISTORY OF SHELBYVILLE CHURCH.

BY A. G. CURRY.

### ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

ON December 8th, 1818, the members, living in Shelbyville, of different Baptist Churches, assembled at the house of Mr. Samuel Dupuy, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of forming a Baptist organization in this place. A resolution was unanimously adopted, "That a Baptist Church be constituted and organized in Shelbyville; and that the 4th Saturday in January next be appointed to carry the same into effect; and that Elders Allen McGuire, James McQuade, and George Waller be called to that work." Messrs. Samuel Dupuy, David Standeford, and James Bristow were appointed to prepare a Church Covenant.

Adjourned to meet on the 17th inst. at Mr. Bristow's.

Agreeable to adjournment, the same individuals met, at the place specified, for arranging the organization of the church. After prayer, the covenant being presented, was unanimously received. Messrs. Dupuy and Bristow were appointed to prepare a Constitution for examination at the next meeting. Agreed to call a minister to preach a sermon on the day of the adoption of the Constitution; and that Elder George Waller be requested to attend for that purpose.

Adjourned to meet on the evening of the 28th inst. at Mr. Dupuy's.

Dec. 28th. The Constitution being presented, was unanimously agreed to.

Adjourned to meet at the Court-house 4th Saturday in January, A. D. 1819.

Members of different Baptist Churches met at the Court-house, agreeably to previous arrangements. Elder George Waller delivered a sermon from 1 Tim., 3: 13, "That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

After sermon, the Presbytery, consisting of Elders George Waller, James McQuaid, and Samuel Vancleave, informed the members intending to be constituted, that they were then ready to carry the same into effect. The following individuals produced letters of dismission from different Baptist Churches in good standing, and were constituted a regular Baptist Church of Jesus Christ, agreeably to the rules and forms of the denomination.

MALES.

Samuel Dupuy,	Price Willis,	William Smith,
James Bristow,	William Rankin,	John Onstot,
James L. Holmes,	Rich'd Crainshaw,	Timothy Redding,
Robert Jarvis,	Lewis Crainshaw.	

FEMALES.

Rebecca Bristow,	Nancy Holmes,	Mary Jarvis,
Hetty Willis,	Ann Myles,	Nancy Locke,
Sarah Crainshaw,	Nancy Smith,	Elizabeth Redding.

Males 11. Females 9. Total 20.

The following Covenant was produced, adopted and signed :

"We, whose names are under-written, being desirous to be constituted a Church of Jesus Christ, in this place, and having received letters of dismission from different Baptist Churches, in good standing, and being desirous of enjoying the privileges that appertain to the people of God—do, in the name of the Lord Jesus, voluntarily and freely give ourselves up to the Lord, and to one another, according to his Word, to be one *body*, under one

Head, jointly to exist and act by the bands and rules of the Gospel. And do promise and engage to do all things, by divine assistance, in our different capacities and relations, that the Lord has commanded us, and requires of us; particularly to deny ourselves, take up our cross, follow Christ, keep the Faith, assemble ourselves together, love the brethren, submit one to another in the Lord, care one for another, bear one another's burdens; to keep the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace; and finally, to submit to them that may have the rule over us in the Lord, which is enjoined in the Holy Scriptures. This is the Covenant solemnly entered into, in the fear of God, humbly imploring the divine assistance and blessing, that we may be built up and established to the glory of God, the advancement of the Redeemer's interest, and the comfort and edification of our souls, through the infinite riches of Free Grace, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

"And now to the only wise God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—be worship, honor, power, glory, dominion, and obedience, now and ever more. Amen."

A. D. 1819. Early in this year Elder George Waller was called to the pastoral care of the church. Samuel Dupuy was chosen Clerk, which office he continued to fill with fidelity until April, 1839, when the church being without a Moderator, he was chosen, and Wm. Jarvis appointed Clerk. Robert Jarvis was appointed the first Deacon of the church. At the commencement of the organization, the members interested themselves in the building of a respectable house of worship. The church made application for membership in the Long Run Association, and was received. Samuel Dupuy and James Bristow were appointed to write the letter to the Association; the same were chosen messengers to bear the letter. Purchased a bell for the house. Met in the new meeting-house on the 4th Saturday in November. Received by experience and baptism 2; by letter 10; excluded 1; total 31; increase 11.

A. D. 1820. Nothing of interest occurred during this year. There was a gradual accession to the church. Samuel Dupuy was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. James Bristow and Samuel Dupuy were elected messengers to the same. Elder Silas Toncray requested to preach to the church one Sunday in each month. Received by experience and baptism 4; by letter 4; dismissed by letter 3; total 36; increase 5.

A. D. 1821. Resolved to commune twice a year, in April and September. On motion, resolved to invite the members of the Clear Creek Church to hold their meetings in this house. A committee of two was appointed to visit some of the neighboring churches, and solicit their aid in paying the debt consequent upon the building of the house. Samuel Dupuy was appointed to write



the letter to the next Association. William Rankin and Samuel Dupuy were chosen to bear the same, as messengers.

Received by experience and baptism 1; by letter 3; dismissed by letter 3; excluded 1; total 36.

A. D. 1822. George W. Nuckols and Samuel Dupuy were appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Wm. Rankin and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers to bear the same. On the 21st of December a subscription was opened for the benefit of the pastor.

Received by experience and baptism 23; by letter 5; dismissed by letter 3; total 61; increase 25.

A. D. 1823. The Clerk, S. Dupuy, was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Wm. Rankin, Geo. W. Nuckols, and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers.

Received by experience and baptism 2; by letter 2; dismissed by letter 4; total 61.

A. D. 1824. In the March meeting, Robert Jarvis having resigned his office as Deacon, Wm. Smith was elected in his place. Samuel Dupuy was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Geo. W. Nuckols, Wm. Rankin, and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers. A question was raised, Whether this church do consider herself in the General Union? Decided in the negative. An amendment to the letter written for the Long Run Association being proposed, concerning the General Union, was adopted, and the letter received with its amendments.

Received by experience and baptism 4; by letter 7; dismissed by letter 2; excluded 1; total 69; increase 8.

A. D. 1825. July meeting, Samuel Dupuy and George W. Nuckols were appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Samuel Dupuy, Geo. W. Nuckols, and Wm. Rankin were chosen messengers. Query, proposed by the church to be sent to the Association:

“Are our Associations, as usually attended, of general utility?”

Received by experience and baptism 4; by letter 3; dismissed by letter 3; excluded 2; total 71; increase 2.

A. D. 1826. Queries submitted by the Long Run Association to the different churches composing that body:

“1st. Is there any authority in the New Testament for religious bodies to make *human creeds*, or confessions of faith—the constitutions or directories of such bodies, in matters of faith and practice?”

*Ans.* We believe there is no authority in the New Testament for human creeds or confessions of faith; still, as there are many denominations of religious bodies in the world, all holding the scriptures as their guide, it seems not amiss to have some articles whereby we may distinguish our religious sentiments.

*“Query 2d. Is there any authority in the New Testament for Associations? If so, what is it? If not, why are they held?”*

*Ans.* We believe there is no authority in the New Testament for Associations, as annually attended; but we think they have a tendency to unite the different churches and create a unanimity of sentiment among us; as also to give information as to our numbers, which is some satisfaction to the Christian world; and when attended in the spirit of Christianity, are of general utility.

Samuel Dupuy was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Wm. Rankin, Geo. W. Nuckols, and S. Dupuy were chosen messengers. Messrs. Smith and Parish alternates.

Received by experience and baptism 1; by letter 1; dismissed by letter 11. excluded 1; total 61.

A. D. 1827. Wm. Rankin resigned the office of Deacon. The Clerk, Samuel Dupuy, was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Geo. W. Nuckols, Wm. Smith, and S. Dupuy were chosen messengers.

Received by experience and baptism 4; by letter 7; dismissed by letter 13; excluded 2; total 57.

1828. Geo. W. Nuckols was elected a Deacon of the church. Elders Vardeman and Noel visited the church during this year, under whose instrumentality a precious season of revival was enjoyed. Samuel Dupuy was appointed to write the letter to the Association. Geo. W. Nuckols, Wm. Smith, and S. Dupuy were chosen messengers.

Received by experience and baptism 17; by letter 9; dismissed by letter 2; excluded 1; total 84; increase 23.

1829. The Clerk, S. Dupuy, was appointed to write the letter to the Association. Geo. W. Nuckols, Wm. Smith, and S. Dupuy were chosen messengers. In June, Elder George Waller resigned the pastoral care of the church. The thanks of the church were voted him, and he was requested to visit them as often as convenient. They wrote to Elder Silas M. Noel, soliciting him to take the pastoral charge, but were unsuccessful. Elder Standeford was then chosen pastor. Geo. W. Nuckols resigned as Deacon; J. G. Withers was elected in his place.

Received by experience and baptism 9; by letter 7; dismissed by letter 6; excluded 2; restored 2; total 94; increase 10.

1830. A committee was appointed to devise ways and means to pay arrearages to Samuel Dupuy for the building of the house, which amounted to \$700. About \$250 was raised and paid; the remainder was given over to the church. The Clerk was appointed to write the next letter to the Association. George W. Nuckols, J. G. Withers, and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers. About this time some difficulty occurred with respect to not permitting the Creaths to preach in the house, who had been excluded from the Elkhorn Association. This appears to have

been the dawn of the Reformation of Mr. Campbell in this church. J. G. Withers and Wm. Smith resigned their office of Deacon.

Received by experience and baptism 1; by letter 7; dismissed by letter 9; excluded 2; total 67.

1831. J. G. Withers and Samuel Dupuy were elected Deacons. The Clerk was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. J. G. Withers, Wm. Rankin, and S. Dupuy were chosen messengers. In September, a division took place in the church. We pass over the confusion which is always consequent upon such a crisis. The wound is healed. Twenty dissented from the constitution, and separated themselves from the church, by consent. The church granted them leave to hold meetings the 1st and 3d Sundays in the house, which should be occupied every Sunday morning for Sabbath-school by the church. The church unanimously agreed to call Elder Wm. Ford to the pastoral care.

Received by experience and baptism 4; by letter 2; dismissed by letter 4; excluded 6; restored 1. In the division of the church 64 were left.

1832. Elder Ford accepted the call made. The Clerk was appointed to write the letter to the Association. J. G. Withers, Amos Fox, and S. Dupuy were chosen messengers.

On motion of Mr. Marshal, whether the church approve of her members communing with other societies not of her union, it was unanimously resolved that she disapprove of it.

Received by experience and baptism 2; by letter 4; dismissed by letter 2; total 68; increase 4.

1833. The Clerk was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. The messengers' names are not given this year.

Received by experience and baptism 2; by letter 7; dismissed by letter 7; excluded 3; restored 1; total 68.

1834. In May and June the church was blessed with a season of revival and large accessions. This was under the instrumentality of the late venerable and pious John S. Wilson. The church addressed a letter to Elder Wilson, requesting him to take charge of the same. But the church in Louisville refusing to give up any portion of his time, they were unsuccessful in the call. The Clerk was appointed to write the letter to the Association. William Wilson, Wm. Jarvis, and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers. Elder John Dale was called to preach to the church once a month.

Received by experience and baptism 119; by letter 9; dismissed by letter 36; excluded 2; restored 1; total 159; increase 91.

1835. The Clerk was appointed to prepare the letter to the next Association. Wm. Wilson, Wm. Jarvis, and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers. There was a fine state of religious feeling in the church during the year.

Received by experience and baptism 28 ; by letter 10 ; dismissed by letter 18 ; excluded 3 ; total 171 ; increase 12.

1836. In January Elder R. Giddings was called to the pastoral care of the church. Motion was made that the black members have leave to procure a house for them to worship in. Granted. They are still considered members of this church. Elder R. Giddings and John L. Waller\* were appointed messengers to the convention at Greensburg. The church took up the request of the Association, to the several churches, for their approbation to reprint the Confession of Faith, to-wit: the Philadelphia, leaving out the exceptions taken by the Elkhorn Association, and refused her assent. It was decided in favor of reprinting an abridgment of the constitution. A good state of religion was experienced during the year. At this time Elder James P. Rucker, an ordained minister, united with the church.

Received by experience and baptism 27 ; by letter 21 ; dismissed by letter 14 ; total 205 ; increase 34.

1837. Elder Giddings was again unanimously called to the care of the church. Church agreed to commune once in three months. Elder Giddings was appointed to write the letter to the Association. Elder Giddings, Wm. Jarvis, Wm. Wilson, and L. W. Dupuy were chosen messengers. The following delegates were sent to the meeting in Louisville, to-wit: Elder Giddings, John Hansbrough, Wm. Owen, and L. W. Dupuy.

Received by experience and baptism 27 ; by letter 15 ; dismissed by letter 11 ; excluded 3 ; restored 1 ; total 234 ; increase 29.

1838. Elder Giddings received the call of the church this year, and accepted it. Walter S. Robertson and Wm. Jarvis were appointed to write the letter to the Association. Elders Giddings and James P. Rucker, Wm. Jarvis and Samuel Dupuy were chosen messengers. J. G. Withers resigned his office of Deacon, and Joel Hansbrough was elected in his place. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Withers for his service in that office. The church received a communication from the church in Louisville, requesting her to send her pastor and another member to aid in the formation and constitution of another Baptist Church. Granted. Elder J. P. Rucker was chosen with the pastor.

A query was raised, "Has the church a right to invite preaching brethren in our union, and in good standing, without consulting the pastor of the church?"

*Ans.*, In the affirmative, with the proviso, that such invitation does not authorize the person thus invited to infringe upon the peculiar duties of the pastor.

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\* Elder John L. Waller joined this church by letter on the 4th Saturday in February, 1836.

Received by experience and baptism 9 ; by letter 12 ; dismissed by letter 18 ; restored 1 ; total 238 ; increase 4.

1839. The church being without Moderator and Clerk, Samuel Dupuy was chosen Moderator, and Wm. Jarvis, Clerk. Messrs. Robertson, Hansbrough and Sharrard were appointed delegates to the Bible Convention at Lexington. In July, Elder Samuel Baker was called to the pastoral care of the church ; accepted and entered upon his duties. Elder Baker and Samuel Dupuy were appointed to write the letter to the Association. Elders Baker, Giddings, Rucker, S. Dupuy, Jarvis, and Robertson, were elected delegates to the General Association held in this place. Church resolved to observe the first Sabbath evening in each month in prayer for the spread of the gospel throughout the world, and the conversion of the heathen.

Received by experience and baptism 12 ; by letter 11 ; dismissed by letter 29 ; excluded 7 ; deceased 3 ; total 221.

1840. A query was raised, "Is Freemasonry in accordance with the religious views of this church ?"

Elder Baker was again called to the pastoral care, July 10, for two Sabbaths in each month. Elder Baker and Samuel Dupuy were appointed to write the letter to the next Association. On motion,

*Resolved*, That the colored part of this church have the privilege of communing in their own house.

*Resolved*, That the African branch of this church have the liberty of appointing their own Deacons.

Elders Baker, and Rucker, and Sam'l Dupuy, and Wm. Jarvis were elected delegates to the General Association.

Received by experience and baptism 75 ; by letter 10 ; dismissed by letter 16 ; excluded 10 ; total 280 ; increase 59.

1841. On motion, *Resolved*, That our meetings of business be changed to the Saturday before the 3d Sabbath in each month—January meeting. Elder Baker accepted the call from the church for one-half of his time for twelve months following July. Wm. Jarvis was elected Deacon in June. Elder Baker was appointed to write the letter to the next Association. Elder Baker, Samuel Dupuy, John Hansbrough, and Wm. Jarvis were chosen messengers. Elders Baker and J. P. Rucker were appointed delegates to the General Association.

The subject of the ordination of George Edwards was taken up, and the Presbytery, consisting of Elder Baker, and the Deacons of this church, Elder Rice, and the Deacons of other churches, was organized by appointing Samuel Dupuy, Moderator, and Wm. Jarvis, Clerk. Upon examination by the Presbytery, he was ordained. On November 20th the resignation of Elder Baker was accepted. Elder A. G. Curry was called to the pastoral charge of the church ; accepted, and commenced his ministerial

labors the 1st of December—being employed three Sabbaths in each month.

Received by experience and baptism 33; by letter 5; dismissed by letter 12; excluded 4; total 302; increase 22.

1842. In looking over the records, among all the difficulties, as to citing members to appear and answer for the neglect of duty, trying unhappy cases that may have occurred, exclusion and restoration, this year appears to be the dawn of unparalleled peace, promptitude in the discharge of duty, harmony and religious zeal of the church. The year opened with a wonderful display of divine grace, and the power of the cross, in the conviction, conversion, and reformation of sinners. A. G. Curry and Wm. Jarvis were appointed to write the letter to the Association. A. G. Curry, J. P. Rucker, Samuel Dupuy, T. Wells, J. S. Sharrard, and Wm. Jarvis were chosen messengers.

Oct. 2d. After sermon by the pastor, on the subject of Missions, including that of Indian Missions, a collection was taken for the latter of \$11 45, to be paid over to the Indian Mission Association, to be held at Cincinnati on the 22d of October. A. G. Curry, Thomas Hansbrough, and W. Jarvis were chosen messengers to the General Association at Bloomfield.

Received by experience and baptism 162; by letter 15; dismissed by letter 27; excluded (blacks) 3; restored 1; total 450; increase 148. Number of deaths from 1839 not being registered regularly, are summed up with this year, amounting to 18, which, taken from the total 450, leaves 432.

Number of white members Oct. 6, 1842	-	-	-	189
" black " " " " " " "	-	-	-	243
Total,	-	-	-	432

The foregoing calculations have not been made according to the associational year. It was impossible to have made the computation thus, from the records. Very little inconvenience, however, will occur to any one on this account.

*Resolutions passed by the Baptist Church in Shelbyville.*

*Resolved 1.* That any members of this church who may leave town, or its vicinity, expecting to be absent six months, are requested to take letters of recommendation for occasional communion with other churches of the same faith and practice.

*Resolved 2.* That if any members of this church leave its bounds, expecting to be absent one year or more, they are requested to take letters of dismission and recommendation to a regular Baptist Church where they may reside. Provided there may be no Baptist Church near the place of their residence, they may retain their standing in this church, in which case they shall give to the

church an account of their spiritual state, by letter or otherwise, at least once a year.

*Resolved 3.* That if any members of this church shall be absent for more than one year, without reporting themselves to the pastor or clerk, their names may be dropped from the records at the discretion of this church.

NOTE.—The above is from a history of this church, by A. G. Curry, printed in Shelbyville in 1843, as furnished me by Bro. Hollingsworth, of Simpsonville, together with a large amount of valuable material.

## ACTS AND USAGES OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### CHAP. V.—DEACONS.

The only other officer recognized in Baptist churches is that of Deacon :

Deacons are men called forth by the church, to serve in the outward concerns thereof; whose office is to serve tables, Acts vi. 2-7. They are to be intrusted with the stock of the church, out of which stock they are to assist the poor members of the church, and to provide bread and wine for the Lord's table, and also to have regard to the minister's table; and moreover they should see that all the members of the church do contribute towards the proper uses of the church, that therefrom all necessary occasions may be supplied, as God hath given them, they to the poor, so that none be neglected, 1 Corinthians xvi. 2; by the faithful discharge of which office they shall purchase to themselves a good degree and great boldness in the faith, 1 Timothy iii. 13. The qualifications of these officers are laid down, 1 Timothy iii. 8-13; Acts vi. 2-8.—*Philadelphia Confession*, p. 83.

#### QUALIFICATIONS OF DEACONS.

*Likewise must the deacons be grave, &c.* The apostle proceeds to give the qualifications, and so the rules for choosing another sort of officers in the church, deacons; whose work and business is, not to preach the gospel and administer ordinances; but to take care of the secular affairs of the church, and particularly to serve tables; to provide the bread and wine for the Lord's table, to attend at it, and distribute the elements from the minister to the people, to collect for it, defray the charges of it, and divide what remains among the poor; and they are to take care of the minister's table, that he is provided for in a comfortable way, and to stir up the members to their duty in this respect; and to

take care of the poor's table, and distribute what the church collects for them, with simplicity and cheerfulness; and are to be helps to the pastor, in observing the walk of members, in composing differences between them, in visiting the sick and poor, and in preparing matters for church meetings. Their characters are, that they be *grave*; in their speech, gesture, and dress; honest, and of good report among men; and chaste in their words and actions; all which may be signified by the word here used; and the latter may be rather hinted at, because of Nicholas, one of the first deacons, who was charged with uncleanness: *not double-tongued*; whose hearts and tongues do not agree together; and who, being a sort of middle persons between the pastor and the members of the church, say one thing to one, and another to the other; which to do is of bad consequence: or who speak well to the poor when they apply to them, and promise them to do them all the service they can, and when it comes to the up-shot speak against them: *not given too much to wine*; which impairs the health, stupifies the mind, and so renders unfit for any such office, as well as wastes the temporal estate; and may lead them to embezzle and consume the church's stock: *not greedy of filthy lucre*; for such would withhold from the poor that which is meet for them, and make use of money in their hands, to their own advantage.

*Holding the mystery of the faith, &c.* The doctrine of the Gospel, called *the faith*, because it contains things to be believed; proposes Christ the object of faith; is the means by which faith comes, and is unprofitable without it: it is called *the mystery*, because it is of divine revelation, and could have never been discovered by human reason; and now it is revealed, the modus of many things contained in it remains a mystery; several of the doctrines of it are mysterious ones, particularly the doctrine of the Trinity; and which the ancient Jews called by a name signifying *the mystery of faith*; the incarnation of the Son of God, the union of the saints to Christ, and their communion with him, and the resurrection of the dead, with others. Now this mysterious doctrine of faith is to be held by deacons; they are to profess it, and to hold fast the profession of it, and that *in a pure conscience*; with a conscience sprinkled by the blood of Christ; with a conscience void of offence both towards God and man; with a suitable life and conversation; a conversation becoming the Gospel of Christ, and by which it is adorned: and this part of their character is necessary, that such may be able to instruct and establish those who are weak in the faith, and oppose and refute the erroneous, and also recommend the Gospel by their own example; otherwise should their principles or practices be bad, their influence on others might be very pernicious and fatal.

*And let these also first be proved, &c.* Not that they should



be tried in any part of the deacon's office, to see how capable they are of performing it; but their internal and external characters are to be looked into, examined, and if they appear to be right, then they are to be approved of, chosen and called unto, and invested with the office: *then let them use the office of a deacon*; let them be employed and minister in the several parts and branches of that office: *being found blameless*: not without sin, but free from any gross and enormous one; not before God, but in the sight of men.—*Gill, p. 290.*

#### ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

Query: Whether it is regular for any to use the office of deacon, (or to exercise the office of a ruling elder), in a church, without ordination?

Solution. As touching ruling elders or deacons; if there had been no other rule but mere parity of reason, it would appear necessary to have a proof of the persons delegated to those offices by a trial in the office itself; for experience teacheth that some very regular members cannot become useful officers when tried, and if persons, likely to bear the ministerial function, may be found unfit for the office when tried, though sound in the faith, and of approved conversation, so may well minded and well respected persons be found, when tried, to be unfit for inferior offices. If it be objected that we have a precedent for choosing and ordaining deacons, without any proof or trial, it may be sufficient to answer, that the precedent in Acts vi. is very proper to inform us of the nature and property of the deacon's office; but cannot reasonably be pleaded to be imitable in future times, in that particular, in debate; because, 1, that was an extraordinary time, and done by extraordinary persons; and therefore not imitable in ordinary times nor ordinary persons, unless we could bring extraordinary times and persons to be alike, which we cannot. 2. Because the Holy Ghost, since that precedent, hath given us a positive rule to direct the church in ordinary times, which we are bound to follow, 1 Tim. iii. 10; from which the church in after ages ought not to deviate. Ordinarily it is improbable we should find the qualifications of a man for office without a trial; therefore, to ordain men to office in the church of God, without first being proved and approved, is against both rule and reason, and is therefore unlawful to be done by any church of Christ.

In ordinary, we see the churches of Christ inclined, and God's people are, by apparent motives, freely, lovingly, and affectionately moved, though not infallibly, to promote the ordination of such persons whose gifts, upon due exercise, they find to be useful by long experience, and whose apparent growth and proficiency, by long trial, is become manifest, and whose steady and cir-

cumspect behavior in all things in doctrine and practice, are agreeable encouragements to entrust them, as men found fit and faithful for the office intended.—*Phil. Association, A. D. 1746.*

#### CHAP. VI.—OF THE ADMISSION OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

The Lord Jesus Christ hath committed the use and power of the keys, in matters of government, to every visible congregational church, to be used, according to the rules and directions that he hath given in his word, in his name and to his glory. The keys are the power of Christ, which he hath given to every particular congregation, to open and shut itself by; and to do all things in order to the great things proposed, viz: his glory and his people's spiritual benefit, in peace and purity, Isaiah 9: 7, and 22: 22; Rev. 3: 7; Hebrews 3: 6; Ephesians 2: 19–22; Matthew 16: 19; John 20: 26.

By virtue of the charter and the power aforesaid, which Christ hath given to his church, his spiritual corporation, they are enabled to receive members into, and to exclude unworthy members as occasion may require, as may appear by divers examples, Rom. 14: 1; Acts 2: 41; 1 Cor. 5: 4, 5; Mat. 18: 18; 2 Thessalonians 2: 6, 14.

In this case, a church hath to do, either with non-members, or those that are members of other churches; as to non-members proposing for admission into the church, the pastor, teacher, and elders of the church are to be acquainted therewith, and the body of the church also, in order that they may know the intent of such person or persons. A convenient meeting is necessary. When the church is come together, and the person proposing being present, after prayer to God for direction, the minister or pastor of the church is to put several questions to the person proposing. Concerning the ground and reason of his hope, 1 Peter 3: 15, wherein is to be inquired, what experience he hath of the manifold graces of the holy Spirit, working in him repentance from dead works, as Acts 2: 38, Hebrews 6: 2; and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone is salvation hoped for, Acts 20: 21; Philemon 5; for without there be some good grounds, in the judgment of charity, that such a one is a new creature, the door of admission is not to be opened, for that would be abusing the privileges of the house of God. Therefore all due and regular care is to be taken, Psalm 66: 16; Acts 9: 27.

And after such examination, the question is to be put to the church, whether they are all satisfied with the party's confession and conversation; and if the answer be in the affirmative, then the pastor or minister is to proceed to ask the party proposing, if he be willingly resolved, as God shall give ability, to walk in a

professed subjection to the commands and institutions of Christ revealed in the Gospel, and to give himself a member of that church in particular, Romans xii. l. xv. 7, 8, 9; 2 Cor. viii. 5; and to continue in the communion, faith, and order thereof, according to the gospel rules and directions; and after the person is baptized according to the institution and command of Christ, and come under the imposition of the hands of the elders of the church, according to the practice of the apostles, Acts viii. 14, 17; Hebrews vi. 2. The pastor, minister, or elders, as presiding in the acts of the church's power, do receive such a one into the communion and fellowship of that church in particular. But if the church is not satisfied with the person's confession or conversation, it is proper, if the objections be of any weight, to defer the party's admission until a more ample satisfaction can be given, that all, if possible, may receive such with freedom in love, and so as to discharge all gospel duties towards him, as may promote his edification in the faith, and his increase in grace, 2 Cor. i. 24, x. 8.—*Philadelphia Confession, p. 83.*

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## LEAVES OF TRUTH.—NO. I.

### LAW OF BAPTISM.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved.”—*Mark, 16: 15, 16.*

### TEACHING BEFORE BAPTISM.

“And Jesus come, and spake unto them saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach (disciple) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—*Matt., 28: 18, 19.*

### REPENTANCE BEFORE BAPTISM.

“Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.”—*Acts, 2: 38.*

### REGENERATION BEFORE BAPTISM.

“Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?”—*Acts, 10: 47.*

### AOT OF BAPTISM.

“Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to

be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering, said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water."—Matt., 3: 13, 14, 15, 16.

"And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins."—Matt., 3: 4, 5, 6.

"And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water; and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing."—Acts, 8: 36, 37, 38, 39.

#### SUBJECTS OF BAPTISM.

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"And fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles."—Acts, 2: 38, 43.

"But when they believed Philip, preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women."—Acts, 8: 12.

"And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."—Acts, 8: 37.

"While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word."

"And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord. Then prayed they him to tarry certain days."—Acts, 10: 44, 48.

"And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales; and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."—Acts, 9: 18.

"And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul. And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful

to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us.”—Acts, 16 : 14, 15.

“And they went out of the prison, and entered into the house of Lydia ; and when they had seen the brethren, they comforted them, and departed.” Acts, 16 : 40.

#### BAPTISM AN IMPORTANT DESIGN.

“The like figure whereunto, *even* baptism, doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God), by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.”—1 Peter, 3 : 21.

It is *emblematical* of the Christian’s new life : Rom., 6 : 3, 4 : “Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death ? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death ; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.”

It *represents* the washing away of our sins, Acts, 22 : 16 : “And now why tarriest thou ? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.”

It is a *sign* of our external union with the professing church, 1 Cor., 12 : 13 : “For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.”

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You have seen the great reservoirs provided by our water companies, in which the water which is to supply hundreds of streets and thousands of houses is kept. Now, the heart is just the reservoir of man, and our life is allowed to flow in its proper season. That life may flow through different pipes—the mouth, the hand, the eye ; but still all the issues of hand, of eye, of lip, derive their source from the great fountain and central reservoir, the heart ; and hence there is no difficulty in showing the great necessity that exists for keeping this reservoir, the heart, in a proper state and condition, since otherwise that which flows through the pipes must be tainted and corrupt.—*Spurgeon*.

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**METAPHYSICS**—*The Scotchman’s Definition*.—“When the party who listens din’na ken what the party who speaks means ; and the party who speaks din’na ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics.”

# Family Visitant.

[For the Christian Repository.]

## LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

### CHAPTER IV.—MR. ANDERSON'S SECOND MEETING AND BAPTISM.

A strong characteristic of human nature is the love of novelty, an itching after *new things*. It matters not how absurd a doctrine or practice may be, how entirely opposed to common sense and good taste, truth or right reason, it will be sure to find followers, and oftentimes, too, among those who regard themselves as the Solomons of the community. The truth is, we love to be humbugged. It is exciting, gives variety, and affords mankind something to laugh at, and womankind something to talk about. Men and women are but grown up children, "pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw."

I shall not enter into any metaphysical disquisition to prove the truth of my assertions, nor to account for this remarkable phenomenon. If any man doubts the truth of what I have said, let him open his eyes and look around him for twenty-four hours; or, if he cannot depend upon his own judgment sufficiently to come to a conclusion from such observation, then let him review the last ten years of our history as a nation, and see how innumerable are the *Barnumisms* that have set the nation agog in that time, and then passed out as meteors flashing across an evening sky. If, after due search and deliberation, he does not agree with us in our opinion, we shall have to rank him with the *novelties*, and pass on,—that's all.

The day after the church meeting of which we have spoken, Mr. Anderson preached again at the Academy. The church and the Academy were but about forty rods apart, and the singing of one congregation could be heard by the other. Mr. Anderson, of course, had a far larger congregation than dear old brother Wilson. He was the *new* preacher, and what young man or

woman is there in a neighborhood who would not prefer the "*new preacher*" to the "old one."

All the seminary boys and girls, except those young enough to submit to parental control, went to hear him. Most of the unconverted people in the neighborhood, who were in the habit of attending church at all, were present. And Mr. Anderson had been very busy through the week visiting such Baptist families as he thought would give him the least countenance. Sometimes he went where he did not receive the warmest welcome in the world. Old Bro. Stokes was a man who did not say much, but when he did talk it was to the point, I assure you. He had been very silent about the new preacher and the new doctrine. No one had heard him say a word about it. Mr. Anderson, acting upon his belief of the old adage, "silence gives consent," ventured to call upon Bro. Stokes in company with Bro. Mason.

The old brother received them kindly, and invited them in.

After the usual compliments of the morning, Mr. Anderson remarked by way of introducing the subject:

"Well, Bro. Stokes, were you at our meeting last Sunday?"

"*Our meeting!* What meeting?" inquired the old man drily.

"Why, the meeting at the school-house last Sunday, sir," replied Mr. Anderson a little embarrassed.

"No, I was not."

"We are going to have preaching again next Sunday, and would be glad to see you."

"You will not have that pleasure. I cannot wish God speed to such heresy as I believe you teach."

The preacher hung his head. He was taken all aback. Toasted and flattered as he had been for the last week, this reply of the blunt old man sounded pointedly severe. He didn't know what to say. He looked for Mr. Mason to come to his help. But this worthy brother had known brother Stokes for many years, and he saw the whole matter had gone by default. So he prudently kept his peace.

"But you do not know what we preach, Mr. Stokes, (he did not say *brother* now,) you have never been to hear me."

"That is true. I have never heard you, but I have heard of you from your best friends, and that is enough for me. The Lord

willing, I will not suffer myself to be beguiled by false teachers, who teach for doctrines the commandments of men."

The preacher felt it was no use to argue any further with the firm old man. He fidgeted awhile on his chair and proposed to Bro. Mason to leave.

Bro. Stokes bade them "good morning" with the same imperturbability that had characterized him throughout the visit. He did not ask the new preacher back. He was not a man to do injustice to his conscience to serve the rules of etiquette.

Mr. Anderson preached with unusual fervor. His congregation was large and attentive. Bro. Mason, who had now become a staunch convert to the new *ism*, felt emotions of delight, as looking through the window he compared the number of horses in front of the two houses. A smile of gratification passed over his face, as he saw the great preponderance in favor of the Academy.

At the close of the sermon the preacher gave an invitation for any one present who desired, to come forward and own the Saviour, and if there were any present of other denominations who wished to throw away their man-made creeds and return to primitive Christianity, to come and cast in their lot with them. They sang a hymn. Before the first verse was ended, the whole Mason family, except the father, moved to the seats designated for the candidates. Others followed the example, and before the hymn closed, eleven had presented themselves. Only one, Mrs. Mason, had been baptized. The usual question, "Do you believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and do you love him," was asked of the ten young persons, who all answered affirmatively.

Mr. Anderson announced that there would be baptizing that afternoon at three o'clock in Bro. Mason's pond, and invited all present to attend.

The hour came for baptizing. The pond, a beautiful sheet of calm crystal water, glanced back in golden radiance the sunlight of heaven. A vast concourse of people had assembled on its edge. The candidates were all ready.

A hymn was sung and a prayer offered. But before Mr. Anderson led the candidates into the water, he addressed the assembly for a few minutes. "My friends, the Bible commands



all of us to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins. This is the command of Christ, and by submitting to this ordinance of his own instituting, we show our obedience to him, and he blesses us in the act."

There was a great shaking of heads among some of the Baptists; others swallowed the startling announcement with avidity. "A man may repent," he continued, "is called upon to repent, but is he pardoned before he is baptized? If so, my friends, why did Christ, by the mouth of Peter, command men to be baptized for the remission of sins. If his sins have been remitted, forgiven, if he has already been pardoned, why should he submit to the ordinance of baptism that his sins may be pardoned? Let me illustrate this idea. I have been in Illinois all winter. In the spring I decide I will go to Missouri. My mind is fully made up on this point. Spring comes. I make all my preparations to go to Missouri. Everything is ready. I set out and travel until I reach the Mississippi river. Here I am, you see, my mind made up to leave Illinois and to go to Missouri. My clothes are all packed up—every necessary arrangement is complete. I have turned my back upon my old home, and have traveled many miles towards the new location. But am I in Missouri? Certainly not. The river has yet to be crossed. Now, suppose I should say I'll rest myself here, I won't cross the river. Don't you see I'll never get to Missouri. I am still in Illinois. But suppose I cross the river, where am I then? In Missouri most assuredly. Now, apply this to the state of the sinner and baptism. He may make up his mind to repent, may have repented just as I left my old home in Illinois, but have his sins been remitted. 'Be baptized,' Peter says, 'for the remission of sins.' He is yet in Illinois; he has not crossed the river. I need not dwell on this figure any further, my friends; you all see its force and applicability. It is as clear as yonder sun in the heavens. No child here but what can understand it fully." (Another silent shaking of the head among the Baptist brethren.) "We baptize for the remission of sins, my friends, as Jesus Christ commanded."

He then proceeded to baptize. The candidates were all young persons. The four children of Mr. Mason, who was very officious on the occasion, little Sarah Lovelace, Jane Muir, whose

parents were connected with no church but favored the new reformation, and four youths, all of whom belonged to Baptist families. One of them was the second son of old brother Stokes, a lad of seventeen. He had gone to the meeting in the morning merely through curiosity, and without his father's knowledge. He had paid but little attention to the sermon, but when he saw James and Delina Mason go forward, his sympathies were so excited, he rushed from his seat and followed them. He answered the question of Mr. Anderson with as little hesitancy as the rest. And why should he not? Who, in this Christian land, does not believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God? He did not go home from church, but accompanied Mr. Anderson and others to Mr. Mason's. After dinner they all proceeded to the pond, and Elijah Stokes was baptized with the rest. His father knew nothing of it until the next day.

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#### CHAP. V.—THE BAPTIST CHURCH SPLITS.

Church-meeting day came again—the fourth Saturday in June, 183—. Meanwhile Mr. Anderson and his converts had been very busy in canvassing the neighborhood, and instilling the “*new doctrine*,” as it was called, into the minds of all who would give an attentive ear. The leaven worked admirably. The propositions were so seductive to the unsuspecting and unwary. Those who did not look to the bottom of the system, where they would have seen misapprehension and improbability, saw only the beautiful surface of seeming brotherly love and Christian union. It was most captivating to those who longed that all Christ's followers should be one. They did not see that man's efforts can never effect this.

Mr. Anderson had preached regularly on Saturday and Sunday at the “Academy” since his first entrance into the neighborhood, and each week he had had additions to his number. He began to feel himself very strong. As yet, the Lovelaces and Masons were the only persons who had left the Baptists to unite with him. But there were others who regarded the new system with great favor, and the little nursling had become a giant in strength.

Discussions, frequent and warm, took place in the neighborhood. The storm was brewing. Division and strife were to be the result.

Church-meeting day came. It was as lovely a day as ever dawned on the earth. The brethren and sisters assembled early. For years there had not been so large an attendance. Mr. Anderson came up with them. Anxiety was depicted on each countenance. Old Father Wilson, feeble with age, and bowed beneath the hand of sorrow, came, leaning on his staff. The frosts of seventy winters rested on his brow. He took his accustomed seat—the Moderator's chair—and looked round upon the congregation. The tears started to his aged eyes, and a heavy sigh burst from his bosom.

A song was sung, a portion of scripture read, and the old man knelt for prayer.

How fervently went up petitions to the throne of God, that by his Holy Spirit he would keep the brethren bound together in the bonds of love; that Satan might have no power over God's chosen ones, to sow strife and bickerings among the little band whom Christ had washed in his own precious blood, and sealed sons and priests to God. His voice was choked with emotion, and tears streamed down his time-worn cheeks. It was a sorrowful day to the dear old pastor, who had for so many years watched over the loved flock.

He took his seat, and drew the church-book from the table drawer. According to the custom of the church, an invitation was given, if any one present wished to unite with the church, to do so. Then the fellowship of the church was asked for. There was a stir in the house, but no one spoke; all eyes were fixed on the Masons, who sat to the right of the pulpit. They were about to proceed, when Mr. Mason arose and addressed the Moderator.

He informed them of his change of views, and the reasons for such a change; and urged upon all present to give up their creeds and errors, and come to the Bible, that they might all be co-workers with Christ in carrying out the sentiment of that prayer, where he said that "they all may be one, even Father, as we are one." He told them this could never be done as long as they held to Confessions of Faith, and creeds, and all such productions

of poor, weak human nature. They *must* abandon them all, and take the word of God, and that alone, for the man of their counsel. Then he pictured the joy, and happiness, the entire unity there would be among Christians if this thing should take place; and urged upon the brethren and sisters present to set a good example to their sister churches in coming out and declaring themselves Bible Christians. His remarks were enthusiastic, and his reasons specious, and some who had come there undecided in opinion,—persons of more feeling than judgment,—were won by their plausibility. He saw that his words were having the desired effect, and his zeal waxed warmer.

“We will have to come to this, my brethren and sisters,” he added. “All Christians must come to it, and the sooner we do it, the better. It is what Christ intended his followers to do, and it is what all his true followers will do. And will we oppose his kingdom, and set ourselves up to carry out our own notions, only because our fathers did it? Oh no! let us take the Bible—the holy word of God; and let us be guided by its teachings, and its teachings alone; and then, my brethren, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Away with your man-made creeds! away with your confessions, that sow strife in the churches and keep Christians from seeing eye to eye. I for one, my brethren, am for coming back to the Bible. I am for union among all Christians. Will you not all take God’s word as your guide, and look to nothing else? Will not this church do away with her creed, and all such barriers, and go to work in earnest for Christ? I believe she will, my brethren. I hope she will this day show herself on the Lord’s side.”

“Amen and Amen!” responded several voices.

The excitement was increasing. Whisperings were heard throughout the house. Bro. Mason had scarcely taken his seat before Bro. Jones arose to speak. His face was flushed, and deep anxiety was visible in his face and manner.

“Brethren and sisters,” he said, “I arise to warn you against being deceived.” He spoke with great energy. “Bro. Mason tells you we will all have to come back to the Bible. We are there already. Do we not take that blessed word of God as the

lamp to our feet and the light to our path ! Do we not bind its teachings around our hearts, and take it, and *it alone*, as the 'man of our counsel ?' The brother says we must throw aside our 'man-made creeds and confessions, and come back to the Bible.' What are our creeds and confessions, but an expression of what we believe the word of God teaches ? Can it be wrong to have a belief in this word of God ? Certainly not. We must believe it. Can it be a sin to speak of this belief ? If so, how can we know whether we be agreed, and how can two walk together unless they be agreed ? And if we can speak of our belief to one another, why cannot we have that belief written down ? It is absurd to say that we are governed by confessions and man-made creeds. It is false. We are governed by the teachings of God's holy word, and we are fighting for the extension of his holy kingdom. Be not deceived, brethren ; this is one of the wiles of Satan to lead you astray."

"Order, order !" arose from different parts of the house. He waited until all was still, and proceeded.

"My brethren, be not deceived by false teachers ; they have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. There have always been false teachers. We are commanded to prove all things, and to hold fast to that which is good. Let us be careful that we have not itching ears, that we be beguiled by the enemy of souls. This church is on the true foundation ; let her stand steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the works of the Lord. God has blessed us. Satan, as a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour, has come into our midst to destroy us if possible. Let us beware of him. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing ; a ravening wolf. Let him have no place in our peaceful fold. I am, brethren, for adhering to the old landmarks of our fathers. I am for retaining our creed and our church-covenant, and turning our backs upon all seducers."

"Amen, Amen !" came from several of the old brethren and sisters.

"Brethren and sisters, what Bro. Jones has said, is all very well," spoke up a young brother Adkins, whose voice had never before been heard in church-meeting, "if it did not oppose the teachings of the scriptures. They teach that we should all be

one. And can this take place while this man subscribes to this article of faith, and that man to that? No, I say it cannot be; it is impossible. We must all come to the Bible. The Bible, and the Bible alone. I believe with Bro. Mason, that this church must throw away her creed, and come back to primitive Christianity. I hope she will do it, and do it to-day."

As soon as he was done, Bro. Yates, who had been seated beside the new preacher, rose.

"Brethren," said the Moderator, "we are all out of order. There is no motion before us. We must——"

"I move that this church throw aside her creed," said Bro. Mason, jumping up, "and come back to the Bible."

"Second the motion! second the motion!" spoke out a half dozen voices.

"Brethren," said old Bro. Wilson, rising, and leaning on the table, "I do hope that we are not as children, turned about by every wind of doctrine; nor as children beguiled by cunningly devised fables; but that we will hold steadfast to the sure word of promise, and to the faith of our fathers, which faith, founded on the scriptures, is sure and steadfast. We are told that 'in the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of themselves, rather than lovers of God, and shall preach for doctrines the commandments of men, and if it were possible, would deceive the very elect.' Let us not be deceived, brethren. Let us not be misguided. It almost breaks my heart, my brethren and sisters, to see you so divided. I have been among you for many years, and you have been quiet, and peaceably knit together by bonds of brotherly love and confidence. But these poor old eyes have lived to see an evil day for our beloved church. What serpent has come into our Eden to destroy our happiness? Great God! by thine infinite arm avert the impending storm. My brethren, I beseech you to act in the fear of God; remembering that you will very soon have to give an account before his blazing bar. And may he guide you, and grant that all you do may rebound to the glory of his holy name. Beware, my brethren and sisters, beware how you crucify the Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame."

The dear old man could say no more. Tears were streaming

down his furrowed face, and his whole body shook with the depth of his emotion. He sunk into his chair, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

“Question! Question!” was called out from different parts of the house.

Bro. Jones rose to speak. “Brethren and sisters ——”

“Question! Question! We want the question!” vociferously arose from those determined to carry the day at all hazards.

“Remember, my brethren and sisters,” said Father Wilson, as he arose to take the voice of the church on the question, “that you are acting for eternity. Be faithful to yourselves, and to the cause of our blessed Master. Do nothing through haste, but act soberly, and in the fear of God, knowing that you will have to render an account to him for all you do.

“All in favor of Bro. Mason’s proposition will let us know it by holding up the right hand until I can count.

“Now all who are opposed to it will signify it by the same sign.

“Ayes have it! ayes have it!” was shouted out from different parts of the house. The whole congregation was in the greatest disorder. Brethren and sisters started to their feet, ready to contest the vote.

“The nays have it! the nays have it,” shouted several voices. “We are steadfast to our faith.”

“The ayes! the ayes! we give creeds and confessions to the winds.”

“Order, order, brethren,” shouted the Moderator at the top of his voice, at the same time striking the table with his fist. “Have ye made the house of God a Babel? We must have order, or we cannot proceed. Seat yourselves, and I will take the vote again.”

Peace and stillness succeeded the old man’s command.

“Now,” said he, “to make the matter sure, all who are in favor of the new doctrine and Bro. Mason’s new motion, will arrange themselves on the left hand side of the house; and all opposed to the same will take their stand on the right; while those who are not members of the church will remain in the middle seats.”

They began to move as directed. The clerk seized on the

church-book, and placing it under his arm, moved towards the door. As soon as his motion was observed by the Mason party, a man named Davis went up to him and demanded the book. His manner was fierce and his words threatening, but they had but little effect on the determined clerk. He stood like a Spartan soldier, immovable. All attention was directed to the clerk and Davis. The one insisted that the book should be brought back and placed on the table to await the decision of the vote. The other declaring that no mortal man should ever compel him to relinquish the book.

Seeing it was impossible to restore order, Father Wilson took his seat to await the issue.

Finally the Mason party moved out, uttering loud and threatening words. When they were all gone, the doors were closed, and the little body, reduced to but a few more than half its number, reassembled, and after prayer proceeded to exclude, one by one, the factions party.

Trouble had now begun in earnest.



(To be Continued.)

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[For the Christian Repository.]

## CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

NO. II.—SLANDER.

“Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.”

OBSERVATION proves that there is some diversity in the physical conformation of the human frame. We find in the countenances of those around us almost every variety of expression. The faces of some individuals are enlivened by such an expression of sweetness and amiability, that we feel, upon approaching them, as if we could at once take them into our confidence, and bestow upon them the endearing appellation of friend. They have about them that instantaneous passport to the affections which is almost irresistible. Their opposites are those of stern, inflexible visage; whose features seldom relax into a smile—the unmistakable lan-



guage of whose countenances is, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." We would as soon expect warmth from an iceberg, as the genial influences of friendship from such a source.

Again, we find the cunning, artful man, who, by the subdued twinkle of his deeply-set eye, evinces the predominating characteristic of his nature. Thus we find upon a careful study of the "human face divine," that the emotions of men's hearts and the predominant characteristics of their nature are often legibly engraven upon their countenances. We might multiply examples, but these are sufficient for our present purpose.

This diversity is not confined to the physical organization, but is also apparent in the mental and moral. Some individuals are remarkable for an ungoverned temper; others labor under a more serious evil—an unbridled tongue. It is of this we would speak.

The evils of the tongue are "legion," for they are many; and as the diversified countenances of individuals indicate the predominating feelings of their nature, so "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

We cannot divine how an individual can be *really* pious with an unbridled tongue; for the apostle expressly declares, "if any among you *seem* to be religious, and bridle not his tongue, that man's religion *is vain*." Christians, or *professors* of Christianity at least, should investigate this subject carefully and faithfully with reference to their own condition, as an unbridled temper is an unmistakable evidence of a *vain religion*.

We would first inquire into the evils of the tongue. What are they? Loquacity being the *genus*, we will consider the species as they naturally suggest themselves.

First in order is *tale-bearing*, more genteelly denominated *gossiping*, practiced by a very *knowing* class of individuals, christened *busy-bodies*. This has been considered the predominant characteristic of the female, more particularly, "single ladies of an uncertain age." But we exculpate those honorable members of society from the entire odium of this, for though they deal liberally in the article of gossip, yet, as a *class*, they are not more inclined to indulge in it than the more *fortunate* of their sex, and are much more excusable.

Nor is this sin confined to woman. There are numbers of the

self-styled "lords of creation," who condescend to retail the current rumor. The office of tale-bearer is sufficiently degrading to the character of woman, who is denominated the *weaker vessel*, but man professes to be graduated upon a different scale; indeed, claims a higher, intellectual position in the scale of being. Should not, then, the crimson of shame mantle his cheek at the reflection that he ever descends from his elevated position to mingle in the petty affairs, suited only to the tastes and capacities of the weaker sex? but,

"'Tis true 'tis pity, 'tis pity 'tis, 'tis true."

We include in our reflections gossips, both male and female. Hear what the apostle says with regard to this class:

1 Thess., 3: 11: "For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are *busy-bodies*." 1 Tim., 5: 13: "And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but *tattlers* also, and *busy-bodies*, speaking things which they ought not." 1 Peter, 4: 15: "But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a *busy-body* in other men's matters." To say the least of it, the busy-body is found in very bad company. The developments of this passion for talking are various. We give an example:

Miss Hetty Wise enters the parlor of her confidential friend, Mrs. Anderson, with the exclamation, "Oh, tell me, Mrs. A., have you heard the report—Bob Watson and his wife?"

"Bless me, no! What is it? I am dying of impatience to hear it."

"Well—its a secret, mind you, and you must promise me *sacredly* that you will not tell any one, not even Mr. Anderson."

"Of course I will not. But, pray, don't keep me waiting."

"You know *I* said when they were married, that they would not get along well—she a perfect vixen, and he a tyrant."

"Yes, yes, I know, Hetty; but do tell *what's to pay*."

"I don't much like to talk after negroes, Mrs. Anderson; but they *can* tell the truth, and their house-girl, Dolly, told our Judy that they had a real storm there the other morning."

"What in the world was it about, Hetty?"

"Well, when Bob sat down to table, he said that the coffee

was not fit for a dog to drink, and he did wish she would attend to the cooking, so that he could have some comfort in eating. But if she had it would have been no better, for she knows nothing about domestic affairs. 'Tis a wonder to me that men will marry such girls."

"Please go on, Hetty. I want to hear how they settled it."

"Did'nt settle it at all. She flew in a great passion; declared he was the most cruel man she ever saw, and went off to her father's."

"I do wonder! Well, I always said no good would come of her. She gives herself too many airs, and thinks herself above people that's as good as she is. I ain't a bit sorry—not a bit."

"Well, I must go, Mrs. A.; but don't say a word about this, for your life. It's a profound secret."

So saying, Hetty hurries off to repeat the story to all of her confidential friends, while Mrs. Anderson hurriedly dons her bonnet, forgetful of her solemn pledge of secrecy, and rehearses it to the curious of her *set*, and it goes the rounds until the rumor is current that Mr. Watson and his wife have separated. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth."

There are no precincts too sacred for the invasion of these busy-bodies. Their investigating minds explore the domain of each individual in their vicinity, and

"No pent up Utica contracts *their* powers."

They make exploring expeditions into more remote localities, gathering up information for the edification of the curious of their *coterie*.

I have heard it said of a certain village, that a house-keeper could not have a turkey cooked for dinner but it was known all over the place in half an hour. The industrious habits of these busy-bodies cannot be surpassed. They are kind enough to attend to all the *small* work in their line free of charge.

The result of all this is most melancholy. The peace and harmony of communities is broken up. Families are often deprived of domestic quiet; churches riven asunder, and evils almost innumerable follow in the train of those who engage in this demoralizing business.

It becomes us, in view of these facts, to watch the tongue carefully, remembering that we must account to God in the judgment for our government of it. Let us guard vigilantly every word, pray earnestly for divine assistance in our work of reformation, and very soon busy-bodies, as a class, will become extinct.

NEW LIBERTY, Ky., Feb., 1859.

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## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

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### CHAPTER VII.—BUNYAN'S RELEASE—EMPLOYMENT.

Twelve years of imprisonment! Twelve long weary years shut up in a town jail! What thoughts of misery, of loneliness, and despair does it suggest? And all this deprivation, all this suffering, because Bunyan *would preach the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ*. This was his offense!—no other. What a comment on the spirit of that age! What a proof of the power of the Prince of the air working in the children of disobedience?

But the man of God had been patient in afflictions through the grace of God, which strengthened him, and while his body was pent up in chill, noisome walls, his soul feasted on the ravishing glories of the unseen world. The candle of the Lord shone round about, and made glorious the thick darkness.

Day and night he had labored for food for his wife and little ones, and, above all, to show himself an approved workman to God—one that need not be ashamed. The morning dawn found him tugging with his pincers to tag stay laces,—the midnight hour beheld him with his Bible and his pen, studying and writing that he might give spiritual food to the children of God, and warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He took great delight, too, in writing to his brethren who were in like sufferings with himself; and to his "spiritual children" as he called those of his own immediate congregation, and all those who had been born to God through his instrumentality. One morning as he sat by his narrow window, thinking over the trials of his brethren and

what the little flock at Bedford were enduring for Christ's sake, it came into his head to write them a letter of consolation. And thus he speaks :

“ Children, grace be with you. Amen. I being taken from you in presence, and so tied up that I cannot perform that duty, that from God doth lie upon me to you and for your further edifying and building up in faith and holiness, yet that you may see that my soul hath fatherly care and desire after your spiritual and everlasting welfare, I now once again as before from the top of Shinar and Hermon ; so now from the Lion's den, and from the mountain of the Leopard, do look yet after ye all, greatly longing to see your safe arrival in the deserved haven. . . . . I have sent you here enclosed [in his life] a drop of that honey that I have taken out of the carcase of a lion. I have eaten thereof myself, and am much refreshed thereby.”

Then, after calling to their minds what God had done for them in times past, and bringing before them in strong yet tender words their present afflictions, he appealed to them to trust in God, because he himself had called them out of the world ; and had manifested himself to them as he had not done to the world. He continues :

“ Have you never a hill Mizar to remember ? Have you forgot the close, the milk-house, the stable, the barn, and the like, where God did visit your souls ? Remember also the word, the word I say, upon which the Lord hath caused you to hope. If you have sinned against light, if you are tempted to blaspheme, if you are drowned in despair, if you think God fought against you, or if heaven is hid from your eyes, remember it was thus with your fathers, ‘ but out of them all the Lord delivered me.’

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“ My dear children, the milk and honey are beyond this wilderness. God be merciful to you, and grant that you be not slothful to go in to possess the land. JOHN BUNYAN.”

But release came at length. The prison doors flew open, and the narrow, dark cell was exchanged for the sweet cottage home, and the loneliness and dreariness for the blissful society of a loved and loving wife, and the sweet prattle of darling children. He was once again permitted to mingle with his brethren, and indeed to go in and out before them as an under-shepherd, having been ordained, as we have before said, in 1771, at least one year before his final release. This was a source of great joy and thankgiving-

ing to him. He loved to *preach* Christ crucified, and point sinners the way to eternal life.

As soon as he came out from prison he immediately entered on his duties as pastor to the flock over which he had been called to preside. Beside this, he itinerated extensively in all the adjoining counties. It was his meat and his drink to spread the news of the glorious gospel of the Son of God. It was his custom to make an annual visit to London for the purpose of preaching and setting in order the things of the kingdom of his Master. His fame everywhere preceded him. "If a day's notice were given," says Southey, "that he was going to preach in London, the meeting house at Southwark at which he generally preached would not contain half the people." And his friend Charles Doe, in his Circular says: "I have seen, by my computation, about *twelve hundred* persons to hear him at a morning lecture on a working day in dark winter time. I also computed that about *three thousand* came to hear him at a town's end meeting-house, so that half were fain to go back again for want of room; and then himself was fain, at a back door, to be pulled almost over people to *get up stairs* to the pulpit."

But while thus engaged in pastoral duties, and in extensive and useful itineracies, he was not unmindful of his pen, but devoted all his leisure time to study and to writing; and several books which were published after his death were the fruits of the sixteen years of freedom he enjoyed after his liberation. He was not exempt from the enmity of those who hated him for his doctrine's sake, even after he came forth from the prison. He sometimes made narrow escapes from their fell pursuits. He had oftentimes to go to his appointments dressed like a cartman, and carrying a cartman's whip, in order to elude detection. Doe says: "It pleased the Lord to preserve him out of the hands of his enemies in the severe persecution at the latter end of the reign of King Charles II., though they often searched and laid wait for him, and sometimes narrowly missed him." This explains it all—unfolds the mysteries of all his hair-breadth escapes. "The Lord delivered him out of the hands of his enemies."

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE TALE OF LOVE.

The two were walking home together from Bedford,—William Dormer and the Blind Girl. She was now no longer the frail child. Womanhood had thrown around her maturer charms and more finished graces. It had been twelve years since William Dormer for the first time gazed on that sweet pensive face and delicate form. The face was changed, and the form had assumed womanly proportions, but the one had lost nothing of its charming loveliness, its depth and purity of thought and expression, nor the other the soft sweet grace which bespoke the sensitive nature within.

William was up on a visit to his father, and as was his custom he made the Elstow cottage his home. He had accompanied the family to Bedford to church-meeting. Bunyan was at liberty now, and as the loved pastor of the little flock at Bedford, he ministered unto them in holy things. The dark shadow which for twelve long years had brooded over that desolate home was now removed, and the sunshine of a father's love and a father's presence dwelt in glad beauty in that peaceful threshold.

It was a calm autumn evening, the one of which we speak. The mellow light of the declining sun fell in streams of heavenly glory along the highway and across the meadows through which their homeward pathway lay. Zephyrs, soft as the fannings of angel's wings, dallied with the green sward, and lifted the dark hair from the fair brow of the maiden.

William led her gently by the hand, guiding her footsteps from all danger, and looking on her from his large beaming eyes with an earnest, tender gaze. The blood would mount to his manly brow, and his noble heart beat wildly as the strains of her sweet voice fell on his ear. They had lingered somewhat behind the father and mother as they turned from the highway into the meadow.

William had been speaking to her of the sufferings of his father in prison, and the mysterious providence that kept him there when others had been released. He spoke of the sorrows that dear old father had undergone before the hand of the law had laid its iron grip upon him. Two sons had been torn from his

bosom to pour out their blood on the battle-field. Another, by a strange and serious accident, had been deprived of his mind at the age of twelve, and, imbecile, had lingered on for years, until at last death came to relieve him of his suffering. A daughter fair and beautiful, and the idol of the father's heart, had been stricken down by consumption in the full opening of womanhood.

"I remember her well," Mary, he said, "my sister Jane. She was much like you, Mary, gentle, confiding, true. We all loved her, she was so sweet and kind."

"She was not blind, was she, William?" asked the girl timidly, yet anxiously. She thought, perhaps, this sad misfortune had served to link the brother's heart the more closely to his lost sister; and if he had loved her the more fondly for this, why—ah! why not *her*?

"No, Mary, she was not blind; her eyes were the color of yours."

"But she could see, William, and I cannot," interrupted the blind girl, sadly.

William pressed the hand he held in his more tightly, and the tears rushed to his eyes as the tremulous words, so full of sadness and hopelessness, fell on his ears and pierced his heart.

"She was none the dearer to us, Mary, because of that. If she had been blind like you, I should have loved her the more fondly. She would have been dearer to me from her very helplessness."

Mary started as he spoke thus. A new thought rushed through her mind. Could anybody be more lovely because they were blind? Surely William did not mean this. He must have mistaken her words. But how could she be deceived? Did he not say, "She would have been dearer to me from her very helplessness?" Strange emotions, pleasurable in their excitement, filled her bosom. She might be loved by him, blind as she was. The thought sent the blood to her very temples, and lighted up with a bright, hopeful expression, the calm face. To be loved for her blindness, and that, too, by William Dormer! It was a happiness too great.

Mary did not speak. She could not trust her faltering lips with words. Her hand trembled in William's. He perceived it, and instantly divined the cause.



“Do you think, Mary,” he asked, “that no one can love the blind?”

“I cannot tell why they should love them more because they are blind. It is such a sore affliction, William. But did you not say you could have loved your sister far better if she had been blind?”

“Yes, Mary, I did. And I must tell you that this is one reason why I have loved you so dearly. Your very blindness has won my heart, and I feel that through life my greatest joy would be that I might be eyes to you—might be your guide and protector.”

The maiden made no reply. Tears streamed over that countenance now radiant with the light of the joy within.

“I have loved you, Mary, since first we met—since first I saw you in the door of your own cottage home. You were a child then, and I a youth. I have passed through many scenes since, Mary, but never has your image been absent from my mind. I have cherished it day by day, and hour by hour, until it has become a part of myself. Long ago would I have asked you for a return of affection, but I dared not under the circumstances. My father in prison, and my mother feeble and dependent, without any protector but me, and I poor, very poor, Mary. I could not tempt God. I could not make your situation worse than it was. But God, in his wisdom, has seen fit to take my kind mother from me, Mary. She has gone, and I am left alone. Unless you love me, there is no one else in the wide world to whom I can look for sympathy and love. Tell me, Mary, will you be to me more than mother and sister—more than all the world beside? I have nothing to offer you but a warm, loving heart; but by the help of God I will be to you a kind protector, a true friend, as long as life shall last. Tell me, Mary, will you trust yourself to my guidance and protection?”

The fountain of love sealed up in her bosom for long years was suddenly opened. She had never dared to dwell on the probable realization of all her fondly cherished hopes. But now that bliss was hers. She was loved by him whom she had from her childhood adored with all the earnest, trusting love of her warm, gushing heart. She could scarcely realize that it was true. It seemed

to her like one of those beautiful dreams that had come to her pillow in the deep night watches. And like those airy visions, she felt it must pass away.

“ You answer me not, Mary. Do you refuse my proffered love ?”

William drew aside her hood to look at her. Her face was bathed in tears. She turned her darkened eyes to his. He needed not words to tell him he was loved. He read it in every lineament of that burning face ; in the radiant beamings of those sealed eyes, and the tremulousness of the parted lips. They were all telling, in their silent eloquence, a tale of true, abiding affection.

He pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her throbbing brow.

Mary was happy. The world seemed to her full of life and beauty. There was but one sad thought to mar her blissful ecstasy. She could never *look* on him she loved. It was but a passing shadow. Why should she desire to see him with her natural vision, when every feature, every light and shade of that handsome face was imprinted on her soul ?

Dream on, poor girl, amid the ravishing joy of thy new-found happiness. Dream on ; we would not wake thee. Thou’lt know the reality, alas ! too soon. ’Twere cruel, aye, worse than cruel, to tell thee that earth’s joys are as the morning dew, the summer cloud, the frail sweet flower. Dream on, dear girl. We are all dreamers. And well for us it is so.

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#### CHAP. IX.—THE SEPARATION.

’Tis a cold, bleak winter night, in December, 1774. The snow is driving fast across the barren field and meadow. And the fierce blasts of the northern wind, as it comes rushing on in its fierce fury, almost prostrate the traveler as, shivering from its keen breath, he gathers more closely around him his heavy cloak. The heavens are covered with dark, leaden clouds, which shut in every ray of moon or star. God help the poor mariner on the storm-tossed ocean, and the poor traveler on the unprotected plain.

In the little cottage at Elstow, the family are gathered round

the blazing hearth. Peace and comfort now reign within. The father is there ; this gives peace and happiness ; and that father is no longer a poor, abject prisoner, dependent on his daily toil for a scant subsistence. He is now a beloved pastor, and a distinguished preacher. Hundreds and hundreds repeat the name of John Bunyan with admiration, and thousands hang on his words with delight and profit.

The day's labor is over. The simple evening repast has been served. "Bunyan's Elizabeth" is sitting quietly by the fire with her sewing. A smile of deep peace and happiness overspreads her motherly countenance. Mary is sitting beside the father, with her face turned to his, and lighted up with a radiant beauty which tells of the deep wells of joy within. Sarah is now no longer a child, but has grown to womanhood. She is tall, and her rounded proportions and laughing face show health and vivacity, rather than grace and sensitiveness. She is a complete contrast to the blind sister by her side, and yet they are both lovely girls. The younger children, John and Elizabeth, tired with the day's sports, lie sweetly sleeping on their little cot beneath the window—the same spot where, years before, when Mary, but yet a child, had dreamed that dream of William Dormer and the beautiful land. Thomas and Joseph are now large enough to take care of themselves, and as they depend on their own exertions for a support, they have found homes elsewhere.

Bunyan is speaking to his Elizabeth and the daughters, of his late itineracy into Buckingham. He speaks with all the fervor of his soul, for that soul is filled with gratitude to God for his many mercies and rich blessings. How the females hang on his words! The sewing rests on the lap, while the wife's eyes are fixed on her husband's beaming face. Mary's hand is on her father's knee (she often rests thus), while her face is turned up to him that she may catch every intonation of that rich, full voice. Sarah's arm is on Mary's shoulder, and her face close to hers, while her large dark eyes, and flushing cheek where dimples nestle, show that she, too, is all alive to her father's words and sentiments. Sarah, too, is a child of God.

• The fierce wind raves and moans without. And as its loud,

long wail sounds round the peaceful cottage, the inmates shudder at its deep, hollow tones. Thank God they are all safely housed. But they remember that many a fellow-creature may even now be perishing for want of shelter.

A rap is heard at the door. The father rises to open it. The stranger steps in. It is William Dormer. His expression is one of wild, intense excitement. His voice in the evening salutation meets the ear of Mary. She starts, and tears suddenly fall. She knows that voice, but it is dry and husky, as if fear and alarm had frozen up the life blood.

"I cannot stay," said he. "I came to bid you all adieu; they are even now on my track, and if they overtake me, I know not what will be my end. I cannot now explain. But when I reach a place of refuge, I will send you word all about it."

The family stood aghast. Mary sunk to her chair. Bunyan, with all his usual courage and self-possession, was speechless.

"I have done nothing wrong. Only the vindictive vengeance of enemies."

He moved to Mary's side, and throwing his arms around her, leaned her head on his bosom, and spoke hasty words of comfort and promise of return. The poor girl was almost in the unconsciousness of agony. She knew something dreadful had occurred, but could not tell what. She did not speak, for she had no power to do so. She remained as motionless as though life had forsaken that bowed form.

"You must not grieve thus, Mary; you shall hear all in a fortnight, God willing. Trust in him, my dear girl. It will all be well. He smoothed back the hair from the marble temples, and gazed as though he would look out his soul on those chiseled features, now so still and motionless.

"Church matters?" said Bunyan.

"Yes," was the hasty reply.

"Speak to me, Mary, before I go. I must haste, or I am gone." He stooped again, and kissed her. The kiss seemed to wake her to life. She raised her head, and said, "William, William, do you go from me so soon? My God, what is all this?"

"William will explain, my dear child, in good time," and the father supported her in his arms. But now he must be off. His

cruel enemies are at his heels, and if he stays talking to us they may overtake him. It is all right, my Mary. Do not fear, but trust in God."

William bade them all farewell. Then pressing Mary long and tenderly to his bosom, and kissing her again and again, he rushed through the door. The loud wailing wind drowned the noise of his footsteps in the crisp snow.

There was again grief in the cottage home, for the Angel of Sorrow overshadowed it with his heavy wing.

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For the Christian Repository.

## THE ANGEL'S SEARCH FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY HATTIE HEATH.

A sinless angel came to earth,  
To search for something fair—  
For something pure and beautiful,  
His heavenly home to share.

And on his white and stainless wing  
He searched earth's gardens through,  
And found a spotless lily's cup,  
All gemmed with drops of dew.

He thought to take that beauteous thing—  
It faded in his grasp  
And died—just as our dearest hopes  
Die in the warm heart's clasp.

He paused beside a babbling rill,  
To gaze into the stream,  
And saw a creature, beautiful  
And lovely as a dream.

And though he spoke with gentle words  
The shadow answered nought;  
The angel sadly turned and sighed—  
'Twas not the thing he sought.

And as he slowly journeyed on,  
He passed a cottage door,  
And there he saw a shining throng  
Of sunbeams on the floor.

He thought they'd be so beautiful  
 To twine among his hair,  
 And string anew his golden harp,  
 For heavenly music rare.

But as he strove to gather them,  
 They glided from his sight,  
 And in the purple of the West  
 They hid their golden light.

He stood within the halls of mirth,  
 Among the young and fair,  
 And one he marked of graceful form,  
 And face of beauty rare.

He thought to take that peerless one  
 To palaces of light,  
 And place a crown of shining gems  
 Upon that brow so bright.

But as he gazed, a glance of scorn  
 Flashed from her midnight eyes,  
 And *then* he knew *no* heart of sin  
 Could dwell in Paradise.

Again the angel paused,—'twas where  
 A Christian fearless stood,  
 With eyes upon the heavenly gates,  
 Her feet in Death's cold flood.

He ne'er had seen, in all his search,  
 One thing so beautiful,  
 As his angelic vision saw  
 This dying Christian's soul.

When it had passed the "narrow stream,"  
 And gained the father shore,  
 He took that ransomed spirit home ;  
 His weary search was o'er.

For he had found the beautiful,  
 That would not fade or die,  
 But grow more bright and radiant still  
 Through all Eternity.

ATHENS, Pa.

### A SCRIPTURE PICTURE.

THE chamber was dark, and the deep low wail of sorrow broke its stillness. A young woman burying her face in her hands wept violently. Beside her stood another female, a beloved and only sister, who, lifting her long hair from around her symmetrical limbs, hid her tear-damp face in their sable folds, saying in a broken voice, "Sister, why did not our Master come?—Our summons must have reached him, or some of his disciples. I believe our beloved brother had not died if he had been here."

The other arose, saying, "It is very strange, for I know he loved Lazarus very much," and winding her arms around the recumbent form of her sister, she said, "Let us dry our tears and walk abroad. Behold, my dear and only sister, that white wall of clouds, behind which the orb of day is fast coming forth to beautify the earth, and see those golden threads interlacing yonder palm-groves."

"No, sister Martha, cease your kind entreaties. My heart is weighed to the earth with rayless sorrow. Never more shall the beauties of creation awake a thrill of joy over its broken chord. Oh, my brother! Go, my sister, mayhap you will meet Jesus, for surely he will come to us in our great sorrow."

Passing slowly through the circle of friends gathered about their dwelling who had come to console their bereaved sister, Martha went from their midst until reaching a lone place not far from the spot where they had interred her brother, she paused, peering anxiously through the mist of morning. Soon her disconsolate heart was rejoiced to perceive Jesus advancing in the distance, followed by his disciples. Approaching him, she said, "O Master, if thou hadst been here, my brother would still be with us. But even now I believe whatever you ask of God he will give it to you."

Jesus loved Lazarus very much, and what kindness stirred his heart as he turned to her and said, "Your brother shall rise again." But Martha, like we of the present day, dull to understand, or else her faith was not strong enough to believe all things possible with Jesus, although she believed he was the Christ, re-

plied, "Yes, I know he will rise at the resurrection at the last day."

Jesus, turning again, said, "There is no resurrection but in me," and asked her if she believed this sovereign power was his; and without yet understanding the full force of his argument she answered, "I trust and believe you are Christ, the Son of the living God." But the thought of her lone sister weeping at home came in her mind, and without noise she glided from him, and going to her said, "Sister, the Master is come and wants to see you."

Oh, what a thrill of joy went through Mary's heart. Rising hastily, she started to go to him, for Jesus remained still where Martha left him. Those two women had many friends among the Jews who did not believe that Jesus was the Christ, but this difference of opinion in their faith did not create any unfriendly feelings among them as is often the case in our day; for they had quit their homes and worldly affairs to come and offer consolation to those broken-hearted women for the loss of their only brother. When they saw her get up and leave the room, they said, "She is going to weep at the grave," and followed her at a respectful distance.

When she saw Jesus, in the abandonment of her grief, and urged by her great faith in his divine power, she threw herself at his feet and said, "Lord, if thou hadst been with us, my brother would not have died."

When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews also, who had now drawn near unto them, he was troubled, and groaned in his spirit. I sometimes doubt if we are ever called to do more or exert more faith than Jesus did while in his tabernacle of flesh. He was troubled and groaned in his spirit. The ills to which flesh is heir battled with his spirit. Aye, he prayed, and drops of agony stood in bloody beads upon his brow; and he knew that legions of angels waited to rescue him from his troubles. But he was patient and faithful unto the end, willing to pay to the last cent the debt which mortality owes for immortality!

The Jews who stood about, moved by curiosity, looked on, saying among themselves, "If this man could open the eyes of those



who were born blind, why did he not keep Lazarus from dying? for we know he regarded him very highly as well as his sisters."

Jesus heard them, and again his spirit groaned in sorrow and prayer. He drew nearer, asking the sisters where they had laid him.

They answered, "Lord, it is a cave in which we have placed him. Come and see."

Passing over the grass, still glittering with the dew-drops of early morning, they stood before the cave, into the mouth of which a large stone had been placed to secure the entrance; and there Jesus stood and wept!

Oh, why did the Son of God weep? He knew all things. Was it that the departed spirit of Lazarus was in torment? Oh no, for if that had been the case, it was soon to end, as he intended to raise him from the dead. Was it that the spirit of Lazarus was in Paradise and our Saviour was grieved because for the sake of those earthly friends groping in darkness he was about to call him from that blissful home to awake once again in a world of trial and sin. Jesus could not have wept without a cause. He was on the eve of bringing unbounded joy to the sorrow-stricken, even to those whom the Jews saw, and said, "Behold how he loves him." Did he weep because the spirit of the dead man must again take possession of his house of corruption? He knew, by raising Lazarus, this miracle would show forth the glory of God more than any former act he had displayed. For the unbelievers standing by overheard Martha say, "Lord, the body of my brother by this time stinketh, as he has been dead four days," and in that warm, humid climate, the decomposition of animal flesh would be greatly accelerated. It could not have been that a shadow of a doubt darkened his clear faith, for he boldly commanded them to roll away the stone from the mouth of the cave. Oh, why did Jesus weep?

What curiosity and agitation must have agitated the heart of those unbelieving Jews who eagerly looked on! What a thrill of fearful joy spell-bound those loving, faithful sisters, as Jesus, lifting up his streaming eyes, said, "My Father, I give thee thanks that thou hast heard me." Jesus knew his heavenly Father had heard him by the amount of unconscious faith exer-

cised by those who lifted the great stone away from the mouth of the sepulcher. But he continued, "I know, my heavenly Father, thou dost always hear me, but I would prove to these unbelievers that thou hast sent me, that I am not unworthy the work thou hast given me to do."

Behold the Saviour, with weeping eyes, fixed on the eternal and glorious face of God, crying in a loud voice to the dead, "Lazarus, come forth!" The icy bands of death are unloosed. The stagnant blood, revived, courses through the putrid flesh, reanimating and giving back its caloric and color, and he who had been dead, bound feet and hands, with a napkin about his face, at the royal command of a God stands in the mouth of the cave; and the good physician orders them to loose him and let him go. Where is faith like this?

Oh, unbelieving Jew, harder and colder than the icy fetters of death are the doubts which darken your hearts! You have seen the Son of Man weep, derided, scorned, and crucified, but that same spirit will come in the clouds of heaven in pomp and dreadful majesty as the Son of God, to judge the quick and the dead. All the dead, even Lazarus, shall come forth to behold him; not weeping, but to take vengeance on those who denied him, and those who are still mocking and crucifying him.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

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CHARACTER AND OPINION.—Men's characters are determined, not by the opinions which they profess, but by those on which their thoughts habitually fasten, and which color their ordinary views of God and duty. The creed of habit, imitation, or fear, may be defended stontly, and yet have little practical influence. The mind, when compelled by educational doctrines, has yet a power of keeping them, as it were, upon its surface, of excluding them from its depths, of refusing to incorporate them with its own being; and when burdened with a mixed and incongruous system, it often discovers a sagacity which reminds us of the instinct of inferior animals, in selecting the healthful and nutritious portions, in making its daily food.—*Channing.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### W. W. EVERTS—THE ACCOMPLISHED SLANDERER—HIS LAST ATTACK.

This man, who, for three years past, has been so assiduously laboring to prostrate and destroy my husband by every unholy means that his cunning and ambition could devise and execute, has at last made a most shameful attack upon my character as an *honorable woman and a Christian* by insinuating that I have robbed both the dead and the living. Not boldly and outspoken—owards never act thus. He is one of that class who

“Convey a slander in a frown,  
And wink a reputation down.”

I would not thus appeal to the public did I believe there was any hope of reclaiming him from the error of his way, or silencing his envenomed tongue by any private adjustment.

But the man, who, when caught disseminating known falsehoods, would give the following retraction and pledge, which *honest* people call a *lie-bill*—

“I regret that I have repeated reports, coming from what appeared to me at the time to be reliable authority, affecting S. H. Ford’s character; but on inquiry, find no evidence that these reports are true, and pledge myself to refrain from repeating them in future.  
W. W. EVERTS.”

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May, 1837.

—and then after signing such written statement in the presence of four reliable brethren, would break that solemn pledge, and continue to circulate the same *slanders* after acknowledging their falsehood, and this, too, on the same authority—that man will not be bound by any law of morals or honor. The only refuge from the slanders of such a man is an appeal to the public.

He has, by insinuations like the following, tried to set the rumor afloat (and I presume has succeeded to some extent) that J. L. Waller was the author of “Grace Truman.” He whispers thus (and those who know the man will recognize the picture): “The brethren all say that it is a very strange thing indeed that the book, Grace Truman, should appear so soon after the death of Dr. Waller. Now we all know that Dr. Waller had written a work on Communion, and Grace Truman contains good arguments on that subject, good arguments, logical reasoning. And the brethren all think it strange, and cannot help expressing themselves thus, that Grace Truman should appear so soon after Dr. Waller’s death, when we all know that works of Dr. Waller are missing.”

For these slanderous insinuations I hold W. W. Everts responsible, and demand his proof.

I appeal to the Baptists of Kentucky, and of the South and South-west, to say, whether I am to be thus shamefully traduced to gratify the insatiable vengeance of this ambitious and unscrupulous man. I appeal to every true

heart to decide. Is there no defence for me against this man's covert slanders? Am I to be defamed—represented as a vile creature, who would filch from the dead and rob the orphan children of J. L. Waller,—and this merely to gratify the base enmity of this reckless man. "Rule or ruin!" He *cannot* rule, and is therefore determined to ruin. And am I to be his next victim? What have I done?

Baptists of the South and South-west! Baptists of Kentucky—from whom I claim the protection of birth-right and nurture—I leave it with you to vindicate me from the covert and dastardly attacks of this man Everts. With you I leave my cause. I am confident that justice will be done me at your hands.

Again—I repeat that W. W. Everts' insinuations are vile and slanderous, and demand from him proof, and the names of "the brethren."

May God forgive him for this great wrong, and lead him to repentance.

SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

*The Law of Slander.*—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in a recent decision in a case of slander, said it was no defence that the party sued had only repeated a common rumor. If the story is false and slanderous, it is repeated at the person's peril. Its power of mischief is in the circulation, and the repetition of the story gives it its currency, and, without an expression of disbelief, will confirm it.—*Western Watchman.*

*The Pursuit Renewed.*—There is not one, acquainted with my course *here in Louisville*—there is no reader of the Repository—there is not one of my correspondents—but will bear me out in the affirmation that I have done everything in my power to effect a cessation of hostilities. I have longed for peace, prayed for it, hoped for it, till forbearance has ceased to be a virtue.

I have permitted the most atrocious and self-evident libels to be scattered in filthy pamphlets without even expressing my contempt for the real author, or pity for his *blinded instruments*. In a filthy thumb-paper, the *Reverend Doctor Everts* published above his own proper name as the result of his *hunt* through my past history for "scraps" to "disrobe" me, an anonymous letter, which purports to give what the writer *professes* to have *heard* SOMEBODY SAY they *heard* as the jabber of some *unknown negroes*, NOBODY KNOWS WHERE; and I permitted the creature to squat down behind his negro friends and their anonymous go-between, without one word of appeal to decent men and women to scout him from their midst. I even met W. W. Everts at a distant Association with a large package of his scurrilous stuff, placed by him in the very pulpit, and I took a seat beside him without uttering a word of complaint or contempt. I knew that Reformers were chosen by *him* to distribute these worthless and disgraceful falsehoods; but my reliance was in God and in truth, and I have kept silent. In the language of William Vaughan, "*These slanders cannot hurt Bro. Ford where he is known,*" and I was willing, for the sake of the cause, to suffer wrong where I was not known, rather than do anything that might have the "appearance of evil." I have endeavored to suppress

every honest outburst of righteous indignation. I have endeavored to be silent.

God has been blessing my labors. My church has been strengthened and revived. All with us is peace and harmony. Could we hope now *to be let alone?* No, no! "My soul is among lions." "When I am for peace, they are for war." I am still pursued by my persecutor with bull-dog tenacity, under new pretences, and in another disguise.

A gentleman handed me, some two weeks since, parts of a pamphlet, from the press of the Hulls (names I wish my readers to remember), in scattered leaves, one of which was page 64, being scraps of the filth which has been dignified with the title of "Testimony." The gentleman was a member of another denomination. I was shown, a few days after, some pages (the same *bought up filth*) which had been handed to a Reformer. I have learned from reliable authority that such scraps were seen in other places, and I have every reason to believe that they have been widely scattered. Those which I saw were evidently selected with care, so arranged and misprinted as to aid in the blackening process in which *honorable* men are engaged. They have expended hundreds upon hundreds of dollars in this beautiful work.

Meet me in any honorable way, W. W. Everts dare not. From every issue he has shrunk. Pouring forth continually the most infamous slanders about me, and that into the ears of females—slanders which decency forbids me to name, and which he knows are false—he cowers down, first behind one person, and then another, makes himself out the Walnut Street Church, and then places it between him and his victim. And he has carried on this ambush fight until this last cowardly attack is the consummation of his revenge; and from the responsibility of this he will find a loop-hole to escape.

Let me ask, as a piece of simple justice, that no opinion will be formed from the misprinted and *ex parte* publication thus secretly scattered to prostrate a man conscious of innocence, and sustained by the unanimous voice of an independent church and a *Council of wise and disinterested brethren.*

S. H. F.

*Among* the falsehoods, which have been set afloat by enemies to injure the Repository, is, that the Editor said "the Repository has twice as many subscribers as any paper in the South, except the Tennessee Baptist." This is false—*utterly and maliciously false*—whoever says it. If any one says he heard him say so, just mark that man, and see whether he is not proven to be unworthy of belief.

*Accounts.*—We send to some of our subscribers their accounts with this number. If there is any error, it shall be promptly corrected—when pointed out. Mistakes will occur; but we know the character of our subscribers, and any correction suggested by them will be at once made.

We would urge upon all to remit, if possible, *this month.* It will be a small matter to them—it will be a great matter to us. Please remit.

The following, from that learned and eloquent divine, the President of William Jewell College :

LIBERTY, Mo., Feb. 5, 1859.

DEAR BRO. FORD :—I have not been a *careless* reader of the Christian Repository, nor an uninterested observer of your peculiar trials and difficulties. Allow me to offer you my best wishes for your and its success. Your valuable Monthly fills a place in Baptist literature unoccupied by any other in the country. As I have, from time to time, read the history of the early Baptists of Kentucky, and thought of the trials and self-sacrificing labors of those veteran pioneer servants of God, my soul has been stirred within me, and I have been led to exclaim, "Oh, that their mantle might fall on us, who do so little in the glorious cause!" The sermons, the sketches, the historic facts which adorn its pages—all, all are excellent. And *what shall I say of the Family Visitant Department?* Why, "The Dreamer's Blind Daughter" is worth a year's subscription. No man, who is really a Baptist, can read it without rising from the perusal more determined than ever to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

The Repository is evidently gaining favor here, in spite of every effort to injure you. It is a great favorite with our students in William Jewell College, who highly appreciate your kindness in sending it for the Reading Room.

I am here reminded of an article in relation to William Jewell College, which appeared some time ago, from the pen of Bro. W. M. Jackson. Will he not favor us with a continued account? Many of your readers in Missouri would be pleased to hear something more from him. They know that to him chiefly, under God, they are indebted for its present prosperity and brightening prospects.

I have recently closed a series of meetings with the church in this city, during which the Lord was pleased to add fifteen to our number, and, among these, some dear young men who are students. Oh, that we may ever have the abiding influence of God's spirit!

Bro. Link, the College agent, is actively at work in increasing the endowment.

With this you will find \$5—three of which are to be credited to me, and two to Bro. Wm. W. Rice, Liberty, Mo., who wishes to take your valuable periodical.

Yours fraternally, Wm. THOMPSON.

*Errata.*—In February number, 1859, page 145, 12th line from top, read *knew* for "know." 18th line, *knew* for "know." Same page, 21st line, read thus: "But whenever the fear came over me, I turned shudderingly from the view; and often I have prayed," etc. 5th line from bottom, *knew* for "know." Page 146, last word of 3d paragraph, *good* for "come." Page 147, 19th line, *sure* for "rare." Page 148, 6th line, *ghastly* for "ghostly." Third paragraph, 5th line, *rejoiced* for "grieved." 9th line, 3d paragraph, read *forewarned* for "foreordained."

Any irregularity in the reception of papers by subscribers must be attributed to Postmasters and mail routes. The writer of this superintends the mailing of the Repository and knows that it is correctly done.

The items in this department not signed by the Editor are usually filled in by the publishers.

*Correction.*—In giving the form of credentials in last number, page 97, we left out a sentence above I. T. Hinton's name, and also the church of which

he was pastor, because it was not necessary to a regular form suited to all cases, and inserted Fielding Wilhite's name, which is on the document, but partially obliterated. An exact copy was intended by the editor. One or two typographical errors also occurred.

*Through seven years the editor has been connected with editorial life—five years pastor of the church of his present charge. During that period he has not had a personal difficulty with a single member of his church, nor after the most searching investigation could one minister be found to testify that they had had a personal difficulty with him.*

Publicly, as editor, where is the man, where is the editor, where is the public institution that he has attacked or interfered with? Where?

There is the Repository, it speaks for itself. A typographical error of *five* for *three* thousand (and that written by the printer, his absence being alluded to in the same paper) is the only thing his enemies could find against him in his whole editorial course; and that this might be used to his prejudice the pastor of the Walnut Street Church "surreptitiously" entered this office, during the absence of the proprietor, and, going through the building, questioned the employees in regard to the private matters of the Repository. No honorable man would engage in so contemptible a proceeding. How much, then, beneath the dignity of one who professes to take for his guide the meek and lowly Jesus, who went about doing good instead of evil. G.

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## OBITUARIES.

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Departed this life, on Wednesday, December 8th, 1858, at 9 o'clock A. M., **MARY A. SUMMERS**, wife of W. W. Summers, of this city. She was the daughter of Henry Gore, of Nelson county; was born February 15th, 1826, her age being at the time it pleased the Lord to call her hence, 32 years, 9 months, and 23 days.

Mary, from her mild disposition and exemplary deportment in early childhood, had a place in the affections of all who knew her. At the age of thirteen years she united with the Baptist Church, at Coon's Creek, where she remained a worthy member until after her marriage, in September, 1846, when a change of residence made it necessary to remove her membership to Rolling Fork Church. In the latter part of the year 1857, she, with her husband, removed to Louisville, shortly after which she obtained a letter of dismission, and united with the East Baptist Church. Here she had frequent opportunities of filling her seat in the house of God. She has often told her parents and friends of the great enjoyment she had here, and spoke in the most exalted terms of her worthy pastor. She was never known to falter in her devotion to the cause of God, or love for his people. She was an affectionate wife, a dutiful child, and kind and tender mother. She was kind to the poor, and never was known to turn away the needy without administering to their necessities. She was a model woman, a pious Christian, and has left a vacuum in the family circle and in society which can never be filled. May the Lord give her husband, children, parents, and brothers and sisters, grace

and strength sufficient to bear up under their heavy bereavement. A few minutes before her departure she grasped the hand of her husband, and talked to him affectionately as long as she had the power of utterance; then raising, and clasping her hands, sweetly observed, "I am going to sleep," and expired without a struggle or a groan.

DIED, at his residence in Greenville, Muhlenberg County, Ky., on the 23d of December, at 8 o'clock A. M., Mr. WILLIAM HARBIN, late of Statesville, N. Car., but for a number of years a resident of Kentucky.

Mr. Harbin fell a victim to that fearful malady, Consumption. A few weeks since his disease became so inveterate, that he was induced to visit this city, thinking that a change of place, scene, and medical advice, might exert a salutary influence over his disease, in mitigating if not finally removing the cause thereof; but oh! how often do our brightest hopes and fondest expectations prove as delusive as "a pleasing dream." Verily, it was so in this case. For a few days, the combined influence of circumstances around him, together with the change of place, &c., did have the most happy effect, and the heart of her who moved round him in the relation of and with all the tender solicitude of a fond and confiding wife, was caused to vibrate light and full of hope. This state, however, was of short duration; all her hopes were blighted almost in a moment, and he was compelled to yield, though willingly, to the all-conquering power of death. Upon being asked if he was willing to die, he replied, "perfectly." He had but one wish concerning the things of this world, and that was that God would spare his life to reach home, that he might embrace once more his "dear little babes." This last request was granted, and at home, surrounded by friends and his dear little ones, he joined the Presbyterian Church, and received the emblems of the broken body and spilt blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Mr. Harbin was well-known to and highly esteemed by the citizens of his adopted little village, and a panegyric upon his life and character here would be useless; it is sufficient to say his death will be deeply and feelingly regretted by all who knew him.

And now, to the lonely widowed heart. I would to God I could speak one comforting word, but I *cannot*, to you in this sad hour. There seemeth no balm in Gilead, no kind Physician there, to heal in a moment this fresh made wound—time alone can do this—but oh, dear friend, are there not many circumstances of a healing character connected with your sad bereavement? Verily, I think so. His Saviour called—his Lamp was trimmed; he was *ready to go*; he is now safely moored in that bright Spirit land, where lovely seraphs are his associates, and singing the songs of the redeemed his occupation forever. And may we not imagine, when you, too, have finished your course on earth, and are called upon to pass thro' what is now no longer his dread, his bright, transfigured, glorified body producing a halo around you, will be permitted to hover closely over the scene, and guide your disembodied spirit, so soon as it leaves its tabernacle of clay, thro' the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, dry up your tears. You say you know your loss is his eternal gain. Comfort yourself in this knowledge, for not all the winning kingdoms and flattering diadems of earth would induce him for one moment to close from his sight what is his to gaze upon continually. You can go to him, he *cannot* come to you. Resolve yourself into this firm determination—that, "by the help of God we will be one Family in heaven." T. T. T.



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# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXXVIII.—APRIL, 1859.

## HISTORY OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTISTS.

### CHAP. XXIII.—EARLY SCENES IN LOUISVILLE—ATTACK OF THE INDIANS.

ON an elevated plain, at the falls of the Ohio, seventy feet above low water-mark, gently descending towards its southern border, stands the prosperous city of Louisville. Proud residences, rising like palaces from amid evergreens and shade-trees, adorn broad and beautiful streets, where, seventy years ago, ponds and forests covered the uninhabited and sickly station known as the Mouth of Beargrass. Immense warehouses are crowded with the products of every clime, freighted by floating palaces down this beautiful river. Where, seventy-six years ago, David Broadhead, “commenced a new era by exposing goods from Philadelphia for sale in Louisville. The merchandise had been brought from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in wagons, and thence to Louisville in flat-boats. The belles of our forest-land then began to shine in all the magnificence of calico, and the gentlemen in the luxury of wool hats.”

Where now there are some forty places of worship, then a solitary Baptist preacher gathered the only worshipping congregation, and preached the Cross of Christ in the fort on Beargrass.

Of the brilliant attack and conquest of Vincennes by Clark; of the calm heroism of those who raised a crop of corn on the island opposite the city while surrounded by their watchful foes; of deeds of daring and wonderful escapes, which render memorable the early history of Louisville, this is not the place to speak. But the history of the Baptists of Kentucky must include the privdtions endured, and the part taken by the members of our early churches.

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Among the gallant men who won this land from the savage, the names of Taylor, Whitaker, and Hynes are recorded. Taylor, the uncle of Gen. Z. Taylor, was a Baptist. Capt. Whitaker, whose wisdom in council and valor in the field made him a terror to the Indians, was a member of the little Baptist Church constituted in the fort on Beargrass.

#### BEARGRASS CHURCH.

Louisville, in 1780, comprised only thirty souls. The settlers were sixty or seventy miles distant from any other settlement, and had nothing but their insular position to defend them from the Indians. Among those thirty was Elder John Whitaker, brother of Capt. Aguilla Whitaker. He had come from Redstone (now Wheeling, Va.), and like the whole class of pioneer preachers, at once took measures to establish a church in the infant settlement. Squire Boon, with a number of daring settlers, left Boonsboro' in the fall of 1800, and erected a block-house where the town of Shelbyville now stands. Among them were several Baptists. John Whitaker soon visited the fort, preached, and constituted a small church.

The winter passed in safety. With the dawning of spring, they opened the virgin soil, and hopefully cast the seed-corn upon its bosom. The summer advanced. The fresh April breeze was fragrant with the breath of wild flowers, and the tangled forests rung with the silver song of early birds. Sabbath after Sabbath old John Whitaker met the little congregation in the fort, and pointed them to Christ. The first church in all these regions was constituted there in 1780.

But the sign of Indians startled first the more timid, and then the boldest. It was evident that their situation was eminently dangerous, and it was determined to abandon the fort, and little fields, now green with springing corn. The little party made their way towards Louisville. Their march was slow, for they were encumbered with baggage, and the women and children had to travel on foot. The creeks were high, and with difficulty forded. Their situation was distressing. Just as the weary company reached Floyd's Fork, the shout of the savage was heard. A volley of

musketry was poured in among them. Several of the little band were killed; some were taken prisoners, and the survivors reached Louisville hardly able to recount the bloody scene, so exhausted from suffering and fatigue.

Col. Floyd, before the straggling fugitives reached the fort, heard of the attack, and hastened to their rescue. He divided his men, and proceeded with great caution; but this did not prevent his falling into an ambuscade. The Indians, whose force was three times as great as his, completely defeated him, killing about half his men.\*

As soon as the prospect of security appeared, the fugitives returned. Seven new forts were erected, and the little church constituted by Whitaker assumed a regular appearance. The records of its early history are lost. But in the midst of seventeen churches, now in Shelby county, the old church still exists. Its earliest record is found in the Salem Association Record-book.

#### CEDAR CREEK,

“Constituted July 4th, 1781, by James Smith, James Gerrard, and John Whitaker. Number of members forty-seven.”

This man of God passed mysteriously away, and there is no record of his life or death. Near the present town of Elizabeth, he, with Whitaker and Barnett, constituted the Severn's Valley Church. The tread of the Indian was ever ringing in their ears. They were in the very midst of those savages who thirsted for the blood of the pale-faced invaders occupying their sacred hunting-grounds. Garrard was suddenly missed. Night came on. He did not return to the camp. Search was made for him in vain. Years passed, and no tidings were heard of him. Imagination alone can dwell on his probable doom and death amid Indian tortures.

Three years passed before a church was constituted in the neighborhood of Louisville. The settlement was sickly. It was more open to the attacks of the Indians, who could cross and re-cross the river, and thus make sudden attacks with impunity. “Their foes were ever on the watch. Danger crouched in every path, and lurked behind every tree.

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\* Nash, 166.

These men, of God, Whitaker and Smith, passed from fort to fort preaching the gospel, and the first record of the *first* organized congregation in Jefferson county followed.

BEARGRASS CHURCH,

“Constituted 1784, by James Smith and John Whitaker. Delegates five; members nineteen.”

The state of society at the time this church was constituted may be gathered from the early history of Louisville. The following is the record of the court:

MAY 7th, 1784.

George Pomeroy, being brought before the Court charged with having been guilty of a breach of the act of the Assembly, entitled “Divulger of False News,” on examination sundry witnesses and said Pomeroy heard in his defence; the Court is of opinion that the said George Pomeroy is guilty of a breach of said law, and it is ordered that he be fined 200 pounds of tobacco for the same. And it is further ordered, that said George Pomeroy give security for his good behaviour.”

Were such a law in force *now*, it would add materially to the business of the Courts.

In 1789, the little church on Beargrass erected a log meeting-house. The beginning of the present century found Louisville with a population of six hundred in the midst of her ponds, with no place of worship except this on Beargrass, some three miles distant from the town. Of the history and progress of the church but little is known. Its records are lost, and the remnant of the church was finally swept into the Current Reformation. But from 1781 till 1816, it was the only regular religious assembly in Louisville or vicinity.

“At Louisville,” says the writer, “in the State of Kentucky, they have no church. When the earthquake gave them the first shock, they grew very devout in one night, and on the next day, with long faces, they subscribed a Thousand Dollars to build a house of worship. Thus the matter rested till the second shock came, when another devout paroxysm produced another Thousand Dollars. It rested again till a third earthquake. There was no more of the matter. They soon after built a theatre, which cost Seven Thousand Dollars.”

But in 1816, a man of God, whose influence can be traced and felt throughout Kentucky, visited Louisville. It was JEREMIAH VARDEMAN. He commenced a series of meetings at the Court-house. The late Hon. Judge Rowan, a distinguished jurist and statesman, was a warm friend of Vardeman, and regarded him as one of the greatest pulpit orators he had ever heard. The influence of Judge Rowan brought out a class of persons not in the habit of attending public worship. Col. M'Kay, who was present, says: "His fame as a preacher brought out immense congregations of people for several successive days, to whom he preached with great effect; and from these meetings the city of Louisville is indebted, in a great measure, for its flourishing churches. Immediately after Mr. Vardeman's visit, a large Presbyterian Church arose, then a first Baptist Church, and so on."\*

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## ACTS AND USAGES OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.

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### CHAP. VII.—CHURCH INDEPENDENCE.

THERE will, ever and anon, arise discussions as to the limits of church independence. These discussions, when they occur among Baptists, usually involve something more than the original custom, nor can it be doubted that the views of many on this subject are warped by personal or partizan interests. We prefer, however, to give the usage of the early churches, than comments of our own.

*Query.* How is ordination legally performed?

*Ans.* A presbytery of ministers are fully empowered to ordain any faithful man, properly recommended, whom they shall judge able to teach others, and that ministers shall be subject to ministers with regard to their call to the ministry and the doctrine they preach.—*Min. of Dover Ass., Va., 1783.*

It is time that churches were, and ought to be independent, to a proper extent; but this independence did not authorize them to ordain officers contrary to revelation; that, although a church might judge better than a presbytery what suited her, it was not reasonable that those who had not exercised a public gift, should be so competent to judge of public gifts, as those who had.—*Ibid., 1792.*

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\* Peck's *Life of Vardeman*, Rep., Vol. vi., p. 106.

*Query* from the church at Philadelphia.—Suppose a gifted brother, who is esteemed an orderly minister by or among those that are against the laying on of hands, should happen to come among our churches, whether we may allow such an one to administer the Lord's Supper or no?

*Answered* in the negative: Because it is contrary to the rule of God's word (see Acts, 13: 2, 3, etc.), from which prescribed rules we dare not swerve.—*Min. Phil. Ass.*, 1729.

Not only did our ancient brethren thus insist on a strict examination as a necessary part of scriptural ordination, but they insisted on an examination of those ordained ministers who were strangers to them.

Agreed, that the proposal drawn by the several ministers and signed by others, in reference to the examination of all gifted brethren and ministers that come in here from other places, be put in practice, we having found the evil of neglecting a true and previous scrutiny of those officers.—*Phil. Ass.*, 1722.

The foregoing settled unquestionably what were the views entertained by our forefathers in regard to ordination. The scriptural correctness of this usage is not *now* under review. It were an easy task that, in this usage, they complied with the plain letter of God's word. With the Baptist denomination, *then and now*, no man is recognized as a minister who has refused to submit to an examination by a presbytery, and a recognition by them as one worthy ministerial fellowship.

This scriptural usage has been tested by time; has met the approval of the good and pious who have breasted the storms of persecution, the scorn and reproaches of the foes of primitive Christianity, the pompous ridicule of a titled organ, and the reckless sophistries of revolutionary innovators. The landmark stands unmoved—a rock, at whose feet the surging wave is scattered into spray.

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#### CHAP. VIII.—ASSOCIATIONS—THEIR PROVINCE AND POWER.

There is, among other denominations, a most unaccountable ignorance of the character, objects, and powers of Baptist Associations. It must here be remarked, that it is not the present usage to discuss the scriptural authority for such assemblages.

This may be done at some future time. But what are the facts in regard to the usage among Baptists? What have been the settled opinions of the denomination for ages? is the question we wish to settle. How do Associations conflict or harmonize with church independency? Under what circumstances could they review or condemn the action of a church? Can an Association exclude the delegates of a church from her body, or any *one* of these delegates? These are questions which the usage of our denomination has settled. We will simply record those decisions.

1.—POWER OF AN ASSOCIATION OVER CHURCHES.

*Of the affairs that came to be considered by the Association of the aforementioned churches, since they held and Association, as far as any records of the same can be found.*

Before our general meeting, held at Philadelphia, in the seventh month, 1707, it was concluded by the several congregations of our judgment to make choice of some particular brethren, such as they thought most capable in every congregation, and those to meet at the yearly meeting to consult about such things as were wanting in the churches, and to set them in order.

It was also concluded, that if any difference shall happen between any member and the church, and they cannot agree, then the person so grieved may, at the general meeting, appeal to the brethren of the several congregations, and with such as they shall nominate, to decide the difference; that the church and the person so grieved do fully acquiesce in their determination.—*Minutes Phil. Ass., 1707.*

Corresponding with this is the constitution of the earliest Association. It is found in the minutes of the "First Separate Baptist Association," on which occasion the names of Lewis Craig, John Waller, Reuben Ford, Samuel Harris, Pickett, Childs, Marshall, and the rest of those champions of soul-liberty, who resisted every species of tyranny, and struck the first blow for our American liberties. It was held May, 1771, at Craig's meeting-house, Orange county, Va. One article of the constitution reads:

It is agreed, that if any delegate, sent from any church, should transgress in any instance, unknown to his church, the offended party, his fellow-delegate and the Moderator, may bar him from sitting.

2d. We believe we have a right to withdraw ourselves from any church.



Of this decision Semple says :

It is worthy of note, that one of the constitutional articles disclaims all power over the churches. Yet the next declares a right in the Association to withdraw from delinquent churches in certain cases. Nothing less can be meant by this article, than that the Association, in behalf of all orderly churches in her correspondence, would discountenance all disorderly ones. It is then a question, whether a church, discountenanced by the Association, can any longer be considered a part of the Baptist Society? Would it not be deemed disorderly for any other church to continue their fellowship towards one that could not meet in the same Association? Churches may not only become disorderly in *practice*, but heterodox in *doctrine*. To give an Association power to deal with, and finally to put such out of their connection, must be proper, and, indeed, must be what is designed by the above article. By no other means could a general union be preserved.—*Semple's History Va. Baptists*, 1754.

On these clearly defined principles, underlying the union and co-operations of the churches, the earlier Associations acted with decision and nerve. From many instances, found in the minutes of different Associations, the following is selected, and given at length :

#### CASE OF ELDER GEORGE MORRIS.

“Goshen Association, Va., Oct., 15th, 1796. Only 12 churches were represented. Three, under the care of George Morris, adhered to him in his contest with the Association. A committee was appointed by the Association to meet and admonish these churches. An explanation of this difficulty is given by Semple as follows :”

During this year a mournful scene took place. George Morris (of whose turbulent deportment towards the Association mention has already been made), a preacher of some talents, who had the pastoral and partial care of three churches, was, by common report, charged with crimes of the deepest dye. Such was his influence with the church of which he was a member, that, notwithstanding the reports were well authenticated, they paid no attention to them until urged to it by a committee appointed by the Association. Morris contrived to keep back many of the charges, and finally to obtain from the church a favorable decision as to such as were exhibited. The Moderator of the Association, who was one of the committee, finding the matter thus smothered, to the disgrace of religion, called the Association together. They met in conference

at Waller's meeting-house, on the fourth Saturday in February. Twenty churches sent deputies. After a fair and full investigation of the business before the conference, it was decided that Morris was guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, and that the church had manifested a criminal partiality in retaining him in her fellowship. The church was excluded from the Association, and a committee appointed by the conference to visit them, for the purpose of pronouncing the sentence of exclusion, as also to invite a minority of the church, who differed from the other part, to form a church among themselves.

The new church, under the name of Goldmine, was accordingly constituted, and in a little time was joined by several of the majority. But what was more consoling, they were blessed with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. A precious revival ensued. Many were added by baptism. Morris and his party, as being the majority, retained the old meeting-house, and kept up preaching. But to them none were disposed to unite themselves. After a vain attempt for two or three years to stand upon independent ground, being forsaken by their most respectable members, Morris proposed that he and his party should again coalesce with the Goldmine Church, by making concessions. To this the Goldmine Church replied: "That they were at all times ready to hear what any individuals of them had to say, but could not receive them as a body, seeing this would recognize in them a character which they had hitherto discountenanced." Another reason, it was said, existed for not receiving them into their body, viz: There were among them many persons under the imputation of gross immoralities." So the matter rests. Morris, and some of the most obstinate of his party, continue out of communion. The churches called Salem and Bethesda, of whom Morris had the ministerial care, adhered to him in his contest. These churches were also expelled from the Association, and a new one, formed out of the minority, received.

In these proceedings, some, who were by no means favorable to Morris, were of the opinion that the Association was, in some of her measures, rather precipitate—not using, towards the churches deluded by Morris, a sufficient degree of lenity. Such opinions were probably induced by a partial view of the subject, especially through the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the intriguing temper of Morris. The following is a short comment made on his character by the Secretary, and sanctioned by the Association :

"Like Diotrophes, he loved and sought the pre-eminence. Jealousy and discontent apparently were his inseparable concomitants. In a word, he was not unlike Jude's wandering stars, always unsteady, until they shoot in some eccentric direction, and disappear forever."

We close this chapter by expressing the views of the Philadelphia Association, and shall prosecute the subject in our next.

At our annual Association, met September the 19th, 1749, an essay, on the power and duty of an Association of churches, was proposed to the consideration of the Association; and the same, upon mature deliberation, was approved and subscribed by the whole house, and the contents of the same was ordered to be transcribed as the judgment of the Association, in order to be inserted in the Association book, to the end and purpose that it may appear what power an Association of churches hath, and what duty is incumbent on an Association; and prevent the contempt with which some are ready to treat such an assembly, and also to prevent any future generation from claiming more power than they ought—lording over the churches.

ESSAY.—That an Association is not a superior judicature, having such superior power over the churches concerned; but that each particular church hath a complete power and authority from Jesus Christ to administer all gospel ordinances, provided they have a sufficiency of officers duly qualified, or that they be supplied by the officers of another sister church or churches, as baptism, and the Lord's Supper, &c.; and to receive in and cast out, and also to try and ordain their own officers, and to exercise every part of gospel discipline and church government, independent of any other church or assembly whatever.

And that several such independent churches, where Providence gives them their situation convenient, may, and ought, for their mutual strength, counsel, and other valuable advantages, by their voluntary and free consent, to enter into an agreement and confederation, as is hinted in our printed Narrative of discipline, page 59, 60, 61.

Such churches there must be, agreeing in doctrine and practice, and independent in their authority and church power, before they can enter into a confederation, as aforesaid, and choose delegates or representatives to associate together; and thus the several independent churches being the constituents, the association, council, or assembly of their delegates, when assembled, is not to be deemed a superior judicature, as having a superintendency over the churches, but subservient to the churches, in what may concern all the churches in general, or any one church in particular; and, though no power can regularly arise above its fountain from where it rises, yet we are of opinion that an Association of the delegates of associate churches have a very considerable power in their hands respecting those churches in their confederation; for if the agreement of several distinct churches, in sound doctrine and regular practice, be the first motive, ground, and foundation or basis of

their confederation, then it must naturally follow, that a defection in doctrine or practice in any church, in such confederation, or any party in any such church, is ground sufficient for an Association to withdraw from such a church or party so deviating or making defection, and to exclude such from them in some formal manner, and to advertise all the churches in confederation thereof, in order that every church in confederation may withdraw from such in all acts of church communion, to the end they may be ashamed, and that all the churches may discountenance such, and bear testimony against the defection.

Such withdrawing from a defective or disorderly church, or that ought to be towards a delinquent church, is such as ariseth from their voluntary confederation aforesaid, and not only from the general duty that is incumbent on all orthodox persons, and churches to do, where no such confederation is entered into, as 2 Cor., 6 : 16, 17. Now, from that general duty to withdraw from defective persons or churches, there can no more be done, than to desist from such acts of fellowship as subsisted before the withdrawing, which is merely negative, and in no wise any thing positive. Churches, as they are pillars of truth, may, and ought to endeavor to promote truth among others also; which endeavors, if they prove fruitless, as they are but *mystico modo*, they may be withdrawn; the withdrawing, therefore, must be accordingly, which is only to cease from future endeavors, leaving the objects as they were or are. But if there be a confederation and incorporation, by mutual and voluntary consent, as the Association of churches must and ought to be, then something positive may and ought to be done; and, though an Association ought not to assume a power to excommunicate or deliver a defective or disorderly church to Satan, as some do claim, yet it is a power sufficient to exclude the delegates of a defective or disorderly church from an Association, and to refuse their presence at their consultations, and to advise all the churches in confederation to do so too. A godly man may, and ought to withdraw, not only from a heathen, but from such as have the form of godliness, if they appear to want the power of it, 2 Tim., 3 : 5. By the same parity of reason the saints, in what capacity soever they may be considered, may withdraw from defective or disorderly churches or persons; but excommunicate they cannot, there being no institution to authorize them so to do. But in the capacity of a congregational church, dealing with her own members, an Association, then, of the delegates of associate churches, may exclude and withdraw from defective and unsound or disorderly churches or persons, in manner above said; and this will appear regular and justifiable by the light and law of nature, as is apparent in the conduct and practice of all regular civil and political corporations and confederations whatsoever; who all of

them have certain rules to exclude delinquents from their societies, as well as for others to accede thereunto.

We judge those things, in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, to be imitable by an Association, viz: 1st, their disowning such commandment, verse 24; 2dly, the sending delegated persons of their own number, with Paul and Barnabas, to support their sentence in the place where the debate sprung up, verse 25; and a third thing followed in consequence thereof, viz: a delivering of the decrees to the other churches, to be observed, as well as the church of Antioch, chap. xvi. 4. Consistent therewith, the practice of after ages is found to be; when, because they had no council, synod, or Association to convene, of course they called a council, in order to make head against any error or disorders, when, in any particular church, such things grew too big for a particular church peaceably to determine, as the case about circumcision was at Antioch. In such cases all the churches were looked upon as one church, and all the bishops as universal, because of the unity of the faith and conformity of practice which ought to be in the churches of Christ; though in all other cases, the several distinct churches acted independent of each other, as Cyprian relates the practice of his time, viz: That the bishops were so united in one body, that if any one of the body broached any heresy, or began to waste and tear the flock of Christ, all the rest came immediately to its rescue. Cyprian, cited by Bingham, book 2, p. 101. And the same author observes, that they disowned the faulty, and advertised all the churches of the same. And Mr. Crosby relates, that an Association in London did disown a certain disorderly church in London, and did caution all the churches they were related to, not to countenance them in any way, nor to suffer their members to frequent their meetings; and thus an Association may disown and withdraw from a defective or disorderly church, and advise the churches related to them to withdraw from, and to discountenance such as aforesaid, without exceeding the bounds of their power.

And further: That an Association of the delegates of confederate churches may doctrinally declare any person or party in a church, who are defective in principles or disorderly in practice, to be censurable, when the affair comes under their cognizance, and without exceeding the bounds of their power and duty, to advise the church that such belong unto, how to deal with such, according to the rule of gospel discipline; and also to strengthen such a church, and assist her, if need be, by sending able men, of their own number, to help the church in executing the power vested in her by the ordinance of Jesus Christ, and to stand by her, and to defend her against the insults of such offending persons or parties.

*Minutes Philadelphia Association.*

## THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY D. R. CAMPBELL.

THE signs of the times indicate that it is destined to become the great line of discrimination between the true and the false—between the real and the nominal followers of Christ. Concentration, union, a second catholic or Universal Church, is the goal to which the growing tendencies lead. The indispensable condition of such consolidation is concession—minor differences, non-essentials, must be kept in the background. As the range of the movement widens, as the distinct and diverse elements sought to be combined are increased, so these non-essentials must multiply, until the stock of accepted truth must be small indeed. The process in this direction is already actively at work. The foundations are being silently laid, broad and deep, in the workings and tendencies of such organizations as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the American Sunday School Union, the American and Foreign Christian Union, and the Evangelical Alliance. This last is not, improbably, the nucleus of the grand Protestant Catholic Church, into which all the sects must finally merge. All of these bodies operate on the principle of ignoring what is rather freely called non-essentials. And the amount ignored among them, taken altogether, is neither small nor unimportant. In the operation of such bodies, leading minds become accustomed to regard the gain secured by the concession, and the consequent apparent increase of power, as vastly more than the loss sustained in the amount of truth sacrificed. These bodies, moreover, soon become sources of controlling influence, modifying the views and regulating the practice not only of those committed to them, but through them, of the masses beyond them. Success becomes the watchword—combination indispensable. Men, talent, learning, counsel, money, agency, energy, become the real dependence—truth only secondary. It can easily be accommodated to the varying necessities of the emergency; and men may, by and by, feel as free to legislate in divine, as in secular truth.

This tendency of things has already begun to show a disposition to intrench on the principle of Scriptural Communion. Until recently, Pedobaptists, to a man, insisted on baptism as indispensable to a place at the Lord's table. There are indications now, however, of a radical change in this particular. The question is already openly and forcibly discussed in 'Presbyterian journals, whether baptism should be required as a pre-requisite to communion? A well known and vigorous writer maintains the negative, and, evidently, not without the confidence of an existing and increasing sympathy among his brethren. This writer is already prepared to admit the Quaker—an avowed unbeliever in baptism—to the table of the Lord. This is startling and significant, coming from such a source. Many of the Methodist clergy have for years been ignoring baptism as a condition of communion. It has, in some places, become a very common practice among them to urge the duty of communing as a means of conversion. This we regard as a two-fold evil. It first displaces, and then perverts, a sacred institution. Even the "Current Reformation" seems to hesitate in places whether the sacrifice of baptism might not be a reasonable price for "union," provided it cannot be procured at a less cost.

What, then, is the duty of Baptists in the presence of such signs of defection? They have ever been the fast friends of scripture truth and scripture practice. Shall they give way now? May it never be. In the second and third centuries, tendencies, not unlike those now at work, matured into a catholic or general church. It became catholic, however, at the expense of much of the spirit and substance of truth. Against these unhallowed tendencies our ancestors, in the faith, had to raise a warning voice, and many of them proved, before the struggle was over, that they could die for the truth. If the present tendencies continue, and the end aimed at is reached, our posterity may not long expect to escape from the like sorrows and sufferings again.

Our duty to continue faithful to our communion principles becomes urgent from another consideration. Not only is communion sought at the expense of baptism, but also at the expense of doctrines, which, in our view, are essential to salvation. The Pelagian, who denies human depravity, and consequently the renewing agency of the Spirit in regeneration; the Unitarian, the Arian,

and the Universalist, who deny the divinity and atonement of the Saviour; the believer in baptismal regeneration, in baptismal remission, in sprinkling for baptism, or in no baptism at all; and some, whose system of faith is a compound of all these, are clamorous of general communion at the Lord's table. Such errorists have nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by such a course. Their cry against restricted communion is a species of popular self-defence. They are anxious to obtain the sanction of those who hold to a faith more pure and consistent than theirs, for their errors. But shall Baptists, a people who have ever received the whole testimony of God, and who have, in every age, experienced much opposition for doing so, be, by any means, induced either to wink at, or sanction in the least, such unscriptural and pernicious dogmas? Shall they ever surrender the only scriptural position, that the true believer alone, who is immersed upon a profession of his faith, and received into a church of like faith and practice with their own, is a proper subject for the communion table? Never, never! This "old landmark" they will never "remove." They will never "sell" the truth for any considerable expediency.

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## RIGHTS OF EXCLUDED CHURCH MEMBERS.

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WE have no doubt that many worthy persons are, even now, suffering under erroneous, not to say, unrighteous, church decisions, and that these persons ought to have justice done them, no good man will doubt; but the mode of doing it is not so easily settled upon. We think the case remediable, but not by neighboring churches assuming to exercise paramount ecclesiastical authority over the delinquent church.

We have not room to present our views at large here, and must, therefore, satisfy ourself with the following very condensed exhibition of them. We look upon it, that each church, duly organized, is entirely and absolutely independent of every other church; and that no other body has a right to interfere with its internal government. If, therefore, the churches remained separate and unassociated, there could be no transfer of membership from one church



to any other by letter; they could only be admitted upon a profession of their faith and suitable evidence of their having been baptized. In this state of things it could in no way infract relations of union and correspondence where none existed between churches, should one church receive the excluded members of another. The difficulty in relation to the cases under consideration arises from the relations of correspondence and union into which the churches have entered. It is upon this principle alone that associational and other councils, and advisory bodies are authorizable. But those have no right to interfere with the independence of churches. They cannot force a church to restore an excluded member, however wrongfully done. All that can be done in the case is to council and advise her to do her duty; and if she persists in her injustice, then let the other churches withhold from her their union and correspondence. And any church can then do justice to her injured member without any infringement upon her ecclesiastical rights, or any violation of the social compact; just as though such compact had never existed. This we regard as the only legitimate remedies which this class of cases admit of; and we are persuaded that there are many such, and that they ought to be attended to. An unjust and tyrannical church should receive no more countenance than an unjust man.

W. C. BUCK.

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THERE never was a saint, yet, that grew proud of his fine feathers, but what the Lord plucked them out by-and-by. There never yet was an angel that had pride in his heart, but he lost his wings, and fell into Gehenna, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and there shall never be a saint, who indulges self-conceit, and pride, and self-confidence, but the Lord will spoil his glories, and trample his honors in the mire, and make him cry out yet again, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" less than the least of all saints, and the "very chief of sinners."—*Spurgeon.*

REV. JOHN M. PECK'S FIRST JOURNEY THROUGH  
KENTUCKY IN 1817.

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[THE contrast between the facilities for traveling, or the removal of families from one remote portion of our country to another, which are now enjoyed, compared with what they were forty years since, are among the marvelous things which it is useful to review. *Now* it is very easy in three or four days to remove a family, with all their substance, from the Connecticut to the western banks of the Mississippi. *Then* it required more than as many months of time, with not a little of toil, exposure, and even peril.

Messrs. Peck and Welch were appointed by the Board of the Triennial Baptist Convention to a mission at St. Louis, and its vicinity, in May, 1817. In July following, Mr. Peck, with his wife and three children, set out in a covered one-horse wagon from his native Litchfield, Conn., on their removal to St. Louis, which occupied them till the end of the year. Rev. Mr. Welch and wife had preceded them to his father's, in Kentucky, where Peck and family overtook them. We are enabled to give in the *Repository* the five weeks' journal, condensed as much as possible without diminishing its real value, of their passage through a portion of Kentucky, which will be found interesting to the lovers of the *Olden Times*.]

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*Thursday, Oct. 2d, 1817.* About 9 o'clock crossed the Ohio for the second time. Here it forms a large and beautiful river, with high land rising almost immediately from the water. Reaching the opposite bank, we set foot, for the first time, in Kentucky. Here is a pleasant village, called Maysville—formerly Limestone..

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE STATE OF OHIO.

The state of religion is rather low. The Methodists are the prevailing denomination. The Baptists, in the parts I passed through, are quite in the background. An intelligent Christian brother, who has resided several years in one of the principal villages, told me, that of the ministers of his acquaintance, scarcely one was able to teach a common English school. They appear equally deficient in theological knowledge. This ought, by no means, to be said of all. There are some scattered through the

State, men of talents and piety, who sigh for the barrenness of the land. I could hear of but few revivals of religion in the churches. Many parts of the State present promising fields for missionary labor. There is much backwardness manifested by the churches in supporting their pastors; and like backwardness in missionary contributions. On the whole, things appear to be growing better, and as the country improves, I hope the evils mentioned will be done away. As to morals, barring those not religious, there is nothing to boast of. In some parts, the people appear sober and industrious. In other places, idleness, counterfeiting, and whisky-drinking are principal characteristics. In the middle part of the State, counterfeiting and swindling are openly connived at. A respectable gentleman told me, that in many places in the interior it was difficult to try a man in court for counterfeiting, for the want of an uncorrupted jury—so much are the public morals debased. I saw in Chillicothe, an advertisement in the public paper directed to *counterfeiters*, in which was unblushingly offered for sale a complete set of engraving tools, all fitted for that business.

The land, in many places, is good, though in general scarcely equal to my expectations. But the people appear to lack a spirit of improvement. But few good houses, thrifty orchards, and well-regulated farms are to be met with on the road I passed. Now and then the appearance of a farm marks out its possessor as a man of industry and good management. Education, too, even for a new country, is quite in the background. I expect that the North-eastern and the South-western parts of the State are in all respects much better off than the portions I have passed through.\*

In Maysville I found it requisite to have my wagon repaired and my horse shod, which hindered us till 12 o'clock. Coming out of the town, there is a very bad hill to ascend, covered at this time with deep mud. The road was the heaviest we have traveled. The clay soil and the late heavy rains have made the traveling excessively bad. The country here begins to present the aspect of higher cultivation, and forms a striking contrast with the dark woods or log cottages of Ohio. Four miles on, we passed a beautiful town, called Washington, county seat of Mason county. In twelve miles reached the pleasant village of May's Lick, where we were kindly received by a brother of the name of Morris, to whom we had been recommended by Mr. Welch.

*Friday, 3d.* In the morning we started from our hospitable

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\* It should be remembered that this was Mr. Peak's first experience in one of the new western States; that he had spent but three weeks in traversing one little corner of it. After a life-long labor as an explorer, and a better opportunity to judge by fair comparison, he would have generalized more cautiously and wisely. The remarks above, though correct in the main, indicate a very common disposition to indulge empirical generalizations.

friend Mr. Morris, and pursued our way through the mud. For twelve or fifteen miles, through a rough part of the country called "*The Knobs*," we expected to find the road excessively bad. True, the way was rough and hilly, with many bad mud-holes, but not half as difficult as we had anticipated. Stopped to feed our horse at a place called the Blue Licks. Here is a stream of considerable size, called Licking, which we forded. About sunset arrived at a public house, kept by Mr. Arnett, a Baptist, where we were hospitably entertained.

*Saturday, 4th.* Weather delightfully pleasant. We are now about twenty-seven miles from David's Fork, where Bro. Welch is, but have little prospect of reaching there till late to-morrow. Our road to Paris quite muddy, especially the first part of the way. Here we leave the main road to the right, and take what the people call the *Cleveland road*. This road proved much better than we anticipated, and we were enabled a little after dark to reach Troutman's Mills, where we spent the night.

*Lord's Day, 5th.* As we were but a short distance from the meeting, we started early, and after much difficulty, reached a Bro. Adam's, where we took breakfast and prepared ourselves for meeting. At 11 o'clock had the satisfaction to meet Bro. and Sister Welch, in company with whom we hope to perform the remainder of our journey. Our meeting was in circumstances which forbade ceremony. The congregation was waiting. Bro. Welch first addressed the assembly, from Romans, 6: 22. I followed, with an appeal in behalf of Missions, from Isaiah, 49: 20; collection \$13. After meeting, rode home with Bro. Welch to his father's, where we were kindly received.

*Monday, 6th.* Very rainy. Spent the day in reading, adjusting my accounts, etc.

*Tuesday, 7th.* In company with Bro. Welch, rode to Lexington on business. Dined with Mr. Norral. Called on Mr. Stout, to whom I had letters of introduction from Dr. Stoughton. Returned at night.

*Wednesday, 8th.* Weather very pleasant. In the forenoon rode several miles on business. Afternoon attended meeting at the house of Mr. Darnaby. Preached from John, 21: 17. Unwell in the evening, and took medicine.

*Thursday, 9th.* Though still unwell, as I had an appointment to preach in the University in Lexington, rode there in company with Bro. Welch. Became much worse on the road, scarcely able to sit on my horse, and had to go to bed on arriving at Bro. Stout's. My appointment had to be filled by Bro. Welch.

*Friday, 10th.* On returning, by going a little out of our way, through Brian's Station, we had the pleasure of calling on Rev. Jeremiah Vardeman, with whom we dined. Mr. V. is a famous

preacher in these parts, much admired by many, and whose labors appear successful. Reached Mr. Welch's towards sunset. My health is much improved, though some bilious symptoms still trouble me.

*Saturday, 11th.* The weather is fine this morning, but a white frost is seen covering the meadows. I much regret that we are not quite prepared to set forth on our journey again this fine weather. We set off before breakfast to visit a church fifteen miles off, called Providence. Breakfasted with a Bro. Hays, and reached the church near 2 o'clock, while they were transacting business. Afterward I attempted to preach, from Psalm 85 : 10, but with no great freedom. Spent the night at a brother of Mr. Welch's.

*Lord's Day, 12th.* Morning cloudy, with some rain. At 11 o'clock the people assembled in pretty large numbers, to whom I preached a missionary sermon, from Mark, 16 : 15. Collection \$25 17. Bro. Welch tarried to preach a second sermon, and Bro. Vardeman to administer the Communion, while I accompanied Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Welch home by the way of Lexington.

*Monday, 13th.* The day chiefly spent in making preparations for our departure. Towards evening, Mr. Welch and myself went to the house of Mr. Rush, four miles from Winchester, and in the evening both preached. I took for text 2 Thes., 2 : 18; and he, John, 18 : 36. Though the evening was dark and stormy, a good number were present.

*Tuesday, 14th.* Afternoon, the people having assembled at Mr. Welch's house, I first addressed them, in reference to our departure for our missionary field, from Exodus, 33 : 15 : "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." Bro. W. followed, with an appropriate address from Acts, 20 : 32. Rev. Mr. Vardeman closed by a short address, then kneeled down and fervently prayed for our welfare.

*Wednesday, 15th.* The day was spent in packing up our boxes and making arrangements to set off as soon as possible.

*Thursday, 16th.* Weather pleasant, though cool. Still making the necessary preparations for journeying. In the evening, wrote a long letter to the Board, making full returns of receipts and expenditures, and giving a detail of my proceedings up to October 10th.

*Friday, 17th.* A severe frost again last night, but weather pleasant. Attended meeting at David's Fork, and heard Rev. Mr. Vardeman preach from John, 8 : 56 : "Abraham rejoiced to see my day," &c. After sermon, two colored people related their experience, and were baptized, with one white woman. The examination of candidates is not half as strict as in the northern States.

*Saturday, 18th.* Weather very fine, and begins to assume a smoky cast. This appearance, I hope, presages a continuance of

good weather. In the forenoon, Bro. Welch and I rode to Winchester, Clarke county. Called on Rev. Mr. Martin, a Presbyterian clergyman, who received us with all the affection due to fellow-laborers in the Lord's vineyard. With him we arranged to have a missionary sermon on the morrow in his congregation. At a little distance from the village of Winchester is a Baptist Church, called Friendship. As it was their Monthly Meeting, we repaired thither to exert ourselves in the mission cause. This we felt to be the more necessary from the fact that this church, with several others in the North District Association, had withdrawn from correspondence with the Board. It was our desire to preach a sermon, and get a collection on the morrow. Accordingly we entered the meeting. Three persons presented themselves for admission. After slight examination they were received. The Moderator, a neighboring minister, was an enemy to all missionary efforts, and of course exerted his influence to prevent our design. But, as a gracious providence would have it, several of the church felt heartily to favor our object, and exerted themselves in our behalf. The opposition was strong, and perfectly unreasonable; but the cause of truth and of missions at last prevailed. We obtained the privilege of a collection. I had seen brethren oppose the particular efforts of our Board of Missions, as unwise in manner, but on quite different grounds from what were here set forth. Here, all the subtlety and malignity of the serpent appeared in full view. I was pained to the heart to hear men, professing the religion of Jesus Christ, openly declare that they hoped they should never hear more of missionaries, and wanted no collections for such purposes. This opposition would not have been carried to such an extent but for the course of the minister presiding, Mr. Kindred. He professes to act under the commission of our Lord, and that he is solemnly bound to do all he can to *advance*, not *impede*, the kingdom of the Son of God. Alas! alas! From the meeting Bro. Welch returned, and I accompanied Bro. Brooking to his house in Winchester, where I spent the night. Evening, I preached to a small, but attentive assembly, in the Presbyterian meeting-house, from 1 Peter, 3: 18. Enjoyed a pleasant season.

*Lord's Day, 19th.* A solemn work this day lies before me. I have to preach in defence of the missionary cause—the cause of Christ—amidst a host of opposers, whose eyes are blinded by prejudice, whose hearts are become unfeeling and regardless of their perishing fellow-men in darkness. Yet I hope some of those who oppose are the dear children of God. I desire, if possible, to remove some prejudices from their minds, and for this purpose, after much prayerful consideration, I chose the words in Rom., 1: 16: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." The Lord stood by me; the assembly was affected; even some of my opposers shed

tears, and the collection amounted to \$8 55. I trust the grand object was secured. The opposition was silenced, and the missionary standard, I hope, is now permanently erected in this quarter. Following the collection, was the Communion, from which it was my intention to have quietly retired; but several of the brethren pressed me to stay, and at last I yielded. To my sorrow, Mr. Kindred, the administrator—who is a strange man—while speaking at the table, wrought himself up to a frenzied state of mind, and began to rant and rave at a shocking rate. Every spark of seriousness and solemnity was instantly extinguished. The poor ignorant Africans, with some of the white females, began to make a hideous outcry, uttering inarticulate screams, and crying out at a strange rate. My heart was filled with pain. I wished to leave the place. I felt guilty in remaining, as it looked like giving countenance to such proceedings. After the Communion, and the closing hymn had been sung, another scene, equally painful and humiliating, commenced. The same preacher began to call for sinners to come around, and he would pray for them. It has become fashionable in these parts for some ministers to shake hands at the close of such seasons, and in a passionate, ranting manner, entreat sinners, who may feel any serious alarm, to come forward, kneel down, and prayers are offered for them. The grand objection to this practice is, that immortal souls are in danger of deception from such a course. The mind, from passionate hortatory addresses, becomes tumultuous. Scarcely knowing the cause, from the agitation of feelings, they come forward to be prayed for, and perhaps, by some soothing language of the speaker, get a false notion that their sins are pardoned, thus settle down on a false hope, and are forever deceived. I could endure the scene no longer, and deliberately took my hat and walked off, while a number of the brethren, whose minds were quite disgusted with these religious fanatical practices, followed my example. At 3 o'clock, Bro. Welch preached in the Presbyterian house, and received a handsome collection. Rode home after meeting to prepare for a start on the morrow.

*Monday, 20th.* At 9 o'clock, Mr. Welch took leave of his parents, and we set out on our way. At Lexington we dined with Bro. Stout, then rode to the Great Crossings, and put up at the hospitable mansion of Col. James Johnson. The lameness of my horse causes me some uneasiness.

*Tuesday, 21st.* Rode to Frankfort, and put up at the house of his Excellency, Gov. Slaughter, where we were cordially received and entertained. This is a pleasant, flourishing town on the Kentucky river, and is the seat of government for the State. In the evening I preached from Matt., 6: 10, and endeavored to plead the cause of missions. Collected \$15 93. The Lord be praised!

*Wednesday, 22d.* At 9 o'clock we left the hospitable house of the Governor, and pursued our way towards Bardstown. For nine miles our path was on the Louisville road. We then took to the left, passed through the woods over Beach-bottom. At 7½ o'clock, arrived at the house of Mr. Darnaby, and were pleased to find a meeting in the house. A Bro. Scott was exhorting, and Bro. Welch joined by offering some remarks on the duty of watchfulness and prayer. Spent the evening quite agreeably.

*Thursday, 23d.* To-day our route lay over some broken land, and across a considerable stream, called Salt River. After dark we arrived at Bardstown, and called at the house of Gen Joseph Lewis, where we were hospitably received. The country through which we have passed is exceedingly fertile. The road, most of the way, is tolerably good, much better, indeed, than we had expected.

*Friday, 24th.* Weather rainy. Traveling unpleasant. Rode only fifteen miles. We met with many rugged hills, though none of great magnitude. After passing several small creeks, we came to a stream of considerable magnitude, called Rolling Fork. By this time it was near night, but by the favor of kind providence, we safely reached the opposite shore by means of a boat, as the stream was too deep for our carriages to ford.

*Saturday, 25th.* A powerful rain last night for several hours. To-day cloudy, but no rain. My horse appears sick—quite overdone—and occasions me much solicitude. After traveling a mile and a half, we stopped at a public house, which proved to be kept by a Baptist professor. We inquired as to the practicability of getting a meeting in Elizabeth, a town about eight miles distant. He pressing invited us to spend the Sabbath with him, as there was to be a meeting at his house. The condition of my horse induced me to stay, while Bro. Welch went on to Elizabeth.

*Lord's Day, 26th.* Weather unpleasant—most of the day rainy. At 12 o'clock a few people assembled. Rev. Mr. Anderson addressed them from Matt., 18: 10, 11. A plain, practical preacher of moderate abilities. After him, I preached from 2 Cor., 4: 17. Reference was had to this family's loss of a darling child a few weeks since. Some of the people were solemn and attentive, while others appeared quite indifferent. The family, though the man is a professor, and the wife decidedly pious, have no Bible, only a Testament. Many families of the better class in this region are thus destitute. *Criminal neglect!* when at Bardstown, only sixteen miles distant, Bibles for the destitute may be had gratis.

*Monday, 27th.* After a rainy night and a wet, forbidding morning, set forth at 11 o'clock, my horse being better, and drove to Elizabeth, where I found Bro. Welch at the house of Bro. Helm.



Here we spent the night, and I wrote letters to my parents, to Dr. Stoughton, and others.

*Tuesday, 28th.* Sharp frost, but pleasant weather. At 9 o'clock we left the hospitable home of Bro. Helm, on our way to Hardensburg. Our course lay North-west, over a tract of country called the *Barrens*. This part of Kentucky is a light, thin soil, covered with small oaks and other shrubs, with here and there a solitary dwelling to cheer the way of the lonely traveler. The traveling was delightful, as the porous soil disposed of the recent abundant rains without being muddy. Passed the night at a public house kept by Mr. Harris, near which is a spring of remarkable magnitude.

*Wednesday, 29th.* This morning icicles were seen pending, fifteen inches long. Our course was variable, but in the main nearly West. Reached Hardensburg a little before night. I spent the night with my family at Bro. Harden's, while Bro. Welch and wife tarried at another place. On the brief notice, people enough assembled to fill a large room. I discoursed to them from 1 Tim., 1: 15, with considerable freedom. Good attention was given. Retired to rest quite weary, and disposed to ask—When will the weary pilgrim sleep in Jesus?

*Thursday, 30th.* After breakfast we pursued our journey, our course being rather North of West. Roads better than we had expected. Few, and far between, are the houses of entertainment—some of which are good, and some poor. Frequently there is great lack of that neatness and industry, so indispensable to comfortable living. Found good accommodations at a house kept by Mr. Pate. Our progress is rather slow, but we have abundant cause for thankfulness.

*Friday, 31st.* A wet day, and traveling consequently unpleasant. The roads more muddy, and our progress much impeded. At night we were obliged to stop at a new, unoccupied house, but partly finished, into which the new settlers had not yet removed. But even this is much better than camping in the woods, with no shelter, as do many of the pioneer families whom we pass every day. The accounts, almost every day met from St. Louis, of the high price of living there, have exerted some depressing influence on my mind for some days past. But why do I fear? If God be for us, who can be against us? This is my birth-day. Twenty-eight years of my life are gone. Let me devote myself anew to Thee, O my Redeemer!

*Saturday, Nov. 1st.* On settling with our host for shelter and housekeeping, found his charge only 25 cents, and as he had no Bible, we gave him one. Traveling wet and heavy. In six miles we reached the "Yellow Bank." Here the Ohio opened to our view through the forest trees, rolling its majestic waters towards

the Mississippi. Yellow Bank is a town newly laid out, the seat of a new county, called Davis, in honor of an officer of that name, who fell at the battle of Tippecanoe. Though promising future growth, it now contains but twenty or thirty log houses, many of them *not first rate*. The public house, kept by a pious lady, Mrs. Adams, furnished us tolerable accommodations for the Sabbath; and we went through the hamlet to notify a meeting. Found a poor, distressed widow, who had just buried her husband, and appeared anxious for the salvation of her soul. Conversed and prayed with her, and promised to bring her a Bible to-morrow. Evening, held a meeting at the house where we put up, and preached from Acts, 11: 14: "Who shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved?"

*Lord's Day, 2d.* In the morning called again on the poor bereaved family. Read Job, seventh chapter, and Psalm forty-sixth, and prayed with them, giving them a Bible, and the best advice in our power. At 12 o'clock, a goodly number assembled, and Bro. Welch preached to them in a very impressive manner on the subject of *Death*, from 2 Samuel, 14: 14. I followed, with a discourse on *The Future Judgment*, from Heb., 9: 27. The people were solemn and attentive. We then went five miles to a Baptist Bro. Allen's, and passed the night.

*Monday, 3d.* After breakfast, we again resumed our journey; Bro. Welch complaining that he felt unwell. At 11 o'clock we reached Green River, which is here a large stream, over which we were ferried. Our course lay nearly West. At night called at a house of entertainment, and were delighted to find it kept by a generous Baptist brother.

*Tuesday, 4th.* Weather still pleasant, but Bro. Welch too unwell to start until a late hour. Reached Robinson's Lick at night, and found tolerable accommodations, for this country.

*Wednesday, 5th.* After some difficulty and delay, we obtained some breakfast of venison, and proceeded on our journey. Our road bad in many places, deep ruts, bad stumps, and mud-holes. Tried in vain to get refreshment at a place called Sulphur Springs, and were obliged to go on through the mud and rain to the county seat of Union, called Morganfield. Reached it a little before night, and put up at the sign of the Seven Stars. Bro. Welch had a chill to-day, and is quite poorly, while our accounts of the badness of the traveling before us are quite discouraging. O Lord, direct and sustain us!

*Thursday, 6th.* Leaving Morganfield, we pursued our way through bad roads for nine miles, and within two of our crossing-place out of Kentucky. Our fare for some time has been rather rough, but we are obliged to be content. The customs as to living in these parts, and indeed through Kentucky, are far inferior to

those of the northern States. Corn bread, or, as I have been accustomed to hear it called, "*Johnny cake*," is almost universally eaten as a substitute for bread; or a kind of inferior biscuit, called light bread, is baked before the fire for each meal. Nor do the manners of the people, in general, indicate the refinement and agreeableness of the North. The state of morals and religion is equally low. This more particularly applies to the lower part of the State. Profane swearing appears a common vice. In Morganfield there is occasional preaching, though the want of a well-regulated Christian society is severely felt. Schools appear to be established in most places, though the scattered state of the inhabitants in this country makes it very difficult to give their children the education desired.

About five miles from where we crossed the Ohio, we found a place of extensively bad traveling. The water from the river set back over the road to a considerable depth. A bridge was broken up and floating, and our progress was difficult and dangerous. As we came upon the banks of the Ohio, however, the prospect was grand and beautiful. For several miles, either way, the noble river presented a picturesque appearance. We rode on the bank four miles, which brought us opposite the village of Shawneetown, to which the ferry-boat floated us in safety. At present the river is very high, and continues rapidly to rise. It is now more than 20 feet above low water mark. Scarcely ever was it known to rise to this height in the fall season.

Our arrival was late, and little could be learned in regard to this wretchedly appearing village. Here the glad tidings of salvation are but seldom heard. We are now properly on missionary ground, which, from its location and destitute state, must belong to our field.

[This was, indeed, their first entrance into Illinois—then a territory—in which Mr. Peck and family were destined to spend the greater part of their long and useful lives. How full of morally sublime interest, now that we can look back upon the whole history, was this entrance on his field. Not Cæsar and his legions crossing the Rubicon involved interests so vast and blessed as the humble transit of that little covered wagon, with its precious contents, over the swollen flood of the beautiful Ohio on the evening of that dark November day. To the eye of sense, how insignificant! But faith invests the scene and its results with new and hallowed attractions.]

*Friday, 7th.* Weather cloudy, with some rain. We are now at the public house kept by Dr. H. Oldham, where we are lying on expense, waiting for a turn of weather in our favor. Gentlemen lately from St. Louis and Kaskaskia, represent the roads for fifty

miles as extremely bad; but as almost every kind of carriage is passing, we apprehend no insuperable difficulty. O Lord, preserve us from harm! Met with Mr. Paine, my brother-in-law, who has been waiting here for us nearly three weeks. He is designing to accompany us to St. Louis.

The waters in the Ohio are still rising rapidly. Should the banks become full, this village must be overflowed. Immense quantities of drift-wood are floating down the river, rendering the crossing very difficult.

In the evening I preached at the house where we lodge to a goodly number of people, from Acts, 13 : 26, last clause. A decent and solemn attention was given. Oh, that the word of salvation may be sent with power to the people of this village!

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## DOCTRINAL TRACTS.—NO. IV.

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### JUSTIFICATION.

BY REV. WM. ROGERS.

THE subject which we are to address you upon is contained in Chap. XI. of our Confession of Faith, which treats of Justification. A subject truly important! One of the fundamental articles of our holy religion! As such, demands our very particular attention. Therefore, wherein we are obliged, owing to the confined limits of our annual epistle, to study brevity, our hope and expectation is, that you will individually make up such deficiency by serious meditation.

We are, I. To explain the term. Justification, spiritually or evangelically considered, is a complete acquittal from imputed and contracted guilt; a deliverance from the condemning power of sin; an act of free grace flowing from Jehovah's sovereign good will and pleasure. By many eminent divines this leading doctrine of our creed is viewed as two-fold—eternal and declarative. By the former, we understand that which existed in the divine mind from everlasting, respecting the chosen seed, united with Christ their head, "who hath saved us, according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began," 2 Tim., 1 : 9. By the latter, viz: declarative justification, is designed that which, in time, takes place in or on the conscience of a believer, commonly styled justification by or through faith. It is upon this we now address you; this is the light wherein our Confession treats upon it, agreeing herewith, our catechism tells us that "justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith

alone." To be thus fully absolved from all sin and guilt, by virtue of Christ's plenary satisfaction, and pronounced "heirs of eternal life." Oh, how enlivening the thought! how animating the reflection! "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us, bless his holy name!"

We come, II. To consider the Author of our justification. In other words, from whom it proceeds. Blended with which we must just hint at some of the causes hereof.

Educated in the school of Jesus, and instructed by the unerring Spirit of the Most High, you are ready, dearly beloved, to anticipate us under this head by exclaiming, with an inspired apostle; "It is God who justifieth," Rom., 8: 33. A Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A truth this, when viewed in all its parts, calculated to excite not only within us, but amid the angelic choir, the highest wonder. "Which things the angels desire to look into," 1 Peter, 1: 12. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus," Rom., 3: 25, 26. "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses," Acts, 13: 38, 39. "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God," 1 Cor., 6: 11. Many other texts might be quoted, did we not believe you to be already well established in this peculiar excellency of gospel revelation. Nevertheless, for our mutual edification, permit us, previous to our dismissal of this head, to mention, with all due conciseness, a few of the causes of our being thus justified or pronounced righteous. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them who have pleasure therein," is of equal force now as when penned by Israel's king. Thus supported, we will not be backward in asserting,

1. That from this main pillar, this sublime characteristic of gospel truth, man's obedience to a law of works is to be utterly excluded. Paul peremptorily says, "By the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified in his sight," Rom., 3: 20. This single declaration, confirmed by repeated equal testimony, condemns at once every idea of justification by virtue of our own doings. Those who harbor a sentiment so opposed to Jehovah's revealed will, vainly imagine, consistent with themselves, to bring the Supreme Governor of universal nature under obligation to do them good. But we have not so learned Christ; we do not wish to rob the

blessed Redeemer of the highest diadem in his mediatorial crown; we do not intend thus basely to detract from that glory which peculiarly belongs to the sacred Three-One. "For there is not a just man upon earth, who doeth good and sinneth not," *Ecc.*, 7 : 20. "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," *Isa.*, 64 : 6.

2. What is by too many denominated compliance with gospel terms, we do not admit as having any claim hereunto. Those who cherish this opinion are grossly mistaken. The gospel of our salvation is unconditional; it knows no terms on our part as leading to a justifying righteousness. Faith and repentance are graces bestowed by the Spirit of God; they are blessings flowing from the covenant which is ordered in all things, and sure. In fine, regeneration of soul, sanctification of heart, sincerity of disposition, holiness of life, persevering fidelity, undeviating acquiescence in Jehovah's government, steady zeal for Immanuel's interest, all our own pious frames of mind, comfortable feelings, and approving testimonies of conscience, are, with respect to this all-essential doctrine, to be kept totally out of view. To what, then, is our justification to be ascribed?

We reply, first. To the mere grace or favor of God as the moving cause, "being justified freely by his grace," *Rom.*, 3 : 24. "But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared; not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us," *Tit.*, 3 : 4, 5. That, which never could have been found out by men or angels, the wisdom of Jehovah contrived, and his love hath made known. This is the original source. Here is the fountain from whence all doth spring.

Second. To the life and passion of Jesus as the procuring cause. "But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more, then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him," *Rom.*, 5 : 8, 9. He fulfilled every precept, bore the whole penalty of the law in the room and stead of his people. Thus was the law magnified and rendered honorable, an end made of sin, and everlasting righteousness brought in. "And this is his name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," *Jeremiah*, 23 : 6. Oh, glorious name! predicted long before his incarnation. Unto whom should we go, but unto our once bleeding, but now risen Saviour, for acceptance? For us he drank the bitter cup. It will not do to substitute anything in the place of this noble sacrifice; it is now a righteous thing with God, freely to justify and abundantly to pardon: "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory," *Isa.*, 45 : 25. The robe of Christ's righteousness is a garment down to the foot, wherewith

every member of the mystical body is amply covered, "for he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," 2 Cor., 5 : 21. "Such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," Heb., 6 : 26. Should any question, How doth Christ's righteousness, thus consisting of the holiness of his nature, his active and passive obedience, become ours in such wise that we are necessarily deemed righteous too?

We readily answer—By imputation; by making it over unto us; reckoning it ours, or placing it to our account, being wrought out by our elder brother on behalf of the whole ransomed flock. "David describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works," Rom., 4 : 6. Pursuant, therefore, to the unalterable purpose of heaven; agreeable to the economy of man's redemption; this righteousness of the precious Jesus, whereof so many glorious things are spoken, is as much ours as though wrought out by ourselves in our own proper persons; Rom., 5 : 18, 19; Phil., 3 : 8, 9. Thus clothed upon with raiment of needlework—thus united with the head—how can the members be viewed by God the judge of all but as perfectly and completely justified? "And ye are complete in him, who is the head of all principality and power," Col., 2 : 10.

Third. Our justification is by some ascribed to faith as an instrumental cause. Strictly speaking, we apprehend faith as no cause at all in this momentous procedure, but rather as an effect. It is true, the scriptures frequently mention a justification by faith. By such expressions it is evident the object, and not the act, of faith is designed; the object of faith is Christ and his righteousness; this the believing soul lays fast hold on. Faith is the eye which discovers, the hand which receives; espying a Saviour's worth, charmed with his merit, the believer is so enraptured as to cast away all his heavy burden, falls at Messiah's feet, confides in the promise, and pleads atoning blood: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," Rom., 10 : 10. It is beautifully noticed by one of our very first and most orthodox writers. "The reason why any are justified is not because they have faith; but the reason why they have faith is because they are justified." If justified faith as a work performed by us or a grace wrought within us, where would have been the necessity of the death and resurrection of Jesus? Faith is that precious grace, by which we do, in a certain manner, put on the righteousness of the Lord's anointed, and receive the greatest of all blessings from the God of our salvation. "It is grace (saith one) which quarrels much with human pride, and makes its only boast of Sharon's rose, and never was meant to be our justifying righteousness in the sight of God, else it would learn to boast." Faith says, "In the Lord have I righteousness;"

and tells a sinner, "I cannot save thee; thou art saved by grace through faith." The grace of Jesus, and that alone, brings salvation; and the sinner, through faith as an instrument, puts in his hand, is enabled to reach the rich donation, just as a beggar, by his empty cap stretched forth, receives an alms. We proceed,

III. To mention the objects interested. In the examination of this particular, what abundant reason have we to adopt the prophetic language, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them," Isa., 8 : 20. The persons justified through rich and sovereign grace are, in the living oracles, declared to be "ungodly," Rom., 4 : 5; also, "sinners," Gal., 2 : 17. Was it not for declarations like these, where could be our comfort? We are all sinners; we are all ungodly; does it from hence follow, that all who are sinners, all who are ungodly, are without exception justified? By no means. The whole canon of scripture combine with the dictates of sound experience to render every such idea inadmissible. It is true, we read "that by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life," Rom., 5 : 18. By a careful revision of what goes before, and follows after, we shall find the apostle did not mean all men absolutely, but all the chosen, all believers; his epistle was directed to "all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." Moreover, the justified are represented as a peculiar people, and have such characters ascribed to them as cannot, without the greatest inconsistency and abuse of language, be ascribed to all the progeny of fallen Adam. They are spoken of as those who are predestinated, redeemed, pardoned, effectually called, sanctified, regenerated, &c. That these things are not true, with respect to all the lapsed family, every unprejudiced mind must acknowledge. Upon the whole, those who are unworthy and guilty in themselves, but in the everlasting covenant elected and beloved, have the righteousness whereon their justification is founded, not only exhibited to them by the gospel, but brought nigh by the Holy Ghost; these are the "purchased possession," this is the "bride, the Lamb's wife;" between whom and the Lord Jesus an union not only now exists, but hath existed, ancient as eternity itself. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee," Jer., 31 : 3. A multitude which no man can number.

IV. The last thing proposed for investigation we now hasten to unfold, viz : the blessings resulting herefrom.

Where, dear brethren, shall we begin, and how shall we end? Blessings great indeed crowd in upon us! blessings beyond compare are consequential on our being thus freely justified. A doctrine pregnant with comfort inexpressible. A foundation is hereby laid, not simply for fluctuating hope, but for the full assurance of



present and of future bliss. By virtue hereof we experience, 1. A freedom or deliverance from sin and condemnation. From all sin, as to its guilt, from its reigning power and dominion, and by and by from its inbeing: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John, 1: 7; Heb., 10: 12-14. Our sins are covered and hid from the all-penetrating eye of divine justice, and when sought for hereafter, shall not be found. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus," Rom., 8: 1; Gal., 3: 13. When seriously reflecting on our happy rescue from the hands of Satan, our accusing foe; also from death and the grave, as penal evils, but more especially from the pains of hell and the wrath to come, and all as the effect of love divine—what heart among us can remain cold and lifeless?—what tongue among us can cease to praise? 2. As justified, we enjoy peace with God. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Rom., 5: 1; connected herewith is real peace of mind! O happy souls! brought fully to behold a crucified Redeemer making peace by the blood of his cross: "The chastisement of our peace was upon him," Isaiah, 52: 5. Knowing this to be the case, well may we, "on the dove-like wings of faith, fly far away from the storms and tempests of an opposing conscience, and find in the Rock of Ages a quiet sanctuary and safe retreat."

3. The safe acceptance of our persons and services is another blessing resulting herefrom. The Father is well pleased with both for the alone sake of Christ his Son, "to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved," Eph., 1: 6. Christ's garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, wherewith his people being clad, the Lord smells a sweet smell in them also. A view of this emboldens us to draw near to the King of kings, Heb., 10: 19-22. The person, the blood, the righteousness, the mediation of Jesus, are the only foundation of all our pleas at the celestial throne.

4. As justified we are blessed through life, shall be so at death, yea, throughout eternity. While on earth, we are expressly assured that "all things work together for our good;" when summoned to die, we need not fear the grim messenger. The property of temporal death, with respect to God's people, is greatly changed; it puts an end to all their sorrows, hath its sting taken away, and will prove to be our very great gain. In honor and triumph are such conveyed to the mansions above; and oh! with what joy are the everlasting doors expanded wide for their reception. Our bodies, though mouldered to dust, will nevertheless enjoy a glorious resurrection; our persons, at the last day, an honorable distinction and gracious approbation from the Judge supreme; never-ceasing felicity, consummate happiness, and perpetual glory will

be our portion. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love him," 1 Cor., 2: 9. We shall then (oh joyful period!) live and reign with Christ forever and ever, and our song will uninterruptedly be, "Unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us priests and kings unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever," Rev., 1: 5, 6. Justification and glorification are closely connected; they go, as it were, hand in hand, Rom., 5: 8, 10; 8: 30.

Having thus endeavored to explain this leading article of the Christian faith, we shall now close our address with such inferences as appear easily deducible therefrom.

1. Hereby we are taught the futility of opinions which, however remotely, lead to self-dependence. Justification, either by our own external performances or any inherent holiness whatever, are sentiments fully exploded by all who are acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus; we are justified in such a way as excludes, in every sense, all boasting in ourselves. "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay; but by the law of faith," Rom., 3: 27.

2. The necessity of highly prizing that righteousness which is revealed in the gospel, as the only foundation of genuine hope and solid joy. This righteousness, as hath been proved, is the alone matter of our justification in Jehovah's sight; a righteousness which was devised and provided for us by the Father; wrought out for us by the Son, and now made over unto us by the Holy Ghost; a righteousness perfect and divine, wherewith justice is satisfied, the law magnified, the Triune glorified, and grace, superabounding grace, displayed. To exhibit this righteousness, to elucidate its worth, to inform us of the peculiar happiness of those to whom it is imputed, is the main design, both of the Old and New Testaments. May we, therefore, "search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of Immanuel, God with us." We also—

3. From hence learn, that the standing of all who are justified is secure indeed. To fall therefrom is utterly impossible. How can such come into condemnation, or be made partakers of the second death? They cannot; the righteousness of the Mediator is an everlasting righteousness. This being the sole ground of our confidence, it evidently follows that our abiding is safe; the believer can never lose his interest therein; the act which justifies is in itself unalterable; it is coeval with the eternal covenant; the benefit thereof is insured, and will forever be enjoyed by us. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness

is of me, saith the Lord," Isa., 54 : 17. The love wherewith we are loved, the grace wherewith we are visited, will endure unto the end.

" For Christ in every age has prov'd  
His purchase firm and true ;  
If this foundation be removed,  
What shall the righteous do ?"

Is it, then, dearly beloved brethren, as hath been represented? Supported by the unerring volume, we think this question may be fully answered in the affirmative. What improvement, then, ought we to make of so essential a part of truth divine? Examine yourselves. Have you any solid reason whereon to ground your belief that you are the objects interested? Admire, then, the grace of God, in imputing to you righteousness so complete; rejoice therein, and have no confidence in the flesh; ascribe the whole of your finished salvation to Jehovah's boundless love; sing, in humble notes, the church's song: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake," Ps., 115 : 1. Live near to God, to whose unmerited favor alone you are indebted for a translation from surrounding darkness into marvelous and stupendous light. The doctrine of justification, when rightly viewed, unavoidably leads to strict holiness, both in life and conversation. Evidence, then, by your constant fruit, that you are the called of God in Christ Jesus; persevere in the discharge of every duty. "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law," Rom., 3 : 31. "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them," Eph., 2 : 10. Be not discouraged, though you have foes without and foes within. Greater is he who is for us, than all those who are against us. Owing to indwelling corruption and pride of heart, we too often offend the best of Beings; for our consolation it is recorded: "If we forsake his law, and walk not in his judgments; if we break his statutes, and keep not his commandments, then will he visit our transgressions with a rod, and our iniquities with stripes. Nevertheless, his loving kindness will be not utterly take from us, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail," Ps., 89 : 30-33. See also Isa., 54 : 7, 8. Chastized we may be with the rod of a father, but not with the wounds of an enemy. "What though your afflictions are great? there is no wrath in the portion of your cup; though men should condemn you, God will not; though devils accuse you, they shall not prevail."

How honored are the subjects of Jehovah's grace! By far more dignified than the angels who never sinned! Frequently call to mind that celestial anthem, which, through eternity, will be chaunted on the highest key by all the redeemed throng: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and

strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing," Rev., 5 : 12. You can never think enough of Christ and his righteousness ; let this, then, be your constant theme :

"Some this, some that good virtues teach,  
To rectify the soul ;  
But we first after Jesus reach,  
And richly grasp the whole."

To conclude. The doctrine of justification, the subject treated upon in this letter, being a doctrine so infinitely momentous, we do, with all Christian affection, as members of the same body with you, recommend it to the serious and candid perusal of all. A doctrine, we trust, wherein our associated churches are firmly established ; for wherever the gospel is purely preached, this doctrine must necessarily not only make a part, but a distinguished part thereof. That the light of divine truth may emit its rays in such wise as to dispel every gloom and all the mists of error ; that soundness in every article of our orthodox faith may be restored among, and contended for, by all God's children, wherever dispersed ; that the good word of the kingdom may run to and fro and be abundantly glorified, even from the rising to the setting sun ; that whenever it is dispensed, it may be accompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit of power ; finally, that peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may visit all our borders, is, dear brethren, the unfeigned wish and cordial prayer of yours, in the best of bonds.

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## THE ESSENTIAL NATURE OF THE SOUL.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

WHAT the essential nature of the soul is, must be determined by philosophy, if determined at all, as it comes not within the scope of Scripture revelation ; and although it is not strictly a religious subject, still we think that lessons of great importance to practical Christianity may be learned by investigating the matter a little.

In our remarks on this subject, we shall assume the truth of the immortality of the soul, presuming that no one, under whose vision these lines may fall, will call it in question.

Animal life is as great a mystery as any presented to the consideration of man among things of this world ; and yet it is, by no means, a profitless employment to investigate the principles of our

mysterious being in this respect. But our principal reason for attempting the adjustment of this question is, that we have an eye to the subsequent examination of some other matters of vital importance to Christianity in intimate connection with this subject; and we think it meet to "begin at the beginning." We shall attempt, then, to answer the question, *what is the essential nature of the soul?*

It is common to speak of man as composed of Spirit and Matter, or Soul and Body. And yet how vague and undescriptive this phraseology, contemplating man either anatomically or psychologically. How far does it fall short of conveying any proper conception of that being into whose nostrils God breathed the breath of life, and he became a *Living Soul!* Here, then, the mystery begins at once. The union of two distinct beings in one individual. Talk not of rejecting the doctrine of the Trinity, because of its incomprehensibility; for "behold, I show you a mystery," very similar, if not equal to this, and which you do believe. I mean the union of a material body with a distinct, independent, spiritual being. It is a mystery, moreover, of which I know as much as the ablest philosopher.

I ask him to explain the mystery of animal life, and he begins by a description of an organized body, and the corresponding functions or offices of its parts, but never once touches the point of my inquiry—the union of an organized, material structure, with a distinct, spiritual essence.

I state my desire more explicitly, telling him that I observe that the most perfect organization amounts to nothing without the indwelling presence of the spirit. It is, at most, but the adaptation of matter to a purpose,—as the cogged wheels of a mill are an adaptation of matter to a purpose; but without the application of motive power, no purpose is answered. So of an animal body, with all its beautiful relation of parts, no purpose is answered. "For as the body without the spirit is dead," it is only the adaptation of matter to a purpose,—the exercise of certain functions, which, in their aggregate relation, constitute that state which we call life.

I observe, also, that the spirit leaves the body under certain circumstances, and in many cases without any destruction of organization, but only on condition of certain changes in those parts on

which life more immediately depends, hence denominated vitals. I ask him to give me the reason of this, and he informs me that a certain "symptom supervened,—gangrene, for example,—and that this is invariably fatal.

Still, the point is not touched. The question is, Why will not the spirit remain in the body, and correct all the morbid affections that arise, and thus perpetuate life forever? For if the soul is the life-giving principle, and is immortal, and exists independently of the body, it would seem that this should be its appropriate office in the vital economy.

Why, then, will the soul refuse to dwell longer with the body, but take its returnless flight to an unknown region, merely because some changes—in some cases very slight—have taken place in the parts of its servant, the body? In other words, what is the ultimate cause of death—the extinction of animal life—the separation of soul and body?

My philosopher is at once compelled to refer all to nature, the medium through which God manifests himself in the accomplishment of his wonderful purposes. And you plainly perceive, that he has given me no better answer to my question than I could have given myself.

Now, in passing from the contemplation of natural life to the consideration of spiritual matters, we shall, perhaps, be met by the objection, that the same phenomena of animal life observable in man are also observable in the brutal tribes. We admit the truth of this to a certain extent, and yet most positively assert an infinite difference between the two cases. The lower animals have organized bodies, and a life-giving or animating principle. They also have the fine senses, equal perhaps, if not superior, in some cases to man. But these are natural results; and in so far as they belong or apply to man, they belong or apply to his animal nature exclusively. They, in fact, make him an animal; *but they do not make him a man.*

Without the addition of other attributes, the lower animals can rise no higher in the scale of being than they now are. They possess, in general, all that is requisite to constitute the perfection of animal nature; and the bestowment of other and higher attributes

would make them different beings, for it is the qualities of an object that constitute its character.

Now man possesses other and vastly higher attributes. And our position is, that these different and infinitely superior attributes are what constitute the soul. And we assert, that a mere animating principle is not a soul, else all living beings have souls. Who will take it?

Now we have seen that man, in the possession of an animal nature, most closely resembles the brutes—is, in fact, an animal. But he is something more; for we discover in him an *intelligent* or *understanding* principle, capable of astonishing, and for ought we know of eternal improvement.

Besides this, we also discover a *moral* principle, by which he holds relationship to virtue and vice, or right and wrong; and by which he also becomes a subject of Moral Law.

Now neither of these principles belongs, in the smallest possible degree, to brutes. We are aware that some of those rare and singular instances of sagacity occasionally exhibited by some of the inferior animals, may furnish the superstitious and morbidly credulous with an *apparent* objection to this statement; but it is apparent only, for there is not the slightest evidence that brutes can lay any claim to this part of the soul, viz: intellect. About fifteen years ago, an instance of the kind of objection above alluded to met our eye in a Universalist paper, in reference to the surprising conduct of a cat. The writer was evidently anxious to take the startling position, that the cat possessed a soul. But we pass this, with the remark, that we honestly believe that Universalists—falsely so called—have as poor conceptions of the constitutional structure of the soul, and its wonderful relations to time and eternity, as any other class of men of equal privileges on the footstool of Deity. And also, that there are other principles on which to account for those approximations to intellectual intelligence, sometimes observable in the lower animals. They are all, no doubt, clearly traceable to instinct, at once the blindest and surest function of animal existence; or to special providences, directing it in a supernatural manner.

Miss Taylor has well said, that brutes “make no improvements.” They have never advanced, in the least degree, from the station at

first assigned them by their Creator. Though living amid the splendors of creation, occupying various departments of nature, and possessing opportunities for more constant observation than man, some of them traveling extensively, and perhaps surveying parts of nature which human eyes have never reached, they learn no more than what is required for their own comfort and safety. Their destiny requires no more; and they are entirely destitute of the *capacity* for investigation or improvement. In other words, they have no *intelligent* or *intellectual* nature.

Neither have brutes that exalted principal of our nature, by which we can and do sustain a moral relation to our Creator in the exercise of those affections and emotions which characterize us as rational and accountable beings. They have no moral character—they do no wrong—they are in no danger of being called by their Creator to account for their deeds of life—they have no conscience, which is a conspicuous element in the moral department of the soul, and, consequently, they have no fear of death but an instinctive fear, and give themselves no more trouble about it than to shun its avoidable approach, and keep out of known or apprehended danger.

Our doctrine, then, is this. The soul is a compound principle, composed of intellect and emotionality. By the one we understand, by the other we feel. Each one is composed of an assemblage of elements, which make up its character. The intellect, for example, is composed of *faculties* as they are generally called, such as *judgment, memory, &c.*

The moral department is the seat of the *affections* and *emotions*, such as *love, veneration, conscience*, and the like.

We shall now offer a remark or two defensive of the above position.

1. If intellect and moral principle do not constitute the soul, then we have no visible evidence of its existence in man more than in brutes. Take from man all that belongs to these, and what is he but a mere animal? Think of it for a moment, and eradicate from our nature all the *powers* or *faculties* of mind, and all the *emotions* or *impressions* of which we are susceptible, and nothing remains but what may be seen in any common animal.

2. Both these classifications of capacity are necessary to render



man a fit subject of moral law; for without a principle of intelligence or understanding, and with a moral nature, his condition would be similar to brutes. True, he would differ from them widely, in possessing a moral nature. But of what account would such a nature be without intelligence to guide and direct it? He might, and, without any opposing influences, would do right; but he could give no more reason for it, than if no reason existed. He would be under a sort of holy instinct, differing but little if any from absolute fate. And if he possessed intelligence, and no emotionality, or principle that could be affected or impressed, he might see the continual necessity of virtuous actions, but he would have no more disposition to perform them than a horse or ox. In fact, he would have no power; for, lacking all capacity for such actions, his nature could not manifest itself in a way contrary to the very principles on which it was founded. Imagine, then, a being with one of these principles and not the other, and you will imagine the existence of a being, which, perhaps, does not exist. Certainly not in this world; for Creative Wisdom has either conferred both on animal nature making men, or denied both making brutes.

3. It is the possession of these principles alone which renders man capable of religion. We have said enough under the second head to establish this. We will, therefore, make a reflection or two.

As the junctions of our animal economy are performed according to regular and fixed laws, there can be no doubt but the still higher functions of mind are performed in the same way; and as each function sustains a well-known relation to some organ of the body, it is reasonable to suppose, that our intellectual and moral natures sustain an intimate relation to some particular parts also.

We shall, therefore, consider the brain as the seat of intellect, and the heart as the seat of the moral nature. Now the intellect may be cultivated, and stored with knowledge, even of divine things, and by the aid of social influences, and the power of habit, added to the knowledge above supposed, a man may even talk fluently on the subject of religion, without the emotional nature ever having been properly affected, and, consequently, be ignorant of the power or inherent vitality of religion.

Such persons evince quite a taste for ceremony, and are ever prone to make the "kingdom of God meat and drink," being fond of show and parade. This is called "head-religion." And alas for the day, we have too much of it. And it is to be feared, that the tendency to substitute formality, fashion, and machinery for devotion will increase, rather than diminish this sad state of affairs. You city preachers who connive at, yea encourage all this evil, I blame *you* for it. But hold. I must not—yes, I *will* tell you your faults. And you, city churches, advocates of intellectual preaching, and too holy to invite a warm-hearted, emotional, impressive preacher who aims at the heart into your pulpits, I charge upon you the perpetuation, if not a large part of the origination, of this evil.

The moral nature may likewise be principally exercised, and in many cases of extreme ignorance we have the most unquestionable and exalted piety, or "heart-religion."

It follows, then, from what we have stated, and we trust made intelligible, that there is *no religion*, unless the heart is principally concerned in it. There is without it, no exercise of holy feelings or affections, no communion with God, no vital religion.

Religion, then, if it exists, is experimental—is felt. What ails those men, then, who rank high as "teachers" in the religious world, and deny this truth—even deride it? Something is "the matter." But thank God, we can sustain our faith by the deepest philosophy within the reach of man, as well as by the sure teachings of God's word. Men, by reviling, cannot destroy that truth which Jehovah has laid deep in the elementary principles of man's immortal nature.

4. Both these principles appear to be necessarily eternal. At least, they appear indispensable in the formation of the character represented as belonging to the redeemed in a future state. The high enjoyments and capabilities of the righteous in a future state, could not possibly apply to beings destitute of either of these principles. We can as easily conceive the idea of an idiot angel, as to conceive of a redeemed soul in the Paradise of God, without a principle of high intelligence. And the possession of this principle, in a degree superior, or even equal to some instances in the present life, without the emotional nature, would present an intel-

lectual monster. What! a redeemed soul, possessing a high intelligence, and no capacity or ability to love God, or exercise any moral affection towards him! Or the same individual possessing an emotional nature, capacitating him for the exercise of all the tender emotions or affections of a moral being, and no intelligence to enable him to judge or reason in the least degree! Neither supposition is, for a moment, favored by a solitary principle of philosophy, or a single fact of Revelation. Both these principles, then, are necessary to the formation of the character pointed out in a future state; and we offer this as our fourth reason for believing that they constitute the soul.

Here we will close, lest we become lost in the immensity of wonders which the subject in its prospective relations inspires; for the subject amplifies before us, leading the laboring mind along from thought to thought, until we think we can see infinity itself in the soul; and such is no doubt the fact. Tremendous thought! That we feeble mortals, burdened with the imperfections of animal nature, and exposed to the temptations and dangers of a corrupt world, have within our constitutional nature the elements of eternal being! How much need have we of Divine assistance, and of all the advantages of uncontaminated truth, to guide us in the hazardous voyage of life!

Various other subjects are suggested by the considerations above, which we think, rightly examined, would form proper tests of truth among the sectarian notions of the day, as well as lay the foundation of an instructive system of psycho-theology. But we close, at least for the present.

These thoughts being deemed worthy a place in the Repository will, if life is spared and opportunity afforded, be followed by others on several kindred subjects, such as the Regeneration of the Soul; the Proper Manner of Addressing the Soul in Preaching; the Probable Employment of the Soul in a Future State, and, perhaps others.

*Owenton, Ky., March 2, 1859.*

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☞ He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be seen in a passion.

# Family Visitant.

## LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE SUNDAY AFTER THE CHURCH SPLITS.

“Our sins, like to our shadows,  
When our day is in its glory scarce appear,  
But towards our evening, how great and monstrous.”

The news of the church trouble and split flew through the neighborhood on wings of lightning. It was on every tongue, old and young, bond and free; men, women and children could talk of nothing else. And of course the original scene lost nothing in wild and exciting interest by frequent repetition. Finally it was said by some, that members of the two parties had called each other liars and hypocrites, and worse still that they had threatened each other with the fist. Rumor was on her swiftest steed with her most powerful magnifying glasses and her loudest trumpet.

The gay and frivolous and excitable ones generally sided with Mr. Anderson and the minority. Older and steadier heads, on the contrary, generally favored the sure paths that their forefathers had walked in peaceably for generations.

Never in that community, since the first hardy pioneer had felled the mighty trees, and built his chinked log cabin, had party feeling run so high. What dissensions so violent, what opposition so unyielding as that of professed religionists? No presidential election had ever been comparable to it; and the fierce contest for a local office, which had taken place between the two opponents the August previous, would have blushed itself into nothingness for very shame had it been brought into competition with the present state of party excitement. There was a general visiting in the neighborhood after the meeting to talk over the meeting and to rally forces. And at a late hour on Saturday night, Mr. Mason and Mr. Anderson might have been seen returning home from their *electioneering* round.

Sabbath morning threw its mantle of soft and silent beauty over the earth. Oh, that earth's children would lay aside their fevered excitement and catch nature's gentle influences; could breathe of the pure air of heaven, and gaze on its holy calmness until they should learn strife and anger no more. Sin has allied us to earth, and we grope among its thorns and thistles until their pricks sting us to madness. We should tread lightly on such infected soil, looking the while upward on the beauties above, that we may receive joy to tread gladly the stony way of our pilgrimage.

With the day awoke again the evil passions of men. Sleep had but given them renewed vigor. There was to be preaching in the Church and at the "Academy." At the latter place, after preaching, they were to enroll the names of all those who would go with the new reformation. This move was deemed a wise one by Mr. Anderson, Mr. Mason and Lovelace, inasmuch as it would draw the party lines the more distinctly, and pledge some to the new doctrines, who would act, while under excitement, of whom they could not be so sure were they left to return to their sober senses. Mr. Anderson was adroit in his management. He had introduced his new doctrine into other neighborhoods in an adjoining State, and he was well skilled in all the tactics of generalship.

The two assemblies gathered. As I have before said, the Church and Academy were but a few rods apart. The Church was filled. The Academy crowded. Mr. Anderson preached what he told his hearers was the "primitive gospel," (wonder where he got his information?) and laid before them the usages of the primitive Christians, (had he received a new revelation, or had some old folio history fallen into his hands of which all Christians but himself were ignorant?) He dwelt at length, and with great earnestness on the prayer of our Saviour, and then explained *how* this could be done. As his arguments were the same used in previous sermons, we will not repeat them here. Mr. Anderson believed with the lawyer, who when asked the secret of his success replied, "when I wish to convince a jury, I take a few points, and I go over, and over, and over them, until I make each man perfectly familiar with them."

The audience hung on the preacher's words with wrapt attention. There was an earnestness of manner about him calculated to attract and retain the hearer.

When the sermon was finished a hymn was sung, and an invitation given for any who believed in the Lord Jesus to come forward and manifest their willingness to follow him. Several young persons, and two heads of families, Mr. Morrow and Olayton, whose wives were members of the Baptist church, came up to make the good confession.

After this, arrangements were made for organizing a new Church out of those whom Mr. Anderson had baptized, together with those persons who were willing to leave the Baptist church. A paper was produced, and all who were desirous to go into the constitution were invited to come and sign their names. Thirty persons, members of the Baptist church, came forward and offered their names, thereby declaring their adherence to the new doctrine. Among these were the wives of the two men, Morrow and Clayton, who had but a few minutes before made "the good confession." They were the daughters of old Bro. Wilson. Poor old man, it was a day of sorrow to him. With the addition of Mr. Anderson and the thirteen whom he had baptized the list of names reached forty-four, and there were seven candidates for baptism, making in all fifty-one persons to begin the new Church. And this had been accomplished by a stranger in a few short weeks. Novelty, novelty, how the young and old are beguiled by it.

Mr. Anderson had succeeded beyond even *his* most sanguine expectations. His triumph was so signal, so complete! and his delight was manifest to all.

He announced baptizing at 8 o'clock that afternoon, after which they would repair to the house to attend to the ordinance of the Lord's supper.

"Well, Mr. Cunningham," said Lydia to her teacher, as they left the house, "wont you come and join us too?"

"I think not, child," was his calm reply.

"And why not, Mr. Cunningham? Don't you believe we are right? We take the bible and the bible alone."

"I am not so sure of that, Lydia," he answered, rather quizzically. "I am not so sure that you alone are in the right way. I am an old man, child, and have seen much of the world, and religion has its humbugs as well as everything else. 'Prove all things,' is my motto."

As he spoke, he motioned to a youth who stood near the stile block to come to him. The young man obeyed the summons.

"Here, Lydia, is Sam; take him and convert him. I am too old to change my views. He is young, and I doubt not but that you can win him directly.

The young girl laughed and tossed back her head, as she said, "No, no, Mr. Cunningham, you are entirely mistaken, I can never convince *him*. I know that, for I have tried my best. He is what we call a Baptist dyed in the wool. We can never hope for him with all his old fashioned notions."

"Well, well," said the old man pleasantly, "there is *one* you could win if he were here."

She understood his meaning, and her face was instantly covered with blushes. Her parents just then coming up, she smiled, bade him "good morning," and joined them.

And now let us look in upon our Baptist friends over the way. Sorrowfully they had gone up to the house of God. Their hearts were bowed beneath their deep grief. The peaceful family of God had been rent asunder. Strife, dissensions, bickerings and heart-burnings had entered their midst. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, and in two instances, husbands and wives had been separated. It was fearful, full of present distress, and big with direful forebodings for the future. Not only the peace of Zion, but the peace of the whole neighborhood was destroyed.

The poor old pastor, feeble and tottering, found his way into the pulpit. His head was bowed as the bulrush, and traces of deep trouble were evident on his wrinkled face. A few hours had wrought a marked change in his appearance. The congregation was as still as death. They seemed all to catch the feeling of their dear old pastor, who for so many years had broken to them the bread of eternal life. The old man's voice was tremulous as he rose to read the hymn. As he lined it, the audience sang in a low, solemn tone.

"Let us pray," said the old man, and he lifted up his shaking hands as if to bring a blessing down on the bowed congregation. Tears streamed from his aged eyes, bedewing his furrowed face, and choking sobs broke in upon his fervent petitions. He besought the forgiveness of God on those who had wandered from the peace-

ful fold of the Shepherd of Israel; and his choicest blessings on those who had, and would contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. He prayed that God would lead those of his children who had acted honestly back to the old paths. He named his daughters, —— He could proceed no further; overcome by his emotion he sunk down upon the seat. Sobs burst from the congregation, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. They all knew and loved the dear old pastor, and his sorrows pierced their hearts; his burden of grief lay heavy on their souls. There was hushed silence throughout the assembly; naught was heard but the sobbing of the congregation.

Slowly and tremulously above the weeping rose those dear old words, "Blessed be the tie that binds." Faltering, at first, the voice of Deacon Jones sounded, but as he proceeded he caught inspiration from the blissful sentiment, until at last in full firm note he sung of the joys of union in Christ Jesus our Lord. One and another, and another, caught the spirit of reliance, and the blessed old hymn was sung through without a jar.

The old man arose, his face yet wet with tears, and announced his text. In a calm, subdued voice, he read unto them those words of the prophet Isaiah. "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

The old patriarch, in strong and fervent language, portrayed the unchangeableness of God. He told the people of the covenant the Father had made with the Son before the world was; that "covenant ordered in all things and sure,"—a covenant of justice, truth, mercy, righteousness and power. God had given his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die for a guilty world while that world was yet in sin and rebellion against Him. He had done this from love, infinite love, such as God alone could feel. "And if, my brethren and sisters," said the old man, his bosom glowing out with the rapture of full confidence in the love and mercy of God, and his face radiant with holy joy, "if God, the Father, has given his Son to die for us, will he not also with him freely give us all things? Yes, brethren, he will withhold no good thing from his children. Whatever is for their eternal good, whatever is for their growth in



grace and in a knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus our Lord, he will give them. He does not bestow according to our desires, my brethren and sisters, but for our everlasting good. He sends trials, afflictions, yea, deep sorrows, that our souls may flee from earthly support and lean entirely on Him. No affliction for the present seemeth good, but grievous; but after awhile, in His own set time, it worketh within us the peaceful fruits of righteousness, and their sorrows, temptations and trials are the food whereon the Christian must feed, that he may grow up a perfect man in Jesus Christ our Lord. Rely on God's holy promises, my brethren and sisters; they are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Is he yours? then all things are yours, whether they be powers or principalities, things seen or unseen. Can you claim Christ the Son? then claim all the promises of the Father, for they are yea and amen in that Son. 'The mountains shall depart,' my brethren, 'and the hills be removed,' but the kindness of the Lord shall never depart from his people, nor his covenant of peace be removed. The Lord himself hath spoken it, even the 'Lord who hath mercy on thee.' Therefore, my brethren, fear not. If God be for us, who are they that are against us. He, himself, has bid us be strong. 'Fear not, oh Israel,' he saith, 'for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by my name, thou art mine.' Oh! hearken unto him as he speaks to us words of richest consolation. 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee, when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the holy one of Israel, thy Saviour.' We are as a church, my brethren, passing through the furnace; it is a furnace heated seven times, yet God is with us, and if we trust in Him we shall come out, and the smell of fire shall not be on our garments. We are passing through the deep waters, but they shall not overflow us, for God, the Holy One of Israel, our Creator and Redeemer, is with us. Let us build on his sure words of promise, knowing that they who trust in him shall never be confounded, world without end.

"And let us not forget, as Christ our Lord has given us the example, to pray for our enemies. To pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us. When our blessed Redeemer

hang on the cross, he looked on those whose enmity had nailed him there, and in all the sublimity of his godlike nature he prayed, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' So let us pray, my brethren. The example of Jesus must be our guide; we must pray for our enemies. And God, who is not slack concerning his promises, as some men count slackness, will himself work out for this Church a sure deliverance from all her foes, from all her trials."

And thus did this faithful servant of God expound to the sorrowing Church the Holy Scriptures. Thus did he exhort them to trust in God, to look to Him for guidance and comfort in this their trying hour. And the distressed children of God were comforted. While tears streamed down their sad faces, this peace which passeth understanding took sweet possession of their hearts.

They knew a conflict, fierce and distressing, was before them—a conflict in which would be brought to bear all the evil passions of the heart,—envy, ambition, revenge and hatred,—which would produce an abundant harvest of discord, strife, dissension and backbiting. But the trial was before them, and they must pass through it; there was no way of escape. If the arm of the Lord did not bring them deliverance there was no hope for them. They felt this. They already saw and fully appreciated their trying situation, and they turned their eyes to the great Helper of His people for strength and guidance.

They knew that in a few weeks they must exclude from their midst those who for years had walked together with them in fellowship and love. Husbands must be separated from wives, children from parents, brothers from sisters. It was hard, very hard. But it must be done. They had forsaken the faith of the fathers, had disregarded and discarded the ancient landmarks, had been beguiled by the teachings of men, had left the doctrines of Christ. Excision was necessary; there was no alternative. And then, after this fearful act was performed, there was the long line of estrangement, bickerings and strife which must inevitably follow. They foresaw how the cause of Christ must suffer, how the world would laugh and jeer at the quarrels and wrangling of those who called themselves Christians. Infidelity would sneer and taunt, and sin and wickedness triumph. But the work was begun, and must be

consummated however direful and distressing were the intermediate steps.

“Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” The first wrong step,—how apparently casual, yet how disastrous in its consequences.

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CHAPTER VII.—LYDIA’S LETTER TO WILLIAM NORTON.

One year has passed. Lydia is seated beneath the old oak where last she and William plighted their vows of love. Now, as then, the warm May sun threw its beams of bright radiance over the springing earth; gentle breezes came careering in their gladsome march over the flower skirted bosom of the prairie, and then, as if tired of their sportive gambols, kissed the fair cheeks of the pensive maiden as she sat bending over her open book, and hied themselves away to repose on the soft bosom of the loving leaflets. The old forest trees threw their lengthening shadows across the little footpath, and far away on the green expanse of the prairie.

Lydia sat all unheeding the song of the plowman in the distant fields, and the chirp and chatter of early birds as in very excess of joy they twitted from bough to bough of the overhanging branches, and then darted in graceful sweeps across the scarce-stirred bosom of the prairie.

She closed the book from which she had been reading, and placing it beside her on the green sward, sat some moments meditatively, looking out on the beautiful scene before her. She then took from her satchel a little ink-stand, and pen, and paper, and leaning her slate against the old oak, she formed a writing desk, unique, ’tis true, but it answered the purpose. What more does an inlaid *papier maché* one of the present day do?

After sitting a few minutes as if to decide on an appropriate beginning, she commenced thus :

DEAR WILLIAM—

I am sitting beneath the shade of the old oak tree where last we sat and talked over your leaving. It is a beautiful evening in May, the anniversary of that to me never to be forgotten hour. What thoughts come crowding through my mind, what feelings fill my bosom. One year, one long weary year to

me! What changes it has wrought, within, without. I am older now in feeling by many a twelve month than when we last sat here; and they call me now a young lady, and say how much I have grown, and how "*womanly*" I have become. I laugh when they talk about my *womanly* appearance. I a woman, and only seventeen and a half years old! This is a fast age. But I suppose I must support my honorable title with dignity. A few weeks more and I shall lay aside my dear old books and slate and be "*a young lady out from school.*" I am ready to cry this moment when I think of it. What, leave Mr. Cunningham, the dear old soul, that I love next to my parents? Oh, I cannot do it! I never can be happy, if I cannot see that kind old face and hear the dear familiar voice, say at least once a day: "Lydia, is your Latin lesson ready, child?" Yes, I must have somebody to call me *child*. I love the word. It is so full of innocence and purity. *Young lady!* 'Tis my horror! so prim, and starchy, and "stuck up," as old aunt Nelly says. (You knew old aunt Nelly, William.) I wonder where it originated? I think I'll make it a part of my initiation into all the glory and grandeur it confers to find out where it came from. But pshaw! it's not worth while talking about it. I must take refuge under the consolation of the old adage which was so forcibly impressed on our minds the day the romping children upset our dear old teacher's desk, broke his vase of flowers, spilt the ink, and scattered his hazle-nuts, pens, luncheon, books, and papers over the floor. I can never forget the dear old man's consternation as he stood in the door eyeing the charming *mélange*. And then how sorrowfully he looked as he took up that little picture of a fair-haired child and found it all defaced with ink. "What can't be cured, must be endured." It was philosophy, but his lip trembled as he spoke, and I saw his eyes were moist. Poor old man. That picture was his treasure. He guarded it most sedulously. I have oftentimes at noon, when the boys and girls were out at play, seen him take it from his desk, look long and lovingly at it; and then I have seen him press it to his lips, and brush aside a tear. There is a tale of sorrow connected with that little likeness, William; but our dear old teacher has it locked up within his bosom. It is his, and he keeps it with a miser's care.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I must tell you, William, something of church matters with us. You are always interested in this subject, you say. Do you know, William, I sometimes think you will be a preacher? And I wish you would, if you would preach like Bro. Anderson. But if you are going to tell us so much about the Spirit's work, and change of heart, and regeneration, and all of these old fashioned things, I am not willing to it at all. I think, with Bro. Anderson, that it is fanatical to talk about the Spirit coming in a man's bosom and changing his heart. I should like to know where it enters—whether through the eyes, or mouth, the fingers or the nose? But I must not laugh at this exploded idea too much, for you somewhat believe in it, William. But I am sure, when you understand Bro. Anderson's views better, you will throw aside all these old fashioned, mistaken notions, and come back to the beautiful simplicity and plain teachings of the Bible. These old views mystify religion so, that no one can understand it. But how easy the whole matter is; how lovely in its plainness and clearness! Obey the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; confess the Saviour, and put him on in baptism, and you have done all that is required of you; you are entitled to heaven; can claim it according to God's own promise. I do hope, dear William, that the time is not far distant when you will openly confess Jesus, and follow him in baptism.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But I must tell you about the condition of our church. We now number about one hundred members. We have commenced a new meeting-house in C——. You remember I wrote you that our people had sued for the old meeting-house, and they came very near getting it too. Oh, it was a terrible time! The way the other party stood out for what they called their rights! Just as if our party had no rights!—when a great many of us helped to build the house, and had worshiped there so long! But their lawyers argued that our party had departed from the faith, and the doctrines, and the covenant, and all that sort of thing, when they knew that we take the Bible, and that alone; and I can't, for my life, see how we have departed from the constitution and the doctrines. I wished all the time you had been here, William. I think, if you had made the effort, you might have gained the house

for us. We are holding our meetings now in the Academy, as we were doing when you went away. But before you return, we shall have our new house completed in C——, and it will be a much better building than the old one, so I do not think we have lost much, after all. Bro. Mason has begun to preach. He speaks whenever Bro. Anderson is away.

“Our friend, Samuel Miller, is a stronger Baptist than ever. He joined Mr. Wilson’s church, and he intends to be a minister. He is still in the Academy, and is by far the best scholar, Mr. Cunningham says, in the school. I do wish he had joined our church. Bro. Anderson endeavored to convince him that he was wrong in his notions, but he could not succeed. He is determined to do as his father and grandfather before him did—plod along in the old beaten track, if it is wrong. I sincerely wish he could be made to see the error of his way, that he may not waste his talents in defence of a bad cause. But he says he is a Baptist of a Baptist, and could not be anything else if he should try to. I don’t believe he has made much effort.

“Bro. Anderson thought for some time that Mr. Cunningham would join us, but the dear old man has ceased coming to our meetings entirely. They say he is in his old seat at the Baptist Church. He has never taken any active part throughout the whole affair; but since the decision of the court in favor of the old party, he seems to have settled down on their side.

Father Wilson’s health is feeble now. He has been preaching for two weeks last, and the church has been much crowded. Eight have joined them, and during their meeting last fall, twenty were added to the church. We receive accessions almost every Lord’s day—the young and promising members of the community. Bro. Anderson says he never met with more success anywhere in his life. He has been wishing, for some months past, to give up the care of our church, and travel in other parts of the State, but we will not consent to it. There is no one among us who could fill his place, and we are not willing to take a new preacher that we know nothing about. By the way, William, I must whisper in your ear that he is visiting Annie Mason, and it is said they are to be married. I asked Annie about it at church last Sunday. She did not deny it, but blushed, and hung her head, and said:

‘She didn’t know why it was people were always talking about her and Bro. Anderson!’ Old Bro. Mason, I am sure, would be delighted with the match, and it would be very well indeed, if he were not so much older than Annie. But just think of it, William; Annie is only eighteen—a few months older than I am—and Bro. Anderson, I do believe, is over thirty! He will not tell his age, but always laughs, and says, ‘he is quite young yet.’

“Our new church will be done next fall, and then we are going to have Bro. Edmonds (from some part, I have forgotten where), to preach with Bro. Anderson. Oh! how much I wish you could be at home, William. The time seems so long since you left, and it will be more than a year yet before we shall see you. The days will pass slowly to me; and if I continue to grow old in feeling as rapidly as I have already done since you left, I will be old, quite old, when you return. ‘I count not years by days, but heart-throbs.’

“You asked me to write you a ‘*newsey letter*.’ William, Isn’t this ‘*newsey*’ enough for you? But I have not said one word about your mother, or your Uncle Henry’s family. They are all well. I saw them a few days since. They spoke of you; and your mother is almost crazy to see you. I believe, the time is almost as long to her as it is to me. How much I wish you would come home next July. We should be so glad to see you! I do think you have grown wise enough. Any young man that has studied law two years ought to be nearly ready for the world.

“You will write to me often, will you not, William? I am so delighted to hear from you! I always take your letters over and read them to your mother—(I mean all those parts that are not *particular*.)

“And now, dear William, farewell. It is almost too dark to see to write, and I have filled every inch of my sheet. Write me often. And may heaven’s choicest blessing ever be yours, is the sincere prayer of

Your ever true

LYDIA.”

“*Beneath our old Oak, May 24th, 183—.*”

(To be Continued.)

For the Christian Repository.

## CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

## NO. III.—EVIL SPEAKING—FALSEHOOD.

THE characteristic last noticed was the love of gossip,—tale-bearing. A species of the same *genus* are those who have acquired the constant habit of evil-speaking, or detraction. This habit is generated by envy, which ever detests the perfection it cannot imitate. The circle of their (evil speakers) observation is generally contracted; so consummately selfish are their natures, that they can scarcely believe it possible for any excellence to exist outside the boundary containing *their* families and friends. Demonstrate to them, however, the fact that such excellence does actually exist elsewhere, and woe to its unfortunate possessor. Their envenomed tongues at once set about disrobing him of his admirable traits of character, or throwing over them the sombre mantle of detraction.

You are thrown into their society, and no matter how assiduously they strive to secrete the "cloven foot," it will peep out in spite of them.

For example: It is remarked that Mr. Winston is a very intellectual man, to which they immediately reply:

"Yes—rather so—but—he is so conceited. I heard some one remark, not long since, that he would have to be taken to the blacksmith's shop and have his head banded. He has the big-head awfully. He is such a brag. I detest a brag."

"Do you not think Miss Beaufort very handsome?"

"Well, I can't say that I admire her style of beauty. She is so shockingly vain—that spoils all with me."

"What a pious woman Mrs. Sandford is! Everybody speaks of her with confidence and respect. She is an ornament to the church of which she is a member."

"Pshaw! I've learned enough of human nature to trust not appearances. I think she is a great *enthusiast*. Besides, I've heard some people say she's not half as good as she pretends to be. 'All's not gold that glitters;' and if I had a mind to tell some things I know, you would not think her so wonderful good either.



If you want her true history, just ask Mrs. Perkins—she knows a thing or two.”

The merits of no individual can be spoken of, but the detracting *but* casts its shadow over them. Like the deadly Upas, the influence of the evil speaker disseminates its subtle poison throughout his entire locality. The most chaste woman, the most upright man, yea, the most exemplary of human beings, is not exempt from his withering influence.

The Redeemer of mankind, who was pure, spotless, and undefiled, was assailed by this envious class of beings. “Behold,” say they, “a man gluttonous, a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.”

How descriptive of them is the language of the apostle: “Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; the poison of asps is under their tongue.” Many an untarnished name has been consigned to infamy through their instrumentality, while they float smoothly on the surface of society, seemingly forgetful of the fact that there is an impartial tribunal, before which they *must* account for sins of the tongue. God help them to remember it, and to repent of *this* their wickedness, if, perchance, they may be forgiven.

How invidious are the advances of these Judases. They approach not boldly, and nobly point out to *you* your faults. Not they; but with a deceptive smile would fain impress you with the idea, that in your own person are concentrated all the excellencies of human character. Beware of them, for in their hand they grasp the dagger which will most effectually penetrate your vitals. Ah!

“A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.”

They reverse the order of the injunction, “Speak of your friend’s faults to his face, and his virtues behind his back.”

The apostle thus exhorts the church at Ephesus: “Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and *evil speaking*, be put away from among you, with all malice.” And again: 1 Pet., 2: 1: “Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocracies, and envies, and *evil speakings*,” etc. It will be remarked that the apostle classifies *evil speaking* with the most debasing passions and characteristics of depraved human nature, and it does indeed appear that the heart must be a fountain of corrup-

tion whose streams are so polluted. Reader, mark carefully the individual who can seldom find the *good traits* of those with whom he associates. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaks; and that heart being filled with envy and malice, cannot award to any the deserved meed of praise.

There is another class of evil-speakers more magnanimous in their approaches. They do not stealthily advance in their business of fault-finding, but speak out fearlessly, and denounce boldly the whole race of mankind; and gathering up the dark mantle of detraction, recklessly dash it over every good quality attributed to poor, degenerate human nature. They give you an opportunity to defend yourself, and however much of the vinegar and gall of human nature may be found in their composition, they have at least the redeeming quality, *sincerity*.

These pests of society are peculiar to no particular locality. They are *here*, and *there*, and *everywhere*; and possess distinguishing traits by which they may be recognized wherever found. Reader, perhaps *you* and *I*, upon a careful examination, may find ourselves guilty. What say you? Let us examine our sins of the tongue carefully. Search them out; we may be deceived. Do we find ourselves guilty? There is an antidote, if we will apply it. Take the "Golden Rule" ("All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"); be governed by it, and the tongue of the evil-speaker will be forever silenced.

There is still another evil of the tongue at which we must briefly glance, which is *falsehood*. We have, first, the modest equivocation, which is so quiet in its movements that it seldom arouses the slumbering conscience; but oh! remember, that that God who has said, "lying lips are an abomination unto him," records in inefacable characters that falsehood in embryo, and will surely read it out against you before an assembled universe.

There is variety in the vocabulary of liars. We have a neat, genteel, little bit of a falsehood, with a beautiful, *fair* complexion, denominated a *white lie*, which is so innocent, and so indispensable in some localities, that it is really too cruel to dub it *lying*. We give an example: The bell rings, and the servant informs her mistress that company has called. To which she hastily replies, "tell them *I am not at home*." She returns to the parlor with the

agreeable information, delivered in her most emphatic manner, "Missus *says* she ainte at home, m'am." (Poor Jenny is fresh from the country, and is so verdant as to retain her conscience.)

How extremely silly to object to this *fashionable dialect*, when every one knows that the accepted definition of *not at home* is, "I do not wish to see company." Then why not say so at once, and reserve the elasticity of your conscience for greater occasions?

This is but one of the *many* we might mention did space permit. The conscience may be quieted for a while by the reflection, it is only an innocent white lie. But *it is written*, "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns." Lay not this flattering unctious to thy soul, but act as in the presence of Him who seeth the hidden thoughts of thy heart.

Again, we have the *practical falsehood*—the seeming to be what we are not. And how many are included in this category! One of the evils of falsehood is, that it deceives and leads others astray. This may be easily accomplished in many ways. An individual, from sinister motives, may present inducements to another which influences him to engage in an enterprise by which he sustains a heavy pecuniary loss. This is a two-fold sin. The law of God violated, and another irreparably injured by false impressions. Hypocrisy belongs to this category—seeming to be what we are not. This may be exhibited in our associations in social life, as well as our relations to God.

There are those who approach us with well-dissembled art; their lip wearing the smile of joyful recognition; their hand clasping firmly our own, while on the tongue are the accents of friendship. We confide in them—we love them as friends. But anon, the habiliments of dissimulation are donned more carelessly, and we discover that those whom we had placed in a cherished niche in the sacred temple of friendship have deceived us—have seemed to be what they were not.

"Ah! little do they really know what is,  
Who draw their rash conclusions from what *seems*."

Then, again, there are others, who, in the language of one who had conned carefully the pages of the human heart,

"Steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

They *profess* to be the followers of Christ, and gather around them

the sacred vestments of religion. Their donations to the missionary fund are liberal. They are at church every Sabbath, and very punctilious in the externals of Christianity. Oh! they would be horrified at the bare supposition that they were *liars*. Why, they *seem* to be religious, but the pride of their hearts has never been crucified; the love of the world has not been subdued; and unto such the Master will say, "Depart from me, I never knew you." "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish."

This practical lying is one of the crying evils of the age, and it behooves each one, "who *names* the name of Christ," to institute an earnest inquiry in regard to his own case with reference to it. "Lord, is it I?" is the question which each one should propound to himself. May the investigation result in disrobing many who are gathering about them a garment of righteousness into whose texture the merits of Christ are not woven.

There is still another species of lying, from whose gloomy complexion all, except the wilfully degraded, start back affrighted. This is the vulgarly called *black lie*, about which there is no equivocation. There it stands, in bold relief. Hear what the word of God says in relation to it. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

Come, think soberly about this matter, dear reader. I am addressing *you*. If, upon a careful investigation, you bring in a verdict of guilty against yourself in either of these cases, implore forgiveness of past offences, and seek strength and grace to enable you to live truthfully in the future, and adopt the Golden Rule as your governing principle.

NEW LIBERTY, KY., March, 1859.

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THE PLACES OF BURIAL.—Beautiful groves, in the neighborhood of pellucid streams, and the silvery expanse of the deep still lake, where the dove utters his notes of love, and the cuckoo sings his mournful ditty,—there, amid the bold elevations, gentle slopes, and profound valleys, of a broken surface, remote from the busy theatre of a contending world, affection has ever sought a place for those who, though unseen to us, we *feel* are still living in a land whose beauties we vainly strive to adumbrate, in the scenes investing their venerated dust.

**THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.**

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

CHAP. XX.—SUSPENSE.

THE beautiful summer of 1675, full of life, and love, and gladness, was smiling over the earth. Traces of the three great calamities, the "Plague," the "Great Fire," and the "Dutch Invasion," which had spread much consternation and suffering throughout the metropolis, and, indeed, the nation, had measurably passed away; and prosperity, as great as could attend a people ruled by an effeminate and dissolute sovereign and an intriguing and cruel parliament, marked the nation, and gave to it some little promise of future good.

The King and his courtiers had retired to Hampton Court to escape the noise and heat of the city. The morals of Charles and the nobility were by no means improved. Calamities, the sudden and signal visitations of heaven, had had no effect in bringing these slaves of pleasure to their sober reasons and the conscientious discharge of duty. Dissipation, profligacy, in a word, vices of the darkest dye held dominant sway over the minds and hearts of all in authority. They were enslaved, fettered; the Prince of the power of the air led them captives at his will. They were heaping up a measure of wrath and indignation, not only for themselves individually, but for the nation at large. "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel against the Lord, and against his anointed." "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

The Lady Castlemain, now Duchess of Cleaveland, was still the reigning beauty of the court; and the imperious will of this unprincipled woman was law to the weak-minded monarch. She dictated—he obeyed with a servileness disgusting even to those as sunken in voluptuousness and vice as himself. When her demands exceeded even his magnificent bounds, as they sometimes did (for she was rapacious in her desires), and the king, exasperated by her selfishness and tyranny, openly offended her and forbade her the court, her fits of violent rage and vulgar denunciation were the as-

tonishment and dread of all who were witnesses of her frenzies. She had no parallel, even in that reign of unbridled passion and unlicensed vituperation. And she never failed to accomplish her aim. The cowardly monarch could not withstand her arrogant will, and was sure, in the end, to come penitent and supplicating to her feet. She knew his weakness well, and she availed herself of it to carry her ends, in affairs of State as well as of Court. A groaning country fully attested the dire misrule of a prince given to women, wit, and wine, rather than to wisdom, judgment, and righteousness.

But times were somewhat changed for the better for the people of God since the day that John Bunyan was condemned without a hearing to a prison's cell, and there held by cruel injustice. The laws were rigorous still, but the creatures of the government were not so eager to hunt out and drag to condemnation those whose only sin was claiming the right to worship God after the teachings of his holy word. And the tinker preacher, who was seized upon, dragged from the bosom of his family to a bar of reckless hate, and from thence to the dungeon, merely because "*he would preach Jesus,*" was now permitted to meet with his flock at Bedford, and in peace and comparative security break unto them the bread of life. The bloodhounds of the law had become sated, and the children of God were thereby exempt, for a time, from their fearful pursuit.

It is a calm, lovely day, as we have said, in the summer of 1675. Bunyan has been with his people, setting in order the things that pertain to the house of God, and expounding to them the scriptures. His faithful Elizabeth, and Mary, and Sarah, are with him. The little ones, Jehn and Elizabeth, remain at home in charge of one of Goody Harrow's granddaughters. Oh! how the heart of Bunyan and his affectionate wife swell with gratitude to God, as they tread the old bridge and look on that dismal jail, wherein for twelve long years iron grates and well-barned doors shut out the cheerful light of day. Visions of the desolate home, and the scanty food eked out from day to day to sustain the life of herself and children, rose up before the mind of the wife, and a sickening, sinking feeling seized upon her heart. Visions of the long dull days of heart-aching dread, and dark forebodings, and of weary nights

watchings, when his soul was breaking with sorrow at the thought of the distresses of his suffering family, and of the fearful temptations of Satan, who would have led him to despair, flashed before the father, and the strong man bowed beneath the oppressive weight of recollection. He had known agony—intense agony; and the remembrance of it was *never* to be forgotten. But in all the evil there was a good. His trials had taught him to *feel* another's woe. They had prepared him to teach more fully the doctrines of the divine word. He had experienced, and, therefore, he could speak with confidence of the grace of God made manifestly sufficient in the darkest hour. God was a Father of infinite love and tenderness; this his soul knew full well. And there was no sorrow, no temptation among his people that he could not find a balm for, and a power against, in the blessed scriptures.

He had much to be thankful for, much for which to take courage and press on. The dark night was past, and to it had succeeded a bright day of joy and peace. But this day was not without its clouds. A shadow even now rested on its breast, and its darkening hues portended to his tender paternal love a future of blight and sadness.

Since that fearful night, when William Dormer had so suddenly entered the little cottage at Elstow to break to its fireside group the dreadful news of his hasty departure to the Continent, Mary, the loved of her father's heart, had been drooping, even as the lily, in whose stalk is lodged the fatal worm. Her cheerfulness had settled into a touching sadness, and the sweet cheering smile, that love had given to that exquisite face, was now a faint and unfrequent smile of hopelessness and gloom. Mary was changed, *aye, so changed*. Parents and friends observed it, and strangers looked on that pensive face and said, "Ah, poor girl, she is blind, and she feels it deeply!" Ah, no! It was not because the sunshine of heaven was sealed out from her vision. The far more glorious sun of love was darkened; that sun, which, in its rising, had promised one eternal day of bliss.

Eight months had passed since that dark and fearful December night, and no news had yet been heard from the absent one. Postal arrangements were not, two hundred years ago, such as they are now. Neither was education as generally diffused as it is in

this, the nineteenth century. William Dormer could not write his own name when he left the shores of England for Holland.

The father saw the daughter, day by day, sinking under her weight of sorrow and disappointment. He endeavored to buoy her up with hope. But love is tenacious of its own powers of discrimination and foresight. Mary had entire confidence in her father's judgment in all other matters save this. In everything else he was her strength. He pointed out to her the promises of God (he would not mock her with a calculation of human probabilities), and plead with her to rely on his invaluable word. And by faith she did lay hold, to a great extent, on the rich and abundant consolations of the gospel, but she was weak human nature, and she faltered, even in her most earnest endeavors, and oftentimes she fell, faint and weary. For weeks she had hoped, day by day, to hear from him she loved. But the winter had passed, and spring-flowers budded and bloomed, and birds sung sweetly to their mates 'neath the hawthorn hedge, and yet no tidings from him who was far away. Then hope grew faint, and each passing hour served to make it fainter still, till at last, when the blushing spring had sunk into the lap of summer, hope had become dread anxiety.

Mary essayed to hide her corroding grief, not that she would blush to make it known, but she would save her father the slightest pain. But a father's love was too detective for her most sedulous care; aye, long before she would admit to her own bosom the fearful truth, he had read it all too plainly in the clouded brow and sweet sad face, and in the languid step and smothered sigh. He knew, and could appreciate the depth of her distress, for he was thoroughly familiar with the painful depths of her sensitive nature. Bunyan felt that his poor blind Mary loved as but few beings ever love. The strength and intensity of her affection, which made her a new being in requited love, was now a consuming fire, scorching with worse than lava stream every hope, every enjoyment.

As Mary walked with her parents home from church, she was pensive and silent. As she crossed the old bridge, thoughts of him on whose arm she had so often leaned for safety as she trod its narrow footpath, came rushing over her soul with fearful power. He was associated in her mind with every step of the way from



Bedford to Elstow. Often had they trod the road and the smiling meadows together when her bosom glowed with ecstatic joy.

The little company of pedestrians turned from the highway into the meadow—the meadow where William had first made known to her, *in words*, his love, and where she had looked, even from those sightless eyes, a full, free answer to his burning avowal. How gloriously beautiful then—how desolate and meaningless now.

In one short year Mary had lived a lifetime of sorrow. How many, even in fewer months, can tell the same sad tale.

#### CHAP. XXI.—THE VISIT—NEWS FROM WILLIAM DORMER.

As the family of Bunyan was sitting at the twilight hour at the front door of their cottage home on the evening of the church-meeting day, of which we have spoken, they beheld a female approaching the house across the meadow. She advanced with weary step, bearing in her hand a bundle of clothea.

“I cannot tell who she is, Elizabeth,” said Bunyan, in reply to the question of his wife, at the same time straining his vision to peer out into the evening twilight. “It may be one of the neighbor girls, coming to spend the night with us; or perhaps some poor traveling sister who needs our help.”

“She will be welcome, then,” said the gentle Elizabeth, with her calm maternal smile, as she placed the little Elizabeth on her knee and kissed the bright glowing cheeks of the child.

“It’s not one of the neighbor girls, father,” said Sarah, as she stood in the door and gazed out into the deepening gloom. “It is some stranger, and yet it seems to me I have seen her before.”

Mary sat listening; her head was slightly bent, and rested on her hand. Her face was very sad. Her thoughts were with William in his lonely wanderings. At Sarah’s remark she started. A beam of intelligence darted over her face.

“It may be her,” she said to herself involuntarily.

By this time the female was crossing the little stile that led into the yard. It was too dark to recognise her features, even so near.

“Good evening to you, friends. I believe you do not know me.” Mary sprung from her seat, and sprang forward to meet her.

"Mrs. Gaunt! Mrs. Gaunt!" she exclaimed. "I knew it must be her!" and she threw her arms fondly about the kind woman's neck, and burst into a flood of tears.

"We welcome you to our home, Sister Gaunt," said the father, extending to her his hand. "We are glad to see you once more on earth. How is it with you?"

"Well, Bro. Bunyan," the Christian woman replied, "thanks to God. His mercy has brought me safely on my way."

Mrs. Bunyan greeted her with her kind, sweet smile and pleasant words of welcome, and the sister in the Lord was soon made to feel at home among his people.

A wholesome and refreshing repast was quickly served for her by Sarah, who had now supplanted both her mother and Mary in the management of household affairs.

While the visitor partook of their kindly cheer, she spoke to them of her day's journey, and of the condition of the brethren in London, and recounted to their eager ears some of the trials and hardships the people of God had undergone in the city.

Mary was almost wild to ask her something of William Dormer. Whether she knew why he had left the city, and if he had ever yet been heard from? but she dared not breathe his name. Her heart stood almost still with suspense, and her cheek was white as Parian marble. She leaned eagerly forward to catch every word, every intonation of Mrs. Gaunt's voice.

"Oh, that she would call William's name!—that her father or mother would say a word about *him!*" she longed to ask herself. Once she essayed to do so, but the words choked in her throat, and she was silent.

"And William Dormer, too, is among the sufferers," remarked Mrs. Gaunt.

Mary started as if an electric shock had passed through her feeble frame. The blood mounted high into her pallid temples, and her heart throbbed as if it would burst from her trembling bosom. She held her breath to hear. Her hand, which rested on the head of little John at her side, shook as if she had been suddenly seized with an ague. The little fellow looked up amazed at this dreadful trembling.

"Have you any news of William, Sister Gaunt?" asked Bunyan, whose quick penetration had read the desires of his daughter's heart.

"Yes, and good news, too. That is my principal business to see you."

"What is it! what is it, Mrs. Gaunt!" exclaimed Mary, as she started from her seat and threw her arms violently out before her. This was her habit whenever highly excited. Her natural timidity and desire to conceal her feelings gave way under the thought of hearing from William.

"He is well, and doing well," replied Mrs. Gaunt hastily, to relieve Mary of her preying anxiety.

"And where is he, Mrs. Gaunt, in London?"

"Oh, no, Mary, you know he left there last winter ——"

"Yes," interrupted Bunyan, "he called here last December, in his flight. But we thought perhaps he had come back again."

"Oh, no, Bro. Bunyan, William cannot return to London, *now* at least," she added, as she caught a glimpse of Mary's pale face by the rush-light. "It would be death for him to come back now. The persons who have sworn to take his life are on the watch for him, and should he fall into their hands, it would be all over with the dear boy."

A shudder seized the frame of Mary as she heard these fearful words, and a livid pallor overspread her sad countenance. She pressed her hand to her brow, as if to drive back torturing thoughts, and a deep sigh escaped her bosom.

"The hand of God is in all this, my daughter," said Bunyan to Mary. "Trust the Lord Jehovah; he is everlasting strength, and he will order all things in wisdom and love to his children."

"Tell us where he is now, Sister Gaunt, and then tell us what was the cause of his having to fly. He had no time to do it when he was here, and we have never heard from him since. I have not been to the city since last summer, but I have been thinking these two months that I must go down to see my brethren, and to hear something from William for Mary's comfort."

"William was in Leuwarden, a small place in the north of Holland, two months ago, and in good business. I saw a man last week who had seen him, and talked to him. He says he looks

well, and is doing well, and is learning to write, that he may write a letter to Mary. He sent a great many messages by Mr. Leeber, the man who saw him, to all his friends, and made him promise, when he reached London, to find me out through Bro. Kiffin, and deliver all to me, that I might come and tell Mary. He said she must not give up; he would come again just as soon as he could learn that danger was over, and then they would be happy together. He sent word to me to tell her that he thought of her every hour he lived; she was ever in his mind, and he was looking forward to the time, with the brightest hopes, when he could come back to England and claim her for his own. And, Mary, you must not despair. God will bring it all right; trust in him. You remember how he saved you in London from the fearful Plague when he struck down Margaret Purdy by your side; and when you were lost, and could not find your way, how he sent deliverance to you. He has been good in times past. His loving kindness has never failed you. Take courage, then, and trust him for the future, for he is unchangeable, and his tender mercy is over you still. His ways are not as our ways, but his pity to his children endureth forever. He never leaveth nor forsaketh them."

"The Lord Jehovah is the strength of his people. He will save them from all their distresses," responded Bunyan to the remarks of Mrs. Gaunt.

"But tell us, Sister Gaunt, how was it that William had to flee from London?" enquired Mrs. Bunyan, as she sat hushing the little Elizabeth to sleep on her knee. "We have thought of everything in trying to account for it. He just had time to tell us it was for religion."

"I cannot give you all the particulars, Sister Bunyan. I was not in London at the time, having gone out into Hertford to see a sick sister of Mr. Gaunt's, who was in a dreadful situation. When I returned, some weeks after it took place, I could not find any one who could tell me the straight story. But it seems that William and the brethren had met together in the little upper room, in Southwark (Mary well remembers the place), when they were turned out and interrupted by a band of desperate fellows who have leagued themselves together under the sanction of the officers of the law for the purpose of interrupting all Non-conformist meet-

ings. This dreadful gang of outlaws broke into the room, and with horrid oaths declared they would bring to trial every man, woman, and child they could lay hands upon. William, together with other young men present, took active measures to prevent the execution of their cruel threat, and at last they were able to drive them back and keep them at bay until the aged men and women could make their escape through the trap door. William was unfortunate enough in the desperate struggle to throw one of the young men down the stairway and seriously injure him; and the whole band then and there declared they would avenge their comrade at the peril of their own lives. The insensible condition of the fellow drew their minds from the attack, and the young brethren made their escape. Two of them, who are known to members of this company of desperadoes, made their escape with William to Holland, and are now with him in the same manufactory at Leuwarden."

"But can't these outlaws be brought to justice," asked Sarah as she stood wiping the plates. "Can't the law force them to behave themselves.?"

"The law sanctions their outrageous proceedings, my child. The law will protect all who take part against Non-conformists. These dreadful fellows act out the command of the officers of the law, and there is no hope."

"But couldn't he come back and live in some other part of England, Mrs. Gaunt?" asked Mary timidly.

"There is no hope now, my child," replied her father, looking tenderly upon her. "We must trust in God to help us. It is a trained band, and they have their accomplices everywhere. Spies are they, and no man can live in England and escape their eye. William must remain abroad until God in his mercy and wisdom brings an end to the present state of tyranny. Let us look to him for mercy and thank him that William is safe."

Mary spoke not. It was a deep trial to her soul. But she had learned in the dark afflictions which had surrounded her way since she was eleven years old, to stand still and murmur not. She must suffer, yea almost to heart-breaking, but she would not complain since God who feedeth the ravens was her God. She would learn entire submission to his divine will, and implore his grace to

sustain in the darkest hour. William was prosperous and learning to write, and soon she would hear from him again. And then her father could answer his letters. Oh, what a comfort! It was the glorious sunshine tinging the dark cloud which had so long hovered over her.

The friends sat for some time conversing on subjects of mutual interest, matters that related to the Redeemer's kingdom. At length the Bible was brought, and the family and the Christian guest gathered around the table, and the man of God, by the feeble taper light, read the ninety-first Psalm. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

As was his custom, Bunyan explained as he read, and exhorted his family to trust in God because of his great power and goodness. When he came to the sixteenth verse, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto thy children," he addressed his remarks to his blind daughter, and exhorted her to lean upon God, and recognise his hand in all the events of her life.

In the prayer which followed, he commended each member of his family by name to God, asking a blessing upon each—those who were bowed with him, and Thomas and Joseph who were away from home. Earnestly and in deep supplication he made mention of the sorrow of his Mary, and most fervently did he plead that her faith might be made strong, and grace imparted to sustain her under her trial. Affectionately he spoke of the dear sister who, for love to them, because they were brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, had left her home and come to bring the glad news of the loved absent one. And William, too, was presented before the Throne of all Grace. Guidance and protection were besought for him in his exile from home and land, and an abundant measure of the Spirit's power was asked for, to support him and enable him to rejoice in persecution. "Thy will, O Lord God of hosts, be done with us as it is in heaven."

"It is a short and simple prayer,  
But 'tis the Christian's stay,  
Through every varied scene of care,  
Until his dying day,  
As through the wilderness of life  
Calmly he wanders on,  
His prayer in every time of strife  
Is still 'Thy will be done.'"

That night Mary slept with her old tried friend; and into her ear she poured all her trials, her sorrows, and disappointments. And in Mrs. Gaunt she found a sincere, sympathizing friend.

“These providences are dark, Mary. We cannot read the mind of God only so far as he vouchsafes to make it known to us, but we must trust him. We must build on his own eternal promises which he has given us in Christ Jesus. We are as babes, we do not know what is best for us; but our father knows, and just what is for our good he sends, for he makes all things work together for good to his children. This has been my stay and support in the darkest hours of my pilgrimage. When my way has seemed hedged in, and I could see no escape, then the Lord himself has come and opened up a way of deliverance, and with his help I have journeyed on.”

“But do you think, Mrs. Gaunt, that William will ever come home. I could wait patiently years and years if I knew that at last he would come again, and I could once more hear his voice and rest my hand in his. But oh it is so hard to know that he is a wanderer in a far off land, without a friend to whisper a kindly word to calm his aching breast,—and then, oh then, Mrs. Gaunt, if he should die.”

She shuddered as she pronounced the last word, and started up in bed as if the horrid phantom of her imagination were a reality.

“This would be very sad, Mary, but even if it should take place we must trust in God.”

“Oh, tell me not of it, Mrs. Gaunt, my heart will break.”

“It is best, Mary, to be prepared for the worst. Death is before us all, and sooner or later it must come. And there is no way to meet it except by leaning on the arm of Jesus. He only can give us strength to say farewell to those we love.”

The young girl sighed. Her heart was well nigh breaking with dreadful apprehension. She turned to Mrs. Gaunt, and throwing out her arms, suddenly and with violence exclaimed—

“William is dead, Mrs. Gaunt, you know he is,” she said wildly, convulsively clasping her hand. “Oh why did not you tell me,” and she shrieked with anguish.

“No, no, my child, William is not dead. Do calm yourself.

You are excited, Mary. I tell you he is not dead, but doing well, and God grant that he may soon come back to us."

"God grant it," responded the sobbing girl.

"I was only telling you, Mary, that it is always best, by firm reliance on God, to prepare ourselves for what may come, even the very worst. I was urging it upon you as a Christian duty. Do not misunderstand me nor think I wish to deceive you."

"And do you think I will hear from him soon?"

"I think you will. The young gentleman who saw him told me he was learning to write that he might send you a letter. He called you by name, and it has been two months since he left Lou-warden, and you know, Mary, that William is very apt, and when he is doing anything for your sake, it will make him more earnest still to gain his end."

"I will try to wait with patience. The letter will come after awhile. I hope it will not be long."

"For your sake, Mary, as well as my own, I hope it will not be many weeks. William feels to me like a son; and my heart was sorely grieved when I got back to London from Hertford, and found what had been done, and that he was gone. But though I cannot tell for what purpose this has been done, I am constrained to say that it is all right."

"Yes, Mrs. Gaunt, I *know* that it is all right, but it is so hard to *feel* it! *So hard*, she repeated sorrowfully. If we could always be submissive to the will of God, we would have but little trouble here on this earth. I wish I could be willing to all these things, but I am so weak I cannot."

"The flesh truly is weak, Mary. We cannot think a good thought unless the spirit of God give it to us. We are but dust and wretched sinners in his sight, unless we are found in Jesus. Then we are heirs of heaven, and raised above angels and arch-angels. My trials have been great, Mary, and I do not know what is before me; but this I do know, that the deeper the affliction the nearer God is to us.

Ah, how true was that utterance, "And I do not know what is before me." Devoted woman!—could she have drawn aside the veil which shut out the future, and looked down the current of



years, she would have seen direct in her pathway a prison and a stake amidst piles of lighted faggots. God was even now preparing her for these, but she knew it not.

Thus the two talked of this world's trials and the sure protection of Jehovah to all his children until the night was far advanced. Mary was comforted. Her mind grew calm under the sweet words of the experienced Christian.

Mrs. Gaunt, through the persuasion of Bunyan (who saw that her society was a great stay to his poor blind Mary), remained until the autumn.

Ever ready to do good, living for her Master, and not to herself, she went about among the little flock at Bedford, everywhere dispensing comfort and joy. She visited the sick and distressed, and while she alleviated the ills of the body, she fed the soul on the bread of eternal life, and pointed the throbbing bosom to the fountain of living water. She talked to those concerned for the salvation of their souls, and directed the inquirer the way to Zion. She became as much respected and beloved in Elstow and Bedford, as she was in London.

During her stay at Elstow, Mary received a letter from William, full of encouragement and hope. He spoke of future joy, and bade her be strong and cheerful, for brighter days were yet before them. He set no time for return to his native land. This he could not do. But he was trusting in God to open up a way for him to come back to the bosom of those he loved.

The hearts of the parents were made glad by the happiness of the daughter. The smile returned to her sweet face, and buoyancy to her step.

Alas! all earthly joys are as fleeting as the rainbow hue, or evening cloud of summer. A dark storm even now was lowering over the little cottage. Soon it would expend its fury on the peaceful inmates.

Bunyan had become too popular. The green-eyed monster, Envy, had marked him for his prey. And soon he was called to pass through another severe trial. God keeps his children in the furnace, but thanks to his holy name, Christ sits by as a refiner of silver. When they reflect his image perfectly, he then relieves them, but not until *then*.

(*To be continued.*)

## JESUS AT THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.

BY HATTIE HEATH.

Where the murmur of the Kedron  
Rose in music through the vale,  
And the dark and mournful cypress  
Wept above the lilies pale ;  
Where, with branches over-clasping,  
Grew a stately tamarind,  
With its bright green leaves a trembling  
Softly in the summer wind ;

Where the palm and pomegranate,  
In their noble grandeur waved,  
Breathing draughts of spicy fragrance—  
Lays a dark and lonely cave.  
Round this sepulchre so lonely,  
'Neath the cliffs of Olivet,  
In the hush of some great sorrow,  
Were a mighty concourse met.

And a deep and solemn stillness  
Brooded in the very air,  
'Till the birds, in mournful sadness,  
Drooped their wings in silence there ;  
And the sweetly rippling Kedron  
Hushed its voice of gentle song,  
Silent in the holy presence  
Of the leader of that throng.

E'en the sun in grief was sinking,  
Shrouding deep his golden breast  
Beyond the blue hills of Ajalon,  
In the dim and hazy West.  
But one ray of glory lingered,  
Resting on the sacred head  
Of the Saviour, like a halo,  
As he stood beside the dead.

While a look of earthly anguish,  
And the shine of heavenly grace  
In the strangest contrast mingling,  
Was upon that glorious face.

"Jesus wept!" Such tears of sorrow  
 Only *once* bedewed his eyes;  
 He wept not when his greatest suffering  
 Thick in darkness veiled the skies.

"Jesus wept!" *Could* human sorrow  
 Dwell thus in a soul divine?  
 Then the Saviour will not chide us  
 When we drink grief's bitter wine,  
 'Till the dregs o'erflow life's chalice;—  
 When we turn away and weep  
 O'er our dearest earthly treasures,  
 Sleeping in the straight white sleep.

ATHENS, Pa.

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### INSTINCTS OF IMMORTALITY.

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As we stand over the remains of our departed friends, something seems to whisper within us, that this is not, cannot be, the end of those who filled so large a place in our thoughts and affections. The instincts of the soul are moved to anticipate a life to come, just as those of the mother are stirred in gazing upon her newborn child. As woman's nature must be changed to prevent the glow of maternal affection in looking upon an object of so tender an interest, so the essential principles of our being must be blotted out before we can accompany a friend through his final struggle and deposit his remains in the earth, without a confused feeling of doubt, hope, aspiration, and uncertainty, in regard to a coming life. As we hear the cold earth rumbling upon the coffin of some dear one, how can we bring ourselves to feel that his forming character, his soaring intellect, his susceptible heart, and his fine endowments, which have shone upon us like the sun for one brief hour, are quenched in everlasting night! The very laws of our being as effectually preclude a state of blank atheism, as the possibility of preserving our natural life without food or air.

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DEATH is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of all living.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

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A little girl of five years, well known to the writer, was left at home by her mother, one evening, in the care of a servant. When she returned, being informed that her little daughter had not behaved well during her absence, she took her upon her knee, and, after gently reproving her, observed that the child began to talk, in a tone too low, however, to be understood. After some time, she asked the little girl what she was talking about, but she refused at the time to tell her. The next evening, when she was again on her mother's knee, after having said her little prayer, as it was her custom to do every night before going to bed, she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, have I been good to-day?" "Yes," replied the mother, "I think you have been quite a good child to-day." Said the little girl: "I had a talk with God, last night, and I told him I wanted to be good to-day, and I asked him if he would not help me, and he *thas* helped me all day."

This little girl is known by her parents to have the utmost confidence in prayer, and she is in the habit of communicating with God, sometimes by talking with him, and sometimes in praying to him.

This simple incident is suggestive of much in regard to the duties of parents to their children. As early moral training is the only reliable means of elevating our race to a high state in virtue and excellence, so is early religious culture, accompanied by divine influences, the most effective instrument of bringing the world to a knowledge of the true God. It is, indeed, the salvation of the church as an institution.

There is a religious element belonging to every human being, as well as a physical nature, and those who fail to provide for its wants and cravings, neglect a duty as important as that of furnishing the appetite with necessary food, or the body with appropriate clothing. Its aspirations will not be entirely suppressed any more than will the calls of the stomach for food; and, since the Christian religion never rises intuitively in the heart, unless directed to the Author of all life and good as an object worthy of its best affections, it will cling to some miserable superstition or system of infidelity.

RUTH.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Wm. H. Prescott, the great Historian, died in Boston on the 28th of January, of paralysis. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, is expected to be in the United States in April. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Mrs. Haswell and her two children were to leave Burmah for the United States the 1st of January. The Western Watchman, St. Louis, will adopt the cash system after June next. Oregon has been admitted into the Union as a State. Elder Joseph S. Baker desires his correspondents to address him as Brother or Elder, but not as Doctor, or D.D. Stages are now running from Pocahontas, Ark., to Ironton, Mo.; fare from Pocahontas to St. Louis, \$13 50; time, sixty hours, by stage, and forty-eight by railroad. Elder Zenas Freeman, of Rochester, N. Y., died on the 26th of January, in Brooklyn. Union weekly prayer-meetings are still being held in Baltimore. The Coliseum Place Baptist Church, N. O., has secured a sufficient amount in pledges to pay the heavy debt which had hung over it some years. In Ripley, N. Y., there have lately been forty or fifty conversions. A monthly Temperance paper—"The Temperance Advocate"—is proposed to be published at Somerset, Ky., by Dye & Wood, at \$1 a year, in advance. "The Independent Observer," hailing from Hickman, Ky., is published by Frank A. Thurman, Esq. Twelve Baptist Associations in Indiana last year passed very strong temperance resolutions. Elder R. T. Dillard lately assisted Elder Ford, of the East Church, Louisville, Ky., in an interesting revival; a goodly number were added. An interesting meeting was in progress, at the last accounts, at the Mayslick Church, Mason county, Ky.; the pastor, J. W. Bullock, was assisted by Elder S. L. Helm, of Covington. Eight have been added lately to the Severns Valley Church, Ky.; Elders J. T. Miller and Smith Thomas were the ministers. Four persons were recently received by the Big Sinking Church, Wayne county, Ky.; minister, Elder Wm. Graves. The Rock Spring Church, Warren county, Ky., has just closed an interesting meeting; ten were baptized; ministers present, W. T. Ham, John G. Durham, and others. Elder A. W. Mullins, of Kenton county, Ky., reports, that during his nine years' ministerial life, he has baptized over 500 persons. Elder T. N. Robertson reports for twelve months, 136 baptized at Hawesville and Rock Spring Church, Ky., being two churches of his charge. Stony Point Church was constituted in Clinton county, Ky., Dec. 23. The church in Utica, Indiana, aided by Elders J. B. Porter and G. W. Terry, held a meeting in January, with the following as part of the result: 18 joined the church; 12 were baptized, 3 from the Reformers, 3 from the Methodists, and 1 restored. January 25th, Elders T. J. Fisher and J. M. Harrington were holding meeting in Savannah, Georgia, with encouraging prospect. A negro

man lately married a white woman in Pontiac, Michigan. Elder E. C. Eager is lecturing on the Revision of the English Scriptures in Mississippi. Elder Robert J. Alcorn has moved to Memphis, Tenn. Dr. M. W. Phillips, of Miss., has furnished stereotype plates for the first book brought out by the Southern Baptist Sunday School Union; it is the sermon delivered before the Convention in Memphis last November, by Elder Aaron Jones, of Jackson, Tenn. Eighteen manuscript books have been received and adopted by the Board for the Baptist Sunday Schools. Elder A. L. Hay is Sunday School agent for Ark. Elder Isaac Smith was ordained to the gospel ministry, January 30th, by request of the Mt. Pleasant Church, Miss.; the Presbytery consisted of L. Ball, M. Ball, Young, Anderson, Potter, Pitts, and Browning. Same date, Elder Thomas Goley, by the call of Bethel Church, Miss., was ordained by Elders James Boswell and James Crossley. George Whitfield was ordained same date, by Elders B. Whitfield, Wm. H. Anderson, John T. Freeman, W. W. Portwood, and J. B. Hamberlin; Bro. Whitfield has taken the oversight of the flock at Yazoo City, Miss. Twenty-nine young men in Georgetown College, Ky., are preparing for the ministry. Elder S. S. Granberry has resigned his place in the College at Clinton, Miss., and has become collecting agent; Elder Freeman (of the Baptist,) has become General College Agent, and Dr. S. Buroh, A.B., has become tutor in the College. The Legislature of Missouri passed a resolution requesting the members not to smoke in the House. W. H. Ester, Editor of the Washington Telegraph, Ark., boasts of a turnip presented him by R. F. Bradley, which measured 27 inches in circumference, and weighed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. On the 10th of February, Henry Anderson and — Bessinger, of Arkadelphia, Ark., were drowned in the Wachita. Geo. E. Miller, bank clerk, Jackson, Tenn., was killed Feb. 2d, and \$25,405 stolen. At Gaines' Landing, on the Mississippi river, lately, Robert Leonard killed John Coney; Leonard is in jail. The Homestead Bill, giving to actual settlers 160 acres of land, has passed the U. S. House of Representatives by 120 to 76. Vice President Breckenridge has gone to his Kentucky residence to recruit his health; Mr. Fitzpatrick fills his chair pro tem. The financial condition of California Gov. Weller represents as highly prosperous. Dr. Curtis, the father of Prof. Thomas Curtis, of Lewisburg, Pa., was lost during the burning of the ill-fated steamer North Carolina. Dr. J. S. Nixon, a Baptist minister, Troy, Pike county, Ala., was killed by lightning January 21st. Mr. Geo. Mayson, Postmaster at Napoleon, Ark., has resigned; and so, also, has Mr. James P. Clayton, County Clerk. Bro. C. J. Miles was ordained to the gospel ministry, by request of the Liberty Church, Ala., Jan. 22d, by Elders Williams, Duett, and Russell. Mrs. Sallie Mattingly, granddaughter of Patrik Henry, died recently at Bardstown, Ky. Col. J. F. Mills, a few weeks past, sold 1,300 acres of land, fourteen miles back from Helena, Phillips Co., Ark., and 65 negroes of various sizes, for \$105,000, to Messrs. Anderson, of Wilson county, Tenn. Last fall, the Messrs. Rice sold to Col. Apperson, of Memphis, a beautiful farm and negroes for the same amount of dollars as the foregoing. Revs. John Carr, of Middle Tennessee, and Robert

son Gannaway, of Holston Conference (Methodists), lately died at advanced age. Rev. Thos. H. Early, son of Bishop Early, and late practicing lawyer, is now an itinerant Methodist preacher. Madame Elizabeth B. Billitte died in Arkansas county, Ark., Jan. 10th, at the age of 86; she was born in Louisiana, and for near seventy-five years had lived in and near the Post of Arkansas. Died February 8th, at Pine Bluff, Ark., Manette Scull, aged 65; born in Louisiana, but for thirty years had lived in Arkansas. The health of Gen. Cass is failing. Chief Justice Taney refuses to receive visitors because of his declining health. William and Mary College, Va., was burnt on the 8th of February; loss \$100,000. \$5,000 reward is offered for the person who murdered Geo. Miller, clerk of the Union Bank, Jackson, Tenn. Pleasant M. Mask, the murderer of Miss Smith, will be hanged at Holly Springs, Miss., on Friday, March 4th. Hog cholera has made its appearance for the first time at Van Buren, on the western border of Arkansas. A boy was carried over Niagara Falls in January, amidst enormous quantities of floating ice. Old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, recently caught fire, but nothing serious resulted. The National Intelligencer denies that Jefferson's gunboat navy was built to take Cuba, as has lately been asserted, but says that its object was to protect the coast, and particularly the navigation of the Mississippi, Don Morales, the intendent of Louisiana, having issued a proclamation excluding the port of New Orleans as a depot for commerce. A woman in New York recently complained against a Chatham street merchant for selling her a horse-hair mattress lined with rat tails. The clergy of Trenton, N. J., have unanimously agreed that funerals ought to begin at the hour published. They recommend to their respective congregations, and to all who may wish their services on such occasions, that the appointment of funerals on the Sabbath day be avoided, whenever it can be without serious inconvenience. There is another flood at the South. The Mississippi and many of its tributaries have overflowed, submerging a number of towns. The Mayor of Reading, Pa., has ordered the police to arrest all minors found hanging about barrooms in the evening. Agnes Wright, who, the Cincinnati Enquirer says, is a young and beautiful woman, and whom no one would suspect of having a tinge of African blood in her veins, was manumitted in the Probate Court at Cincinnati on Monday by her owner, Reuben Wright, of New Orleans. Elections for Members of Congress are held in the course of this year as follows: Connecticut and Rhode Island elect early in April; in Virginia on the fourth Thursday of May; on first Monday of August in Alabama, Kentucky, and Texas; on first Thursday of August in Tennessee; on second Thursday of August in North Carolina; on first Monday of October in Georgia and Mississippi; on second Tuesday of October in Minnesota; on first Monday (7th) of October in Louisiana, and on first Wednesday (2d) of November in Maryland. By mutual consent of the Court, District Attorney and counsel for the defence, the trial of Mr. Sickles will commence on Monday, April 4. The Canadians are about constructing a canal to connect Lake Huron with Lake Ontario, hoping to divert a large portion of the traffic which now comes down Lake Erie.

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXXIX.—MAY, 1859.

## ACTS AND USAGES OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### CHAP. IX.—ASSOCIATIONS.

WE have already given, from minutes of several of our earliest Associations, the objects for which they were constituted, and the limits of their powers. We sum up the general usage of Baptists by the insertion of the following, adopted by the Long Run Association, Ky., 1841 :

There have been, for a long time, Associations, or Assemblies, among the Baptists, similar in their organization to those which are now kept up. The first meeting of this kind among the English Baptists, of which we have any distinct notice on record, was held in London in the year 1689, soon after the accession of William and Mary to the British throne. The Baptists, previous to this, had been called to pass through long and bitter persecutions, during the continuance of which, many of their ministers had ended their days in prison, and many others, to escape a similar fate, had hid themselves in different parts of Europe. But an act of toleration having now been passed by the government, our brethren were emboldened to meet in a great Association, to inquire into the state of the churches, and to adopt measures for their future prosperity.

This meeting was attended by ministers and messengers from one hundred and seven churches, eight of which were in Wales, and the remainder in England. Some few items of the business transacted, as shown by the minutes, were as follows: 1st. To show to the churches that they disclaimed all right to interfere with their liberty, they solemnly and unanimously declared in the following words: "That we disclaim all manner of superiority or superintendency over the churches; and that we have no authority or power to prescribe or impose anything upon the faith or practice of any of the churches of Christ. Our whole intendment is, to be helpers together of one another, by way of counsel and advice, in the right understanding of that perfect rule, which our



Lord Jesus, the only bishop of our souls, hath already prescribed, and given to his churches in his word."

In the course of the meeting a general fast was appointed, to be kept by all the congregations; the causes and reasons for which were sent to the churches. The assembly concluded, also, that a public fund or stock was necessary towards maintaining and supporting a regular ministry, and came to a resolution how to raise it; and unanimously concluded that it should be raised by a free-will offering; that every person should communicate according to his ability, and as the Lord shall make him willing and enlarge his heart; and that the churches severally among themselves do order the collection of it, with all convenient speed, that the ends proposed may be put into present practice.

The uses to which this fund or public stock were to be applied, are thus given in the record:

"1st. To communicate thereof to those churches that are not able to maintain their own ministry, and that their ministers may be encouraged wholly to devote themselves to the great work of preaching the gospel.

"2d. To send ministers, that are ordained, or at least solemnly called, to preach, both in city and country, where the gospel hath not yet been preached, and to visit the churches; and these to be chosen out of the churches in London, or the country, which ministers are to be approved of, and sent forth by two churches at the least, but more if it may be.

"3d. To assist those members that shall be found in any of the aforesaid churches that are disposed for study, have an inviting gift, and are sound in fundamentals, in attaining to the knowledge and understanding of the languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew."

Several questions were proposed by the churches to the Association, which were freely discussed; after which, written answers were given to the different churches in the minutes of the meeting. The Association also resolved to re-publish the Confession of Faith, known among us by the name of the Philadelphia Confession. This Confession of Faith was first put forth by the Elders and brethren of several Baptist Churches in London and the country, in the year 1677. The Association this year, 1689, re-published it without any alteration, and prefixed to it the following certificate: "We, the ministers and messengers of, and concerned for upwards of 100 congregations in England and Wales, denying Arminianism, being met together in London, from the 3d day of the seventh month to the 11th of the same, 1689, to consider of some things that might be for the glory of God and the good of these congregations, have thought meet, for the satisfaction of all other Christians, that differ from us in the point of baptism, to recommend the Confession of our Faith for their perusal, which Confession we own, as contain-

ing the doctrine of our faith and practice; and do desire that the members of our churches, respectfully, do furnish themselves therewith." This was signed by thirty-seven persons, and they add, in the name and behalf of the whole assembly.

The second general meeting of this Association was held in London, from the second to the eighth of June, 1691. The third session was held at the same place, 1692. It commenced on the 3d of May, and continued to the 24th of the same month. In this year the following resolutions were adopted:

"1st. That whereas, for some years last past, the churches have had in several counties particular associate meetings, and one general at London, annually: it is now proposed to divide this one general into two, and to keep one in the West, and one here for the East. That in the West, to be at Bristol, and the other in London; desiring that all churches will send messengers to one or the other once a year, as may be most for their conveniency, and that either from their particular churches, or they that live remote from such Associations, as they think meet to keep.

"2d. That the meeting at Bristol be kept annually, at the time called Easter, and that at London at the time called Whitsuntide.

"3d. That two messengers be sent down from London every time, to that at Bristol; and also two sent up from that at Bristol to that at London, for the maintaining of general communion.

"4th. For the better keeping up of the fund, that this method be observed: That all churches make quarterly collections, in what method they think best, for the encouragement of the ministry, by helping those ministers that are poor, and to educate brethren that may be approved to learn the knowledge of those tongues wherein the scriptures are written.

"5th. That those assemblies are not to be accountable to one another, any more than churches are.

"6th. That no churches make appeals to them to determine matters of faith or fact, but propose or *query* for advice.

"7th. That after both meetings, in West and East, have been held, that a general narrative be printed and sent to all the churches, of such matters as may be of general use."

"The inconveniences," says Crosby, in his history of the English Baptists, "attending the General Assemblies of the Baptists, by the great distance of some who were to attend them (and the churches being settled in peace and unity), brought the baptised churches into other methods for the regulating themselves; so that, instead of meeting annually in general bodies, they met together, some of them, at pre-appointed times, to consult of such things as may have a tendency to the well-being and good of the whole; and communicated, by letters, to each of the congregations, their proceedings, consultations, and agreements."

In the month of April, 1704, the ministers and messengers of thirteen churches, in and about the city of London, held an Association at Lorimer's Hall, which continued three days. The meeting was opened with a sermon, by Elder John Piggot. After they had, in prayer, looked to God for his direction and blessing on their deliberations, they chose Mr. Richard Adams for their Moderator, and then proceeded to read the letters from the churches, and seriously debate the matters therein contained, and sent their agreements to each of the churches. All which they submitted to be approved or refused, as should seem most meet to them. In this meeting, rules of decorum were adopted, and various resolutions passed; among which were the following, which were agreed to unanimously:

“That it would tend much to the edification of the churches frequently to keep days of fasting and prayer in each congregation; and sometimes for several churches to assemble together on such occasions, when it can be conveniently attained.

“Also—That it be recommended to the several associate churches, represented by this assembly, that each church do make an annual collection for the relief of such ministers in and about the city of London, dwelling within the limits of the weekly bills of mortality, who have but a small allowance from the churches to which they belong.

“Also—That it would be highly useful that a fund of money be settled and maintained, either by subscriptions or collections, as each church shall think most expedient, for the education of pious young men who are in communion with one or other of these associate churches, and are blessed with promising gifts, in order for the better fitting of them for the work of the ministry; and, also, for the furnishing of others, who have not time to attain to the knowledge of the tongues, and some other parts of useful learning, with such English books as may be thought most proper for their assistance and improvement. And that this be recommended to each particular church.”

The policy of our English brethren was transferred to this country. The Philadelphia Association was formed in 1797; the Charleston in 1751; and the Warren in 1767. These are the three oldest Associations in America, and from them have sprung all the rest. Records of the sentiments and doings of the early founders of our Associations are exceedingly scarce, and yet we have some records. Mr. Hart, the pastor of the Baptist Church in Charleston, South Carolina, having seen in the Philadelphia Association (says Mr. Wood Furman, in his history of the Charleston Association,) the happy effects of union and stated intercourse among churches maintaining the same faith and order, was instrumental in the formation of the Charleston Association, consisting then of four

churches. "The object of the Association," continues Mr. Furman, "was declared to be the promotion of the Redemer's kingdom, by the maintenance of love and fellowship, and by mutual consultations for the peace and welfare of the churches." The independency of the churches was asserted, and the powers of the Association restricted to a council of advice. Mr. Backus, in his history, in treating of the nature of an Association, having described the routine of business in the Warren Association, in Rhode Island, with which he had then been familiar for near half a century, adds: "By these means, mutual acquaintance and communion hath been begotten and promoted, errors in doctrine and conduct have been exposed and guarded against; false teachers have been detected and warnings published against them; destitute flocks have been occasionally supplied; the weak and the oppressed have been relieved, and many have been animated and encouraged in preaching the gospel through the land, and in new plantations in the wilderness. A collection is made at our annual meetings for the widows and children of poor ministers. A society has also been incorporated, to collect money to assist poor youths in obtaining learning with a view to the ministry. And a Missionary Society is formed, to collect money for the support of traveling ministers, and to instruct and direct them therein, according to their best discretion. And several of them have visited many destitute flocks, and some of them have gone into Upper Canada, with great acceptance.

The Philadelphia and Charleston Associations also incorporated at an early period into their doings, efforts for the education of their ministry, for the supply of feeble and destitute churches, and for preaching the gospel in destitute regions. The difficulty of obtaining ministerial aid, suited to the exigencies of the times, induced the Philadelphia Association, in the year 1722, to recommend to the churches to make inquiry among their ranks and see if they had any young men hopeful for the ministry and inclined to learning; and if they had any such individuals, to give notice of it to Abel Morgan, that he might recommend them to the Academy on Mr. Hollis's account." Mr. Hollis was a worthy merchant in London, and a Baptist in sentiment. This worthy man bestowed funds on Harvard College, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the amount of Twelve Thousand Dollars, and made provision for the education of some Baptist students at that institution. As our churches increased in number, this Association resolved, in 1756, to originate and sustain an additional institution for ministerial education. This school of the prophets was established at Hopewell, New Jersey, and the Rev. Isaac Eaton was appointed Principal of the same. It was the first Seminary established, expressly for aiding young Baptist ministers, on the continent of America.

This Association (says Benedict, in his history) was the model, and gave doctrine, and even discipline, to all the others, especially South and West. "The Charleston Association," says the same author, "in 1755, taking into consideration the destitute condition of many places in the interior settlements of this and the neighboring States (their provinces), recommended to the churches to make contributions for the support of a missionary to itinerate in those parts. Mr. Hart was authorized and requested, provided a sufficient sum should be raised, to procure, if possible, a suitable person for that purpose. With this view, he visited Pennsylvania and New Jersey in the following year, and prevailed with Rev. John Gano to undertake the service, who attended the annual meeting, and was cordially received.

The Association requested Mr. Gano to visit the Yadkin settlement, in North Carolina, first, and afterwards to bestow his labors wherever providence should appear to direct. He devoted himself to the work; it afforded ample scope for his distinguished piety, eloquence, and fortitude; and his ministrations were crowned with remarkable success. Many embraced and professed the gospel. The following year he received from the Association a letter of thanks for his faithfulness and industry in the mission. At the same time, the expediency of raising a fund to furnish suitable candidates for the ministry, with a competent share of learning, was taken into consideration; and it was recommended to the churches, generally, to collect money for that purpose. The members present engaged, in behalf of their constituents, to furnish £133 to begin the fund, and Messrs. Stephens, Hart, and Pelot, were chosen Trustees. In 1759, Mr. Evan Pugh was proposed by Mr. Gano as a candidate for the ministry. He was examined, approved, and put on a course of studies. Having gone through them, he preached before the Association in 1762, with acceptance, and was soon after ordained."

The three oldest Associations in Kentucky were Elkhorn, Salem, and the Separate, or South Kentucky, which were all founded in 1785. The Elkhorn Association held her session in 1801, at South Elkhorn meeting-house. The introductory sermon was preached by A. Dudley. David Barrow was chosen Moderator, and John Price, Clerk. This Association then contained 36 churches, and 4853 members. In the minutes for that year may be found the following record: "South Elkhorn requests missionaries to be sent to the Indian nations. Appointed a committee of five (David Barrow, Ambrose Dudley, John Price, A. Eastin, and G. Smith), to hear and determine on the call of any minister; and if satisfied therewith, to give them credentials for that purpose, to set subscriptions on foot, to receive collections for the use of the mission. The churches are advised to encourage subscriptions for this pur-

pose, to be lodged with their deacons, subject to the order of the Committee."

We close this part of the subject by the following enactment of the Mississippi Association, at its organization in 1808.

1. It shall be the business of this Association to provide for the general union of the churches.

2. To keep up a friendly correspondence, when convenient, with those Associations of the same faith and order.

3. This Association shall have no power to lord it over God's heritage, nor infringe upon any of the internal rights of the churches.

4. It shall be the duty of this Association to give the churches the best advice in its power in difficult matters; to inquire into any difficulties which may exist between sister churches, and remove them, if possible.

5. To admit any of the brethren in the ministry assistants, but not to give them the privilege of voting.

6. This Association shall have power to withdraw from any church in the union which may be unsound in principle, or immoral in practice, until reclaimed.

7. To appoint any person or persons, by and with their consent, to transact any business which the Association may deem necessary.

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#### CHAP. X.—CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

In giving the usages of Baptists in regard to the discipline of members and ministers, we do not know where we can find a clearer or more comprehensive exhibition of what the scriptures enjoin, and of what Baptist Churches follow, than the following circular letter. It was written by D. Cooper, and is found in the Minutes of the Mississippi Association of 1800, page 17.

For the better understanding of the mind of Christ on this subject, we shall observe, in the first place, that the object of church censures, in whatever degree it may be necessary to use them, is not the destruction, but the salvation of the unfortunate transgressor. Therefore, whether we exhort, admonish, reprove, or proceed to the high censure of excommunication, still our object should be the destruction or mortification of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord.

But it is lamentable that professors of religion are not always influenced by this principle. We may vent our spite and gratify

secret revenge on a brother that has gone astray, and that under the specious appearance of religion, and zeal for the Lord of Hosts. But let that man tremble, who would thus pervert and prostitute sacred things to the gratification of a base, malicious passion.

Let him recollect, that his hypocrisy and malice will be detected when he shall stand before the Judge of quick and dead.

Secondly, we shall inquire whether the gospel requires private labors to be used in cases of public transgression.

It has been the prevailing opinion that private offences require private labors; but where the offence is public, the offender should be immediately cited to appear at the bar of the church, and that no previous steps were necessary.

But however general this opinion may have been, it is not according to the rule of the gospel, which, we trust, will clearly appear from the following observations, wherein we shall endeavor to prove that private labors should be used in all cases of public offence, except where the sin is of so heinous and flagrant a nature that the honor of religion would require the offender to be immediately excommunicated. For we have already observed, that the great object of the church should be to reclaim the offender. Therefore, those means should be most certainly adopted which are the best calculated to answer the purpose.

Should we go to the offender in the spirit of Christ, tell him his fault, explain to him the nature and consequences of his transgression, and charge the sin upon his conscience, it would be more likely to bring him to repentance, than if he was immediately cited to appear at the bar of the church. Where rash measures are used, there is reason to fear that the heart of the offender, already hardened by sin, would still grow harder, and the sheep that has gone astray would only wander farther into the wilderness. But the good shepherd will pursue the lost sheep into the mountains; and when he has found it, he will not drag it home, nor yet attempt to drive it; but he will lay it on his shoulder, and bring it to the fold again.

Thirdly, we shall examine Matt., 18: 15, 16, 17, on this subject, which is considered as a directory in cases of offenders. "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother; but if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established," &c. There is but one description of private offence to which this rule will properly apply, viz: where the offender does not deny the charge, but pleads not guilty, upon the ground of there being no criminality attached to the action. But where the charge is denied, the rule above will not apply. For it is a principle laid down in the word of God, that no man shall be

condemned until he is proved guilty, and that by the testimony of at least two witnesses. See Dent., 17 : 6, and 19 : 15. One witness shall not rise up against a man for any iniquity or any sin that he sinneth ; at the mouth of two witnesses or at the mouth of three witnesses shall the matter be established. Matt., 18 : 16, and 2 Cor., 13 : 1 : "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." Now, where the offence is of a private nature, if it should be brought into the church, it would be impossible to establish the charge by the testimony required. Therefore, it would be improper in itself, as well as inconsistent with gospel order, to bring it into the church. The direction given by our Saviour is, "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault alone." But should you fail to reclaim him, other steps must be taken ; and should he continue impenitent, he is at last to be brought before the church ; and should he refuse to hear the church, he is to be expelled. Here the labors commence in private, but end in public excommunication. Now, in this case, it appears that the trespass could not have been entirely of a private nature (although private labors are required), because it is to be established in the church, by the testimony of two or three witnesses, which would be impossible unless there were witnesses present ; and if there were witnesses, it could not be a private offence ; therefore, we are obliged to believe that the rule laid down in Matt., 18, as there stated, is only applicable to public offences, which can be supported by proper testimony ; and that it is the duty of the church, in all cases of public transgression, to use private labors, except in the case of the heinous offender, before excepted.

But to make this subject as plain as possible, suppose A and B members of the same church, and of equal respectability. A brings a charge of immorality against B, which charge B denied. A then takes with him C and D to labor with B ; but the charge is still denied, and no satisfaction is obtained. B is now to be brought before the church. This is an illustration of what has been called gospel steps, where, in the first instance, the trespass was of a private nature.

Here we have two members of equal standing ; the one affirms, but the other denies. Now, who is the church to believe, or by what rule will she form a decision ? To censure the accused, would be a violation of the word of God ; for no man shall be condemned but by the testimony of two or three witnesses. As to the helps that were called in, they can prove nothing to the point ; all they can testify is, that a contradiction existed between the two brethren. And as to the testimony of the accuser, it is quite insufficient—the solitary evidence of one man can never be admitted, according to the rule of the divine word. Therefore, the church will be bound, in this case, to acquit or justify the accused member,



the accuser not being able to make good his charge. In this case it is to be understood that there is no collateral or circumstantial evidence by which the charge may be supported.

But what shall be done with the member who brought in the accusation? He must be considered in disorder, and fall under the censure of the church for slandering his brother. (See Deut., 19: 19.) After strict inquisition shall be made, and it shall appear to be a false accusation, then shall it be done unto him as he had thought to have done unto his brother.

But suppose I should see a member of the church commit a sin which merits excommunication, and I go to him, and tell him his fault, and he should deny the fact, what shall I do, there being no witness to establish his guilt? In this case it will be your duty to testify against his wickedness, and endeavor to charge the sin upon his conscience; but should he remain impenitent, you are clear, for you have discharged your duty. His blood shall be upon his own head. And should he continue a member of the church, and presume to partake at the Lord's table, the sin will be at his own door. But is it my duty, under these circumstances, to continue a member of the church, and partake with this disorderly person at the Lord's table? We conceive it to be your duty to continue in the church, and to fill your seat in the house of God, and upon all convenient occasions to partake of the Lord's supper. For the word of God is the rule of your duty, and not the conduct of any man. You ought to remember that you commune with Christ and his church, and not with this disorderly person, whose sins you have borne a faithful testimony against.

Brethren, we recommend to you to be particular in all your decisions in the church; but especially in those touching fellowship. Most cases which will come before you should be decided by a majority; and here you must submit one to another. But in the reception of members, the exclusion of offenders, and the restoration of backsliders, a unanimous voice is truly desirable. When a member is to be received by experience, restored, or excluded, it is necessary the church should first ascertain whether there will be any dissenting voice. This may be done by putting the question in the negative, and should there be an objection in the minds of any, it will be made manifest without the decision of the church, which will always prevent embarrassment, and give an opportunity to inquire after the difficulties, and, if possible, remove them.

Brethren, we shall conclude this letter with a few observations.

In order that you may conduct yourselves with propriety, dignity, and honor, there are two things absolutely necessary.

First, a knowledge of the holy scriptures; and secondly, that you should be influenced by the spirit of Christ.

By a right understanding of the holy scriptures, you will be pre-

served from error, delusion, bigotry, superstition, enthusiasm, &c., and you will grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God, and the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

If you are influenced by the spirit of Christ, it will not only lead you into all truth, but your church meetings will be so many solemn and holy assemblies, where lightness of mind, carnal and vain conversations, contentions, strifes, ganglings, and bitterness of spirit, will not be known among you.

It is by attending to that order and discipline enjoined in the gospel that the church will become as a royal diadem in the hand of her God, and the glory of the whole earth.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL.

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WM. CAREY CRANE,

PRESIDENT SEMPLE BROADDUS COLLEGE, MISS.,

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Is the oldest son of Wm. Crane, Esq., of Baltimore. He was born in Richmond, Va., March 17th, 1816. He was early impressed with deep convictions under the ministry of John Bryce, now of Henderson, Ky., who was then pastor of the first church, Richmond. He was baptized by J. B. Taylor July 27th, 1832, in James River. In 1834 he was licensed to preach by the second church, Richmond. He was then 18 years of age. He prosecuted a double course of classics and mathematics, and a full course of theological study, at Madison, N. Y., before his ordination, which took place in Baltimore, Sept. 28d, 1838, by request of the Calverts St. Baptist Church.

Bro. Crane has been a prominent and useful worker ever since he entered the ministry. In the columns of the New York Baptist Register, Religious Herald, Southern Literary Messenger, Christian Index, South Western Baptist, and Christian Repository, are to be found the numerous and able productions of his classical pen. He has also published several works of ability, among which is a volume of "Literary Discourses," of 127 pages.

Bro. Crane is an able, active, and useful man. His sermon, before the Southern Convention in Louisville, will be found in this number.

S. H. F.

## THE TRUE AND STRONG MAN.

THE man who smiles at the boasts of modern science, and turns with a sigh from bottled-up lightning in Leyden jars to listen with the Indian to the voices of the Great Spirit, in the mustering of hostile clouds or music of the winds—that man will be stared at as a dreamer, a fanatic, a relict of the stupid past.

Science and selfish Mammon have waged an almost successful warfare on everything spiritual and super-natural. What is *seen*, and not what is *felt*; what is *done*, and not what is *enjoyed*; what can be made to *appear*, and not what really and truly *is*; the effect at *present*, and not the future, eternal results, engross and control the leaders and the masses of mankind. Expediency and policy have usurped the place of *right* and *truth*, and there is, at this moment, in the so-called Christendom, less of faith in the eternal presidency of Jehovah, and more reliance in machinery and Jesuitical scheming, that ever characterized or cursed humanity. Not only in the commercial world, with its panics, and spasms, and exposures of villainy and swindling, can the evidence of hollowness and faithlessness be traced, but in the superstructures of “Charitable Institutions,” “Evangelical Alliances,” “Christian Unions,” stupendous “Missionary Schemes,” etc., going up on the breath of eloquent speeches, like beautiful soap-bubbles, and these turning suddenly into *suds*.

This is an age of fact, not of faith. The principle that *God is here* in his presence, his promises, his power, seems almost banished from the earth. Men work on, trusting to their machinery, and hollow untruths, piling, like the giants, mountain upon mountain, till the finger of God tumbles them and their schemes into weltering ruin.

*A man of faith is a man of strength.* Above him is the sheltering wings of the Everlasting, shedding dews of blessing on his sheltered heart. That hand, which founded the rock-built earth, that eye, whose radiance lights up the universe—that hand supports him, that eye is on him, smiling deeply down with eternal kindness.

“My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart shall trust in thee.”

This is faith—sublime trust in the Unseen. The stars may fall, like blasted figs, from heaven ; the earth may rock, the skies in smoke decay, but Thou remainest, and thy word will not fail.

The man who has this faith in God ; who, from the depths of his soul, trusts him ; who *knows* GOD REIGNS—that is the *strong man*. “O Lord God, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.” What, to him, are the momentary triumphs, the petty arts, the contemptible machinations of those whose faith is in management, and trickery, and sham, and villainy. “The Lord shall laugh at them ; they shall be utterly confounded, and put to shame.”

“The Christian theory of work can be expressed in a few words, yet its full exposition and illustration were one of the most sublime pages in sacred poetry. ‘Faith that worketh by love,’ it is all here. The basis is faith ; we need scarce say it must lie at the root of all action ; whatever truth the age may have forgotten, there is one truth which has been uttered in strains of eloquence, so earnest and overpowering, that it bids fair to be for some time remembered ; that a man or nation is mighty in work, precisely as he or it believes. Give a people faith, and though its tribes lie scattered and powerless over its desert domain, like the dismembered limbs of a giant, it will gather itself together, and arise and stride forth along the shaking earth, till every nation trembles at the name of Islam ; give a man faith, and though his heart be narrow and his brain confined, and what he believes an absurdity and dream, he will pass by hundreds of abler men who occasionally doubt, and, trampling them in their gore, will control a fiery nation, and reign in terror, till the name of Robespierre is a trembling and abhorrence over the whole earth. But, if all belief is powerful in action, if even belief in an idea make a man resistless, of what nature will that work be, whose hidden root only is faith, but all whose bloom and outgoing is love ? And thus it is in Christianity. We enter not at all upon discussion of the nature of saving faith ; but this is, at least and beyond doubt, implied in it, that the believer is certain that God loves him, that in Christ

He is his reconciled Father. For one moment ponder this thought. The man has *faith* that God loves him; with all the emphasis of that strongest of human words, he lays it to his heart that an affection is in the bosom of the Eternal for him. What will be the instant result, by all we know even of fallen man? 'We suspect it is not possible for a human heart altogether to resist the attraction even of human love; the blind and selfish affection of passion which impiously arrogates the name may be scorned and hated, but deep, unselfish, spiritual love cannot surely be known to exist toward us in any bosom, without awakening some responsive thrill.'

The man without faith is a coward. His reliance is on machinery. "His feet are on the sand-hills," and he feels, ever and anon, the ground beneath him giving way. His props, his management, his false, show, may support him awhile, but his refuge will shake, and he will be crushed beneath the superstructure he has reared.

S. H. F.

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### UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

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"RELY upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned upon his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer at times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad; I acknowledge, but the more you groan the poorer you are.

"Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, "Here is something which you have got to learn." Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.

"Aye," cried Sammy, "you may say that, and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can

learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at logger-heads, and can't, for their lives, tell what has become of the hard money."

"Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not got these hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky-box with bills to pay for a yearling, or a wheat fan; and when the women used thorns for pins, laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things:

"First. That you have saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you give your dollar for a 'nothin', when you might have laid one-half aside for charity, and one-half for a rainy day.

"Second. That you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a larger shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed a shadow, and been decoyed into a bog.

"Thirdly. That you have gone in too much haste to be rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

"Fourthly. That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid that the younger race of working-men in America have a notion that nobody will go to ruin this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, and we have become presumptuous.

"Fifthly. That you have not been thankful enough to God for his benefits in past times.

"Sixthly. That you may be thankful our lot is not worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or wars, or tyranny, or all together.

"And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away on the forge bellows.

## COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

“ALL my springs are in thee,” said David. If thou hast all thy springs in God, thy heart will be full enough. If thou dost go to the foot of Calvary, there will thy heart be bathed in love and gratitude. If thou dost frequent the vale of retirement, and there talk with thy God, it is there that thy heart shall be full of calm resolve. If thou goest out with thy Master to the hill of Olivet, and dost with him look down upon a wicked Jerusalem, and weep over it with him, then will thy heart be full of love for never-dying souls. If thou dost continually draw thine impulse, thy life, the whole of thy being from the Holy Spirit, without whom thou canst do nothing, and if thou dost live in close communion with Christ, there will be no fear of thy having a dry heart. He who lives without prayer—he who lives with little prayer—he who seldom reads the Word—he who seldom looks up to heaven for a fresh influence from on high—he will be the man whose heart will become dry and barren; but he who calls in secret on his God—who spends much time in holy retirement—who delights to meditate on the words of the Most High—whose soul is given up to Christ—who delights in his fullness, rejoices in his all-sufficiency, prays for his second coming, and delights in the thought of his glorious advent—such a man, I say, must have an overflowing heart; and as his heart is, such will his life be. It will be a full life; it will be a life that will speak from the sepulchre, and wake the echoes of the future.—*Spurgeon.*

GRATITUDE.—The eastern proverb which declares that there are no ungrateful children, is nearer the truth than it appears. It is but another version of the Biblical maxim—“Train up your children in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it.” The parent who does really train up a child in the way he should go is the parent who truly deserves the gratitude of his child, and he is the only parent who can hope to receive it in full measure.

## MAN'S IMMORTAL MISSION.

## A Sermon.

BY WM. CAREY CRANE, PRES. SEMPLE BROADDUS COLLEGE.

"After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also," etc.—Luke, 10 : 1-20.

EVERY great purpose has originated with great minds. Large hearts and capacious intellects only can take within their grasp great and ennobling objects. For the finite and the human, the finite and human are adequate, perfectly adequate—such is the unvarying law of physical sequency. But for the infinite and the divine, the infinite and the divine are needed. Man can do his own work. The powers bestowed upon him are his warrant of success. He cannot do God's work, for God alone can perform the infinite and eternal. The great work of redemption, in which man is employed as a subordinate agent, is a God-like design; a divine idea; a breath of celestial glory; an impulse of Eternal energy. The Eternal Sovereign has, in his own infinite counsel, chosen his own work, and to man he has allotted his work too. And what a noble work!

The brow of night is gemmed all over with stars. The system of planets glitter in its borrowed splendor; all radiate their light around a common center. The horizon of humanity glows with the fires of millions of intellects, myriads of souls—all radiate their light from a common center of light and divine energy. Humanity would be purposeless and heaven finite without that common center of life, light, and truth. Thus, as no stray waif upon a heaving ocean billow, but as a fixed agent, in a great and glorious plan, man has been selected by the Infinite to co-operate with him in an immortal work. That there is so much in this divine design which we do not comprehend, is no reason why we should not embrace it. All life is an enigma, and eternity is no less inscrutable. It is not, however, with speculation that the Christian has to do. His is a life of action, not of theory. Philosophy—that erratic teacher—may lead him astray. With boundless ambition to circumvent all human knowledge, it may essay to guide him to truth; but, alas! how vain the effort. But it is the gospel which either dissipates or dwarfs his theory, and teaches the realities of life and the prospects of eternity. No where else can man—Christian man—learn his immortal mission, and hence I shall, on this occasion, speak of *Man's Immortal Mission* as a theme of gracious, gospel import.

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The commission of the ascending Master, no less than the language of the text, argue the character of that mission. Let us, *first*, attend to the teachings of the text; *second*, Man's history; *third*, Man's misconceptions as to his own mission; *fourth*, Man's true mission, and what responsibilities it imposes; *fifth*, The mode and time of its completion.

I. *The teachings of the text.*

At the time when our blessed Lord sent out the seventy, by two and two, he was preparing to follow them in the last circuit which he made through Galilee, being within the last six months of his abode upon earth. "He sent out the seventy by pairs." The little district of Galilee was then parcelled out into thirty-five subdivisions; and thereby the labor and danger were diminished by being equalized. Besides, each missionary was thus provided with a known and tried friend, embarked in the same cause with himself, whose conversation would relieve the tediousness of the way, mutual confidence would be inspired to the discharge of their important trust, and credit would be secured to a message delivered under the concurring testimony of two witnesses. "Our Lord fairly and faithfully warned the seventy of the difficulty and danger of the charge which they were undertaking. He cautioned his missionaries against an over-curious and minute regard to accommodation preparatory to entering on their mission, and while employed in executing the business of it. The apostle to the Philippians has taught this lesson likewise: "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere, and in all things. I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need," Philippians, 4: 11, 12. Our Lord recommends to the disciples undivided, undeviating attention to what was specially committed to them: "Salute no man by the way." The salutations of the East were, and are, formal, tedious, and ceremonious; and custom sanctioned them so far, as to suspend and to interrupt the most serious and necessary business. It became needful, therefore, on urgent occasions, to dispense with the customary laws of decorum. "The King's business requires haste." When a dark world is to be enlightened; when the dead in trespasses and sins are to be quickened to "newness of life," let the servant of Christ give his whole heart to it. "Let the dead bury their dead."

Our Lord instructed the seventy how and in what manner they were to work; they were to heal the sick, and to announce the immediate approach of the kingdom of God. They were a "voice crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God," Isa., 11: 3. A

finger pointing out, a tongue proclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

Our blessed Lord encourages his disciples with the assurance that he should consider the reception which they met with as given to himself. "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me," Luke, 10 : 16.

And lastly—Our Lord instructs his disciples to keep their hearts with all diligence from the emotions of self-gratulation and complacency in the hour of success. It was to proclaim the gospel that these missionaries were sent out—"the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation."

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,  
The God, who first the day-beam poured,  
Uttered again his fiat forth,  
And shed the gospel's light abroad;  
And like the dawn, its cheering rays  
On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,  
In lowly cot and lordly hall."

## II. *Man's history.*

The polished pen which records the philosophical history of a great idea; the rise of a great name; the origin and progress of a great world's wonder, is not recorded to develope man's history. Little could Robinson, Mitford, Macaulay, or Bancroft do, in comparison with the pen of inspiration. That pen has traced out man's origin and history. It records a great drama, long since begun, long since enacting, long since finished, in several acts, and still incomplete. Earth is the stage, and man the actor. It opens with a world formless and void. It advances with the alternation of night and day, the establishment of a greater light for the day, and lesser lights for the night. Before the eye of faith there rises the cattle on a thousand hills; the feathered warblers cutting with airy wing the circumambient space; the huge monsters of the deep and the infinitesimal mote, which amalgamate with the rushing streams or foaming cataracts. Mountains raise themselves in terrific grandeur; valleys recede away into distance. The tree of Paradise and the golden-tinted glories of a million opening flowers beautify and adorn the scenes of that first view of the lower world. The first voice which breaks upon the awful silence of a created world proclaims a majestic command, from which there flows a blazing miracle of Almighty power—"Let there be light!"

"Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar  
Stood ruled—stood vast infinitude confined—  
Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung."

And then this world, thus beautified, adorned, and glowing with its useful agents, was surveyed by that sleepless eye, which has watched over it ever since with unflagging diligence. Earth stood out to view, all but perfect. Still the crowing act of creation was to be made. Again the silence of the new-created world is broken in upon. The voice of Eternity proclaims, "Let us make man!" Stooping from his lofty throne, his omnipotent hand grasps the dust, and from that plastic hand earth comes forth framed in the divine image, and named after the humble substance from which he was created—*Adam*. And yet man was no higher in anointed orders than the beasts of the field, until God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

This is the first act in the drama. Behold him, in a blissful Eden, alone, enjoying the glory and grandeur of the new creation, unscathed by the lightning blasts of sin. View him as he stands by the partner Eve, whom a wonder-working Creator has produced from his own side in his sleeping moments. The picture of human bliss would seem to have been full. Until this hour man was innocent. With upturned face he could gaze on all created things and dread no evil. Retribution had found no place in his mind. A judgment to come formed no part of his creed. If there was a heaven, man had indulged in no longing desires for it; if there were a hell, he had not learned that it had another purpose than to be the prison-house of fallen angels, and even of these he had, as yet, no knowledge.

Here the curtain falls upon the close of the first act in the drama of humanity. Time wears on. The second act opens.

"O happy pair!  
Lords of fair Eden's blooming range, where Earth,  
Benignant parent, from her verdant lap  
Spontaneous poured immortal sweets, and gave  
Whate'er could minister delight! Too soon,  
Alas! this scene was closed; behold them now,  
So lately rich in happiness, and blessed with  
Converse of the Living God, o'erwhelmed  
In misery, and tortured by the stings  
Of conscious guilt."

And now the temptation commences. That train of ills opened its flow of misery on earth which has streamed through all the courses of our fallen and corrupt humanity, in every age, and upon every acre of man's earthly heritage. But the seducer came with his baleful temptation. And

"Her rash hand, in evil hour,  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate!  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
That all was lost!"

The doom of sin, the guilt confessed, the expulsion, the flaming sword of the angelic guardsman are seen, and then the curtain falls upon the second drama of humanity.

The dispensation of toil (by the sweat of his brow), commences with man. The third act in the great drama opens. With the toil of the sad hour commences the wickedness of the race—a sinfulness so extreme as to induce the great Creator to overwhelm, in one general ruin, all his animate creation, save one just man and his family. That deluge passed, and earth again swarming with its teeming millions, there follows a succession of wise provisions, for man's government and guidance, in the persons and authority of patriarchs, judges, kings, and prophets—each presenting some measure of the divine glory; each, in some way, typifying the Shiloh expected; each anticipating the great Messiah. In every stage of his being he illustrates his depravity. All are gone astray; none do good—no, not one. Gilead's balm is not seen; her physician is not recognized. With sin comes misery—twin sisters.

“Troops of unknown diseases, sorrow, age,  
And death, assail him with successive rage;  
Hell let forth all her furies; none so great  
As man to man, ambition, pride, deceit;  
Wrong armed with power, lust, rapine, slaughter reigned,  
And flattered vice the name of virtue gained.”

Thus humanity develops all its corruption until the very period when earth groans under the weight of the vile mass of corruption and woe. The loathsome carcass of sin, requiring no microscope to descry the million active agents of decay which revel in wantonness upon its body, cries aloud to heaven for a purifying salt—some remedial agency to save from hopeless destruction.

The curtain again falls, and such a scene is beheld as was never seen before. Prophets had foretold it, but prophets were disbelieved. It is no idle spectacle. Man, like a dismasted ship, without rudder or helmsman, had drifted so far from the shores of truth and holiness, that none but an Almighty hand could guide him back and teach him his true mission. Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us. He was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall he appear the second time, without sin unto salvation.

“Upon the Cross he hung, and bowed the head  
And prayed for them that smote, and them that carst;  
And drop by drop his slow life-blood was shed,  
And his last hour of suffering was his worst.”

In this awful scene man's vision was purified.

### III. *Man's misconceptions as to his own mission.*

“Night must come to reveal the stars,” says the author of *Christ in History*. “The beacon shines brightest in the fiercest storms.

Love is most intensely beautiful amid long watchings and agonies. And so best is the glory of God revealed in the poverty, lowliness, and suffering of Christ." "Even on the Cross, marred and dying, there is a grandeur in the person of the man Jesus Christ for which the presence of the indwelling Divinity alone can account." When the mirror Christ was held up to humanity, man, for the first time, sees himself as God always sees him. "Man," says the celebrated Jean Paul Richter, in one of his flights bordering on the infinite, "is the Isis-veil of the Divinity." "Ye are the temple of the Living God," is the language of the apostles to the Gentiles. Christ came. Man learned, that to be a shepherd only, like Abraham or Job; the father of the faithful, presented in one the most patient of all mortal beings; in the other, to his mission. Shepherd kings passed away. Artificers, skillful in brass and iron, like Tubal Cain, next essayed to evince their marvellous workmanship. Genius shone out in resplendent blazes, and still man had not learned his true occupation. Next succeeds nations of merchants. Man yields himself to the spirit of commerce. Tyre and Sidon, Carthage and Rome, witness scenes which former times had never known. The shamble and the bazaar, the stall and the costly warehouse, full of the rich freights forwarded from every region, are crowded by the gay and the great, the noble and the ignoble, and earth is full of corruption and vice.

And now the era of planters commence. Ere since man was condemned to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow, the earth has been taxed to bring forth its products for man's sustenance. Toil and trial strain every nerve, and tax every power to enable man to enjoy the sweets of life. Gaze upon that inspiring scene. Far away on that mountain's side, behold that patriarchal form bending on his shepherd's crook. See him scan, with benignant glance, the vast herds before you. Around him stand his companion, his sons, and his daughters. His word is law; his will paramount; and yet that law and will are conformed to the theocratic form of the divine government. Look again. Near that dashing brook, which is hurrying its wild waste of waters by you, there looms up to your vision the aspiring tower emitting its sulphurous smoke, and obscuring the clear light of day. The director of that stupendous pile has forgotten the one God, and along with the thirty thousand gods of Greece and Rome especially, worshiped the god Vulcan. Then, farther on, at the foot of the mountain slope, and by the deep basin of that meandering river, see you not that crowded mass of buildings?—hear you not the din which pervades its vicinity, and perceive you not those countless beings who are hurrying hither and thither in eager haste to snatch from each other's grasp escaping wealth? And what must be your amazement to learn that *Plutus* is their only God, and the

one true and living God of heaven and earth is not in all their thoughts. And, in that crowded city, gathered around that vast forum, a mighty multitude seemed swayed by torrents of contending passions. Like the swaying grass breathed upon by gentle zephyrs, or bound together by the tornado blast, that crowd seems under some overpowering impulse. But there stands Demosthenes, arousing by stirring tones and magic words a whole nation to arise for mortal conflict. Man thinks, now, oratory is his destined aim and business. But lo! on that tented field, red with human gore, moistened by the streams of blood which yesterday's contest has brought from that huge mass of living beings, there is raised the Roman Eagle, and great Julius Cæsar is a human God of millions. Humanity shudders when these scenes close; when trade and toil, eloquence and conflict, battle and blood succeed one another—all evincing how little man has yet conceived of his true mission. Nation is now to learn war no more; the sword is to turn to ploughshares; the spear to be beaten into pruning hooks. A new era is to dawn upon the world. Human and divine agencies are to blend to secure man's happiness and God's glory. "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Messiah comes! ye rugged paths, be plain;  
The Shiloh comes! ye towering cedars, bend;  
Swell forth, ye valleys; and ye rocks, descend;  
The withered branch let balmy fruit adorn,  
And clustering roses twine the leafless thorn;  
Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell,  
The God of Peace redeems his Israel."

He, who is supposed Virgil referred to, of whom Factus made allusion, and Suetonius speaks, when he says, "that it was fated there was to issue, at this time, those who should obtain universal dominion," was to come. Surrounded by terrific masses of corruption, Christianity emerges from this pestilent carcass, and commences to shed its rays of a diviner light upon mankind. And, even overcoming Paganism, it is threatened to be engulfed by Romanism. It rises superior to all. Even the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope, was, in the Dark Ages, productive of far more good than evil. Its effect was to unite the nations of Western Europe in one great Commonwealth. What the Olympian chariot course and the Pythian oracle were to all Greek cities, from Trebizond to Marseilles, Rome and her Bishop were to all Christians of the Latin Communion, from Calabria to the Hebrides. Thus grew up sentiments of enlarged benevolence. But the clearer light, which was shed upon man's pathway to prove him worthy of a holy mission, came from lips which uttered, "God so loved the

world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

" In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime."

#### IV. *Man's true mission, and the responsibilities it imposes.*

If man, thus far, had a false view of his mission, from Christ he has learned his true mission. Created a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor, he still had learned little of the great laws which the gospel is designed to unfold. Hence, from the Saviour's teachings, he learned that his mission was not earth-born, involving petty affairs; nor finite, ending with his days; nor worldly, concerning only this terrene sphere; but heaven-like, looking to the same ends; infinite, boundless in its scope and range, and eternal, destined to know no termination of its influence. Alexander had wept over prospects blasted because of no other anticipated conquests; Cæsar had tyrannized over human rights; Tamurlane had evinced the power of insatiate ambition. All had developed the great doctrines of divine truth, that man is depraved by nature; that all have gone astray, and that recovery is impossible without a mediator. It was the glorified humanity of our blessed Lord which taught man his first great lesson. It was the lesson of universal love, involving infinite benevolence and undying exertions on earth. Sublimity has seated itself upon the lips of many an orator; it has engirdled many an action which has amazed and subdued humanity; it has spanned many a type of earthly magnificence, which has jutted out from beatling crag or thundering waterfall; but never was sublimity so exhibited or taught, as when the ascending Master of heaven and earth said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Apostles caught the fire of celestial love; martyr men and women felt it, and, dying, testified to it. Bishops of God's true church, and deacons exercised in spiritual things, and attending to the necessities of saints; Reformers like Luther and Zuniglius, Jerome of Prague, and John Huss; missionaries hurrying with seraphic love, and fired to communicate it to others; missionaries, like Xavier and Martyn, Carey and Bridgman, Judson and Bingham, Vinton and Bowen—all, all inspired with the same impulses, bent forward to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them." Venerable Confucianism, savage Buddhism, licentious Mohammedanism, many-headed; many-tongued Paganism present their fearful forms, their awful shadows, beneath which are men reeking in blood, with mangled limbs; women ex-

piring upon funereal piles, or taxed beyond endurance in the toiling fields, and children gasping for life because not born boys, or thrown to the river monsters because of the deep-seated power of Paganism upon the mother's head. All these are destined to fall forever. Oh, humanity! humanity! how great was that need which brought a wonderful Saviour to our world; how deep that misery which induced him to come so far; how wretched that despair which required the light of so divine a hope! For nineteen centuries man has been learning his mission and fulfilling it. What has he not learned? His mission is to be a Christian. In this is involved the duty to be heaven-like—Christ-like. From this duty there arises the obligation to employ all his powers of learning, oratory, art, and wealth, to promote the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. If a Christian, how can man help it? All his wealth must be consecrated to holy deeds; all his influence exerted for ~~sacred objects~~; all his intellect directed to God's glory. He may not go to the heathen himself, yet may he send his representative to a heathen shore. It is no less his duty to go to the heathen, to preach the gospel, to point the idolater to heaven and Jesus, than it is the duty of Gaillard and Priest, Cabaniss and Burton. Should he not go, his money must go. His prayers must ascend. And thus, and thus only, can he free himself from a missionary's obligation without performing a missionary's work. But he need not grasp a telescope to spy out nations fourteen thousand miles distant. The heathen are at his doors; they are all around us, and it is the duty of our Southern Zion not to neglect our own families and plantations; our own villages and neighborhoods; nor fail to circulate God's holy word among them while we aim to do our duty to the far-off inhabitants of the flowery land of China, or the depraved sons of Ham in Africa. The aborigines of our great country and the sons of Ham are still among us, in a great measure unconverted. Never were there stronger motives for Christians, and especially Southern Christians, to exert themselves. Oh, let us be up and doing! "Let the dead bury their dead." Let all questions pass from our sight, which jeopard not our salvation, until this one is settled, that all our race shall hear the gospel's glorious sound. The morning drum-beat of the sons of glory is now heard through earth's circling hours. The watchmen on the mountain-top are calling to the dwellers in the valley to rally together around Immanuel's standard, and make one more strong, bold, unfaltering stroke for victory and immortality. To co-operate with Christ is our mission; to carry out his commission, preach the gospel to every creature, is our mission; give the bread of life to the millions starving for spiritual food is our mission; to dry up widows' tears and point the orphan to the heavenly Father is our mission; to will and to do of God's good pleasure is



our mission. Thus we enjoy the highest honors of an immortal birth—co-operation with Christ.

V. *The mode and time of its completion.*

Our mission must end. The plenipotentiaries of earth complete their mission with one Presidential term. Individually, we complete ours when life's labor is done, and death owns us as his victim. As Christian's parts of a long race, undying in our character, undying in our affection, undying in our purposes, our work will not be done until the last of the sacramental hosts of God's elect shall be redeemed. The last vestige of Romanism, Paganism, infidelity and sin shall be blotted out. The last plague-spot of vileness shall be wiped up, and the angel of the covenant, upon poised wing, hovering over the ruins of a world once desolated by sin, now destroyed by the fires of the last dread day, shall witness the convey of the last soul, saved from the ruins of earth, bound to the throne of the great "*I Am.*" The last groan will have been heard, the last battle fought, the last crime committed and expected. The tomb of sin, earth, may still revolve on its axis around the sun a witness of the awful majesty of a just and merciful God.

Men, brethren and fathers, what fearful responsibilities are not upon us! Assembled to register no ecclesiastical dicta, we have come for a nobler purpose—to co-operate with all the benevolent, philanthropic, Christ-loving sons of God, in extending the area of Christianity, and diminishing the confines of sin. Our leaders and companions die, but their work is left to us as an inheritance, which we are to improve and complete. Our fathers! where are they? Their mission is ended. Junior brethren in ministry and fellow-members of the Church of Christ, soon it will devolve on us to fill the places of our fathers who are passing away. Are we alive to our duty? Have we studied its solemn import? Do we realize how much land there is to be possessed?

I see up yonder, Faith's eye beholds it, a crown; it glitters with spangling rays of sunlight; the sunlight glories of a Saviour's righteousness. I see it, as it fills the Imperial Lord's sacred and mangled hands; and now it is laid upon a humble missionary's brow. And there, there is another, which just settles upon the head of a widow, who has given her two mites to have Christ's gospel preached. Oh, how the heart yearns towards that scene! We, brethren, shall be wearers of those crowns, if, having learned our mission, we shall be faithful to fulfill it.

"How beauteous are the feet of those who bear  
 Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!  
 Far from the mountain's top they lovelier seem  
 Than moonlight dews or morning's rosy beam;  
 Sweeter the voice than spell or hymning sphere,  
 And listening angels hush their harps to hear."

## DOCTRINAL TRACTS.—NO. V.

## ADOPTION.

BY REV. THOMAS USTIOK.

THE adoption of a person into a family imports, that previous to that transaction he did not bear the relation of a child in that family, and therefore could have no claim to the distinguishing name, peculiar titles, proper estates, or special interests of the family. He may, indeed, be an alien, or an enemy, and yet become an adopted son. Because the act, which constitutes him a son in a law sense, entirely depends upon the will of the adopter. Spiritual adoption may be defined as the sovereign or authoritative act of God's grace, by which persons are translated from the family of Satan into the family of God; and being put among the children, are justly entitled to all the privileges of a divine and everlasting inheritance.

When we consider that it is said of God, "that he calleth those things which be not as though they were," we shall readily perceive that the decree of adoption has its date in eternity; but the manifestation or execution of the decree in time, at different periods, with respect to individuals, by the spirit of adoption; and at the consummation of time, with respect to the collective mystical body of Christ, by the resurrection. This distinction is purely scriptural. The decree, moving cause, and end, are all comprehended in Eph., 1 : 5: "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved." For as persons may be elected to offices before they are qualified or invested with power to execute the office, so in the family of God, persons are really elected to the state and privilege of sons from eternity. Hence for the accomplishment of this decree we read, Gal., 4 : 4, 5, "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." Accordingly, in their conversion they are recognized by Jehovah as sons and daughters, John, 1 : 12, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Lastly, the perfect manifestation or consummation of this glorious grace is mentioned, Rom., 8 : 23: "Waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body."

Justification and adoption are law phrases. They both have reference to our former condition, and are each in different respects expressive of the important blessings of salvation. No single

term could answer the end of fully expressing the nature of our salvation. Different phrases, therefore, are used to help our conceptions of those blessings, which are ineffable, and for the perfect knowledge of which we must wait until their consummation in glory.

Justification is a great blessing, but adoption is greater. Justification is the constituting or making a person righteous in the eye of the law; delivering him from every charge of guilt, or obnoxiousness to punishment, and furnishing him with an active righteousness commensurate to its utmost demands. A justified person, then, is no longer under condemnation; no longer liable to endure the curse of the law, or the wrath of God. "For we are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ." Thus our progenitors, whilst innocent, were free from every charge of guilt. Wherefore, simply to be justified would be only recovering us from the ruins of the apostacy, and reinstating man in his former dominion, holiness and happiness. This would be grace. It would be free, unmerited grace; and, admitting it to be confirmed, would be infinitely valuable. But who does not see that the price of our redemption is too precious to be expended in this way, and for no greater end! Here, then, comes in the necessity of the superlative grace of adoption, which is necessary to render our state better than it was before—necessary to raise us above the condition of servants, and to enlarge the expressions of the infinite kindness of God towards the elect; and especially necessary to reward, in an ample and satisfactory manner, the beloved Son of God for the arduous work of our redemption. The persons for whom Christ died were the objects of his delight from eternity. He could not, therefore, have been satisfied that they should be eternally removed from his presence. Observe his own declaration, John, 17: 24: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Since, then, by justification we can look back with joy upon the dangers of sin, death, and hell, from which we have escaped, so by adoption we are permitted to look upwards to a state of exalted, permanent, and unalloyed bliss, to which we have an indefeasible right as the sons of God and the bride of Christ.

Adoption may be distinguished likewise from regeneration. By the former we are brought into the relation of children to God; and by the latter we receive the nature, likeness, and image of God. Besides, as we can have no idea of regeneration in a subject, who has not received the filial nature, so we can have no finished idea of adoption in one who has not received the filial spirit. There is that temper or spirit in true believers, which leads them to think and act agreeable to the holy nature of God, and correspondent to the exalted character and dignified relation which they

sustain as the children of God. This principle is not natural to man, but is the fruit of the Spirit of God. It is said of the wicked, "that the spirit of disobedience worketh in their hearts." Their condition is servile. The spirit of bondage exercises their minds and governs their conduct. On the other hand, the sons of God are led to action by the spirit of adoption, who moulds and tempers their minds after a divine manner into the image of Christ, 2 Cor., 3 : 18. Hence they are not impelled by the fears of a slave, but are drawn by the cords of love. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father," Rom., 8 : 15. The Spirit of God, as a spirit of love and obedience to the Father, engaged the immaculate Redeemer, in the actions of his life and sufferings of death, to fulfill all righteousness. This spirit God giveth not unto him by measure, John, 3 : 34. And we, agreeably to his promise, receive the same holy unction in our measure. "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father," Gal., 4 : 6. This Spirit is in all the regenerate sons of God. "For every one that loveth is born of God," 1 John, 4 : 7. This love appears to be genuine, when its operations are unconfined and universally extended to all the members of the family of God. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," John, 13 : 35. Having this Spirit in measure, we shall be able to support the relations which we sustain in the heavenly family; as the Sons of God, brethren of Christ, and joint-heirs of the same eternal inheritance, with dignity and delight, in this present life. But when all the sons and daughters of Jehovah have their adoption consummated in a glorious resurrection, they shall then enjoy this Spirit in perfection, as one glorious bride adorned for her husband.

When persons are removed from one family to another by this act of liberality, it is generally supposed that they make a gainful exchange. Without this prospect, no one would consent to this translation. And, although the consent of the person cannot be obtained, because of non-age, or some other impediment, yet the Author of adoption always concludes that he confers an obligation. And in spiritual adoption the subjects are invariably convinced that the grace is unspeakably great. Wherefore they can never return to the family of Satan, or heartily espouse the interests of sin. For these realize the truth of that divine declaration, 1 Tim., 4 : 8 : "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Many would esteem it a great privilege to be translated from a poor family into one that is rich; but to be saved by this means from impending ruin, from immediate death, must inexpressibly

enhance the value of the blessing. Though some might be inclined to despise the idea of dependence, which a change of family implies, yet, we conclude, that none would refuse the favor, if death must inevitably follow their refusal. Such was the situation of Moses, according to the narration in chapter second of Exodus. His life was most imminently exposed to destruction, and he must have perished, had not God interposed by his providence for his deliverance. Happy for Moses! happy for the tribes of Israel! that by the disposal of providence he fell into the hands of one whose heart was made susceptible of the tender feelings of humanity, and who had it in her power to spare his life, notwithstanding the cruel edict of the Egyptian king. The adoption of Moses into the royal family, and the preservation of his life, were closely connected. For by this act she not only gave him a new name—Moses—because, says she, “I drew him out of the water,” and made ample provision for his support and royal education, but she also gave him his life; she rescued him from a double death—from perishing in the waters, and from the sword of barbarous jealousy.

How exactly parallel does this history run with the adoption of sinners into the family of God, who were justly exposed to both the first and second death. He, who is author of all compassion, stretched out his omnipotent arm for their deliverance; and with infinite benevolence says of every subject of redemption, “Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom,” Job, 33 : 24. Thus sparing them as his own children, and even delivering to justice, in the sinner’s room, his only begotten Son, that he might place them in the condition of children, and bring them to the inheritance of everlasting glory. “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,” John, 3 : 16.

In this glorious grace, God appears as our father, and we as his children. Respecting this relation, we can have no knowledge until we are the “children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.” Then we are made to see “what is the fellowship of the mystery, which, from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God,” Eph., 3 : 9. By this powerful grace, we, who are sinners of the Gentiles, are authorized to claim all the privileges of the sons of God; being no longer considered as “strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone,” Eph., 2 : 19, 20, upon whom the weight of the building rests, and in whom both bodies are united. If, therefore, we are Christ’s, then are we Abraham’s seed and heirs according to the promise. Although the author of the Romans remarks, that “to the Israelites pertaineth the adoption,” yet he quickly subjoins, “They which are

the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God; but the children of the promise are counted for the seed." Surely, this privilege is beyond comparison glorious; that we, who formerly were not considered the Lord's people, should now be called the children of the living God. Not by any alteration of Jehovah's plan, but "according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." For our regeneration, knowledge of the gospel, faith and repentance, are not only the effects of a prior, but of an everlasting cause, viz: the love of God. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Behold and be astonished, brethren, at this stupendous grace! "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." We miserable sinners! we presumptuous rebels! we profligate prodigals! we, the avowed enemies of God and godliness, are, by this inestimable grace, denominated "the sons of God." Let the sons of earth boast in their line of famous ancestors; in their near alliance to the great and renowned; yet the pedigree of believers in Jesus is unspeakably more illustrious. Seeing they are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Believers are privileged with peculiar titles and distinguishing names or characters throughout the volume of inspiration; concerning which we cannot now particularly treat, but would rather refer you to that gracious declaration of him that is holy, of him that is true, in Rev., 3: 12: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name."

The privileges which believers enjoy in the militant state of the church are many. If depressed with trials and infirmities, they have a compassionate and almighty Parent to pity and succor them. If, through the remaining power of sin, they wantonly transgress, he can and will chastise them: "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," Heb., 12: 6. Wherefore, "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing," Jer., 10: 24. Should the triple host of darkness, the world, the flesh, and the devil, violently attack the souls of believers, almighty power is engaged for their protection. Whilst, therefore, the ears of our omnipotent and gracious Parent are indulgent to our petitions, and whilst "the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered," we may rest assured, that all things will co-operate for the security of our temporal, spiritual, and eternal interests.

"The precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold," in the present state, are generally "esteemed as earthen pitchers, which men dash in pieces without any regret." The world knoweth us not. Though persecuted with a flood of reproaches and contumely from the mouth of the serpent, the righteous is still more excellent than his neighbor. God delights to honor him. He is, even in this world, indulged with the best company; regaled with the most delicious entertainments; invested with the highest honors, and adorned with a robe of righteousness, beautiful beyond description. They are honored with His gracious visits, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." The dear Redeemer is ever with his church. The holy angels minister to the saints; and their mutual society and conversation is heavenly and spiritual. They unitedly feast upon the emblems of Jesus' body and blood at the table of the Lord, where God manifests his love to their souls. All the special ordinances of the house, all the privileges of the church, which Christ has purchased with his blood, are appropriated to the use of believers. The Christian's inventory is most glorious, and comprehensive of all substantial blessings. "For all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come—all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," 1 Cor., 3 : 21. Thus believers are "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." A few more revolving seasons will translate you, the suffering heirs of glory, "to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."

The relative duties incumbent upon us as members of this family, towards God and each other, are many, and cannot now be particularized. In general, let us regard the apostolic exhortation, Eph., 5 : 1: "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us." Let us constantly approach the throne of grace with humble confidence, and implore divine assistance, that we may be able to support the profession we have made, with that dignity of conduct and holiness of conversation which becomes those who are called to glory and virtue.

Meditate often, brethren, upon that state of permanent bliss which you shall possess in the kingdom of your heavenly Father—happiness which cannot be perceived by sense nor described by language. (See 1 Cor., 2 : 9.) Let us realize, therefore, the obligations conferred upon us in this ineffable blessing of adoption, and acknowledge, forever acknowledge, with unfeigned gratitude, the riches of his goodness.

"Oh goodness infinite! goodness immense!  
And love that passeth knowledge! Words are vain;  
Language is lost in wonders so divine;  
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

# Family Visitant.

## LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

### CHAP. VIII.—ALMOST A CHRISTIAN.

WITH his head resting in his hand, the fingers of which pressed his throbbing temples, a youth sat in the dim twilight of a November evening. He was alone, his room-mate having been requested to leave him to himself for a few hours. His lips were compressed, showing the intensity of his thoughts, and an expression of deep anxiety and painful reflection overspread his rigid features. One hand rested on an open Bible, which lay on the stand beside him, just where the last faint beams of the setting sun struggling through the window lighted the sacred page. The young man uttered a sigh, and lifting his head, turned to the open book. His eye was arrested by that expression of Christ to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." "Must be born again," he repeated, as if unable to master its meaning. "How can these things be?" he again said, in the words of the Ruler of the Jews. "Is this being born again baptism or not? What am I to think about it? If I obey, I shall be saved. I know this, but then what is it to obey? Does this mean outward obedience, or the obedience of the heart? Surely, it must mean the latter, for I read here, 'So is every one that is born of the *Spirit*.' This is what I have always believed, but she"—— And the words died out from his lips. It made him sad to remember what *she* had said.

A revival of religion was in progress in Providence, and it had extended to the pupils of the University, many of whom had been hopefully converted to God, and had put on Christ in baptism. And many others, under poignant conviction for sin, were inquiring the way to Zion; while others were debating in their own minds whether or not they would become Christians.

Of this latter class was William Norton. Raised by a deeply pious mother, he had always felt that religion had claims upon



him, and he had always awarded it the highest respect. But now those claims had become personal. "Son, give me thine heart," was constantly ringing in his ears. He felt that the matter was one which could not longer be neglected. It was of paramount importance, and must not be deferred. But then the question was, "What does God demand?" Is it what Baptists teach—a thorough change of heart—regeneration by the spirit of God? Or is it what the New Lights teach—obedience to the commands of Christ in baptism, and the breaking of bread?

How wary Satan is! When he could not prevent this young man from a serious consideration of the claims of religion upon him, he then perplexed his mind with the question—What is religion? How often the adversary of souls gains the advantage over poor fallen man by mystifying the word of God, so that he cannot understand it. And how necessary, then, that he have the enlightenment and guidance of the Holy Spirit to make plain the scriptures, that "he who runneth may read," and understand, and be made "wise unto salvation." Ah! Satan's treacherous wiles and the carnality of our own hearts, and the temptations of the world,—how hard to escape the one, and overcome the others. Nothing short of the power of God can enable us to come off victor over such a triple league.

As William Norton sat and pondered, his hand resting on the Bible, from whose open pages he now and then caught a sentence, the words of Lydia's letter presented themselves to his mind "obey the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; confess the Saviour, and put him on in baptism, and you have done all that is required of you; you are entitled to heaven, can claim it according to God's own promise." And with the words came the image of her beloved. He thought of her strong devotion to her views, and the wide barrier that must interpose between them if he should follow out the convictions of his heart. Why should he thus mar all their future happiness? Perhaps, after all, *she* was right. The Baptists were very strenuous in their views, and why should God require of a man to do what, unaided, it was impossible for him to do? This was unreasonable.

"Better postpone a decision until some future time," whispered Satan.

"Now is the accepted time," spoke out conscience, loud in her demand.

"If religion is what *she* believes it to be, and why should I doubt it, I know she is sincere, there is time enough yet. When I am through College, and established at the bar, then I can make the good confession and put on Christ in baptism. There will be nothing lost. I am willing to do this now, but there is no one here who will baptize me on such a faith."

Thus Satan beguiled, but conscience would not be thus silenced.

"He that hardeneth his heart and stiffeneth his neck, shall be suddenly cut off, and that without remedy," she repeated, in bold, plain language, to his burdened soul. "*Now! now!*" he exclaimed, as he sprung from his chair, and paced the room.

The fitful fire-flame in the grate made fantastic shadows on the wall, as in the agony of indecision William Norton walked rapidly back and forth. It was a fearful struggle; one which involved all the powers of his soul.

"Delay not," said conscience, "lest the summer be past, the harvest ended, and you not saved." Many of your fellow-students have yielded. Will you stand it out in the face of all that is reasonable; all your most momentous interests; all the claims of him who died that you might be saved? Will you let this opportunity pass? Oh, do not act unwisely! Do not cast away your immortal interests! Be wise, give heed, lay hold on salvation."

But the tempter was not to be vanquished. He could not so easily give up his prey. He plead in the name of the loved one; he arrayed before his mind all the difficulties which must necessarily spring up from a diversity of religious views, and urged the *primitive way*, as it was called by those who professed to walk therein, as the only gospel plan whereby sinners could be saved; and when he found that his victim was ready to be deluded with this false plea, he again argued, that a year hence, when he had returned to the bosom of his friends, when she, whom he loved with all the passion of his manly soul, could witness it, would be most suitable for him to make an open profession.

As he strode the room, thus debating this serious matter, a rap was heard at the door, and a boy entered and handed him a letter. William did not take it, but bade the servant lay it on the table.

His words were dry and harsh. His features rigid, and his lips compressed. His head was bowed, and his step rapid.

The boy paused a moment to look at him. "He had niver seen Masther Billy Norton look so before, shure, niver;" and when he reached the kitchen, Patrick Maloney had a strange story to tell about Master Billy's "s'thrange, quare look." For a few minutes he continued his quick steps. He could scarcely think. His mind was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that he could no longer reason. Contending doubts, and fears, and diverse suggestions, half-formed, racked his heart and brain, until he was almost frenzied.

He took his seat, pressed his throbbing temples between his hands, as if to drive out distracting thoughts, and sat down overcome. He raised his head. His eyes rested on the unopened letter. He reached forth his hand, and snatched it convulsively, broke the seal, and read. It was from Lydia. Hastily he ran over its contents, until his eye rested on these words: "And now, dear William, let me tell you that I look forward to the time when I shall see you yield willing obedience to our blessed Saviour as the happiest period of my life. Eight months more, and you will come again to us. And then, my heart tells me so, you will turn to Christ. Will you not? I know you will. Oh, how happy I shall be to see you put on the Saviour in the ordinance of his own appointing!"

The decision was made, "*Almost persuaded to be a Christian,*" yet cheated, for the present, by that thief of time and good intentions—Procrastination. "Yes," said he to himself, as he let the hand that held the letter fall on his knee, "Yes, I will wait. One year cannot make much difference. It would be wrong in me to introduce this obstacle between me and Lydia, and she cannot see as I do. And she is——" he was about to say "right," but conscience was tender, and he dared not pronounce the word.

He took up the letter and resumed his reading.

Lydia portrayed in glowing colors the prosperity of their church. The new house was finished, and Mr. Anderson, assisted by Bro. Edmonds, was holding a protracted meeting, and many of the prominent citizens of C—— had united with them. Everything was prosperous. "I do believe the time is not far distant, Wil-

liam," she added, in her enthusiasm, "when all Christians will see eye to eye, and unite as one man to serve the Lord God. I have but this and one other wish unanswered; and that is, that you will turn to Christ, and follow him as he has given us the example."

"And so I will, Lydia, for your sake as well as my own, as soon as I shall reach home next summer."

How futile are promises thus made to ourselves. The future will show how William Norton kept his vow.

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#### CHAP IX.—THE WEDDING.

The long-talked of marriage of Bro. Anderson and Anna Mason was at hand. Invitations had been sent throughout the length and breadth of the neighborhood. Mr. Mason, in his delight at the prospect of the union of his daughter to the celebrated preacher, had forgotten all party prejudices and sectarian differences, and old and young, Baptists and Reformers, were invited. The occasion was expected to be one of great enjoyment by the young people of the community. It had been the subject of surmise and secret whisperings for weeks; and then when surmise opened into certainty, it became the topic of conversation in all circles. The fact is, Bro. Anderson was regarded as a great "catch" by all the papas and mammas of the neighborhood who entertained his views, and the young ladies themselves courted his attentions. They had never had a *marriageable preacher* in their midst before in all the recollection of the rising generation. And when it became known that Anna Mason was the choice of the preacher, she was looked upon by her companions as highly favored indeed. It invested her with an importance which nothing else could have imparted. Whenever she entered the church, all eyes were directed to her, and it was invariably the signal for a general whisper among the young members of the congregation. Every movement, every word, every article of dress was noted and criticised. And she, who, as simple Anna Mason, had mingled with them for years, enjoying as an equal and companion their childish sports, and amusements of maturer years, was now, as the intended bride of "Bro. Anderson,"

elevated to quite a superior station in their midst. And Anna herself was not wholly unconscious of her exalted dignity, as was evident from the slight degree of *hauteur* observable in her walk, and the more decided tone of firmness which now characterized her voice and manner generally.

Well, at last the appointed evening came. The old family mansion of the Mason's, one of the largest and most consequential houses in the whole neighborhood (for Bro. Mason had grown to be a rich man, and was, moreover, quite fond of display), was thoroughly renovated, from garret to cellar, and all the little *et ceteras*, in the way of new bed-spreads, and white window curtains, and toilet stands, with their net covers over pink and blue cambric (there were no drawing-bureaus in that section of country at that day), had been carefully prepared, and duly arranged to the best advantage. The old fashioned side-board, an antique family-piece, groaned beneath its weight of nicely baked cakes and other sweetmeats. It had been the wonder and the object of the prying curiosity of all the children of the neighborhood, who had been so highly blessed as to be permitted to accompany their mammas to Mr. Mason's, "to help fix for Miss Anna's wedding." Many a stealthy glance had been cast at its covered form, as it stood snugly in the least exposed corner of the sacred dining-room. And many a flashing eye, elevated to its dignified height by a tremble tip-toe, had feasted on its tempting treasures as the trembling hand held up the white muslin cover.

Bro. Edmonds was to perform the ceremony. He had remained in C — since the close of the meeting. No one had known why he had staid, as he seemed to have no ostensible object in doing so, but now it was evident that he had remained to officiate on the interesting occasion now at hand.

At an early hour the guests began to assemble. They had not learned at that day to wait until near midnight to go to spend the evening. Old and young men, women and children, accompanied by a good proportion of nurses, gathered in, family after family, some on horseback, and some in wagons (for the roads were very bad, and there were no buggies in that country, only a few dearbornes, and those were the pride of the families who owned them, and not to be used on such roads), until the house was filled

to overflowing. Bright wood fires burnt on every hearth throughout the mansion, sending their ruddy flames far up, as if to express participation in the festive occasion.

Young maidens were there with cheeks blooming with nature's own rougeing, and eyes sparkling with the intensity of delight,—youths dressed with the utmost precision, their every look and word denoting their desire to please and be pleased,—ladies of no particular age, who, while fully acquainted with the vanity of all such assemblages, and at other times loud in their denunciations of the folly of parties, etc., yet could not resist the bewitching occasion to make just one more effort to secure a partner for life. And there were bachelors, too, we will not say *old* (bachelors never grow old until they get to be married men), in search of wives, rather than social enjoyment. But most unfortunately for the estimable ladies above-mentioned, these gentlemen, like "Bro. Anderson," manifested a decided preference for the young ladies not yet out of their "teens." Old ladies and old gentlemen were there, who had not been to a wedding for many a day; some attracted by the marvellous reports which had reached their ears, and others drawn thither by their love and admiration of "Bro. Anderson," the bridegroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason were the very embodiment of good nature and agreeability. Smiles of satisfaction wreathed their faces, as, one by one, they met their guests and heartily grasped their hand. It was very clearly to be seen that they were well pleased with their daughter's choice.

The old gentleman wore his favorite suit of blue cloth trimmed with brass buttons, which had been brought out several days before and carefully examined, to see if any repair was needed, and when it was discovered that one of the smaller brass buttons on the left sleeve (each sleeve had two buttons) was loose, egg-beating and cake-baking had to be stopped until silk and needle were got, and the button made tight. Then with his own hands the old gentleman brushed the suit, until every tiny speck of dust was driven from its lurking place to find lodgment elsewhere. The black satin vest, now a trifle too long for the style, was equally spotless; and the immaculate neck-tie (Mr. Mason always wore a white tie on marriage occasions—it was a part of his religion), bosom, and

collar, would have met the desires of the most fastidious *élegante* of the present day. His hair was thrown back from his forehead in a curl or roach peculiar to himself—a manner of dressing his hair in his younger days, but which he never now indulged in unless the occasion justified this additional help to his toilette. His grey eyes sparkled with pleasure, and kind words were ready for every guest.

The black silk dress of the mistress of the mansion was drawn forth from its safe retreat in the bureau drawer, where it had been a pent-up prisoner since the wedding night of Julia Summers, who was now the mother of a rollicksome boy of eighteen months. It was only on occasions like the present that this luxurious article of dress was permitted to see the daylight, and rustle in unconfined freedom. The white tulle cap, with its airy rosettes, contrasted beautifully with the black silk wrapper, and gave to its wearer an appearance of youthfulness and elegance.

Before the hour of seven, all the guests had assembled. 'Twere folly to attempt to describe the great variety in dress and feature, in manner and expression.

The hour of eight came. The bridegroom and bride, with their respective attendants, four in number, entered the room, and stood before the minister, Mr. Edmonds.

Beautiful as a summer's dream was Anna Mason, robed in virgin white, and leaning on the arm of him whom she had chosen to walk with her through life. Her rich brown hair bound in wavy outline her fair, rounded brow, half hiding her delicately formed ear, and was caught up behind in soft, shining braids, mid which nestled nature's own white roses, the more beautiful for their lovely setting. Her large lustrous eyes, in which habitually lurked an expression of coy mischievousness, shaded by their long lashes, now soft and tender with a look of love, sought the floor. Her cheeks wore a roseate hue, and round her pouting mouth there dwelt faint outlines of a smile of inward joyousness. Her arched neck and rounded falling shoulders were bare, save the delicate gold chain which encircled the former—a present from her betrothed. Her lace sleeves shaded her soft, white arm, and her tiny gloved hand rested on the arm of her chosen. Mr. Anderson appeared remarkably well in his full suit of black, with white vest and clerical

neck-tie. It was evident to all that he was happy, perfectly delighted in the possession of his treasure. And well he might be. Anna was a superior girl, possessing a sweet amiability of disposition, with a degree of cheerfulness and hope, together with a mingling of what in common parlance we call mischief, which rendered her beloved by all classes of society. In addition to all this, she was more than ordinarily beautiful in feature; and her manner, free and unassuming, while at the same time devoid of everything like rudeness, was the passport to the hearts of all.

Lydia Lovelace and Mary Carter were bridesmaids, and in their beautiful dresses of soft, white muslin, made to correspond with that of the bride, and their ornaments of roses and topaz, they looked like fairy queens.

The young friend of Lydia (whom we have previously mentioned), Samuel Raymond, was also present. Since her earliest girlhood, he had loved Lydia with a deep, abiding love. For several years she had loved him, but finally William Norton had supplanted him in her affections. When young Raymond ascertained this by observation, and at length from Lydia's own lips, he determined to school his heart to indifference. But it was a sad, sad task. Many a sleepless night, and bursting sigh, and heart-throb did it cost him before he could even think of surrendering her to another. He had somewhat learned to master his emotions before Lydia joined the Current Reformation. But this act of hers gave a decided change to his views, for he was strongly Baptist in his sentiments, and one who was firm and conscientious in his belief. He would have suffered martyrdom, rather than yield principle. His father was a Baptist minister, and his father before him had proclaimed the same undying truths among the mountains and hills of Wales.

Young Raymond was Lydia's companion during most of the evening. He no longer loved her with his former wild, passionate love. His affection for her was that of a brother for a sister. It is rarely the case that a disappointed lover regards the object of his misplaced affections in this light. But young Raymond, possessed of high and noble principles, endowed with quick perception and an accurate judgment, was not the victim of passion and caprice, although he loved with deep devotion, and his nature was peculiarly sensitive.



He had loved Lydia Lovelace for a time with blind idolatry. She was the guiding star of his life. To sit by her in the old Academy, to walk with her over the prairie in search of flowers, or in the woodland, and listen to her voice, was happiness to him akin to that of heaven. But then he was very young. His judgment was immature. As he grew older, and his judgment ripened, he found that Lydia, though sweet, and to him beautiful, was not a perfect being. In his youthful dreamings he had pictured her to himself more radiant far than angel of Paradise. But when his imagination became somewhat sobered by the experience of added years, he saw that Lydia was not sinless. And his love, while it lost none of its depth and strength, was robbed of its wild passion. Gradually he had discovered that Lydia's love for him had become less ardent; that he was no longer the possessor of her undivided heart. Then, for a while, he was overwhelmed with sorrow. Life was dark, rayless, unprized. There was naught for him to live for; and for a time he lapsed into a deep melancholy. But youth, unlike age, is changeful; its fresh, ardent, hopeful life will spring up from the very grave of disappointment. Young Raymond determined to conquer himself, and be a man again. The undertaking, as we have said, was a desperate one; but finally he triumphed. It was a noble conquest, for he was thrown into her society each day at the Academy, which was calculated to bind him with triple cords, or drive him to despair.

Lydia had watched his silent struggle. Her heart bled for him, but she could not deceive him by holding out to him false hopes. She felt she loved young Norton; that to him alone she could give her undivided soul, and so she informed young Raymond.

But the warfare had been waged, the victory was complete, and now the two, who had been *lovers* in early youth, met as old and tried *friends*—nothing more.

Their evident interest in each other's society on this occasion attracted attention, and was the occasion of many significant glances, and the subject of innumerable side remarks among the young ladies and gentlemen who had known something of their tender love while they were children.

Lydia had left the Academy, and was now regarded as a "*young lady*." Samuel Raymond was still studying under old Mr. Can-

ningham, preparatory to entering the State University. They did not often meet now, for young Raymond attended old Father Wilson's church, of which he was a consistent, and, for his years, an active member, and Lydia went with her family to the new church in C—. She sometimes came to the old Academy, on Tuesday evenings, with others of the old pupils who were now young gentlemen and ladies, for the purpose of hearing the scholars review their studies, and then they would laugh and talk over her school-days, and over her future prospects. This evening they kept themselves as much as possible, without designing to attract attention, aloof from the company. In a few weeks, young Raymond was to leave the neighborhood for home, from which he would proceed to the University.

They were speaking of their religious views,—their differences of opinion, &c. Lydia told her friend of her great anxiety with regard to William Norton's salvation.

"I feel so desirous that he should do his duty in this particular, Samuel (for thus she familiarly called him); and the last letter from him gave me much encouragement."

"What! does he really speak of joining the Reformation?"

"No, not exactly that. It does not amount to an expressed determination; but he says he feels it is time he should attend to the interests of his soul."

"Let me tell you, Lydia, in my opinion William will never be one of Mr. Anderson's people."

"And why not, Samuel? It distresses me to hear you utter such an opinion. For him to differ with me in religious matters, I shall regard as one of the unhappiest circumstances of my life. 'How can two walk together, unless they be agreed?'" she said, blushing at the acknowledgment of their engagement.

"Very true, Lydia. I would not give you sorrow. I only expressed my opinion. Perhaps I may be mistaken. But you need not distress yourself. Perhaps, if he does not change his views, you may," he replied, laughingly.

"Never, never!" she answered, emphatically. "I am rooted and grounded in my belief, and I cannot change. What! give up my views and hopes respecting the union of all Christians? No, no; sooner yield life, than this!" she exclaimed with energy.

"Do not be too sure," he replied, "we cannot know the future. We never fully know ourselves. I may yet be able to convince you you are wrong. Do you know, Lydia, I am going to prepare for the ministry? My father, you know, is a preacher, and his father was a preacher, and my great grandfather was a preacher also."

"And so you think *you* must keep up the family profession, do you?"

"No, no, not so. I believe I am called to proclaim the glorious gospel of the Son of God."

He spoke earnestly, as one who felt the vast importance of the great work he was looking forward to. She gazed at him for a moment with admiration, and her manner became subdued.

"Would that William would do likewise," she said, after a moment's pause. Her eyes spoke the earnest desire of her heart. "I would rather he would not enter on the law; there are so many temptations connected with it. But understand me, I wish him to preach like Bro. Anderson. I do not wish him to be a Baptist."

"And would you really like to be a preacher's wife?"

"Indeed I would, if I thought I could discharge all the duties that are connected with that very responsible situation. But I shall fear myself. I am so unfit."

"And why did you not take Mr. Anderson, Lydia? Then you would have been sure of a preacher, and just such a one as you admire."

"Oh, I would not rob Anna; and beside, you know, Sam., I had promised William, and I could not break my pledge."

"Then you admit that you had the opportunity of becoming Mrs. Anderson?"

"Oh, no, no; you mistake me. I did not say any such thing, Sam.," she exclaimed, blushing up to her temples. "No, no, Bro. Anderson never proposed to me. He has always loved Anna Mason. By the way, isn't Anna beautiful to-night? Look at her, as she leans on the arm of her husband, talking to Mary Carter and Mr. Netherton. Mary Carter is a most lovely girl, Samuel, why do *you* not secure her? She is a Baptist."

"She is most beautiful, and one of the sweetest dispositions I ever knew; but, Lydia, I am now going to dismiss all such notions

from my brain, and give my whole attention to study and weightier matters than matrimony."

"Ah, you are going to become misanthropic, are you?"

"By no means. I am going to fit myself for usefulness. I wish to do good in my generation. This is my goal—to serve God and my fellow-men. For this I shall labor, for this I shall pray."

"A noble purpose, truly. And I hope you will succeed so as to satisfy your most sanguine desires."

"Excuse me for interrupting you. But Mrs. Anderson deputed me to bear a message to you and Mr. Raymond. She wishes you to join her in a song. She informs me you both sing well."

The speaker was Mr. Edmonds, the minister, who delivered his message with a very low bow and a patronizing air. The two followed him to the opposite side of the room. The bride was already seated at the piano. It was proposed to sing "Old Lang Syne," a song that the three had often sung together 'neath the old trees in the Academy yard.

Mr. Mason was standing near his daughter, in conversation with his new son-in-law on the prospects of the new church.

A portion of the company had gathered round the instrument to listen to the music. Groups were chatting gaily in different parts of the room. As soon as the first notes rung out, all was still. The three, assisted by Mr. Edmonds, who did not deem it the least unclerical to sing at such a time, made sweet music, the different parts blending most harmoniously. After this, the four sung "The Last Rose of Summer," and other kindred airs suitable to the occasion.

The evening sped gloriously by, the luxurious supper being by no means one of the minor features of the enjoyment. Everything that could be desired was in the greatest profusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason, it was evident, were as much delighted as their guests. The only drawback to their happiness was the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The two families had been on terms of the closest friendship until the deplorable split in the old church. Since that time there had been a wide separation; not so much in outward appearance, as in the secret thoughts and feelings of their bosoms. The younger members of the Jones' family were present,

but the parents would not come. They could not bear the semblance of good feeling and confidence when they did not possess it.

At length the hour came for departure.

"When we meet again," said young Raymond to Lydia Lovelace, as he bade her Good-bye, "we shall both be changed. You will be Mrs. Norton, and I will be an older, and, I hope, a wiser and better man."

"You do not intend to leave us so soon?"

"I shall set out to-morrow for home, and in a week or two shall proceed to L——, to the University, where I shall remain two years in close study, if my life is spared; and after I have completed my studies, I expect to go to a distant part of the State to locate. So, you see, the probability is we shall not meet in years."

"Will you not again come into our neighborhood? Surely, your stay of two years among us has given you quite a strong attachment to this section of country."

"It has; and I shall avail myself of every suitable opportunity to return. But you know that henceforth I am not my own. I belong to the work I have undertaken. In it I must find my pleasure, and I must go wherever it directs. When I see you again, you will have changed. Life will have become a reality. You will have become initiated at least into some of its cares and trials. And you may, too, be a Baptist, Lydia. Stranger things than this have occurred. But be this as it may, I hope you will not forget your childhood's friend. And when we meet again, may it be as we now part—friends. Farewell."

He grasped her hand, and pressed it. A moment more, and he had left the room.

Soon the company dispersed.

The words of young Raymond rung in Lydia's ear, "You may, too, be a Baptist. Stranger things than this have occurred." They seemed to her prophetic. She almost trembled as she repeated them to herself.

(To be Continued.)

*Family Visitant.*

ANCHOR IN HEAVEN.

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Ye weary spirits, tossed and driven  
By persecution's gale,  
Thine anchored hope is fixed in heaven,  
To that within the vail.  
Know, thou, "the Lord himself is God."  
His hand thy life-barque guides ;  
And tho' rough billows round thee roll,  
Thy boat at anchor rides !  
O'er Sorrow's deep tempestuous sea  
Thy safest path may lie ;  
The brightest star-beams bless the world  
When darkness shrouds the sky.  
So when vile treachery's tempest breath  
Shall seek to overwhelm,  
Then will bright beams of heavenly faith  
Show *Jesus* at the helm !  
A Heavenly Pilot, firm and true,  
(By these same gales once driven,)  
Tho' storms may rage and waves pursue,  
He'll land thee safe in heaven.  
Electric fires, that gleam and shock,  
But purify the air,  
And tho' they shiver many a rock,  
They prove the Eternal's care.  
'Twas persecution's withering blight  
Revealed an angel arm,  
Extended in the lion's den,  
To shield from threatened harm.  
And 'mid these same unholy fires  
The Hebrew children trod ;  
Nor saw, till then, that with them walked  
The glorious Son of God !  
Then be thou strong, oh, fainting soul !  
God's hand thy life-barque guides ;  
And tho' dark billows round thee roll,  
Thy boat at anchor rides.  
Let gathering storms tempestuous howl ;  
Let threat'ning whirlwinds roar ;  
With *Jesus* for thy certain guide,  
Thou'lt safely reach the shore.

L. C. S.

LOUISVILLE, Feb., 1859.

For the Christian Repository.  
**CHARACTERISTICS.**

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

NO. IV.—LEVITY.

“Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in judgment.”

READER, this is the language of Him “who spake as never man spake.” The Omniscient himself, who knoweth all things, and cannot err, directs the attention of his responsible creatures to the solemn fact, that there is a tribunal before which they must appear, and give an account of their *words*.

For what character of words will they be thus arraigned? Think of it! *Idle words! Idle words!* Oh, what a fearful account to many! For what amount of idle words must we be accountable? For *every* idle word—not one omitted. Every one is registered in that volume which contains the life-history of each one who moves and breathes upon God’s footstool. Surely, this cannot be so. The great God, who sits upon the throne of the universe, will not be cognizant of the petty affairs of this life to the extent that he will note *every idle word* and hold man responsible for it. ’Tis even so. Jesus himself has declared it. He has also said that “a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father;” and even “the hairs of our head are numbered.”

The Judge, at whose tribunal we must appear, knoweth all things. It will not be requisite to summon witnesses to prove our guilt or innocence. He will act in the two-fold character of judge and witness. The “books will be opened,” and from this register will he read out those idle words which are now passed by so lightly, and considered innocent.

In examining the phases of human character, Levity is next presented to the reader’s reflection.

I am met at the very threshold of investigation by the objection, “I detest this sanctimonious hypocrisy which would crush the joyous laugh and innocent jest, and throw over life’s richest scenes of joy the sombre pall of gloom.” Aye, and so do we, dear reader.

Give us the merry laugh of innocent childhood, whose gushing music thrills the inmost heart, yea, and the radiant smile of cheerfulness, which disseminates its gladdening rays throughout the circle of its influence. These are welcome, delightful, and it is not against them we would animadvert; but cheerfulness is not levity. It is serenity of mind, exhibited in a manner at once becoming and attractive.

Life's burdens are much more easily borne by those, who, with cheerful hearts assume their weight, and toil up its rugged ascent merrily singing,

"Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,  
And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close."

Cheerfulness is particularly commendable in the Christian. "He has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." His hopes cluster not around the evanescent joys of earth, which are transient as the morning vapors that are dissipated by the rays of the sun. No, no! More substantial joys claim his attention. His inheritance is in that permanent home above, whose beauties are unfading. Cheerfulness is then particularly becoming to him. This charming characteristic is a point of attraction in the disposition of any; but there is a division line between cheerfulness and levity, which cannot be passed without incurring guilt. Nor is it a hair-splitting business to make the distinction.

The folly of levity is generally displayed in the young of both sexes, who skim carelessly o'er life's ocean, seemingly forgetful of the fact that they are responsible beings, and must, ere long, render an account to God for their *idle words*. Life, with them, seems but a bubble light as air. No care, no responsibility—all empty nothing. They possess the faculty, in an eminent degree, of turning everything into jest, and presumptuously invade the most sacred precincts with their untimely mirth. The idle, silly jest, the everlasting titter, reveal their character in whatever company they are found. The cranium of such individuals is never burdened with a superabundance of brain, and the scant supply of intellect they possess is often frittered away in an endless round of idle jesting.

Permit me to say to you, dear young friends, that "*Every idle*



word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in judgment." This is a thought freighted with much interest and solemnity. You must give an account to God, and you, for all your idle words. Suppose the numerals which make the sum total of them could now be exhibited to you. You would start back affrighted in view of the fact that you must account for them.

The derivation of the word levity shows its unsubstantial nature and tendencies. 'Tis derived from *levis*, which signifies light, and is defined, "lightness of temper; gayety of mind; want of seriousness." This disposition is reprehensible in the young lady and gentleman, because it fosters an inconsiderate spirit, contrary to the teachings of God's word, the tendency of which is to destroy the gravity becoming those who have immortal spirits, whose future destiny is determined by the course pursued in this world.

If levity is inconsistent and disgusting in the young, it is infinitely more so in the man of riper years; and yet we see exhibitions of it in him also. Yes, many who have ascended life's hill to its summit, around whose hearth-stone are those who copy minutely their example, dare to murder the precious hours in idle conversation and vain, foolish jesting.

Nor is this all. Those who profess to love the Redeemer, to have left *all* to follow Him, "crucify him afresh, and put him to an open shame" by engaging in this sin, which casts a shade of deeper gloom upon the character of the wicked. They appear to be insensible of the truth that they are his witnesses, and should be "living epistles, known and read of all men." Let me entreat you who have "put on Christ," to think of the influence you exert in your respective communities. Think how many immortal beings may have been led down to perdition by your pernicious example. You have failed to recommend to them the religion of the Saviour by your consistent deportment and conversation. You neglected the admonition of the apostle: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, neither *foolish talking nor jesting*, which are not convenient, but that which is good to the use of edifying."

Has your conversation been "good to the use of edifying?" Alas! no. No individual has been, or can be, edified by "*foolish talking and jesting*, which are not convenient," but, on the con-

trary, many have been led astray, their serious reflections dissipated, and their souls' salvation jeopardized by the trifling conversation of those who profess to be followers of Him who emphatically declares, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in judgment."

'Tis vain to exhort men to repent, unless the followers of Christ exhibit to them an example of Christian consistency which proves to them that Christianity exerts a transforming influence upon the sinful nature and conduct of those who are its advocates. As advocates of our holy religion, they can plead its cause most effectually by a pious walk and well ordered conversation.

The sin of levity does not cease here. We blush to write the sentence; but it invades the sacred desk, and blights, to an alarming extent, the usefulness of many who profess to be God's ministers. Levity is folly in the young, silly in the middle-aged, inconsistent in the church member, *stupid* in the minister.

'Tis, alas! too true, that ministers of the gospel descend from their dignified position to bandy the idle jest, engage with zest in vain conversation unbecoming Christ's ambassadors. We present to your view a picture. Look at it. See if it is life-like.

The church at A—— concludes to hold a protracted meeting. Spiritual dearth has pervaded it to an alarming extent, and the members appear anxious for a refreshing from the presence of the Lord, that sinners may be converted and the church strengthened. They meet from day to day. The gospel is earnestly proclaimed with but little visible effect. All anxiously desire to know the secret of failure, which is finally revealed.

Each day of the meeting, the ministers, as is the custom on such occasions, accompany some one of the brethren home to dinner. A rich repast is spread, of which they partake freely. After dinner, they repair to the parlor and spend the afternoon in conversation. What is the burden of their discourse? The success of the meeting? Anxious inquiries in regard to the spiritual condition of the church? Perhaps there are unconverted young persons present, to whom they affectionately present the claims of the gospel, exhorting them to repent and believe. This is certainly employment befitting ministers on such occasions. But are they *always* thus engaged? .Alas! no. The interval between services

is spent in telling laughable jokes, with other trifling conversation, which should cause the blush of shame to mantle their cheeks.

“My brethren, these things ought not so to be.” But is it not true? Do you not recognize the picture? The minister takes the lead; other brethren and sisters feel authorized to follow, and a scene of levity is the consequence. No good can be accomplished, and this is the reason. This is not *always* the procedure upon such occasions, but it is frequently the case, and the wheels of Zion are often retarded by such causes.

What must sinners think of a minister who, after uttering from the pulpit the most solemn, stirring appeals, ere the sentences of warning have ceased to echo on the ear, descends from the dignity of his sacred office to mingle his voice with those who spend their hours in “foolish talking and jesting, which is not convenient?” They conclude that there is a great want of earnestness and consistency on his part, and often apply to him the epithet, “hypocrite.” But this is not all. The Saviour is wounded in the house of his friends, Christianity is pronounced a farce, since those who are its advocates and defenders are so nearly conformed to the world that they can scarcely be recognized as such in their daily intercourse.

Permit me to remind you, dear brethren, of the admonition of the apostle, “Let your speech be *always* with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.” Remember, also, that “By thy *words* thou shalt be justified, or by thy words thou shalt be condemned;” and if “any man offend not in *word*, the same is a perfect man.”

The power of speech is an important talent, by which much good or evil may be accomplished. Hence the necessity of guarding it carefully, lest it become the instrument of evil.

Levity is the besetting sin of many truly pious persons. How to overcome it, is a question of much interest. *Try*, my dear friends, keep *trying*. Check the least inclination to engage in it. Make it the subject of special prayer. Avoid intercourse with those who habitually indulge in it; and if you make an earnest, honest, protracted effort, you will certainly succeed. “The time is short.” The moments are too valuable to trifle with, when there is so much work to be done for our Maker. We cannot labor ano-

cessfully unless we "lay aside every weight, and the sin which most easily besets us." Let us do this. Set about it *now*. We know not when the bridegroom will come. Perchance we may be found without oil in our lamps. Let us see to it. While we slumber He may come, and the door may be shut, leaving us in darkness.

Dear reader, do not throw this sheet carelessly by, or apply it to your neighbor. Ponder its imperfect warning well. *You* may be guilty of the sin of levity. Examine *yourself*. Is it so? Then get rid of it speedily, or it may ruin your soul. May you obtain divine assistance, and succeed in overcoming this besetting sin.

NEW LIBERTY, Ky., April, 1859.

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## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

### CHAP. XXII.—SOLILOQUY OF MR. LANE, THE PREACHER.

"HE shall meet his reward if I live—that he shall! The impudent upstart Dissenter! He shall never lord it over me after that manner! No, no; he must, and shall, be brought down. Ah, I'll manage it! I'll manage it!"

The speaker was a tall, lank man, with light hair, and eagle face. And the fierce intensity of his dark eye was fearful to behold.

As he spoke, he rose, and rapidly paced the room, like one bent on some desperate purpose. He struck the clenched fist of his right hand violently into the open palm of his left, as if aiming a deadly blow at his victim. His eyes flashed and darted, and his compressed lips spoke, more than his words, the deep vengeance of his heart. His whole manner showed the highest state of nervous excitability, and the expression of his narrow face told of the most determined revenge. It was fearful to see one who professed to minister in holy things thus the subject of such fiendish passion. One, too, who, when before his fellow-men, affected the utmost charity and kindness. Those who saw him mixing with the world would never have suspected that, behind the scenes, the man of

such urbane manner, such pleasant address, could act truly the part of a demon.

He strode the room rapidly, muttering to himself words of dark revenge. His eye sought glaringly every nook and corner of the room, as if to spy out his hated foe.

"Ah, yes!" he spoke in a louder tone, as his malice grew hotter and hotter by feeding on itself. "Ah, yes! I'll make it tell to his sorrow. He shall see what it is to interrupt me in my own congregation! I'll teach him to mind his own business! And this popularity, which he has so unrighteously won, I'll make the means of stabbing him to the heart. Yes, I'll do it! But I must lay my plan deep, lest I be mistaken."

"Ah, it shall be a dear ride to him, that ride to Gamlingay! I'll make it tell to his ruin. Little did he think, as they rode so proudly, that it was to them shame and utter overthrow. He must have his locks shorn of their strength. His Delilah shall be his betrayer."

And a low, demoniacal chuckle rung through the room, and he rubbed his hands together in savage delight, and smacked his lips in the excess of his joy, while his dark, deep-set eyes twinkled with wild and malicious delight.

He seated himself for a moment, and took his pen, as if to sketch out a plan of procedure. But before finishing one line, he threw the pen aside, and commenced again his rapid strides, at the same time speaking to himself in a low, guttural tone. His thin light hair was flung wildly back from his contracted forehead, through the temples of which the heated blood coursed vehemently. Ever and anon he ran his hands through his hair, and pulled at it most violently; then he would strike his head and rub his hands quickly over his face.

He was like one demented. A looker-on would have pronounced him a ready subject for a lunatic asylum. Indeed, he was a monomaniac on the subject of destroying his hated victim.

And what had his victim done thus to incur his insatiate malice? What? He had preached the word of God in its purity with earnestness and power, and thereby won souls to Christ. And was this sufficient cause for revenge? Ah, yes; his malice thought it interfered with the *popularity* and selfish interests of the man who was

determined to rule at all hazards. And this man, too, was a preacher of the everlasting word; one who went in and out before a congregation to break to them the bread of life, and to lead them in the way of truth and righteousness. Horrid thought! Most frightful spectacle!

"But how, ah, yes, *how*, shall I accomplish my purpose, and not destroy myself? How shall I ruin this wretch, this tinker preacher, and not betray myself? That's the question. How can I make that rick to Gamlingay tell to his utter disgrace? I must get a rumor abroad. Rumor always gains by the running. I have only to cast out a suspicion, and bring that rick as proof of it, and set the thing agoing among my people, and my purpose is accomplished. But how am I to begin?"

"Let me see; have I not heard some whisper against his character?" and he scratched his head, as if to dig out of his excited brain something for his horrid undertaking.

"Ah, yes, I remember now," and he struck his hands together and rubbed them in the excess of his delight. "Ah, yes, that story I heard about him and one of his congregation! It was a matter of no importance, but it will serve my ends, and I will make it apply to this girl—this Agnes Beannont. I've got him now! He cannot escape. 'They that exalt themselves shall be brought low.' Yes, he shall lick the dust, shall cower in disgrace; and instead of the praise of all men, shall receive their contempt." A look of fiendish pleasure, mixed with an expression of dark malignity, passed over his excited face.

"But stop—let me see. What shall I do if I am asked my authority? I must be ready to throw all responsibility from my own shoulders. It will never do for me to be his accuser. Ah, no, it must never be known that I am the one to accuse him. This would frustrate all my ends, and bring the disgrace on my own head." He shrugged his shoulders, drew down his brow, stroked his hair, and rubbed his face violently with his hands, while every nerve in him twitched with the intensity of excitement.

"I must manage to have this part of my game played by some one else. It will never do for me to be suspected as his accuser. Oh, no. I, William Lane, of Bedford, pastor of the large congregation at Edworth, must not be known in this matter. I will do

the work for him, but it must be by management. Let me see—who will act for me? Can I not get some one to start this rumor afloat? If I can, the thing is done, my aim accomplished, this upstart preacher silenced forever, and I shall never be suspected of any hand in it. That's it, that's it! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed aloud at the feasibility of his own plan.

"But now for the man to carry out," said he, biting his lips, and running his hands rapidly through his hair. "Who is my man? I know of two or three. I'll approach them cautiously at first, and if the thing does'nt take with them, I'll try some one else. I know I can find a man. Yes, yes, I am sure of that——"

A rap was heard at the study door.

"Who can that be? I wonder if I could have been heard? I must not appear excited, lest I arouse suspicion. Where is my Bible? I must seem to be reading."

He seized on his study Bible, and laid it open on the table beside his chair. Then he glanced into the little mirror that hung at the further end of his book-case, smoothed his hair with his hands, and at the call of a second rap, moved slowly towards the door, and opened it.

"Good morning, Mr. Farry, good morning, sir! happy to see you. Walk in, and be seated. How is your health, this morning? Very glad to see you. But be seated."

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CHAP. XXIII.—THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN LANE, THE PREACHER,  
AND FARRY.

The preacher drew a chair near to the table, on which lay the open Bible, and motioned the visitor to it, at the same time drawing his chair round, so that they two, when seated, should be *vis a-vis*, and very near together.

The guest was, in some respects, altogether different from the preacher. He was low, not thick-set, with very black hair and eyes, the expression of which showed calm thought and some decision of purpose. His forehead was broad, but not high; hearing faculties pretty well developed, while the moral head was quite defective. His mouth was small, and there was about it a certain

degree of rigidity, which showed inflexibility of will. He was a member of Mr. Lane's congregation, and a violent opposer of Bunyan.

The two had often together berated him for an upstart and a seducer of the people; a braggart, who was turning the heads of the people, and filling them with all manner of old fashioned whimsies. They had agreed, that if his views obtained (and it seemed likely they would), their notions must be entirely subverted.

The visitor fidgeted uneasily on his chair, and his manner bespoke an unusual agitation of mind.

"What is the matter, Mr. Farry?" asked the preacher, "you seem unusually uncomfortable this evening. Has anything occurred to disturb your peace? Has anything gone wrong in your business? I hope you have met with no misfortune."

"Not at all, sir, not at all," replied the visitor calmly. "I was only agitated by the startling news that reached my ears a few minutes since. I cannot recover from it."

"And what is that?—do tell me anything going wrong among our people. Is that tinker preacher at work again, upsetting all our plans?"

"Is it possible, sir, you have not heard the news of old Mr. Beaumont's sudden death?"

"Not a word of it, sir, not a word of it! I have been in the house all day, and have seen no one. But tell me! did he die in a fit, or what?"

"Poisoned, sir, poisoned!"

"Is it possible? By whom? Who could be so vile as to poison that worthy old man?"

"It is not known, but it is said that Agnes, his daughter, was the only one in the house with him at the time of his death."

"You astonish me, Mr. Farry! Do you suppose, for a moment, that the daughter would take the life of her father? What object could she have in view? What could have induced her to commit the foul deed?"

"It's hard to tell," replied the lawyer, looking cautiously around him, "what could make a child poison her father. I do not think she could have done it of her own accord. I have known Agnes Beaumont a long time. Once I had a thought of making her my



wife, and I cannot believe she would have done this abominable deed unless she had been instigated to do it. I ——”

“But is it a fact that the old man is dead, and was poisoned?” interrupted the preacher.

“No doubt of it at all. I have seen the corpse. He went to bed last night as well as could be, and before midnight he was dead.”

“Is it possible! And you say that only his daughter was with him in the house?”

“Yes, Agnes alone was with him.”

“Well, that is suspicious, truly. But why did she do this horrid thing?”

The lawyer drew his chair up more closely, and casting a prying glance around the room, to be assured that no one could hear, he uttered, in a half whisper:

“I suspect that preacher Bunyan for having a hand in it.”

“What!” said Lane, springing from his chair, and rubbing his hands together, while an expression of fiendish delight passed over his face. “What! do you think that Bunyan really had a hand in it?”

“I would not be the least surprised.”

“Nor I. Hasn't there been a suspicion about him and this girl for some time? Last Saturday, I, myself, saw her riding behind him into the lower end of Gamlingay. And she sat as close to him as could be, and he was in earnest conversation with her.”

“Did you see this yourself? May be you were mistaken.”

“Oh, no, I cannot be mistaken. I saw them both, and spoke to them. I know Agnes Beaumont well.”

“And was no one with them, Mr. Lane?”

“Her brother and sister-in-law were on another horse some distance behind, so that they could not hear what the two were talking about.”

“And you saw that yourself?”

“I did, sir, I assure you; and I then thought of all that had been whispered into my ear. It is strange, sir, it is strange. And now that the girl's father is dead of poison, and that, too, so soon after, it looks very suspicious, very suspicious indeed.”

“Strange, sir, strange,” interrupted the lawyer. “It is cau-

firmation strong of what I have just said, that that wretched man must have had a hand in the poor old man's death."

"To-day is Wednesday, and you say he died last night, before midnight; and it was only last Saturday morning that I saw them. The deed could not have been done sooner. Ah, that man! that wretched man! Not content with ruining the daughter, he must poison the father. He certainly will be sunk in the deepest pits of disgrace, sir. His sins have overtaken him at last. Ah, what will become of his fair name now?—the boaster, the braggart!" and the Rev. Mr. Lane chuckled with delight.

"And is this matter much talked about?" he asked of his visitor after a pause.

"The old man's sudden death is spoken of everywhere; but no one that I have heard speak of it suspects Bunyan and the girl."

"But their crime must not be hid. The world must know of it. Poor girl! she is to be pitied; but that infamous wretch, who led her astray, and then incited her to take her father's life, he ought to be hung. He deserves the execrations of mankind. Let his name go forth to the world as the destroyer of virtue, and a murderer. He deserves the faggot and the stake, and my word for it, he shall catch it yet."

"But how can we prove these things, Mr. Farry?"

"Send for the Coroner, and let him examine the body. I am sure it already shows marks of poison. Did this morning when I was there."

"Yes, yea, just so—no doubt of it; must be so, from all you have told me. And that wretched *tinber* is at the bottom of it. He'll get his dues now. But have you spoken of your suspicions to any one?"

"Not yet. I thought I would come and see you, and know what you had to say about the matter before I went too far."

"Right, right. The world must know it. That scoundrel must be shown up. He has imposed upon us long enough. And the only way for him to be caught, is to ferret the matter out. You send for the Coroner immediately, before the poor girl has time to escape, and I do not doubt but that you can get the whole matter out of him at once. Scare her a little. But perhaps it will be better to take her by herself first, and get her to tell it all, and

then take it down in writing. Our aim must be to catch that man. We don't care so much about the poor creature. He made her do it all. You see, Mr. Farry, we must manage this matter well, that that vile offender may be brought to justice. Yes, yes, we'll have him now. He can't escape this time! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you think it will be best to see Agnes, and get her to confess her crime?"

"Undoubtedly. Get her to tell all Bunyan had to do in the matter. He is the chief offender. And the sooner it is looked into, the better."

"I will see to it this very evening!" exclaimed the lawyer, rising to go.

"Yes, do. But look here, Farry, whatever you do, don't you mention *my name* in it. Keep me clear. You must guard me as you would your own life. Don't forget this—it is an important point. It would not do for me to know anything about it. People might say it was envy, because that wretch is more popular just now than I am. Do you hear, Farry? Don't mention me, for your life."

"I'll watch your interests; don't doubt me," and the lawyer closed the study door, while his instigator remained within to gloat over his vile machinations and the prospect of the eternal disgrace of one whom he hated merely because he was good and God had blessed his efforts to spread the Redeemer's kingdom on earth.

"Yes, now 'tis done," he repeated triumphantly, as the door closed behind his accomplice. "Ah, yes, the matter is now over! A wretch and a murderer! I would not give a farthing for his reputation, even if he gets off with his life. He'll think he had better have stayed in prison and moped over his books, than to have come out to meet this (Conscience whispered, perhaps the man is innocent. What right have you to believe him guilty?). Innocent or guilty, what matters that to me? Let him be prostrated; he is a vile wretch, any way; the world ought to be rid of him. He ought to be gotten out of the way of all genteel people, any way, with his old worn-out notions, and his great outcry against sin. We have no use for such preachers. I heartily despise them. But who would have believed it possible that things *could* have worked so to my hand? Murder added to the other! Oh! it

must ruin him forever! The upstart, tinker, braggart, murderer! I'll show him what it is to interfere with me!" and the Rev. Mr. Lane smiled, stroked back his hair, and rubbed his hands together in anticipation of a result he had for a long time most ardently desired.

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## CHAP. XXIV.—BUNYAN'S GREAT TRIAL.

With a heavier heart than he had ever known before since God, through Christ, had spoken peace to his soul in the forgiveness of his sins, did John Bunyan, of Elstow, tread the highway and meadows between Bedford and his cottage home on that evening of the 12th of December, 1678. He had that day gone to Bedford for the purpose of buying little necessaries for his family. There he had met Mr. Wilson, the pastor at Hitchen, who, with tears and sorrow, had told him of the rumors against him just beginning to spread through his neighborhood.

"God knows I am innocent of these things, Bro. Wilson," replied Bunyan, when he had finished his sad disclosures. "It is the work of some enemy, who seeks my ruin. And I cannot tell what any one has against me. Surely, I have suffered enough to disarm even the cruellest enemy. God knows it is hard to be thus evil spoken against, but it is sweet to know that you are not guilty, Surely, I am a man of much sorrow; I am persecuted, sore-persecuted, down-trodden. God knows when my sorrows will end."

The servant of God, Mr. Wilson, of Hitchen, tried to comfort the poor, distressed man.

"These things are very grievous, but they do not come upon us without the knowledge of God, my brother. He permits them for some wise purpose, which we cannot now see. They are for your good, and for the honor and glory of his name, though we cannot now believe it. Our strength is so weak, we are so feeble in faith, that we cannot build on the promises of God, as it is our privilege to do. Man cannot do to you anything without the permission of God. The hearts of all men are in his hands, and he turns them whithersoever he will. It is all right, Bro. Bunyan, though hard to bear. May God give you grace to endure it."

"Ah, it is hard, *hard!* Imprisonment is nothing to it. My brethren then knew I was suffering for righteousness' sake, and I had their sympathies and their prayers; but maybe the Evil One will put it into the heads of some of them to believe these things. I do not mind the world, Bro. Wilson, but oh, to be suspected by my brethren! those with whom I have taken sweet counsel—this is more than I can bear! O God! why am I thus afflicted?" he exclaimed, in insupportable anguish. "Is there no escape from the net of the fowler? Shall I be devoured by the enemy?"

"God is true, Bro. Bunyan, God is true. Look to Him."

"Yes, I know God is true; but man is so false, so deceitful! When shall I be delivered from them that seek to destroy me?"

"Our path is marked out before us, my brother. Our Father, who knows the end from the beginning, sees it all the way along, even before we, as pilgrims, enter upon it. He puts in our way just what is best for us. Sometimes he puts sickness; sometimes the death of our loved ones; sometimes ruinous hands, bodily afflictions, disease, loss of property; sometimes imprisonment, and sometimes the persecutions of calumniators. He does it all, and there they are in the narrow path that we have to walk in, just where they ought to be for our good. And we cannot jump over them; we cannot get round them. We cannot shut our eyes, and remain ignorant of them. We have to go straight along through them, and sometimes we have to get the heaviest burden and the narrowest, rockiest way, before we can be made to look to the hill whence our strength cometh. We have got to kiss the hand that chastens us, before our stripes are healed. It is God's way, and it is good and righteous. These very trials you are enduring now will drive you more closely to the Cross; will make you cling there, and your soul will feed on Jesus and his promises. You can live above the world, my brother, even while it frowns upon you."

"I would glorify God in all I do, but I cannot see how this is to make for his honor and glory."

"It may serve, in after years, to give consolation to some poor brother, when he is called upon to go through the same strait. God will bring you out if you are innocent. Truth is a part of his nature, and he will defend it to the end."

"I am innocent! God knows I am innocent! I could not do

these things for all this world. But how am I to show my innocence? I see no way of escape. You tell me this poor old man was poisoned, and that his daughter, Agnes, has done it; and the people say I must have had a hand in it, because I have misled her, and she rode behind me last Saturday to Gamlingay. I took pity on her, poor child, and let her ride behind me because she was longing so to go to meeting. I did not want to do it, but I found her at her brother's, and she begged me to give her a seat, for she could not walk through the snow, and her brother had no horse for her. I talked to her about the things of God all the time, riding along with her brother and sister, who were on the same way. I wonder who could have been so wicked as to turn that into mischief? We did not meet any one on the way but neighbor Harrow's son, and old Bro. Pipes, and their children, and I am sure none of these would have told such a dreadful tale on me."

"Yes, I did," he added after a moment's pause, "yes, I saw Mr. Lane, just as we were passing through the town's end; and I remember now, he looked at me hard and long; but he spoke in a friendly manner. I wonder if he would do me this great harm! I know he is not very kindly disposed to me, but surely he could not lie like this. Do you know who was first heard to speak of this matter, Bro. Wilson? Who says they saw Agnes riding behind me to Gamlingay?"

"I do not know. I only heard that this is the rumor, and I have come to you to let you know it, that you may meet it as you think best."

"I must leave it in the hands of God. I don't know how to set myself about proving my innocence. If I am attacked, I will defend myself as well as I can. I must cast my burden on God, and leave it to him, for I am in a narrow strait, and sore-pressed. Pray for me, Bro. Wilson. Ask God that all my afflictions may redound to his glory and my good. I would be like a cowed child in his hands. O God, pity me, and help me!"

With words of Christian love and comfort, these two tried soldiers of the Cross comforted each other. The one to go to his happy family, over which no visible shadow rested; the other, with bowed spirit and tried faith, to those whom he loved, and to whom

he must break the dire intelligence which was well nigh breaking his heart.

Behold him, as with bent form and down-cast eye he treads the narrow path that leads to the loved ones of his bosom, over whom a cloud of fierce anger is darkly gathering. Hear him, as he sighs in agony of soul.

“O God, Jehovah, deliver me from mine enemies. They that seek after my life lay snares for me, and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long. O God, my God, how long shall mine enemies prosper—how long shall they who seek my ruin triumph? My ways are all known to thee. Thine eye takes notice of them all. And thou, O Father, knowest I am innocent of those sins they wickedly lay to my charge. Shall I be put to an open shame? Shall disgrace come upon my poor wife and children, and their name be cast out as evil? Unless thou come to my help, O God, my foes will sweep me from the earth. Vain is the help of man. Unless thou interpose to save me, my life shall be swallowed. My way is dark before me; my strength faileth. I perish without thee.”

Thus did Bunyan cry unto God for succor, as he trod his dreary way homeward from Bedford. Never before had the world seemed so dark to him. “He looked, and there was no one to pity; he cried, and there was no one to help.” How should he escape the snares they had laid for him? Suppose Agnes should implicate him? What if Satan should tempt her to lay the crime at his door? Could she have had designs upon him, on Saturday, when she insisted so earnestly on riding behind him to Gamlingay? And did she really poison her poor old father? Surely, Agnes would not do this. He had known her since she was a child—a baby on her mother’s knee, for she was younger than his Mary; he, too, had listened to her account of her passing from the reign of sin and Satan into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and he felt that he could not be mistaken with respect to the truth of her change. Nor could he believe that God would suffer one of his children thus to fall. Then he thought of David and his grievous sin, and looked in upon his own heart, and remembered his many sore temptations and his weakness; and when he recalled all these,

he was sore afraid, lest this great evil had overtaken her. And if she could do this, would she not, to escape punishment herself, draw him into the crime, and accuse him as her instigator?

Then there arose before his vivid imagination the shameful trial, the prison, and the gibbet. And then the darker picture, of a disgraced, suffering family. And as he dwelt upon the contemplation, the scene grew darker and darker, until his soul was ready to burst with agony. God's holy spirit seemed to forsake him, and he was left for a while to the sorest temptations.

Ah, how black was that hour! The concentrated intensity of the Saviour's suffering, as he hung on the Cross, was that God had forsaken him. How fearful, then, the hour, when poor, frail man feels that the loving kindness of God is clean gone. We have need to pray every hour, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from us."

Bunyan's life seemed a rayless void, as he approached his cottage home. No pleasure in the past, no promise in the future.

"His Elizabeth observed his changed appearance, and inquired its cause.

"You must be sorely troubled, my husband. I have never seen you look so since you came from prison."

The poor man knew not what to say. How could he tell her that he was accused of two of the foulest crimes? It would prostrate her, as it had done him. And yet how could he keep it from her ear? She must know it in a little time, and she had better hear it from his own lips.

The two walked into the close, that they might withdraw from the family, and there Bunyan broke to his trembling wife the horrid story. She shuddered, and gasped for breath, as she listened. She felt, with all the intensity of her nature, what must be the consequences to her dear husband, and herself, and children, of such a rumor getting abroad. She believed her husband was innocent; she *knew* that he was. But how was he to prove it? And even if he did prove it, there would still be many ready to believe him guilty—such is the love of some minds for vice and vulgarity.

She wept as if her heart would break. She knew every tear and every groan but added to her dear husband's already unsupportable weight of sorrow; yet her heart must break if she did not find vent



to her emotion. She could not speak, she could not think. She could only feel, God alone knows how deeply. And, poor man, what comfort could he give? He could only assure her of his innocence, and of this she was entirely satisfied.

Oh, weight of sinking sorrow! how can the poor human heart bear up and not break?

God himself supports, though we are unconscious of his presence. He sees us through the dark cloud, although our darkened eyes can catch no glimpse of him. He himself suffers his children to be brought to these extreme straits, that he may manifest his own power in rescuing them from death. He will cause himself to be known to all the people, in that he saves his children from the fire and flood of persecution.

“We have no helper but God, my husband,” said the wife, as soon as she could command her voice, “and if he does not come to save us, we are lost, for our enemies are set upon our destruction, and there seems to be no way of escape for us.”

Almost miraculously, as is oftentimes the case, Bunyan rose from the depths of distress, into which he had been plunged by the recital of his brother, Mr. Wilson, into the consoler and supporter of his wife. He must plead the promises of God that she might be kept from despair, and in thus doing, she became his food and his strength.

The way for Christians to lose their troubles, is to undertake for God with another who is distressed and cast down.

“Let not sorrow overwhelm you, my Elizabeth. God himself will deliver us. He is a sovereign God, and he stands pledged for the safety of his people. He oftentimes brings them into deep waters, into mighty rushing waters, that are ready to swallow them up; but then he verifies his immutable promise, ‘When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.’ He will always provide a way of escape for his people. Remember the children of Israel, with the Red Sea before them. Who could see any help for them? And yet God delivered them with the right arm of his power, and overthrew their enemies. He gave victory to the armies of Israel when they cried unto him. He has never failed to save his people. And

he has brought us through wonderful trials, my Elizabeth. Let us trust his grace and love to bring us safely through this strait."

"But how could they be so wicked as to lay this thing to your charge?"

"Mine enemy hath done it."

"Oh, how wicked! Who could be so vile? What enemy have you that owes you such a grudge?"

"I know of but one, Mr. Lane, the preacher. If he has not done this thing, I know not who has. I cannot say it is he. We must wait patiently, looking to the Lord to unfold it, and show me clear of the hellish charge."

"Oh, the wicked man! how could he do such a shameful thing?"

"He thinks I am in his way, Elizabeth. I am fearful he is proud and ambitious, and seeks his own good more than he does the honor of Christ. But we must wait until he makes himself seen. If he has done it, it will be found out on him. He cannot keep it hid always. God will bring it to light. We must trust him, and seek his aid. He will bring every work to the light."

Thus did Bunyan endeavor to console his heart-broken wife, by pointing her to God's immutable justice, and love of God. And when they gathered that night around the altar of prayer, their faith began to look upward. They could cast their care on Jesus, for they felt that he cared for them.

The holy man of God plead for grace to sustain him under the trying conflict which he saw was just before him. With tears and groans he cried for help. He knew there was no eye to pity, no arm to save, but that of Jesus; and to his right arm he trusted to bring salvation, and rescue his darling from the den of lions."

It is a dark hour, a hour of fierce trial. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

*(To be Continued.)*

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THERE is no need to exhort thee to love thyself. Thou wilt do that well enough. Well, then, as much as thou lovest thyself, love thy neighbor.—*Spurgeon.*

## CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE may be lulled to sleep for a season, but the energies of his faculty are not, on this account, weakened in the least degree, their exercise being simply put off to some future period of light and conviction, perhaps a dying bed, perhaps the day of judgment. Conscience depends much upon light and training. A conscience, trained in the light of God's word, acts more powerfully than the conscience of a man who is ignorant of it. This will not prevent the future and vigorous action of conscience when that man's deeds come to be reviewed in the light of it. Conscience may be perverted, and sometimes is fearfully so, by habits of wickedness, so as to put evil for good, and darkness for light. Now, in such a case, evil deeds may really be committed under the impression that they are good deeds; but it is manifest that this only shows how dreadfully evil a man must become; and, by-and-bye, when in the light of truth those deeds are reviewed, the action of conscience in regard to them will be just as terribly severe as if they had been performed in that light. Paul speaks of some whose very mind and conscience were defiled; the darkening, perverting, defiling power of their evil course of action having reached to the movements of their intellect, their understanding, and moral sense. He speaks of some in their wickedness, left to so strong a delusion as to believe a lie. Now, the steps in every case, by which men arrive at such delusion, are well known and gradual; to the eye of God they are distinct, and though they may not at present be remembered by the mind, there will be a day when they will be seen as clearly as God sees them; and then the judgment of conscience in regard to all the acts that followed such delusion will be terribly severe. Sometimes the blindness and silence of a perverted conscience continue almost uninterrupted even to the hour of death; but generally the light of truth breaks in upon the soul, and conscience shows her power in remorse, when remorse is all that the soul seems capable of.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

## NEVER ALONE.

AN old man sits in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page; he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and often hours passed by, in which the silence of his thought was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation; one by one the companions of boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—how cheerless his days.

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. "I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather," said she, "and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to or to love?"

The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child.

"I am never alone, my child," he said. "How can I be lonely? for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the Father, to dwell in my soul, and my Saviour is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at His feet, and learn of Him; and though pain and sickness often come to warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek, in your youth, this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters, and then when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you, too, can say, I am never alone."

A SMILE.—A smile is a sunbeam resting upon a parted rosebud; and, again, it is the cold auroral gleam upon a northern iceberg. An infant's smile is an instant glimpse of heaven; the smile of a bad man, a momentary vision of hell. The smile of one reveals the heart's purity; the smile of the other conceals its baseness. A smile may cheer the despairing, and a smile may blast the unfortunate. A smile is the silent token of approval—sweet and beautiful upon the lips of the mother; the highest reward of right actions and truthful words. A smile upon the lips of youth, and a burning blush upon the cheek, betoken the first loss of innocence; and the earliest proofs of moral cowardice. Beware of trusting smiles.

"SAMS LOUCI, Miss., April 3, 1859.

"MRS. SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD:—A sudden impulse prompts me to ask you a simple question. You can answer it, if you will, and not put on an editorial frown, and thunder out, 'persons write to us on all sorts of subjects which concern us not, expecting a reply. To such we would say,' &c., &c. I have been glancing over the Repository. I was struck with a piece, entitled 'My Father's Will,' so replete with true feeling that I have for hours sat musing upon its touching and precious words of comfort. Every inheritor of an estate in the valley of Baca may see there portrayed his own emotions when called to remove to that 'desert place,' where are 'no pools nor wells of water;' no light there, but darkness, darkness, blackness of darkness.

"Now, Mrs. Sallie Rochester Ford, what I wish so much for you to tell me is, *who wrote it?* Wont you, please? I feel as if I must know. I don't want to trouble you to write me a letter, but tuck a little word for me especially in one corner of your Ed. Department, which will be '*entre nous*,' and which will give me so much satisfaction.

"Now, I hav'nt the remotest idea that you will grant my request. 'I give it to the winds' (*alias* P. O.). I can't help making it. I shall wait impatiently the result."

Yours respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER."

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## OBITUARY.

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MRS. MARTHA ELLEN MILLER, wife of Elder Jacob T. Miller, departed this life Nov. 13th, 1858, at the residence of her father, John J. Jeffries, Nolin, Hardin county, Ky.

Sister Miller was born February 20th, 1839, and while yet the dews of early youth were on her face, she displayed an agreeability and amiability of mind and heart, possessed by few—the promise of future traits of character which adorned her years of riper life. When just budding into womanhood, she sought and obtained that pearl which is above all price—an interest in the Saviour's blood. And to him who had bought her by his death upon the Cross she willingly and gladly manifested her love by going down into the baptismal grave—thereby declaring her death to sin, and resurrection to newness of life; and ever after, amidst the scenes of joyous youth, she acted and moved "as seeing him who is invisible;" loving the assemblies of the saints, and glad when it was said, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." Her membership was with the United Baptist Church of Jesus Christ, at Gilead, where she joined, in September, 1851.

On the 17th of November, 1857, she stood at the nuptial altar, a youthful bride, with the full hope of happy years before her. But, alas, how soon the flowers of life have faded and fallen! Death, through insidious disease, approached. She lingered through six weeks of severe and intense affliction, all of which she bore with a calm patience and resignation seldom shown by mortal. She was not surprised when death at last gave the fatal stroke. During her sickness she talked of death. Her mind was impressed with the belief that she would die. She spoke of how she had loved her Saviour, but said, "I love him now better than ever before." She who gave her birth quit this life years ago, when sister Miller was quite a girl; and while nearing the shore of eternity, she said, "Ha, how I love my Ma!" and soon, doubtless, in the embrace of love they met, and met to part no more. She did not fear to die. Sister Miller left a kind and affectionate husband, a father, and other relatives, to mourn their loss; but their loss is her eternal gain. Her little babe knew not a mother's care and deep solicitude for its welfare.

May heaven bless and spare the child—bright memento of departed worth.

A FRIEND.

# LETTER FROM THE COUNCIL.

LOUISVILLE, April 6th, 1859.

R. T. DILLARD, Chairman of the Frankfort Council :

Dear Sir:—By a unanimous vote of the acting committee of the East Baptist Church of Louisville, you are requested to furnish, for the use of the church in defence of herself and her pastor, and in defence of the action of the Council against the strictures made and published by a committee of the Walnut Street Church, a letter or statement, setting forth as fully as the case may require, the grounds of the action of the Council having special reference to the " specifications " made in the published " protest " of the publication of the Walnut Street Church.

An early answer will much oblige,

S. N. HODGES,  
Chairman of Committee.

S. N. HODGES, Chairman :

Dear Brother—Yours of the 6th of April has been received, and the following letter has been prepared and subscribed by each member of the Frankfort Council. It is submitted to the East Church for whatever use she in her judgment may have for it.

Yours, &c.,

R. T. DILLARD, Chairman.

The Council in the trial of Elder S. H. Ford, feel that it is hardly necessary here to assure Dr. Everts, and his friends in his church, who are aggrieved at the Council and its action, that it was no part of their intention to injure any one concerned. They feel, indeed, that the difficulty had assumed a shape and character which rendered it inevitable but that some would be aggrieved, whatever might be their decision, and had not the churches and ministry become more or less affected by it throughout a large portion of Kentucky, it is probable no one who sat in the Council would have been willing to have had anything to do with it. They were induced to take hold of it only under the conviction that the parties in the strife had gotten the matter so tangled up, and themselves and their friends so embittered, that they could not possibly apply proper principles of adjudication, or reach any satisfactory conclusions, either to themselves or the denomination, and that consequently the cause of Christ would be seriously injured throughout the State. It may not now be improper to state that several of the Council were, perhaps, unduly committed in their *feelings* to the side of Dr. Everts, until changed by the examination of the testimony. The danger was that Elder Ford might suffer through such feeling, though it is believed that the Council went into the matter in the fear of God, and feeling the responsibility attaching to whatever action they might take. They sought only to understand the case, apply the proper principles in the application and weighing of the evidence ;

know no one, but in the light of the facts, and the circumstances, and reach their conclusions as they should give account to God.

1. The first complaint against the Council, is that it was an *ex parte* one—that it was called by the East Church, “without the aid or concurrence of any other church.” The distinct understanding of the Council in this matter was, and still is, that the Walnut Street Church had definitely and formally determined not to submit to any Council, but to proceed with the trial of her own pastor, in her own independent capacity; and that in order to this, she had formally rejected the action of the joint committee who had selected and recommended to each of the churches an able council under the suggestion of the memorial of a large body of the leading brethren throughout the State, when at Georgetown attending the General Association; and that she did this without even consulting the East Church or her pastor, or the joint committee. Under this state of case the East Church represented to the brethren whom she called to her aid, that the course of the Walnut Street Church had left her no alternative, but either to proceed with the trial of her pastor herself, or procure able and judicious help from the churches at a distance, that she regretted being compelled to either of these alternatives; but could not help herself. She represented that she, without a dissenting voice accepted the Council selected and recommended by the joint committee, and was perfectly willing to submit the whole case to them or to any other who might be satisfactory to the joint committee or to the two churches. Then the only question was, whether she should proceed herself to the trial, or call in help; she felt that in every respect the latter course was preferable. She then simply added *five* other names, known and tried, to the *original five* recommended by the joint committee. This body met in Frankfort, and acted on the whole testimony as the Council of the East Church. These were the representations and circumstances under which the undersigned accepted their appointment. It was their judgment, considering the grave nature of the case, the importance of a decision that should not be chargeable with being given under party influences, that the East Church acted with great wisdom, as well as with a laudable disinterestedness. She showed that she was not only willing, but anxious, that the character of her pastor should be tried before a tribunal which stood beyond the prejudices which the protracted investigation before the joint committee had created among the friends of the parties immediately concerned. The complaint of the Walnut Street Church on this point seems to amount simply to this, “We have chosen to submit the case to no Council whatever, and therefore you can with no propriety have one either!” It is the opinion of the Council, that all impartial readers will concede

that the *propriety* in this case is on the side of the East Church: She acted wisely: The complaint of Walnut Street Church is unjust; besides, it is inconsistent. Was not the tribunal before which her pastor was tried *ex parte both in fact and feeling?* And if the course taken by the East Church "looks to her," as she says, "very like a transparent and withal rather silly farce," how much more must the "trial" of her pastor by "*his own jury*" look like a "*silly farce!*" This reasoning on the part of the Walnut Street Church is unfortunate!

2. The second complaint seems to be, that the Council proceeded with the trial as a case between Everts and Ford, or rather to try Ford as informally, but really prosecuted by Everts according to the testimony taken before the joint committee. The state of the case is this, as presented by the East Church, by the minutes of Walnut Street Church, March 26 and 28, 1858, and also as presented on the face of the testimony: Elder S. H. Ford presented a charge of slander, under several specifications, against Elder W. W. Everts before the Walnut Street Church. The charge was received and a committee of seven raised to act conjointly with a like committee from the East Church "to investigate the difficulty between the pastors of the two churches." Elder Everts, from some cause or for some purpose, chose to make no *formal* charge against Elder Ford before the joint committee. He simply proceeded to attempt to justify what he was charged with as slander. Having agreed to a joint tribunal of investigation, the straight-forward and fair course would have been, to prefer what he had said, as charges, and give the proof. Each would then have presented himself on the merits of his case. Elder Everts, however, simply wished to prove Elder Ford to be a very bad man, as a means of self-justification. He had an aversion to be in the attitude of a *formal* prosecutor, though he evidently had none to being a *real* one.

To help him out in this course, his friend, B. C. Hord, assumed the position of formal prosecutor. He appeared before Elder Ford's church with charges covering the entire ground of his alleged criminality and bad character. But it was soon found that he appeared there in behalf of nobody! Of the charges he brought he knew nothing, except that there were existing certain rumors; of the proof by which they were to be sustained he personally had none, but was to rely altogether on what Elder Everts might bring forward! On looking into the affair the East Church felt that there was an attempt to impose upon her through B. C. Hord, and she ruled him out of the case, he having no pretext of right in it, and she instructed the Council not to try Ford as charged by Hord, but as actually assailed by Everts in the testimony.

Dr. Everts and his friends complain much and loudly of the



Council for having sanctioned this action of the East Church. They claim that the only proper issue before the East Church was "Hord *vs.* Ford," and that none but "B. C. Hord had a *right* to change it." The members of the Council feel free to say however, that in their opinion the church *did right*, and that B. C. Hord had no *just right* whatever in the matter. The absurdity of the claim will be palpable if we suppose that Elder Everts, from some cause, concluded to assail the character of such a man as Dr. Fuller; but being, from some consideration, unwilling to assail him himself with *direct* charges, and their proof, he gets this man, B. C. Hord, to *repair to Baltimore*, and in the name of the DENOMINATION, appear before Dr. Fuller's church with a string of charges covering all that his pastor has against the Doctor. Suppose Hord admits to Dr. Fuller's church that he knows nothing himself of the charges beyond mere rumor, that he knows not where the proof is, but that his friend, Dr. Everts, will be on in a few days to prove Dr. Fuller unworthy of his present position; and that he, *Hord*, will avail himself of that proof to sustain his charges!! Would not Dr. Fuller and his church be apt to regard such a man a fit subject for the lunatic asylum?

It is truly mortifying to have to expose such absurdities, but justice demands it. What pastor in Kentucky would be safe with whom Dr. Everts might get into a difficulty, if such a "right" is to be conceded to him in the churches, through his friend, B. C. Hord? Would the Walnut Street Church hold herself accessible to any one in the interest of Elder Ford, who would choose at any time to bring charges against *her pastor*, of which the person himself knew nothing but rumor, and relied only on what his friend Ford could bring against him as proof? Such a concession as the claim set up for Hord, would render all our churches continually liable to the annoyances of designing men. They will not soon admit this new feature of Baptist discipline.

The Council did therefore sanction the rejection of B. C. Hord from the case. His claim was an usurpation—an absurdity, and could have been dictated by no just views of his rights. The real accuser of Elder Ford is Elder Everts. This is seen on the face of the testimony; and the church did right to have her pastor tried as *there* accused. She would have stultified *herself*, and permitted great injustice to her pastor in the *form* of the trial at least, to have allowed him to be tried in any other way.

3d. Another complaint against the Council is, that they "countenanced a forgery" perpetrated on the Hord papers by the East Church. A sufficient answer to this is, that all temptation to commit or sanction such an act was taken out of the way by the rejection of all the Hord papers as any proper part of the records of the trial.

4th. A further complaint is, that the Council in acquitting El-

der Ford, by "implication at least," found Elder Everts guilty, thus extending their jurisdiction so as to reach a man who had not submitted his case to their decision.

The answer to this is, that in every case of direct issue it is inevitable but that the acquittal of one shall be the condemnation of the other, "by implication at least." The Council did not name Dr. Everts in any of their decisions. They found for and against Elder Ford, by name, as the testimony warranted, but neither for or against Everts by name. If by implication, it was because the nature of all such cases necessarily makes it so. Doubtless it was to escape from this that Dr. Everts and his friends were so anxious to have the name of B. C. Hord substituted in the trial of S. H. Ford. Tried on this basis, the acquittal of Ford would have been the condemnation of a man between whom and Ford there were no mutual difficulties! while the man who really had the difficulty with Ford would escape, after having done all in his power to ruin him, under cover of his friend! Did not the acquittal of Everts by his church, "by implication at least," likewise involve the guilt of S. H. Ford? It certainly did, and it was impossible to avoid it. It is the case in all direct issues, as already said. The complaint is, therefore, childish and unworthy of notice beyond the mere statement of the facts.

5th. Still another complaint is that the Council has pronounced the testimony of some of the witnesses "unreliable," and in some instances, "from most unworthy sources." If the testimony in the alleged misconduct with females does not bear this language out to the mind of the reader he can hardly be considered discriminating in such matters.

Had the developments since made on this subject *been then known*, as they now are, and as published along with this letter, the Council would certainly have found no charge of "VERBAL INDECRETIONS" AGAINST ELDER FORD. The manifest pliability of the witnesses would forbid it.

6th. It has been said further, with some feeling, that the proof of alleged "fraudulent transactions in business" is in itself sufficient to condemn Ford forever, and that the Council got over its weight only by an undue disparagement of its sources. The Council would only suggest whether there is anything in the testimony of the very best of these witnesses that may not be accounted for fully by fair Christian construction without reaching the conclusion that "*fraud*" was designed or in the least perpetrated? The great error on the part of the prosecution is, that they have set out on the principle, that the very worst possible construction was to be put on *every transaction* in Elder Ford's life that could possibly be dragged into service against him. This is palpably to be seen in the interspersed remarks and comments accompanying

the published testimony, as well as in the testimony itself. No unprejudiced reader can fail to discover it.

7th. Still further, and finally, it is complained that the Council could not have given *the time* necessary to make up their "award," and according to the testimony. It is alleged that "various eminent jurists have been consulted about the matter, and all unite in expressing the opinion, that while in manuscript *from two weeks to a month* is necessary to form any adequate judgment upon it." Could Dr. Everts and his friends have really believed this statement of opinion when they penned it? If so, they can hardly expect the public to learn anything very definite or "adequate" about the case by the publication of the testimony; for it is hardly probable that any one has so little else to do, or is so interested in the matter, as to devote "*from two weeks to a month*" of his precious time in order to become able "to form any adequate judgment upon it." Only "eminent jurists," who are *paid* for their time in such cases, can afford to bestow it so profusely. Christian men, however, of common sense, will, in about *thirty hours* at most, the actual time the Council gave to it, make up a tolerable "adequate judgment upon it," when, by this defence, they shall have the facts the Council had to guide their judgment. The undersigned believe, that even Dr. Everts himself, and those specially supporting him in this affair, will, upon reading the defence of the East Church, of which this intended to be a part, be able, without the aid of those "eminent jurists," to form a more "adequate judgment upon it," and in a shorter time, too, than they have yet been able to do.

The statements that the Council "could not think of disobeying orders," that they "were sent there to do a certain thing and they did it," and others of a similar character, may go before the Baptist community for what they are worth. They certainly show no very kind feeling nor any great amount of brotherly love towards the members of the Council.

The Council is of opinion that Dr. Everts and his friends have committed several successive blunders in the prosecution of this difficulty, and that it is to these they have to attribute their present confusion and mortification.

1st. The attempt to substitute Hord for Everts as the accuser of Ford. This was a glaring misconception of propriety and right. There is no sound principle of discipline on which Hord could be substituted, being confessedly the representative of no one, and having nothing against Ford as of his own. However convenient such a maneuver might be to Everts, the East Church could not with justice either to herself or to her pastor allow it.

2d. The refusal to submit the case to a disinterested mutually called council. Such a council could surely have been gotten in the United States, if not in Kentucky. A willingness to have

submitted it to such a body would have evinced a ready consciousness of a just cause, and would have led probably to such an adjustment as would have answered the purpose of justice to each party much better than the course pursued has done. This would have been done too without any sacrifice of church independency. It is not unfavorable in the premises to the cause of Elder Ford that he and his church have always been ready to have the case decided by disinterested brethren.

3d. The spirit and principle of the prosecution is wrong. What seems to have governed them throughout is, that it is legitimate and proper to search the whole life of Ford, and press every unguarded word, every doubtful act, the perversion of every prejudiced enemy, and the easy pliability of every weak and ignorant woman that can be used, under the most rigid and worst possible construction into testimony against him. A magnanimous, Christian prosecutor, would have been willing to use only patent facts, fairly construed, under the influence of a proper Christian charity. Dr. Everts and his friends must one day see that they have done themselves, as well as Elder Ford, great injustice in this respect. They themselves, however, must ultimately be the greatest sufferers. The Christian public can not sustain them.

4th. Another of these blunders is the publication of this testimony with its accompanying "Protest" and comments. This has necessitated a defence by the East Church and this letter from the Council, placing the matter in its true light before the public. The Council have been always unwilling for anything to appear on the part of Elder Ford and his church, further than was strictly necessary to clear him. They did not wish to expose the conduct of Dr. Everts and his friends beyond the mere award given in July last. The publication of the testimony, however, with comments, required to be met. Justice and truth demand the expose, which the East Church is about to make of the whole case. And it is not even doubtful whether the Walnut Street Church will suffer. She cannot but suffer. The testimony itself will fail to make the impression she expects. The very opposite will be the result; and the comments exhibit an inquisitorial and uncharitable spirit.

It is proper here to say, that upon perceiving the awkward position of Elder Everts through his reliance on the substitution of Hord for himself, and the evident disappointment he would necessarily feel upon Hord's rejection by the East Church, the Council sent a special messenger for him, that he might be conversed with and put right on the subject of his misconceptions and awkwardness of position, before any final action should be had in the case. It was no part of the Council's object to summon him before them for trial, as has been alleged, but solely that he might be put right

as respects the form of the trial, and saved, if possible, from the public exposure which he has now to endure. He declined the invitation, however, and nothing could be done for him.

It may not be amiss to remark, just here, that Dr. Everts has complained much in private that the Council did not read his defence before his church. But with what propriety can he so complain, when he positively declined to appear before them in any form, except as a witness "against Ford?" To have read his defence before his church, under the circumstances, would have been to drag him before the Council against his *written will*.

The undersigned have thus briefly discharged a duty which they probably owed to themselves and to all the parties concerned. They have, from the first, only sought to know and follow the truth as between the parties in strife. After a careful revision of the testimony as published, though in parts defective, they feel more than ever convinced of the correctness of their previous award, with the exception already indicated. They believe the case has only to be understood in its true light, and the testimony weighed under the direction of a proper Christian spirit, to secure the general concurrence of all good men.

R. T. DILLARD, *Ch'm.*  
 JAMES G. LEACH, *Sec'y.*  
 W. VAUGHAN,  
 H. WINGATE,  
 JESSE ROBINSON,  
 D. R. CAMPBELL,  
 R. RICHARDS,  
 D. N. PORTER,  
 A. KING.

**NOTE.**—In looking over the minutes of the proceedings of the Council, I find that the Walnut Street Church sent to the Council a copy of the *records* of the trial and acquittal of Elder Everts. With that copy was also sent the evidence on which he was tried. From the Record we learn that the Walnut Street Church used only *fifty-one* of the five hundred pages of the evidence taken by the joint committee of the two churches—that the fifty-one pages used were selections made by the friends of Elder Everts—that this was read, considered, and a verdict rendered at a night meeting of the Walnut Street Church in July, when the nights were very short, and that the tribunal which tried Elder Everts heard but a tithe of the testimony. Yet the Walnut Street Church makes an attempt to ridicule the Council for sitting only *four days* in the trial of Elder Ford, and insinuates that they "could not have heard more than half the evidence, and probably the wrong half!!" If AN HOUR AND A HALF was sufficient for the Walnut Street Church to hear the evidence, and try her pastor, surely FOUR DAYS were sufficient for the Council to hear the same evidence and determine the guilt or innocence of Elder Ford! Again, what assurance can the public have that the Walnut Street Church, in hearing a *tenth* of the evidence, got hold of the *right tenth*? Would it not be well for our brethren of the Walnut Street Church to "remove the beam," &c.

JAMES G. LEACH,  
 Sec'y of the Council.

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXXXX.—JUNE, 1859.



WM. CAREY CRANE,

PRESIDENT SEMPLE BROADDUS COLLEGE, MISS.,

Is the oldest son of Wm. Crane, Esq., of Baltimore. He was born in Richmond, Va., March 17th, 1816. He was early impressed with deep convictions under the ministry of John Bryce, now of Henderson, Ky., who was then pastor of the first church,

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Richmond. He was baptized by J. B. Taylor July 27th, 1832, in James River. In 1834 he was licensed to preach by the Second Church, Richmond. He was then 18 years of age. He prosecuted a double course of classics and mathematics, and a full course of theological study, at Madison, N. Y., before his ordination, which took place in Baltimore, Sept. 23d, 1838, by request of the Calvert St. Baptist Church.

Bro. Crane has been a prominent and useful worker ever since he entered the ministry. In the columns of the New York Baptist Register, Religious Herald, Southern Literary Messenger, Christian Index, South Western Baptist, and Christian Repository, are to be found the numerous and able productions of his classical pen. He has also published several works of ability, among which is a volume of "Literary Discourses," of 127 pages.

Bro. Crane is an able, active, and useful man. His sermon, before the Southern Convention in Louisville, will be found in this number.

S. H. F.

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ACTS 22: 66.

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"Arise and be baptized, and wash away your sins."

This passage of Scripture has been the theme of so much discussion among theologians, and has been variously interpreted even by those who agree as to its imports. The Catholics and disciples of Alexander Campbell construe it literally, and regard it as teaching the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, in some sense—representing baptism either of securing to the baptized remission of sin, or as a pre-requisite to remission.

It is a general rule of interpretation, that the words of an author should be taken in their *literal* acceptation, unless it is obvious from the context, that such was not the intent of the writer, or unless such rendering conflicts with the views of the writer on the same subject elsewhere, and repeatedly expressed. In either of the cases supposed, the literal construction must be abandoned, and the meaning of the author sought elsewhere. Transubstantiation is the literalization of a metaphor, and baptismal remission

of sin is a doctrine of like origin, The latter heresy is, however, the more plausible, and consequently the more dangerous, inasmuch as it does not bear upon its front either apparent impossibility or absurdity: whilst the Popish dogma, which teaches that the bread and wine are in reality, the body and the blood of Christ, appears to human reason both impossible and absurd.

That the passage quoted above, is not to be understood literally, is probable, in the first place, from the fact that baptism is a mere *rite*, the performance of which does not pre-suppose any particular state of the moral feelings—a mere physical act, which is performed simply for the reason that it is *commanded*, and not because there was in it any antecedent moral fitness, appreciable by enlightened reason, as in the acts of faith and repentance.

In the second place, the preaching and the instructions of Christ and his Apostles everywhere insist upon repentance and faith as indispensable pre-requisites of remission of sin—whilst baptism is frequently not even alluded to by them when they preached the gospel to the unconverted, and urged upon them the duty of repentance and faith.

“How, then, does it happen, that, in the passage quoted, and one or two others of similar construction, baptism is represented as the act which secures remission of sins, or without which, “there is no assurance of remission?” The explanation of this, Christ and the Apostles made use of forms of expression which with the Jews were familiar, and by which they were in no danger of being misled, but which would not bear a literal rendering into other languages, not possessing corresponding idioms. In illustration of this principle, let us examine the language employed in the law of leprosy, as given in Leviticus. When a man suspected of being affected with leprosy was brought to the priest, it was made the duty of the priest to examine him, and if he judged him to be leprous, he was required to declare him unclean. In the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, which was in general use in our Lord’s days, the word which is correctly rendered in our English version, “shall declare him unclean,” is *meanie*, that is, the priest *shall defile* him. So also, when the priest should judge him restored, he was required to declare him clean; but the word in the Septuagint which is employed to express this declaration of



restoration is *katharisei*, that is, *shall purify* him. Here the point is represented as *doing* what he was required to declare had already been done.

So baptism, which is a ritual declaration of faith in the atoning blood of Christ, is spoken of, in the passage under consideration, as itself washing out the stain of sin.

The declaration of the priest, that the man was healed, was necessary to his re-admission into the congregation from which his leprosy had excluded him; and the baptismal declaration of faith is a pre-requisite to admission into his church on earth. Both rites are said to *do* what they were designed to represent as *already done*.

If this view of the passage be correct, the meaning of it is—arise and be baptized, and declare to the world your belief that your sins have been washed away. The blood of Christ, not the waters of Jordan, cleanses from all sin. LAYMAN.

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## BI O G R A P H I C A L .

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### PIONEER PREACHERS.

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#### JOHN TAYLOR.

FOUR or five miles from the city of Frankfort, Ky., is the lone and neglected grave of John Taylor. Not far from it reposes the dust of the sainted John Gano. No monument marks the spot. The property has passed out of the hands of their posterity, and the resting place of those "Fathers in our Israel" is almost entirely unknown.

Standing beside those tombless graves, in the midst of that glorious landscape, rich in all the colorings of nature and of cultivation, the mind recurs with mournful pleasure to the scene of a by-gone and more spiritual generation. Eighty years ago! The Indian yell then rung through the unbroken forests. Yonder stood the block-house and the fort. Around it the brave Virginian, with his rifle on his back, broke the earth and cultivated his little crop in the very face of his savage foe. As the red-man retired

before the tread of emigration, and the grandfathers of those who cultivate these now fertile farms were marking out and defending their surveys, the man who sleeps in this unknown spot gathered the people in the fort—in the forest; lifted in their midst the banner of Jesus; announced the glad tidings of the gospel, and in tears sowed the seed whose product is ripe for the harvest.

These have all departed. With that hale and fearless race of pioneers have also gone those who preached to them the gospel of Christ. Labor and persecution were their lot in life. A neglected grave is all that earth awards them. But their spirits repose above—imperishable monuments of endless blessing, enwreathed with a halo of ever-brightening splendor. "Servants of God, well done."

John Taylor was born in Farquier county, Va., in 1752. His early life was spent in poverty, the habits of his father having made hard labor and penury his inevitable lot.

When about seventeen years of age, his father moved to Frederic county, back of the Blue Ridge, on the Shenandoah river. Up to this time he had never even heard of that people called Baptists; and being almost entirely ignorant of the scriptures, he knew but little of his situation as a sinner, or his responsibilities to God. At this point in his history, he witnessed a scene which influenced his whole future life. It was this:

William Marshall visited and preached in the neighborhood. Marshall belonged to one of the most influential families in Virginia. Of polished manners, liberal education, and fine speaking talents, he gave to the Anabaptists something of respectability in the eyes of the world. At least, wherever he went he attracted large audiences, and was treated with comparative respect.\*

At one of the early visits of Marshall to the neighborhood, John was present, merely through curiosity. It was generally reported that at those Baptist meetings the people hallooed, cried out, trembled, and fell down, and went into strange exercises. "My

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\* John Taylor's life of William Marshall. I have collected the materials for this sketch from Taylor's History of Ten Churches; an incident in his life written by himself, and attached to a pamphlet called "Thoughts on Missions;" an article of his in the Gospel Herald, 1813.

object," says Taylor, "was to see and amuse myself at all this, as I would at other sports. The people were so numerous that the preacher went to a white oak stump, three or four feet over, and about six feet from the meeting-house, that all might hear. The vast concourse of people took their stand in the snow, there being no seats to sit on."

What a scene was that! In the midst of persecution, and bitter reproach, a man of intellect and accomplishment, journeying a hundred miles in mid winter to preach the gospel to the poor, with no earthly remuneration but insult, and perhaps imprisonment. *But he went;* unent by human organization, uncalled for by those to whom he preached. And the concourse stood in the snow, while the preacher stood on the stump, and, in "thunder tones," proclaimed to them the riches of Christ.

"While I was diverting myself," continues Taylor, "ranging through the company to see the exercise of the people, I came near the stump, when Thomas broke out into a flood of tears and a loud cry for mercy. He being an old playmate, I stared at him awhile, with awful wonder, and just at that time my eye and ear were caught by the preaching of the minister. He was treating of the scenes of the judgment." Taylor's mind was arrested. He retired from the scene to a lonely, hanging rock, which leaned over South River, and cried to God for mercy, and found peace in believing.

A few days afterwards, a scene of deepest interest took place. Never had a primitive baptism been witnessed in all that region of Virginia. God's blessing had accompanied the preaching of Marshall. Towards the close of the meeting (which lasted seven days), Samuel Harris arrived. He had traveled two hundred miles to be present and administer the ordinance of baptism for Marshall. Elijah Craig and John Waller, who were with him, were, as yet, unordained. "I think fifty-three were baptized," says Taylor. "The rite of laying on of hands on the newly baptized was practiced by the Baptists of those days."

He was, soon afterwards, received into the fellowship of the church, and baptized by James Ireland. He was then in his twentieth year. He soon began to feel anxious to make known what he had found and felt to others. Poor, without education, with

the prospect of persecution and imprisonment before him, he longed to go forth, preaching the kingdom. His friend and co-laborer in after life, Joseph Redding, held meetings in his house, and occasionally asked Taylor to aid him. To talk to sinners; to unfold the simple, yet glorious plan of salvation; to invite the lost and ruined to take shelter in the only refuge from impending wrath—this he felt his duty, his delight; and he determined to do it at any cost, any sacrifice.

Oh, the miserable speeches we sometimes hear about young men *seeking* other professions, because of the poor prospect of remuneration in the ministry. Let them go to other professions—go anywhere but into the pulpit. The man who is influenced by profit and loss would be a curse, as thousands such have been, to the ministry.

Taylor was finally ordained, by the laying on of hands, by a Presbytery, consisting of Lewis Craig, John Picket, John Cunes, Joseph Redding, and Theodoric Noel.

The following recollection of these early times, together with the labors and hardships of Taylor and Redding, will give a clear insight into his character. They are from a tract he once published, called "Thoughts on Missions," which is now extinct.

I am fully persuaded of the great aptitude in us poor, imperfect mortals, to consider ourselves a standard of orthodoxy, and even in most of the transactions of life; all of which leads me to hesitate a little as to our missionaries. I have expressed myself in the foregoing sheets with all the plainness that I think one friend should speak to another. Perhaps some things may appear harsh; but I know, that for all the men that I have brought in review, I have a sympathising friendship. It is probable they think they are doing right, though of their sincerity I have strong doubt. Happy should I be hereafter to find myself mistaken, and these men what I wish them to be, the faithful servants of Christ. But my great doubt concerning them arises, both from the scriptures and all the observation and experience I have had near fifty years. That far back I remember what kind of men of the Baptist name in Virginia were buffeted, imprisoned, and counted the offscouring of all things. I remember their looks, their labors, and their success. Though not willing to make myself a standard, I recollect that far back, the great anxiety of my soul for the prosperity of Zion, and the good of my fellow-men, so that I could not rest, day nor night, for years together; and of what little moment in that case money

appeared to me! so that from my soul I could say, "I seek not yours, but you." And in that case I coveted no man's silver, gold, or apparel; so that perhaps to a man, this temper attended all the Baptist preachers of that day. Myself began to preach at about twenty years of age, and about five months after, I was baptized by James Ireland, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. My previous opportunity and my capacities, in my own esteem, were very small, and they must have appeared small in the esteem of others; but the church to which I belonged treated me with all the tenderness of a mother. Their preachers also treated me as a son, for the church had three other preachers, to-wit: James Ireland, their pastor; William Marshall, and the well-known laborious one of his day, Joseph Redding. With the latter I traveled the most. He being an older man than myself, he was to me as a father, though seemed to acknowledge me as his yoke-fellow. We labored together in the wilds of Virginia about ten years before Kentucky came in vogue, to which place we both came in early times; and here he died a few years past.

Our range of labor was from the Blue Ridge and Shenandoah river to the back of Virginia, on the branches of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, a distance of about two hundred miles; and oftentimes among the dangerous rage of savage fury; though this circumstance took us out of the way of Virginia persecution below the Blue Ridge. Neither of us was ever put in prison, though at times either beaten or driven from our meetings by wicked mobs. We oftentimes traveled a whole day from one frontier settlement to another, through the rugged mountains, without seeing a house, and our lives in danger every step we took, and when we could not reach a house, our lot was to camp in the woods. We went to many places where the gospel had never sounded before, and so great was the effect, that oftentimes the cries of the people would drown our voices. We then hoped that many experienced conversion, and some churches were built up where the Lord's name was not called on before, but to blaspheme it.

Both of us having been raised to hardships, nothing appeared hard to surmount. We therefore performed a number of these tours on foot. I will name one or two of them. In one instance, Redding had moved his family about forty miles from where I made my home. From his house about a week's meetings were appointed, and the distance about a hundred and fifty miles. When I got to Redding's, my horse being young, and he nothing to ride but a mare with a young colt, we concluded to take it on foot. Our first meeting was twenty miles from his house. We started at sunrise, and met a large assembly in due time. As a rich reward of that day's labor, a number of people obtained a hope of conversion from that day's meeting. We had twenty miles to the

next day's meeting, and eighteen miles afterwards to get to quarters. A number came the last eighteen miles to meet us. It did seem as if the Lord blessed this foot tour more than usual. Another shorter tour we took on foot. I had staid all night at Redding's, and there being neither stable nor pasture, we turned our horses into the woods. On the next morning the rain was violent, and though we turned out in it, and searched diligently till near 9 o'clock, we could not find our horses, though they were belled. Then the council was, what shall be done? There was but little time to counsel, for the meeting was fifteen miles distant, and a very mountainous way. It appeared to us awful to disappoint a meeting. The rain slackening a little, off we set. To make this fifteen miles in about three hours, something more than walking was needful. The rain set in afresh; we ran, we walked, we perspired, and received the rain from above, till there was not a dry thread on us, and met about twenty people about half after twelve. I will leave the reader to judge whether this effort was not being righteous over much; for myself immediately took such a cough, with all the appearance of the whooping-cough, that I did not get rid of it for a twelvemonth.

Redding, having a family, did not always go with me in these dreary Alleghany tours, himself also having the care of a large church, lately built up about the head of the Potomac river; so that I often traveled these dreary, dangerous roads by myself, where frost-biting in winter, with snows knee-deep, and often unbroken roads, with forty and fifty miles from one settlement to another, and danger of being scalped by the Indians in the summer, marked my way for a number of years. Though a great part of the people would have done anything for me, that they would have done for their own son or brother, their poverty forbade it. The poor things would, now and then, make me some little presents of the best they had, that I thought in my conscience was more than my poor preaching deserved—which, perhaps, never amounted to Fifty Dollars per year, exclusive of the food myself and horse lived on, and my own food scarcely safe from putrefaction for want of salt; and from that habit, to this day, salt food is disagreeable to me.

I know that I speak the truth in Christ, and lie not, when I say, that I do not recollect that it ever occurred to me that I suffered hardship. What I have said of Redding and myself, in some instances, is only a specimen of our general course, and was no singular thing among the Baptists in those days.

This simple record gives us a just appreciation of the character of those men, who, under God, laid the foundations of our present prosperity. "They *believed*, therefore they spoke." They *felt* the awful responsibility of their calling. "*Woe, woe is me if I preach*

*not.*" They never thought of "seeking locations;" of preaching "trial sermons," as "candidates for a settlement;" of taking the high ground, "no pay, no preach." No, no. The love of God was in their hearts. The fire was in their bones. They were sent to preach the gospel to a sinful world, and they would have preached till they starved—preached though they died at the stake for it. Thank God, there are many such among us yet.

In 1783, Taylor came to Kentucky. He took water at Redstone, near Wheeling, and landed at the mouth of Beargrass, where Louisville now stands. Lewis Craig, and nearly all the members of the old Spotsylvania Church in Virginia, had moved in a body to Kentucky, and had settled in the neighborhood of Gilbert's Creek, now Garrard county. Taylor landed with his young wife at Louisville in mid winter. It was then the out-post and most dangerous point in the unsettled wilderness. He immediately set out on horseback, through the woods, for Craig's Station, over a hundred miles distant, exposed all the way to constant dangers. On his arrival at Gilbert's Creek, Craig, and most of the members, had moved over into the neighborhood of Lexington, and thither Taylor soon followed, and joined the South Elkhorn Church.

"I moved," he tells us, "in the summer of 1784, and sooner than go into fort, settled on my own land, with no family between me and the Indian town, and in the height of war. But we were not long in much danger. The next winter we moved out from the fort, so that we soon began to hold nightly meetings in our little cabins in the woods. Our Sunday preaching was uniformly at the station. For some time we had to pack corn forty miles, and then send a mile to grind at a hand-mill, before we could get bread. As to meat, it must come from the woods, and myself no hunter. My little cabin was sixteen feet square, with no floor but the natural earth; without table, bedstead, or stool."

This was in the county of Woodford. What a change has passed over it since.

But the numerous incidents in his history would swell this article to a volume. In fact, his life was interwoven with the early history of the Baptists of Kentucky. He was the principal instrument in the establishment of some twenty churches, and no man in Kentucky wielded a greater influence for good.

There are many anecdotes told of "Johnny Taylor," as he was familiarly called, which throw much light upon his character, and the state of society.

A young preacher, of considerable talents and ingenuity, being appointed to preach at the stand on an associational occasion, took for his text the vision of waters, in Ezekiel: "And he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were to the loins. Again he measured, and the waters were risen to swim in." The young preacher divided his subject into four parts, according to the depth of the water. Ankle-deep was the doctrine of repentance. Knee-deep, of assurance. He had spiritualized and rankled along under these two divisions until nearly an hour had been consumed. Taylor was sitting behind him on the stand, with his head bowed, and resting on his hand. His utter dislike to all speculative preaching was well known, and his posture revealed his disapprobation of the sermon. The preacher closed up his second division, "up to the knees." "Thirdly," said the preacher, "we go a little deeper—where the waters reach the loins." Taylor raised up, pointed out his finger, and, as though the preacher had almost gone beyond hearing, called out, "Young man, come ashore, you are deep enough, deep enough."

The preachers on the stand bowed their heads on their hands to hide the smiles they could not restrain. The preacher turned round, completely confounded, and met the calm look of Taylor, solemn as the grave. "May the Lord bless truth, and pardon error," said the young man, and sat down in confusion. It was a good lesson, but rather a severe one.\*

On another occasion, a young man, who was an assistant teacher in Col. Johnson's Indian school, was appointed to fill the stand, on Sabbath, at the Elkhorn Association. It occurred at Stamping Ground. His text was, "*What is man?*" He announced three divisions. His first division was Man, physically considered, which

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\* I record these from the lips of Dr. Dillard, who was seated on the stand beside Taylor on the occasion.



gave him an opportunity of showing all the knowledge he had of anatomy. Taylor never preached over three-quarters of an hour. He always preached the gospel. It was evident that he was disgusted with the wordy display the young orator was making, and many eyes were on him to see how he would bear up under the infiction.

The preacher passed from his first division, and announced, "We shall consider, secondly, What is man, morally?" Taylor rose from his seat, deliberately drew out his watch, moved towards the front of the stand, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the vast concourse, "One hour gone, and gone forever, and nothing said."

There was a painful pause, as he deliberately took his seat again. The preacher mumbled out a few confused words of apology for speaking so long, and took his seat, and John Bryce, whose turn it was to follow, arose and continued the exercises. It must not be thought, however, that he discouraged young preachers by his severity. No man took more interest, more pains to encourage the humble, modest young man, whose object was to preach Christ, and not himself.

The following letter will illustrate this trait of character. It was written by Walter Warder about a month before he died :

NEAR MAYS LICK, March 5, 1836.

*Dear Bro. Waller:*—Being detained from my meeting to-day by bad health (a rare occurrence with me till of late), while reclining on my pillow, two occurrences respecting my dear old Bro. Taylor became the subject of reflection. You are apprised that old preachers are not always tender and affectionate to young ones, even when there is nothing forbidding such a course on their part. But Bro. T. delighted in their company, and had a happy way of encouraging them and stimulating them. He sentimentally drank into the belief that the prosperity of the church and the conversion of sinners were very intimately connected with the faithful preaching of the everlasting gospel.

As illustrative of the above, when I was a young man, and was under very many doubts whether it was required of me to endeavor to preach or not, I came from the Green River Association to Elkhorn as a corresponding messenger, and there, for the first time, was introduced to Bro. Taylor. After having been together several days, through his management, it was my lot, at a night meeting, to endeavor to preach. With fear and trembling the task was

performed. The state of feeling was pleasant in the congregation. An exhortation and some delightful songs followed, and the time had arrived, as we supposed, for dismissal, when the old Brother arose and remarked, that when Paul came to Jerusalem, and Peter, James, and John saw the gift that was in him, they gave him the right hand of fellowship. And then observed, that though neither Paul, Peter, James, nor John were there, yet there were several old preachers and other brethren present; and he thought they perceived the gift that was in their young brother, and that he proposed they give him the right hand of fellowship as a young minister. Very soon his venerable arms were round me, imploring the divine blessing to rest on me, which was followed by others in a very solemn manner. I felt like "a woman and no man," and could not hold up my head. Yet, if it was ever my lot to preach, this was one of the best occurrences of my life. The mind of the Lord is apt to be with his people, and in my desponding moments the recollection of that scene increased my strength, and aided to keep me from sinking under my own weight. We often met afterwards, and I ever looked to him as a father. Our parting scene (permit me to present it) was at old Bullittsburg, in Boone county. Four of us had been appointed to preach. The first lot was his, the last mine. The pain and pleasure of that day will long be remembered by me and many others. \* \* \*

And now to arrive at the object with reference to Bro. Taylor. As the subject was closing, he arose and made his way to me, gave me his hand, took me in his arms amidst a scene of tenderness seldom surpassed. And thus we parted; and oh, may it be my privilege to mingle with him in scenes more joyful and interesting in the blessed mansions above. If all the aged ministers were to take more pains to encourage the young, unambitious ministers, who greatly need their assistance, how much good might result therefrom.

A few words respecting my affliction, and I close this address, already too long.

I do not know whether it is to terminate in dyspepsia or liver-complaint. Riding and preaching are still my work, but am rather anticipating a change from an active, laborious life, to have to consult the storm, and, perhaps, at no distant period, even should life continue, to have to reduce my efforts, and probably decline entirely. These thoughts fall heavily on me; nevertheless, I am in the Lord's hand, and he can well sustain his cause without me. In about two weeks I expect to start to Missouri on a steamboat; expect to be gone about two months, and, peradventure, the rest during that time may have no small tendency to restore my health. The will of the Lord be done.

Upon a survey of my life for about thirty years, though many

have called me a zealous and laborious minister, and I am supposed to have regarded the various duties of religion in the several relations of life, yet all is a perfect blank—nothing at all to build upon; and take away the atoneing blood, the spotless righteousness of Jesus Christ, and all my hope for heaven vanishes. And yet, if I could do a thousand times more in his cause, the debt of love I owe would require it. To him alone I commit my cause. May his presence sustain you and your unworthy brother in Christ,  
WALTER WARDER.

But we must close this abbreviated sketch of one of the truest and best of men.

The old pioneer attended the Franklin Association, in 1835, being eighty-three years of age. He agreed to attend as a delegate the succeeding session of the Elkhorn Association. But his work was done. The following winter, in the month of January, 1836, he passed calmly away to his eternal repose.

S. H. F.

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For the Christian Repository.

### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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I do not know when I have seen a more timely and appropriate article than the one written by D. R. Campbell for the April number of the Repository on the subject which stands at the head of this communication. It is high time that Baptists were speaking out, and defining their position before the world. Dr. Campbell, I give you my hand.

I offer to no man the fulsome incense of flattery, but I must confess that my heart rejoices to see a man, who is at the head of one of our noble institutions of learning, take the stand that Bro. Campbell does. America is fast becoming Europeanized, if not *Catholicised*, by foreign emigration, so that what our enemies could not accomplish at Bunker Hill, and the battles of the Revolution, they are fast effecting at the ballot box. The Old World *is beating us at our own game*. In like manner the Baptist denomination is (unfortunately) becoming too popular and populous for purity. The door of our denomination (unlike "the strait gate and the narrow way which leadeth unto life,") is thrown too widely open, and multitudes are rushing in, simply because it is

*convenient*, and believing all the while that some other way would do *as well*. It is evident that many who belong to our denomination now, regard the various Christian sects as so many apartments in one great ecclesiastical ark; and that if they enter into *any* one of them, they will, with equal safety, escape the deluge of God's wrath.

There is a time coming when all such will find that they are *not at home*, and when we, too, will find that they are *in our way*. God will, one day, cleanse his sanctuary; and it may be that the "fan," with which he will separate the "chaff from the wheat," will be some dreadful persecution for religious principles, that no *semi-Baptist* can stand. I am neither a prophet nor an alarmist; but it requires no great sagacity to discern the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Many of our denominational papers are under the control of committees who will allow communications to appear in their columns on *one* side of a mooted question; but so soon as an article is forwarded from some one on the *other* side, immediately the cry is raised that "our readers are tired of the discussion!" I am not in favor of disorganization and division in our denomination; but I do most heartily wish that every man and woman would leave it who does not think it is *far* preferable to any other; and for one, I would be glad that, in future, no one would join us that can find a visible Church of Christ *anywhere else*. There are converted people in the world, who, I doubt not, will be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus, and who belong to no particular denomination; and it will do them no good to join the Baptists, unless it is from a sense of duty, arising from the conviction that, by so doing, they are joining the Church of Christ.

In conclusion, I would again endorse Dr. Campbell's article, but will not require him, in return, to endorse mine to the full extent. I cannot well help being a Baptist of the "straitest sect." I have tried hard, I have traveled far to hear Dr. Rice defend Pedobaptism. I have read all the able Pedobaptist books that my limited means could procure. I married a Pedobaptist wife, and was brought up at the feet of a Pedobaptist Gamaliel; but, for the life of me, I cannot see that Pedobaptism is taught in the word of God. If we are prepared by God's grace to remain true to our principles, under the most trying circumstances, we need not be alarmed at

the multitudes who do not know *why* they are Baptists; for the time is coming again, as formerly, when all such will be glad to leave us, that they may escape persecution. We need not now set up for ourselves, nor favor a division in our ranks, for God will send his angels to separate the chaff.

H. F. BUCKNER,  
*Micco Creek Nation.*

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### INCONSISTENCY OF OPEN COMMUNION.

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“Consistency,” it is said, “is a jewel.” It is more. It is an evidence of the soundness of man’s views; a test of the truthfulness of his principles. To one whose sympathies may have been worked upon by the sophistries of Pedobaptists, we would address the following remarks :

If you commune with a Pedobaptist whom you love, and believe to be a Christian, do you not thereby acknowledge his baptism? For he and you are agreed that it is a necessary preliminary to communion. If, therefore, you admit his right to commune, you admit the validity of his baptism.

But if you admit his baptism valid, should you not be willing to see it administered in the same way? That is, if you admit that the ceremony performed over him in infancy was baptism, should you not, to be consistent, administer that which you acknowledge thus to be a valid ordinance? And would not this be an entire giving up of your cherished principles? So that to invite to the communion table a man sprinkled in infancy, is virtually to become a Pedobaptist. No wonder that close communion, as it is called, is that against which our opponents bring to bear their heaviest artillery, and which, by ridicule and abuse, they try to render unpopular.

S. H. F.

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OH, blessed Book! Thou shalt be my guide and counsellor, my unerring director. Thy precious promises shall win me from this changing and fleeting world, and lead me to a home in that glorious city of the New Jerusalem, whose maker and builder is God.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION  
OF CHILDREN.**

UPON no subject is the Christian community so profoundly slumbering, as in reference to the religious training of children.— Any indication of early intellectual promise affords far greater delight, even to Christian parents, than a disposition to become pious. The most flattering praises are bestowed upon the former, while the latter is discouraged. This observation has very few exceptions! Hence, we conclude that the following remarks will have to encounter prejudices, confirmed by the maturing strength of time. When the adversary cannot confront an argument, his next most fruitful source is, to direct the mind to possible evils, which may occur from the success of the truth. He sometimes assumes the guardianship of the Divine prerogatives, and in his jealous care, most successfully persuades parents, that the discharge of their religious duties to their children is a fearful infringement upon Divine sovereignty,—that imparting to them religious instruction is to attempt their conversion without the transforming influence of grace. While parents are thus lulled to sleep, Satan actively reaps a harvest of souls.

Every Bible reader is familiar with the fact, that God accomplishes his purposes of salvation in the use of means. With “the sword of the Spirit,” he pierces and lays open the heart. The Apostle says, “Ye are manifestly his epistles, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of God, not in tables of stone, but in the fleshy tables of your hearts.” In this passage we are presented with the agent and the means. It is impossible for a soul to believe on him of whom it is ignorant; “how can they believe on him of whom they have not heard?” Then the question which claims our attention is, *when should the process of instruction commence with children?* It is a favorite prejudice that children should be left free and untrammelled by religious instruction, that they may choose a religious creed in manhood. This prejudice is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural! If we wish to convert a piece of ground into a flour garden, it would be unwise to wait, ere we commence the process of cultivation, till the soil be-

comes thoroughly impregnated with all kinds of noxious seeds, and until they take rank growth; or, if an inflammation is establishing itself in any part of the body, it would be criminal neglect to delay the application of remedies until the child is capable of selecting the physician, and of prescribing for itself. Perhaps the disease will do its fatal work long ere that period arrives! The young mind, while left to waste and uncultivated, is exposed to all the seeds of vice which Satan, more anxious for the destruction than many parents for the salvation of their children, will scatter with a prodigal hand. Does reason or revelation teach us to delay implanting the "incorruptible," until the "seeds" of vice have taken deep root and luxuriant growth, that the latter may be more easily destroyed? Or would it be wise to allow a moral malady to extend its virus through the whole system, and gather all its force, at the expense of the patient's strength, before we apply a remedy?

Children are capable of receiving religious impressions at a very early age. They are then much more readily brought under religious influence than in after years, when their habits are confirmed, and hearts hardened by contact with an evil world. Every husbandman and zoologist is familiar with this principle, and turn it to profit. When the husbandman would train a vine, he does not select the rugged growth of years, but would rather choose the tender scion, and transfer it to his vineyard, while its fibres are tender and its tendrils delicate. With such a choice he finds but little resistance in shaping its growth. When the zoologist would domesticate a wild animal, he would not choose one with fully developed frame and ferocity, matured by the exercise of its native habits, but rather select the young, ere its fierce nature has been matured. Then his task is easy. From these observations we should learn a lesson in reference to our children. Multitudes, who become the subject of grace in advanced age, in their fierce struggles against early habits are led to deplore the deprivation of early religious instructions. How many Christians carry with them through life, like unseemly scars, habits contracted in youth, and which become so inveterate by long standing, that they mar the life, and often fill the heart with anguish.

Children are not only capable of receiving religious instruction at

a very early age, but principles then imbibed, whether vicious or virtuous, are the most durable, and, with few exceptions, shape the character for life. They grow as seeds which take root in the freshness of the virgin soil. Principles early imbibed have the precedence, and from their long and intimate connection, almost take rank with the attributes of the mind. The soul has not yet felt the shock of care and disappointment, and its impressions, at this period, are embalmed in its dearest recollections. Hence the mind often recurs to them as the weather-beaten mariner, contending with the storm and the billows, remembers the tranquil quiet of the home he lately left. Its charms are augmented a thousand fold, by contrasting its cheerful scenes with the agitation and danger which threatens his present safety. Thus associated with parental affection and domestic happiness, early instructions are oft repeated, and the impression deepens

“As waters do their channels deeper wear.”

How important, then, that religious instruction be mingled with the earliest recollections of children! The characters of many of the most eminent men the world has produced were shaped in the nursery. We refer to Washington as an illustrious example. The greatness of the man was but the development of the principles impressed upon his youthful mind by faithful parents. We might refer to a host of examples, equally illustrative of our position, but our limits forbid. If left to determine upon a religious creed in manhood, the mind seldom pauses, amid the pursuits of pleasure, wealth, or honor, to investigate. The distracting pursuits of life are altogether unfavorable to the requisite search for truth. Hence the word of God urges, with emphasis, upon parents, the duty of imparting religious instruction to their children. The Lord says, Gen. xviii. 19: “I know Abraham, that he will command [teach] his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the ways of the Lord.” The young are to be instructed in reference to the law of God. “Ye shall command [teach] your children to do all the words of the law.” Isa. xxxviii. 19: “The fathers to their children shall make known thy truth.” The religious instruction of children is not to take the place of mere past-time, but the Divine injunction is, “That these things which



I command, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Thus the mind should be deeply impressed with the importance of the duty, and every occasion improved. The apostolic injunction is to the same import. "Parents provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In one of the epistles to Timothy, the apostle mentions, with apparent delight, "the unfeigned faith" which dwelt first in the Grandmother, and afterwards in the Mother of Timothy. And in alluding to the early training of Timothy, the Apostle says: "Thou hast known the holy scriptures from a child, which were able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ."

We are frank to confess, that many who are the subjects of most rigid training, will, for a time, be swept away by the multitude of temptations which assault them when they enter upon the avocations of life. But, at the same time, we are solemnly impressed with the fact, that the Lord was not mistaken when he said, "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Though manhood may be steeped in vice and degradation, yet the recollections of pious lessons taught in early years will haunt the mind. Newton, while wandering upon the coasts of Africa, abandoned to every vice, and even more degraded than the inhabitants upon her gloomy shores, was often visited by the memory of a mother's precepts and a mother's tears. Amid the wildest excesses, he could feel the warm pressure of the maternal hand upon his brow, and hear the throbbing of the heart that so often agonized in prayer for his salvation. His early impressions finally gained the ascendancy, and he afterwards became one among the most eminent of God's ministers.

The word of God has not defined the precise period of accountability, but we can refer to many saints, distinguished for piety and usefulness, both in the ministry and the laity, both among the dead and the living, whose conversion dated as early as the eighth year of their age. Many parents injure their children by discouraging them from seeking the Saviour early, for fear they will not hold out faithful. But such should remember that the grace of

God is sufficient to sustain them. And if lives abounding in good works, and of steadfastness in the ways of holiness, until death, which have distinguished many who were early the subjects of grace, is not an evidence of the genuineness of their conversion, what testimony could be convincing? Children should be from infancy trained for the Church—*not in it!* Then, when they become pious, they are intelligent, and qualified for usefulness. Children should *be early taught to pray!* They may not at first appreciate the solemnity of the exercise, but soon they will feel its importance. If they are taught to thank God for whatever gives them pleasure, to seek his pardon for whatever offends their parents, and to look to him for assistance, soon he will be recognized in all their ways. Parents, who have made the experiment, need no argument to convince them of the benefits accruing to children from habits of devotion, and all may know them, who are sufficiently interested to take a little pains in directing the minds of their children.

But we are often met by the objection; “Will you have us make our children hypocrites by teaching them religion?” No! But this objection would bear with equal force against preaching the gospel in any manner, for under all circumstances, when the gospel is preached, there are chances to make hypocrites. This objection Satan often suggests to ministers of the gospel, when he would induce them to oppose revivals. The adversary would be delighted if he could excite the fear of making hypocrites to an extent that would stay the use of all the appointed means of grace. “God has ordained by the preaching of the gospel to save them that believe.” The instruction or preaching to children he has committed chiefly to parents. Their duty is to sow, and look to God for the increase. In the use of the appointed means, parents should confidently expect the conversion of their children! If they expect success, they will be interested and encouraged in the discharge of their duty. They have the promises of God, and they are sure and steadfast. The prayer of faith always avails. But parents are generally backward in inquiring into the spiritual condition of their children. And any one who has not particularly noted the fact, would be astonished at the number of full-grown men who came to beds of death utterly ignorant of the plan of

salvation through Christ. How heart-rending to see an intelligent man in his last moments resting his hope of Heaven upon some external action or negative virtue! The writer has visited numbers, who, in their last moments, could give no better evidence of conversion, and who expected to be accepted of God from the fact that they had always endeavored to do right, and were not conscious of having wronged a mortal. To expose the delusion and present the only Saviour in such a crisis, would only be to "torment the spirit before its time." What a fearful account the parents of such will have to render in the great day! Parents had conversed with them upon commerce, and perhaps trained them in the best means of accumulating wealth, but the way of life had been lost sight of. A young lady in the interior of this State, in the last moments of her life thus addressed her parents: "Now I must die. You have long been professors of religion, and I have never heard either of you pray, neither have you taught me the need of a Saviour. Now I must be lost!" With these expressions she closed her eyes in death. The parents had expended much pains and means in the accomplishment of that daughter, but who can tell their anguish when they heard her last words uttered in despair? Many who read this essay are walking in the footsteps of those parents, and perhaps like them will have to mourn their fatal neglect.

Parents expect their children to live and be converted in mature age. Hence their consciences are satisfied with an intended compliance with their duties to their children. This is a dangerous and often fatal refuge. And such expectations, in the absence of appointed means, are utter delusions! Parents, your happiness is in the hands of your children! Then you are urged to the discharge of your duty to them by every motive of self interest. Acquaint yourselves with their spiritual condition and wants. And instruct them in the ways of the Lord, that your skirts may be clear when the Lord makes inquisition! A. W. L.

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As the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.

## DOCTRINAL TRACTS.—NO. VI.

## THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY REV. T. B. MONTANYE.

The elders and messengers of the Philadelphia Association,  
To the churches they represent send Christian salutation.

Beloved brethren,—We are highly pleased, and much gratified, in the enjoyment of such a general representation of the churches, and the kind reception we met by our sister church at Hopewell, while the cause of our convening in this place gave us pain. Philadelphia being once more visted by trying dispensations of Providence, her situation demands our united cry, that God would turn away this calamity from her, and her inhabitants to himself.

Anxious for your increase in knowledge, and to be instrumental in advancing the kingdom of our Lord the Messiah, we have chosen as the subject of this our epistle—The Baptism of the Holy Ghost. In making this choice at the present time, the following reasons have guided our pen :

1. That though this point has been often mentioned, we think seldom clearly explained; and for want of a right idea of it, the glory of the Gospel lessened.

2. It has, almost universally, been so blended with the work of regeneration and sanctification, that it is commonly called the inward baptism, and the only necessary preparative for heaven; whereas, it was never inculcated in this light in the Gospel; and we think ought not to be considered as constituting any part of the office work of the Divine Spirit in renewing the heart.

3. That haply we may be of use to some of our respected friends, by showing them, that, though they may be regenerated, and enjoy the highest consolation in the sweet income of the Holy Comforter, and the most sensible communion with Christ; yet, as all this does not constitute the baptism of the Holy Spirit, nor is designed by it in the sacred Scriptures, it follows of consequence, that, rejecting the water baptism, they have no baptism whatever, and ought cheerfully to submit to that prescribed in the example of Jesus Christ.

4. It being extremely absurd to hold one point of the Christian religion under the denomination of another, especially when there is no well founded evidence of its present existence.

To render this subject plain, and the truth of it familiar, we call your attention to the following considerations :

The term baptism of the Holy Ghost, is only to be found in the New Testament, and was first taught by the harbinger of Jesus

Christ, Matt. iii. 11, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" confining it wholly to the office work of the Saviour, in executing the trust committed to him by the Father; and so in Acts ii. 33, "Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed for this which ye now see and hear," which evinced the power of Christ, and confirmed the divine mission of John.

The subject itself is the fulfillment of prophecy and the accomplishment of the promise made by Jesus Christ to his disciples, Joel ii. 28, and recorded Acts ii., from the 16th to the 22d verse, "And it shall come to pass in the last days," saith God, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," &c.; also in Luke xxiv. 49, "And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with the power from on high;" which promise is again mentioned by Luke, in Acts i. 4, 5, as the ground on which the apostles went to Jerusalem, and there in holy concert joined in prayer and supplication for the accomplishment for such qualifying aid, to promulge the knowledge of their exalted Redeemer.

The nature of this baptism, most clearly evinces it to be distinct, and materially different from that of regeneration. The one a still small voice saying, "This is the way;" the other, that of "a rushing, mighty wind." One invisible, "A white stone, and a new name given, which no man knew save he that received it;" the other to be seen, "Cloven tongues of fire sat on them." One internal, filling the heart with secret consolation, joy and pleasure; the other external, "It filled the whole house where they were sitting."

This renders the term baptism proper, because they were immersed in the fountain of the Spirit, and thereby made partakers of such extraordinary and miraculous influence as in regeneration and conversion were never promised.

The design of this baptism is another important argument in favor of this idea. To qualify otherwise ignorant and unlearned men, to cope with all the greatness of this world, and to meet the wisdom of men, in all their formidable attacks, putting them to silence. To establish the greatest doctrines in the councils of heaven, or among men, God and man dwelling in one Christ, and that Jesus of Nazareth, crucified by the envious and treacherous Jews, was he; and, though the master was exalted, the disciple could effect, in his name, visible evidence of his Godhead, and by signs and miracles, as well as Scripture prophecy, prove him to be the Messiah promised to the fathers.

To establish the gospel dispensation, by the instrumentality of

a few illiterate persons raised up in the land of Judea, (who declared that the whole economy made known to the ancient fathers, the costly grandeur of the temple and the expense of its worship, was fulfilled, and all its glory exceeded, in him who expired on the accursed tree,) needed the power of omnipotence, to make its way against the formidable force raised in opposition. Another reason was to assure the apostles, primitive Christians, and all subsequent believers, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and only Saviour of Jews and Gentiles. For which reason, the Holy Ghost, in his miraculous gifts of speaking with divers tongues, fell on the Gentiles in a visible form, as upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost, Acts xi., 15, 16, "The Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning;" which extraordinary gifts served to confirm Peter that he was doing right, in hearkening to the vision he had seen; and to satisfy the church of the divine right of all notions in common to partake of salvation by the cross of Jesus Christ.

The subjects of this baptism differ essentially from those of regeneration. The work of grace is upon the hearts of the unregenerated, bringing them from a state of moral death to life, from darkness to light, and from the power of sin, and service of Satan, to the liberty of the gospel, and the enjoyment of fellowship with God. Whereas the baptism of the Holy Ghost was upon the apostles; who, having experienced the work of grace upon their souls, and being thereby made partakers of all that is peculiar to regeneration, could not be regenerated by the descent of the sacred Spirit, which being a work only once in the divine life, could not be effected again. As an assurance of this fact, they are declared to have "their names written in heaven," and Jesus Christ had manifested the Father to them, (John xvii. 6,) and "that they had known surely Christ came from God, and had believed on the Son of God," (verse 8.) "Flesh and blood had not revealed it unto them, but the Father in heaven." They are called by every near and dear appellation that could express the love of God to them. And as for Cornelius, he had intercourse with God, and was acquainted with the power of renewing grace, as the cause for sending for Peter. As for the twelve on whom Paul laid his hands, none can doubt of their previous interest in Christ; for they are said to have believed. To render this point more clear, not only regeneration is not the baptism of the Holy Ghost, nor yet the receiving of the sacred Spirit; this is most clearly manifested in the case of the disciples, who, after the resurrection of Christ, were visited by him, and he breathed on them and they received the Holy Ghost, (John xx. 22,) no doubt as much, if not more, than believers in common; and yet, notwithstanding, they are ordered to tarry at Jerusalem until baptized of the sacred

Spirit. All which join to show, that whatever any Christian may have gained in the experience of grace, he has no right to the term, baptized by the Spirit, unless such a person professing this miraculous attainment, for no other is called the baptism of the Holy Ghost, prove it by signs and wonders, as did the primitive Christians.

The effects which followed this baptism; Casting out devils; Paul dispossessed the damsel that had a spirit of divination, commanding the spirit, in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her, and it did; and also of others, by the power and in the name of Christ; speaking with new tongues—not such as all others were ignorant of, but such as they had never learned or understood before; taking up serpents without injury—so Paul had a viper fastened on his hand, which he shook off to the amazement of the beholders, received no harm, but their united testimony that he was more than mortal; drinking deadly poison, without hurt; laying hands on the sick, and they recover; the father of Plubius was healed of a fever and the bloody flux; the lame man from his mother's womb made whole, and the shadow of Peter effected the cure of many; (Acts v. 15, 16;) others were healed by handkerchiefs and aprons taken from the body of Paul: (Acts xix. 12;) all of which were then necessary for the confirmation of the gospel, and the establishment of Christianity in the world.

Here it is proper to remove some apparent difficulties, which are a means of puzzling the minds of many. First, What baptism the apostle denominates one baptism? We answer, The instituted appointment of Jesus Christ, which he authorized after his resurrection, which remains a standing ordinance in the church, and which Peter, when filled with the Holy Ghost, enjoined on Cornelius and the rest of the believing Gentiles, even after they were baptized with the Holy Spirit; though the baptism of the Spirit was never an essential prerequisite to water baptism; but a striking evidence of the existence of grace in the heart; as only such were the subjects of his miraculous operations.

The next we meet is in 1 Corinthians xii. 13: "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." By attending to the chapter, you will at once perceive that the scope of it is upon the extraordinary work of the Spirit, and indeed miracles are named in verse 10, and divers tongues, which, as we have shown, were given to the Gentiles as well as the Jews. The former stood now, under the gospel dispensation, on an equal ground with the latter, and had come into the fellowship of the saints by the same miraculous evidence from heaven; and to us there seems no absurdity in saying that the same Spirit influences all nations to yield an obedience to the instituted appointments of Jesus Christ,

and so come into the union of the body the church. As for sundry other Scriptures, such as Rom. vi. 3, 4., Col. ii. 12, 1 Peter, 8, 21, Gal. iii, 27, they have an evident relation to water baptism, and are no way connected with, nor yet refer to, the work of grace in the heart.

The narrow limits of a letter call us to a close. We must, therefore, leave you to gather further instruction from the few inferences deducible from the whole.

1. That though regeneration and sanctification be essential to the character of a Christian; yet neither of them constitute the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

2. However as much as you may enjoy of the Spirit, as the Spirit of life, light, and love; you have no Scripture grounds to call this inward baptism, and so the one baptism, and thereby live in the neglect of the appointments of Jesus Christ.

3. That as the baptism of the Holy Ghost was given for the confirmation of the gospel dispensation, it has effected its design; the sacred prophesy is fulfilled, and it has ceased.

4. That as the extraordinary work, and no other, is known in the gospel as the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that took place after faith in Christ, or regeneration, we have no right to call regeneration baptism.

5. Though we are the hopeful subjects of divine grace, and live in the smiles of heaven; it is both our duty and privilege to submit to the appointments of Jesus Christ, as laid down in his word.

And now, dear brethren, you may perceive, that our intention is not to deny any of the blessed operations of the Holy Ghost upon the human mind; but to distinguish between truth and error. While we write these things to you, we hope that God may give you and us more of his Spirit, that we may live unto Him, who has died for us. And as churches, we would exhort you to live in the Spirit, and grieve not at the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed until the day of redemption.

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## HISTORY OF MISSOURI BAPTISTS.

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As early as 1796 and '97, a number of Baptist families emigrated from North and South Carolina and Kentucky to Upper Louisiana, now Missouri, and lived for several years under the Spanish government. The Romish religion only was then tolerated by law, but the commandants, disposed to encourage emigration from the United States, did not molest them. Amongst these pioneers across the Mississippi, were Abraham and Sarah Musick, Sen.,



Abraham and Terrel Musick, Jane Sullens, Sarah Williams, Mrs. Whitely, Mr. Richardson and his wife, all of whom settled in the present boundaries of St. Louis county; and David Darst, Flanders Callaway, and Wm. Hancock and their wives, who settled on the north side of the Missouri river, from twenty to forty miles above St. Charles.

These all lived without church privileges for several years. Thos. R. Musick, now living, the late pious John Clark, a preacher by name of Brown, and perhaps others, sought out these scattered sheep in the wilderness, visited and preached to them by stealth, and were frequently threatened with the *calaboza*, (the Spanish prison,) but through the lenity of the commandants were permitted to escape. Their little meetings were quite refreshing to these pilgrims, surrounded as they were by the laws and rites of Romanism. Thomas R. Musick removed his family and settled in St. Louis county. Thus the Baptists were the pioneers and have undoubted "pre-emption right" to Missouri. The country was ceded to the United States in 1803, but so scattered were these brethren, and such was the effect of habit, that a church was not formed till 1805. This still exists in St. Louis county, sixteen miles Northwest from St. Louis, and has a large brick meeting house. The church is known by the name of *Feeffe's creek*. Cold-water, Negro Fork, Bœuff, Cuivre, Femme Osage, and several others were subsequently formed. These for a number of years were connected with the "Illinois Union," and afterwards with the Illinois Association. The Missouri Association was organized in the northern and middle portions of the territory. It has since given birth to several others. About the year 1805, a church was organized in Cape Girardeau county, called Bethel, which produced several other churches in a few years, and which in 1816 were organized into the Bethel Association. The Cape Girardeau Association now covers most of this field, and the Bethel Association has dwindled down to a small and feeble body.

In 1810, and subsequently, several Baptist families emigrated to the "Boon's Lick" country, about 175 miles west of St. Louis. During the war of 1812-15, they were much harrassed by the Indians, but in 1818 formed the Mt. Pleasant Association, of five churches, and as many preachers. This has since branched into the Salem, Concord, Fishing river, and others.

#### MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

A mission was established at St. Louis by the Baptist Board of For. Missions in 1817, and relinquished in 1820. A society "for the spread of the gospel" was formed in that territory in 1818, to aid traveling preachers. Several were employed for different periods, and with various success. One penetrated into the wilds of

Arkansas, where he organized two churches. The Missouri Association carried on a system of missionary operations for several years. The Baptist missionary society of Massachusetts afforded some important aid to this remote region.

The "*South Missouri Missionary Society*" was formed the same year in Cape Girardeau county, and operated through the southern portion of the State.

A preliminary meeting to form a *Baptist Central Society* was held in Calloway county in 1834, the organization of which was completed in 1835, since grown into the general Association of Missouri.

STATISTICAL TABLES

OF ASSOCIATIONS AND CHURCHES.

*Bethel Association.*

This is the oldest body of the kind in Missouri, having been formed in 1816. In 1818, it embraced 8 churches, 8 ministers and 260 members. The formation of the Cape Girardeau Association in 1824 took off several of the most active preachers and churches. A spirit of opposition to benevolent efforts crept in, and the wayward course of some of its ministers paralyzed its energies, till in 1833 it had 9 feeble churches, 4 ministers, and about 120 members. The churches are in the counties of Wayne, Madison, St. Francis, and St. Genevieve.

*Missouri Association*

Originated, as has already been noticed, from the Illinois, in 1817. It was organized from the following churches: Feefe's Creek, Bœuff, Negro Fork, Coldwater, and Femme Osage. For several years it had only two resident preachers within its bounds, and a third residing in the adjacent state, but affording partial labors as a traveling missionary. It gave birth to the Cuivre and Franklin Associations.

FROM THE MINUTES OF 1834.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers</i>	Bap.	Total.
Feefe's Creek,	Thomas R. Musick, <i>Alton F. Martin,</i>	5	61
African Ch. St. Louis, Bonhomme,	J. B. Meacham, No intelligence.	19	222
Good Hope,	John Hailey,	1	26
Goshen,	Thomas Hensely,	1	18
Union,		6	14
Churches 6.	Ministers 5.	<u>32</u>	<u>341</u>

*Mount Pleasant Association.*

In 1818 an association with this name was formed in the Boon Lick country, of 5 churches, one of which had previously belonged to the Illinois Association. For many years it continued to prosper, and three other large bodies, the Concord, Fishing-river, and Salem Associations were formed from it. In 1834 it still had 21 churches, 9 ministers, 75 baptized, and 1204 members. Efforts were made the same year to produce dissatisfaction and a division in relation to the mission question, by which is to be understood the question of members of churches acting in the form and mode of other societies in religious operations. This resulted in a division in September, 1835, and the minutes of two bodies, bearing the same name, have been received, the statistics of which follow.

The association favorable to members co-operating with benevolent societies consists of

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total.
Mount Pleasant,		4	50
Mount Zion,			36
Silver Creek,			7
Bethel,	Fieldin Wilhite,	4	182
Chariton,	Thomas Fristoe,	5	88
Mount Gilead		1	69
Mount Moriah,			75
Sugar Creek,	E. Foley,		34
Friendship,	A. J. Bortee,		18
Otter Creek,			26
Union,			9
Churches, 11.	Ministers, 4.	14	574

There may be some slight errors in the numbers given in the foregoing table. There appears to have been two meetings and two sets of minutes made out. The first was held at Mount Zion M. H., Howard county, the 2d Saturday and following days in Sept., and contain the usual returns of *all* the churches, ministers, members, &c., At that meeting the question of a division was agitated, when the advice was given to the churches.

“ If a division on the subject of missions is inevitable, the minority propose that it shall be effected, by advising the churches to grant to minorities, in each (if that minority request it,) a copy of the records of the church book, and that in all cases the majority in each church, who are either for or against the foregoing proposition, retain the regular day of meeting, and the church book. Should the majority in any case request it, they shall be entitled to the use of the house, two days in every month; select-

ing for themselves any other Saturdays and Sundays than those upon which the majority meet."

The churches and parts of churches favorable to operation through missionary and other societies, held a meeting at Mount Moriah M. H. on the 4th Saturday (and days following) of Oct., 1835, exhibited their report as in the first table given, with an expose of their principles of action and a circular address.

#### *Cuivre Association*

Was founded from the Missouri Association in 1822, by 8 churches on the north side of the Missouri river. For several years a Laodicean state and policy has pervaded most of the churches. From the minutes of 1833, the following particulars are gathered. No material alteration had taken place in 1834. The churches are in the counties of Lincoln, Sir Charles, Warren, and Montgomery.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Total.
Cuivre,	Thomas Bowen,	15
McCoy's Creek,		21
Little Bethel,	<i>John P. Glover,</i>	38
	<i>Thomas T. Elton,</i>	
Sulphur Lick,		41
Troy,	Darins Brainbridge,	24
Antioch,		22
Bryan's Creek,		21
Salem,		14
Macedonia,	Robert Gilmore,	16
Providence,		35
South Bear Creek,		10
Churches, 11.	Ministers 5.	252

#### *Concord Association*

Was formed by churches dismissed from Mount Pleasant in 1822, on the south side of the Missouri river. In 1824 it had 8 churches and 7 ministers. A schism took place in 1828, and a small party left it, under pretence of missionary operations in the body, though no overt act had then been committed. This division included one church and parts of two others, and two preachers, and claimed the name of Concord Association. It has since vanished. Since the division, the association has made steady progress, and may be regarded as friendly to missions and other benevolent operations.

Its churches are in Cooper, Cole, and Saline counties, and co-operated with the central society.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	<i>Bap.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Concord, Pisgah,	John B. Longan, David Alice, James W. Maxy, Jesse G. Berkley,	2	27 49
Nebo, Double Spring,	Lewis Shelton, M. B. Robison, Jon. Graham,	5 3	33 62
Big Lick, Union, Mount Pleasant, Liberty, Good Hope, Zoar, Sardis,	Kemp Scott, John Bowles,  <i>Abner Given,</i> Peyton Nowlin, <i>M. D. Nowland,</i> <i>M. Gouge,</i>	4 3 3  14	53 36 42 17 28 60 38
Bethel, Mount Zion,	<i>A. Kingery,</i> Snelling Johnson, W. H. Duval,	13 11	21 31
Mount Gilead, 1st Church Osage,	(No report.)	5	53
Churches 15.	Ministers 16.	63	553

*Fishing River Association*

Was organized by churches from Mount Pleasant, with others newly formed in 1822. In 1833, the date of the last minutes received, it had 25 churches scattered over Lafayette, Jackson, Clay, Ray and other counties on the western side of the state, and on both sides of the Missouri river. We give the churches, ministers and members as reported in 1833.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Mount Vernon,		23
Fishing River,		42
Rush creek,	James Williams,	21
Little Shoal creek,	Wm. Thorp,	33
Big Snyabar,	Enoch Finch,	54
New Garden,	Wm. Turnage,	36
North Bluffton,		45
Big Shoal creek,	John Atkins,	52
Little Synabar,	Robert Fristoe,	27
Six Mile		24
Pleasant Grove,	Gabriel Fittsugh,	80
Bershebe,		30
Salem,	Thomas Staton, Sen.	43
First Platte,		62

Liberty,	Henry Hill,	45
Mount Pleasant,		39
Mount Gilead,	B. W. Riley,	34
New Hope,		44
Crooked River,		39
Round Grove,		19
Little Blue River,		11
Pleasant Garden,	James Savage,	38
High Point,		22
Marion,		17
Blackwater,	Joseph White,	17
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Churches 25.	Ministers 12.	948

*Salt River Association*

Was formed in 1823, from churches that had been recently formed in that part of the country, including one church from the Missouri Association. It continued to increase from emigration and baptisms, till 1834, when it contained 27 churches and 1143 communicants. For mutual convenience a division was then made, and a new association authorized to be organized of the churches north of Salt river. We give the statistics only of the churches of that year, that remained in this association. During the associational years ending in 1833 and '34, several of the churches in this body enjoyed extensive revivals of religion, and about 500 were baptized. It was within the bounds of this association, and in the period of these revivals, that the famous letter of the Rev. David Nelson, of Marion county, Mo., was published in the N. Y. Evangelist.

The following churches are in Lincoln, Pike, Ralls and Monroe counties.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total
Bethlehem,		3	80
Ramsey's Creek,		4	31
Peno,	Davis Biggs,	1	50
Siloam,		2	50
Spencer's Creek,	E. Williams,	4	34
Salem,	J. Vardeman,	10	80
Mt. Pleasant,			86
Union, Lincoln co.	D. Hubbard,	9	52
Noix Creek,	W. McQuie,	23	61
Gwin's Creek,		5	24
Union, Pike co.		4	17
Mount Moriah,			24
Mount Pisgah,	J. F. Hegdes,	2	23
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Churches 13.	Ministers 7.	67	529

*Bethel Association*

Was formed from Salt River Association, in November, 1834.— Its churches are in Ralls, Marion, Shelby, Lewis and Monroe counties. A respectable and active body, and a large majority co-operate with the Central Society. Returns for 1835.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total.
Bear Creek,		4	61
Bethel,	Jeremiah Taylor, <i>J. Keach,</i>		82
Providence,			31
South River,	W. Fuqua,		36
Salt River,	Christy Gentry,	4	41
Paris,	Edward Turner,	3	72
Palmyra,		1	61
North Fork,		4	37
Pleasant Hill,		2	41
Little Union,	<i>Noah Flood,</i>	22	71
Indian Creek,		4	24
Elk Fork,			14
Wyconda,		8	36
Gilead,		4	34
Clear Creek,			20
S. F. Salt R.		9	22
Fox River,		16	41
Churches 17.	Ministers 7.	81	724

*Cape Girardeau Association*

Was organized in June, 1824, from ten churches, nine of which had belonged to the Bethel Association. It has been an active body, favorable to every benevolent operation. Two associations, Clear Creek in Illinois, and Black River in Missouri, have been formed from it. We give the churches of 1835 as they remained subsequent to the formation of the Black River Association. They are in the counties of Cape Girardeau, Perry, Scott, and Stoddard.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total.
Bethel	Benj. Thompson,		33
Tywappity,			17
Barren,	Thomas Donohue,		15
Dry Creek,	R. B. Newkirk,		26
Ebenezar,	R. P. Gentry,	3	44
Hebron,			17
Apple Creek,		8	44
Crooked Creek,			16
Jackson,		2	30
Lodebar,	Thomas Lee,		40
Mount Zion,			27

Mount Moriah,		1	16
Ninevah,	D. Huddlestone,		13
Hopewell,			18
Cape Girardeau,		6	20
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Churches 15.	Ministers 6.	20	370

*Salem Association*

Was formed in 1827, or '28, of churches set off for the purpose from Mt. Pleasant Association. They are in the counties of Boone, Calloway, and Montgomery, and the east border of Howard.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total
Bon Femme,	Anderson Woods,	12	54
Mount Vernon,	Ninian Ridgway,	2	36
Rocky Fork,	Thomas Campbell,	4	78
	T. P. Stevens,		
Cedar Creek,		2	44
Salem,	Wm. Coates,	1	36
Union,	John Greenhalgh,		60
Liberty,	Theodoric Bolware,	10	105
Columbia,	Robert S. Thomas,	6	65
Middle River,			30
Freedom,		1	25
Providence,	James Suggett,	16	97
	J. C. McCutchen,		
New Providence,	Jabez Ham,	2	37
	A. B. Sneathen,		
New Salem,	David Doyle,	38	86
Gilead,	James Barns,	8	80
Concord.	Wm. Duncan,	8	60
Mount Horeb,		5	17
Goshen,		5	13
Nashville,		4	28
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Churches 18	Ministers 15.	124	951

*Missouri District Association.*

This body was organized from the South District Association, Ill., in 1829, and with that body retains the appendage, "*Friends of Humanity*," and declines correspondence with those who justify the principle and practice of slavery.

It has since become extinct.

*Franklin Association*

Was formed from the Missouri, including several new churches, in 1832, and has been a growing, active, prosperous body.



<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total
St. John's,	Lewis Williams, <i>R. S. D. Caldwell,</i>	33	100
Sandy, Point Labaddie, Fourche a Renault,	J. H. Thompson, James Williams, <i>James Frost,</i>	3 22	38 92
Providence, Fourche a Courtois. Potosi, Three River, Mineral Fork, Bethlehem,	W. W. Tucker, <i>James Glenn,</i> James Cundiff, David Stites, <i>John H. Rodgers,</i>	3 7 2 7 15 30	80 62 41 46 27 61
Liberty, Harmony,	Joseph H. King, Robert Carpenter, Peter A. Williams,	2 5	26 24
Little Burbois, Lebanon, Boeuff, Calvey, Crooked Creek. Franklin, Black River, Mount Pleasant,	G. Rutherford, H. Lassiter,	4 23 1 6	19 14 38 19 21 11 24 20
Churches 21.	Ministers 15.	164	797

*Black River Association*

Was organized by churches dismissed from Cape Girardeau, for the purpose, at Greenville, Wayne county, Nov. 14th, and following days, 1835. The churches are in Wayne county and adjacent regions of Missouri, and in the borders of Arkansas:—a destitute and important region for missionary efforts.

<i>Churches.</i>	<i>Ministers.</i>	Bap.	Total
Black River,	Henry McElmurry Wm. Macom, S. Winningham,	7	82
Cherokee Bay, Columbia, Big Creek, Bear Creek, Greenville,		5	33 11 12 14
Churches 6.	Ministers 3.	12	188

SUMMARY VIEW.

ASSOCIATIONS.	When formed.	Returns for.	Churches.	Ministers.	Total.
Bethel,.....	1816	1832	9	4	120
Missouri.....	1817	1834	6	6	341
Mount Pleasant, (Missionary.).....	1818	1835	11	4	574
Mount Pleasant, (Anti-missionary.).....	.....	1835	14	4	601
Cuivre,.....	1822	1834	11	5	252
Concord,.....	1822	1834	15	16	553
Fishing River,.....	1822	1833	25	12	948
Salt River,.....	1823	1834	13	7	522
Bethel,.....	1835	1835	14	7	582
Cape Girardeau,.....	1824	1835	13	6	370
Salem,.....	1827	1834	18	15	951
Missouri District, (F. of H.).....	1829	1835	8	7	912
Franklin,.....	1832	1835	21	15	797
Black River,.....	1835	1835	6	3	188
Total,.....			184	115	6991

Such was the strength of the denomination in 1835. The progress of the cause in the twenty years succeeding will be seen by the following statistics of 1859.

ASSOCIATIONS.	When constituted.	Churches.	Ministers.	Total.
Bear Creek,.....	1854	15	10	801
Bethel,.....	1824	28	16	1680
Black River,.....	1835	18	7	1095
Blue River,.....	1833	35	32	2369
Cedar,.....	1848	20	18	740
Concord,.....	1822	34	14	2916
Franklin,.....	1832	17	7	801
Gasconade,.....	1846	15	43	412
Liberty,.....	1839	29	13	2159
Little Bon Femme,.....	1839	19	11	1956
Middle Fork,.....	1844	14	5	729
Mount Pleasant,.....	1818	35	16	3000
N. Cape Girardeau,.....	1840	15	6	468
North Grand River,.....	1841	25	11	1619
North Liberty,.....	1843	26	20	1836
North Union,.....	1843	13	9	726
Osage River,.....	1844	12	6	388
Platte River,.....	1841	23	7	1218
Richlands,.....	1848	6	4	212
Sao River,.....	1842	4	3	55
St. Louis,.....	1818	11	7	1685
Saline,.....	1841	19	8	1178
Salt River,.....	1823	19	13	1716
Spring River,.....	1839	20	6	1347
Tebo,.....	1855	15	8	669

Third Creek,.....	1850	.8	.4	..128
Union,.....	1838	.12	.6	..314
Union South,.....	1840	.35	.12	..2102
West Fork,.....	1845	.16	.11	..715
West Union,.....	1854	.12	.10	..311
Wyaconda,.....	1844	.30	.12	..1429
Zion,.....	1854	.9	.4	..289
Total,.....		609	359	37076

At the General Association, held at Jefferson city 1844, a plan was projected to establish a paper. This was promptly put into execution, and the *Missouri Baptist* was issued under the editorial supervision of I. T. Hinton. On his removal to New Orleans, the paper was discontinued. In 1849, the General Association met in Cooper county for the establishment of a denominational organ. The result was the publication of the *Western Watchman*, edited by S. W. Lynd; after his removal for this State, by J. M. Peck, and since 1851 by Wm. Crowell.

The Baptists of that great State need harmony. Whatever prevents co-operation throughout the State and in its metropolis ought to be removed at almost any sacrifice. The present time is a crisis of the most momentous character with the Baptists of Missouri. On their action depend consequences to be realized when the present generation sleeps in the grave. May the great head of the church give them direction and wisdom. S. H. F.

IGNORANCE.—Gross ignorance every man has found equally dangerous with perverted knowledge. Men, left wholly to their appetites and their instincts, with little sense of moral or religious obligation, and with very faint distinctions of right and wrong, can never be safely employed, or confidently trusted. They can be honest only by obstinacy, and diligent only by compulsion or caprice. Some instruction, therefore, is necessary; and much, perhaps, may be dangerous.

It is by study at home that we must obtain the ability of traveling with intelligence and improvement.

## Family Visitant.

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### LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

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#### CHAPTER X.—A STRANGE APPLICANT FOR CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

Although the effects of the sad split in the church were still deeply felt in the community, yet the turbulent excitement had died away, and the faithful followers of Christ were left to deplore the sad havoc that had been made, rather than to argue against it.

Old Father Wilson, whose increasing feebleness served to endear him to his people, as it gave them a warning that he could not long be left to them, still preached, with deeper earnestness, the unsearchable riches of the gospel of Christ. And Mr. Anderson, now married and comfortably settled on a farm given to his daughter by Mr. Mason, was yet presiding over the church in C—, whose numbers were steadily augmenting.

In the spring of 183—, two years after the split, there moved to the neighborhood a Baptist preacher named William Tucker. This man, while calling himself a Baptist, repudiated creeds, believing, with the “new sect,” that they were man-made, and should be thrown aside, as opposing and preventing the union and universal co-operation of all Christian denominations. He was a fierce, impetuous man; one who could not bear contradiction, and was also possessed of a spirit of determination to carry out his own plans and views, which made him exceedingly troublesome in a church.

He was a low, thick-set man, broad-shouldered, and somewhat inclined to stoop. His hair, which was of a carrot-red, and frizzled, stood up on end all over his conical-shaped head, looking like the quills of an excited porcupine. His forehead was high, and pointed, sadly wanting in width, showing that perception was slow, and reason defective. His eyes were prominent, and of a dark gray color. His nose, between a snub and a Roman, was usually red, owing to the fairness of his complexion and the thinness of

the cuticle of his skin. His upper lip was short, his under lip thick; and altogether his appearance was anything but prepossessing. He was married to a kind gentlewoman; one who had no will of her own; or, if she had, had long since learned the folly of indulging it.

This William Tucker bargained with Mr. Reed for a small farm, distant from the church about five miles. He mixed with the Baptists, and occasionally preached in old Father Wilson's pulpit. He informed the brethren of his intention to unite with them as soon as he procured his letter. He lived not far from Mr. Anderson, and it was observed that they were much together; had the appearance of familiar friends. Mr. Anderson sometimes invited him to preach for him in C——, which invitation was always accepted. He was quite an agreeable preacher, both to Baptists and Campbellites, having about him an earnestness of manner which attracted and pleased. And while he was not so Baptist as to offend Mr. Anderson's congregation, he adhered sufficiently to the old landmarks to escape reprehension from the members of his own denomination. He was known to have spoken several times against creeds, but not in such terms as the community had been accustomed to hear them berated for the last two years, and consequently but few paid attention to his remarks. But there were two or three old brethren who pondered these matters, and formed their own ideas as to what might be.

A meeting was in progress in the Baptist Church, in which Tucker assisted Father Wilson. Several had united with the church by experience and baptism, and a few of those who had taken letters from the church during the excitement and had not yet united themselves to any other body, returned.

Church-meeting came, and Elder Tucker presented his letter for admission.

As his letter was handed to the Clerk of the church, he remarked, that he wished to have the Articles of Faith read before they proceeded to a vote.

The request was granted, and the Clerk, turning to the place, read, not only the creed, but the church-covenant. As he seated himself, Elder Tucker rose to speak.

“Brethren, I am opposed to that creed. It holds forth doctrines

not taught in the word of God. I feel it my duty here to offer my objection, so that you may fully understand my position. And I have no doubt but that many of the brethren and sisters of this church feel as I do on this point. Indeed, I am opposed to creeds. I cannot see of what use they are to the churches. They prevent fellowship among Christians, and keep apart the children of God. And this distraction and discussion must exist as long as men will take other grounds than the Bible, and will build upon other foundations than that laid down in the word of God. I would be glad to see our preachers everywhere give up their creeds, and take the creed of Christ. These are my reasons, brethren."

"Bro. Moderator," said Bro. Jones, rising to speak, "I am pained that this subject of creeds has been introduced here again. I had hoped, when it led to such serious consequences here two years ago, that we should never on earth see it brought up again to disturb and rend us. But I cannot let the remarks just made pass, without expressing my views on this unpleasant subject.

"I will again say, as I have often said, that there can be no church without a belief, and it is better to have this belief expressed in writing, so that all who wish to become members may know what they are subscribing to; and if they do not feel willing, after they know what we believe, to become members with us, there is no compulsion to make them do so. The speaker has said, 'that disunion must exist as long as men will take other grounds than the Bible, and will build on other foundations than the word of God.' This church takes no other guide than the Bible, and bases upon no other foundation than the word of God. To say that we must throw away creeds and come to the Bible, is all nonsense. What is a creed, as it is denominated? What, but a written expression of what we believe to be the leading doctrines of the word of God? If we acknowledge the Bible true, we must have some idea of what it teaches; must know, so as to make it intelligible to ourselves and to others, what we find to be its fundamental doctrines. And is it not well to express these views in writing, that there may be no mistake? I think, if those who fight so earnestly against creeds would resort to some means of understanding themselves and each other, it would be better for the cause they advocate. 'How can two walk together unless they be agreed?' 'A

house divided against itself must, sooner or later, fall.' Error and misunderstanding are subversive of all progress in divine life. And so far as I am acquainted with those who repudiate creeds, I cannot find any two that believe alike; indeed, I have not found one that believes like himself any two weeks together. Unstable as water are they. This does not arise from any discrepancies in the teachings of the sacred scriptures, but from the fact that each man interprets for himself. And you must see, that when preconceived opinions, prejudice, and a want of thorough investigation, which must necessarily be the case with the greater number of those *no-creed* men, are all brought to bear in evolving the doctrines of the Bible, what vast differences there must be among them. No two will believe alike, even on the cardinal points of the gospel. And I do not think that any individual should require at the hands of this church that she should cast aside that creed, merely to accommodate him, when he can find welcome with those who, like himself, believe in 'no creed.'"

Bro. Jones took his seat. The happy countenances of many present attested their appreciation of his views. Scarcely was he done, before Elder Tucker was on his feet.

"Bro. Moderator," said he, with emphasis, "I am a Baptist. I believe with them. I feel with them. But I cannot see why they should want to do anything that must necessarily prevent union among God's people. I cannot endorse that creed. I believe there are many in this house, sir, that see as I do. I would have to feel that God is a partial judge, did I subscribe to the sentiments therein contained. I object to creeds, and particularly to that creed."

"Bro. Tucker has expressed my views in the last clause of his speech, Bro. Moderator," spoke up a young man, a nephew of Mr. Mason. "I do not believe God could be just, did I believe those articles of faith, just read, to be correct. They are too strong for me."

Several young persons nodded assent, as the speaker took his seat. It was evident that Elder Tucker would have a party there, could he but become a member of the church.

The old and wise brethren were in quite a dilemma. They had great fear from the admission of Elder Tucker, after the expression

of such views, and yet they could not make the Confession of Faith a test of admission.

“I wish to become a member of this church, if you feel willing to receive me with the views I entertain,” added Elder Tucker.

No one showed a desire to make any further remarks, and the Moderator rose to put the question.

“All in favor of receiving Elder Tucker, after the explanation he has made, will signify it by a show of the right hand.”

The vote was counted. Fifteen hands were held up for his admission.

“If there is any objection, the objectors will now make it known by the same sign.”

No one opposed the motion. Many of the brethren had not voted. This Elder Tucker observed with none of the best feelings. He was mortified, chagrined. He had counted on a stronger demonstration in his favor. The belief that there was a large number who were too Armenian for the Confession of Faith, had emboldened him to declare, without any reserve, his ultra views with regard to creeds. And he also foresaw the awkward position that those who might oppose his views would be placed in by that very opposition.

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#### CHAP. XI.—A NEW TROUBLE ARISES.

Scarcely had Elder Tucker been received into the church, before he began boldly to advocate his views. He spoke against creeds whenever an occasion offered, and loudly advocated a “return to the Bible as the only platform of Christian union.” Thus far he was in entire agreement with Mr. Anderson and his people.

But there was one essential point of difference. It was this. Elder Tucker believed that the sinner was pardoned before baptism, and that baptism was in no way essential to salvation, being an act of obedience to the command of Christ, whereby the candidate manifested his love to Him, his belief in his death, burial, and resurrection; but this view Mr. Anderson could not endorse. He was bound to regard baptism as closely connected with salvation.

Elder Tucker found some supporters in the church of which he had become a member; and there were also several persons in the



neighborhood who had taken their letters from the Baptist Church, because they, too, had determined to set their faces against creeds. Those believed, with Elder Tucker, in conversion and pardon before baptism. There was, therefore, likely to arise a third, a medium party, which, while it could not go all the way with the "New Lights," yet could not remain with the Baptists.

The old brethren viewed this state of things with sorrow, but they could provide no remedy. Their only hope to stay the current of error, was in the faithful and earnest presentation of gospel truth, and in strong reliance on the arm of the Eternal.

How faithfully the dear old man preached the truths of the gospel! how earnestly he prayed, with trembling voice and choking utterance, that God would protect his Israel from all danger, and bring off his own people conquerors over all enemies!

It was soon perceived that there was a growing intimacy between Elder Anderson and Elder Tucker, which foreshadowed evil to the far-sighted.

"I fear," said Bro. Jones to Father Wilson, as they rode home together, "that our troubles are not ended. If I can divine the signs of the times, they are but begun. We have an Achan in the camp, who is to prove unto us a sad curse."

"I believe with you, Bro. Jones. But I cannot see what we can do better, than to trust in the Lord to guide it to a happy issue."

"That is all we can do, Bro. Wilson. And I do hope we may not have serious trouble. I have talked with Elder Tucker on this subject, but I never obtain any satisfaction from him."

"I myself have conversed with him, and he assures me that he is co-operating with the church."

"He is co-operating with Mr. Anderson, and those brethren and sisters that hold their letters. He is, by every means in his power, making a party for himself. My own opinion is, that he thinks he can bring back Anderson and his people to his ground, and unite them with these I have just mentioned, and a half-dozen in our own church who are loose in their doctrinal views, and thereby make himself a leader of a new sect."

Bro. Jones was what we call a long-headed man. Endowed by nature with uncommon sagacity, he was cool and deliberative, and,

withal, exceedingly conscientious and cautious. By the exercise of these faculties, he had gained not only the love and esteem, but the respect of the whole community.

"I had never thought of this view of the subject, Bro. Jones," replied the old man, after a few minutes' silence. "But it certainly seems plausible. God knows there is dissension enough already in our midst. How sad it is to see men striving for the mastery, lovers of themselves, rather than lovers of God. I think Tucker will find himself mistaken in his expectation to win Anderson. I have thought that Anderson hoped to win Tucker."

"And so he does, sir. But he will not succeed. Tucker is a most resolute man, and cannot be persuaded from his purposes. I would sooner look for Anderson to yield, but I do not expect it. They will both find themselves deceived; looking and wishing for a thing they can never realize."

"Do you think, Bro. Jones, that our old Bro. Wheat agrees with Elder Tucker? It has been suggested to me that he leans that way."

"His children's joining the Campbellites has had some effect on the old man's mind. His son is a smart young man, and a fine talker, and, moreover, has always had a great influence over his father. But we need not fear anything from the old man. He will say but little. The only one of our brethren that can be seriously annoying to us, is old Bro. Dodson."

"Bro. Dodson, Bro. Jones? Why, he is rooted and grounded in the faith."

"So he is, and one of the best men living. But he is so easily wheedled—so easily made to believe that all that appears fair is good and reliable; and I feel he may be deceived into taking some injudicious ground. I fear, Bro. Wilson, that Elder Tucker is an ambitious man, and seeks his own glory, rather than the prosperity of the church."

"If this be the case, God grant that he may see the error of his course, and turn from it with full purpose of heart."

The two brethren separated, each one to go home to ask the blessing of God upon the church, that peace might linger in her borders, and that she might continue a bright and shining light:

Meanwhile, there was a very different conversation taking place

between Elder Tucker and Samuel White, a young man, who was a member of Mr. Anderson's church, but whose parents were Baptists, and consequently he often attended with his mother. A few quotations will suffice to show the character of the conference and its design.

"Oh, I have known the old man from my childhood, and I never heard a word of reproach against him, Mr. Tucker, in all my life. It must be false. I cannot believe it."

"No one would ever have suspected him for such a thing, but I have heard it from good authority, and I don't know how to contradict it, Mr. White. The person who told me said there was no doubt about it."

"Who is your authority? Is it any one in this community that I know? I must go to him, if it is, and find out the whole matter. I will not believe it as it now stands. I cannot. Father Wilson is a good old man."

"But *old* men sometimes do very foolish things. I accounted for the indiscretion on that score. 'Once a man, and twice a child,' is the old adage, and it is a true one. His wife has been dead some time, has'nt she? Several persons have spoken to me about the old man's looking out for a new wife. You know I am not well enough acquainted with him to tell anything about it. But some of his warmest friends have intimated to me that the old man wants to get married. And it is a very easy thing, for a man of his age, with such notions in his head, to commit an indiscretion. But, understand me, Mr. White, I did not see it. I have only heard it from a good source."

"I cannot be made to believe anything against Father Wilson's character. I have known him twenty-two years, and I have never yet known him to do one wrong thing in that time."

"Was he ever a widower before, Mr. White?"

"Oh, no; he and his excellent wife had lived together fifty years."

"Ah ha! never a widower before! This accounts for it."

"But what is it, after all, Mr. Tucker?—and who told you about it?"

"I cannot give you the name; that must be kept secret, and I

don't know that it is best to speak of it any further, just now. It had better be hushed up, anyhow. Don't you say anything about it, Mr. White. I would'nt have it to go out from me for any consideration.

Elder Tucker found himself mistaken in his man. So he bade young White good evening, and rode on.

In a few weeks there was a rumor in the neighborhood quite derogatory to dear old Father Wilson's character—the first injurious report that had ever assailed his fair name. His friends discredited it. They had known him too long to give ear to such rumors; but then the dear old man had enemies, too, who were glad to add to the prevalence of the rumor; not that they believed it themselves, but they hoped that others would. It was an attempt to injure the old pastor, and thereby destroy his influence among his people, without any one's being responsible for it. The Campbellites took it up, and gave currency to it, until at last the friends of the old man thought that they owed it to him to ferret it out and place the guilt on the right person. So they went to work, a few of the most experienced brethren, and by managing the matter judiciously, they were enabled to put "the saddle on the right horse" without giving a more extended publicity to the affair.

They traced it directly back to Elder Tucker, who strenuously refused to give up his author. The brethren expostulated with him, tried to convince him of the awkwardness of his position, and the absolute necessity of his having to bear all the censure, if he still persisted in his refusal. He would not yield. He was then asked to make acknowledgments, but he manifested no sign of repentance, always declaring that he had it on the most undoubted authority, and consequently had a right to act as he had done.

The dear old pastor, as aged and infirm as he was, rode four miles to see him, and endeavored to show him wherein he had wronged him, and to reconcile the matter, but it was of no avail. Elder Tucker remained incorrigible. All was done that could be done, but it was fruitless. Still the talk went on. And the church was compelled to take decisive measures.

## CHAP. XII.—ELDER TUCKER IS ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE CHURCH.

The church, at its next meeting for business, appointed a Committee "to see Bro. Tucker, and to cite him to appear before them at their next church-meeting to answer to the charge of slandering Bro. Wilson."

The Committee waited upon Elder Tucker, informed him of the action of the church. He hesitated for some time before he would make a definite reply; but finally said he would be present the ensuing month.

The four weeks that intervened were industriously spent by Elder Tucker in visiting his friends and managing to get some one to share with him the responsibility of the report, that all the odium might not fall upon himself. But he found, wherever he went, the rumor could be traced back to him, and each one, now that it had assumed a form so serious, was glad to place the burden at the door of the rightful proprietor. He found some who sympathized with him, but no one who was willing to be a participator in his shame.

His visits from house to house served to inflame the feelings of a good many good people, thereby inclining them to act from impulse, rather than judgment. And when the day of trial came, there was found quite a little party to espouse his cause.

The session was quite turbulent, some trying to excuse him on the ground, that, as he declared he had good authority, and did not choose to render it, therefore he should be excused. But the old brethren were too wise to be gulled in this way. They argued that it was Elder Tucker's duty either to yield his authority, or to stand responsible for the slander himself. He admitted that he had spoken of it to a few persons, but as he had it from such a respectable source, he was excusable.

There was a long and animated discussion. Never, since the day of the painful split, was such a time known in the church. The party for Father Wilson, it was evident, was largely in the majority, and could have excluded Elder Tucker, but they were not willing to take the responsibility of such an important step upon themselves without the advice of other brethren. It was therefore moved that the church call a Council from the neighboring churches

to decide the case for them. But Elder Tucker was not willing to this step. He regarded the church as the highest authority, and the only power that could legitimately try the case. He urged that there was wisdom and strength enough in that body to decide upon his matter.

Although the majority was against him, and of this he was convinced, yet Elder Tucker had a hope that he could manage the majority to the subservience of his own purposes. It was this belief that induced him to oppose the calling of a Council. The question was warmly debated. Elder Tucker and his particular friend, Bro. Jedediah Cross, were for the negative. The question was put, and a large majority voted for the Council. A Committee was appointed to request a delegation from each of the neighboring churches to meet with the New Hope Church on their next church-meeting day.

The day came. The brethren, as requested, met. The case was laid before them. Ample time was given to the hearing of both sides, and the evidence duly weighed.

Elder Tucker was granted the privilege of a defence, if he wished to make one. He declined the offer. The Council, after patiently hearing the case, decided that Elder Tucker was greatly in fault, and advised the church to take decisive action, unless he should make such acknowledgments as could be received by them.

Finding that he was completely thwarted in his plans, and disappointed in his hopes, Elder Tucker was reluctantly driven, after all his attempts to show himself justifiable in his course, to make confession, thereby saving himself from immediate exclusion, but mortifying his feelings most deeply, because of the effect on his standing in community. The church received his acknowledgment on the promise of his doing better for the future, and the dear old pastor delivered to him an affectionate warning.

Chagrined and mortified, Elder Tucker felt that he would no longer remain in the church. He arose, and, in an excited tone, requested the church to grant him a letter. The church saw the spirit, and understood the request.

Old Bro. Joyce moved that the letter be granted. Bro. Jones spoke against it, urging that, under the circumstances, it would be wrong to grant a letter in full fellowship.

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The opposition but aroused Elder Tucker the more. He grew angry, and said some very harsh things, for which he was severely reprimanded by old Bro. Lewis, of the Council.

After much animated discussion, it was agreed to give him a letter of final dismissal from the church, leaving him unrecommended to any other body. It was rather a novel thing in the history of Baptist Church usage, but it seemed the safest and most righteous expedient.

The church was weary of the conflict, and did not feel willing to enter into dealing with him on new charges; and as they had excused him for the past, they unanimously decided to dismiss him from them, at his own request, leaving him unprovided for, as regarded his entering another church.

It was a new measure, but it was the only alternative. From the time of his dismissal from the church, Elder Tucker turned with more warmth and favor than ever towards the Campbellites. His advocacy for "no creed" had become louder than ever. He was often seen with the leading men of that denomination, in earnest conversation, and he frequently preached for the church in C—— when Mr. Anderson was out visiting different parts of the country. The Campbellites were trying to win him, for he had some influence with certain members of the church, though his name was not altogether in good repute in the neighborhood. Baptists were everywhere predicting that, at no distant day, he would unite with the Current Reformation, and they were exceedingly desirous that he should, knowing that his present position, although by no means an enviable one, yet, nevertheless, was calculated to give them more annoyance than a union with their enemies could do. But Elder Tucker seemed fully to comprehend the position he occupied, and to realize and use to his own advantage the benefits it conferred upon him. Courted by the Campbellites, and somewhat feared by the Baptists, he was determined not to yield to the flatteries of the one, and to disappoint the hopes of the others.

His silence in his singular position was somewhat remarkable to all classes, until it was discovered that he was aspiring to the leadership of a new party. A party, which, while it ignored all creeds, also repudiated baptismal salvation. Strenuous were his efforts, and untiring his zeal in the accomplishment of his purpose.

At first he moved stealthily, cautiously, speaking to isolated individuals about the feasibility of his plans. Meeting with some apparent show of success, he soon became emboldened to make the matter more public, and soon he advocated his views and project openly.

He founded his hope on that party in the neighborhood, who, while they would not return to the Baptist Church, would not, at the same time, unite with the Reformers, and upon a few disaffected members yet connected with Father Wilson's church.

But as unrighteous aims often defeat themselves, so did Elder Tucker's new-formed project. It was too palpable that he was seeking position, rather than the triumph of his pretended views. He was catering for fame and applause, rather than endeavoring to forward the advances of truth. And instead of winning the disaffected party from the church, he served to drive those who had letters back into its pale. Ambition overleaped itself, and the Elder found himself, for a time, suspected by all parties. He stood isolated in the midst of those whom he had calculated upon as aids to distinction. Sadly defeated man. He had in silence to weep over his folly. But tears led not to repentance.

"Prudence was now the better part of valor," and he decided to remain quiet until the whirlwind of excitement had swept by. But his reputation was seriously injured, and his influence greatly lessened.

Finding that all hope of becoming distinguished was forever gone, he finally decided to unite with the Reformers, and take charge of a small society in the country.

But he was regarded by that body as no acquisition to them. His course had been such as to sink him in disgrace, and it was evident that he could never return to his former position.

He digged a pit for his neighbor, and, alas, he had fallen into it.

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#### CHAP. XIII.—THE SURPRISE.

"Four weeks more, and he will be at home," exclaimed Lydia, as she let fall the letter in her ecstasy of delight. "Two weeks, and William will again be here," and tears rushed to her flashing eyes, and the blood from her blushing cheek, as the glad emotions



thrilled wildly her young bosom. Overcome by her feelings, she sat for several moments in rapt delight, unable to proceed farther with the perusal of the letter, which lay carelessly on her lap. Memories of past years came thronging over her, and springing hopes of future joys stole tremblingly into her throbbing heart, and nestled therein sweet breathings of coming bliss.

“Sobbing rains” had made the atmosphere deliciously cool, and dressed in freshest hue the garniture of nature; and now the gentle winds of evening sighed softly through the tall, graceful elms and sturdy oaks, and rocked on its frail stem the sweet-breathed meadow-flower.

Lydia sat 'neath the old oak near the road-side. The dark old forest was behind her, with its silent, mysterious influences; before her spread out immeasurably the blooming prairie, ever sending up its sweet incense breathing from myriad flowers. The church and the “Old Academy” were just visible in the dim distance to her left. And to her right, in beautiful view, was the home of her childhood, over which gathered a thousand chastened memories, and glad hopes. The evening sun glinted through the overhanging leaves, and fell in streams of living glory among the dim, dark shadows of the forest. Innumerable insects flitted through the air on humming wing, and the birds, called from their noon-day retreat, made vocal with glad notes the grand old woods.

Lydia caught up her letter to read. William was describing to her the happiness he anticipated when he should again be in the midst of his boyhood's friends. His words of affection made her bosom thrill, and tears of joy flowed down her changing cheek as she dwelt on the happiness his words so vividly pictured. The cottage-home, the days of Elysian bliss, the cloudless sky of peace and contentment spread out before her, clad in light of heavenly beauty, filled her soul with rapturous emotions. There was no cloud, not the faintest trace of shade to dim the radiance of the glorious picture. No care, no fear, nor apprehension dim to draw one strain of sadness from the harp of sweet music which filled her being with rapture.

A sound of horses' feet, fast moving, reached her ear. She started, and looked up. A horse and rider were just emerging

from a sudden turn in the road. She sprung to her feet, as if electrified. Was it he, or was it a wild fancy of her excited brain? She had not time for a second thought, before William Norton had clasped her in his arms.

*(To be Continued.)*

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### THE DYING BOY.

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The hour had come. Death's dew drops gathered fast.  
Each pulse beat slowly as it neared the last.  
The faintly-throbbing heart, the labored breath,  
All plainly whispered of approaching death.

Racked with the torturing pain, the little frame  
Toss'd restlessly, as sank life's flickering flame;  
But while th' imprisoned spirit struggled to be free,  
A most exquisite anguish forbade it yet to flee.

About the couch of suffering, pierced with grief,  
Stood weeping ones—but tears brought no relief;  
Still toss'd the little lov'd one—yet again  
Oozed forth the life-drops from the brow of pain.

But hark! above the sobs of weeping friends,  
Clear as the breath of Heaven, a voice ascends—  
"Oh, help me, Father, as I pass away!"  
Sweet words, methinks, for dying lips to say.

A list'ning angel caught the pleading prayer;  
Nay, *Jesus* heard it, for himself was there;  
And though 'twas best the turbid waves roll high,  
The prayer was heard—"Help" came as death drew nigh.

Fill'd with the power of the life to come,  
His childish voice sang, "Earth is not my home;"  
And, quick responding to the faithful love,  
Heaven oped her gates, and showed the joys above.

The dying boy beheld the vision fair,  
Exclaimed, "My mother and my friends are there!"  
And then the spirit's eye in rapture fell  
Upon the pastor he had loved so well.

Ecstatic with this new delight, he cried,  
"I see them all—my Saviour too!" and died.  
Oh, for a faith, a hope, a love like this—  
A certain passport to the realms of bliss!

JOHN C. STONE.

LOUISVILLE, 1859.

## A VISIT TO A WASHER-WOMAN.

I believe if we stoop *low* and look *long* into the waves of trouble, we will at last find those waves, like a mirror, reflect the image of a Divine Comforter. But impatience will not allow us to gaze steadfastly enough to trace those golden beams which the muddy water often obstructs. Though the light may be broken by angry billows, yet by continually tracing the illumined portions, we may escape the gloom altogether.

These thoughts were suggested by a conversation with an obscure, hard-working woman. But a woman in whose mind the grace of God illumined the dark spots, and made her as well satisfied as if she had possessed the "*Open Sesame*" to all the unbridled desires of the human heart. Her mind, like a phosphorescent substance, imbibed the light, and emitted it when carried into dark places.

Having seated myself in the chair she offered me, I asked her how she managed to feel so contented with so few of the appliances of comfort?

She smiled, and replied: "The mind has pleasures independent of the body. There is probably no term in any language more frequently misapplied than that of 'Poor people.' If we endeavor to ascertain what constitutes riches, the answer, without consideration, would be *money*. But if we examine a little below the surface of appearances, we will find some persons with an enormous quantity of money, yet destitute of everything else calculated to induce contentment or delight."

Then I answered, "You think there are two kinds of riches?"

"Yes, most unequivocally. Riches in the coffer, compared to those of the mind or heart, are diametrically opposed. The love of one debases the man; whilst the other, in full exercise, ennobles him—raises him towards the highest order of intelligence."

I was somewhat surprised at the elevated tone of her mind, and the superior language she uttered, as, doubtless, you, too, would have been, had you seen her as I did, sitting near her great wash-tub, for it was that department of work by which she gained a livelihood. Occupying two low, dingy little rooms, she used the

rear one for sleeping and preparing her meals, and the other was arranged with the requisitions of her occupation. I remarked, "Mrs. Dale, you speak as if you had experienced both positions, competency and want."

"Aye, indeed, Madam, such has been my fate. At one time I was owner of all I could survey from my own door, and great delight I experienced in the contemplation. I was unaware, until about to be deprived of its pleasures, how nearly incorporated it was with my life. Had I been called to die and render an account of my sins just then, I fear my riches would have been my dearest idol. How little we know of our own hearts. How little pains we take to search for a knowledge of our real condition. By observation, I have learned the Deity has made for his creatures a world teeming with objects calculated to impart exquisite delight to their peculiar formation—the reasonable participation of which they are miserable without, and can invent no safe substitute which so fully and agreeably answers for this physical and mental happiness.

"The general mass of mankind are of the opinion, the greater amount of money, the greater certainty of happiness," I answered.

"It is a vain hope," she said. "The morbid desire for lucre induces mankind to abandon their legitimate sphere, and enter into compacts at variance with the laws of nature, totally oblivious of their relationship, as intellectual beings, to a superior source, consequently entailing upon themselves a state for which they are unqualified, engendering evils for which they alone are to blame—evils for which nature has provided no remedy."

"I think you are right. We invariably suffer for the infringement of God's laws. 'Thus far, and no farther,' is apparent throughout the economy of nature."

"Yes," said the old woman, "but the golden mist in which the goddess of fortune envelops herself, so dazzles the vision of her votaries, they perceive not the liabilities to which they have exposed themselves until disabled by unnatural indulgence to reanimate their original wholesome condition; with taste vitiated, and bodies diseased, they can only subsist on such fare as fans the flame of their unholy desires. Blinded, like the moth, their cir-

cumgrations become more circumscribed, until they plunge into utter ruin."

But looking round at her meagre furnished rooms, I answered, "It is hard to be under the necessity of incessant hard work, and no prospect for improvement. So much weariness must produce impatience and vexation."

"Ah, my dear madam, there is rest after righteous labor—a consciousness of the fulfillment of duty imparts a sweet repose the careless worldling knows not. But the toil of the rich man is being continually increased. There are no resting points in his progress. For, having transcended the laws of God, there is nothing to gratify his depraved and sinful wants. The rich man is ever on the strain to come up with the delusive prospect so tempting to his inflated imagination. And when he for a moment fancies he has arrived at some desired goal, the mirage realization of his hopes is still ahead—away off, enchantingly looming on the distant horizon."

"Probably, my good woman, you are mistaken. I think there are some persons who are satisfied with their abundance."

She shook her head mournfully.

"No, my dear. With such a foundation to build the superstructure of contentment upon, their expectations are insecure. Hence the worldling is always astonished to see one model after another tumble to the ground ere he can become an occupant. Then he rails against Providence, when he has never once taken the least pains to make himself acquainted with the regulations which should govern himself to secure the smiles of Providence."

This conversation gave me to the following reflections, as I passed the palatial residences of the rich ones of this world. But I will pause here to say, I never spent a more agreeable hour in all my life, than that with the intelligent washer-woman in her obscure dwelling. What if our earthly habitations should suddenly assume a metamorphosis in appearance—the index of our spiritual condition. How shocking the domicils of some, who revel in fine linen and royal velvets, would appear! And where the contrite Christian's cottage rears its humble roof, the wayfarer would pause to gaze upon its lonely dome.

Oh, ye delvers after money! what do you expect to purchase with

your hardly acquired gains? What is the motive of your indefatigable exertions? What inexpressible delight do you anticipate as a compensation for the concentrated application of all life's precious moments? Describe the phantom whose brilliant promises allure you. You exclaim, "The reward is not for yourself, but your children." Ha, ha! that is the chimera, is it? I tell you, it is a miscalculation, a gross error, an unfounded, unreliable hope. If that is the incentive, relinquish the infatuation, and enjoy the fruits of your labor soberly and righteously. Your departed forefathers used the same subterfuge. They accumulated and multiplied treasures. Where is it? Why are you not enjoying the benefit of their labor? Alas! you are the dupe of a sinful delusion. They entice you, by the vain show of their example, to draw near the great Juggernaut, and, maddened by the same unholy zeal, you plunge beneath the monster. Few pause and reflect upon the error of their course and return from the exciting pilgrimage to warn and dissuade the insane worshiper. They hear the noise of the flying chariot, and see the glittering plumes as they cleave the air. They feel the rush of the fanatic crowd, and, forgetful of the solemn warning, "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul?" they inhale the pernicious contagion, and fall a voluntary victim to the popular deity. But, on the other hand, the capacity for enjoyment is being continually increased in the mind of moderate desires. Imbibing and fostering no false principles, attending to the simplicity of God's requirements, not one of his senses can take in the boundless scope which surrounds, and is granted specially for his use. The mind of the philosopher may be astounded, but never satiated with the infinitude of God's works; but is ever refreshed and invigorated by the inexhaustible resources spread before those who comply with the regulations of him who constituted it so. To the mind of the devout inquirer, the most minute objects in creation present fields for investigation. The proper exercise of man's faculties brings no regret or depression, but leaves a keener desire to pursue a course ever giving birth to new and exquisite emotions. The man who has not impaired his energies in the accumulation of a superabundance of money, with physical frame uninjured by the indulgence of pampered appetites, with the natural *exhalera* of life

throws his powerful impulses in the work which yields the food that prolongs his gratified existence. Not a sound in the grand harmonia of nature but imparts music to his well-attuned ear. His physical appetites increased by caution and restraint, the simplest dish is relished with a gusto a monarch seldom enjoys. This is the wealth of nature, which art cannot supply. The precious gifts, the untold priceless ore in nature's hidden labyrinths, can only be acquired by the tiller of the soil—the only true lord of the creation. He retires when the curtain of night falls over the scene of his labors, and by the light which God said "Let there be," he resumes with unwasted energies the labor of necessity. And there is a helpmate in the farmer's domicil, for she, "bone of his bone," is engaged in the same wholesome pursuit, and their congenial compact has been formed by other ties than conventional ones; for the torch of love which gilds their peaceful home, burns without the adventitious aid of foreign fuel. These riches all the gold in the coffers of Mammon is insufficient to buy.

In the ultra refinements of the present age, daughters and wives have lost sight of their old fashioned mother, "Dame Nature." Should they be astonished or indignant when the voice of their "Adam" is heard calling from his leafy covert, "O Eve, where art thou?"

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

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## CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

### NO. V.—SELF-PRAISE.

*"Let another praise thee."*

A prominent characteristic of some other individuals is self-praise, or egotism. Tracing this back to its source, we find that it originates in self-love. Self is, indeed, a much loved object with this class of beings. Coronating it with laurels of rarest verdure, they place it in a prominent niche in the temple of observation, and lay upon its altar the richest offerings. Their oblations are most frequent at its shrine, and the intensity of their devotion is unequalled.

Having thus enshrined it, the deity of their most devout admiration, the next object is to obtain the homage of others; but unfortunately for them, they do not always adopt the most judicious means to secure the desired end. They are not content with such an exhibition of the beauties and excellencies of their character, as may be called into exercise by the force of circumstances (which will always elicit admiration), but place to their own lips the trumpet which they suppose will most effectually herald to the world their virtues, and thus defeat the object they so much desire to attain.

This class is soon "scented out" by the discriminating, labeled *egotist*, and their destiny thenceforward determined.

This characteristic is most prominent in those whose intellectual attainments are rather slender, and whose depth of discrimination may be easily sounded.

The really enlightened lady and gentlemen, who has learned enough to discover the great amount they have yet to learn, will be seldom, if ever, found with those who are always boasting of their many attainments. Their sentences are not so often interspersed with the personal pronoun *I*, nor do they feel in duty bound to edify the circle in which they move by a constant repetition of their praiseworthy sayings and doings.

We have previously stated that self-praise originates in self-love, or selfishness. We do not now intend to convey the idea that intelligent people are not selfish. Observation proves to the contrary. They are not so apt, however, to magnify the *little* they know into a mass so monstrous as to induce them to believe they know it *all*. Nay, they have drank deeply of the fountain of knowledge, and their thirst, instead of being satiated, is increased. Hence they feel as if they had scarcely quaffed the "Pierian" waters. They are not, therefore, filled with the conceit that they are the wisecracks of the age, and that wisdom will die with them. We once heard an intelligent lady remark, that when she had advanced as far as "*Baker*" in her spelling-book, she thought she ought to leave school; she knew enough; was educated. But when she received from the President of the Board her Diploma, the crimson of shame suffused her cheek, because she knew so little, compared with what was to be learned.

But we pursue the subject. The reader is doubtless thinking of individuals among his acquaintances who are in the habit of frequently speaking of themselves and their achievements in terms complimentary. They are always the hero of their own story, and would impress you with the notion that they are the only beings in existence who make a wave on the sea of life. *I* said so and so, *I* did so and so, and *I* is the grand nucleus around which gathers all that is deemed worthy a thought.

In jostling along the great thoroughfare of life, we have often come in contact with this species, and on memory's tablet is engraven scenes which illustrate the theme presented for reflection. We give an example.

We were once invited to take tea with a friend who expected a distinguished



visitor. He was a man of *reputed* talent, and his name had gone out on the breath of fame. His presence, therefore, in our village, was an event to be registered among the wonderful things which had occurred in the annals of its history. He was a politician, and was "stumping the State" as Presidential elector.

We were ushered into his august presence with that feeling of veneration which talent and genius always elicit, and with the hope of being edified by the interview. Instead, however, of being charmed by strong arguments and original thoughts, polished language and brilliant flashes of wit, we were compelled to *try* and be a polite listener while the honorable gentleman regaled us with a concise history of the wonderful things he had been doing as elector.

"I commenced this canvass," said he, "under the most unfavorable circumstances. Our party was greatly in the minority in the State, and I knew I must have heavy casting to accomplish anything. But I have actually done wonders. In many localities, where the opposition had large majorities, I have so changed the public mind as to leave them greatly in the minority. I have been speaking to crowded houses, and the most attentive audiences I ever saw. Indeed, the people seemed perfectly transfixed by *my* arguments. Indeed, I was repeatedly told that *my* eloquence was perfectly fascinating. Old man Grimes, out here at —, said he never heard as fine a speech as I made day before yesterday. The opposition finally gave it up. When it was known that I would speak at a certain place upon a specified day, they did not attempt to make a demonstration, but hung their heads with mortification. The truth is, I have gained the State for our candidate, without a doubt."

Thus we were reduced to the unpleasant necessity of hearing a man of *reputed* talent and genius make himself ridiculous by "sounding his own fame." Did he not know that if he had really done all this, the people would find it out without his assistance?

We once knew a minister who was accustomed to make himself and his achievements a theme of frequent use in his sermons. He would thus harangue the audience:

"I received an urgent invitation from the church at W—— to come over and help them. The congregation was small and feeble, and there was an earnest desire that its numbers might be increased. They had the best talent in the denomination to preach for them, and many and protracted had been the efforts in behalf of the church. Finally they sent for *me*, and I went. One of the brethren met me with tears in his eyes, saying, "Bro. —, we sent for *you*, believing that *you* are the man that can do the work; and if you can do anything for us, we want you to do it, for we are greatly discouraged. Well, I went to work, preached night and day, until I was almost broken down. Pretty soon the leaven began to work, and before I left, one hundred and twenty of the most wealthy and influential citizens joined the church, and she was built up at once. Before I left, I raised a fund sufficient to erect a splendid house for them. To be sure, I was only an instrument, but God has His *chosen* instruments by which to accomplish His work."

This habit has long since been considered out of taste, and is certainly incompatible with a delicate and refined nature. Its disadvantages are obvious to all who have observed its results. The object of speaking commendatory of one's self is to gain esteem. Is it accomplished? By no means. Disgust and dislike are engendered, instead of admiration and esteem, and the tribute of praise is awarded to the quiet, unassuming individual, whose excellencies of character are developed by the influence of circumstances, without being dragged into notoriety by their possessor.

This habit will creep upon us almost imperceptibly, and, like other faults, is often unconsciously cherished. Hence the necessity of guarding carefully its first advances. We may thus be freed from its pernicious influence without much effort; but if indulged, it will become a fixed habit, which will injure, to a great extent, our usefulness.

Be quiet, my friend, and cease to make such exertions to bring self into notice. Tear down that altar which you have erected to it. Let its garlands wither. Bring not another offering to its shrine. Place in its stead an altar consecrated to universal benevolence, and wreath around it the brightest garlands. Let thy daily oblations be placed upon an altar whose diffusive influence will be felt throughout earth's vast domain, and rely upon it, if you have merit, it will be found out without giving you the trouble to tell it. Do you not know that persons prize that most dearly which they have the honor of discovering themselves?

Be patient until your merits and excellencies, if you have them, shall have so developed as to become apparent to the world, without any extraneous efforts upon your part to bring them into notice.

NEW LIBERTY, Ky., May, 1850.

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## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

CHAP. XXV.—MR. WILSON'S VISIT TO BUNYAN.

THE pastor at Hitchen, Mr. Wilson, having heard the reports against Bunyan's character vouched for by men of seeming respectability, determined, in his own mind, to ride over to Elstow, to talk to Bunyan on the subject, hoping to find out the truth of the matter. He felt a deep interest for his friend, and a greater anxiety for the cause of Christ, which was suffering because of the malicious slander.

As he rode slowly along, and pondered the matter, his fears increased. Circumstances were dark, very dark, against his brother

minister. There seemed to him great cause for suspicion. Yet he hoped it might all prove false, and he was too just to condemn him without a full hearing.

It was Thursday evening, two days after the sudden and fearful death of old Mr. Beaumont. That morning Mr. Wilson had met Farry, the lawyer, at Baldock Fair, and told him the whole story, but would not give his authority, although he asserted that it was of the most respectable character. He informed Mr. Wilson of the intention of a few persons to have the body of the old man thoroughly examined before it was interred, repeating his opinion, that there was no doubt about his having been poisoned by his daughter, and that she was prompted to the deed by Bunyan.

"I cannot think so, Mr. Farry," said the troubled man, as the lawyer concluded his remarks. "There must be some mistake about it. I cannot believe Bro. Bunyan would be guilty of such a thing. I have known him ever since he was let out of jail, and I have always believed him to be a man of God."

"You may rest assured, Mr. Wilson," replied the malicious lawyer, "that the first charge is true. I got it from one whose word could not be doubted. And as to the circumstances of the old man's death, I will vouch for them. He died of poison. And you yourself must admit that it looks very black against preacher Bunyan. The body is to be examined, and then the whole matter will be decided, and the guilty will receive a just reward. But I must bid you good evening, sir, for I must be off for Mr. Hatfield, the Mayor. The old man's son wishes him to come out this evening and examine the body. He has his fears, though he has never breathed them to his sister, but treats her very kindly. Good morning, Mr. Wilson, good morning."

With pain and sorrow the preacher turned his steps homeward. Suppose it should be decided that old Mr. Beaumont had met his death by unfair means; then the conclusion from all the premises must be, that Bunyan was an accomplice of the daughter. What disgrace would such a revelation bring to the cause of Christ! How the enemies of truth and righteousness would triumph, and Zion mourn because of her reproach!

He unbosomed his fears and distresses to his wife; told her of

his determination to go over to Elstow and learn from Bunyan himself the truth of the whole affair.

"I would go to see Agnes, but she is in deep trouble, poor girl, and the surgeon will be there this evening to examine the body, to see if he can find any traces of poison. I will wait until after that is decided, before I go to see the poor child."

With painful forebodings, and gloomy thoughts filling his heart, the pastor at Hitchen rode to see his brother minister. He had confidently believed Bunyan's innocence when the rumors first reached his ear, and it was not until Farry, the lawyer, had so fully assured him that it must be so, that his opinion began to be shaken. Farry stood well in the community. He was regarded as a clever man, though somewhat avaricious; and so clearly did he set forth the guilt of the daughter, and the necessary participation of Bunyan, that it was difficult to explain the mystery without implicating him.

Bunyan received the visitor with sad and solemn news. For the last few days these dreadful accusations met him at every turn. Neighbor Harrow had just left, after laying the whole story before him in its most exaggerated form. He had declared his innocence and his trust in God to the kind old neighbor, who, in his plain, artless manner, recommended him to a throne of heavenly grace.

The two walked out into the close, and seated themselves on the stile, and, in tender tones and gentle words, Wilson made known to Bunyan his fears that he must be greatly injured by the report, for the evidence, from what he had heard, was strong against him. He then repeated Farry's story.

"God knows I am innocent of these foul slanders," said Bunyan, as he concluded his recital. I have not misled that girl, nor did I instigate her to poison her father, if it be true he is poisoned."

"Did she ride behind you to Gamlingay, last Friday, to meeting?"

"Yes, she did; but it was not my seeking. She had no beast, and wanted very much to go. I objected to her sitting behind me, but she made such ado about not going, that finally I said she might go behind me there, but I could not bring her back. And I told her brother this, at whose house I found her."

"Did you meet any preacher on the way?"

"As I told you the other day, we met Lane just as we were entering the town's end. I don't remember that we saw any other."

"How did he look when he saw you?"

"I did not observe anything remarkable in his appearance at the time, but since this vile slander has been told me, I now think he appeared unusually well pleased, and laughed as he spoke."

"Was the girl riding with both arms around you, and were her brother and sister way before?"

"No, the girl never put her arms around me; she only held on to my cloak, and when the road was good she did not hold on at all. And what they say about her brother and his wife being far before, is false. They were right by my side, for I said to them, just after Lane passed, that he seemed to be in most excellent humor, and I had heard he was a forcible speaker. The woman said she did not like his looks, and she had never heard him in service. I remember these things distinctly, and Agnes' brother and sister know them to be true."

"And when did you see her before?"

"Not since I preached with you at Hitchen, last August. I used to go frequently to her brother's, and sometimes I would call at her father's, as I passed to and fro; but Farry, the lawyer, has taken a grudge to me, and he filled up the poor old man's mind with prejudices against me, until I could not go any longer, perceiving my visits were not pleasant."

"But suppose they should conclude that the old man was poisoned, and Agnes did it, what explanation will you make then that will clear you of this infamous accusation? Let me tell you, my dear brother, that things are dark, very dark. But if you are innocent, and I hope you are, God 'will bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday;' thy enemies shall see it, and be confounded."

"I am innocent, that God knoweth, and I look to him to deliver me. He hath hedged me in; He hath afflicted my soul; He hath torn me in pieces. But I know that His promises are sure. I know that he loves his Israel, and though he sorely chastizeth me, yet shall I not be destroyed; though he slay me, yet will I trust him, for his loving kindness and tender mercy can never fail towards the people of his choice."

“It is good to have such faith, Bro. Bunyan. I am made glad to see you feed on the precious promises. If Christ is for you, who shall triumph against you? Hold to your integrity, and you shall never be ruined. And rest assured, my brother, I will give you all the aid and comfort I can; and if it should be found that the poor girl has been guilty of murdering her father, I will use all endeavors to show that you had no part in the matter. But I must tell you, my dear brother, that it will go far to bring trouble to you.”

“I have an understanding of this matter. I know I must suffer for a time, even if this poor creature is found clear; but if I suffer for righteousness' sake, I must take it gladly. My heart has been well nigh torn in twain to think of bringing infamy on my wife and children; but thanks be to God, I have gained somewhat of a victory over my fears. This morning, while in prayer, Christ came to me in his precious promises, and strengthened me by his might, until I can now say, I will not fear what man can do unto me. ‘In all their afflictions he was afflicted.’ Christ did not forget the purchase of his blood, neither will he suffer them to be put to an open shame.”

“It rejoices my heart, Bro. Bunyan, to see you so built up in the gospel. Oh, the strengthening grace of Almighty God! How it enables us to rise above the afflictions of this life, and to bask in the glories of that which is to come! I came to you with a burdened heart. I was weak, and I feared that perhaps, you had sinned. But thank God, thank God, I now know you are guiltless of this great transgression! And I shall pray for you,” he added, while the tears streamed down his cheeks; “pray God he will support you, and deliver you from those that set snares for your feet.”

The two brethren embraced each other, then knelt and prayed.

“To-morrow I will see Agnes, and hear from her the whole story; and I will come and tell you the result of the examination. If it is found that she has been wrongfully accused, then will your innocence be proven by hers. But if she should be found guilty, then, my brother, we must be prepared for the worst. Good bye. God bless you, and enable you and sister Bunyan to trust him, never faltering.”

## CHAP. XXVI.

The town of Edworth was in a state of the greatest excitement, as the Mayor, accompanied by two or three friends, departed to examine the body of old Mr. Beaumont. All business was forgotten; all other topics swallowed up in this one. Never had there been anything so momentous before the minds of the villagers since poor old Mr. Deckworth had drowned himself in a small stream hard by, some twenty years before.

"Trifles light as air" were now "confirmation strong as words of Holy writ" against the accused ones. Each one could remember something that he or she had seen or heard, which was brought forward to show the certainty of their guilt.

He had died very suddenly, and under very peculiar circumstances. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, had caught up the story, and now it was everywhere asserted as a fact beyond all doubt, that he was poisoned by his daughter, Agnes, and that preacher Bunyan had instigated her to do it, and had furnished her with the poison. What food for the vicious appetites of the preacher's enemies! They caught up the tale, and with trumpet-tongue sent it through the land.

"I must rest in my innocence," said Bunyan, as one and another asked him what he would do. "God knows I never dreamed of this wicked deed they lay to my charge."

Wrapped in the twilight gloom, the preacher sat alone in his study, musing over the success of his plan. Could any one have beheld him, they would have seen a wilder intensity of the eye than his wont, and a smile of Satanic enjoyment playing over

To-morrow it will all be known," said  
dusk of the evening toward Lane's.

When that proud creature re-  
have it in my power  
while his face  
and

me again. "How is the mighty brought low!" he muttered, using words of Holy Writ to express his fiendish delight. "I thought I would bring the soaring eagle low! He is dashed to the ground, where he will become a dead, stinking carcass! And he will not know the archer that stopped his upward flight! ah, no! I have managed well! I have got Farry between me and danger. I have played a bold game. I have run a great risk. But it is successful. I am winner! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the wretched man, gloating in the thought of the destruction of the victim of his envy and jealousy, stroked his hands rapidly through his thin hair. Springing to his feet, he strode the room hurriedly.

The surgeon who was called made his examination of the body carefully, and with evident design to detect poison, if any lurked there. Not that he had any desire to implicate the poor girl, but there was an agreement between him and Farry, in which the lawyer promised to reward him handsomely if he would be the means of bringing the murderers (as he denominated Agnes and Bunyan) to justice. He applied all his tests, and observed with the greatest minuteness the result of each. But no evidence of poison was to be found; and such was his decision.

When the report was made to Farry, he burst into a paroxysm of rage, declaring, "the scoundrel had not done his *duty*. He knew the old man had come to his end by foul means. All the neighbors knew it. And the law should not be cheated in that way. He would have a coroner and jury the next day. That body should never be buried until the truth was brought to light. The wretches should be exposed."

Thus he raved and railed, as he strode across the floor of Lane's study.

The two held a consultation. Farry immediately left to execute their purpose. He never rested until the Coroner and jury were made acquainted with his story, and the necessary steps were taken towards a second examination on the morrow.

The morrow was Friday. The morning came. At an early hour the Coroner and jury left Gamlingay, and arrived at the house where the corpse lay. The prosecutor did not make his appearance. He had stationed himself at the nearest house in the neighborhood, that



he might readily learn the result of the jury. The Coroner and jury entered the house. Beside the fire, surrounded by some Christian friends, who had come out from Gamlingay to pray with and comfort her in this her hour of anguish, sat the victim of Farry's revenge—her heart stayed on God, and her countenance lighted up with that peace which passeth understanding. Who knows but that God may permit the devil and his tools to triumph? (and the penalty of the crime of which she is accused is death, by hanging.) Suppose she should be called upon to pass through fire? Ah! should she? How fearful the thought, as it rushes through her heart! But she stills her rising fears. "When thou passest through the fire, I will be with thee." It is enough. She can rest on that sure promise, and dread no harm.

The Coroner approaches her to question her respecting her presence in the house at the time of her father's death. Calmly and unblanchingly she answers all interrogatories.

The men look hard upon her, and pass on to the back room, where the corpse lay. She trembles not. Resting on the arm of her Eternal Father, she feels secure. She, of all the company present, is calm. Sighs burst from melting bosoms, and tears course down from eyes all unused to weep. Looks of fearful dread are exchanged, and glances full of pity and sympathy fall on the sweet countenance of Agnes, and as they witness her composure, are changed to looks of wonder. The Coroner and jury gather round the dead body. The pall is removed. There rests the form of him they have all known for years, whose face in death bore the livid hue of strangulation. Why shake their heads? There has been foul play they think. The windows are opened for better light, and the examination is begun. Carefully and slowly they proceed from point to point, from test to test. Their fears and doubts vanish. Their work completed, they pass through the room and go out. Not a word is spoken. But hearts beat high with throbbing fears as they move slowly along. Each one is anxious to ask, but they must wait for the verdict.

Agnes was sent for. The Coroner administered the oath, and commenced to question her. Firm in the strength of the Lord, and supported by his grace, she responded clearly, and without the least hesitation, to all the questions. She confuted her accuser,

who had been sent for to answer for the charge, without the least trepidation.

After this was done, she retired, and they proceeded to return a verdict. It was waited for with longing, fearing hearts. At last it came.

“Not guilty” was the sound that was caught up, and ran from lip to lip. “Thank God, thank God!” burst from many a relieved bosom. The noble girl was as unmoved under the acquittal as she had been under the accusation. She had trusted to God to bring forth her innocence, and he had signally done it. And now there ascended to him silent, heart-felt praise, that he had made bare his arm for her deliverance in the midst of all the people.

The false accuser skulked away from the presence of honorable men, the fires of revenge burning the more intensely in his bosom because of his defeat.

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#### CHAPTER XXVII.—AGNES BEAUMONT'S STORY AS TOLD TO HER PASTOR.

Mr. Wilson attended the burial, and returned with the friends to the now deserted home. He asked of Agnes a candid recital of the truth of the dreadful story which he had heard against her.

“Tell me, child, the truth, that I may be able to refute the base slander. Begin at the beginning, and give me the detail.”

“I will tell you all. And to the truth of the most of it, my brother here can bear witness. He saw and heard much that occurred between me and my dear father.

“This day week ago, you know church meeting took place at Gamlingay. About a week before I was much in prayer, especially for two things. One was that the Lord would incline the heart of my father to let me go, the other request was that the Lord would go with me, and that I might enjoy much of his presence at the table; that as in many times past it might be a sealing ordinance to my soul.

“The Lord was pleased to grant me my requests. Upon asking my father the day before, he seemed unwilling at first, but I pleaded with him, and told him I would do all the work in the morn-

ing before I went, and would return home at night. Finally my father consented. Friday being come, I prepared everything to set out. My father inquired who carried me? I told him I thought Mr. Wilson of Hitchen, as he told my brother the Tuesday before he should call. My father answered nothing.

“I went to my brother’s and waited, expecting to meet you there, but you did not come, and it cut me to the heart, for I feared I should not go, and I burst into tears, for my brother had told me his horses were all at work and that he could not spare one save the two that he and my sister were to ride on, and I could not walk thither the snow was so deep.

“And what did you do, Agnes?” inquired the old pastor, touched with her simple story.

“I waited with many a longing look and with a sorrowful heart. Oh, thought I, that the Lord would put it in the heart of some person to come this way. Thus I still waited with my heart full of fears. At last, quite unexpected, Bro. Bunyan came. The sight of him caused a mixture both of joy and grief. I was glad to see him, but afraid he would not be willing to take me up behind him; and how to ask him I knew not. At length I desired my brother to do it, which he did. But when brother asked him, Mr. Bunyan answered, roughly, ‘No. I will not carry her.’

“These words were cutting to my heart and made we weep bitterly. My brother, seeing my trouble, said to him, ‘Sir, if you do not carry her you will break her heart.’ But he answered, ‘I will not carry her. Your father will be grievous angry if I should.’

“I will venture that, said I.

“At length, after much entreaty, he was prevailed upon to take me. Soon after we set out my father came to my brother’s and asked the men whom I rode behind. They said Mr. Bunyan. When my father heard this his anger was greatly inflamed. He ran down the close thinking to overtake me and pull me off the horse, but we were gone out of his reach. I had not rode far before my heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thought of riding behind this servant of the Lord; and I was pleased if any one looked after us as we rode along.

But my pride soon had a fall, for on entering Gamlingay we were met by Mr. Lane, who knew us both. He looked at us very

hard as we rode along. And I do believe he has raised this vile scandal, though God knows it is false."

"And did Bro. Bunyan bring you home, Agnes?"

"Oh, no sir! That brother, here, very well knows."

"No, she did not return behind him, but rode behind a girl who lives half a mile from father's."

"And how did you get from there home. Did you see Bro. Bunyan again that day?"

"No sir, I did not see him again till Sunday, for I did not go to meeting on Saturday. The girl set me down at Sister Pruden's gate, from whence I hastened home through the dirt, having no pattens, hoping to be at home before my father was in bed. On coming to the door I found it locked, with the key in it. There was no light in the house, and my heart began to sink, for I perceived what I was about to meet with. It was usual for my father to take the key out of the door and give it me from the window. I stood trembling. At length I called out 'Father, father.' 'Who's there,' he answered. I said, 'It is I, father, come home wet and dirty. Pray let me in.'

"'I'll not let you in,' he said harshly. Where you have been all day, you may go at night. A pretty hussy, indeed, to ride behind that man Bunyan. You knew well enough it was against my will for you to have anything to do with that vile tinker. How did you dare to disobey me. Let you in, indeed. You shall never come within these doors anymore unless you will promise me never to go after that man again.' I begged, and cried, and pleaded with him to let me in.

"'Begone, I tell you, unless you'll promise me you'll never have anything to say to that wretch. Begone, or I'll rise and put you out of the yard. Do you hear me?'

"I then stood silent awhile, and the thought pierced my mind, what if I should come at last, and the door be shut, and Christ should say unto me 'Depart.'

At length, seeing my father refused to let me in, it was put into my heart to spend that night in prayer. I would have gone to my brother's, where I could have had a good supper and a warm bed. No, thought I, I will go into the barn, and cry to heaven

that Jesus Christ would not shut me out at the last day, and also that I might have some fresh discoveries of love to my soul. I am naturally of a timorous temper, and many frightful things presented themselves to my mind, as that I might be murdered before morning, or catch my death of cold. Yet one scripture after another gave me encouragement. These came into my mind: 'Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.' 'Call upon me and I will answer thee, and show the great and mighty things which thou knowest not.'"

"And did you indeed pass the night in the barn, Agnes, that cold, bitter night?"

"I did sir, truly. No sooner was I in the barn than Satan again assaulted me. But having received strength from the Lord, and his word, I spoke out saying, 'Satan, my father hath thee in a chain; thou can'st not hurt me.' The Lord, after this, was pleased to keep all my fears from my heart. He was with me in a most wonderful manner. It froze hard that night, but I felt no cold, although the dirt was frozen on my shoes in the morning.

"While I was engaged in prayer and meditation in the barn, that scripture came with mighty power on my mind, 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you.'

"When the morning appeared, I peeped through the cracks of the barn to watch my father's opening the door. Presently he came out and locked it after him, which I thought looked very dark, apprehending from this that he was resolved I should not go in. But still that word, Beloved, sounded in my heart. He soon came into the barn with a fork in his hand, and seeing me in my riding dress, he stood still before me.

"'Good morning, father,' said I pleasantly to him. 'I have had a cold night's lodging here, but God has been good to me, else I should have had a worse.'

"'It is no matter for you, you disobedient girl.' 'Will you let me go in, my father? I wan't to get off these dirty clothes. I hope, father, you are not still angry with me.'

"'Begone out of my sight. I will not let you in; go and stay where you were on the yesterday,' and my father went about foddering the cows. I followed him about, entreating him to forgive

me and let me into the house. But the more I entreated him, the more his anger rose against me.'

"'I tell you, hussy, you shall never enter my house again unless you will promise me not to go to meeting again as long as I live. Will you promise that?'

"'I cannot promise you that, father,' I said, gently; 'my soul is of too much worth to do it. Can you, in my stead, answer for me at the great day? If so, I will obey you in this demand, as I do in all other things.'

"But my father would not hear me, but kept asking me to say I would never go to meeting again as long as he lived, which I dared not do. At last some of my brother's men were come into the yard, and seeing my case, reported, when they went home, that their old master had turned Agnes out of doors. When brother heard this, he came to father, and endeavored to prevail with him to become reconciled to me. But father grew more angry with him than with me, and at last refused to listen to him. My brother then said, 'Go home with me, sister, you will catch your death with cold.' But I said, 'No, brother, I will still plead with my father.'

"I continued to follow him about the yard, taking hold of his arm, and crying, and hanging about, saying, 'Pray, let me go in, father; pray, let me go in. I am so cold.' I now wonder how I durst be so bold, my father being of a hasty temper, insomuch that his anger has often made me glad to get out of his sight, though he was a good-natured man when his passion was over. But I could not prevail, and growing cold and faint, I went and sat down on the door-step. But my father kept walking about the yard, and I soon saw that he did not intend to enter the house while I was there. And I did not want to keep him in the cold, so I went to my brother's, and obtained some refreshment and warmth.

"About noon, my sister and I came home to entreat my father. We found him in the house, and the door locked. We went to the window, to speak to him.

"'Now, father,' said my sister, 'I hope your anger is over, and you will let sister in. Do be reconciled to her. She did not wish to offend you.'

"'I will not let her in. She must go where she was, and find

some body else to take care of her. No doubt that tinker-preacher, Bunyan, will do it. She shall not have a penny of mine as long as I live, nor when I die, either. I would sooner leave my substance to strangers, than to her. Begone, begone, I tell you! You need not think to win me by your crying. Out of my sight!

“My sister durst not speak a word more, my father was so mad. His threats were cutting, and made my heart sink. ‘What will become of me?’ I said, ‘To go to service and work hard is a new thing to me, who am very young. What shall I do?’ Then these words were very seasonable and comforting: ‘When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.’

“Perceiving my sister’s strong pleadings were all in vain, I asked my father to give me my Bible and pattens.

“‘You shall have nothing from this house. You shall not have a penny, nor a penny’s worth, as long as I live, nor when I die. Get you away, I tell you. I won’t listen to you.’

“I then went home with my sister, weeping bitterly, and withdrew into her chamber, where the Lord gave me hopes of a better inheritance. Oh, now I was willing to go to service, and to be stript of all for Christ! I saw that I had a better portion than that of silver and gold, and I was enabled to believe I should never want.

“Towards night I again felt inclined to go to my father. I concluded to go alone this time, since he was so angry with my brother and sister. When I reached the door, I found it partly open, and the key being on the outside, and my father within, I pushed the door gently, and was about to enter, which my father perceiving, ran hastily to shut it, and had I not hastily withdrew, one of my legs had been between the door and the threshold. I would not be so uncivil as to lock my father in his own house. But I took the key, intending, when he was gone, to venture in and lie at his mercy. After a while he came and looked behind the house, and seeing me standing in a narrow passage between the house and the pond, where I stood close up by the wall, he took me by the arm, saying, ‘Hussy! give me the key quickly, or else I will throw you into the pond.’ I immediately resigned it with silence and sadness. I could not contend any longer with my father. He was all cruelty. I went down the closes to a wood-side, with sighs and

groans, and a heart full of sorrow, when this scripture came again into my mind: 'Call upon me, and I will answer thee, and show thee mighty things which thou knowest not.' The night was dark, but I kept on to the wood, where I poured out my soul in many tears. Then that word also greatly comforted me: 'The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.' And that was also a wonderful word at this time: 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted.'

"I staid so long in this place that it gave great concern to my brother and sister, who had sent one of their men to know if my father had let me in; and understanding that he had not, they went about seeking me, but could not find me."

"And what *did* you do, Agnes?" asked the pastor, moved to tears by her touching recital.

"I spread my case before the Lord, and determined to go to my brother's, for I felt that I could not yield to my father's request, if I begged my bread about the streets. I was so strongly fixed in my resolution, that I thought nothing could move me. Yet, alas! like Peter, I was a poor, weak creature, as you will presently see.

"The next morning, which was Sunday, I said to my brother here, 'Let us call on father as we go to the meeting.' But my brother said this would only provoke him the more, and we forbore. As we went along to meeting, brother said to me:

"'Sister, you are now brought upon the stage to act for Christ. I pray God to help you to bear testimony for him. I would by no means have you consent to my father's terms.'

"'No, brother,' I confidently answered, 'I would sooner beg my bread from door to door.' I felt that nothing could move me from my determination to cling to Christ, let it cost me what it would. While I sat at meeting, my mind was hurried, considering my case. On our way home, I proposed to my brother to call on our father. He repeated his admonition to me, though I felt I stood in no need of his counsel in this particular. He talked to my father mildly, pleading with him to be reconciled; but my father would not hear, and bade my brother to go home. I told him to go. 'Not without you.' I will come presently, I said, and my brother left.



"After my brother was gone, I plead with my father. 'Father,' I said, 'I will serve you in anything that lies in my power. I only desire liberty to hear God's word on his own day. Grant me this, and I'll ask no more.'

"My father looked at me hard. 'Father,' continued I, 'you cannot answer for my sins, or stand in my stead before God. I must look to the salvation of my own soul, or be undone forever.'

"'Promise me you will never go to a meeting again as long as I live, and I will let you in the house, and provide for you as my own child. But if you don't do this, you shall never have one farthing from me.'

"'Father,' said I, trembling, 'I dare not say so; my soul is of more worth than all else, and I dare not make you such a promise.'

"'Begone, then, from my sight, hussy,' said he, his rage greatly enkindling. 'Unless you promise me this, I shall know well enough what to do. Promise me you'll never go to meeting again while I live. Promise me this, and all shall be right. What do you say? Answer me quickly. What do you say? If you now refuse to comply, you shall never be offered it more, and I am determined you shall never come within my doors again as long as you live.'

"I stood crying. Those terrible threats almost took my life. 'What do you say, hussy?' said my father, 'do you promise, or not?'

"At last I answered, 'Well, Father, I will promise you never to go to meeting again as long as you live, without your consent.' Whereupon he gave me the key, and I went into the house.

"In a little time my father came in, and behaved with affection. He bid me get him some supper, which I did. He also told me to come and eat with him, but it was a bitter supper to me. Now, thought I, I must hear the word no more.

"Monday came, and he was still kind to me. He told me with tears, how much troubled he was for me the night he shut me out of doors, insomuch that he could not sleep; adding, it was my riding behind John Bunyan that made him angry.

"The greatest part of the next day, being Tuesday, I spent in weeping and prayer, fearing I had denied Christ. I humbled myself before the Lord for what I had done, and begged of him that

I might be kept by his grace and Spirit from denying him and his ways for the future. And blessed be his name, before night he brought me out of this horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock, enabling me to believe the forgiveness of all my sins, by sealing many precious promises home on my soul."

"And was this the day your father died?"

"Yes, sir; he died Tuesday night, though he was as well all day as usual."

"I am convinced, Agnes, that you and Bro. Bunyan have been shamefully scandalized. I see, now, there is no truth in the first vile rumor that met my ear. You are both as innocent as babes. God help you to bear it, and may he bring forth your righteousness like the light, and your judgment like the noonday. Trust in him. He can never forsake thee. I am convinced your sister is innocent," he said to Agnes' brother, who had sat with his face bathed in tears during her plain but touching story. "But tell me, poor child, if you can, something about your father's sickness and last moments. Did he repent of his sins? I wish to know, too, that I may give the truth when asked."

At the thought of her father's death, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and it was some minutes before she could sufficiently regain her composure to proceed. She finally calmed herself, and proceeded.

"My father was as well as usual this day, and eat his dinner as heartily as ever I knew him. He would sometimes sit up by candle-light while I was spinning, but he now observed it was a very cold night, and he would go to bed early. After supper he smoked a pipe, and went to bed seemingly in perfect health. But while I was by his bed-side, laying his clothes on him, those words ran through my mind, 'The end is come, the end is come; the time draweth near.' But I could not tell what to make of them.

"As soon, therefore, as I quitted the room, I went to the throne of grace, where my heart was wonderfully drawn forth, especially that the Lord would show mercy to my father, and save his soul, for which I was so importunate that I could not tell how to leave pleading; and still that word continued on my mind, 'The end is come.' Another thing I entreated of the Lord was, that he would stand by me, and be with me in whatever trouble I had to meet with, little thinking what was coming upon me that night and the week following.

“After this I went to bed, thinking on the freedom which God had given me in prayer; but had not slept long before I heard a doleful noise, which at first I apprehended had been in the yard, but soon perceived it to be my father. Being within hearing, I called to him, saying, ‘Father, are you not well?’ He said, ‘No, I was struck with a pain in my heart in my sleep, and I shall die presently.’ I immediately arose, put on a few clothes, ran and lighted a candle, and coming to him, found him sitting upright in his bed, crying to the Lord for mercy, saying, ‘Lord have mercy on me, for I am a poor, miserable sinner! Lord Jesus, wash me in thy precious blood!’ &c. I stood trembling to hear him in such distress, and to see him look so pale. I then kneeled down by the bedside, and, which I had never done before, prayed with him, in which he seemed to join very earnestly.

“This done, I said, ‘Father, I will go and call somebody, for I dare not stay with you alone.’ He replied, ‘You shall not go out at this time of night; do not be afraid,’ still crying loud for mercy. Soon after, he said he would rise and put on his clothes himself. I ran and made a good fire, and got him something hot, hoping that it might relieve him. ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I want mercy for my soul! Lord, show mercy to me, for I am a great sinner! if thou dost not show me mercy, I am undone forever!’ ‘Father, said I, ‘there is mercy in Jesus Christ for sinners; the Lord help you to lay hold on it.’ ‘Oh,’ replied he, ‘I have been against you for seeking after Jesus Christ; Lord, forgive me, and lay not this sin to my charge!’

“I desired him to drink something warm, which I had for him; but his trying to drink brought on a violent retching, and he changed black in the face. I stood by, holding his head, and he leaned upon me with all his weight. Dreadful time, indeed! If I left him, I was afraid he would fall into the fire; and if I stood by him, he would die in my arms, and no one person near us. I cried out, What shall I do! Lord, help me! Then came that scripture, Isa., 41: 10, ‘Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God; I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee,’ &c.

“By this time my father revived again out of his fit of fainting, for I think he did not quite swoon away; he repeated his cries as before, ‘Lord, have mercy upon me, for I am a sinful man! Lord, spare me one week more! one day more!’ Piercing words to me! After he had sat awhile, he felt an uneasiness in his bowels, and called for a candle to go into the other room. I saw him stagger as he went over the threshold; and making a better fire, soon followed him, and found him on the floor, which occasioned me to scream out, ‘Father, father!’ putting my hands under his arms, lifting with all my might, first by one arm, then by another, crying and striving till my strength was quite spent.

“I continued lifting till I could perceive no life in him, and then

ran crying about the house, and unlocked the door to go and call my brother. It being the dead of the night, and no house near, I thought there might be rogues at the door, who would murder me. At last I opened the door and rushed out. It had snowed in abundance, and lay very deep. Having no stockings on, the snow got in my shoes, so that I made little progress, and at the stile, in my father's yard, stood calling to my brother, not considering it was impossible for any one to hear. I then got over, and the snow-water caused my shoes to come off, and running barefoot to the middle of the close, I suddenly imagined rogues were behind me, going to kill me. Looking back in terror, these words came into my mind, 'The angel of the Lord encompasseth round about those who fear him;' which somewhat relieved me.

"Coming to my brother's, I stood crying dismally under the window, to the terror of the whole family, who were in their midnight sleep. My brother started from bed, and called from the window, 'Who are you? What's the matter?' 'O brother,' said I, 'my father is dead; come away quickly!' 'O wife,' said he, 'it is my poor sister; my father is dead!' My brother ran immediately with two of his men, and found our father risen from the ground, and laid upon the bed. My brother spoke to him, but he could not answer, except one word or two. On my return, they desired me not to go into the room, saying he was just departing. Oh, dismal night! Had not the Lord wonderfully supported me, I must have died, too, of the fears and frights which I met with.

"My brother's man soon came out, and said he was departed. Melancholy tidings! But in the midst of my trouble I had a secret hope that he was gone to heaven; nevertheless, I sat crying bitterly, to think what a sudden and surprising change death had made on my father, who went to bed well, and was in eternity by midnight!

"The rest you know, sir. Pray God that I may have grace to do his will—to bear this hardness as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. O Mr. Wilson, pray for me, and for him whom they have so falsely accused. He is as guiltless as I am. God knows he had not seen my poor father in months, and he never said a word to me about him as we went to Gamlingay."

The old man was convinced. He knelt and prayed with the sorrowing brother and sister, commending them to the all-sufficient grace of God, and to his care and protection.

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*NOTE.*—The above particulars of the *fama clamosa*, which was raised against Bunyan by a preacher, were taken from Agnes Beaumont's own narrative, written by herself, and first published in 1760.

From the Western Recorder.

RESIGNED.

Elder Ford has resigned the pastoral care of the East Baptist Church in this city. Bro. Ford leaves a church, which is endeared to him by the closest bonds of sympathy and Christian affection, to devote his energies and talents to the increased circulation and usefulness of the Christian Repository, which is so justly and deservedly esteemed as the best of all periodicals that circulates in the South or Southwest.

It was with reluctance that the church consented to accept the resignation of their pastor, for all are united, and peace, harmony, and brotherly love exist throughout the body.

Ed. WERRAN RECORDER.

REPORT

*Of the Committee of the East Baptist Church on the resignation of Elder S. H. Ford.*

Your committee, in obedience to the instructions given them, have waited on the pastor, and freely canvassed his reasons for resigning the charge of this church; and learning from him that his decision is final and irrevocable, they would beg leave to present the following report:

WHEREAS, Our esteemed pastor, Elder S. H. Ford, after years of labor in our midst, has felt it his duty to sever the tie which has strengthened, year after year, by mutual labor, trials, and endearing associations, and which is now stronger than at any other period of his ministry among us; and whereas, we have the full evidence that he has, in this step, sacrificed his own feelings and a position of growing prominence and usefulness, against the known wishes of the church, hoping that this act would be productive of peace in the denomination—Therefore,

*Resolved*, That from our long and most intimate relations with Elder Ford, as a neighbor, a friend, a brother, and pastor, we rejoice to be able to record our hearty testimonial to his private worth as a citizen, his purity and integrity as a man, his earnest devotion as a Christian, and his manly and fearless fidelity as a minister. And that, in this expression of confidence and esteem, there is entire and unexampled unanimity in the church, backed, as far as we can learn, by the public sentiment of this community.

*Resolved*, That the peace, prosperity, and uninterrupted harmony, which have prevailed in the church since Bro. Ford's connection with it, and which still prevail, are cheering evidences that God has blessed and sanctioned the relation.

*Resolved*, That with deep and unanimous regret we accept the resignation, and commend him and his family to the protection and blessing of heaven, and the confidence and sympathy of the Baptist denomination.

E. P. KING,	} Committee.
J. S. HUBBARD,	
JOHN CONNEL,	
S. O. BENNET,	
R. L. MARTIN,	
S. J. EVANS,	
J. BUSH,	

LOUISVILLE, May 27th, 1859.

On motion, it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That the report of the Committee embraced in the foregoing preamble and resolutions be adopted as the sentiment of this church, and that the same be sent to the Western Recorder for publication.

Done by order of the church.

S. N. HODGES, *Clerk pro tem.*

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXLI.—JULY, 1859.



PETER S. GAYLE.

Six years have passed since the pious and eloquent P. S. Gayle entered into rest. He was born in Virginia, May, 1802, and made a profession of religion at the age of fifteen. We knew him personally. A kind friend, a true man, and a fearless and faithful minister.

VOL. VIII —JULY—1

We copy the following from the *Madisonian*, Miss., June 20th, 1853:

“As a church, we are called upon to mourn the loss of our beloved pastor, Rev. Peter S. Gayle. He died at Clinton, Hinds county, on the 8th inst., while engaged in a protracted meeting in behalf of the Baptist Church at that place. He thus terminated his labors, as he very often expressed a wish to do, at a meeting undertaken and most successfully prosecuted for the welfare of immortal souls. He died at his post, in active service, employed in a cause which it was his supreme delight to advance.

“Bro. Gayle was born in Virginia. He was fifty-one years of age last month. He had been a professor of religion thirty-two years, and for twenty-six years a preacher of the gospel. He has been eminently useful in promoting the Redeemer’s kingdom, and for his labors of love, and for his undissembled, deep-felt personal piety, and remarkably exemplary and holy walk, he was enthroned in the affections of a widely extended circle of friends in this community, ~~and in an adjoining State, where the larger part of his ministerial life was spent.~~ But our more particular object must be to commemorate his connection with us as our pastor, and his labors while thus employ’d. His pastoral duties commenced with this church in the beginning of March, 1852, and, under God, have proved to be a rich blessing. During this brief period he has been instrumental in the conversion of many souls in three protracted meetings; first at Canton, where the Baptist Church was increased three-fold in numbers and influence; then at Mound Bluff, where a blessing was enjoyed beyond our hopes; lastly at Clinton, where he fought a good fight, and finished his cause with all his armor on, as he had desired, in the midst of surprising conquests and the more than ordinary displays of God’s power and goodness in the salvation of sinners. He has been among us eminently a man of faith and prayer; has promoted with activity and zeal the cause of missions in its various departments, the cause of education, the cause of the Bible, being especially an advocate for revision. His last sermon he preached at Clinton, on the Sabbath previous to his death, from these words: ‘God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ His discourse was of more

than usual ability and power ; its earnest and God-like strain was remarked by all. In that discourse he declared, and the same declaration he has often made, that when he became a Christian, he entered into the determination to make every thing bend to religion, to sacrifice all for the cause of Christ—and he had fulfilled that determination. Here lay the secret of his great power and influence as a Christian and minister, in this single aim to make every thing subservient to the interests of the Redeemer's cause. By faith, and prayer, and self-consecration to his work, he prospered in divine things, and prevailed over obstacles. God honors and blesses such devoted servants. His peculiar anxieties seemed to be in behalf of young persons, and in their conversion the Lord especially crowned his efforts with success.

The funeral sermon of our pastor was preached at Clinton, before a thronging assembly, by the Rev. D. E. Burns, on the 9th inst., from the words, 'By faith Enoch was translated;' 'Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' The discourse was appropriate and solemn, and was listened to with much interest by a deeply affected audience. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

NOTE.—We expect hereafter to give a full biography of P. S. Gayle.

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## INSTINCT AND REASON.

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WE ask ourselves, What is instinct? and we find it to be reason itself—innate reason; reason unreasoned upon; reason such as God made it, such as man finds it. It strikes like a flash of lightning, without the eyes being at the trouble of seeking it—it illuminates at once. Inspiration in all the arts, as on a field of battle, is also the instinct—this innate reason. Genius, also, is instinct, and not logic and labor. The more we reflect, the more we find that man has nothing great or beautiful appertaining to him that comes from his own power or will; but that all that is supremely beautiful comes immediately from God. Christianity, which embraces all, has comprised it from the beginning. The first apostles felt in them that immediate action of the divinity, and exclaimed at once, "Every good and perfect gift cometh from God."—*Anonymous.*



## HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY.

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THE Minutes of the General Association of Kentucky have just been issued. They possess valuable information and important statistical tables, for which thanks are due to Elders Helm and Broaddus.

While dwelling on the present strength and efficiency of this body, we have gone back through worn out newspapers and Minutes for the origin, constitution, and growth of the General Association. The task has been somewhat laborious, yet not without pleasure; and we lay the result before our readers.

### ITS ORIGIN.

The first movement in missionary matters in Kentucky was inaugurated by the Elkhorn Association in 1796, by the appointment of a missionary to the Indians. The divisions which ensued soon after, resulting in the formation of the Licking Association, checked all farther efforts for the present.

In 1813, a meeting was announced in the *Gospel Herald*, as follows:

*“Missionary Society.*—We would call attention to the proposed meeting, at South Elkhorn Meeting-house (near Lexington), on the last Friday in February, 1813. Should it be asked, What is the object of this institution? we reply, It is to co-operate with similar societies, in other States, in the great work of delivering uncivilized man from ‘painful and sanguinary rites;’ to rescue the devoted nation from the wheels of Moloch’s tower; to snatch the tender infant from the jaws of the alligator; to save the aged parent from premature death in the Ganges.”

A meeting was consequently held, and a constitution adopted, beginning as follows: *“The Kentucky Society for Foreign Missions.”* The articles of the constitution were similar to those now governing the General Association, and the aim of the society was expressed as “having an eye to our own frontier settlements.”

This society, though sustained by the powerful influence of Noel and the visits of Luther Rice, met with great opposition; and among its strongest opposers was the famous John Taylor. It

held its own for several years—was, in fact, conquering all opposition, when suddenly it had to meet a champion from its own ranks, whose sarcasm and ridicule for a while were irresistible.

The *Christian Baptist* made its appearance in 1823. Missionary societies afforded Mr. Campbell an inexhaustible theme for “Infinite Jest.”

Daniel Parker, about the same time, issued the *Church Advocate*—the extreme of Alexander Campbell. They both met in their bitter opposition to missionary operations, and benevolent institutions of every kind. The Baptists had no paper, no plan by which to meet the allied foes. No wonder that the anti-mission spirit became wide-spread and uncompromising.

The deep anti-mission prejudice, which it has taken so many years of argument, and prayer, and toil to overcome, was principally engendered by the writings of Alexander Campbell. In 1831, a bitter feeling began to develop itself. The following appeared in the *Georgetown Chronicle*, a Baptist monthly, which had been started the year before.

As to a Convention of the Baptists in Kentucky, I think it altogether *practicable*. Incipient measures were entered upon two years ago by many brethren south of Kentucky River. The brethren can, if they will, appoint some place and time for the general meeting, and send on their delegation. This is quite easy.

1. The *propriety* of a general convention cannot be denied by the most skeptical.

2. The Convention, when met, ought not, and cannot, be an ecclesiastical court possessing appellate jurisdiction, or any jurisdiction whatever, over the churches and Associations.

3. Its object ought to be, First, To form a better acquaintance among distant brethren. Second. To devise and execute some plan for a more general diffusion of the gospel.

That the Baptists are criminally remiss in the dissemination of the gospel, is known to all. A determined effort to rouse the churches from their present dormant state ought to be made by every one who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

I propose, in order that we may no longer delay that which ought long since to have been done, that a Convention of the brethren, from every part of the State, be held in Bloomfield, Ky., commencing on the Friday before the 2d Lord's day in May, 1832.

Brethren Warder, Vaughan, Noel, Dillard, Black, Taylor, Higgins, Nuchols, Lock, Petty, Keith, Lovelace, Cash, Wilson, Warfield, Waller, Buck, Hardin, Hardisty, Moorman, Blackburn, Hol-

land, Davis, Hulsey, McGuire, Scott, Stuttenville, Penny, Gordon, Whitehead, and all other ministers of the gospel, are requested to inform S. McKay, Postmaster in Bloomfield, as early as they may find it convenient, whether they will attend in Bloomfield at the appointed meeting in May next, for the purpose of forming a Convention and devising plans for the publication of the gospel. The above named brethren are also requested to use their influence in getting as many brethren to attend as they can.

Many of our ministering brethren we have not named, because we cannot recollect their names, but we wish them to know distinctly that they have, to all intents and purposes, the same invitation as those who are named; and they are requested to write and let us know whether we may look for them, that we may make the appointment and prepare for their reception.

S. CLACK.

This was followed by appeals from the editor, U. B. Chambers. The result was, a preliminary meeting was held in Bloomfield, which adjourned to meet in the fall of 1832.

#### MINUTES.

At an adjourned meeting of the Kentucky Baptist Convention, convened in New Castle on the 20th day of October, 1832, Bro. S. M. Noel delivered a sermon introductory to the business of the Convention, from the 2d Epistle of Peter, 4th chapter, and first clause of the second verse.: "*Preach the word.*"

Adjourned until candle lighting, at which time the Convention assembled, and was opened with prayer, by Bro. Blackburn.

The following brethren, in addition to those present at the last meeting of the Convention, reported themselves as delegates, and their names were enrolled as follows:

*Bethel Church*—Gabriel Sullenger and Samuel Moss.

*Bethel Association*—Elder John S. Wilson, also Bro. Pendleton, from the same Association, was invited to a seat in the Convention.

*Owen and Gallatin Association*—Cyrus Wingate.

*Zoar Church*—John Bartlett. All the brethren present were invited to a seat in the Convention.

The Committee that was appointed at the last meeting to prepare rules for the government of the Convention, whilst in session, made a report, which was read and adopted.

Bro. Smith moved the following resolution, which was read and committed to brethren Chambers, Smith, and Wilson (afterwards withdrawn).

Brethren Dillard, Blackburn, and the Clerk, were appointed a Committee of Arrangement.

Brethren Noel, Eaton, Wilson, and Cyrus Wingate, were appointed a Committee on agencies and protracted meetings.

Brethren Wilson, Smith, Eaton, Cyrus Wingate, and the Moderator, were appointed a Committee to consider the expediency of this Convention's becoming auxiliary to the American Home Mission Society.

The Treasurer being absent, it was ordered that the Clerk be authorized to receive such contributions as may be made, and pay the same over to the Treasurer.

The Georgetown Association contributed \$5 50.

Adjourned until Monday morning, 9 o'clock. Closed with prayer by Bro. Chambers.

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MONDAY, Oct. 22, 1832.

The Convention assembled, and was opened with prayer by Bro. William Hickman, Sen.

Bro. Cornelius Duval, from the Owen and Gallatin Association, appeared and took his seat.

The Committee that was appointed at the last meeting upon the subject of a Weekly Newspaper, made a report, which was read and adopted.

The Committee that was appointed at the last meeting to take the most effectual means in their judgment for the establishment of a weekly newspaper, under the patronage and in aid of the great objects of this Convention, beg leave respectfully to report, that immediately after their appointment they entered upon the discharge of the duty assigned them, and gave to the subject the consideration that its importance demands. In doing this, two plans presented themselves; the first of which was to purchase a press, employ an Editor, and reserve the profits of the paper to the use of the Convention. The second was to find some brother qualified in all respects to conduct the paper, and who would be willing to look to it for remuneration for his trouble. Under all the circumstances the Committee deemed it most advisable, for the present at least, to adopt the latter plan, and consider they have been fortunate in effecting an arrangement with Bro. Uriel B. Chambers (who is advantageously known to the public as the Editor of the Baptist Chronicle), and the first number of the paper has been issued under the name of "The Cross and Baptist Banner," which will, it is believed, subserve all the purposes of a religious and literary paper, devoted to the cause of Jesus Christ in general, and of the United Baptists in particular, at as cheap a rate, all circumstances considered, as any other paper of the kind in the United States.

Your Committee recommend the adoption of the following resolution, viz :

*Resolved*, That the "Cross and Baptist Banner" be recommended to the Baptists in the Western country as being in every respect worthy of their patronage and support.

Bro. Smith, from the Committee appointed to consider the expediency of becoming auxiliary to the American Home Missionary Society, respectfully submit the following resolutions :

*Resolved*, That the formation and objects of the American Baptist Home Mission Society meet the cordial approbation of this Convention ; and that we highly appreciate the feelings and efforts of that society, especially in relation to the valley of the Mississippi ; and, therefore, that we become auxiliary to said society.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be requested to forward the constitution and proceedings of this Convention to the corresponding Secretary of that society, and request the same favor of them in future, and that the executive committee be authorized to appoint delegates to meet with them at their next annual meeting.

Bro. Chambers, from the Committee appointed for that purpose, reported that an auxiliary association had been formed in New Castle, and their delegates were in attendance.

Present, brethren John P. Foree, L. B. Foree, and James Roberts, delegates from the Association at New Castle.

Bro. Smith moved the following resolution, which was read and adopted :

**WHEREAS**, An extensive acquaintance and intermingling of feeling with brethren are conducive to the happiness and prosperity of our churches, and to enable them (as all Christians and churches should do) to feel an identity of interest—

*Resolved*, Therefore, that we apply to the Ohio Baptist State Convention for a reciprocal correspondence with them ; and that the executive committee be authorized to appoint corresponding members to bear a letter, and meet with them at their next annual meeting.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Convention are due to the citizens of New Castle for the kind and hospitable manner in which we have been treated during our stay among them.

Bro. J. Scott was appointed a member of the executive committee in place of Bro. Spencer Clack, removed from the State.

Bro. J. S. Wilson was appointed an agent of the Convention in the Southern part of the State.

A letter was received from the First Baptist Church at Danville, expressing their wish to become auxiliary to this Convention, which was ordered to be filed with the Clerk.

Bro. Addison M. Lewis was appointed to preach the next introductory, or, in case of failure, Bro. John Scott his alternate.

Bro. Cornelius Duval was appointed an agent of this Convention on the North side of the Kentucky river.

The Owen and Gallatin Association contributed \$15 50 to the Convention.

Adjourned. Closed with prayer by Bro. Smith.

S. M. NOEL, *Moderator.*

H. WINGATE, Clerk.

This was a harmonious and effective meeting. It did much to bring out and unite the ministry and the churches. The Executive Board kept up a continued and extensive correspondence the ensuing year, which enlisted thousands in the work. The following year the Convention met at Lexington. Its Minutes appear unabridged:

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE KENTUCKY BAPTIST CONVENTION.

At an annual meeting of the Kentucky Baptist Convention, begun and held in the city of Lexington, on Saturday, the 25th day of May, 1833, at 11 o'clock, A. M., Bro. George Waller delivered a sermon introductory to the business of the Convention, from the 2d chapter of Acts, and latter clause of the 47th verse: "*And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.*"

The Convention then adjourned to meet again at 3 o'clock, P. M.—when the Convention again assembled, and was opened with praise and prayer by Bro. Wm. Hickman, Sr.

DELEGATES PRESENT.

*Frankfort Association*—S. M. Noel, James Shannon, U. B. Chambers, H. Wingate, and George Blackburn.

*Owen and Gallatin Association*—John Scott.

*New Castle Association*—Tho. B. Posey, A. W. M'Greggor.

*Lexington Association*—R. T. Dillard, Wm. T. Smith, and Lloyd Warfield.

*Mayslick Association*—William Vaughan, Jasper S. Morris, and Walter Lacey.

*Georgetown Association*—Gabl. G. Steffee, Benjamin F. Braybrook, and Robert Reed.

*Columbia Association*—Daniel S. Colgin.

*Bethel Missionary Association*—John S. Wilson.

*Louisville* " " James B. Smith, P. M. Carey.

*Danville Church*—William Figg.

*Falmouth Church*—Minor Winn.

*Hanging Fork Church*—John S. Higgins, Straugther Cook.

*Green River Association*—Jas. G. Hardy, and Robt. Ferguson.

*Little Flock, Bullitt County*—A letter and constitution was received, but no messenger.

On motion and second, all visiting brethren present, who are in

good standing in their respective churches, were invited to take seats in the Convention, and to aid in council.

Brethren Wm. T. Smith, Warfield, Shannon, Chambers, and Morris were appointed a committee to arrange the preaching for to-morrow (Lord's day).

The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, when the present officers were unanimously re-elected to their respective offices.

The executive committee made their Annual Report, which was read and adopted, and referred to a committee of brethren—Noel, Waller, Vaughan, Winn, Hardy, and Wilson.

Several reports and letters were received from agents, missionaries, associations, churches, and individuals, which were read and referred. Also a letter from Bro. Samuel Haycraft, of Elizabethtown, enclosing \$5, and asking to be admitted, and to have his name enrolled as a member of the Convention; which request was unanimously granted.

The Committee to arrange the preaching on Lord's day made their report as follows, viz :

Ministers to preach in the Baptist meeting-house, brethren Noel, Waller, and Higgins; First Presbyterian Church, brethren Wilson, Dillard, and Carey; M'Cord Church, brethren Vaughan, Mansfield, and Braybrook; Methodist Church, brethren Scott, Blackburn, and Hickman.

Brethren Eaton, Wingate, and Chambers, were appointed a Committee on missions and agencies.

Brethren Chambers, Scott, and Higgins were appointed a Committee to settle with the Treasurer of the Convention.

The following contributions were made in aid of the funds of the Convention :

Louisville Association,	\$20 00
Lexington " "	50 00
Bethel Missionary Association, by Bro. J. S. Wilson,	61 35
Bloomfield Church, " "	10 25
Samuel Haycraft, " "	5 00
Falmouth Church,	5 00
Three females, \$1 each, and one of 50 cents,	3 50
John Clark, collected by him,	6 00
Georgetown Association,	10 25
Georgetown Female Missionary Society,	10 00
Mays Lick Female Missionary Society,	40 68
Columbia Female Missionary Society,	6 00
New Castle Female Missionary Society,	25 00
Little Flock, Bullitt county,	7 05
Bro. Mansfield, collected by him,	7 09
Collected at the Baptist meeting-house, Lord's day,	20 00
Collected at First Presbyterian Church,	20 00

Adjourned until Monday morning, 9 o'clock, A. M. Closed with prayer by Bro. Waller.

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MONDAY MORNING, 27th May, 1833.

The Convention assembled, and was opened with prayer by Bro. George W. Eaton.

Bro. Cornelius Duvall, a delegate from the Owen and Gallatin Association, appeared and took his seat.

Bro. Jno. S. Higgins was appointed to preach at the First Presbyterian Church this day, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Further communications were received, read, and referred.

Bro. Chambers, from the Committee on Missions and Agencies, made the following report, which was read and adopted, as follows:

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed in reference to Missions and Agencies, have taken that subject under consideration, and beg leave to report, that the following ministers have been commissioned as missionaries by the Executive Board, and have accepted the appointment, and rendered service as follows:

Johnson Graham, 6 weeks; David Thurman, 6 do.; James B. Smith, 6 do.; James W. Mansfield, 6 do.; David L. Mansfield, 6 do.; Joel Hulsey, 6 do.; Robert T. Anderson, 5½ months; Cornelius Duvall, 6 do.; John Clark, 6 weeks.

John S. Wilson was appointed a special agent and missionary, and has rendered five months' service, ending with March last. Others have rendered services as donations, from whom no written or special report has been received. Besides the above, commissions were forwarded to several other ministers, from whom no report has been received, and of course the Committee are unable to determine, as yet, whether they have accepted their commissions and rendered services or not. It is presumed, however, until a report shall be received, that they have not accepted their appointments.

In relation to destitute churches and places, the cries for help have been so numerous, and from so many quarters, and the means of the Convention, as yet, are so limited, that your Committee feel at a great loss what to recommend.

It has ever been the object of the Convention not to send laborers into any church or neighborhood without a request to that effect from some responsible brother. And in order to enable the Executive Board better to ascertain the wants and wishes of our denomination, as also the means of supplying the same, your Committee recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That our brethren be respectfully requested to make known their wants to the Moderator of the Convention, by mail or otherwise, and at the same time to recommend to the Board situa-



ble ministers, if such can be had, to preach the gospel of Christ in their vicinity.

GEO. W. EATON,  
H. WINGATE,  
URIEL B. CHAMBERS, } *Com.*

May 26, 1833.

Bro. G. Waller, from the Committee to whom was referred the report of the Executive Committee in relation to the publication of the Cross and Baptist Banner, made the following report, which was read and adopted :

We, the undersigned, a Committee appointed in reference to the weekly publication, would beg leave to report, that we believe the suggestions in the annual report, in some way, require the immediate attention of the Convention. That the paper is needing increased patronage, that its continuance is indispensable to the well being and prosperity of the cause of the Convention, and that we know of no change which would improve its pecuniary concerns and advance the interests of all concerned, more than a simultaneous exertion, on the part of the members of the Convention, to enlarge its patronage. This the Committee feel assured might successfully be done. They therefore would recommend the adoption of measures to this end forthwith.

[Whereupon measures were immediately adopted. which, if carried into operation, will ensure the continuance of the paper free of expense to the Convention.—*Ed. Cross.*]

Bro. Hardy moved the following resolution, which was read and adopted :

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee be authorized and directed to subscribe for, and forward "The Cross and Baptist Banner," to each and every minister in good standing in our denomination who is friendly to the Convention, and shall hereafter report having performed one week's service in aid of its great objects by "preaching the gospel of Christ to the destitute."

Bro. Scott, from the Committee to whom was referred the Treasurer's accounts, made the following report :

The undersigned Committee, to whom was referred the report of the Treasurer of the Convention, respectfully report, that they have carefully examined the same, and find that there has come into his hands, as Treasurer, since the first organization of the Convention, the sum of \$595 52½, and he has paid out during the same time \$94 87½, leaving in his hands on this day the sum of \$500 65.

URIEL B. CHAMBERS,  
JOHN SCOTT,  
JOHN S. HIGGINS.

May 27, 1833.

Bro. Winn moved the following resolution, which was read and adopted, viz :

*Resolved*, That the success of the operations of this Convention, during the past year, calls for devout gratitude to the great Head of the church, and is calculated greatly to encourage its friends to more enlarged and vigorous exertions in the prosecution of its great objects.

Bro. Chambers moved the following resolutions, which were read and adopted, viz :

*Constitutional Amendments.*

WHEREAS, Doubts may arise in regard to members of the Executive Board being constitutionally members of the Convention, in virtue of their offices,

*Resolved, therefore*, That the constitution be so construed as to make all officers of the Board, and of the Convention, members of the Convention, in virtue of their office, and entitled to all the rights and privileges of other members.

*Resolved*, That all persons in good standing in the Baptist Church, who will contribute annually to the funds of the Convention, shall be members thereof, and entitled to all the rights and privileges of other members.

Bro. Wilson moved the following resolution, which was read and adopted, viz :

*Resolved*, That the unfeigned gratitude of this Convention is due to our Heavenly Father for the Christian courtesy and kind hospitality so universally shown to us by the different churches and citizens of Lexington during our session.

On motion of Bro. Dillard, two-thirds of all the members present concurring therein,

*Resolved*, That an adjourned meeting of this Convention be held in Russellville, Ky., on the third Saturday in October next, and that the constitution be so amended that the annual meetings of the Convention shall be held, hereafter, on the third Saturday in October in each year.

*Resolved*, That the next annual meeting of the Convention be held in the city of Louisville, on the third Saturday in October, 1834.

On motion of Bro. Noel, the following brethren were added to the Executive Committee, viz :

Walter Warder, Jabez Shotwell, Jasper S. Morris, Cyrus Wingate, Johnson Graham, Simeon Boston, Herbert C. Thomson, William Warder, W. C. Warfield, William Vaughan, Walter Lacy, John Holladay, John Scott, Benjamin Branham, Thomas Waggener, John S. Wilson, Minor Winn, Benjamin Johnson.

Bro. Samuel Haycraft was appointed a Corresponding Secretary in the place of Bro. H. C. Thomson, appointed a member of the Executive Board.

Bro. Dillard was appointed to preach the next introductory sermon, and in case of failure, Bro. Noel his alternate.

Further contributions were made, viz: Owen and Gallatin Association, \$30 75; Sundry females at Danville, 6 00; Green River Association, 26 00.

*Resolved,* That when the Convention adjourns, it will re-assemble at the M'Cord Church, in Lexington, to attend a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Kentucky Bible Society.

The Executive Board agree to meet on the fourth Saturday in each month, in Frankfort.

The Convention then adjourned, *sine die*, and was closed with an exhortation and prayer by Bro. Scott.

S. M. NOEL, *Moderator.*

H. WINGATE, Clerk.

The convention carried on its work with varied success. The great deficiency was a man who could devote his whole time to the work. But S. M. Noel departed the shores of time. N. B. Chambers left the State. The organ of the Baptists of Kentucky was removed, first to Shelbyville, and then to Louisville; and it became evident that an entire change in the organization was necessary. This was effected in 1837, when the General Association was organized. We propose to give in our next a condensed history of its annual meetings from its published Minutes.

S. H. F.

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### DOCTRINAL TRACTS.—NO. VII.

BY REV. DAVID JONES.

The messengers of the Baptist churches, belonging to the Philadelphia Association, met in the city of Philadelphia, October 7th, 1788.

To the churches with whom they are connected, greeting.

Beloved brethren,—The great design of our annual meeting is to promote the welfare of the church of Christ, by giving our advice in difficult cases, and by the use of every other means, to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. To accomplish this end, it has been thought expedient to select a chapter of our Confession of faith annually, to be the foundation of our circular letter. That which comes under consideration this year, is the doctrine of Saving Faith, contained in the fourteenth chapter.

By such, as have wished to suit their definitions to carnal minds, the subject has been rendered very abstruse; but divine

truth is plain and easy to them who are taught of God, and have learned of Christ to be meek and lowly in heart, believing all things contained in the scriptures.

The method in which we propose to treat the subject shall be,  
First. To explain what we mean by saving faith.

Second. To give some distinguishing properties, or marks of this precious grace.

I. It has been the custom of divines, in ages past, to use the word saving, when treating of this grace; hence it is probable, some have been led to suppose that this grace had something in it so meritorious as to justify the subject before God, at least in a conditional sense; but whoever reads our confession of faith, will find that we exclude any such meaning, and only use the word to distinguish true faith from that kind, which is found in unregenerated men and devils. Saving faith may be thus defined, "The grace whereby the elect are enabled to believe to the saving of their souls, which is the work of the Spirit of Christ in their hearts, and is ordinarily wrought by the ministry of the word." By this grace the person is enabled to believe all divine truths revealed in the holy scriptures; and in particular to apprehend the Lord Jesus Christ, and to rely alone on his atoning blood for acceptance in the sight of God. The apostle, speaking of salvation said, "By grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," Eph. ii. 8. The same apostle informs us that the Ephesians were dead in trespasses and sin, and were by nature the children of wrath even as others; but when the gospel of Christ was preached, the Holy Ghost working with the word, opened their hearts to receive it, and by his powerful operations implanted this grace, by which they were enabled to believe the record that God has given to his Son. The precious grace of faith is a free and sovereign gift of God, conveyed through the power of the Holy Ghost, and the instrumentality of the word; and is co-existent with regeneration, if not an essential part of it; and as it is not of ourselves, we see that all boasting is excluded, so that we may all say, "by the grace of God, we are what we are." When the apostle was enumerating the fruits of the Spirit, he mentions the faith as one, Gal. v. 22. This is a truth which every one, who is born of God, knows, and in substance will acknowledge. We know that this doctrine is too humiliating to carnal hearts, but it is true as if they believed it; and if it was not so, there would be no true Christians on earth. Blessed be God, he has not left himself without many witnesses in our days, who are willing to confess that they were as unable to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as to keep the law of Moses, till God gave them a new heart and a new spirit through the powerful operations of the Holy Ghost. We will freely acknowledge, therefore,

that our faith is through the operation of God, to the praise and glory of his free grace; and in the Psalmist's words, conclude, "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

II. We now give some distinguishing properties, or marks of this precious grace.

1. This faith receives the whole mind of God, and has a due respect to every part of his counsel, when made known to the subject. It never selects some and rejects other parts of God's will. This grace never wishes any doctrines expressly contained in the Bible, to have been left out. No; as far as it knows the mind of God, so far it obeys. It is a truth to be lamented, that education directs too much the practice of many in the world; but where the voice of this grace is attended to, the person receives the truth in the love of it. The apostle had no exception to any part of the revealed will of God. When he was before Felix, he said, "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way, which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things, which are written in the law and the prophets, and have hoped towards God—that there shall be a resurrection, both of the just and unjust," Acts xxiv. 14, 15. Here is the distinguishing property of this grace, "believing all things." Whether acceptable to the Jews or Gentiles, yet his faith believed all things written in the law or prophets, and his hope was according to his faith. The Psalmist could say, "Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments," Psalm cxix. 6. Has the Lord requested us to take up our cross and follow him; then, says faith, I will confess him before men. The true Christian is pleased with the whole counsel of God; the way in which he walks is a straight and narrow way, but it is as wide as faith wishes it. Christ is to the unbeliever, a stone of stumbling and rock of offence; but to the believing soul, he is altogether lovely and precious.

2. This faith is not dead and fruitless, it will not allow men to live in sinful ways. The doctrines of grace may be abused to lasciviousness and all manner of ungodliness: but the work of God in the soul cannot produce such effects. There are many vain talkers in the world, who walk after their own lust, and speak much of salvation by Christ, and walk according to the course of this world; but where this precious grace is communicated, it is a fire in the soul, which will produce works meet to repentance; hence says the apostle, "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love," Gal. v. 6. There is a faith which works not at all, or it works either out of fear of punishment, or with a view of reward; but this divine grace, which is peculiar to the regenerate, obeys out of love. If there was neither heaven or hell, the true believer would wish to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world. We

are taught to pray that the will of God may be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and this is the case when all our obedience flows from love. It is then we serve the Lord our God as the angels in heaven, when all our works originate from love, and our souls are humbled in us, because we serve him no better; we find that when we would do good, evil is present with us, but this leads us to make Christ our all in all.

3. Another distinguishing property, or mark of this grace, is to be dead to the law with respect to our dependence on works for justification before God; we see that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags after regeneration, as well as before. The apostle said, "Yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord," Phil. iii. 8. Faith can bear no other recommendation to God, but the atoning blood of the blessed Jesus; it can admit of no other righteousness, but that which God imputes into us without works, even the righteousness of the Lamb of God, which can justify us from all things, from which we never could be justified by the law of Moses. Hence we may see that all legal, conditional preaching, is wounding to the souls of true believers, and can answer no other purpose than to support the hope of hypocrites; but when Jesus is represented as bleeding and dying on the cross, to atone for our sins, our languishing hope is quickened, and the soul says, "The life that I now live, I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me." The language of faith is, now I can venture into the eternal world, when I behold my bleeding Lord, as the way of acceptance into divine favor. "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire besides thee!"

Dearly beloved, we have briefly endeavored to explain what we mean by saving faith, and have given some of the distinguishing properties or marks of it; and it has been with this view, to alarm the formalist, and refresh the soul of the sincere, humble Christian, as well as to detect all vain talkers, whose faith is not productive of works agreeable to the gospel of Christ. If you can say, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief;" remember that full assurance is not essential to the being of this grace; and little faith is always attended with fear and doubting. Let the disciple's prayer be yours, "Lord increase our faith." By it the elders obtained a good report; and as you are partakers of like precious faith, endeavor to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called, and, "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love; for if these things be in you, and abound, they will make you to be neither barren, nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

## JOSEPH REDING.

LEST the name and character of the deceased should be forgotten, (gratitude forbids,) a long and intimate acquaintance with the late Elder Joseph Reding, for the space of half a century, leads to the following statement:

MR. REDING was born in the lower end of Fauquier county, Virginia, at a place called Germantown, in what date is uncertain, but most probably in 1750. His mother was from Germany; his father of Welsh extraction; so that he was a mixture of Welsh and Dutch. The parents of Mr. Reding both died when he was young, and left an orphan family of seven or eight children, who were raised by an uncle of theirs, William Reding, in low circumstances, so that the Elders opportunity was remarkable slender as to education. When grown, he could barely read above spelling as he went. He could write some. His views were the common sport of that day. In religion, he was a fire hot churchman, the established order of the day. He married at the age of eighteen years to Anna Weakly, a prudent, sensible and very industrious woman. Though Reding married so young, he was fully grown, strong built, approaching to two hundred in weight, of a touch-me-not stamp. The weapon of his warfare, to defend even his religion, was his fist. About this time the Baptists, then called New Lights, began to preach with great success in the region where he lived; but Mr. Reding kept close, and disdained to be deceived by the false prophets, as he called them. As he lived on a public road, on a stormy evening a waggoner desired shelter in his house through the night from the weather, which was granted. This waggoner, Joseph Baker by name, was young in religious profession, and being heard to groan or sigh as he went out to attend to his horse, Isaac Reding, an older brother than Joseph, and a better scholar, remarked to his brother when he heard the waggoner's groan as he went out—that man is a Baptist, and I'll confute him when he comes in and all things get settled. The agreement was, that Joseph Reding was to be silent and Isaac do the converting work with the waggoner. If any fist work was needful, that was to be done by Joseph, as his brother was a small man, and Baker the waggoner, pretty lusty. Early in the night Isaac began his operations; but to Joseph's great astonishment, in the debate, his brother was worsted by the waggoner, who could not read a word in any book. Joseph got very angry at Baker's success, and to prevent using him ill in his own house, went to bed and left them disputing, though he did not sleep till Isaac was brought to complete silence; for which Joseph determined to whip

his brother when the waggoner was gone. But Baker so seasonably applied his victory that poor Isaac slept none that night, nor Joseph himself through chagrin and resentment. Baker drove off in the morning before Joseph was up. When he had risen to do with his brother as he had designed, poor Isaac trembled as if Belshazzar's fit was on him, and with floods of tears could have fallen under his insulting brother's feet, like dear Able, for his desire was to Cain, when that wicked monster murdered him; but in the case of the Redings nothing more was inflicted than harsh words. The next day at a log rolling in the neighborhood, Joseph, to make himself a little merry at his brother's new religion, informed his comrades, (when they saw Isaac look solemn as death) that a waggoner had converted him last night; the soundness of which they were determined to try, partly by sport and partly by ridicule. Several laid hold of him, and led him to a black log, where some held, while one of the most hardy rubbed his hands on the log, and then on Isaac's face, all of which he bore without resistance, while tears streamed from his eyes, and he trembling prayed to God to have mercy on his opposers, while the one that did the blacking, in a tremor cried out, good God, Isaac, what ails you? The whole company was alarmed, and Joseph himself did not escape a blow that never left him. How marvelous are God's works of grace, and from what small beginnings does he effect his great designs. A sigh or groan of a poor illiterate waggoner produces this dispute with the Redings, which terminates in their speedy conversion, and within six month's time, under these men's ministry, the neighborhood was alive with lively saints.

Something uncommon attended Isaac Reding's conversion. One peculiarity was profuse weeping, and while his vast sorrows trickled from his eye-lids, his whole body trembled with such violence as if his joints would dislocate. He was truly a *Shaker*. If from the height of God's sanctuary he looks to them that tremble at his word, he soon looked to Isaac Reding. About one month from his first awakening he obtained a happy deliverance, and soon joined the people so much then despised, the Baptists. I have said something of this man's ministry. He immediately after being baptized began to preach, and with some success; but though his understanding in the scripture was very good, his usefulness in council and his character every way recommended him. His lack of talent to communicate was such, the church at length thought it most prudent for him to desist from public speaking, which he bore with all the patience of a lamb. His help in the church was sensibly felt. Myself lived long a member with him. He came nearest a spirit of prophecy, or foretelling things to come, of any man I was ever acquainted with; to cite instances here I esteem not seasonable. He died about fifteen years past in Woodford county, a member of Clear Creek Church.



I have already hinted at the frolic Joseph Reding had at blacking his brother's face. He took much alarm, and invited William Marshall to preach at his house, at which time, in the presence of all his old comrades, he trembled like Felix, the Roman governor, while Paul reasoned, &c. ; but not like him in putting the thing off for a convenient season; but received the words with all readiness of mind, like the noble Bereans, and with an overwhelming consciousness of guilt, soon obtained relief in the blessed Saviour, and was baptized about September, 1771, when he was about twenty-one years old, then I suppose the father of two children. He was baptized in Shenandoah river, then Frederick county. He immediately lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and sounded out hell and damnation at a most fearful rate. Nor was his preaching free from the sweet charms of invitation. The truth was, the Lord soon blest his labors to many of his neighbors, of which my own soul is a witness; for I then lived in the neighborhood, not yet grown. His gifts at that time, to be sure, as a preacher were small; but his soul was in the work. He had the spirit of preaching, and would be warning or persuading sinners in his sleep. He considered an appointment too preach too sacred a thing to be neglected. I will give an instance or two. With myself he had a meeting appointed, about fifteen miles from his house. I went to his house the over night for an early start. He lived in the woods, had neither stable nor pasture; of course we belled and turned our horses in the woods. The night proved rainy, and next morning very wet. We searched for our horses till about eight or nine o'clock, and failed to find them. We did not hesitate a moment to take it on foot, a rough, mountainous road, it then raining; and a most heavy day of rain it proved. We had to travel in a half run to get to the place, and met not more than twenty people. At another time we had appointments for a week or ten days. I got to his house the over night; the first meeting was twenty miles distant. Perhaps the only beast he owned was a mare with a young colt; my horse was young; the weather hot; we did not hesitate to go on foot; set off at sunrise, got to the twenty mile meeting in time, and a blessed meeting we had; for the Lord seemed to much bless the people. The next day we traveled on foot over mountainous ground thirty-eight miles before and after meeting, and both of us preached to the people; after which our stages were shorter. The whole tour was about one hundred and fifty miles, about the head waters of the Potomac river. I give the instances of zeal as a sample of Mr. Reding's whole life in the ministry, which from beginning to end was upwards of forty years.

In 1772, about nine months after he began to preach, he moved with all his family to South Carolina, a distance of five or six hundred miles. While in that country he became intimate with a

David Martin, a Tunker minister, a man of great influence, and much of a preacher. Through the art of Martin, our friend Joseph's mind got warped off very much in Arminianism. However, he not being satisfied in the religious society in Carolina, in the spring of 1775, he moved back to Virginia, and became a member of Shenandoah Church, South river, now called Happy Creek Church, where he was baptized, and where William Marshall then had the pastoral care. He was soon ordained to the office of Ruling Elder, which in those days was often conferred on men who did not preach. There soon arose a difficulty between the Pastor and Elder; for Marshall was more than a warm predestinarian, though himself before had been much stained with Arminianism. This dispute arose so high that Reding left the church, though legally dismissed, and much beloved by far the greater part of the church; for but few of them accorded with the measures of the Pastor. Mr. Reding now moved into Hampshire county, the then back settlements of Virginia, where he had a vast range of preaching, no other preacher living at that time in the county. He was free from legal persecution; for no established priest was there. And though the raging flames of the revolutionary war blew up many churches in the lower part of the State, our Joseph, as an instrument, was building up a number of flourishing churches in its back settlements. He labored incessantly night and day for five or six years.

Perhaps he might never have called in question his mixed plan of preaching, only for the Methodists, swarming thick in the county where he ranged. According to their mythology, they strain hard to make their fables hang together; and there may be at least apparent consistency in error. This led Mr. Reding to think of consistency. He being naturally strong minded, and Sovereign Grace having converted his soul, attention only to his Bible (almost the only book he read) could set him right in a little time without human aid, (except the Methodists.) He came out one of the most clear headed Predestinarians the Baptists could boast of, with a new and expanded idea of many scriptures, locked up to him before, which greatly augmented his usefulness in the ministry. His circumstances in life being low, and having a growing family, he, with a number of his church, in fall of 1779 set off to move to Kentucky, to take water at Red Stone. After embarking in their boat, they met with a shipwreck. While in their strait, one of the crew cried out to Mr. Reding—what shall we do? His reply was, throw me overboard; from which it seemed he thought he had erred in the enterprise. They had to stop all winter. His friends prevailed on him to go on with them the next spring, and a most gloomy time it was for Indian warfare. They landed at the falls of Ohio in March or April, 1780, where all were shut up in forts.

There was no opening for preaching, from the great distress the people were in. One of his children died soon after he landed. He determined to return from whence he went, and though the wilderness itself was two hundred miles, and the greatest haunt of savage rage, he passed his family through; and the whole journey was six hundred miles, and chiefly a wilderness. In June, the same year, he re-entered the same house he left the fall before, in Hampshire county, Virginia. It is probable the county was a hundred miles square, and no Baptist preacher living in it but himself, though there were plenty of Methodists, against whose doctrines he was now a great warrior. He traveled without intermission, and I supposed preached more times than there were days in each year. There were four or five churches in his range (mainly planted by himself.) He had the care of them all. Thus he continued till the spring of 1784, when with a number of his members he moved again, high up in the state of South Carolina. There he was popular and his range great. He was now in the prime of life, and a thunderbolt against Arminianism in all its shapes wherever he found it, for he never treated what he esteemed error with a sparing hand. He was one of several other ministers who alternately supplied the church in Charleston, before Mr. Furman took the pastoral care of the same. Mr. Reding continued between four and five years in Carolina; for in October, 1779, he arrived in Kentucky just at the time of the sitting of Elkhorn Association. On Sunday, he was with others appointed to preach; and as a new broom sweeps clean, Reding swept all before him. Gano himself was not his equal. By the imprudent tongues of some of the Baptists, whether the preachers of Kentucky did not become a little envious, and the new comer a little lifted, is yet to explain; but certain it is, but little harmony subsisted between him and other preachers in the country for a considerable time. In 1790 he moved to the Great Crossing, where Elijah Craig had the pastoral care; but being much engaged in speculations preached but little. But as Reding was a daily laborer in the Lord's harvest, a majority of the church soon turned their attention to him as their pastor. This stirred up great difficulties between the preachers. Craig was excluded, and that affair, as they were both men of talent, went near dividing the whole Elkhorn Association. The Crossing's Church they did divide, from which the church at M'Connel's Run was brought into existence, where Craig took his membership. In about 1785 Reding peaceably took the pastoral care of the Crossings Church, which care he continued about sixteen years; through which term the church was much enlarged; hundreds were added by baptism, till she was so overgrown, that several were constituted from her, and she still continues one of the largest and most respectable in

Elkhorn Association; and for a pastor, is under the care of James Suggett, son-in-law to Mr. Reding, and was baptized by him. In 1809 our Joseph took a letter of dismission, and joined a large and respectable church, planted by his own instrumentality, called Dry Run, it being more convenient where he then lived; but it is thought this convenience was not all his object in leaving the Crossing's Church. The great difficulties in society about Creath were now in their highest rage. The forming Licking Association was in agitation, and the church at Dry Run was more favorable to that subject than the church he left; and he was a great zealot for the new association, as well as the movements against Creath. In the new establishment (Licking Association) he was fervent, for his make was not to do things by halves. With him was connected chief of the effective part of Elkhorn Association. This explosion in Baptist society was dreadful indeed; for its effects were felt afar off. Perhaps this age will not finally remove the odium. Though our hero was now advanced in life, perhaps sixty years old, his strength both of body and mind for ministerial labor, his will also leaning that way, he bore up like an ox to the yoke, itinerating among the churches of his new establishment, till on a tour of preaching in Woodford county, he was smitten with a paralytic stroke from his hip downwards, which in a manner took way the use and feeling of that part of his frame. He still traveled and preached, when from his own account, he could scarcely feel the stirrups, or the saddle he sat on. A second stroke of the same kind followed not long after, and a third about a year before his death, that considerably affected his speech and his reasoning; under all of which there was a great patience and resignation to God.

He departed this life in December, 1815, aged about sixty-five years. If we are to judge from actions, which is the only rule by which finite creatures can safely judge, in that case Joseph Reding was among the most zealous and laborious ministers of which we ever had any knowledge. There never appeared any hesitation when it came his lot to preach. His lungs (in his prime days at least,) never seemed to fail. After preaching day and night for months together, he could sing clear as if all was sound, and while preaching he never seemed to spare his lungs. Considering his talents when he began to preach, or his opportunity of improvement through life, he was a prodigy among men. He seldom ever read any book but his Bible. Perhaps his library would never have sold for more than ten dollars, and yet as a preacher he was well skilled in the mysyteries of the kingdom. The means by which he most improved, was being in company with improved men, for his mind took in with ease what he heard from others. He generally seemed when preaching to well un-

derstand the subject he had in hand. The truth was, he knew how to preach and what to preach. He knew how to preach; for he only dwelt long enough on each point in his subject to explain it, nor dragged in a redundancy of evidence to substantiate a point already proven. His sermons therefore were generally short, seldom overgoing an hour, and generally closed with great pathos. He knew what to preach; for his doctrines well agreed with the analogy of faith. With human testimony, or *I say*, only had its own little weight. He only chose to bring forward authority from heaven; he was therefore very confident in what he preached; he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes; and yet I have seen him so much embarrassed as to desist from preaching, after making some advances on his subject.

In his stature, he was about five feet eight or nine inches high, very heavy built. So far from being stoop shouldered, he rather leaned back, and had a majestic front; his hair was black, lying close and turned back from his forehead; his skin rather swarthy than fair; his mouth wide, and when in a pleasant humor, showed all its size; his teeth stood wide apart; his eyes rather dark, but blue; his look generally bore this aspect—*if you approach me as an enemy, it is at your peril*. His constitutional make was faithful and benevolent to a friend, but take care, enemies. Whether it grew from the nature of that severe mixture of Welsh and Dutch blood, or from uncommon zeal and faithfulness to do God service, is hard to say. But surely his severity at times overleaped the bounds of christian charity, and hard censure came first, when candor would have plead an apology. He was so remarkably afraid of flattery, that he was seldom ever known to praise any man, or highly applaud anything he had done. By this rule men may look for rewards only in the world to come. If censure or finding fault would do a man any good, he might get amply supplied from his magazine. It can therefore be accounted for, why but few young preachers were ever raised where he had the care.

We see by the foregoing biographical remarks, Mr. Reding, an orphan child, directed by providence before he had grace; in his marriage better suited, all things considered, than any other man; we see him traveling in long journeys with his family 4000 miles before he settled in Kentucky, preaching with success wherever he went. He had many children; a number of them died before him. His family was left in easy, though not affluent circumstances. His living children are all married. Though Joseph is gone I have no doubt he is yet alive with his Saviour.

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NOTE.—This sketch was written by old John Taylor, whose biography appeared in our last issue. It appeared appended to his tract on missions in 1816. We have thought that the quaint style of the old pioneer would give more interest than to re-write it.

## TENDENCY TO EPISCOPACY.

HAD any one in the earlier years of Christianity announced that the leaven of Episcopal ambition, and pomp, and formality, and tyranny, and fiendish persecution, was already at work, and would soon be developed, he would, doubtless, have been cried down as an alarmist, or scismatic. Yet such was the fact. The leaven was there, and it worked on in its silent, assimilating, subduing power, until the places of an apostolic, unassuming ministry, were occupied by lordlings over God's heritage, who tread its rights and laws beneath their unhallowed feet. The Churches of Jesus Christ, on whose portals he had written, "Call no man master upon earth," were transformed into collections of superstitious slaves, who bowed submissive to their mitred masters. The Bishop of a Metropolitan Church claimed, first, presidency, and then spiritual dominion over the rural pastors. Ambition, once aroused, knew no bounds to its lofty flight, until the man of sin was revealed. Concentrating the power of the "Church" in the Bishop of the Imperial City, the faithful saw that he was the unerring one—"a God upon earth." Before his eye rose a vast theocratic State, wide as the world, and blending and harmonizing in its government religion and politics, while the "King of Kings," from the palace of the Cæsars, should rule it with absolute sway. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, robed in the gorgeous vestments of his pontifical sovereignty, and looking down through the far-receding aisles on the array of ecclesiastical princes and lords; and saluted by the roll of music and ascending incense, Heldebrand arose, and lifting his eyes to heaven, and with a voice echoing amid breathless silence through the fretted arches of that lofty pile, hurled insults, and interdicts, and crushing anathemas, against all daring to oppose him.

Such was the grand realization of the dim visions which flashed before the minds of the first metropolitan pastors, who sighed for earthly power and display. Is it possible that simple, independent *Baptist Churches* gave birth to all that? *How was it possible?* Were the real disciples of Christ crushed out beneath the crimsoned march of spiritual despotism, or swept beneath its revenge-

ful blast into the wilderness and the valleys of the Alps? Did ambitious men seize the name and emblems of Christianity, and robe them in the gilded trappings of falsehood, and shed the blood of saints in the name of Jesus? Is not all this strange, unaccountable? Yet *it did occur*, and may occur again. Yes, out of the simplest conceivable form of government, and the purest and most equalizing system of doctrine, arose (in some way) Episcopacy, apostacy, and spiritual despotism. And we repeat it—this may all occur again.

It would be interesting (were it possible) to trace back to their sources the first innovation upon apostolic usage. The man who opposed the first effort to introduce instrumental music, the select choir, the prayer book, the reader in the sacred desk—the man who opposed all these attractions was, doubtless, pitied for his stupidity and want of a progressive spirit. The man who boldly assailed the innovations and compromises of “the favorites of fame,” and pointed out the tendency of the metropolitan ambition, was, doubtless, met with the deep-mouthed hisses and foul reproaches of those who, as yet, could not consign him to the prison or the scaffold.

But however this may have been, step by step, from the musical instrument to the orchestra; from the first attractive decoration to the fretted roof and pictured wall; from the pompous assumptions of the city pastor, to the dicta of the mitred bishop; the wave of innovation rolled on till the last vestige of practical Christianity was swept from the fields of apostolic labor.

It is a serious question, and one which should be looked squarely in the face—Is there any tendency amongst us (that is, the Baptist denomination) towards Episcopal form and power? Is there any of that leaven in our midst, whose workings produced that dead, putrid mass, which we call Papacy?

A flaming description appeared in the Boston papers, a few years since, of the “installation” of some reverend Doctor, who had accepted the call of the church once presided over by Doctor Sharp. The house had been re-constructed, or re-built. The roof was fretted, and the walls frescoed in the most superb and costly style. The gothic pulpit, similar to those in Roman cathedrals, could be occupied by one person only. It was elevated midway the height

of the house, and reached by winding stairs beautifully ornamented. Behind the preacher, disclosed by artistic drapery, were inscribed the magical letters, I. H. S., common to popish altars. Around these letters was a halo of glory, on which the light was made to converge with dazzling effect.

The hour having arrived for the "attractive exercises" of the installation to commence, the "reverened pastor" entered the door, dressed in a flowing robe, preceded by the sexton carrying a richly bound Bible, and followed by six "Reverend clergymen." On their entrance the organ sent forth a roll of swelling music, and the well-trained choir burst forth in welcoming song. Slowly the procession moved up the "long withdrawing aisles," followed by the admiring gaze of the vast audience. Coming to the pulpit stairs, the "Reverend clergy" were seated in the chancel on purple and throne-like chairs, while the Reverend pastor ascended the pulpit, bowed his head a while in the soft pulpit cushion, and sat back to listen with the audience to a gregarian chaunt from the choir. After other formalities "most attractive," he read a beautiful "sermon," and descended into the chancel, when the other ceremonies of installation were performed.

And all this contemptible foolery was perpetrated in what was still called a Baptist Church! *Is it not hard to believe it?*

Were these records penned or published in Boston, and all that contemptible strain shown up in its true light, a storm of sacred vengeance would be raised against the writer which no cry for mercy could allay.

The sacredness with which the "Reverend pastor" is invested; the blind, prostrate, hero-worship, with which superstitious slaves bow before the idol of their admiration, makes it death to him who dares to question or criticise his teaching or his tyranny. What! question or differ with the Reverend pastor of a gorgeous metropolitan church? Let the thunders of anathema, in all their burning desolation, concentrate on the head of any such daring schismatic. Ah! and the blinded slaves of Episcopalian dictation will utter with a hiss the revengeful Amen.

We ask, in all earnestness, if there is not just such a leaven as this at work? Just look at some of our great missionary organizations. They have their Home, their Boards, their anniversaries,



in the same city year after year. We refer to the Northern societies, which meet in New York. They dare not trust them to the distant rural towns, where metropolitan influence could not be brought to bear on them. They are absolutely controlled by a few metropolitan bishops, the sacredness of whose reverend position, and the hero-worship of whose devotees make it dangerous to differ with or oppose them.

The time has come for those who care more for the cause of God than their own peace or reputation to lift up their voice against the forms, the shams, and the power of metropolitan Episcopacy. Cities in Europe govern the States. It is so in politics, in government, in religion, in revolutions. The founders of our government saw the ruinous effects of centralism and Metropolitan influence. They placed the capital away from the great cities. The example has been followed by nearly all of the States. It should be so in religious matters. Let there be a yielding up to the management and influence of great cities, and the progress of Roman prowess, and persec~~ution~~, and ~~corruption~~, will be renewed in some form or other.

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Let those who have the form of Episcopacy, with the sacredness they attach to the persons of their clergy, and the superiority and power of the higher over the inferior order of ministers—let all such go at once over to that establishment, and leave us to fight the battle with *open*, and not masked enemies,—foes encamped in battle array against us, and not secret traitors in our own camp.

S. H. F.

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It is impossible, in this world, that the traces of the divine image be absolutely obliterated from the human soul. God has not revealed to man any period at which it is either incumbent on, or lawful for him, to abandon hope and effort that his brother may attain to that higher nature which is at once the restoration and elevation of humanity.—*Carlyle*.

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PATIENCE is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.

## WHAT IS RELIGION ?

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THE word "Religion" occurs in the New Testament five times ; "religious" occurs but twice. It is not easy to determine, from the Greek words rendered "Religion" and "religious," what their essential idea is. The term "*threeskeia*" seems to have been expressive of the manner of prayer or sacrifice, rather than the nature of Religion. From the *murmur* of the heathen priests, usual in repeating forms of prayer, the term "*threeskeia*," rendered Religion, came to be applied to the entire service of God. (Donnegan's Lex.) The English word is of Latin derivation, and denotes *return*, and beautifully expresses the facts as they happen with the sanctified soul. Prodigal-like, they had wandered far from God, and "wasted their substance in riotous living," but through grace, "have *returned* unto the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls." Herein is involved their departure from God, viz : in their transgression of the divine law, in the person of the first Adam, and their reconciliation to God, or in the obedience of the second Adam. The sin of man leads naturally and directly to the atonement of Christ, and this to the regeneration of the man, both soul and body, by the spirit of Jehovah. Assuming this last to be true, it may be more interesting to examine the work of the Divine Agent, and name some of the evidences of true Religion, "and this will we do, if God permit."

I. The first step which the individual makes in his "return unto the Lord," is indicated in *repentance*. This is very different from *reformation*. One may amend his ways by leaving off many evil habits, and by pursuing a life of morality, in which case he will enjoy the blessings which God has strewn in the way of moral rectitude ; yet this would not be repentance. This is within the compass of human ability, and coming from an unchanged disposition, would be rejected by Him, who receives nothing that is earthly. "That which is born of the flesh, is flesh," and will be so forever, even though a degree of purity might be added with each successive generation. It is obvious, however, that *perfection*, even in this case, is unattainable in this way ; so, that if God would accept an offering of nature, he could not accept ours, because imperfect.

But he cannot accept a natural offering for our sins, because they have been committed against a spiritual law. Wherefore, there is no view in which we can suppose a reformation to be equal to repentance.

This is further apparent, from the fact that reformation refers only to the change of our outward life; that it does not effect the state of the heart; whereas, repentance (*metanoia*) denotes a *change of mind*, which precedes the change of manner. The former would seek to cleanse the waters after their uprising from their fountains; the latter applies the healing leaves to the source of our corruption; it strikes at the root of the disease; the former would try to remove the plague from the building with the use of disinfecting agents upon the walls; the latter removes the leprosy by the dunting and consumption of the building itself; the former is superficial and imperfect; the latter radical and thorough.

Repentance, then, does not originate in nature. It comes from God (Acts, 5 : 31; 11 : 18; 20 : 21; 2 Tim., 2 : 25), and is as different in its nature from reformation, as the born of heaven from the son of earth. It is the first inevitable result of the transfusion of divine life to the soul. It has a Godly sorrow for sin as its distinguishing feature. Operating, as the spirit does, through the human faculties, it assumes a form analogous to that of "the sorrow of the world;" that is, it proceeds through fear; though its issue is seen to be radically different, the latter ending with a movable cause; the former constantly going on, and leading "unto salvation that needeth not to be repented of." Our fears are aroused; alarm takes instant possession of the soul, which, in view of outraged justice and goodness, puts on the weeds of mourning, and often nears the precincts of despair. The heavens seem to be brass, and the earth iron; the whole face of nature clad with the habiliments of woe. Hope ceases to cheer, while numberless cares, quick with torture, makes it cry an exceeding bitter cry: "Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Is his mercy clean gone forever?" Not a friend is known on earth, nor one in heaven. How does it feel to bewail the day of its birth, or to exchange condition with the soulless brute! Bitterness has poisoned its cup of joy, and its comeliness is turned to corruption. Former friends are forgotten in this hour of desolation, or their company rejected;

and if irreligious, abhorred. Like the wounded hart, it seeks the haunts of solitude and the water-brooks, to assuage its thirst, or to lie down and die. The body, in sorrowful but unavailing sympathy, refuses its nourishment, and loses its strength. In such cases of extreme pungency of conviction, the soul rapidly approaches the gates of death, where life and peace appear through Jesus. Prayer leads to praise; and where once no hope was known, is soon the scene of joy.

True repentance is based upon law; for it is for sin—the transgression of the law—that it is felt. On this principle it is demanded of all men. Until we can remove sin, we are in duty bound to repent, even though we have disabled ourselves from this act. Repentance, like faith, occupies a peculiar position between the law and gospel. To the former it owes the *necessity* of its being; to the latter the *being itself*. What the law *demand*s, the gospel *reveals*. Thus will be seen how the *duty* of all men, everywhere, to repent, consists with the *gracious gift* of repentance to God's elect.

The *necessity* of repentance is obvious from the change required of every one in order to admission into heaven; also from the consideration that "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." In view of this, the apostles, following the example of the Saviour, "commanded all men, everywhere, to repent." The exercise of the thing itself, as before remarked, is referable to the sovereign grace of God. The argument, then, which would lead us to repentance, is as strong as we could well imagine. Feeling our sins, and thus admitting their sinfulness, and assured that God is ready to dispense this gift, yea, that to such a one he has already dispensed it, what more is wanting to cheer the soul in its desire of salvation?

II. After repentance, comes *faith in Christ*. We are often told that man cannot repent, be sorry for, and turn away from sin, unless they are conscious of sin, and believe themselves guilty before God. This is true. There must be the knowledge of sinfulness upon our parts, before we recognize our obligation to repent; and this knowledge is universal, attested by the warnings of conscience and the universal attempt of men to reconcile an offended Deity.

To this the worship of idols throughout the heathen world agrees, besides the teachings of Holy Writ. But this is not the faith that assures of pardon and acceptance with God; otherwise all men would be true worshippers of God. This faith, natural to man, is not sufficient to lead to repentance, seeing that the confession of our belief in the divine attributes is merely a verbal one, unattended with alarm for sin, which renders those characteristics the more illustrious. Many a person has discussed learnedly the majesty and glory of the divine throne, while his *heart* has remained irresistible to the truths understood mentally, and spoken verbally. We believe we do not transgress when we say, that such faith does not equal that of devils, who, in expectation of their future judgment, "*believe and tremble.*" Men are often found who have heard by the ear, but never understood; who, when the eyes of their understanding have been opened, immediately abhor themselves, and repent in dust and ashes. The faith that reveals the true character of God to the *heart* must necessarily be attended with repentance, for the same light that reveals the character of God, shows us our own. Such faith is the legitimate offspring of regeneration.

Wherein, then, is the difference, says one, between faith, law, and God, and faith towards Christ? In the one, there is no thought of a Saviour. The soul is "led in the way of righteousness, and in the midst of the paths of judgment." In the other, it is led in the way of wisdom, whose paths are pleasantness and peace. The one apprehends the judgment of God against iniquity; the other shows that judgment tempered with mercy. The one is toward God, attended with deep contrition; the other is toward the Lord Jesus Christ, attended with "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." As repentance advances to its consummation, the former ripens into the faith which secures salvation, and fills the soul with the joyful foretaste of after glory. The Spirit first applies the anointing salve, after which the sight is tried, and found imperfect; whereupon, another touch enables the eye to see clearly. Just where the blinding glory of God would be overpowering to the eye of conviction, faith in Christ receives their rays into its bosom, and removes their burning lustre, and imparts the mellow hue of love. God cannot be seen by man. Jesus, the exact image of the Divine Essence, "who is in the bosom of the

bosom of the Father, hath declared (manifested) him." Thus he says, "Ye believe in God; believe also in me." In this sentence are these two ideas:

First. They who *truly* believe in God will eventually believe in the Messiahship of Jesus the Nazarene.

Second. Faith in God is perfected only by faith in Christ. He is the substance of all things.

In the cases of those whose early training has been moral and religious, we find a good *general* apprehension of the objects of Messiah's mission. They have a certain belief in God, in the divinity of Christ, in the divine origin of the scriptures, &c. Hence they readily confess the *sovereignty of God* in the bestowal of his gifts; that he has an indisputed right to save whom he will, while none but infidels in heart dare to question the propriety of such conduct. They admit their belief of his *willingness* to save sinners; that for this purpose he appeared on earth in the form of man, to "become sin for them, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" that he calls the desponding, weary, and heavy laden to himself, and offers them every inducement to go to him. They are sure of his *ability* to save, to the uttermost, such as come unto him through Jesus; that "by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all," every hindrance to entire reconciliation is removed; so that "God may be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Their difficulty is to apprehend Christ as *their* Saviour; to make a *special* application of his merit to their souls. This phenomenon, usually seen among those who have religious training, confirms the future believer in the scriptural truth precious to them, that faith is a gift of God; that there are no means which can induce a sinner to discard the works of the flesh, and accept the mercy of God offered in Christ, except they are blessed with the power of the Spirit. Self-denial and obedience are above the range of mortal vision. When, however, the soul receives strength to believe in Jesus, the event is not marked with as sudden delight, and as great astonishment, as in the case of such as before conversion, added gross ignorance to native unbelief. Ignorance is the parent of many a sin, otherwise abhorrent to our moral nature. These sins increase their danger, and necessarily their alarm, during conviction, while the reaction which ensues is in due-

proportion. This is according to a law already noticed, that grace reveals itself through the existing faculties of men, and will account for the degrees of feeling seen in different experiences.

The *sincerity* of faith is shown in *coming to Jesus*. None do this of their own accord without grace. However much they may think they do, he is too much despised to be received under our roofs while strangers to the need of his welcoming grace. But when our hearts are made known to us, and every refuge of lies, and every hiding place, have been swept away by the waters of the Spirit, we fly and cling to Jesus as the Rock of our salvation, while the vision of glory preserves our souls as they near the shores of eternity. The believer learns to rejoice in this Rock, as in a foundation immovable. All other hopes having failed, the sick in sin receives with gladness the Physician of Gilead, who cures at a touch the most loathsome diseases. While restoring health to the soul, he fills it with love to him and his cause. This is the crown of genuine faith. Love to God, to Christ, and the world (especially the believing portion of it), is the seal of a God-given grace. *True faith works by love*. Its rejection of all earthly helps, "*having no confidence in flesh*," shows the soul to have undergone the purification of faith.

The coming to Jesus, though attended with weepings and supplications, results in peace and blessedness. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yet these tears do not cease upon their recovery. They retain the sorrowful memory of their former sins and ignorance, and their tender hearts often refuse to be comforted. These tears are the drops of the soul's grateful love to Jesus.

E. H. B.

RICHMOND, Ky.

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It is easy to appear to others as we feel ourselves not to be; but it is most difficult to impress a distinct image of our characteristics on another's mind. We generally appear in society as we are not. Frequently smiles deck our lips, while disgust sits, loathing what we see, on our hearts; our brows are serene, while lava-tides of passion rush beneath them. If all should throw off their masks, what horrible Mokanna-like hypocrisy would greet us on all sides!—*Anonymous*.

## Family Visitant.

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### LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

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#### CHAP. XIV.—THE DISOBEDIENT SON.

SLOWLY, and with downcast eyes, a youth of apparently eighteen years of age rode along the highway towards the town of L——. It was a cool evening, towards the last of September. The rain, which had been falling through the day, had ceased; but dull, leaden clouds still lingered round the horizon, giving to heaven and earth an aspect of sombre gloom. The trees by the roadside hung heavy with the recent rain, and the evening wind, which was just beginning to blow, sighed mournfully through the drooping branches. The road was very sloppy; and the only noise that relieved the monotonous silence to the ear of the traveler was the plashing of his horse's feet in the puddles of water that filled the highway.

The countenance of the youth wore a dark, sallow aspect. It was a combined expression of defiance and unhappiness—regret, because of the consequences, rather than repentance for his transgression. He had thrown off his dark gray overcoat, which hung carelessly across his saddle behind him, and had drawn his dark jeans coat closely around him, and buttoned it up to the throat to protect himself against the chilling wind. His pantaloons, of the same color and material as his coat, were protected from the mud by a pair of leggins, of cloth, similar to his overcoat. His heavy boots were covered with mud and water. Beneath him was a pair of new-made saddle-bags, evidently well filled with clothing—the providence of a kind mother's hand. His black wool hat was pretty well saturated with rain, for he had rode without an umbrella, and the blue yarn mittens which his mother had given him for winter use hung to dry from the horn of his Spanish saddle.

He was traveling along an unfrequented part of the road, and had met no one for some time, so that he had had time and occa-



sion for reflection. "But the way of the transgressor is hard," and the more he thought of his situation, the more morose he became. His broad brow was drawn down in a dark frown, and his gray eye looked fierce and defiant, while his usually handsome mouth hung sullen and grum, and clearly indicated the character of the thoughts and feelings that dwelt in his bosom.

James Johnson was the only child of poor but respectable parents. He had had a sister when he was a child,—a pure, radiant being, with ruddy cheek and laughing eye, and curls of richest brown. But when the little Martha was scarce yet six years old, the Angel of Death came for her, and she laid aside her child-life, and went with him down into the peaceful grave with her little hands folded meekly over stilled bosom, and the lily hue on her once fresh cheek.

They took from her soft brown curls one glossy ringlet ere they bound the fillet of rose buds round her marble brow, and this beautiful memento of their lost darling the stricken parents had put away in a little box, and placed away. And it was to them a treasure rarer and more precious than all else the world contained.

James had loved the little Martha with an idolatrous love. There was naught in all the world so fair to him. He was just four years older than his sister, yet he felt all the care and responsibility of protection of a much more mature age. It was joy to him to guide her tripping feet over all the rough ways; to gather for her the wild flowers of the prairie, and teach her to ride alone on old Joan—the old horse that browsed around the yard, privileged to do as he pleased because of his antiquity. How he watched and delighted in her most timid improvement! and his solicitude for her happiness was almost painful to behold.

He watched her tenderly through her brief illness, never willingly leaving her bedside; and when it was told him she must die, he wept unconsolably. He followed her to the narrow grave beneath the old elm tree on the hill side, and saw the little cherry coffin lowered into the cold earth, listened to the rumbling of the clods on the coffin-lid, until his heart was ready to burst with anguish; gazed on the little mound as it rose above the sleeping form, then turned away a changed child. There was nothing in the wide world for him to love, and he sealed up the fountain of

affection in his young bosom, and looked out upon the plains and meadows, the bright sun and sparkling heavens, but to loathe the sight of the beauty which mocked his breaking heart. From that time, that very hour, a change came over him, which, young as he was, was observed by all.

From that time he became the sole earthly object of his parent's undivided care and love. They lavished upon him all the tenderness and solicitude which had been bestowed on both their children. No wish of his was ungratified; no caprice or whim unattended to. He grew on, from year to year, self-willed and disobedient; heeding no instruction, disregarding all warnings, and passing by his mother's prayers and tears, callous and unminded.

The neighbors all wondered at the great change that had passed over "Jimmy Johnson." They remembered when he was one of the happiest, noblest, and most obedient boys in the whole neighborhood. And his watchfulness and tender affection for his sister Martha had become proverbially known. Now he was wild and reckless, and when reproved for any misdemeanor, he became either sullen or impatient. Many ascribed it to the excessive indulgence of his father and mother, who watched over him with jealous care, now that he alone was left them. Some few said he was always a bad boy, but that he was too young when his sister died to be found out. Various were the reasons assigned for the fearful change, but all agreed on one thing; that was, that "Jimmy Johnson" was the worst boy in the country.

His poor parents were almost heart-broken. They sent him to the neighborhood school, hoping that it might have a happy influence over him. But he had not been in school three days, before he whipped one of the neighbor children most cruelly; and in less than two weeks, when the master was at length forced to correct him, he bit and tore him so, that the teacher, glad to get off with whole bones, disengaged him from his bleeding hand, and without waiting to bring the young hero to an acknowledgment, made two of the larger boys take him up and thrust him from the door.

"Jimmy Johnson" did not mind the disgrace for a moment; but often boasted of "how he had whipped out the master." His poor mother was sorely grieved, and his father undertook to rep-

rimand him for his shameful conduct. But the effect was only to make "Jimmy Johnson" vow, that "when he caught the master, he would beat him to death."

He became the terror of the neighborhood as he grew older. Nothing of a mischievous nature that could be devised was left untried by "Jimmy Johnson." And his depredations were not always confined to those of an entirely innocent character. Hen-roosts were robbed, horses let loose from their stalls into the highway, cows and calves turned into the same enclosure; fences were built across the road, and unfortunate canines who were caught off their owner's premises were beautified with a noisy appendage to their caudal extremity, and sent home at chain-lightning speed. Whenever anything of the kind was up, the first exclamation of those that saw or heard was, "Jimmy Johnson; that scape-grace, has done it."

Many and frequent were the complaints made to his father by those of the neighbors who felt exasperated by his conduct, until the poor old man was well nigh crazed at the hopelessness of his son's condition. He had advised him, punished him, warned him; but all was of no avail. "Jimmy," with the meekest look imaginable, and with a show of deep repentance, would promise speedy amendment; but his vows and promises led to no improvement. His mother wept and prayed over him. With a mother's love she had clung to him through all his erring way, each year hoping, that, as new experience was added, he would forsake his reckless ways, and turn into the paths of wisdom. She had watched over him from day to day with aching, longing heart, fondly excusing his waywardness, when she could; and when the act was too flagrant to be overlooked, she entreated him with a mother's gentle voice, and with streaming eyes, to turn from his folly.

"For my sake, Jimmy, child," the dear old woman would plead, "and for your father's sake, Jimmy, do give up your wild, bad ways. I tell you, Jimmy, this wont do. It will bring you to ruin, my poor boy, and bring your dear old father and me, dear, to the grave, sorrowing. Do give it up, Jimmy. You are almost a man, now, and ought to be taking care of me and your father, instead of breaking our hearts with your wild ways."

"Jimmy" would weep with his mother, giving full assent to all she

would say, and tell her he would try to do better, and it was really his intention at the time to keep his word; but the promise and resolution were both alike forgotten as soon as "Jimmy" met any of his numerous companions. For, while he was the dread and detestation of many of the fathers, he was the delight of the juveniles for miles round. The boys all loved "Jimmy Johnson," who all regarded him as the leading spirit in all that section of country.

Thus things went on until "Jimmy" was eighteen years old, when his father, under the advice of judicious friends, determined to try what effect a college life would have upon him. The matter was broken to the mother, whose feelings rebelled against it, and she immediately entered her protest against "Jimmy's" going away so far from home. But she was told that it was the only hope for him. Everything that could be devised had been tried without any shadow of success, and this was the last alternative.

The mother yielded, after much entreaty, and immediately preparations were commenced for "Jimmy's" outfit for college. Everything that a mother's ingenuity and tender solicitude could suggest for "Jimmy's" comfort was strictly attended to. New shirts and new vests of home-made plaid, linsey coats and pantaloons of jeans, supervised by her own vigilant eyes; white woolen stockings and woolen gloves passed through her own industrious fingers, until it was deemed that "Jimmy's" wardrobe was complete.

The hopeful urchin expressed his hearty concurrence in the desires and wisdom of his father. "He felt that college life might do wonders for him. At least, he thought it would be well to try it, seeing he didn't grow any better at home."

The boys were all filled with sorrow at the thought of "Jimmy's" leaving them. They could now no longer have a bold, daring leader, whose ingenuity and courage were equal to any emergency.

And there was, too, another young heart that sorrowed at the thought of "Jimmy's" departure. Amy Lawson, a fair and gentle creature, of scarce sixteen summers, loved "Jimmy Johnson" with all the ardor of her young and trusting heart. Strange it is, the two so widely different in their natures should be attracted to each other, and their affections be intertwined in deathless union. But so it was. "Jimmy" had loved Amy from the first time they had

met; and Amy looked on the wild, reckless boy, and loved him in return. Mr. Lawson had been but a few months a resident of the neighborhood, but that short time had sufficed to link the two young hearts together in indissoluble bonds. And for Amy Lawson's sake, "Jimmy" was willing to go to college, that he might make of himself a man worthy of her hand. This was the secret of his ready acquiescence in his father's proposal.

"I will make a man of myself for your sake, Amy," he said to her the evening before his departure, as he stood holding her trembling hand in his, and gazing on her sweet, blushing face. "You shan't be ashamed of me, Amy, for I am going to study hard, and leave off my wild, boyish ways. I'll make myself worthy of you, I tell you," and pressing her to his bosom, he kissed her burning cheek again and again; then dashing wildly from the door, he mounted his horse and rode homeward, his heart throbbing wildly, and his bosom filled with high resolves. He felt a Hercules for strength.

The next morning was one of sadness to the little family. The father endeavored to rally his courage, and to bear with manly fortitude the trial just before him. But his heart was wedded to "Jimmy." He loved him all the better for his daring recklessness. And the poor old mother could do nothing but weep, as she went about completing the preparation necessary for his departure. The father had made every exertion to raise funds sufficient to pay his son's expenses for the first five months—the time he was to remain in the institution before returning home. Several pet animals had been turned into cash to meet the demand. "Jimmy" was charged to be very economical, as the small purse of spending money was handed him. "Take it, my son, and remember it is the hard earnings of your poor old father and mother, who would make any sacrifice for your sake, "Jimmy." Don't let the bad boys at college lead you into temptation, "Jimmy." You have but little; take care of it, and it will last you till you come back to us again."

"Jimmy" promised entire obedience to his father's wishes. He felt that a new life was before him—one of self-denial and strict economy; but the thought of Amy Lawson, and his heart grew strong within him. "He would conquer. That was certain."

The breakfast was eaten in silence. "Jimmy's" horse stood ready saddled at the front gate, and his saddle-bags, with their wonderful dimensions, were at the stile. "Jimmy" rose from the almost un-tasted meal, folded his father and mother to his bosom, drew forth his red bandanna to wipe his streaming eyes, and rushed from the house. Seizing the saddle-bags, he threw them across the saddle; then springing into the seat, he rode briskly away towards C——. There was a journey of fifty miles before him; and as he was to make it alone, he had ample time for reflection, and planning for the future. How vividly his coming life spread out before him. He saw himself a steady, useful member of society, with the ability to reach any position of eminence he might desire, with his gentle, trusting Amy by his side, whose sweet smile and words of love should be his incentives to action and his reward.

"Jimmy Johnson" was a boy of vivid imagination; he loved to dwell on pictures of his own creating. He could give them background, and shade, and filling to suit his own fancy. He dwelt upon the glorious visions which he called up before him, until his heart beat high with noble aspirations, and his pulses leaped wildly. "Yes, I will be a man for Amy's sake!" he exclaimed, as her angel face, with its sweet smile and look of love, rose up before him. "I will study hard, and leave off all my wild ways, and get to be a smart man. My teachers always told me I could learn as well as any boy, and I know I can, too, and I will do it. It is in me, and it shall come out," and "Jimmy" slapped the side of his horse's neck with such vigor, that young Joan started and broke off into a most spirited trot, which had like to have unseated the young enthusiast.

Whistling, and soliloquizing, and building air-castles for the future, "Jimmy Johnson" passed through the first day of his journey. As night gathered in, he halted before a double log-cabin by the roadside, and applied for a night's lodging, which request was readily granted by the jovial, happy-faced farmer, and his brisk, smiling helpmeet, who seemed but too delighted to concur in the hospitalities of her lord. They were a young pair, just "beginning the world." Their little cabin, neat, and clean, and airy, was to them a home more desirable than palace of Eastern gorgeoussness. They lived in each other's smile, content to love and labor.

“Jimmy Johnson” was charmed with his entertainers, and dwelt upon the beautiful scene of affection and happiness with feelings akin to rapture. The glowing enthusiasm of his nature was fully kindled, and he felt sure that Eden was never more lovely than that old log cabin by the wayside, with its trusting hearts and happy faces. And in his night-dreams, these visions of ineffable beauty were reproduced around him in natural forms and colors, and he saw himself and Amy the possessors of all that could make earth beautiful and life desirable. Unspeakably happy was “Jimmy Johnson” in his night-dreams, as he lay beneath the roof of the old log cabin, through the crevices of which the light of the pale, solemn stars stole to gaze on his glad face.

“Jimmy Johnson” arose early, refreshed from his night’s sleep, and filled with joy and hope from the bright scenes that had visited his pillow. He partook of the simple breakfast with happy heart, and mounting young Joan, proceeded on his way.

As the heights of C—— burst upon his view, his heart sunk within him. For the first time, since he had left the old home, did he feel that long miles separated him and the friends of his boyhood. All his hopes were suddenly dashed; and, instead of the buoyancy and firm resolve that had nerved his bosom, he grew doubting and faint at heart. A sudden, mysterious change had come over him. I am worn out with my ride,” said “Jimmy,” to himself; “to-morrow I will feel better. I am not going to give way now, and grow chicken-hearted, if I don’t know anybody in this place. Jimmy Johnson never went any where, yet, that he didn’t find friends. I’ll ‘take care of number one,’” and “Jimmy” talked himself into a respectable degree of courage, as he moved on through the streets towards the house pointed out to him as Professor N.’s.

“Jimmy” introduced himself to the dignified Professor, who had been a companion of his father in his early boyhood, and made known his desire to enroll himself among the students of the institute. He was treated with polite consideration by the friend of his father’s youth; but “Jimmy” had never been accustomed to such an excess of dignity, and he felt awed in the presence of the broad-browed, keen-eyed, and stiff-mannered gentleman of the white tie and polished boots. “Jimmy” was advised, as he had a horse, to take boarding a

little way out of town, at Mr. Dunly's, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer. Preliminary arrangements were soon made, and the Professor handing "Jimmy" a Greek Testament ("Jimmy" did not know Alpha from Omega), he excused himself, and left the room.

"Well, I don't like this specimen of College life," said "Jimmy" to himself, when he felt that he was fully alone. "Why, he is as freezing as one of those Northern icebergs. I can never learn a syllable. I'll be switched if I can, if that white neck-tie and those keen eyes are ever before me. I am not pleased with College life, this far, any how. And I'll be making tracks backward, if the rest is no better than this. I can't stand it. No, no; and I went."

Just then the form of Amy rose up before him, and all his high resolves and courage came back with the vision of his young heart's love. "For her, yes, for her I'll bear it all—if I can. I must not give up this way. I have got more to please now than myself, and Jimmy Johnson must make up his mind to be a hero."

"Jimmy" retired to rest, but not to sleep. His feelings were strange and unpleasant, and now his spirits were as dull and flagging as the night before they had been cheerful and hopeful.

It were unnecessary to tell of "Jimmy's" *debut* in College chapel; of his first week, wherein he made much more rapid acquaintance with the boys, than he did with his books. Let it answer for me to tell you, that at the close of the first week "Jimmy" was perfectly familiar with all the "spirited" boys in College. He was up to all their sports; was leader in most of them, and nothing could be planned or executed that "Jimmy Johnson" was not the chief personage in. All the boys admired him, and sought his society; and he had not been long in College, before he found himself the "lion" of the company. Meanwhile, his little stock of funds, that his poor old father had given him to deposit with Professor N., to defray the expenses of tuition, board, &c., and which he had reserved to control himself, became daily less and less. "Jimmy" scarcely knew how fast it was rapidly passing through his fingers. But what cared he? He was an only son, and at College, and he was sure that his father, always so kind and indulgent, would not let him want.

So "Jimmy" did not stop to consider, until one day, after he had



been in College about three weeks, on going to his pocket-book, he found he had but one five dollar bill remaining, and he owed three of that sum, which must be immediately paid. He stopped suddenly, as if paralyzed.

“What am I to do now?” he asked himself. He seated himself on a chair, and for a moment seemed to be thinking. He drew up his face into frightful contortions, rubbed his hands across his eyes, as if determined to rub up a sudden conclusion; then muttering a few words, he sprung from his chair, and hastened from his room. The resolve was made. The next morning saw “Jimmy Johnson” on his homeward way from C—, leaving behind him College and College life, but bearing in his bosom his short but sad experience.

The day following, as we have described him in the outset of this chapter, “Jimmy Johnson” was nearing his childhood’s home. He had turned over in his mind a thousand excuses to be presented to his parents and Amy, but not one of this great multitude, after being viewed in all its bearings, seemed to meet his fancy. At last he decided, hard as it would be, to tell the whole truth, and beg for forgiveness. He knew the leniency of his doating parents, and he trusted to Amy’s gentle, forgiving disposition to wipe out his sin in her eyes.

Young Joan jogged slowly along, while his master was absorbed in thought. When “Jimmy” had made up his mind to the desperate work of acknowledgment, he gave young Joan a slap, and the animal, seeming to snuff the breezes of home, started off in a lively canter.

As the sun was lengthening out the shadows of the trees that stood dripping with the rain-drops, “Jimmy Johnson” turned into the little lane that led to his father’s dwelling.

Great was the consternation of the parents, as, looking up from their frugal supper, they saw through the open window the form of “Jimmy” approaching the house. In a moment more the disobedient child was before them.

In tears of repentance, interrupted with sobs, he told his story. He withheld nothing, and tried in no way to extenuate his guilt. The poor old people listened with sorrowing hearts. They had hoped that their son was about to reform, and bring credit and gladness to their declining years. But he had transgressed far

beyond any former act, and they saw nothing before them but shame and sorrow. Their mouths were sealed. They could not open their lips. All they could do was to pray intently that God would interfere and save their dear boy son from ruin. '

It was a sad household, that night of "Jimmy's" return. The parents wept and prayed for their disobedient child long after he had forgotten the world and its cares in sleep.

The sequel will show how faithful God is to perform all he has promised. "Ask, and ye shall receive." He himself hath spoken this. Let us not doubt him.

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#### CHAP. XV.—THE CONVERSATION AND DISAGREEMENT.

"I cannot tell, Lydia, why it is you are so urgent in your request. Would you have me go against conscience in this matter? I do not understand it as you do, and your Bro. Anderson, in that sermon, last Sunday, that he preached for my especial benefit, only mystified the subject, and made it more intricate. It was an unfortunate text that I selected for him."

This was spoken in a tone that clearly indicated to Lydia that William Norton was slightly ruffled in his feelings. It was but rarely that she had heard him speak thus, and whenever he did, she knew not how to act or what to say. But on this occasion she regarded there was too much at stake to remain silent. She must urge upon William the great responsibility she deemed resting upon him.

"I do think, William, that you are mistaken," she replied, with her usual earnestness. "Bro. Anderson certainly preached a very clear and impressive sermon on that text, 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.'"

"Why, how can you say so, Lydia? He endeavored to preach the doctrine that the text evidently contained in the outset of the sermon; but it must have been manifest by all present that he neither appreciated nor understood that beautiful passage; and in the conclusion of the discourse he gave us the same old story of obedience, that he has so often told, and which, it seems to me, is in direct contradiction to the words of the text, which says it is

‘by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God.’ I do not see, Lydia, how Mr. Anderson dare to preach as he does.”

“Why, William, Bro. Anderson preaches the truth. The scripture says expressly, ‘Believe in the Son of God, and ye shall be saved.’ Now, what can be clearer than the command? Would God tell us to believe, if we could not do it? Surely, he would not mock us in this way; and if we do believe, as he tells us, on Jesus Christ, whom he has sent, and obey him in baptism, we shall be saved. He has said so, and he cannot lie.”

Lydia’s eyes flashed as she gave utterance to these words. She fully believed the doctrine she preached, and her desire for her lover to embrace it was so intense, that it had become the ruling thought and hope of her life.

“This belief, Lydia, that *you* think we can exercise of ourselves, and which Mr. Anderson contends all have who have heard of the Saviour, is not the belief, in my estimation, that the scriptures teach. That belief in the Lord Jesus Christ which they speak of, and which saves the soul from everlasting death, is, to my mind, the gift of God. He imparts it of his own free, sovereign will, to those who seek it in sincerity and truth. This is the doctrine Father Wilson preaches. He makes it clear to my mind. He can reconcile that passage, ‘Believe,’ &c., with Mr. Anderson’s text last Sunday. But it is very certain that Mr. Anderson cannot do it.”

“Well, William, whether or not Bro. Anderson can explain the scriptures to your full understanding, making every part harmonize with all other portions, do you not feel that it is your duty to obey Christ, as he has commanded? Does Bro. Anderson’s defects, in your estimation, relieve you of personal responsibility?”

“Certainly not, Lydia. I know that I am personally accountable to God, and that the weakness or ignorance of another can be no plea for me.”

“Then, William, why not do your duty? Why not follow the example set before you? Why not obey the Saviour, as he has commanded? Surely, there is no excuse for your longer delay.”

“To be candid with you, Lydia, I have not the power to obey. I want to be a Christian; and if I could believe as Mr. Anderson

preaches, I would not lose a moment before I had complied with the terms of the gospel, as he understands them. But I do not see as he does. I cannot think as he teaches."

"Why, William, you do not think we are all wrong, do you? You surely will not say that we are not Christians?"

The young man hesitated a moment. He was puzzled to know how to reply so that he might convey his views, and at the same time spare the feelings of her he loved.

"O Lydia, believe me, I feel that *you* are sincere. I have never doubted your entire reliance in the principles you advocate. But—but—perhaps I do not entirely understand just what you do believe. Will you please state fairly and fully your positions in plain, simple language, so that I cannot be mistaken, and then I will tell you candidly wherein I differ from you."

The young girl paused, and fixed her eyes steadily on the floor. She did not know where to begin or how to proceed. She was endeavoring to collect and arrange her views, so that she could make no mistake in giving them to her friend. After a pause of several moments, she looked up with a sweet, frank expression, reddening as her eyes met William Norton's.

"I'll tell you, William, what I believe, and I hope I shall express myself so that I will be understood. I believe that Christ died to save sinners; that we have to believe on him, and obey him in his ordinances, in order to be saved; and that when we have done this, we have a claim to heaven, and will certainly go there when we die. These are my views, William."

"Well, so far, so good, Lydia; but permit me to ask you, what you understand by believing in Christ?"

"Why, to believe he is the Son of God, and the Saviour of sinners."

"Do you think this is the full meaning of the term, and all that is necessary to discipleship?"

"I think this is the full meaning of the term; but I also regard that we must obey before we are entitled to be called the disciples of Jesus."

"Well, Lydia, I believe as you have expressed it. I certainly acknowledge Christ as the Son of God, and the only Saviour of a lost world. What lack I yet, Lydia?"

“To obey, William, of course. What else can you lack, when you believe?”

“And how must I obey, Lydia? What do you call this obedience that entitles us to the favor of God?”

“The first step, William, is to make the good confession to the world that you have just made to me. The second is to follow Christ in baptism. ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.’ You believe, William, why not be baptized?”

“But, Lydia, I have another question to ask you. If I remember rightly, you said that after we have believed and been baptized, we have a claim to heaven, and shall certainly go there when we die. This is what you said?”

“Yes.”

“Well, now, tell me, what do you think entitles us to heaven? Is it because *we* have obeyed, and been baptized, or is it because of something else?”

“Because we have obeyed and been baptized, William, of course; it says those who have done this shall be saved, and I cannot, for a moment, suppose that God will fail of his promises.”

The young girl looked up triumphantly. She felt sure that she had established her points. William gazed upon her with something of sorrow in his face. He felt that she was sincere, but he could not but believe her in an error. Either she was wholly mistaken, or the doctrines he had been taught from his youth were false.

“And you believe, Lydia, that I have nothing to do now, in order to procure my salvation, but to obey?”

“This is what the word of God expressly teaches, William. You believe; you must now obey.”

“And if I do not, I shall be damned?”

“I cannot see any hope for those who do not obey.”

“By this you mean be baptized?”

“Certainly. Baptism is one of the requisitions. ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.’ It is so plain that all can understand it.”

“Well, now, Lydia, I believe I have your views, thus far. Will you now tell me what you believe about the Holy Spirit? You know I have been taught to regard the office of this third person in

the Trinity as necessary to salvation as either of the other two! What is your opinion about the Spirit?"

She seemed confused for a few moments. It was a subject that she had not much considered; and she had almost forgotten what Mr. Anderson had said about it. She remembered to have heard him and Deacon Jones in an argument on this point at her father's house, when the new preacher first made his entrance into the neighborhood, but she could recall nothing more than that Mr. Anderson had asserted that the Spirit was in the word of God, and had derisively asked, "where it entered the man; whether through his head, or his hands, his eyes, or nose, or heels?" After some consideration, she answered:

"Really, William, I do not know that I understand much about the Spirit. I must inform myself upon this subject. Bro. Anderson never says anything about it in his preaching, and what I have heard him advance about the fireside I have forgotten."

"Well, Lydia, I must tell you in sincerity, for I must be true to my principles. I must tell you, and I do it with sorrow, that this Anderson has led you entirely astray. He has been teaching you for doctrines the commandments of men. I believe his system is all false; as heterodox as a system could be. If he holds what you have just advanced, you may rest assured he is deceived, and deceiving the multitudes. He does not understand the first principles of the gospel. He is a false teacher, and will have to account for his great wickedness."

"Why! what *do* you mean, William?" and she started wildly from her seat as she spoke, while her flushed face and agitated manner clearly betrayed the depth of her feelings. "Surely, surely, William, you cannot accuse Bro. Anderson of deception!"

"I mean what I say, Lydia; either that he is deceived, or else he is a deceiver."

"But, William, what right have you to judge Bro. Anderson thus severely? You do not profess to be a Christian yourself; you have never obeyed Christ in his commands, and why should you call in question the motives of a true and faithful minister of Christ?"

Lydia spoke with unusual warmth. William had never before seen her so excited. He saw that it was unnecessary to argue with her now. Moreover, his feelings were considerably touched.

at her advocacy of such a man as Anderson. He sat for a moment without speaking, during which time Lydia looked through the window.

After a few moments' pause, he rose, took his hat, and bidding her good evening, left the house.

She did not change her attitude while he was passing out into the hall. But as soon as his step died away on the first gallery, she threw her face into her hands and wept bitterly.

Wild and tumultuous emotions swept through her bosom. She felt poignantly that she had done wrong. As a Christian, she should have given William a better example of forbearance. But it was too late to make amends. He was gone. She knew his proud spirit, and she wept in wild convulsions as she dwelt on the consequences of this most unfortunate interview. Her distress was observed by her mother, who forbore to ask the cause. A painful, sleepless night followed, and Lydia, in the still night-watches, painfully repented of her hasty words.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## SECOND VISIT TO MY WASHER-WOMAN.

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THE day had been unusually mild. A gentle shower had fallen early in the morning, but it was gloriously bright after noonday. Knowing this delightful state of the atmosphere could not last many hours longer, in this latitude, at this season, I determined to take advantage of its propitious smiles by walking away from the confined air of my chamber, and inhale big draughts of the invigorating fluid as far from the fetid air of the city as possible. Square after square of the paved streets disappeared behind me. The heavy, overhanging roofs of the tall buildings seemed to close over my head, shutting out the cheering rays of the sun, and pressing the loaded air upon my chest. Resolutely I plunged onward, determined to pause not until my eyes should be gratified by some natural and pleasant object. To my right, a massive edifice of fine stone, surrounded by an enclosed and highly ornamented piece of ground, stood in its cold grandeur. It is true, the ground was covered with a green, soft, velvet-like tuft, with here and there a shrub, whose blossoms, like little white eyes, were beginning to peep out under the influence of the genial day, but etiquette forbid the entrance of the passer-by. My steps must not tarry here. No; for though we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourself, were we to go in and admire the beauty and tasteful arrangements of the walks, we would run the risk of being taken up on suspicion of

evil intentions. Push on—gain all you can, is the spirit of the day. Such a man has no time to admire the beauties of creation ; no one in his sane mind would lose his time for such nonsense as flowers, and at the expense of losing a good bargain. So don't be classed in that category, or you may be taken up for a vagrant. The laws of fashionable society will allow no dictation from common sense, exercising just enough of that faculty to know that such infringements would at once prove the overthrow of its dynasty.

Casting furtive glances over the heavy iron railing, I strode onward along the apparently interminable streets. Anon, I entered upon one where the devil had not been so lavish in his gifts in exchange for mens' souls. Now and then I spied a house, whose owners, thinking more of health than the "darkened parlors," had opened their front doors, and the joyous, unrestrained laughter of childhood, ringing through the welkin, made my tired steps more active. If the inhabitants of God's kingdom are like unto little children, how many grown people, I wonder, will be entitled to a place?

Turning the angle of a block of buildings, I discovered I was in the vicinity of my much esteemed acquaintance—the Washer-woman. From the pleasurable relief I experienced (estimating the depression I had suffered by the relief), like Atlas of old, I must have been carrying the weight of a world upon my mind. But forgetting the city, with its temptations and vexations, I wend my way to her humble door. I wondered if she was in. Yes, rub, scrub, went her hands over the metal-ribbed washboard. Rub, scrub, they went, as I opened the unlocked door. My "good evening, Mrs. Dale," arrested the monotonous sound, as, wiping her hands, she came forward with as much grace and more cordiality than any fashionable lady in town. I drew a deep inspiration of the natural element which floated through her well ventilated rooms—her clear, ruddy complexion giving evidence of continual exercise in the open air.

"You seem fatigued, Madam," said Mrs. Dale, offering me a glass of water, which allayed my thirst, and imparted new circulation to my exhausted frame.

"I have not walked so far, Mrs. Dale, for many years. I was delighted, I assure you, upon discovering your house. Coming in my carriage before, I did not particularly observe the location."

Whilst I had been speaking, she took from a cupboard a waiter, with cups and saucers.

"I will bring you a cup of tea. Oh, it is no trouble," she said, observing I was about to demur. "I have not dined. The kettle is on, so I will prepare it in a moment. My daughter, too, will be in directly."

"I am very glad. Since you informed me of her exertions to educate herself, I have desired to see her."

Rapidly the little woman went on with her culinary arrangements. A round deal table, with a white cotton cloth, suited well the plain fare which was placed upon the humble board. A loaf of home-bread, the boiled hock of a ham, and a dish of fried eggs, which, I suppose, were added on my ac-



count, constituted the refreshments. But I was hungry, and in a pleasant mood. Who would not have been, who appreciated the heart's sincere offerings? By the time Mrs. Dale handed me a cup of tea, I was enjoying the meal—as voraciously as if I had labored and earned its reward myself. With less appetite, I had often, in rich men's houses, sat down to tables loaded with delicacies. Opposite me, on an old style bureau, lay a pile of books. Observing the direction of my eye, Mrs. Dale remarked :

“Those volumes are very precious to me. They were my father's. He was a minister of the gospel.”

Now the mystery was explained! How came she so well informed? She had been educated by an ambassador possessed of heaven's knowledge. No more would I look with surprise on her lofty brow and intellectual eye; no more be astonished to hear her utter truths in the glowing language of the poet. She had quaffed from the fountain whose streams lead through realms of eternal beauty. She had climbed where Moses stood, and gained a view of the promised land. No wonder, unmoved by storms, she had buffeted bold Jordan's waves, and reached the shore of safety.

How long I might have indulged in this strain I cannot say, had not my reflections been interrupted by the entrance of her daughter.

“Jessie,” said her mother, drawing her by the arm towards me, “here is our friend, Mrs. ——.”

She had not the self-possessed elegance of the woman of the world—oh, no! She was too modest for that. There was grace, nevertheless, which modesty and purity ever imparts. Her heightened color and timidity wore off, as, sitting at my side, she partook of the meal.

“Miss Jessie, your mother tells me you are anxious to prepare yourself to become a teacher in one of our common schools.”

“Yes, such are my intentions; but I would willingly relinquish the plan, and remain at home to assist mother, if she would allow me.”

“There is a time for all things,” said the mother, solemnly. “Youth may run and serve the Lord, but when years have added their weight upon your shoulders, then I hope you will humbly bow and ‘be still.’ You are gifted with talents, my child, and must not forget you will be called to render an account to one who will not hold you guiltless for their neglect.”

“Mrs. Dale, I would like you to explain yourself more fully. Your remark would inculcate an ambition to elevate one's self. Is that desire compatible with humility?”

“The human mind, Mrs. ——, I think, should ever aspire. Upward let it soar, until it scales the highest clouds which hide the unrevealed glory of heaven. Show me thy glory. Where is ambition like this? ‘Be ye holy, even as I am holy.’ Should we not strive to be perfect? With our eyes fixed on this pattern, could our march be otherwise than upward? Though my body were lodged in earth's most loathsome dungeon, like a lamp the light must feed on the oil of the body; and to furnish this necessary food we should strive, but there is no use in the accumulation of more than will keep the flame

glowing steadily until the bridegroom comes. I have sometimes desired of the Lord that I might walk in high places, that I might be a light to those who have hardened their hearts—who have laid sacrilegious hands on the golden vessels of the temple.”

“My dear friend Mrs. Dale, you possess a wealth far above rubies. But I would like to see you in a position where you would be exempt from so much hard labor.”

“Thank you for your kind wishes; but if I know my own mind, as far as earthly comfort is concerned, I am satisfied, and can cheerfully say, ‘Thy will be done.’ But often I would, for Christ’s sake, like to be in authority, that I might walk into the temple and drive out those who have made an exchange of its sacred decorations for worldly profit. At the same time, I must not forget that this temple is the human heart. We often, for worldly advantage, barter our scriptural knowledge, and omit some conscientious duty for worldly interest or favor. The Son of God knocks for admission into every human heart. Only in a few he finds a place to rest his head. But there are plenty of holes for the foxes, and nests for the birds of the air. How little self-abnegation we practice. But you have finished your dinner. Sit near the fire, it grows cold towards evening.” She stirred the fire, and turning to me, said: “If it will give you no offence, I will ask you a question.”

“Ask with impunity.”

“Would you not be mortified to be seen by some of your fashionable friends familiarly dining with your washer-woman?”

“I hope not.”

“If such is the real state of your heart, I consider the act a pure oblation to heaven. If you, independent of the ridicule of the world, follow the example of him who dined with the publican and sinners, in proportion to the sacrifice will the reward be. I fear members of the church are too often satisfied with the approbation of the world, without inwardly scrutinizing their relationship to the unseen, but ever-present God. It matters little how the judgment of this world goes, but oh, how important to stand justified before Him, whom we cannot deceive!”

“Mrs. Dale, I have long been impressed with the opinion, that only among the humble classes of society need we look for true, heart-felt religion. In the higher grades of society, the fiat of the world has more force than an inward conviction of the power of God to punish vice. Did not the secular jurisdiction of our land punish crime, how little restraining influence the word of God would exert.”

“Such, alas! Madam, are my own views; and hence, as I just remarked, I would like to be rich and influential, that my instruction and example might have some weight.”

“Then, mother,” said Jessie, timidly, “it would only be because you were rich, their hearts remaining perverted as before.”

“But, my child, I would lead them to the true Teacher. His word is sufficient to effect its specific cure. If they once admit the soundness of the doc-

trine, they could perceive the wholesome rest from the stupor in which sin everpowers them. Many go astray for the want of a proper leader. Would that I could arouse the wealthy, fashionable lady to a true sense of her power. Why will she suffer the frivolities of the world to monopolize her precious time! Would that she could realize the terrible account she will be called upon to render to her Creator for misapplied time. Think of the vast influence she wields; looked up to as a paragon of propriety;—and conscious of this adulation, she selfishly turns all this tide of favor to her own gratification. The true happiness of her associates is a minor consideration, and her own future weal or woe is a blank leaf in her studies.”

“Mrs. Dale, in my opinion such a woman is, in a measure, answerable for the dereliction of her companions. Holding the key, as it were, to such important treasures, should she not unlock and distribute them to the needy?”

“Here you have taken my view of the case precisely. Ministers, who stand in the pulpit with a knowledge of these facts, who will not dare to avow boldly the truth, are partaking of the same stupifying poison.”

“Oh! that they had courage to cry out to their gaudily dressed hearers—Look, Madam, at that young girl, who, instead of listening to the word of God, has her eager eye fixed upon those gewgaws with which Satan has enticed you to decorate your dying body. Who is to blame for her dearth of religious instruction? You are a stumbling-block in her way to heaven.

“Let us suppose a case. The wife of the wealthy M. A— is absorbed in the conventionalities of the world. She is the leader of the ton. Devotes all her hours to the seductive amusements of fashionable life. There are hundreds of young people whose ductile minds are completely swayed by her power. Does not her example superinduce these inexperienced youths into the temptations which lead away from sobriety?—and ultimately they use God’s holy name as a jest, a by-word. That holy name angels utter with profound reverence; in whose presence they dare not lift their faces.

“But there is another side to the medal—Glory be to his name. There is Mrs. B—, whose husband has enormous resources—a potential member of society. She never sets apart an evening in the week for her friends to come beneath her roof, dressed in furbelows, forgetting they are dying mortals, accountable for every light word; to come there for no purpose under the sun but to forget, in the time, their responsibilities, and to eat, drink, and be merry. No; she bears in mind that God may, that very night, require of her her precious soul. She strives to keep herself unspotted from the world. By some she is laughed at; but her faith in God’s threats and promises sustains her in her trials. She sees the dark cloud, hears the low rumbling thunder, and though the lightning flashes about her, undaunted she moves along the straight and narrow path. In season, and out of season, she beckons the bewildered traveler, warning him of the perils outside of the prescribed limits. Firm and majestically she walks amid the din and clash of those in pursuit of worldly favors. Such a character the world hates, and tries to render ridiculous; but their malignant, poison-tipped arrows fall short of the mark.

Legions of invisible angels ward them off. As an invincible phalanx, they guard the servant of the Most High, and warn him to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' and rebuked, he flees from the light which reveals his hideousness."

I arose from that humble hearth, saying, "Mrs. Dale, the sun is getting low, and I have a long walk before me. I have been much refreshed by your counsel. God willing, I will come again." I returned home, enriched, fortified, against the temptations of coming events.

Now, reader, a word with you. If we neglect such a woman as Mrs. Dale, simply because she is out of the pale of fashionable society, and give our hand cordially to the world's "petted ones," I say we are enlisted, aye, fighting under the flag of the adversary of man. We cannot be true to two masters, whose work is so at variance; and would we read our title clear to a home of bliss, we must—what? Pause and consider, for it is a momentous decision! I will tell you, reader, what I intend to do—stoop *low*, and let the storms of this world pass over me, whilst I am looking earnestly with my eyes, and feeling with my hands, to be sure my feet stray not from the narrow path which leads to eternal life. Lo here, and lo there, may be a path. Let them go on them who have found them. Mine admits of no turning. It is *straight*, as well as *narrow*.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

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### MY FATHER'S WILL.

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I have lately come into the possession of an inheritance. It was left me by my father in his will. My father is in a far distant country. I am every day hastening towards this glorious home where my father is. I say glorious home; and so it is. I have not seen it yet, but my father has said it, and I believe. The walls are of precious stones, and the gates thereof are of pearl, and the streets of pure gold. Sometimes, in thinking of this home, I grow almost impatient because I am so long a sojourner here. But I must wait patiently for my father to send for me. He doeth all things well. When all things are ready—when the glorious mansion, which he has gone to prepare for me, is complete, then he will send for me. I shall then go to be with him forever.

I have never seen my father; but I know he is my father. I know it from several reasons. And the bestowal of this last estate, into the possession of which I have so recently entered, is unmistakable evidence of it. If I had doubted it before, I could not now. To do so would be to doubt my father's word, and my father never

lies. With him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. All of his words are, "Yea and Amen."

I have often wondered why my father left such an estate as this to his children,—have tried again and again to solve this question. And after all my endeavors I can only conclude, "Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in thy sight." My father, no doubt, knows that it is necessary for his children that they have this inheritance, and, therefore, before he left this exile world, he sealed it up as a part of his will and testament to them. It is needful for their good here, and for a full preparation for entering in upon that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. My father has sufficient reasons for all he does. He is infinite in justice, wisdom, and love.

Before my father departed to go into the far country where he now is, he willed to me, his child, several estates, various in character and value; and the parchments on which these last testaments were written were sealed up with different colored seals, each seal indicative of the character of the estate the parchment bestowed. I have examined each roll and seal closely, and I find they all bear the impress of my father's seal of state. I cannot be mistaken about this. My father is too wise and just to leave his children in the least uncertainty with regard to anything he would have them know.

My father has not only left these various inheritances, but he has also wisely ordered the times at which I shall enter into their possession. But these times, in his wisdom and love, he has kept hidden from my view.

Many of the parchment-rolls, with their respective colored seals, have been opened, and I have immediately entered upon the possession of the estates they have conferred on me. And they have been pleasant inheritances—goodly lands, flowing with milk and honey. No nectar, no ambrosia, could equal the glorious repasts which I have enjoyed from my father's liberal hand. My father has been very kind to me. I have often thought he favored me above most of his children. True, my possessions have not been large, compared with the standard of this world, but then there has always been such glorious sunshine on my estates—such sweet music ever sounding in my ears, and such glad, happy faces always

around me, my cup of joy has been full. I have tried to feel very thankful for all these blessed gifts, and while I was in the enjoyment of them, I thought I was grateful. Alas! alas! what gratitude!

In the archives of my father's house, where his wills of his children are kept, I have often seen one marked for me, and sealed with a black seal. It bore his signet, therefore I could not but know it was genuine. As I have said, I have often seen it among the deeds of other estates. I never liked to look at it, or think upon it, and somehow I always hoped that *perhaps* my father would never have it opened. I knew the title was to an estate in the valley of Baca. I knew, too, this valley of Baca was a destitute region, a land of bitterness and drought. I had read of it, and I had seen some of my father's children who had been on their estates in this valley.

I often wondered if my father would ever bid me go and dwell there. I knew he was all love, and as he had always been so lavish in his blessings to me, I have concluded he intended to spare me this great trial. Blind I was, and slow of heart to believe. But whenever the fear came over me, I turned shudderingly from the view; and often I have prayed, "If it be possible, Father, let this cup pass from me."

Sometimes I have feared this black seal would be broken, and then I have been filled with dreadful apprehension. Then I shuddered, and drew back from the prospect. My faith grew faint, my heart chill, and I was almost ready to doubt all good. But knowing that my father, though unseen by me, could hear my petition, I have gone away alone and besought my father to spare me this trial. Sometimes, again, when I have been in the happy possession of my goodly heritages, I have felt that my father was too merciful ever to command me or his agents to break that black-seal roll. I knew he was a kind Father, and would not *willingly* afflict me. And I could see no reason why I should ever dwell in the valley of Baca. Was I not my father's obedient child?

Thus flattering myself, I had ceased to dread the opening of the black-seal parchment roll. Indeed, I had almost forgotten that it was among my father's testaments to me.

But my father is never mistaken with regard to the good of his

children. He knows all things—sees the end from the beginning. He well knew, long before I was a pilgrim, what would be needful for me in this country where I now sojourn; therefore he left this dreaded will. And he knew, too, just when it was best for me it should be opened, and long ago he gave his agent direction concerning it. But I did not know it. I had not watched and prayed as my father had commanded, else might I have known more of his will concerning me. And then I should not have been so distressed when this seal was broken.

I have been dwelling for some months in this valley of Baca—this land of bitterness.

But I must tell you something of my removal thither. I was in possession of the last estate my father, as yet, had ever bestowed upon me. I was very, *very* happy. And I thought, too, that I was accomplishing his will according to his written directions. I thought I was endeavoring with all my power to carry out his command, endeavoring to labor in his vineyard. And I now feel this sore trial is anticipative, rather than retrospective, to prepare me for what is to come, rather than to chastise me for what is past. I feel so, not because I am good, but because my father is good.

One day, in the very midst of my happiness, and when I was least expecting such a thing, there came suddenly to me a messenger to tell me that I must leave my glorious possessions, and take up my abode in the valley of Baca.

“It cannot be,” said I, in consternation, for fearful forebodings seized my very soul. “Are you sure your message is true? Are you not mistaken?”

“Not mistaken,” he replied. “It is the will of your father.”

“The will of my father!” I exclaimed, full of apprehension. (The will of my father. I could not rebel against it.) “But how am I to know that what you tell me is true?”

“Here,” said he, handing me the parchment, with its horrid black seal. “Here, read for yourself.”

I took it. The seal was broken. I opened it, and read: “*Yea, and all they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.*”

I looked at it closely. There was no mistake. It was for *me*.

I read a little farther on: "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." "It is enough," I said, "I'll ask no more," and immediately I removed to the valley of Baca, where I now dwell.

As you may well suppose, when I first removed thither, I was almost in despair. It seemed to me that I could not live. I was overwhelmed by sorrow. There was no light, but *blackness, blackness*, everywhere. Oh, I cannot tell you how dark—how deeply dark this blackness was! Words are too poor to describe it. I felt that my father had utterly forsaken me. I felt that all my father's children had forsaken me. Like my brother Job of old, I exclaimed "The thing which I greatly feared has come upon me, and that which I was afraid of, is come unto me." And with David, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?—why art thou so far from helping me?"

I knew not whither to look. My heart was broken with grief. My head was bowed to the earth. All the kind words of my father, all his former blessings, all his sure words of promise—were but bitterness to me. They were sharp arrows that pierced my soul.

The valley of Baca I found a desert-place; no pools nor wells of water, and I was parched with thirst. Neither date nor fig-tree, and I was starving with hunger. I could only think, and suffer. Remembrances of the pleasant lands from which I had come only served to render the desolation and darkness of the valley the more horrible. I tried to reason with myself. I said, "This is for my good, else my father would not have ordered it. I need to be won from this world. I need to be purified from the dross of this wicked nature. My father will grant me deliverance by-and-by. I must bear it all patiently."

While I soliloquized thus, two hideous figures, with dark, dread countenances, came and stood beside me, and offered to be my companions as long as I should dwell in this horrid place. They were Doubt and Despair. I shrunk back from their demon presence. They laughed and mocked at my anguish. Doubt, with fiendish delight, whispered in my ear, "Only through the swelling Jordan, which lies just beyond the precincts of this valley, shall you reach your father's bosom." Then Despair took up the frightful threatening: "You'll never reach there," he shouted with ma-



licious joy. "This is your only inheritance. Your father has forgotten you. He no longer regards your cries and tears." And he grinned a horrid, ghastly grin, as I sunk beneath the hopeless sentence.

Oh, my father's children, never, never shall I forget this dark and trying hour. If you have never been thus visited, you cannot appreciate what I say, though it were written in words of living light. And if you have, then I need not tell you. You know it all. Such seasons are never forgotten.

After a time these dreadful ministers left me to myself. I spared their companionship, for I felt that they were not sent by my father. Then there came a ray of light, faint and feeble at first, but gradually it served to light me on my way through this dark valley. I knew it was from my father, and I rejoiced that he had not forgotten me in my low estate. I remembered all his previous promises, and that he had said they were all "yea and amen." And when I remembered, too, that this heavy affliction had been appointed me, and that I had been forewarned of it, I felt to reproach myself for my want of confidence in my father's goodness.

When I had somewhat come to myself, and began clearly to realize my situation (for heretofore I was as one benumbed with grief), I gave myself to prayer and supplication. I knew my father's ear was ever open to my cry, though Despair, for a season, had made me believe otherwise—that his heart was beating with love and compassion for me, and that for my good, and not willingly, had he afflicted me.

I asked my father for strength; I asked him for guidance; I asked him that his grace might perfect me through suffering. And oftentimes, when this valley has been darkest, and when I have been most closely beset by my enemies, have I been made to rejoice in my afflictions, knowing that they were working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I have had seasons of darkest trial since I have entered upon this possession. But then I have had seasons of sweet comfort, too, for I have felt persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth," shall ever be able to separate me from the love of my father. All things are his, and he is mine.

I have oftentimes thirsted in this place, but of late this valley of Baca hath become a well; the rain, also, filleth the pools. And I sometimes now hear my father's cheering voice, bidding me faint not. And day by day I am pressing on to that glorious country that eye hath never seen.

It may be that I am to abide here until I am called up to my inheritance above. If it be my father's will, I would cheerfully acquiesce. It cannot be a great while before I shall be called to my father's house. Therefore, let me not be faint. A glorious home awaits me, and when I shall get there, all my present sorrows shall be swallowed up in ecstatic bliss. Darkness shall be exchanged for light; tears for joy; trial and suffering for bliss which shall never end. I shall be forever with my father, and he shall wipe away all tears from my eyes. S. R. F.

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[For the Christian Repository.]

## TREASURES.

BY HATTIE HEATH.

- "Oh! see my treasures," cried a belle;  
 "Bright jewels from earth's deepest caves,  
 Fair gems and gold from Eastern lands,  
 And pearls that slept 'neath ocean waves."
- "My treasures," said a miser old;  
 And counting once again his store,  
 He hugged his bags of gold, and sighed;  
 Alas! he only sighed for more.
- "And these my treasures are," said one,  
 And with a look of fondest pride,  
 The loving mother gazed upon  
 The fair young children at her side.
- "My treasures," said a man of wealth,  
 And gazed o'er acres broad and fair,  
 And then upon his palace home,  
 And house-hold jewels counted rare.
- "I have no treasure here on earth,"  
 I heard an aged pilgrim say,  
 As heavily he leaned upon his staff,  
 And turned his eyes to heaven away.
- "But I've fadeless jewels laid above—  
 A crown and harp await me there;  
 And when my Saviour calls me hence,  
 I'm going where my treasures are."

Атлэнс, Па., Мау, 1859.

## CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

## NO. VI.—ENVY.

Self-love is not only the foster-parent of egotism, but is also the generating principle which produces envy. Those who worship self most devotedly, are usually most agitated by envy when others precede them in wealth, honors, distinction. Self *must* have the precedence in all things, or the demon Envy rages furiously in their discontented bosoms.

The desire to be useful, and thereby distinguished, is highly commendable. Without it, very little would be accomplished. We are so organized, that some such stimulating motive must be applied to nerve the arm, which, otherwise, would remain inert. It gives life, and power, and impetus to every dormant faculty, and causes man to emerge from obscurity, and occupy the high places of earth.

Our free institutions grant to each individual, who will *try*, the privilege of attaining any point of eminence he is capacitated to occupy; and is not this broad Continent sufficiently extensive to furnish each a field of action, which he may occupy without infringing upon the rights of others? It is. But alas for human frailty! our interests will conflict, and contention and envy is the result.

Envy is first exhibited by the child, when it sees other children enjoying advantages which it does not possess. A little boy or girl dons a new dress or hat, or prances around gaily on a graceful little pony, and at once the hearts of a half-dozen other children are fired with envy, and they will say naughty things, make faces, or show other signs of discontent and envy, which evince plainly the feelings of their heart.

The child only shows what the man or woman will be; and in more advanced life we find the woman of fashion exhibiting the predominant characteristic, when her friend, whom she is endeavoring to excel in splendor of costume and brilliancy of equipage, sports a more tasteful style of dress, or gives a more elegant dinner than herself. She is all excitement, and resolves to leave no "stone unturned" until she produces something still more elegant.

Oh! is it not humiliating to see woman, who should exert herself to elevate and improve her sex, and remove from her name the numerous appellatives significant of weakness, so often associated with it, foolishly, yea, sinfully, squander time and money in ministering to the most depraved passions of her nature, thus fostering a spirit unbecoming a responsible being?

When, oh! when will our sex arise in their potency, and put their foot upon the neck of fashion, thus making it subservient to their will, and cast off the yoke which imposes so many burdens? Ye mothers and daughters of America, assert your sovereignty! Proclaim yourselves free, and ye shall be free indeed!

Woman, the slave of fashion, the slave of envy, how earnestly I desire to see you more independent! Are you aware that you are fostering an envious spirit which will finally destroy your peace? 'Tis even so. See to it *now*. Defer it not, "Now is the accepted time." To-morrow may be too late.

We have seen the man, who, by economy and industry, or, perchance, successful speculation, amassed a handsome estate. Desiring that his family should enjoy the results of his labor, he educated his children well, provided for them comforts and luxuries, and secured to them a respectable position in society. This was commendable, but his less fortunate neighbor is filled with envy at his success, and forthwith goes to work to pull down the fabric so industriously erected. He cannot bear to see the family of his wealthy neighbor rustling in silks, and rolling in a splendid chariot drawn by a span of "greys." 'Tis *too* much. They are proud, and "stuck up," and no better than their neighbors. Their heart is throbbing with envy, and it brings with it its own punishment. They would be pleased to hear that a destructive fire had consumed the possessions of those whose prosperity is withering his peace, and not a tear of sympathy would moisten the cheek to hear that their fair name had been consigned to infamy. This is truly a dark picture, but 'tis no fancy sketch. The colors are borrowed from real life, and put on with the pencil of observation.

Envy is not confined to children, women of fashion, or any distinct class of society; but, like the deadly "Upas," disseminates its subtle poison throughout the entire mass. Men of genius often darken the sunlight of their destiny by flinging over it this gloomy

mantle. The road to fame is a broad one, and affords ample room for the soaring genius and his cotemporaries. Methinks they might pursue its rugged and toilsome windings together, and, having attained its terminus, bind upon each other's brow the laurel wreath, while the hand of congratulation is joyously extended. But no! Each aspirant after fame longs ardently to have *his* name engraven upon the topmost pillar of its temple, and if another precede him, envy at once takes possession of his heart, and he is miserable.

Envy is not merely a discontented feeling of the heart, which sorrows at another's prosperity, but is an active, moving principle, which influences its possessor to endeavor to disrobe the object of his dislike of the characteristics which secure distinction. Not content with striving honorably for the laurels which are awarded to the deserving, he would fain tear from the brow of its possessor the garland worn by persevering industry, and trample it in the dust, unless upon his own bloomed one more verdant.

There are many in the ranks of genius whose ambition is boundless; who are never content if in the wide universe there exists a human being who attracts more attention than their own dear selves. From our heart do we pity the *little*, contracted nature, in which there is no more magnanimity. Perish forever the laurel wreath of fame, ere we would cherish the desire to appropriate it exclusively, or with the blasting breath of envy wither its verdure, as it encircles the brow of the more deserving.

This unhallowed feeling often steals into the heart of the gospel minister. Yea, those who profess to be fighting the Lord's battles, who are contending against a common enemy, often pause amid the conflict, and traitorously turn their weapons upon each other, because, forsooth, one occupies a more prominent position than another, attracts larger audiences, obtains higher commendations.

For example—Bro. A—— is a celebrated revivalist. His fame has gone out to the breeze, and hundreds crowd the house of prayer when it is announced that he will preach. Bro. B—— makes some pretensions in that line, but feels sensibly that he does not approximate the eminence which Bro. A—— occupies. He is filled with envy, and in a sly, insinuating manner, attempts to create an under-current against Bro. A——. He intimates that his most

admired sermons are borrowed; avers that "his gestures are theatrical, and quite out of taste; and all his grace and ease the result of studied effort." He could acquire the same perfection by using the same exertion. Not content with this, he would blast the reputation of his more fortunate brother, that upon its ruins he might erect his own.

Envy obtains a lodgment in the hearts of the good, as well as the bad, and all would do well to be watchful, that they be not carried away by its pernicious influence. 'Tis sure precursor of evil to those in whose hearts it obtains a lodgment, and its results are often most disastrous. It induces man, not only to become a murderer of his neighbor's reputation, but causes him to stain his hands with blood. 'Twas envy which fired the heart of ambitious Cain, and caused him to shed the blood of his innocent brother. "The Lord had respect to Abel and his offering, but unto Cain and his offering he had no respect. Cain could not endure this. His envious nature rebelled, and he became a wicked murderer. The brethren of Joseph, influenced by envy, sold him into Egypt. He was his father's favorite, and he bestowed upon him many evidences of affection. This so excited his older brethren, that they determined to put him out of the way, which they did, and then fabricated a falsehood to conceal their wickedness.

The "Lord of life" was pursued by an envious mob, which cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

In enumerating the passions of the human heart, the apostle makes envy prominent, and warns against its indulgence.

Let each be content to occupy the field of action designed for him, receiving with a grateful heart the applause he justly merits, and extending the hand of encouragement and congratulation to those who are capacitated to occupy a more elevated position, and act a more prominent part in the drama of life. The "narrow way" will not admit any selfish passion. Let us, therefore, rid ourselves of them at once, or our entrance to the abode of purity and love will be forever barred.

NEW LIBERTY, Ky., June, 1859.

VOL. VIII.—JULY—5

## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

### CHAP. XXVIII.—DEATH OF CHARLES II.

It was Sunday evening, the 1st of February, 1685. Charles and his court are at Whitehall, surrounded by all the luxury and frivolity which ever characterized that dissolute sovereign, and his lascivious courtiers. The scene was one of unusual gaiety. The claims of the Sabbath were disregarded. Immortal beings had forgotten their immortality, and sported with their eternal interests as lightly as with their most trifling gewgaws. The obligations of religion, of morals, yea, of decency, were set aside that men might indulge, even to satiety, in vice and disgusting immoralities.

The palace was filled with pleasure-seekers from all classes, for the good-natured king, "who sat there, chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations," was by no means choice in the selection of his company. The wit, trickster, and jester, were as well received as the man of letters or of science. If the king was pleased, his highest purposes were served. Affairs of state, or of the exchequer, were matters of but small moment with him, compared with a game of tennis, a boxing-match, or an evening sail.

That splendid and voluptuous woman, the Duchess of Cleveland, whose vices have become as notorious as her beauty, although bearing the marks of age, to some extent, was yet a star of attraction among the younger beauties, and yet reigned pre-eminent over the heart of the king. There, too, was the Duchess of Maguire, the favorite of fortune, with all the rich, lustrous beauty of the South; and the Duchess of Portsmouth, with the engaging wit and sparkling vivacity of her native France. Each of these reigning belles had drawn to Whitehall her crowd of admirers, and hall, and drawing-room, and gallery, was thronged with titled peers and gentlemen of the realm.

The king, with many ladies and gentlemen, were gathered in the large hall of the palace. Around tables, heaped with gold, drunken courtiers sat at cards. Strains of soft, amorous music were wafted

on the evening air. Hilarity and mirth reigned uninterrupted throughout the palace.

Suddenly the king complained of feeling unwell. A great sensation followed the announcement. But as his health had been somewhat feeble for the last few months, the consternation soon passed; and while the king, unable to partake of supper, retired to rest, the revelers returned to their sports. That night he slept but little, but as was his custom, he rose early the following morning. Scarcely, however, was he risen from his bed, before his attendants observed something very unusual in his appearance. His eyes had a wild, strange expression, and when he strove to speak, it was found his words were incoherent and his ideas disconnected. The alarm was given, and soon spread throughout the palace. As was the custom in that day, several persons of rank had assembled to witness the king's morning toilet. They observed with frightful fear the changed manner of the king, who, seemingly unconscious of his situation, was making ineffectual attempts to laugh and converse in his usual gay manner. Soon his color changed; his face grew black, his eyes assumed a fixed look. He sprung from his seat, sent forth a piercing cry, staggered, and fell. Fortunately, before reaching the floor he was caught by the Earl of Silesburg, who, with others, bore him and placed him on a bed, where he lay insensible. Medical aid was summoned. Bleeding was decided upon as the surest relief. But it was ascertained there was no lancet about the palace, and the king's arm was speedily opened with a pen-knife. The blood ran copiously, but Charles remained unconscious.

The news of the king's illness was speedily borne from tongue to tongue, until it filled the city. All classes forsook business, and thronged the ways to Whitehall to inquire for the sovereign's health. So great was the rush that the gates, which ordinarily stood open, were compelled to be closed. Yet many were admitted whose faces were familiar to those in attendance, and soon the galleries, and halls, and chambers, were filled with anxious enquirers for the king's condition. Doctors were called in immediately. The king was bled freely; his head cauterized with a redhot iron, and a disgusting salt, extracted from human skulls, was applied to his nose and forced into his mouth. These horrid remedies had the effect



to restore the king to consciousness, but his situation was regarded as one of imminent peril.

He continued to improve, slightly, up to Thursday morning, February 5th, when the London Gazette announced to eager thousands that the king was deemed out of danger by his attending physicians. The news spread like an electric shock through the city, and the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy were made. The church bells were rung, loud acclamations of delight rung out from myriad tongues, preparations were made for magnificent bonfires; every evidence of joy was given that a people idolizing a sovereign could make.

On the afternoon of the same day, it was understood that the king had grown worse. It was said his physicians had but little hope of recovery. Great was the consternation created by this information. Sadness overspread the metropolis. The idol of the nation was dying.

The king suffered the most horrid agony. He said he felt as if a fire was burning within him. It was frightful to witness his tortures. The queen, who had watched him assiduously, fainted at the sight of his sufferings. Charles himself displayed a fortitude which was remarkable.

He was exhorted to prepare for his end, but he seemed to give but little heed to the warning. His apathy with regard to death was striking. At length Archbishop Sancroft spoke to him plainly. "It is time to speak out," said he, addressing the king; "for, sire, you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons."

The king gave no heed to the advice, but remained unmoved. The Bishop of Bath, whom Charles respected above all the other prelates, then approached the bedside of the dying monarch, and exhorted him to prepare for the solemn event before him. His pathetic and touching appeals moved the hearts of many who heard him to tears; but his words failed to effect the king.

His indifference to spiritual matters was alarming and unaccountable. Some "attributed it to contempt for devout things;" others "to the stupor which often precedes death."

The Duchess of Portsmouth was the only one who seemed to understand the condition of the king's mind. She was possessed

of the dearest secrets of his bosom. She knew the king was a Roman Catholic in sentiment. Sending for the French ambassador, Barillan, she made known her secret to him, and besought him to convey intelligence immediately to the Duke of York, the king's brother.

James was in the bed-chamber, where the ambassador found him. He had been so much occupied with the affairs of state, setting in order all things preparatory to his accession, that the condition of the king's spiritual matters had been entirely overlooked by him. When he received the message, he started from his chair. He felt, for the first time, his heinous neglect of the sacred duty he owed his dying brother. His conscience smote him. But how to effect the desired end was the question now to be solved. It would not do to make the king's views public. James' safety and popularity required secrecy. Several plans were spoken of, in a whisper, but all were rejected as not being feasible.

James, who was, and had always been, an uncompromising Roman Catholic, determined, at all hazards, to carry out his principle. Waving aside the crowd who continually thronged the sick chamber, he stooped down over the dying form of the king, and whispered something into his ear.

"Yes, yes, with all my heart," answered Charles, so as to be heard by many present, his face lighting up with a pleased expression.

"Shall I bring a priest?" asked the Duke.

"Do, brother, for God's sake do, and lose no time!" replied the king, earnestly. "But no," he added, after a moment's pause, "you will get into trouble."

"If it costs me my life, I will fetch a priest," answered the Duke.

Charles smiled approval.

But it was a difficult matter to find a priest to perform the service, even for the dying king. The law forbade any one to receive a proselyte into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. It was regarded a crime punishable with death. After much effort, one was found, however, who was willing to undertake the dangerous office. It was John Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, who had, with great risk to himself, saved the king's life after the battle of

Worcester. He was willing to peril his life a second time for his monarch. But there arose another difficulty. The poor monk was so unlearned that he did not know what was necessary to be said on the occasion. This obstacle was obviated, however, by his obtaining some instruction from a Portuguese ecclesiastic, and John was privately conducted up the back stairs by Chiffinch, a confidential servant of the king.

The Duke, in the name of the king, commanded all present to leave the room, but the Earl of Tivershire and the Earl of Bath.

The room was cleared, the physicians withdrawing with the others. A solemn silence reigned throughout the chamber of death. The small back door, which communicated with the stairway, was cautiously opened, and the monk was introduced. By way of concealment, a cloak had been thrown over his shoulders, and a long flowing wig covered his shaven head.

The Duke led him to the bedside of the king. "Here, sire," he said, "this good man once saved your life; he now comes to save your soul."

"He is welcome," faintly answered the king.

Kneeling low beside the bed, the monk listened to the whispered confession of the king. When this was ended, he pronounced, in solemn tones, the absolution. He then administered the extreme unction. The king passed through the ceremony with evident satisfaction.

"Will you receive the Lord's Supper?" asked Father Huddleston of the king.

"Surely, if I am not unworthy," replied Charles.

"The host was introduced. The dying monarch strove to rise and kneel before it. But he was too far gone.

"Be still, sire," commanded the priest, "God will accept the humiliation of the soul, and not require that of the body."

The king obeyed. Slowly, and with uplifted eyes, the priest approached the king, bearing in his hand the consecrated wafer. The king looked upward, as if to ask a blessing on what he was about to do. The Duke and the Earls stood round him. The sacrament was administered. The king could not swallow it, but seemed to choke in the effort. Some water was procured, and given him, which enabled him to accomplish his purpose.

All had been done that the church required. The doors were thrown open, and again the chamber of death was filled with the anxious crowd.

"Bring me my children," said Charles, after he had become somewhat composed, "I want to bless them."

They were assembled around his bedside. In tones of parental tenderness he spoke to each one. His words were low and broken, but they reached the hearts of the weeping group.

During the night the king could not sleep. He motioned to his brother to come near him. James obeyed the summons.

Gazing on the Duke with a look of peculiar tenderness and earnestness, he whispered, "Take care of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and her boy. I leave them to you. And do not let poor Nelly starve."

The queen, who was unable to watch with him, sent to implore his pardon for any offence she might have given him. As he received the message, he looked up with great concern. "She ask *my* pardon! Poor woman; I ask hers, with all my heart," he replied.

The night wore on. The king was unable to obtain only short snatches of sleep. Those around his bed saw that life was fast waning. As the morning light began to steal into the chamber, the monarch turned his head and said to one of the attendants, "Pull aside the curtain, that I may once more see the light of day. And the little clock, which stands at my back, must be wound.

"I have troubled you much," he said to the watchers, who had been with him through the night, "but I hope you will excuse me. I have been a most unreasonable time dying, but you must pardon me."

These were the last words he uttered. Soon his speech failed him, and before ten, his senses were gone. He lay with his eyes closed. His breathing was scarcely perceptible. No attempt was made to revive him, for it was evident that his last moments had come. Two hours more, and Charles passed away without a struggle or a groan.

Thus died one whose life had been one of folly and vice, and whose reign had been marked with three of the most awful visita-

tions that had ever befallen the English nation—the Plague, the Great Fire, and the Dutch Invasion. But the English nation mourned for a monarch, who, though given to every vice, and vacillating in his principle, yet formed for them a strange infatuation for his peasant manners and good-hearted familiarity.

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CHAP. XXIX.—MONMOUTH'S INVASION.

James, the Duke of York, ascended the throne of England on the death of his brother Charles. His coronation was magnificent, but it was evident that the late king was not forgotten.

Charles, while a refugee on the Continent, had become acquainted with a Welsh girl, named Lucy Walters. She possessed great beauty, but was of "weak understanding and dissolute manners." The prince became enamored of her beauty, and she became his mistress. James Crofts, afterward the Duke of Monmouth, was the offspring of this attachment. After Charles was restored to the throne of his father, this boy was introduced at court, and treated with the most marked attention. His every wish was gratified, and he was permitted to enjoy distinctions, which, hitherto, had been granted only to persons of royal blood. At a very early age he was married to Anne Scott, heiress of the noble house of Buccleuch. She took her name, and came into possession of her large fortune, which was estimated at not less than £10,000 a year. Possessed of agreeable manners, and of a handsome and engaging appearance, he soon became a great favorite with all classes of people. And when, in after years, he was compelled to leave England for the Continent, he had carried with him the good wishes and kind remembrances of thousands of English hearts.

No sooner was Charles dead, and James elevated to the throne, than wild and unsettled spirits, both in England and on the Continent, began to propose that the Duke of Monmouth should return from his banishment and assert his claim to the throne. It had long been believed by the common people that Charles had been secretly married to Lucy Walters, and that the marriage contract was kept in a certain black box, which was known to have been preserved with great care by the king. This was regarded as a

strong point in the case, and with more zeal than judgment and discretion, those who had become truly attached to the Duke of Monmouth, during his stay in England, because of his advocacy of religious toleration, now urged him to contest his uncle's claim to the crown.

Monmouth, on leaving England, had repaired to Holland, where he was regarded with great favor by the Prince and Princess of Orange, and at court he was always received with the kindest and most flattering attentions. Thus he passed many years of his life, always indulging the hope that he would be forgiven and recalled by his father. But when it was announced to him that Charles was dead and the Duke of York had ascended the throne, he gave up all hope; and knowing that his presence at the Dutch court would necessarily bring trouble to Holland, he retired to Brussels. Here the overtures, which had been made him while at the Hague, were repeated, and the considerations urged upon him with such vehemence, and such plausibility, that he was at length induced to indulge the project. As soon as it was known that invasion was being considered, Monmouth found himself overwhelmed by offers of assistance from all classes of exiles. All were willing to rally round his standard, for they having been exiled for the part they had taken in religious matters, they hated James intensely. Moreover, they were tired of banishment, and willing to attempt a return to their native land at all risks. All classes of fugitives flocked to the standard of Monmouth. Among these was William Dormer, who had, for years, been longing for an opportunity to return.

Secret negotiations were carried on between the malcontents in England and Scotland, and the refugees, until their plans being consummated, Monmouth and his forces sailed from Amsterdam, and landed off the coast of Ligne on the morning of the 11th of June, 1685.

Monmouth's first act on landing was to kneel and return thanks to God for his protection. As soon as it was known for what purpose he had returned, the enthusiasm of the populace became uncontrollable. "A Monmouth! A Monmouth! The Protestant Religion!" was shouted in wild acclaim by myriad tongues, and

the cry spread from hamlet to hamlet, and from village to village, until it had gone out through the length and breadth of the land.

An inflammatory manifesto was read before the people of Ligne, and then sent around. In it was declared that the Duke of York had burned down London, strangled Godfrey; had cut the throat of Essex, and had poisoned the late king. James was declared a "mortal and bloody enemy; a tyrant, a murderer, and a usurper." Vengeance was declared against him as the foe to liberty, and it was determined never to return the sword to the scabbard until just punishment was meted out to him.

Wherever Monmouth went, he was hailed as the friend and guardian of liberty. In the western counties, the great mass of the population were Roundheads. From the days of the Lord Protector they had despised, most intensely, kingcraft. Beside this, many of them were Dissenters, who had suffered with their brethren throughout the realm in the horrid persecutions of the late reign. These were, to a man, for Monmouth; for they regarded him as a good Protestant, and an enemy to Popery.

At every step hundreds rallied toward the standard of the Duke. In less than twenty-four hours after he had landed at Ligne, he found himself at the head of fifteen hundred men.

Monmouth marched from Ligne through Devonshire to Taunton, which he entered without opposition. He was received there with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy and loyalty. The doors and windows of the houses were adorned with plumes. Each man that appeared in the streets wore in his hat a green bough, the badge of the Duke's cause. A company of young girls, bearing a beautifully embroidered flag, marched out to meet him. The lady who headed the train presented him with a small Bible. He received it in his most agreeable way, and remarked so as to be distinctly understood, "I come to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood."

Regulists hastened to arms. Several skirmishes between King James' men and King Monmouth's forces took place, one party conquering to-day, the other to-morrow. Monmouth gained some decisive victories. Elated with his success, he marched on towards Bridgewater, which he reached the 22d of June. His army now consisted of about six thousand men, and but for want of arms,

could have been increased to double that number. Scythes, and other implements of husbandry, were called into requisition, but the demand could not be met, and hundreds had to return to their homes because they could not be provided with arms. The Mayor and Aldermen of Bridgewater came out to meet the Duke, clad in their insignia of office, and walking before him, proceeded to the High Cross, and then proclaimed him king.

Monmouth was elated with his success. He determined to march to Bristol, but was thwarted by the king's men, and they directed their steps towards France.

Among those who had come over from Amsterdam with the Duke, and attached to his cause with unflinching fervor, was William Dormer. He had longed to leave the army and hasten to Bedford. But his confidence in the Duke's cause, and his loyalty, would not permit him to act thus treacherously. He had been engaged in every skirmish that had yet taken place, and he fondly hoped a few more battles would place the Duke in possession of what he believed to be his just claims, and then he hoped to fly to Mary, and in peace and quiet pass the remainder of his days.

He had sent word to Mary, by a messenger whom he had met in Ligne, of his arrival and his intentions. How her heart beat with joy as she heard the cheering words! A few weeks more, and she would listen to William's voice, and feel the pressure of his kind hand. And he would leave her no more. She felt thankful to God that he had protected him she so fondly loved, and had brought him back to his native land after so many years of absence. She took the note her father had written her, after her father had read it to her, and wore it next her bosom. It contained a lock of hair—a simple memento of his constant love.

Daily prayer ascended from that household that the wanderer might be kept safe from all harm while fighting the battles of truth and religious liberty. Sometimes the thought would cross Mary's mind, that perhaps he might be slain in battle. She would shudder and grow pale as the probability of such an event flashed through her mind. She and Sarah often spoke together on the subject. Mary feared while she hoped; but Sarah, full of life and buoyant expectation, would bid her banish all doubt. God, who preserved William through the long years of his exile, and had



brought him back in safety, engaged in the good work of contending for religious faith and liberty, would surely guide him in peace to them. Under such words of comfort and hope, the tossed heart of Mary would grow cheerful, and for a few hours her sweet, sad face would be lighted up with a joyous look.

Bunyan, who knew the dangers of war, and also understood the hopelessness of Monmouth's cause, had dark doubts; but he made no mention of them to his gentle Mary. Whenever the subject was discussed in his presence, he would bid her trust in God, and rely on his sure word of promise that all things should work together for her good. "My child," he would say, "these things are in the hands of God. He guideth them all. Trust him, and know, that whatever the event may be, it will all be right."

After Monmouth's flattering reception in Bridgewater, he moved on with his enlarged army towards Bristol. His object was to seize that place before any of the king's soldiers could come to its protection. It was garrisoned only by the Gloucester Trumbards, under the command of Beaufort, whom Monmouth believed to be but a poor general. But Beaufort was far-sighted and resolute. Instead of being drawn away from the city by the feint which Monmouth prepared to deceive him, he remained in the city, with his men drawn up under arms, declaring, "he would burn it down himself, rather than see it occupied by traitors."

Monmouth rested through the afternoon of the 25th of June at Keynsham bridge, only a short distance from Bristol. His intention was to make a descent upon the place under cover of night; but his plans were thwarted by the arrival of the king's troops, and he was compelled to abandon his design.

After several propositions to advance, all of which seemed impracticable, for the present at least, it was decided by the insurgents to return to Bridgewater—Monmouth having been informed that quite a large army favorable to him was there being formed.

When William Dormer heard of the proposed retreat, his heart sunk within him. As long as they were advancing towards London, he feared no danger, shrunk from no responsibility. He was nerved to action by the thought of soon again beholding her whom he loved with an ardent, undying affection. As they retreated, he

was spiritless and dejected. His comrades rallied him on his sad appearance, and endeavored by jest and song to rouse his flagging courage. He was a great favorite. His manly, upright spirit, and agreeable manner, won for him friends wherever he went. His companions in arms painted to him a bright future; when king Monmouth triumphed over all his foes, he would bestow upon them and him offices of importance for their good services. But it was in vain that they thus laughed and pictured their future emolument. William Dormer could not cast away his dark disappointment. It was to him a fearful foreboding.

On the 6th of July, the last engagement worthy the name of a battle was fought near Bridgewater between the insurgents and the king's troops, in which the latter were victorious, Monmouth and his army being totally defeated. Many of his men were taken prisoners, while he, with Buyse Grey, and a few other prominent friends, fled in disgrace from the scene of conflict, and were finally overtaken and brought to justice.

Many of the prisoners were executed immediately; others were gibbitted on the following day, and others were thrown into prison to rot in irons. A few of the soldiery escaped to the woods and marshes. Among this latter class was William Dormer, whose left hand had been shot through during the engagement. He made his way, as best he could, towards Bedford, suffering the most severe pain with his wound, which had now become inflamed from exposure. Wearied with his travel, and faint from the misery he had endured, he halted on the fourth day at a little cottage on the outskirts of Oxfordshire. The peasant woman received him kindly. She was the half-sister of a dissenting minister, who had suffered imprisonment for his doctrines. She prepared for him a pallet of straw, dressed his wound, and, together with her generous husband, insisted that the poor fugitive should remain with them until he was able to proceed on his journey.

"But you will bring trouble upon yourselves," answered William to their entreaties. "If the officers know you are harboring me, your lives may be the forfeit."

"God will take care of us," replied the man. "We are here away from the world, and I do not see that there is any danger. Beside, it is a part of our religion to feed the hungry and bind up

the wounds of the suffering, and leave the rest with God. So, my friend, if you will stay, you are welcome."

William's hand was fast improving. The poultice of green herbs made by the poor peasant woman drew out the inflammation, and the salve she herself prepared healed it. In a few days he was sufficiently strong to pursue his way.

He returned his heartfelt thanks to the kind strangers who had saved him from wretchedness and death, and bidding them farewell, he set out upon his rugged path towards Bedford. His heart was filled with grateful emotions, and beat high with joyful anticipation. In three days more, God willing, he would be with Mary. Then his trials would be at an end. No longer fearing discovery and capture, he ventured into the highway with the hope of gaining some assistance on his way. It was towards the evening of the day that he had left the peasant's hut. He was walking along as rapidly as his impaired strength would permit. His mind was busy with the past and future.

He heard the sound of horse's feet coming up in great haste behind him. He turned to look. They were the king's men. Before he could take a second thought they were upon him, and he was their prisoner.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 3d of May, Mrs. MARY E. DELPH, wife of Mr. J. Edward Delph, of Fayette county, Ky., in the 23d year of her age.

The deceased was the daughter of Bro. Lewis Rose, and was a worthy member of the First Baptist Church, Lexington. Her piety, modesty, and uniform consistent course of conduct had endeared her to all who knew her. She was called home in early womanhood, leaving twin babes, unconscious of their great loss, an affectionate husband, and a large circle of friends to mourn her absence from the body.

She is, we rejoice to believe, "present with her Lord."

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXLII.—AUGUST, 1859.

## CHRISTIANITY AND EQUALITY.

A pure Christianity is the glorious embodiment of soul-freedom. Adapted to the spiritual wants and immortal aspirations of the individual man; meeting him in his darkness with the clearness of its discoveries; meeting him in weakness with its transforming power; meeting him in wretchedness with consolation and refuge; coming in direct contact with the heart, and flashing in upon it a full sense of its sinfulness and responsibility, and breathing into the deep recesses of his being the breath of life and hope—it raises him to communion with the Eternal, as responsible and as free to worship God, so far as human agencies or interferences are concerned, as though no other being but himself dwelt upon the earth. Christianity, uncorrupted, presses upon man his personal, his individual relations to eternity, telling him to “work out his own salvation,” and thus makes it a matter entirely existing between himself and his God.

Hence its announcement was not to kings or magistrates; to a convocation of rulers or a hierarchy of priests. It chose no organized power as its oracle. It sanctioned no assumptions of human authority in spiritual concerns. Replete with blessings boundless and eternal—with all that could elevate and adorn a fallen humanity; shedding the light of truth on man’s ruin and redemption; unfolding the future and perfection of his being, and flinging an ever-brightening radiance over the grandeur of his destiny—Christianity was, and is, her *own* revealer; her *own* oracle; attending herself the heaven-lit fires that burn upon her altar.

Passing by, without a word, or a look of recognition, the exalted ranks of principalities and powers, thrones and dominions, she unveiled her beauty and whispered her messages of mercy to

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the obscure, the despised, the pious poor. She visited the haunts of the people, and not the conclaves of priests or the palaces of kings. From the hill-tops by the shepherds her songs were first heard. Amid poverty, in the manger she took up her abode. She uttered her voice in the streets, and in the fields, in the fisherman's hut on the seashore, and in the chief places of concourse in the city. Leveling or ignoring all artificial distinctions, Christianity places each man on an equal platform before his Maker—equally dependent, equally responsible, and therefore equally free. This is the great conservative principle of human society—the freedom of the soul—a principle whose elements Christianity concentrates and proclaims.

She therefore sought not to sustain the tottering governments of the world, nor mingle as a rival or auxiliary in the contest for temporal domination. Hers was a higher mission, a sublimer struggle, a more lasting victory. "My kingdom," said the Messiah, "is not of this world." He never intended that it should be linked to the state, or sustained by human enactments. Radiant with light, and panoplied with the armor of heaven, Christianity wins with her smiles and conquers with her charms; but never does she ask or seek for human aid or alliance. Her "weapons are not carnal, but spiritual and mighty." In her mysterious and majestic march, in fulfilling her sublime mission, in achieving immortal conquests, and gathering up the enduring trophies of her splendid victories, she is sustained alone by the breath of Heaven; a vital, matchless, spiritual energy.

Thus essentially and *ex necessitate* opposed to political or worldly alliances in every form, and claiming sole and absolute dominion over the spiritual man, to instruct, to condemn, to reward or punish, she lifts her warning voice, and meets with her stern frown every encroachment on this her appropriate domain.

This being the character, the undeviating course of true Christianity—its founder and its apostles—it was met at the threshold, and at every step of its progress, by the malice of superstition and the vengeance of tyrants. With its promulgation by the Redeemer commenced the contest which eventuated in his death, and has continued under varied aspects through every age down to the present hour. As he proclaimed "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me be-

cause he hath annointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bound." Luke, 4 : 18. The "people heard him gladly." "All bear him witness, and wondered at his gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." But "the chief priests, and the scribes, and the rulers of the people, assembled in the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty and kill him." Matt., 26 : 3, 4.

Here was planned in secret the dark and bloody tragedy from whose enactment the sun withdrew its light, and which has so often been reacted by their successors since. It was the prototype of the conspiracies in which "rulers and priests" have joined, against the march of truth and the rights of humanity. "But they said, not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people." Fearing the generous impulses of the masses, and the open light of day, the "*holy inquisition*" chose secrecy, subtilty, and night, as the means and the time to effect its purposes and crush its victim. They had claimed the right to interfere with man's relations to his God. "For they bind heavy burdens," said the Redeemer, "and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders." It was the iniquitous and arrogant attempt of sinful men to legislate for God, and enforce an abject reception of their own interpretations of his will.

It was a contest between authority and truth, oppression and freedom. "Tell us," said the priests and rulers, "by what authority thou doest these things, or who is he"—what human power "gave thee this authority?" Luke, 20 : 2. Claiming to set on "Moses' seat" as his authoritative interpreters, they said, "We are Moses' disciples," "but as for this fellow, we know not whence he is." But against all such authority, Jesus appealed at once to the truthfulness of his doctrine and the purity of his life. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of"—or desirous to know—"the truth, heareth my words." John, 18 : 35. "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me"—because not of your priestly order—"believe the

works"—receive the truth on its evidence and intrinsic dignity,  
 "that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in  
 him." John, 10 : 37, 38. Here was a challenge to test the truth  
 of every work, of every doctrine, without any appeal whatever to  
 authority. If it is the opposite or antagonistic of God's revealed  
 will; if it is corrupt, self-destroying, or self-evidently false, reject  
 it, with whatever authority it may be clothed. But if its truth-  
 fulness be apparent, if it shrinks from no scrutiny, and answers to  
 every test of reason and investigation, having stamped upon it the  
 signet of heaven that it is from God, receive it, foster it, trust it,  
 advocate it, if need be die for it, though priests may brand it as  
 heresy, and rulers punish it as crime. "If I do not the works of  
 my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not  
 me, *believe the works.*" Truth was everything, authority nothing.  
 The weight of the latter could not invalidate the former, nor elevate  
 imposition or absurdity; and to suppress the utterance, or inter-  
 rupt the progress of truth, by whatever authority, is high-handed  
 rebellion against the throne of the Eternal, and the harmony of the  
 universe. This spirit, so alien to the genius of Christianity, was  
 exemplified in its awful features in the inquisition, and the con-  
 demnation of the Saviour. "The high priest then asked Jesus of  
 his disciples, and of his doctrine." The inquisitor was answered  
 with a withering rebuke, in which was avowed the common and  
 inalienable right of every man to express his convictions: "I  
 spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and  
 in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret I have  
 said nothing. Why askest thou me? Ask them which heard me  
 what I have said unto them. Behold, they know what I have  
 said."

Of this soul-liberty his whole life was the sublime impersona-  
 tion. He developed it in his teaching; he embalmed it in his  
 blood. Though a minor ray of his superior glory, it flings a pe-  
 culiar beauty over his character; adds a splendor to his victories,  
 supplies an imperishable monument to record his greatness, and  
 emblazons, with undying lustre, the "many crowns" of the circlet  
 which flashes from his brow. We reverence—we are almost in-  
 clined to worship the man who has suffered to bless mankind; who  
 has sacrificed his life to a great truth, to a moral principle. "All

religions," says Carlyle, "stand upon this; not only paganism, but far higher and nobler religions—all religions hitherto known. Hero-worship, heart-felt, burning, boundless, for a noblest form of Man, is it not the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all heroes is one whom I do not name here." And if sufferings the most intense, and triumphs the most splendid, merit that appellation, then does the Gallilean, aside from his divinity, rank unrivalled in the lists of fame. The kings of the earth had stood up against him. The rulers had taken council together. The pride of Cæsar, and the malignity of the Jewish priests; Herod and Pilot, Annanias and Caiaphas, hostile in all their feelings, had united to crush him, and the principle he proclaimed. But his death was its triumph. He conquered when he fell, and in the person of his followers, he has continued to display the same indestructible power, which was ever greatest when seemingly overthrown.

When "the beauty of Israel was slain on his high mountains," David took up the lamentation for departed Saul. "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" But far different the fate of Calvary to that of Gilboa. The shield of a mightier than Saul was there cast to the earth; not to scathe it with barrenness, or smite it with a curse, but to diffuse an influence as benignant as wonderful—to invite not the thunder, but the dews of heaven. There vital air is breathed, a holier light is shed, and spirits of mercy linger to record the sufferings and triumphs of the prince, the champion, the achiever of spiritual freedom. The blessings of that victory shall be the theme of endless rapture, and the source of inexhaustible delight.

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HYPOCRISY in the heart is like poison in a spring, that spreads itself through all the veins of the conversation.



## HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY.

THE last meeting of the Kentucky Baptist Convention was held at Greensburg, on the 21st of May, 1836. The introductory sermon was preached by W. C. Buck. William Warder was chosen Moderator, and Henry Wingate, Clerk.

From the Minutes it appears that but few delegates were present, and the general aspect discouraging. The Committee agreed to meet the following year, at New Castle. During the summer preceding, various articles appeared in the *Banner*, then published at Shelbyville, calling for a new and more efficient organization. The articles were from the pens of S. M. Noel, R. T. Dillard, and W. C. Buck. Accordingly the meeting at New Castle assumed the character of a called meeting, to organize a General Association, the Minutes of which we give in full.

### *Minutes of the First Meeting of the General Association of Baptists in Kentucky.*

Agreeably to previous notice, a number of delegates and brethren, from various Associations and churches, met in the Baptist meeting-house in the city of Louisville, on Friday, the 20th of October, 1837, for the purpose of organizing a General Association of Baptists in Kentucky.

A sermon, introductory to the proceedings of the meeting, was preached by Elder Wm. Vaughan, from Acts, 20 : 24 : "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

The meeting was called to order by Elder W. C. Buck, when, on motion, Elder George Waller was appointed Chairman, and brethren John L. Waller and J. M. Pendleton, Secretaries, *pro tempore*.

On motion,

*Resolved*, That a Committee, consisting of the Chairman and Secretaries, be appointed to examine the credentials and report the names of the brethren in attendance. Said Committee reported the following delegates and brethren in attendance from churches and Associations :

*Bloomfield*—William Vaughan, William M. Foster, and George Duncan.

*Frankfort*—G. C. Sedwick.

*Washington, Mason county*—Gilbert Mason.

*Shelbyville*—R. Giddings, L. W. Dupuy, R. W. Coots, John Hansbrough, Wm. Owen, and Geo. Robertson.

*Buck Creek, Shelby county*—George Waller, Gad Davis, and John T. Stout.

*Russell's Creek Association*—D. S. Colgan, R. Ball, Mason W. Sherrill, D. Miller, and Z. Worley.

*Columbia*—Daniel S. Colgan.

*Elizabethtown*—John L. Burrows, Squire Helm, and J. Eliot.

*Brandenburg*—Minter A. Shanks and Thomas Phillips.

*Union Association*—J. P. Edwards.

*Mount Moriah, Nelson county*—B. Harned and H. Hamilton.

*Little Union, Spencer county*—E. Wigginton, Williamson Lloyd, and J. R. Stanley.

*Friendship, Green county*—F. F. Seig, J. Durrett, and J. Barbee.

*Forks of Otter Creek, Hardin county*—T. Thomas and J. Nall.

*Younger's Creek, Hardin county*—W. Quinn.

*Louisville*—W. C. Buck, B. F. Farnsworth, H. C. Thompson, C. Vanbuskirk, C. Quirey, Wm. Colgan, F. Garr, John B. Whitman, H. W. Nash, T. R. Parent, and J. L. Waller.

*Bowlinggreen*—James M. Pendleton and W. H. Thomas.

*Sharon, Gallatin county*—John Scott and Benjamin Jackson.

*Paris*—A. Goodell.

*White's Run, Gallatin county*—H. Davis and S. D. Hanks.

*M'Cool's Bottom, Gallatin county*—T. Fisher.

*East Fork, Henry county*—Joel Hulsey.

*Pleasant Grove, Jefferson county*—Silas Yager, J. W. Yager, and J. Scroggin.

*Salem, Shelby county*—John Ford and W. S. Robertson.

*Mt. Olivet, Green county*—Z. Worley.

*Walton Creek, Ohio county*—J. Tichenor.

*South Fork of Nolin, Hardin county*—J. C. Woodson.

*Franklin, Simpson county*—D. Hail.

On motion,

*Resolved*, That a Committee be appointed to nominate the officers of this meeting.

Committee—Quirey, Giddings, and Buck.

Said Committee, after a short deliberation, reported, by nominating George Waller as Moderator, John L. Waller, Secretary, and James M. Pendleton, Assistant Secretary, which nominations were confirmed by the meeting.

On motion,

*Resolved*, That a Committee be appointed to prepare rules of decorum for the government of this Association during this session.

Committee—W. H. Thomas, Buck, and John L. Waller.

On motion,

*Resolved*, That one person from each church and Association be appointed a Committee to prepare a constitution for the General Association of Baptists in Kentucky.

Committee—Vaughan, Sedwick, Mason, Giddings, G. Waller, Nall, D. S. Colgan, Burrows, Shanks, Edwards, Wigginton, Seig, Ball, Quinn, Buck, W. H. Thomas, Scott, Goodell, Fisher, Hulsey, Hamilton, S. Yager, Ford, and Gloré.

On motion, it was agreed that James M. Pendleton and John L. Waller, be added to the above Committee.

Brethren A. Bennett (agent of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions), N. Flood, of Missouri, Silas Webb, M. D., of Alabama, and Thomas Keene, of Philadelphia, were invited to sit in counsel with us.

Adjourned until half past three, P. M. Prayer by brother G. Waller.

FRIDAY EVENING, 8½ o'clock.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by brother Scott.

The Committee appointed to prepare rules of decorum reported, and their report was accepted without amendment, as follows :

1st. The Moderator shall take the chair precisely at the hour to which the Association adjourns. He shall decide all questions of order and precedence, subject to an appeal to the Association.

2d. At every sitting the business shall be opened and concluded by prayer.

3d. All resolutions shall be presented in writing, and distinctly read previous to discussion ; and when susceptible of division, they shall, at the request of two members, be so divided that the question may be taken upon the separate points. No amendment shall be admitted that tends to destroy the original resolution ; but substitutes may be admitted on postponement of the matter in debate. Members offering a resolution may be privileged to withdraw it, unless it has been amended, and that amendment received.

4th. No member shall speak more than twice upon the same subject, unless by permission of the Association ; but may explain or correct a misapprehension.

5th. Members speaking shall confine themselves strictly to the question, and shall not be interrupted, except by the Moderator.

6th. A motion to adjourn shall always be in order, and shall be taken without debate.

The Committee appointed for that purpose reported a constitution, which was adopted with but one dissenting voice, as follows :

1st. This body shall be called the General Association of Baptists in Kentucky.

2d. This Association shall be composed of representatives from such Baptist Churches and Associations in this State as are in regular standing.

3d. Every such church and Association contributing annually to the funds of this Association shall be entitled to a representation.

4th. This Association shall, in a special manner, aim to promote by every legitimate means the prosperity of the cause of God in this State.

5th. It is distinctly understood that this Association shall have no ecclesiastical authority.

6th. At each meeting of this Association there shall be elected by ballot a Moderator, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and eleven Managers, who shall constitute a Board of Directors, for the management of all the business of this Association during the recess of its annual meetings, and annually report to the same their proceedings.

7th. The Moderator, Secretaries and Treasurer, shall perform the duties usually performed by such officers in similar Associations.

8th. All Associations contributing to this, and co-operating in its designs, shall be considered auxiliary to it.

9th. A General Agent may be appointed by the Association or Board of Managers, whose duty it shall be to survey all the destitution, the means of supply, &c., and report regularly to the Board, so as to enable them to meet the wants of the destitute. He shall also raise funds, and in every practical way promote the designs of the Association, for which he shall receive a reasonable support.

10th. Any visiting brethren, in good standing as such, shall be entitled to sit in counsel in the annual sessions of this Association, but shall not have the right to vote.

11th. The annual meetings of this Association shall be on Saturday before the third Lord's Day in October.

12th. This constitution may be amended or altered (the 5th article excepted) at any annual meeting by a concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

Adjourned to meet to-morrow morning, at half past 8 o'clock.  
Prayer by Bro. A. Goodell.

SATURDAY MORNING, Oct. 21, 8½ o'clock.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by Bro. Edwards.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of the officers of the General Association, as provided for in the constitution. Whereupon Elder George Waller was chosen Moderator.

Brethren Vaughan, Giddings, and Goodell, were appointed a Committee to nominate the remaining officers of the Association, with instructions to select them so that ten of them at least be located in or around Louisville. After a short consultation, the Committee reported, and their report was adopted, as follows :

CHARLES QUIREY, *Treasurer,*  
JOHN L. WALLER, *Cor. Secretary.*

*Managers.*

B. F. Farnsworth, Wm. Colgan, C. Vanbuskirk, T. R. Parent, W. C. Buck, E. A. Bennett, John B. Whitman, J. C. Davie, W. Vaughan, G. C. Sedwick, and James M. Pendleton.

Bro. R. B. C. Howell, of Nashville, Tennessee, being present, was invited to a seat in the Association.

The following resolutions, moved by Bro. Buck, were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Association that nothing will ever be effected of a permanently beneficial character towards supplying the churches in this State with a stated ministry until the churches can be influenced to practice upon the principle that they that "preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

*Resolved, therefore*, That one of the primary objects of this Association should be to effect this important measure upon the part of the churches.

*Resolved*, That whenever the churches can be influenced to discharge their duty in this respect, other missionary effort will be measurably, if not entirely, superceded within the limits of this State.

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Association, it is the duty of every auxiliary Association to ascertain the amount of destitution within its own limits, and, if possible, to supply such destitute portions with the gospel.

*Resolved*, further, That when auxiliary Associations are unable to supply their own destitution, and expect aid from the General Association, they be requested in their report to state particularly the resources which they possess, the labor to be performed, and the amount necessary to secure the requisite supply.

The following resolution, introduced by Elder A. Bennett, was, on motion, unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That it is the imperious duty of all to pray fervently in the closet and family, and in the public assembly, that God will convert our young men, bring them into the church, and call them into the ministry, that our churches may be supplied with the gospel of God.

On motion,

*Resolved*, That three persons be appointed to consider the propriety of adopting articles of faith for this Association.

Committee—Scott, Giddings, and Buck.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the Moderator. Prayer By Bro. Bennett.

SATURDAY EVENING. Met pursuant to adjournment.

The Committee appointed to take into consideration the expediency of this Association's adopting articles of faith, made the following report:

WHEREAS, It was suggested by Bro. Nall that the churches of his vicinity expected some expression of the religious tenets of this Association, therefore,

*Resolved,* That the principles held by the United Baptists of this State are the sentiments avowed by this body, and in this attitude we commend our object to the churches above named, and to all others in the State.

On motion, the following resolutions, offered by Bro. Giddings, were adopted:

*Resolved,* That in the opinion of this Association, it is highly important to the interests of the church, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in our State, that adequate facilities for obtaining an extensive and thorough education be offered to such pious and gifted young men among us, as in the mind of the churches are called of God to the sacred work of the Ministry.

*Resolved,* That the various churches and Associations comprising this body be respectfully and affectionately urged to take this subject under candid and prayerful examination; and, should they coincide with us in opinion, to take such measures as shall be best calculated to secure the object.

The Committee appointed to make arrangements for preaching made the following report, to-wit: That Elder Wm. H. Thomas preach to-night at candle-light, Elder R. B. C. Howell on to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, and Elder Alfred Bennett, at candle-light, in this house. Also, that Elder Wm. Vaughan preach at 11 o'clock, at the Methodist church, on Fourth street, and Elder G. C. Sedwick in the same house, at candle-light.

On motion, adjourned to the call of the Moderator.

MONDAY MORNING, Oct. 28d. Met according to adjournment. Prayer by the Moderator.

On motion, the following preamble and resolution, presented by Bro. Pendleton, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Bible Convention met in Philadelphia in April last, referred to the decision of the churches the following question, viz: Whether the American and Foreign Bible Society should restrict its operations to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in foreign lands, therefore; Resolved by this Association, that as "the field is the world," said society should be unrestricted and unfettered in its constitutional provisions.

On motion of Bro. Buck, the following resolutions were passed:

*Resolved,* That in view of the vast field before our denomination for the distribution of the word of God, every effort should be put forth to accomplish the work.

*Resolved,* That in our opinion the formation of State Bible Societies is best calculated to facilitate this desirable object; and we

therefore recommend to the churches the formation of such a society in Kentucky.

On motion of Bro. Howell, of Nashville, Bro. Stevens, of Cincinnati, and Bro. Dale were invited to seats with us.

The Committee appointed to prepare a circular to the churches and Associations of the State reported, that as they had not sufficient time to do justice to the subject, they would respectfully suggest that the matter be referred to the Executive Board.

The report was received, and the said Board was authorized to prepare said circular.

On motion, it was resolved that 500 extra copies of the *Banner*, for this week, be ordered, containing as much of the doings of this Association as can be inserted, and that 2000 copies of the Minutes be published in pamphlet form for circulation.

On motion of Bro. Buck, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

WHEREAS, Many of our brethren, by means of misinformation or otherwise, entertain fears and apprehensions that this Association will encourage extravagance and pride in the ministry, by excessive appropriations for their support, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we regard with equal abhorrence extravagance and pride in the ministry, as we do covetousness and the love of the world in the laity, and assure our brethren that neither shall ever be encouraged by this Association.

On motion, the Executive Committee was requested to confer with Bro. Buck in relation to his acceptance of the general agency of this Association, to which he was unanimously appointed.

The following sums were handed in: Sharon Church, Gallatin county, \$10; Washington Church and congregation, \$23 6½; Collection in Louisville on Lord's Day, \$27 37; Bro. N. Flood, \$2 00.

On motion, it was agreed that the next meeting of this Association be held in Bowlinggreen, and that Bro. Giddings preach the introductory sermon, Bro. Sedwick his alternate.

On motion, adjourned to the call of the chair.

MONDAY EVENING. Met at the call of the chair.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have learned with emotions of sorrow that Elder George Blackburn has finished his course, and has gone to receive his heavenly reward, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we affectionately cherish the memory of our deceased brother, and retain a vivid recollection of his zealous and successful labors in the cause of God.

*Resolved*, also, that we sympathizingly condole with the family of brother Blackburn in their melancholy bereavement, and with the churches formerly enjoying his pastoral supervision, in their deprivation of his efficient ministerial services.

Brethren G. Mason and Geo. C. Sedwick were appointed delegates to the General Association of Virginia.

Brethren James M. Pendleton and James P. Edwards were appointed delegates to the General Association of Indiana.

On motion, agreed to send a delegation to the General Convention of Western Baptists; and brethren John Scott and A. Goodell were appointed as delegates to that Convention.

On motion,

*Resolved*, That our thanks be cordially tendered to the Baptist Church and citizens of Louisville for their kind attentions and hospitalities to the members of this Association.

After prayer by Bro. Mason, adjourned *sine die*.

GEO. WALLER, *Moderator*,

J. L. WALLER,

J. M. PENDLETON, } *Secretaries*.

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*First Annual Meeting at Bowlinggreen, 1839.*

The introductory sermon was preached by Wm. C. Buck.

In the absence of George Waller, the former Moderator, Elder Robert J. Anderson was called to the chair.

After the names of 59 delegates were recorded, the Association was duly organized by the election of Wm. C. Buck, Moderator, and J. L. Waller and J. M. Pendleton, Secretaries.

Elder J. B. Taylor present from the Virginia General Association, and John McIntosh from Tennessee Baptist Convention.

*Resolved*, That S. L. Helm be recognized as a missionary of this body under the patronage of the "Louisville Female Missionary Society."

On motion of Elder Burrows,

*Resolved*, That this Association invite and urge Bro. Buck to devote his whole time to the interests of this Association as its general agent, and that the Board of Managers be instructed to make with him the pecuniary arrangement necessary for his support.

On motion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, in the opinion of this Association a medium of public and general correspondence is indispensable to a successful effort to carry out the objects of this body upon the denomination in the State; and whereas, we esteem the Baptist *Banner*, in Louisville, as not only among the most efficiently edited papers in the West, but that its location is most suitable to the interests of the churches throughout the State, and being assured that it is now placed above any apprehensions of its failing, having about 1600 subscribers, therefore,



1. *Resolved*, That this Association recognize the *Banner* as the denominational journal of Kentucky.

2. *Resolved*, That if the proprietors will consent to the arrangement, this Association will take the editorial department of that paper under its immediate patronage, upon the same terms that the present editor is now compensated.

3. *Resolved*, That the Board of Managers be directed to consummate this arrangement with the proprietors, if possible.

4. *Resolved*, That in case such arrangement be made, Bro. John L. Waller is hereby appointed our editor, with a salary of One Thousand Dollars.

We know of no better way of showing what difficulties had to be met, and what was accomplished during the year, than to present an abridged report of the general agent. It will be observed that his mission, principally, was to show the churches their duty to their pastors. The report is deserving of careful attention.

*First Report of the Agent to the Board of Managers of the General Association of Baptists in Kentucky.*

Agreeably to arrangements previously made, I left home on the 16th of April and rode to Harrod's Creek, where I met Brother J. Dale, and preached in the afternoon to a small but attentive assembly. On the next day I preached at the same place: the weather was cold and rainy, but the people came out: a deep impression seemed to be made on all present, and some comfortable indications of a revival were manifested. I collected here \$11 31¼ for the General Association, and \$10 90 for the China Mission; but made no effort for the pastor, as I had no opportunity of conferring with him.

On Wednesday we met a few persons at Dover church. The little audience attended to the word spoken with deep attention and evident interest. They have no settled preacher here—some difficulties agitate the church, and many of the members are so prejudiced against all effort that they would not come out—still, the generous few who were present gave me \$13 50 for the General Association, and \$12 75 for the China Mission.

The next day we met a few at Fox Run. Few of the members attended. Prejudice here seems to be so strongly set against the light, that they who need it most will not come to it. Few seemed to receive the word with gladness, and had not God provided for us by sending the family of Bro. King to meeting, I am not sure but we should have been compelled to go out of the neighborhood for our dinners; but in him and his family we found friends. Here

I collected \$2 for the General Association, and \$8 43 for the China Mission.

On Friday we went to New Castle. Prospects here were at the first very discouraging; but, whatever their prejudices might have been, like the noble Bereans, they came out to hear for themselves, and by the evening the clouds began to dissipate. Twice we met them; again on Saturday, and on Sabbath morning. The house, though large, could not contain near all the people. Every cloud was now gone; a bright heaven canopied the church, and harmony pervaded the entire rank and file of the host. I met them again in the afternoon, and obtained individual pledges to the amount of \$400 for their pastor, and donations in cash for the General Association, \$48 10, and for the China Mission \$22 75. The prospects here are bright.

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Hillsborough, where Elder J. A. M'Guire is pastor, and obtained, by individual pledges, the sum of \$150 for his support one-half of his time, and \$1 in cash for the China Mission. I regret to state that there is remaining here some opposition to the plan of sustaining the ministry, but I trust that the prudent and persevering course of their pastor will soon convince them of their error.

On Wednesday and Thursday following, we met the church at Sulphur Fork, and obtained the like pledge of \$150 as at Hillsborough, for an equal share of Bro. M'Guire's time here, as at the above place. Their pastor will have some difficulties to meet from those who love their gold better than their God; but this should not discourage him, nor tempt him to relax his efforts. Here I obtained \$2 for the China Mission.

On the next day we met a congregation at Cane Run. A great deal of solemnity seemed to pervade the assembly during service, but, owing to circumstances beyond my control, I attempted nothing for the General Association. A young Mr. Staunton gave me fifty cents for the China Mission, and we crossed the Kentucky. Having Saturday as a recess, we passed on to the mouth of the river.

On Lord's Day we met a large congregation at Four Mile. Elder John Price is the pastor here. His age and infirmities render him unable to labor, so that I made no special effort here. A few friends here gave me \$2 50 for the China Mission. Here Elder Scott met us, and continued with us all the time we were on that side of the river, being near three weeks.

On Monday and Tuesday we met the church at White's Run. Elder L. D. Alexander has the care of this little body, and I feel justified in applauding the alacrity with which they pledged the sum of \$79 for one quarter of his time, besides a liberal donation to the China Mission.

On Wednesday and Thursday we met the church at McCool's Bottom. It rained both days, still the people came out. Much interest was taken in the preaching, and on Thursday, beside a liberal donation to the China Mission, \$100 was pledged for their pastor, Elder Alexander, for one quarter of his time. From the promptness with which this sum was pledged, I doubt not that much more would have been supplied had I asked it.

On Friday and Saturday we remained with Elder J. Scott, and met the church at Sharon. Elder Scott is wealthy, and, although he preaches much, is not in a situation to give all his time to the ministry; consequently he refused to take any pay of his church; but still the church, at my suggestion, pledged \$42 50 for him, to be appropriated as he thought best. They also raised a contribution for Bro. Dale and myself; \$3 63 being mine, I gave to the China Mission, as I did in all other cases where private presents were made me. Here, also, a liberal donation was made to the China Mission.

On Lord's Day morning we rode ten miles, to New Liberty; and, although it rained, their spacious house was filled, and I preached to them twice; and on Monday we met again, and obtained, by personal pledges, the sum of \$222 50 for the use of the ministry there; \$100 of which will be appropriated to Elder Alexander, as pastor for one quarter of his time, and the balance it is likely the church will divide between brethren Smith and Montgomery, so as to have the labor of each one Sabbath a month. Here, also, I obtained a liberal donation to the China Mission. I doubt not but this church will, after this year, secure the entire time of their pastor.

On Tuesday we met the church at Emmaus, and, although but few of the members were present, yet, by the liberal aid of some of the friends from New Liberty, I had but little trouble in securing pledges to the amount of \$102 50 for the last quarter of Elder Alexander's time; so that his hands are quite free to the work to which he is called.

On Wednesday we met the church at Long Ridge. Here Bro. Suster presides as pastor, with whom I conferred as to the possibility of his giving his whole time to the work of the ministry, and of his disposition to do so under such arrangements as I might be able to make in his favor. He seemed willing to devote all his time to the work, and approved the general objects of the Association, but doubted the propriety of his accepting funds raised by me, without a special act of the church appropriating them to his use. I proceeded to preach, and then to raise \$100 for the pastor, believing that a prophet should not care whether angels or ravens fed him, so that thereby he was enabled to do his will; and I with great ease obtained pledges to the amount of \$105, which I

left with the church, not doubting but Bro. Suster would go to work. Here, also, I obtained a liberal contribution to the China Mission.

On Thursday we met the church in Owenton. Bro. C. Duval preaches to this church. I preached, and explained the objects of the General Association to them, and with great ease obtained pledges for \$105 for their pastor, besides a very liberal appropriation to the China Mission.

On Friday we went to Greenup's Fork. There are a few here that should not eat, because they will not work, as there are in some other churches where I have been, but, after sermon, I had but little trouble to secure pledges to the amount of \$110 for Elder Suster, as well as a contribution to the China Mission.

We left Greenup's Fork at half-past three, recrossed the Kentucky river, and rode about nineteen miles, to a Bro. Thompson's, and on Saturday I met the church at Indian Fork. Being their regular day of business, their aged pastor, Elder Cook, invited me to preach, with which I cheerfully complied; and after the transaction of their usual business, I asked and obtained leave to explain the objects of the General Association. I found the church here much more ready to do their duty than their pastor was to receive their support; and yet he thinks it right that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel; but, like Paul, does not wish it so done unto him.

On Lord's Day I met a large and attentive audience at Christiansburg, to whom I preached; but as Elder Ford was compelled to be absent, I had no opportunity of a conference with him, and hence, not being able to ascertain whether it was in his power to devote all his time to the ministry, I made no special effort there; but I doubt not that the church is both able and willing to sustain him one-half of his time, and I trust that they will do it without my aid. Here I obtained a small contribution to the China Mission.

On Monday I met the church at Bethel, where I had the company of Elders Ford and Holland. Here I preached, and explained concisely the objects of my mission; but owing to the peculiar state of the church, thought it most prudent to attempt nothing further. Here a lady gave me \$5, and directed me to divide it between the General Association and the China Mission; and a few others gave me \$2 50 more for the China Mission.

On Tuesday I met a large assembly at Salem, and after addressing them about three hours, I obtained pledges for \$105 in behalf of their pastor, Elder Holland, and an appropriation of \$1 70 for the China Mission.

On Wednesday I met a large assembly at Buck Creek. This church had anticipated my arrival, and with a noble liberality, which

I commend as an example to others, had pledged the sum of \$200 to Elder G. Waller, their pastor, for one quarter of his time; they also contributed \$23 90 to me for the China Mission.

On Friday, the 17th of May, I arrived at home, after an absence of 31 days. I averaged at least three hours' pulpit labor each day while absent; traveled about 210 miles. W. C. BUCK.

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### *Second Report.*

Apprised as I was of all these difficulties, casting myself upon the strong arm of the Lord, I went to work, and on the 26th and 27th met at Cox's Creek those who would hear. I explained and pressed the object of my mission, and was cheerfully responded to by the few friends present in a pledge of \$155, for the present year; \$100 to their pastor, Elder J. Taylor, for one entire week in each month; and \$55 to Elder S. Thomas, for one Sabbath in each month.

On the 28th I met the friends of Mount Moriah and preached, expecting to take a pledge the next day, but that night the rain fell so excessively as to put all the creeks past fording; in consequence of which very few could get out next day. We however met; \$50 was pledged by the few present, with the assurance that the entire sum of \$100 would be raised by their next church meeting, for their pastor, Elder I. Taylor, one-fourth of his time.

On the 30th of June and 1st of July, I met the church in Elizabethtown, and obtained a pledge of \$100 for their pastor, Elder C. Lovelace, for one-quarter of his time.

On Tuesday I met the church at Union. This church has been very hostile to all effort; but few met. I think, however, that the opposition is broken, and present appearances indicate a happier state of things; \$35 was pledged for their pastor, Elder B. Keath; two others said they would pay, but refused to name the sum or to record their names; still I think \$100 will be raised.

On Thursday I had a spare day and went to the Forks of Otter Church, there being no previous appointment for this place; a few met; \$30 was pledged, and assurance given that if their pastor, Elder J. Rogers, would give himself wholly to the work, \$100 would be raised for one quarter of his time.

On Friday and Saturday I met the Hill Grove Church. This is a small body in a rich neighborhood. It has been anti-effort; \$26 was all I could get pledged here, and yet I think they will ultimately raise \$100 for Elder Keath, inasmuch as most of them gave evidence that their prejudices were removed.

On Lord's day and Monday I met the church in Brandenburg. This is a generous, active, little body of Christians. I preached Lord's day morning to a large assembly for the place; at 3 o'clock

Brother Burrows preached, and I aided their devoted young pastor, Elder S. Helm, to administer the supper. On the next day we met again, and after preaching obtained a pledge of \$170 to sustain their pastor one-half of his time. They are also building a new brick meeting-house, worth \$2,000.

On Tuesday I met the church at old Otter Creek. This has been anti-effort, but the darkness soon dissipated, and as soon as they were convinced of their duty, they acted, and cheerfully pledged \$110 to sustain Elder Keith one-quarter of his time.

On Wednesday I came to West Point in company with Brother Helm; there are some six or seven Baptists here, but no church. This being a favorable point, I wished to make a station here, and having previously consulted with Elder Helm, and obtained his consent to labor here, I made an effort to raise a fund to sustain him; about \$50 were immediately subscribed, and assurances given that the balance of \$75, the sum required, would be raised. The station will therefore be occupied by Brother Helm, for one year, commencing 1st September next. Arrangements are made to supply the other quarter of Brother Helm's support, so that he will be entirely devoted to the work. Incipient arrangements were also made to establish a station at Big Spring, Meade county, if the requisite means could be raised.

On this tour I have spent seventeen days, averaging about three hours pulpit labor each day, obtained pledges to the amount of \$976 for pastors, and made arrangements by which, I doubt not, more than double that sum will be realized, as not only the other churches supplied by these preachers, thus partly released, will doubtless carry out the plan, but many others will follow in their steps.

In addition to the pastorals, I received for the China Mission \$117 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ , the details of which will be given below.

With prayer to God for his blessing on these poor efforts, I submit this as your servant for Christ's sake.

WM. C. BUCK, *Gen. Agent.*

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### *Third Report.*

In addition to the churches visited by me as reported, I visited the following Associations:

1st. The Middle District, composed of six or seven churches, in one of which I had raised a pastorate for Elder Holland, is nearly equally divided upon the subject of effort, but owing to the backwardness of friends, and the inflexible determination on the part of opposers that the ignorant should remain ignorant, I was not permitted to present the claims of our Association, either through its Association or on the stand, so that nothing was done there.

2d. *The Concord Association.* It will be recollected that in my first report I gave an account of about ten churches visited by me in this Association, in all of which I succeeded in securing adequate pledges for the support of their several pastors. In all of these God has since poured out his grace in copious showers, and yet the Association neglected to send messengers to the General Association, although eleven churches out of fourteen are decidedly for effort. We have too many churches and members who profess to be in favor of effort, who are, in fact, but mere *conservatives*, and in the way of effort men and measures.

3d. Long Run was the next Association visited by me as your agent, and I refer you to the minutes and messengers of that Association for a comment upon their disposition towards you.

4th. The Franklin Association was once a leader in the cause of Missions in Kentucky, and still a large majority of its ministers and members are in favor of effort, but they are of a *conservative* class, and seem more afraid of offending a few impassioned opposers than of disobeying Christ; and hence, when a good brother made a motion to invite me, as the agent of the General Association, to explain its objects, &c., they quashed the motion, and closed the Association against any explanations upon the subject.

5th. The Salem Association was the last I visited. A majority of the churches in this large body are decided friends to your enterprise, and some of them will be represented in your body; but owing to an unusual crowd of business in the Association, and to the circumstance of my having to leave before the Association adjourned, your body not being represented, no messengers were sent from that body.

In conclusion, allow me to say, that my experience during the year has confirmed me in the sentiments which I have so frequently expressed before, in times past, that the Baptists in this State are ready and willing to act in concert with you so soon as they understand themselves and our designs; 2d, that the most efficient class of missionaries that can possibly be employed in your State are the pastors and local preachers of our churches, who should be immediately set at liberty from secular employment, and engaged wholly in the ministry; 3d, that the most successful means to accomplish all this is by an efficient agent in your service, whose duty it shall be to visit every church in the State. I cannot but regret that my agency has ended in so limited a result; still, I cannot but offer my thanks to the great Head of the church for all his goodness to such a poor worm, and for the measure of success with which he has crowned my feeble efforts in the promotion of your great enterprise.

WM. C. BUCK.

## JUSTIN MARTYR'S TESTIMONY FOR INFANT BAPTISM.

My attention of late has been directed to the justness of the claim made by Pedobaptists to Justin Martyr, as an important witness to the Apostolical origin of infant baptism. Born in Samaria, of Gentile extraction, favored with a philosophical education, Justin traveled in early life for the improvement of his inquisitive mind. Having, like the bee, from flower to flower, wandered from town to town and from city to city, he alighted at last on Alexandria, then in repute as the center of both the Grecian and the Oriental philosophies, especially of the Platonic. Here he made trial of the Stoical philosophy, of the Peripatetic, and the Pythagorian, but finally embraced the Platonic. A few years later, we find him at the feet of the Great Teacher, like whom no man ever spoke. He wrote his apologies for the Christian Religion, and for the testimony of the Word of God died a martyr.

This man is claimed as a witness that infant baptism was practised by the Apostles. Flourishing in the middle of the second century, and, therefore, born probably during the last days of the Apostle John, he is regarded as very important testimony, being the first Father who testifies on this subject.

That Pedobaptists do regard his testimony thus, I shall let one or two distinguished ones speak for themselves. In his "Theological Institutes" (vol. 2, p. 645), Richard Watson, a Methodist divine of high reputation in the United States, as well as Great Britain, writes: "Justin Martyr and Irenæus, in the second century, *expressly mention infant baptism* as the practice of their times." I have italicized the words "expressly," &c., to make them conspicuous.

Justin's testimony Dr. Dwight deposes first, under the proposition that "infant baptism was uniformly practised by the early Christians." This is it in the Doctor's language: "Justin Martyr, born near the close of the first century, observes, when speaking of those who were members of the Church, 'that a part of these were sixty or seventy years old, who were made disciples to Christ from their infancy.' But," the Doctor remarks on



this, "there never was any other mode of making disciples from infancy except baptism." (Theology, vol. 4, p. 336.)

Mr. Summers, in his "Treatise on Baptism," uses this strong language: "That infants are proper subjects of baptism, is *demonstrated* by the following considerations." Among other "demonstrative" (?) arguments is the following: "The Fathers claimed Apostolical authority for the baptism of infants, and baptized them accordingly. Justin Martyr, who wrote about forty years after the death of St. John, says: 'Many persons among us, sixty or seventy years old, of both sexes, who were made disciples to Christ in their infancy (*ek paidoon*), continue uncorrupted.' And as those of whom he speaks were baptized A. D. 70 or 80, they were baptized by the Apostles or their contemporaries." (p. 34.)

Let these quotations suffice to show that the mass of Pedobaptist writers, following the wake of such men as Wall, foist the language of Justin into a "demonstrative" argument for the Apostolic origin of infant baptism.

Having read such language as the testimony of Justin for *infant* baptism, the general reader of necessity becomes bewildered in seeing this very same writer adduced by Baptists to support the doctrine of *adult* baptism *exclusively*. And how can it be otherwise? What! the same writer teach infant baptism as the practice of the Apostles, and adult baptism exclusively also! If so, surely he is worthy of no reliance. The one or the other evidently mistakes his language. I have already given Justin's language claimed by Pedobaptists as a "demonstrative" argument in their support. Let them for the present lean on it. In the meantime, it is proper to present the language which, Baptists hold, favors adult baptism only. It may be found translated in the first volume of "Wall's History of Infant Baptism:" "Those who are persuaded and do believe those things which are taught by us are true, and do promise to live according to them, are directed first to pray and ask of God, with fastings, the forgiveness of their former sins; and we also pray and fast together with them. Then we bring them to some place where there is water, and they are regenerated by the same way of regeneration by which we were regenerated, for they are washed with water in the name of God," &c. Omitting much that might be said on this language,

we have to do simply with this—what must have been the age of the persons who were persuaded, who believed and promised, and, in consequence, “were brought to some place where there was water?” Every Pedobaptist must admit that this language excludes infants—in the sense of babes—from this Christian ordinance; for babes could not have been persuaded, nor could they have believed. The man who represses the conviction that such unequivocal utterances are calculated to produce, is not to be reasoned with. He could be convinced of anything or nothing. If, now, the *apparent* discrepancy is to be removed, the presumption is that the means of doing it will be found, not in the language, which, having examined, we find to be unequivocal on the subject *sub lite*, but in the language brought forward by Pedobaptists. Let us test it. The quotation has been given above from Watson, Dwight, and Summers. Their *demonstrative* argument, be it remembered, hinges on the two words rendered “from infancy.” Nothing else, even in appearance, furnishes it the least support. I will pass by now the argument deducible from the word *mathetuoos* (to teach, make disciples), employed by Justin, and see whether *ek paidoon* (translated by Pedobaptists “from infancy”) can, as found in Justin’s writings, mean “from infancy.” The argument of Elder A. Campbell on this question does not satisfy me. My precipitancy, however, will, I trust, be covered in essaying to expose the inconclusiveness of the critical arguments of so “reputable” a scholar. Elder C. appears to me censurable, not for presenting an untruth, but for withholding a part of the truth..

He has not, to speak in legal phrase, told “the whole truth.” I will transcribe his own words: “With regard to *pais* (the word rendered ‘infancy’ above), the word used by Justin Martyr in his Second Apology, on which Dr. Wall and others so much rely, it is applied to persons of from *twelve to thirty* years of age in the New Testament. Jesus, at the age of twelve, and after he had risen from the dead, is called *pais* (Acts iv., 27.) Eutychus, a *young man* (Acts xx., 12), is represented by the word *pais*. So of others from twelve to twenty years old.”

All that Mr. C. has here written I can indorse. But he should have written more in order to be truthful, according to the legal for-

mula. The position of one occupying his side of the question is not weakened by the admission that *pais* in the New Testament, though generally referring to the ages he has specified, does, in fact, include *all persons from infancy up to manhood*. But though the idea that *pais* can represent only the ages Mr. C. specifies is not communicated expressly, yet it is impliedly, in his language. No one can read the extract without concluding that *pais* is limited to the ages twelve, twenty, or thirty. The Good Book says: "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper;" nor will an argument prosper whose claim to the name of argument is grounded on covering that truth which legitimately belongs to it. It cannot be that such a "reputed" scholar as A. Campbell was so ignorant of the use of *pais* as this extract bespeaks. The fact is that *pais* is used in the New Testament of infants, from birth till the age of two years—yes, this identical word *pais*. "Then Herod \* \* \* sent forth and slew all the children (*paidas*) that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, *from two years old and under*." (Mat. ii., 16.) That a mistake should be made here, is impossible; for the children (plural of *pais*) are defined in respect to their age—*two years old and under*.

The argument, therefore, of Mr. Campbell being faulty in the premises, is also so in the conclusion.\*

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\* A similar charge may, I think, be preferred against Mr. Campbell in other remarks which he makes on this subject.

The following statement is from his writings: "Wherever we find a literal babe in the New Testament, we find *brephos* in the original; and wherever literal little children are spoken of, we have in no case *pais*, but always *paidion* or *teknion*." Does the author mean that *brephos*, wherever found in the New Testament, represents uniformly children of less age than *paidion*? I so understand him. (I have already refuted what he here affirms of *pais* by the quotation from Matthew.) His assertions concerning *brephos* and *paidion* I deem equally refutable. That there is frequently a distinction between *brephos* and *paidion*, I of course do not deny. *Brephos* is often the equivalent of the Latin *fetus*, as in Luke 1, 41 and 44; *paidion* (dim. of *pais*) has never this meaning to the best of my knowledge. While, however, *brephos* is used to represent the fetus, and also a child just born, and while *paidion* is used in general of children further advanced in age, still they are not thus used invariably. Mr. C.'s proposition covers too much ground. He ought to enlarge his sphere of vision when dealing in universals. In Matt. 19: 13, we read: "Then were there brought unto him little children (plural of *paidion*)." Mark 10: 13, narrates it thus: "And they brought young children (the same Greek word) to him." Luke, narrating this circumstance, says: "And they brought unto him infants (plural of *brephos*)." That the narratives quoted do refer to the same occasion is, for aught I know, universally conceded. This being so, what Matthew and Mark call *paidion*, Luke calls *brephos*.

The most he can affirm is that *pais* is GENERALLY applied to persons of from twelve to thirty years. The conclusion, however, at which he has illogically arrived, required of him a universal premiss instead, viz: that *pais* is *never* applied to persons under eight, ten, twelve, or twenty years of age.

The Pedobaptists, therefore, cannot be driven from this their supposed strong-hold by the most formidable volleys of philology. This word *pais* cannot be wielded to good purpose. They maintain that it is applied to infants, and we cannot gainsay it. But whereas this word furnishes nothing positive for us, it also, for the same reason, cannot support their infant baptism. For them to argue that the word includes infants, and that, therefore, it means infants in this place, is as clearly illogical as the reasoning of Mr. C. To prove that in this paragraph of Justin he testifies to the existence of infant baptism in Apostolical times even, there requires the premiss—*pais always* represents infants, and *infants only*. But to state this is as contrary to facts as the statement that it *never* represents infants. From these positions, therefore, we beat a retreat. But is it impossible to gather conclusive testimony from the writings of this Father concerning the question at issue? I think not. My own mind is as fully satisfied as it is possible for it to be on any similar subject. Now, it is evident that the quotation containing the words, "who believe and do promise," is flatly contradicted by rendering *ek paidoon* ("from infancy"), although no philological objection can be leveled against such a translation. The grave objection to rendering *ek paidoon* from infancy, is that it impeaches the consistency of the writer. If *ek paidoon* could be translated *only* "from infancy," Justin would

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Whatever the precise ages (for they unquestionably differed among themselves) of these children may have been, one thing is very clear, that *brepfos* and *paidion* do *sometimes* represent children of the same age. But if even the narration of Luke should be thought to delineate the circumstances of another occasion, and such a comparison of the terms *brepfos* and *paidion* be held to be inadmissible, even then Elder C.'s distinction can be shown not to be invariable; for the infants (*brephea*) which were brought to Jesus gave occasion to his language in verse 16 of same chapter: "Suffer little children, (not *brephea* but *paidia*) to come unto me." The children, therefore, represented by *brephea* in verse 15 are in the following verse called *paidia*. Is there, then, between these two words a distinction preserved invariably throughout the New Testament? Such facts as these lead me to conclude that the *ipse dixit* of men, however famed for erudition, must not be implicitly relied on.

betray a manifest contradiction. But are we authorized by any laws of philology, of interpretation, or of ethics, to brand him with open inconsistency, by giving the more uncommon meaning to *ek paidoon*? We may go farther. Suppose the general meaning of *pais* to be infant—suppose it *generally* represented infants from two years old and under, and only *occasionally* a child ten, twelve, or twenty years of age, could we even then translate *ek paidoon* from infancy in this quotation, while the other is throwing its light upon it? Never, if our object were to glean the meaning of the writer. No Pedobaptist critic can object to this rendering on the ground that it violates or ignores any canon of interpretation. They cannot in fairness charge us with accommodating their proof quotations to our own, and with denying them the opportunity of explicating theirs by a suitable rendering of the quotation which we maintain opposes their view.

Having rendered *ek paidoon* from infancy, how in the world can they explain the quotation, "Those who are persuaded and do believe," &c.? Why, a matured German neologist, deducing all hermeneutical canons from the beautiful "theory of accommodation," would need summon a fresh stock of courage before he even would dare wield his critical pruning-knife to produce such an "accommodation!" It cannot be done. "Those who are persuaded and do believe are directed to pray. Then they are brought to some place where there is water." Some of these, Justin tells us, were made disciples to Christ, *ek paidoon*. They had doubtless been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in early life (*ek paidoon*) devoted themselves to the service of Christ.

I do trust that no Pedobaptist will confidently rely on Mr. Wall, nor any other writer who can do such violence to Justin's language as to teach that this learned Father "testifies to the Apostolical origin of infant baptism." He teaches no such thing; but, on the contrary, denies it unequivocally.

By having written at some length on the testimony of Justin Martyr, I would not be supposed to give undue prominence to his utterances in the argument for *adult baptism only*. I by no means suffer him a place in the pantheon of inspired men. Their testimony is God's testimony; his the testimony of an uninspired man.

I have simply essayed to show that Justin Martyr, an Antenicene Father, the first uninspired evangelical writer of note, uses no language which can possibly justify the claim of Pedobaptists that he "testifies to the Apostolical origin of infant baptism." Whether I have succeeded, I leave to the judgment of my reader.

G. VARDEN.

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### WHAT IS RELIGION?

III. The next evidence of true conversion is *Peace*, which is also the proof of genuine faith. The transforming grace of God is herein complete. Having received the seal of the Holy Spirit's work in repentance, and the end of the law in Christ by faith, we *now* receive the testimony of God the Father in the knowledge of justification presented under the form of Peace. These follow each other with logical as well as spiritual certainty. The soul's sorrow can be allayed only by the knowledge of a priest, who removes the cause of sorrow, sin, by sacrifice; and this assurance faith brings. The result of this assurance is ease of heart, as says the word—"the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." At the time of delivery we take no account of the future nor of the past, except as its history is connected with the present. The whole man is engaged with the consideration of his present state. During the pangs of the new birth his cry is for deliverance; after the birth, joy takes possession of all the faculties of the soul and members of the body. But as sudden entrance upon a world of light would be well-nigh as unsupportable to him as conflict with despair, the reaction is attended with calm, which is gradually admitted as the senses become able to endure the increasing light.

Peace is a generic term, including all degrees of spiritual pleasure, from the gentlest whispers of hope to the soul-ravishing view of Jesus and his word, in all their glory. Action and reaction are proportionate. Those who have been shaken over the pit, and have tasted the bitterness of the second death, will experience

most of spiritual joy. To such it is given to ascend to the third heaven of blessedness. Others, whose lives have been comparatively guileless, will be led along the Christian highway far more gently. So gradual, indeed, may be their progress, that their deliverance may assume the form of dream-life. Ps. 126: 1. These receive according to their need; of course far less is required to satisfy their willing hearts—compare Luke 1: 18 and 1: 38. Although the administration of the Spirit's gifts is "according to his own will," yet it may be supposed that one's natural temperament has much to do with the change from grief to joy. Ardent spirits, which urge to deeds of celerity and violence, and are given to extremes of mirth and madness, will usually exhibit the brightest manifestation of the presence of God, and will make the most zealous cross-bearers. Yet, so far as the writer's observation has extended, the most useful members of the church are to be found among the "little ones," who cannot tell of sharp-soul trouble and glorious deliverances, but who, on that account, are brought the oftener and with more humility to the altar of prayer for their daily blessings. Having never been transported to the third heaven, and received meals upon which they might subsist for weeks and months, they are forced to strive the more anxiously. They must not hope to acquire the gains of their more fortunate brethren, except by laboring longer and more constantly. Should their strength fail, the Spirit leads them gently, and even carries them in his bosom. In every case, however, the essence of comfort is the same. Peace is uniform in *substance*, though various in *degree*.

The genuineness of God-given peace is proven by *resignation to the Divine will*. It is above the power of man to create a quiet and happy spirit. This is the very richest of the pearls in the crown of faith. To be willing to submit to the divine disposal is to declare one's desire to have no will but his: at his beck to come, and to run at his command. In this state we live in the certainty of having a friend on high, who "knoweth our frame" and wants far better than *we can know them*, and hence our *desire* to merge all our wishes in his will. The former part of this lesson the soul learns in its transition from nature to grace, or rather in the darkest and most painful moment of its experience. Then it felt desirous of salvation, but seeming to fail of it, we were made to sink

upon our knees with "It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good!" "Lord, if *thou* wilt, thou can'st make me clean!" "Lord save me!"

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do."

This frame of mind leads to another certain evidence of our "peace with God"—*serenity of soul*. "While they are yet speaking, I will hear, saith Jehovah: Before they called, I will answer." Peace, like a river, flows into the soul; it is the river of serenity. Dark thoughts are gone, and the conviction of an external support lulls to rest all anxious fear. The kiss of the spirit with "Peace, be still," sends the life-blood bounding through the veins in joyous sympathy with the delighted spirit. And now the subject of Heaven's law reposes in the word of God, confirmed by his oath, which secures him against every casualty. He surveys the present with the calmness of assurance, and the future with the cheerfulness of hope; and if ever the cloud of trouble passes athwart his spiritual sky, it is the memory of the sins of the past, whose repetition he dreads for the future. Feeling, however, that the demands of the law are cancelled in his behalf, he enters the highway of life with cheerfulness, knowing that Jesus "ever loveth to make intercession for" him, and that his "blood" "cleanseth from all sin."

In view of this, the soul loses that *fear of hell and the judgment* which formerly terrified it; and here is another witness of the verity of his profession. "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father." The children of heaven have no cause to anticipate trouble, except as they bring it upon themselves, in which case they are dealt with *as* children, receiving the rod of correction and chastisement. But from the day of their restoration to equanimity, they have had no apprehension of final condemnation from any renewal of their soul pains. This one of their enemies has received a mortal wound, so that fear therefrom cannot be known. "Perfect love," which is best represented on earth at the date of incipient salvation, "casteth out fear." A new era has begun in the soul, and a new government set up, whose laws are entirely different from those of sin's cruel despo-



tism. The spot so long ravaged by the war of passion wears the look of renovation, whose ensign is peace. The pall of darkness which once engloomed the soul has yielded to the rays of saving light, shed therein by "the Sun of Righteousness." The happy spirit begins to feel proud of his new found honors. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!" His rejoicing is not wise; his enemies are not yet dead.

IV. TRIALS OF FAITH.—God having invested the man with the riches of redeeming love, now subjects the spiritual graces to trial: "The Lord trieth the righteous." He puts them into the crucible of affliction, and applies the flame of his love. Often the ordeal is so painful that the believer begins to question the righteousness of his profession. Yet God teaches us that it is necessary for our good that this should be so. We fear trial because our carnal appetites prompt us to live in ease and succumb to idleness and the seductions of flattery. Were we less carnal, we would dread such trials less; were we entirely spiritual, we would seek them, and count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trial of our faith worketh patience," which is perhaps the most honorable as well as most significant of all the evidences of real piety. Patience is that point of honor which the veteran believer has reached after many a contest with the enemy of all righteousness, whose spiritually subtle fire has removed the earth of his nature. He lives in heaven though on the earth, and calmly awaits the martyr's crown of joy and glory. Patience is the very excellence of spiritual sacrifice—the part of the saint's offerings. It embodies the entire series of Christian graces in a most wonderful manner, and most resembles Divine Holiness, whose representative it seems to be. To attain this exalted station, the most fearful and humiliating scenes must be witnessed and endured. The thousands of wicked spirits now abroad throughout the earth are engaged to purify the gifts of God from all their terrestrial impurity. The result of their labors—graciously permitted of heaven—is patience, which is as gold among minerals, the diamond among rubies.

Intimately associated with patience is God's glory—the end of all his works. Says Peter, 1 Epis. 1: 7, "The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold which perisheth, though it

be tried with fire, may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ;" in agreement with which Paul declares that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," 2 Cor. 4: 17. This is the sea from whose bosom have been ejected the numberless streams of providence and grace, and into which they are returned at last. As from the sun the moon and stars receive their borrowed light, and this light is made to fall upon the eye of man, to be instantly reflected, so all life and light do emanate from God, and to him as the center of all things must all things converge. And when the design of God to "glorify the Son with that glory which he had with him before the world was," shall have been consummated, "then shall we also appear with him in glory." To urge us to prepare for our coronation he leads our graces to their completion by withdrawing us from ourselves, and by making us pure "as he is pure." The robe of patience is the ensign of those who through suffering and endurance inherit the promises, and is worn by none others. Our Saviour is the great exemplar of patience, and if we would be like the Apostle of Truth, we must imitate his meekness and lowliness of heart. Let us always remember that when "he was reviled he reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself unto him that judgeth righteously."

For examples of patience, God has given a long catalogue of those "of whom the world was not worthy," and who condemned the world by their labors in the cause of righteousness. We do well to walk in "the steps of our father Abraham," who, at God's command, devoted his only begotten son to sacrifice, being assured that He who had promised him as the depository of a world's blessing could raise him up even from the dead, and thus confirm the promise to all the seed. How insufficient are our conjectures of the sorrow of that heart, which, in obedience to the word of God, refused not his darling son, the son of his old age and hope. God, who does not condemn the tears of men, beheld them flowing from the aching eyes of a true martyr. To meet and conquer one's foe, commands the admiration of men; to suffer wrongfully, commands our sympathy; to die unjustly, our wrathful indignation; but what must the martyr experience in

submitting to a living death? How great his crown! The issue of Abraham's trial was renewed assurance, and the honor of the appellation of the friend of God. Thus does he encourage us to be "strong in faith"—to "stagger not at the promises of God through unbelief," however unreasonable they may seem. To any in the sacred list of heroes we might refer in proof of the final victory of the saints, and to many others not therein mentioned. Of the former, we might instance Moses, and of the latter, Job, whose meekness and patience shame the selfishness of latter-day professors. Through the faith of the ancient saints, God directs our vision to the things "invisible" to the human eye, to the land which flows with the river of divine love. God often brings our hopes to ruin by removing, one after another, the bands of nature, that we may have no friend but Jesus, no object of worship except Jehovah of Hosts.

Sometimes the Lord tries the faith of his children by withdrawing his sensible presence from them, that they may realize yet more their dependence upon celestial strength. Christians are sadly negligent of the source of their strength, and too apt to trust to the insidious whispers of carnality. While in this state, God removes his soul cheering presence; and quickly there come the enemies of their peace, between whom and himself there is continual strife, for "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that they cannot do the things that they would." Thence arise those emotions of heart which the Apostle Paul has so forcibly described, (Rom. vii.) In proportion as we lose the blessed presence of the Spirit of God, we are tormented by the uprising of the fleshly passions, which become quick with fury and determination to annoy us, aided as they are with the malicious cunning of the evil spirits who use man's remaining sins as the medium of their attacks. They who cannot and dare not stand in God's presence, become terrible to the believer whenever his support is removed. Taken by surprise, he often loses his armor and falls an easy victim to his foes, who may rob him of his hope, strip him of his pleasant frames, and by wounding leave him half dead. But they cannot destroy him because "God is a present help in time of trouble." And though He may administer punishment to his erring sons and daughters, yet he has de-

clared "my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Were they not to receive chastisement, then would they be bastards and not sons. Were they destroyed, they should be proven enemies. During this contest with the flesh, the soul is assailed with doubts and fears of ultimate overthrow, and then unbelief receives strength through the unskillfulness of the child of God in the use of the shield of Faith. In extreme youth, the Spirit keeps closely by him—and even bears him in his bosom—until strength is acquired to use the spiritual weapons. After this, however, God requires the obedience which is the duty of the son. The ebb and flow of the spirits is well described by Romaine, who, in remarking upon the dominion of *feeling*, thus writes: "Sense judges by feeling and reports what it sees. Sense says, 'now I am in the favor of God, for I *feel* it. Now He is my God, for I find Him so; I am comforted. Now He demonstrates it to me, for I feel nearness to Him in prayers and sweet answers. Now I am sure my duties and services are acceptable, for I am quite lively in them, and I come from them with warm affections. Now I cannot doubt, for I feel the assurance of His love for me: and when sense has lost these comfortable feelings then it draws contrary inferences. Now I am not in the favor of God, for I don't feel it. Now He is not my God, for I don't find Him so, I am not comforted,' &c. What can be the issue of this but continual wavering and changing? for our feelings are sometimes more, and sometimes less, as every believer experiences." These various emotions show that the soul's faith is undergoing trial, while Satan is sifting it as wheat.

Again, the enemy often assails our religion through our ignorance of Divine things, proposing to us strange questions, and hard to be understood by the most experienced. Such as those concerning the God-head; how one may be three, and three one; how Jesus can be equal to the Father and yet his son and servant; how the Holy Spirit can be God, and yet obey the Father and Son; how we may pray to one of these without offending the rest. Also difficulties touching the Atonement and the reconciliation of Divine Sovereignty with man's free will and accountability, besides many others, doctrinal, practical and historical. These questions often arise to the infant Christian with anxious

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desire to see them solved, failing which, the enemy makes them the source of unceasing annoyance, until the Great Teacher unfolds to them all the truth. Let such be assured that, according to our necessities, grace is promised, and when we fail to realize our deepest desires, our duty is to "Be still and know that He is God," and as such cannot but do right.

V. Another evidence of true religion is *Love*, generated in the soul and felt by all who have passed from death unto life. It is noticed in this place, only because like other spiritual gifts, it shines most brightly after the sifting of Satan. As light is the first direct proof of Divine life communicated to the sinner "dead in trespasses and sins," so love is the development of that life which has emerged from the darkness of nature into the light and liberty of the Spirit. Love is the greatest of gifts, because immortality is its crown. It knows no beginning, for locked up in the bosom of the Eternal as one of his attributes, it is God himself. Its associates and co-adjutors—Faith and Hope—lose their being with their office; but Love knows no ending, for God cannot cease to be, neither can his products fail. That which the Saint slightly experiences in this world, assumes a boundless being in the world on high. Perhaps the time of its greatest purity, that is, when least encumbered with earthly cares, is at its birth. Then is the soul's passover, the "feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." All then was brightness and joy, because fear was changed to the most ardent love of God and His attributes. How then did the soul recall the thousands of mercies which undeserved had visited him like the evening rain and morning dew! The liveliest gratitude sweetened the bitter memories of the past, and while withdrawing us from ourselves, gave himself instead. While others suffered from the three scourges of God—war, pestilence, and famine—his home was blest with peace; his barns were filled with plenty, and his presses were bursting with new wine; raiment was provided against the chilling winds of winter, and the burning suns of summer. While goodness and mercy had thus followed him all the days of his natural life, there remained to be acknowledged the yet greater care of his spiritual wants. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not

perish, but have everlasting life." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Therefore, there is the greatest naturalness in his ardent love to the person of Jesus, who being the embodiment of the divine attributes, "declared" the Father. His voluntary sufferings, designed to benefit the fallen and depraved, endear his name and being as the fairest of the fair. He loves him because he first loved the sinner, and saved him from the sins of nature and life, as well as from their consequences. To his name he bows with willing adoration. To run at his command and to execute his will is his delight. In testimony of this love, he takes up his cross and studies the road over which the Master went, to follow him through evil as well as good report. The whole aim and desire of the new born soul is to evidence his deep affection, though painfully conscious of its imperfectness. Hence, he often wonders whether his be the love of God or not. So little does it seem, he fears self-deception the more since he does not realize even *his* desires.

This consciousness of imperfect love induces the prayer that God would enable him to "comprehend, with all saints, what is the length and breadth, and depth and height, and to know the love of God that passeth knowledge, that he may be filled with all the fullness of God." In the hope which patience and experience produce, he seeks the society of those who live with his beloved and bear his image. No truer evidence of "the love of God shed abroad in the heart" can be shown, than the delight experienced in the company and communion of God's adopted children; for "whosoever loveth him that begat, loveth them also that are begotten of him." Old associates are forgotten in new made friends; yet joy to meet them is mingled with the feeling of unworthiness to sit with them under the dropping of the sanctuary and around the board of love. They are the only living representatives of "him whom his soul loveth;" and hence, all others are forgone in him. Unity of spirit forms unity of purpose and harmony of action.

Jesus has caused our profession of love to him to be proven by our works. The sincerity of our regard will be shown by the alacrity with which we meet our duty; and it may be safely, because scrip-

turally asserted, that in proportion to our love will be our obedience. "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and "if ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." The difference in the indebtedness of the two men was shown in their returns of love. Mary's sins were many; hence, when forgiven, she proved that "she loved much" by washing the Saviour's feet with her tears and wiping them with her hair. So they who have been much engaged in the service of Satan, will, after conversion, be much engaged in the service of God, and seeking to know his entire will. How strange the conduct of some, who, while professing the discipleship of Christians, set aside the commandments of God, because they deem them *non-essential*, as if the unerring Spirit ever dictated anything even *unimportant*! What is this but to tempt God to wreak upon them his fiery vengeance, as he did upon the sons of Aaron, the priest? Who can believe that *they* love to walk in God's ways, who teach others to set aside even his least commandments, because opposed by tradition and the belief of *non-essentiality*, besides *inconvenience* and *reproach*? Reason alone teaches us that if God commands our obedience, apparent unimportance should vanish, together with our own inconvenience and fear of reproach, knowing that *to crucify the flesh* is one of the objects of a revealed religion. Besides, the solemn declarations of Christ—"Except a man take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple"—"whosoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, and shall teach man so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven"—leave no doubt of the self-deception or hypocrisy of such men. If the latter scripture be true of them, they are found in high-handed rebellion against Christ, to whom all power has been committed in heaven and earth, and to whom, as the only potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, every knee must bow in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the regions under the earth. The humble disciple will ask, not "what may I leave undone and yet be saved?" nor "how far may I stray from the truth?" but "what will thou have me to do?" And should it be further asked, "is the way a long one?" time will be given to pursue its course; "are there obstacles attending it?" strength to overcome them will be given, according to promise;

“does shame attach to it?” greater will be the pleasure of walking after Christ, and greater honor in being thought worthy to suffer shame for him, and greater reward on high after the cross shall have been exchanged for the crown. There is every incentive to obedience, even from the endurance of the things which nature says we must avoid, but which we are sure to meet unless we forsake ancient customs now accounted dishonorable and behind the age. In a word, obedience is the only proof of Love, as that is the necessary result of a genuine and God-given faith in Christ.

A consequence of obedience to the commandments is, that the individual is crucified to the love of the world and self. “No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other.” Neither is a partial service admissible. Jesus demands the entire service of his followers. “He will not give his glory to another, neither his praise to graven images.” He cannot share his throne with Beelzebub, although he may and will share it with the saints.

To the unregenerate, divorce from the world and self is impossible. Were it to obtain in the natural manner, death would ensue. Earthly pleasures are the only ones they possess. To the saint, however, the case is very different. He received his bill of divorce when he became “dead to the law by the body of Christ,” when life divine lodged within his soul. Hence, what under the Sinaitic law is demanded of all, and received of none, is the privilege of every saint to render under the peace-speaking law of Love. This, then, is our duty under the two-fold law of debt and grace. Forasmuch as regenerate men are still cumbered with clay, they cannot hope for perfection of any form of obedience in this life. Satan’s head is bruised indeed, though his writhings have not ceased. Yet they do not cease to labor for perfection on that account. To strive for it is the law of the Spirit, under whose guidance they are led to ultimate victory. The love of the world, which too often reveals itself in saints, is explicable upon the principle that the remains of sin are yet perceptible in them. Never, until the sun of time sets under the ocean of eternity, will the motions of sin entirely cease within us.

Peaceable possession of the land of Canaan was not to be attained without the entire extermination of its idolatrous inhabi-



tants: neither can the spiritual Israelite enjoy his rest begun on earth without self-martyrdom and the crucifixion of the world. In default of this our sins become thorns in our side—disturbers of our peace: we are troubled on every side, perplexed and cast down. By the grace of God we are able to subdue our reigning sins, though the Canaanite will continue within us until death releases us from their presence as well as their dominion: within ourselves we are entirely powerless. The belief that regenerate men can effect nothing with the aid of God's word—the sword of the spirit—tends to idleness and licentiousness, the sure fruits of Antinomianism, whose Upas poison is the bane of all benevolence, the blight of every joy.

The Christian has proven the falsehood, that man's natural strength is enough for his salvation. He knows that in his "flesh there dwelleth no good thing;" therefore he has no confidence therein, but finds all his strength and hope in Christ, in whom thus he rejoices. Nevertheless, he cannot on this account remain idle and "*trust to the Lord*" without showing his confidence in him, by praying for strength to leave the world and its cares to those who have no other inheritance. By diligent exercise of spiritual gifts, and earnest desire for his own and the salvation of others, does he fulfill the requisition to "worship God in the Spirit." The cross of Christ, though foolishness unto the world, is the saint's salvation—his only real comfort—his certain pre-sage of ultimate glory—the indispensable burthen of every child of God.

These, the writer believes, are some of the proofs of genuine Christianity, and that the sentiments avowed in the preceding pages are, so far as they go, a truthful commentary upon the words forming the basis of this article. That they may be used of God to cheer the saints, and awaken reflection in the bosoms of the unregenerate, is his ardent prayer.

E. H. B.

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A FRENCH BOY.—The following question was put in writing to a boy in the deaf and dumb school at Paris, "What is eternity?" He wrote as an answer, "It is the life-time of the Almighty!"

[A Fragment.]

THE SPIRIT'S AGENCY IN CONVERSION.

THAT we may set before your minds as distinctly as possible our views of the Spirit's agency in conversion, we remark:

I. That the Holy Spirit, wherever the gospel is preached or may be known, converts or regenerates no responsible person of adult age without the instrumentality of the truth. What He may have done in the case of adult heathen, who have not the revelation of God concerning Christ, I presume not to say. That infants and idiots, the former dying in infancy, have their sinful natures, with which they are born, renewed in death by the Holy Spirit to fit them for heaven, I have not a shadow of doubt. But in the case of all responsible human beings having the gospel, we teach that the Holy Spirit makes that gospel his wisdom and power for conversion and salvation. We do not underrate the importance of the word of God. Nothing can be said to show its *adaptation* for influencing and moulding the human soul that we do not heartily endorse. We believe that, wielded by the Spirit, it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and Spirit, and that it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. We believe that the word of the kingdom, sowed in good and honest hearts, gathers around itself, as a prop and support, the whole spiritual life of the soul. We are persuaded that believers are, in the language of Peter, "Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. We so believe in the importance of the truth in conversion and sanctification, that we rely upon it and preach it as God's ordained instrumentality for the conversion of the world and for the sanctification of his people. We believe that the word of God is the sword of the Spirit, and we are ready to join the most enthusiastic in praising the excellence of its material, the perfection of its tempering, and the keenness of its edge. We believe the Holy Spirit of our God, in selecting the truth to be revealed, the human mediums through which it was to be revealed, and the circumstances under which his revelations were made, has had regard to all the laws of our nature, to our spiritual maladies and wants.

II. But while we believe thus in the perfect adaptation and the

indispensableness of the truth in the work of conversion as an instrument, we believe and teach that *alone, in and by itself*, it can no more effect this great change, denominated conversion, regeneration, &c., than the sharp and well-tempered axe alone, in and of itself, can hew down a tree. That as the axe fells the tree when wielded by hands sufficiently strong, so the truth instrumentally effects this mighty spiritual change when wielded by the power of the Holy Spirit, personally and immediately co-operating with it. The Holy Spirit, then, is the efficient and immediate author of conversion. Conversion is an effect of power. I care not whether you call it moral or physical; of power exerted, or put forth personally by the Holy Spirit. If there were no influence of the Holy Spirit upon the mind and heart of the sinner, save that contained in the word itself, we candidly believe that the gospel would be no gospel. The proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation to dying men would be like describing to the sick and dying a great remedy for their malady, without really putting the remedy in their possession.

For the salvation of a soul two things are necessary—an atonement for its sin and guilt; and, secondly, its restoration to perfect holiness. Christ, by his perfect obedience and atoning death, effected the first; the Holy Spirit, by his power and grace, effects the last. The death of our divine Saviour, as the Lamb of God, would not rescue one soul from hell without the personal agency of the Holy Spirit in the great work of conversion and sanctification. Should the Holy Spirit now withdraw his personal influence from the world, leaving the world with the Bible and the Cross, not a solitary sinner would be born again, and every bud and blossom of piety, of true spiritual life, that now gladdens the church, would instantly perish. In other words, such is the depravity of man, such the powerful hold of evil upon his nature, such his alienation from God and from the truth of God; so strong his love of the world; so mighty the influence of things seen and temporal; so spiritually blind and stupid, that the influences of the Holy Spirit are absolutely necessary. The apostle Paul gives a fearful picture of human nature unrenewed, when he declares that “the carnal mind is enmity against God,” and not subject to God’s law, nor indeed can be. That we are by nature the children of wrath;

ead in trespasses and in sins. That the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God; that they are foolishness unto him, and cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned." And our Saviour discloses the very root and essence of that depravity when he says, that "men will not come to the light, because they love darkness rather than light." And at enmity with God—to whom the things of the Spirit are foolishness—that love darkness rather than light; to be converted merely by the exhibition of truth; by letting the light shine upon it. God's image daguerreotyped upon it by the rays of truth alone!

But look at another fact—the ministry of our Saviour. He was an indefatigable preacher. Vast multitudes heard his discourses. Never man spake on this earth as he spake. Never was truth, the very essence of the gospel, so strikingly, so sublimely, and yet so simply unfolded. And to enforce the truth which fell so eloquently from the hallowed lips, there was his holy and God-like life—the perfect reflection of all his teachings; and there were his stupendous miracles. Why, if conversion is effected only by the truth, was such a ministry so barren of results? And why, on the day of Pentecost, under a single sermon by Peter, were more converted than during his three year's preaching?

But what shall we say of prayer for the conversion of sinners, if no power for conversion is put forth by the Holy Spirit additional to that contained in his words and arguments? Paul's heart's desire and prayer to God for his unconverted Hebrew brethren was that they might be saved. We are to pray that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. We are commanded to pray for all men. The apostles gave themselves wholly to prayer and the ministry of the word. But if the whole converting power is in the word, we ought not, it would seem, to pray to God for the conversion of sinners, for then we would pray God to do that he cannot do, or will not do. Our duty would be fully discharged when we held before their minds the light of truth. God requires us to pray for nothing which we are not dependent on him to do for us. We ought not to pray to God to plant our corn for us, because he has not promised, and will not answer such a prayer; but we may pray him to give us the increase, because that is a matter that he controls, and not we. But if God does

exert a mighty influence upon the soul in bringing it from darkness into light, and from death to life, then indeed we have reason to pray, as Paul for Israel, that sinners may be saved.

Another thought for those who object to our view of the agency of the Holy Spirit. How is it that evil spirits influence the mind? What is the philosophy of the possession of devils? Was the influence of the legion of devils our Saviour cast out of our poor soul an influence exerted wholly by words and arguments? How did Satan enter into the heart of Judas? Was it by words and arguments? And if evil spirits can obtain access to the soul, and can lead it captive; if the god of this world can blind the minds of those who believe not, why may not the spirit of God have access to the soul he has created? and why may he not exert over it an influence that is not confined to words and arguments? We have in demoniacal possession a positive upsetting, by a very stubborn fact, of the theory that all the moral power that one spirit can exert over another consists in words addressed to the eye or ear. It was not by words, either spoken or written, that the devils cast out by our Saviour influenced and controlled those possessed. The idea that there is no way of exerting an influence upon man's moral nature but by words, is unphilosophical, unscriptural, and in the face of facts.

J. W. W.

LEXINGTON, Mo.

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**FACE OF THE MOTHER.**—Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something that claims kindred with the angels. The waking, watchful eye, which keeps its ceaseless vigils over the slumbering child—the tender look—the angelic smile—are objects which neither pencil nor chisel can reach, and which poetry fails in attempting to portray. Upon the eulogies of the most eloquent tongue, we shall find Tokel written. It is in the sympathies of the heart alone where lives the lovely picture.

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☞ Heaven is brass to cold petitioners; their prayers cannot pierce through it.

## Family Visitant.

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### LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

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#### CHAP. XVI.—THE CONFLICT.

As we said, Lydia spent a weary, sleepless night. She had deeply wounded William's feelings. Of this she was painfully aware. She knew his sensitive nature, the high tone of his spirit, and she was conscious, too, that he possessed a large share of resentment.

She thought over her words again and again. They were not, in themselves, very reprehensible. But she was angry when she uttered them, and had spoken not as a Christian and a lady, but as an excited, ill-tempered girl. It was this that gave poignancy to her remembrances of the past evening's events. Had she but controlled herself, and reasoned, rather than blamed, how different would have been the result. William could listen to reason; he could not brook censure. "Would William forgive her?" This question constantly recurred to her agitated mind. She was willing to make any acknowledgment; to ask his forgiveness in tears, but would he forgive? Perhaps he would not return; or, if he did, it would be but to tell her of his changed feelings. Why, why had she acted so imprudently? Why rendered herself so miserable to defend Mr. Anderson, who needed not her influence?

But then she would argue with herself: "Well, William did wrong, too. He ought not to have provoked me." And then would arise in her bosom a faint hope that William might censure his own conduct as severely as she did hers.

Thus the day dragged on, each hour an age to the wretched girl. Mrs. Lovelace at last ventured to ask her daughter the cause of her pale, haggard look, and unhappy, disquiet manner.

"I have observed, Lydia, that you have been changed ever since

William Norton left last evening. Before he came, you were as gay as a butterfly, with your songs and your flowers. I said to your father, at dinner, that you had improved remarkably in your spirits since William came back. But to-day you are not only dull and lifeless, but really you look wretched, my daughter. You are pale and care-worn. Did anything unpleasant occur between you and William, last evening?"

"Nothing of importance, mother," Lydia answered with averted face, to hide the blushes that the evasion caused to mount to her cheeks.

Mrs. Lovelace forbore to question further. She knew that Lydia would open the matter to her in full confidence, whenever she thought it best; for the present she was willing to wait.

As soon as she could do so without being particularly observed, Lydia gathered up her sewing and sought her own room. There the flood of anguish, which had been swelling for long weary hours, burst its bonds, and found vent in torrents of scalding tears. Yet these tears, bitter as they were, relieved the aching heart, and after the first violent out-gush, Lydia felt calmer than she had done for hours. She sat sobbing long after the tears had ceased to flow. The terrible storm could not be hushed in a moment. She could neither feel nor think. She was in that passive state of indifference which follows a great outburst of emotion. She was prepared for whatever might come, merely because she was incapable either of dread or courage.

She wondered at herself, as she sat with hands resting listlessly on her lap, and her eyes fixed abstractedly on the open window. She was surprised and chagrined that she had given herself so much unhappiness about so trivial a matter. William had no right to act as he had done. She had given him no just cause." The mountains of her trouble had been undermined, and crumbled to atoms before the floodgates of her tears.

Wishing to arouse herself from the dreamy, apathetic state into which she had lapsed, she arose and moved towards the window. She stood for a while, looking round on the scene before her; then drawing up an old green high-backed rocking-chair, which had been her maternal grandmother's, she made up its clean, but

faded chintz calico cushion, and seated herself to finish the garment she was sewing on.

For awhile she sat, stitching away most industriously. She seemed determined to dismiss all care and sorrow, as things too trifling to claim her attention, and give herself entirely to the more useful occupation of sewing.

But the faster her fingers flew, the more rapidly thronged her thoughts, until finally the mind grew more active than the body, and the work again rested on the knee.

She bowed her head on her hand, and looked out. Her eye rested on the top of the old oak. Ah, what thrilling, wildering remembrances did its waving boughs recall! The whispered tale of love, the wild, ecstatic bliss, the plighted vow, the parting. Then the joyous moment of return! Her pulses leaped gladly, as scene after scene passed in delightful review before her.

And then the merry evenings, with their sweet, calm charm, when they two had sat together beneath the deep shade, and talked over coming years, while the dancing leaves overhead kept time to the flow of soft music in their souls. It was a radiant landscape, and Lydia dwelt upon its every hue and color with strange, indefinable emotions. But it was a far-away picture—one that she had to turn round to behold, and she was fast leaving it behind.

“Ah, but that the past could be recalled! Could we but gather up our happy hours, and keep them in store to live over and over again! But they are pearls—precious pearls—fallen from the necklace of time, never to be regathered.

A cloud of sadness overspread her brow as she turned from the past to the present. “Gone, gone, forever gone!” she ejaculated. “The present is dark, the future hopeless. Poor man! the creature of an hour. His days gloom and disappointment! He hastens on to his final destiny with the darkness ever gathering around him, and the light of joyous childhood growing fainter and fainter, as he advances. No wonder the old turn, sick and disgusted, from the battle-field of life, and long for the peaceful grave. I am weary of this sad world myself; it is one wild, wide waste to me. No flower or murmuring brook; scorching blight and desolation wherever I turn my eyes.”

“But why should I murmur? Disappointment and anguish are



the lot of all. I must bear my fate with heroic courage. *He*, at least, shall never know I suffer."

Lydia had forgotten all her repentant feelings of the morning. Her tone now breathed resistance.

Man, strange compound—"a pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear."

While Lydia was thus soliloquizing, she cast a searching look down the road. She knew the form of the horseman who was approaching.

"He'll not come here," she said to herself, while, with that strange contradiction of human nature, she most ardently wished he would. Once she started from her seat to prepare herself to meet him. "But he will not come."

She seated herself, and watched until he reached the gate. It was a moment of dread anxiety. He turned his horse's head and rode in.

Her heart beat audibly. How should she meet him? She determined with a cold, calm front. But her nature rebelled. She loved, and love knows nothing of coldness.

She sought her mirror. Her face was highly flushed, and her whole appearance evidenced intense excitement. She was so agitated that she could not arrange her hair in its usual simple style. Her nerves were beyond her control. She summoned to her aid all the will of her nature, but it was not adequate to the extremity. While she was vainly endeavoring to adjust her hair into a twist, she heard William's footfall on the front gallery. His step expressed resoluteness. She felt it, and her courage rose with the emergency. Always neat in her dress, she was not fastidious, but now she could not please herself. She had an unusual desire to appear to advantage before William on this occasion. Hitherto it had been the goal of her wishes to please him; now her aim was to impress.

Beautiful she was, as she descended to the parlor, attired in a plain white muslin, with no ornament, save a small gold pin, which William had given her before leaving home for college; and her soft dark hair, which was put up after the Grecian style, heightened in its lustre by contrast with a white rose, which she had gracefully placed in the left side of the shining roll. Her eyes sparkled

with unwonted lustre, and the rich, radiant tint of her cheek lent to her a look of brilliant beauty.

She entered the parlor with more of hauteur in her manner than she had ever before exhibited. She was usually so gentle and unassuming that William was quite disconcerted as she moved towards him and extended her hand.

There was grace in her manner, notwithstanding the marked change.

William had never before seen her so queenly. She looked to him superbly elegant, and though he saw at a glance what was the cause of all this *empressment*, yet he could not but admire while he wondered. The soft, winning Lydia transformed into a Juno! He could scarce believe his senses.

He spoke pleasantly; the old smile was there, and the same happy words. He was pleased, as well as astonished.

Lydia's heart melted before the power of that smile and the charm of that voice, like frost-work beneath the evening sun. Her determination to act out her plan vanished, and she found herself ready to burst into tears.

When William made some trivial remark, she found it hard to subdue her emotion so as to answer him intelligibly. Her lip quivered, and her tones were tremulous. He observed it, and taking his chair, moved beside her. Pleasantly he alluded to their difference of the previous evening.

She attempted to reply, but burst into tears. William took her hand in his, and drew her gently to him. He saw it was useless to speak. Better let the storm expend itself. Every effort on his part would but have increased what he would subdue.

"Forgive me, William," she said, looking up through her tears into his face, which was bent over her in deep sympathy. "Forgive me; I was rash, and spoke unkindly, but I did not intend to give offence, William. Will you not forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Lydia? yes, I will forgive you, and ask-your forgiveness too," he replied, looking at her with tenderness and admiration. "I erred in suffering myself to become ruffled at your words. You had a right, Lydia, to defend your religious views, and your preacher too, as warmly as you chose."

She smiled through her tears. More beautiful far was she than

William had ever before seen her. He drew her to him, and kissed her.

"We are reconciled now; are we not, Lydia?" he asked.

A sweet, trusting smile was her reply.

The two walked into the yard, from thence to their favorite haunt 'neath the old oak.

Mrs. Lovelace observed them through the open window as they passed out.

She read in Lydia's happy face the change in the aspect of affairs. She was rejoiced, for her daughter was dear to her, and she had contemplated her union with William Norton as the *ultima thule* of her earthly good.

A full confession of thoughts, feelings, and resolutions was made by each of the lovers to the other, and their mutual love and confidence were greatly increased by the pleasant interview.

They sat conversing on their present joy and their glorious future until the shades of evening warned them that it was time to return to the house.

Never had the lovers been so happy. Never had they before so freely entered into each other's souls, and there read, without a veil between, the pure, unselfish love that each bore the other. It was the glorious sunshine breaking with brilliant, cheering ray from behind dark clouds, giving warmth and beauty to all things. It was an event in their life-path; one they both long remembered in after years, when cares came, and sorrow throw her shadows over their prospect.

"And now, William," said Lydia to him as she leaned on his arm and looked tenderly up into his face, her eyes full of love, and her countenance bright with the holy light within, "there is but one thing wanting to make my life all that I could ask. I need not tell you what that one thing is, William. You know full well. I have spoken of it before."

She paused for a reply, still gazing earnestly into his face, as if to read his soul in those large lustrous eyes, which were but the mirror of his inner being.

He spoke not, but bent his eyes thoughtfully on the ground; his step lost its elasticity, and his whole manner changed. Lydia felt he was serious. Her heart leaped with joy in the belief that

now indeed she was to have her dearest hopes realized. She waited for him to answer, but he spoke not.

"Will you not now, dear William, promise me," she asked eagerly, clasping his arm tightly in her enthusiasm. "Will you not promise me, this very moment, that you will no longer hesitate, but will do your duty immediately? Do, William, and I will be the happiest of all beings."

He looked at her beaming face, and her anxious, longing soul speaking through her earnest eyes, and a shade of sadness overspread his face, while a slight expression of determination gathered round his lips.

"Tell me, William, tell me! Keep me not in this suspense. I know you will. You cannot refuse to obey the Saviour, William, who has been so good to us; who has bestowed upon us so many blessings. Promise me, that on next Sunday you will act in this important matter. It is folly to delay."

"Lydia," he answered, and his words were slow and impressive, "I must tell you, my dear girl, that I can never take the step you desire me to do until this heart of mine, this cold, sinful heart, is changed. I have been thinking deeply on this subject for many months, and to be candid with you (for I could not deceive you), I am convinced we shall never see alike unless you abandon your views and embrace those I hold. The more I study the belief of your people, the more I am convinced that there is a dreadful error in your system; an error, which, to my view, robs God of his glory, and does away with the work of the Holy Spirit—the third person in the adorable Trinity. I met Mr. Anderson this morning, at Mr. Mason's, and determining to see if there was any hope of my uniting with your people, I took him aside, and talked with him for near an hour on the particular tenets of his church. To my mind, he denies the express teachings of the Holy Scriptures, and when I pressed him closely on some points, I found his system full of glaring inconsistencies. He does not teach the whole truth, and his doctrines will rock the soul in carnal security, and lead it down to hell."

"O William, William! how can you be so severe!" exclaimed the agitated girl, while her hand trembled in his own. "You do not believe I will be lost if I die in this faith? How can you say

so, when Christ says, 'Believe and be baptized, and you *shall be saved.*'"

"No, Lydia, you are mistaken. Peter said, not Christ, 'Repent and be baptized, every one of you, for the remission of sins.'"

"Well, William, was not Peter inspired by the Holy Spirit, and could he utter anything that contradicted the words of Christ himself?"

"Most certainly Peter was an inspired man, and spoke what the spirit of God taught him. He says, 'Repent, and be baptized for the remission of sins.'"

"Well, that is the way we believe, and so Bro. Anderson teaches."

"But I do not understand it as you and Anderson do, Lydia. Listen, while I explain my views of this passage. You, and Anderson, and his people, say that you must be baptized in order to the remission of sins; that is, that your sins *may be remitted.* I think you must be baptized because your sins *have been remitted;* by the act showing that you are dead to sin, so far as desire is regarded, and alive to Christ. I regard baptism as an act of obedience to the Saviour's command, and emblematical in its nature. Your people regard it, if I understand you and Anderson, as essential to salvation."

"There is no promise without baptism, William."

"But again you are mistaken, Lydia. There is no salvation without faith. Christ says, 'Whosoever liveth and *believeth* on me shall never die.' These are the words of our Saviour, and baptism is not only not mentioned, but it is not even alluded to"

"But, William, you are still left without excuse. You *believe,* why don't you act?"

"What kind or degree of belief do you regard necessary, Lydia, to salvation?"

"Why, William, just that kind of belief the Bible teaches."

"And what is this belief?"

"'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"Believe how, Lydia?"

"Why, believe that Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners; and that he is able to save you from your sins."

"I believe all this now, Lydia, and have done so for years. But——"

"Well, William, you ought to be baptized; you ought to join the church; it is your duty."

"I do not think so, Lydia. Christ says, 'Ye must be born again.' This faith that the Bible speaks of is something more than a historical faith, rest assured. I cannot fully explain it, for alas! I know I do not possess it. My heart has never been changed. I have not been born again. I have no right among the people of God."

"And would you not, William, confess the Saviour and unite with his people?"

"Never, never, Lydia, if I feel as I do now. It would be a sin to profess what I do not possess. But if ever my heart is changed, and I hope it will be (he spoke in a serious, earnest manner), I can never unite with your people."

Lydia heaved a deep sigh, and the tears rushed to her eyes. But she drove them back, for they were at the stile, and Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace and the younger children were on the gallery awaiting them.

Supper was announced ready. William took up his hat to leave. He felt unpleasantly, and did not wish to have to appear agreeable when he was really in no very happy frame of mind, but Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace joined in entreaties that he would remain to tea, and the pleading look of Lydia was added to their urgent words. He remembered her confession of unhappiness because of his sudden departure the previous evening, and, flinging aside his hat, he accompanied the family to the tea-table.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace were very cheerful indeed, and William and Lydia, determining not to divulge their feelings, *appeared* cheerful too. It was a pleasant repast.

William remained a short time after supper, engaged in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, in which Lydia occasionally joined. When sufficient time had elapsed to cause his departure to be unremarked, he bade the family good evening, and left.

Lydia maintained her vivacity, but it required a desperate struggle to do so. Soon, however, she retired to her own little room.

## CHAP. XVII.—THE CONFLICT.

When Lydia reached her own apartment, she threw herself into the high-backed rocking-chair, and gave vent to the violent emotions which had been pent up in her bosom, struggling like a giant captive for release.

Of all the bitter experiences of her life, this was the most desolating. Her mind was racked with anguish. Slow convulsive sobs had succeeded to the tears which had at first flowed in torrents. They were the only evidence of her deep grief, except the pallor of her sorrow-stricken face. She murmured not, nor tossed her hands in anguish. Statue-like, she sat immovable, except when her sobbing shook her whole frame.

The time had come to make a final decision which must inevitably involve her whole future destiny. She must either decide to marry William Norton, opposed as they were, and ever must be, in religious sentiment, or reject him altogether. How dare she do the former!—how could she do the latter?

William would never yield his belief; of this she was fully convinced. She had used all her arts of persuasion, and all her power of reasoning. Mr. Anderson had repeatedly conversed with him on the subject. Mr. Mason and others had urged on him what they conceived to be his duty, and now he was more intractable than ever before. He had grown more and more steadfast in the faith of his fathers. She could not change. That, too, was impossible. She felt that she had embraced, in their fullest extent, the teachings of the scriptures; that her faith was the faith of the Bible, and she could sooner yield life than her principles.

“And if I marry him, divided as we are in religious sentiment, shall we not both be unhappy?” she asked herself. “Should he make up his mind to join the church, he would certainly be a Baptist, and then there would forever be a barrier between us which nothing could remove, for I can never, no, never!” she exclaimed emphatically, “unite myself with that people.”

“Their doctrine is a wild and strange affair to me, which I can never understand. I can see just as much reason in penance and absolution, as I can in all this ado about ‘the work of the Spirit,’ and ‘the great change,’ and ‘the new birth.’ William believes

them all, and he cannot be convinced by the plainest proofs, of his error! I do not believe a word of it, and shall never do so; and if I should marry him, there would always be this distressing difference between us. It would be a hydra-headed monster, always springing up in a thousand shapes. I could not worship God according to the dictates of my conscience, if William differed so widely from me. I should always feel restrained whenever anything of a religious character was mentioned. Ah! it leads to serious consequences—this great difference of religious sentiment in the heads of a family. I have a good example of it in the family of Uncle John. What discord it produces on Sabbath morning—one wishing to go to one church, and the other to another church. And then it seems to me it is always coming up in conversation. Aunt Lucy and Uncle John are both so religious that you can never be with them any length of time that church matters are not introduced, and then they are so zealous, each for his own particular denomination! ‘A house divided against itself must fall.’

“My judgment convinces me that I ought forever to dismiss this subject of marrying William from my mind. But O my God!” she exclaimed, “how can I ever give him up! He is dearer to me than my own life. I can never love another. The world would be nothing to me without him. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all—everything would never fill the vacuum his loss would produce in this poor leading heart. I cannot! no, I cannot give up William. Sooner would I yield my own life—everything, but my religion,” and she started from her seat and paced the room violently for a few moments.

“But does not judgment teach me that it will be best in the end? Why link my fate to his, when we cannot *now* agree? ‘How can two walk together, unless they be agreed?’ What peace and harmony could there be in a household where one member of it felt constrained to act in one way, and another equally impelled to act entirely contrary? No, no, it would not be right for me to bring on a family all this unhappiness. My eyes are fully open to the true state of case, and I must not sin in the face of light and knowledge. I shall deserve to be severely punished, should I do so. Better, a thousand times, die, than act thus unjustly to him, to myself, and to others. But how can I tear myself away from him?



How tell him that we can never be united, but must become as strangers to each other? Oh, how can I! how can I! Great God, help me to do right!"

She wrung her hands in agony, while great drops of perspiration stood on her marble brow. Her eyes wore a wild, glaring expression, like to one whose mind wandered. She rocked herself violently, unconscious of what she was doing.

A thought flashed across her mind. She would wait a year or two; perhaps William's views might change in that time. The Reformation was spreading fast throughout the neighborhood. Some of the most influential families were giving it countenance. Possibly William might be convinced of his error. She would tell him candidly all her feelings; lay before him all her reasons, and postpone her engagement to marry him for at least two years. She would promise him to be faithful—never to dream of another. She was rejoicing in her new-formed plan, when the thought flashed across her mind, "He may not prove true to me. Perhaps his love for me will grow cold, and I be left desolate and alone."

A pain, keen and fearful, pierced her heart, as this reflection occupied her mind.

"No, no, I cannot yield him. 'Twould break my heart to sacrifice his love. And yet—and yet——. I know not what to do. Great God, guide me!"

She fell, as one suddenly stricken, beside the old arm-chair. She tried to pray, but words were denied her. She could only sob convulsively.

A late hour found her in her prostrate condition. Bewildered and confounded, she could not decide.

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#### CHAP. XVIII.—JIMMY JOHNSON'S REFLECTIONS, RESOLUTIONS, AND ACTIONS.

As Jimmy Johnson will figure as a personage of considerable note in the development of our story, we will look in upon him a little while, to see what he is about since his return from his flying trip to college.

After retiring to his little attic-room the night of his return,

Jimmy seated himself on the bed to think over matters, and take "reckoning" for the future. He had professed himself very penitent to his aggrieved parents; had asked their pardon a dozen or two times; promised amendment, and sealed that promise with an abundant shower of penitential tears. Jimmy was impulsive—quite.

"Well, this is a pretty business, that's a fact," said Jimmy to himself, as he sat on the bed, shaking his foot leisurely. "And I wonder what Amy will say to it. She'll be grieved almost to death to know of my 'success.' But then, I wonder if she wont be glad to see me back, after all?"

"I have played the fool, that's a fact. Spent all my money on those rowdy boys that didn't care a fip for me after it was gone. And then it was the hard-earned wages of my poor old parents. Father gave me all he could raise, and he had to sell his stock to get it too. And now they are out of money, and I'm out of college, and what to do I don't know. He'll never be willing to trust me again. If I had that thing to do over again, I'd act a different sort. But its all done for now. And I must content myself with finishing up my education at Mr. Duncey's; and a dunce he is too.

"Well, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' and I must make the best of my bad bargain. I would like mightily to make a smart man. I believe it's in me. But I'll never have any chance to bring it out now. I would like to be smart for Amy's sake, and father's and mother's—yes, and my own too. What a fool, to throw away that 'golden opportunity,' as Duncey says. But it's gone, and gone forever. Father has no more calves to sell; and if he had, I don't believe he'd ever trust me with money again.

"How ashamed I'll be to meet Amy next Sunday, and all my schoolfellows. I believe I'll go to see Amy to-morrow and tell her the whole story. I know she'll forgive me if nobody else will. I mind her more than the whole 'tucking' of them put together. How could I stand, next Sunday at meeting, to have that sweet face look on me with reproach, and those soft eyes say 'Jimmy, you have done wrong.' It would be more than I could bear. Yes, I'll go to see her to-morrow, and I'll make an 'honest confession.' It will be good for my soul. And if Amy forgives me, why I don't mind much what the boys will say.

"But it won't do for me to settle down here. I must make a man of myself for Amy's sake. Yes, and I'll do it, too," he exclaimed, jumping straight up from the bed and smacking his hands together. "If Father don't send me to college anymore, I'll steal off and 'work my way' as they say. Jimmy Johnson shall be somebody yet. Many a boy has turned out well after sowing more wild oats than I've done."

"But I'll have to go to Dunccey awhile. I will show father that I can reform, and maybe when his anger dies out and he forgets this scrape, he'll manage to get some funds and start me to college again. But if he don't I'll go. I'm bent on it. I think this trip to college has taught me a good lesson. I'll make a man of myself or die in the effort.

"But there's no time to be lost. I must be getting up my plan of future action. Well, first—but I'll have to go to Dunccey; he is such a plaguey dunderhead. He can't teach me much. I don't believe he can do a sum in double-rule of three to save his red pate. And then its such a coming down. 'Jimmy Johnson went off to college and had to come back to our country school, and that, too, before he finished his education,' all the boys will be laughing at me and taunting me. But I reckon I'll have to bear it. Well, first, I'll go to Dunccey awhile (but plague if I like it), study as hard as I can, and behave myself well, to show all the folks that there's hope of me yet. And then, when father is convinced that I am really in earnest, I'll ask him to send me off to college, and if he won't do it, why—I'll go anyhow. And when I get there I'll study day and night to make up for the lost time. And I'll graduate with the honors of my class. I think that's what the boys called coming off No. 1, and then Amy and I will marry, and then I'll be a lawyer or a starched neck-tie professor. And people will call me Lawyer Johnson or Professor Johnson, and bad Jimmy Johnson will be forgotten. Ah, I'll take the shine off all these neighborhood boys yet," and Jimmy, ecstatic with his bright future, jumped up, kicked over his saddle-bags, threw off his coat, and retired to dream all his bright schemes over, But—

"Best laid schemes of mice and men,  
Gang oft a-gley."

Jimmy, as he had proposed, went next morning to see Amy Lawson. He told the whole story without reservation or coloring; made a clean breast of it. Amy looked rather reproachfully at him at first, but even her tender nature was moved to forgiveness by his earnest beseechings, and her sweet, gentle voice was heard concurring in all Jimmy's new plans, for he told her all he intended to do, as well as all he had done.

Jimmy turned homeward with a light heart and nerved for the conflict of life. Amy had forgiven him, and smiled upon him, and spoken words of encouragement. He would die or accomplish his object.

Jimmy entered Mr. Dunccey's school the following Monday morning. All the boys laughed at the "college-bred" boy and called him Mr. James Johnson, Esq., all the way from college, and twitted him in every way possible. But Jimmy bore it like a hero. His fist oftentimes clenched, and his eyes flashed fire, but he remembered Amy, and felt determined.

Things went on prosperously for several weeks. Jimmy moved ahead in his studies. There was no boy in school that could at all keep pace with him. His parents were delighted. The whole neighborhood rang with his praises. "Jimmy Johnson was reformed." His "trip to college" had made a wonderful change in him;" so said everybody.

One day Jimmy had a hard sum to do in fractions. He had worked and worked, worried and worried, and yet the answer *would not* come right. Jimmy had repeated his efforts at least one dozen times, but with the same result. He was quite discouraged. He sat with his brow drawn down until his forehead was filled with seams. He scratched his head unmercifully, nibbled the end of his pencil, pulled his ears, rubbed his face, but it was of no avail; no new idea would come. "I'll try it once more," said Jimmy, "and if I can't do it, I'll take it up to the master. It's no use my wasting all my time over this one sum."

Jimmy wet his sponge, cleaned his slate, spread his arithmetic out before him, straightened himself up, and went to work. He took the sum down, figured away, multiplied, added, divided, subtracted, and reached the result. He compared it with the answer in the book. It was—wrong.

"I'll be hanged if I'll try it again," and Jimmy rushed from his seat to the master's desk. Dunccey was in no very good humor, just having dismissed a spelling class who did not at all know their lessons.

The master looked up, black as midnight.

"Have you tried to do this sum, sir?"

"I have, as many as a dozen times," answered Jimmy.

"And could'nt you get the answer?"

"No, sir."

"Well, go and try again—another dozen times; and if you can't do it then, bring it to me," said the master, looking at it, and seeing it was pretty hard.

"I can't do it, sir. I have tried every way I can think of," answered Jimmy, coloring at the master's unreasonable command.

"Well, try it again."

"It is a waste of time, Mr. Dunccey. I can't do it, sir."

"Well, you're a booby if you can't. Go to your seat in a moment, and"—

Before he had time to finish his rapidly spoken sentence, he lay outstretched on the floor. Jimmy had slapped him over.

A great consternation spread throughout the school-room. The master rose to his feet, with vengeance in his eyes; but Jimmy Johnson was beyond his reach. The next day Jimmy was expelled from school. And once more Jimmy Johnson was covered with disgrace.

(To be Continued.)

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STRANGE that Destiny should often come creeping like a child to our very doors; we hardly notice it, or send it away with a laugh; it comes so naturally, so simply, so accidentally, as it were, that we recognize it not. We cannot believe that the baby intruder is in reality the king of our fortunes, the ruler of our lives. But so it is continually.—*Anonymous.*

## I VISIT MY WASHERWOMAN AGAIN.

Being much interested in the family of Mrs. Dale, my good washerwoman, after mature reflection I concluded it was my duty to speak of her altered condition to some of my friends—those professing a hope of eternal life through faith in the blood of Him who, while on earth, dined with the “publican and sinner;” who, when asked by one inquiring the way of life, answered, “Go sell all thou hast and give it to the poor, and follow me.” I mentioned her case to a few friends, and could she have been benefitted in proportion to the sympathy expressed in words, wonderful indeed would have been the change in her condition.

A few days after I had formed my resolution to interest some of my worthy Christian friends in Mrs. Dale’s favor, I had occasion to go out with Mrs. Grand, one of my fashionable friends, into a fashionable street, to purchase a fashionable article of dress. Now, reader, if you suppose that my heart was engaged, to the exclusion of better things, with the prospect of gaining some article calculated to attract the admiration of the crowd, or the envy of those who could not purchase the same, you are grossly mistaken. I, like yourself, am in a labyrinth, through the intricate mazes of which I am as anxious to emerge as you can be; but as the passage is too narrow for two to walk abreast, I must walk ahead, trusting to my own judgment, bearing in mind the important fact, this narrow path is straight. But God has graciously given to each of us an inward monitor, approving or condemning as we advance or recede. But to our story.

We were on the point of entering a house of merchandise, when, somewhat to my surprise, I met Mrs. Dale. She would have passed with a simple salutation of the day, but I extended my hand, saying, “How are you Mrs. Dale?” She then greeted me cordially, but in a retiring manner. To my “allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Grand,” she, by a quick, nervous movement, indicated a disinclination; but the act on my part had been seen and responded to by my friend, Mrs. Grand, who, on the way home, asked me who that nice, intelligent looking old lady was, and received from me a succinct account of her situation, so far as

my knowledge went. But somehow it happened I did not specify to what Church she was a member.

A few days subsequent to this interview, my niece, Lucy R., informed me she had learned from a visitor that Mrs. Grand was greatly enraged with me. Thunder-struck, I replied: "You have been misinformed, my dear. It is an egregious mistake. We parted, a few days since, on the most amicable terms."

"Yes, aunt, but it was the occurrence of that morning which so exasperated her. She says your eccentricities amount to rudeness—that you took the unwarrantable liberty of introducing her to a laboring woman. She says you transcended the laws of propriety. She will not stoop to the level of a common laboring woman, and much more violent invective not worth repeating."

For a moment my anger was kindled; but a revulsion of feeling would have induced tears, had I not early in life learned to subdue and control external signs of internal feelings.

"Well, Lucy, I am sorry Mrs. Grand stands so much in her own light. She is groping in darkness, if governed by such erroneous views of Christian duties. A sincere follower of the meek and lowly Jesus is not so tenacious of their worldly position."

"That is Mrs. Grand's weak point. She stands in awe of the opinion of society, and esteems her ancestry very highly. I, too, am proud that my forefathers were worthy people, but I can't see that it makes me any better than my fellow beings, unless I emulate their virtues. I can't admit that the act of recognizing an humble Christian woman could degrade one. I would not allow my ideas of right to be so warped by the laws of fashionable society. It always was strange to me how the rich Christian could reconcile it with justice, to draw such a positive line of demarcation between themselves and the poorer class of Christ's followers. It is opposed to the doctrine and practice of our Saviour, and yet somehow it seems natural to me to seek the society of those who have been favored in a pecuniary point."

"We can't help, my dear, from forming partialities for those whose minds have been cultivated; but even where that is the case, and there is moral deformity, we should give our smiles to those who have chosen the better part, however obscure their lot. I

sometimes think if the God we worship could take the embodiment of the spirit of our faith, we would be shocked to find we were kneeling at the shrine of some hideous monster—his head fine silk and jewels—his body a marble house—his hands filled with gold coin, and——.”

“Oh, aunt, the idea is shocking! for it strikes me as being probable.”

“God only knows, Lucy, but of one thing we may rest satisfied—with Him in whom can be no mistake, every act of our lives is indelibly marked on eternal tablets, upon which the All-Seeing Eye is ever resting. How important we should study the conception of the God we worship! I fear we infringe and curtail his attributes to suit our desires.”

“Aunt, who was it to whom you introduced the fastidious Mrs. Grand?”

“An humble pious woman. God forbid I should make insidious remarks, but she is far superior to Mrs. Grand in point of intellect. Her humility is more levelly than pride’s loftiest pinnacle. Her very aspect seems to say: ‘Lord, here is thy servant. What wilt thou have me do?’”

“But, aunt, I mean as the world regards the matter?”

“That is indeed a different view of the subject. Let me reflect a moment impartially. As society regards my friend, or even as wealthy members of Christ’s visible church regard this woman, she ranks low—unworthy their nod of recognition—a person too inferior for association only as she pampers to their physical wants. Mrs. Dale is a hale, stout woman, who earns her livelihood by doing up fine clothes for ladies, muslin and dresses. I was under the impression she had no other means of support until yesterday. She called with a basket of my clothes, when, during our conversation, she told me she owned the ground upon which her house is located. When her husband sold their farm in the country, he purchased this lot, and she has continued living upon it, preferring to maintain herself by personal exertion, knowing the ground would ultimately increase in value. Her plan is to sell at the most favorable moment and re-purchase her farm, which, owing to its proximity to the city, has enhanced rapidly in value. She has educated, by her own management, her daughter in a su-



perior manner, and has succeeded in establishing her in one of our high schools as teacher. If such upright conduct is not commendable to every virtuous-minded individual, I must acknowledge I am greatly mistaken in my ideas of right and wrong."

"My information was that you had introduced Mrs. Grand, at the store door, to a low, vulgar woman—a woman who actually belonged to the working class."

"Oh, shame! shame! that human intelligence should be so blinded by error! Lucy, if Mrs. Dale were well dressed—I mean as the fashion requiree—and in this parlor, you would be constrained to acknowledge you never conversed with a more enlightened and refined lady."

"Aunt, if we were not so warped by conventional rules—if we dared to act in open defiance to the prejudices of the rich, I dare to say there are many persons now in obscurity, who, if brought forward, would, like rare jewels, reflect the light most beautifully."

"I am glad you take so liberal a view of the case. If we practise all the Christian virtues, and yet lack charity, they are worthless in God's eye; for we thereby neglect one of his most important commands, 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'"

"Aunt, how came you acquainted with Mrs. Dale?"

"To the careless inquirer it would seem accidental. You know I don't believe in accidents—fortuitous events. Providence brought her to me. I had for a long time felt the want of a sincere and *unfashionable* companion. I hungered and thirsted after the naked, unadorned truth. In her conversation I found the coveted jewel. I conversed as freely with her as if she had possessed thousands."

"When will you visit her again?"

"This very evening."

"I would like to go with you, aunt."

"Do."

Through the sanction of our Heavenly Father we were allowed to keep our engagement. Mrs. Dale welcomed us cordially. As usual, neatness and order were prominent in her household; and, to my infinite delight, she had added a few articles of comfort to her apartment, and those huge tubs were invisible. Who had a better right to rest from their toil? She had planted and watered

diligently, and now, in her old age, she was permitted to see God give the increase. How my eyes feasted on that old-fashioned, heavy black walnut bedstead, over which now appeared a crimson spread, contrasting beautifully with the snow white pillows. She observed the direction of my eye, and said: "This change I deemed necessary on my daughter's account. Young people don't look through spectacles of wisdom," she laughed, looking at Lucy.

"What do you mean; Mrs. Dale?"

"Probably my meaning is obscure. But I think as we grow old and aid our sight by the means of glasses, in the same way more knowledge is granted us as we feel our deficiency, and begin to feel the dews of the dark vale to which old age carries us. He grants us knowledge in accordance with the nature of the case. Many things which you now deem essential in your course of living, as you advance in years will be worthless in your estimation. Divine grace will overcome the mist which obstructs your view, and, like my old spectacles, will enable you to see its utter worthlessness. It will show you all the motes in the sunshine. Every step you advance it will justify your resolution and enable you to persevere to the end."

"You don't mean me to understand that you believe God attends to all our every-day wants, and that he hears all our complaints?"

"I do. But the suppliant is always in want of his spectacles. We can't, whilst in this tabernacle of flesh, understand all God's arrangements. You could no more walk and adjust your daily routine of pursuits void of consciousness, than you could elude the vigilance of God's eye. He knows your wants ere you express them, and, knowing you will or not seek his assistance, prepares the gratification or rejection. It is a sad, mistaken hope for us to imagine we will escape his surveillance by our insignificance. We are all worthy his attention until we degrade ourselves, and then we can't elude his eye, for we deserve his anger. It would work a wonderful change in conduct, if we would always bear in mind, 'Thou, God, seest me.' If we would realize his invisible presence, how many thoughtless words would be unuttered, how many evil deeds unrecorded."

"Mrs. Dale, your words induce the belief that the general mass of professors are greatly under the influence of the devil."

"God forbid I should misjudge any one, but if you read God's Holy Book, Miss Lucy, earnestly desiring to be guided by its light, you will find, in attempting to stretch out your hands to grasp the pleasures of this world, a wall arises on both sides, warning you the path is narrow as well as straight, admitting of no turning to the right or left. Your eye fixed on the eternal, unchanging truth, you must of a necessity walk straight ahead, disregarding of the seductive calls of the unbeliever. But the experienced wayfarer knows these calls are from an arch liar, and they swerve neither to the right or the left."

After a moment's profound silence, for we were deeply impressed with the solemnity of her manner, she said, turning to me: "I believe I informed you of my intention to sell this lot upon which I live. We effected the sale to-day. Without the slightest effort on my part, I have become wealthy. I have retained my right to the entire lot by merely earning my bread by the sweat of my brow. We received sixty thousand dollars for this ground to-day."

"Mrs. Dale!"

"True, madam. You see there is nothing impossible with Him who stands at the helm of human affairs. I am told property is rapidly advancing, but as the object of my desire is now within my reach, I would be unworthy the blessing were I to covet more. I have asked of the Lord to allow my latter days to pass in a flower garden. I will now re-purchase my former residence in the sequestered valley where I was born, and where my aged parents ended their labor in the Lord's vineyard."

"But your daughter, Mrs. Dale; will you not be doing injustice to her to exclude her from society?"

"She has been aware of our peculiar position, and by her unwavering, rigid course of duties, I feel satisfied the gem will be untarnished in her keeping."

"You place a high estimate on riches. I mean, Mrs. Dale," said Lucy, somewhat embarrassed, "you call riches a gem. In your former remarks I thought you did not appreciate them very highly."

“All things the Lord lends us is worthy our consideration. We should, when called to surrender the loan, be careful the contact with sin has left no stains. Riches are calculated to expose us to many temptations; and they become so incorporated with our comfort as to identify themselves with our lives, making us undecided whether to resign them or bow down and worship them. Our spiritual lives are so intimately interwoven with our corporeal condition, that it is only by continued watching that we are enabled to perceive the dissimilarity of the requisitions of the two. The spiritual life is one of constant self-denial. Resist the pleadings of the flesh. Oh, many are the wiles of the tempter! He has already tried me, holding out the prospect of founding a college, making the admiring crowd cry out, ‘Behold the righteous thaumaturgist!’ Now, Miss Lucy, what aid do you imagine I bring to bear against his sophistry?”

“Inform me, madam.”

“When tempted, or puzzled rather, by his subtle arguments, I call Humility to my side. Meek and lowly she says: ‘We do not want the applause of the world, for Charity and I will find plenty to do with this gift in the hidden walks of life, There we will bind the bruised reed. Our own rejoicing over the lost sheep will be applause enough.’”

On our way home Mrs. Dale’s affairs were still discussed, Lucy asking me where her old homestead lay. This query suggested a plan to me, which, as soon as I can carry it into operation, I will tell you the result. I intend to take Mrs. Grand with me, and try the effect of a second introduction.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

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**IGNORANCE.**—Gross ignorance every man has found equally dangerous with perverted knowledge. Men left wholly to their appetites and their instincts, with little sense of moral or religious obligation, and with very faint distinctions of right and wrong, can never be safely employed, or confidentially trusted. They can be honest only by obstinacy, and diligent only by compulsion or caprice. Some instruction, therefore, is necessary; and much perhaps may be dangerous.

**THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.**

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

## CHAP. XXX.—A STRANGE MEETING.

THE sun was gilding with the glorious beams of morning, roof, and turret, and spire of the great city of London, throwing his radiance, like a sea of molten gold, across the noble Thames. It was the morning of the 28th of July, 1685, about two weeks after Monmouth's disastrous defeat.

A small frigate was seen about sunrise ascending the Thames. No one gave it particular heed, for it was by no means an unusual sight. Slowly it passed up to the landing. Suddenly the guns poured forth their hideous bellowing, which resounded far and wide throughout the city, and shook, as it were, the very foundations thereof. The people were astonished. What was there in that little frigate to cause such rejoicing? She soon landed. From tongue to tongue the news passed with electric speed. Soon the guns sent forth another long, loud peal. And the people caught up the strain, and "Long live the King! Death to the rebels!" was echoed in jubilant strains from multitudes of commingling voices.

And, what was the cause of this great demonstration and rejoicing? What? That little vessel contained those who had fought for England and the Protestant religion; who were to expiate their crime on the scaffold. And the mad multitude send up shouts of loud acclaim that their fellow-men are to suffer and die. Ah, the heartlessness of the base herd!

But there were sad hearts in London when it was made known who the prisoners were. Aged eyes wept bitter tears, for the grandfather and the grandmother have loved Benjamin and William from their earliest years. And the mother, whose sad face tells that she has not forgotten to mourn over the loved one lost, and the young and frail sister, whose heart is knit to the brothers by ties of strongest love, weep in anguish over their sad fate.

The vessel lands. On the quay stands a group of unhappy mourners. It is the aged William Kiffin and his wife, and the

mother and sister of the two young Hewlings. Strainingly they gaze, as Captain Richardson, with his aids, appears on the deck. They come, holding in custody two young men, one about twenty-two years of age, and the other yet scarce twenty.

Oh, horrid sight to greet the eyes of loving ones! Their noble forms are loaded with irons, and the manacles on their wrists clash and rattle as they move along. The sister screams, and rushes forward to clasp her brother in her arms. But the guards motion her back. She dare not approach. Shrieking, she falls to the earth. The young men smile, and lift their eyes to heaven as they exchange glances of recognition with their grand-parents and mother. The old man's heart is breaking. He has nursed these children from their mother's breast. And he loves them with more than a father's love. They are the only sons of their father, whom God took to himself while they were yet babes. Oh! it is trying. But respect must be had to those in command, and the mourners can only stand aside and wring their hands in anguish.

The young men are nothing daunted. They have fought for liberty and religion, and their faith is in God. They know in whom they have trusted, and are willing, yea, rejoice to bear suffering for His name.

They move on, conducted by the soldiers, towards Newgate; for though the best blood in the land flows in their veins, they are to be treated with all the ignominy and cruelty of common felons. The massive bars spring back to give them entrance. The hootings and mad acclaims of the multitude fall on their ears. There is a company of the King's men at the gate, awaiting its opening. In their midst is a prisoner bound with cords, but not loaded with irons. He is pale and emaciated, and stands with trembling form.

The prisoners pass in. Just as they enter they look at each other. The brothers recognize the pale, worn face of the other. It is William Dormer. "Great God! and are you too here, William!" exclaimed Benjamin Hewling. The guardsman strikes him on the mouth, and bids him be silent. It is an insult hard to brook by the spirited young man. But he remembers that his Master had been smitten and beaten. And following his example, he opens not his mouth.

The brothers and William Dormer had often seen each other in the meetings of the Dissenters. They had met around the communion table of their Lord and Master. They had met on the battle-field, and fought side by side for the cause for which they could sacrifice their lives. They now met, prisoners, at Newgate. They should meet once more—before the throne of God. William Dormer smiled sadly as he returned the young man's recognition. He cared not for himself. His faith in God was firm, and he could meet death unflinchingly. But Mary! Ah, his heart bled for her! He dreaded the shock to her delicate nature. For her sake he prayed for liberty.

"William, my child, my poor, dear William!" exclaimed a female voice, and the form of an elderly woman was seen rushing towards William Dormer.

"Stand back, woman!" said one of the soldiers, pushing her back with his sword.

"Oh, let me speak to him once more, my poor child! I have not seen him this many a year. Kind sir, let me speak to him this once."

The soldier gave back sullenly, and Elizabeth Gaunt rushed forward to William Dormer, and folded him to her bosom. The young man clasped her in his arms, and the two wept aloud. Neither one could speak. Even the hard-hearted soldiers were touched by the scene, and tears started to the eyes of these unaccustomed to weep.

At length William found voice to speak. "Mary, Mrs. Gaunt, Mary!"

"Well, my child, I saw her last week."

"I shall never see her again. Give her this," and with his bound hands he took from his bosom a note, which the soldiers had permitted him to write after he was captured, and which contained a lock of his hair.

"She shall come down to see you, William. I will go for her myself."

"But we will remain in London but a few days. They are going to take us to Dorchester for trial. If I could see her once more, I could die happy."

“Come, get away, woman!” said one of the brutal men, “you have been there long enough, whining over that rebel.”

Mrs. Gaunt did not heed his words, but continued to talk to William. The soldier took her arm rudely, and bade her “be gone!”

“I’ll see you again, my boy, before you go to Dorchester. They let *me* come here to see the sick.”

The soldier motioned her to the gate. A moment more, and she had disappeared without the walls.

The prisoners were conducted to their gloomy cells, where they were lodged, still manacled as they had been. But as in the case of Paul and Silas, God was with them in the dungeon, and they were enabled to sing and give praises unto Him. Oh, the exceeding love of God, which enables his children to bear all things for his sake!—cruelty, imprisonment, shame, disgrace, death itself. His grace is *sufficient*. Who that has tasted his love can ever doubt it?

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#### CHAP. XXXI—THE VISITORS.

The next morning, at an early hour, there stood before the great eastern gate of the prison a man and two females, craving entrance. The women were dressed in deep mourning, and veiled closely. Their forms were bowed with grief. They scarcely lifted their heads. The old man’s face bore the marks of recent sorrow. His silver locks hung over his shoulders, giving to him a highly venerable appearance. They had alighted from their carriage, and waited immediately in front of the gate.

They had been standing sometime in waiting before the turnkey to the outer gate appeared. He eyed them closely. Then looked at the carriage, with its driver and handsome span of noble bays, then sullenly opened the massive portal, and bade them walk in. They were wholly unused to prison scenes, and the dark, fierce countenance of the porter, and frowning walls of the gloomy prison, filled their hearts with dreadful shuddering.

They halted in the court before the inner door to await its opening. While they stood thus, Captain Richardson, who had taken



charge of the young men before they landed from the frigate, came up, and in a rough tone accosted them :

“Who are you, and whom do you want to see?” he asked gruffly.

“We wish to be permitted to see the young men who were put in prison yesterday—the Hewlings.”

“And who are you?”

The mother and sister of the boys, and their grandfather, who has watched over them from their cradle.”

“Have you any permission to see the boys, old man?”

“I have obtained none, presuming I would be admitted. Can you not, sir, give us leave to enter?”

“Well, I suppose I could,” answered the officer, tauntingly, without making any movement towards doing so.

“We should be glad to get in, sir. The ladies do not like to stand here exposed.”

“Well, it’s no use deceiving you any longer, old man. You can’t go in.”

“Oh, pray, do let us in!” exclaimed the mother most beseechingly. “My poor boys! My dear children! Oh, do sir, let me see them!”

The man made no reply, but looked sneeringly at the suppliant.

“Do let us go in, sir; you have the authority to do so. It will break my poor daughter’s heart if she is denied the sight of her boys.”

“Her boys are rebels of the worst character. I tell you, they are criminals, and their friends cannot be let to see them.”

“For God’s sake, sir,” ejaculated the sister, lifting her veil, and looking at him most beseechingly. “Oh, do let us go in to see my poor brothers. You can go with us. We do not wish to say anything to them but what you can hear, the whole world can know. Oh, do let us in, I pray you!”

Tears streamed down her face while she spoke, and the mother’s sobs were heard above her words. The old man wept like a child.

It was a scene to melt a heart of stone. But the officer remained untouched. He seemed to delight in the misery before him. He replied roughly :

“They are rebels, lassie, against our most gracious King, and

the laws of this most glorious land; and have forfeited all claim to compassion. You cannot go in. They must be punished for their evil doings. And I will keep them in close confinement until they have their trial."

"They fought for the liberty of this land—for freedom to worship God," replied the woman, drawing herself up to her noblest height, as if to resent the indignity that had been offered her in the words of the brutal captain. "They have done what they believed to be right—what this nation will one day see is right; and if they must be cruelly punished for it, God will stand by them, and avenge them on those who shamefully use and abuse them."

The old man felt it was of no avail. Even entreaties were naught to reach that savage nature. Yet, he would make one more effort.

"No, I tell you. There is no hope; so be gone!"

The two women wept aloud. The old man groaned, and taking the females by the hand, the three moved to the gate, and passed out.

"Curse that old Kiffin!" muttered Richardson, as the gate closed upon them. "The old dog! he ought to be hung. He has done more for these devilish religionists than all the other men in London. He gives them money, and influence, and respectability. I am glad I had it my power to cross him. I felt sorry for the young lassie. She is a fair, buxom girl; but the rebel boys must be punished, and their sanctimonious priests too."

The little company had scarcely reached the carriage, which stood without the gate, before another female, altogether different in her aspect, applied for admittance. She acted as one used to the place. She scarcely asked to enter. The porter threw open the door, and she walked in with a calm, steady step. In her hand she held a porringer of broth. Beneath her arm was a loaf of bread, and in a reticule or bag she carried, cloth and a salve, which she herself prepared, to dress the wounds of those who had been taken captive from the Duke's army.

Captain Richardson was yet standing in the court-yard when Mrs. Gaunt entered. He was accustomed to her daily visits to the jail, and could have no pretext for refusing her now, else the savageness of his present mood would have driven her thence.

"What do you want, woman?" he asked as if delighted to torment her with questioning.

"I come to-day, as is my wont, to see the sick, and administer to their necessities."

"And what do you expect to make by it?"

"Nothing, except the gratification it gives me to know I am doing my duty, and to see the smile of comfort and thankfulness of the poor sufferers."

"And what have you got there in your saucepan? Do you feed the prisoners, as well as bind up their wounds?"

"A little broth, sir, for that poor man who lost his leg in the battle, and who, poor creature, is in almost a dying condition. He can't live many days, sir. He has been shamefully neglected. His limb is all inflamed, and I do believe, if he had not had some of this good salve that I bring with me, it would have mortified days ago."

"Well, go in with your broth and salve. Let the poor wretches do the best they can, for their time is short. A few weeks' more, and all who outlive their wounds will be dangling from the gibbets."

The jailer gave the woman admittance. She passed along her usual round, after the conductor, bestowing comfort and joy wherever she went. When she had finished her visits to those whom she daily attended, she asked if there were any more prisoners.

"Three new ones got in yesterday."

"And are they sick?"

"One of them looks ailing; he is as white as your cap, and can hardly get along."

"Show me his cell."

The man led her along through a dark passage which terminated in the extreme rear of the building. Stopping before a low, narrow cell, he withdrew the key from his pocket, and unlocked the iron-grated door. The prisoner started from his low stool in the corner. Mrs. Gaunt spoke. She knew William would recognize her voice.

"Who is this poor man whom you have placed in such miserable lodgings?"

William started, and came forward. He knew that caution was necessary, so he made no further manifestation of joy.

"Oh, I don't know what his name is, Mrs. Gaunt. All I know is, that he is one of the rebels, and got caught for his pains."

"And can't he be put in a more comfortable place than this? It is cruel to keep him in this dark, damp place to rot. Go and bring the keeper here, Mr. Nardley, and let's see what can be done for him." The man turned the key in William's cell door, and made off to obey Mrs. Gaunt's command.

"William," said the good woman, as soon as the man's footfall died away; "William, my poor child, how do you do?"

"Well in *mind*, thank God, but my body is yet a little feeble. I was shot in the battle, and although the wound has healed, I have not recovered from the effects of it."

"And you never can, here in this place, without light and air. But you are comfortable in mind, my child. God is with you in the dungeon, speaking peace and comfort to your soul, and bidding you to 'fear not them which are able to kill the body only.'"

"Yes, Jesus speaks sweet consolation to me. I am at peace with Him, and in Him. My only distress is Mary. I think of her night and day. I dreamed of her last night, an angel, who came to me in this low, dark place, and said, 'Fear not, William, I am with you, and Christ our blessed Lord is with you.' And I thought she gave me a cup of refreshing water, and bathed my throbbing temples, and rubbed my chafed hands. And more, Mrs. Gaunt. I thought those dark eyes were unsealed, and such a look as she gave me! Oh, I have never seen anything so like heaven! I was so delighted I awoke, and for a moment I could not think it was a dream; I put out my arms to bring her to me, but they met only the empty air, and I knew that I had been dreaming, for the heavy tramp of the watchman's step was the only sound I heard, and no ray of light lit up the horrid darkness of this loathsome place. I tried to sleep again. I hoped to dream. But I could not. My thoughts would not rest."

"Poor child! when we get to that better land, there will be no such disappointment, William. We shall not dream there, for there shall be no night. But bliss, far above anything we have ever imagined, shall be ours forever."

"And will not be long, Mrs. Gaunt, before I get there. My days

are fast drawing to a close. The law knows no relenting in a case like mine. The Hewlings and I are doomed."

"It may be, William, that you can be pardoned."

"Never, never, my dear woman. The gibbet is my lot. But I die in a glorious cause. If I did not leave Mary behind, and you, my more than dear mother, I would not hesitate a moment. I am ready now to go."

"Something tells me, my dear boy, that I shall not be long behind you; possibly I may go first. These are times of persecution, and sword, and flame, throughout the land. And I cannot hope to escape. I belong to the despised sect, and my deeds must become known. I try to do my Master's will, to aid Him, in the persons of the disciples when sick and in prison, and to minister to them a cup of cold water in His name. When this thing comes to the ears of those in authority, why, then I must suffer. But I'll trust my Saviour, and go on."

"Will you go to see Mary, Mrs. Gaunt, and tell her all? You can break the sad news to her better than any body else could. Oh, if I could see her once more!—could once again hear her sweet voice, I should have nothing more to wish for."

"You shall see her again, God willing. I will go for her, and bring her down here, if you stay long enough in this jail; and if they move you away, I'll go with her to where they lodge you."

"They are going to take the young Hewlings and me to Dorchester, to try us; but I do not know when."

"I'll find that out, and then I'll determine what to do."

Just then, steps of the guide and keeper were heard in the corridor, and conversation ceased between the two.

"I sent for you, Mr. Nardley, to see if you cannot give this poor man a better cell. He will die here before his trial comes off."

"Yes, Mrs. Gaunt, I think we can, though we are very full. I'll book him at better lodgings. I am glad you spoke to me about it. It is a shame to let our fellow-men suffer when there is no need for it."

Mr. Nardley was a kind-hearted man. It had been through his influence and countenance that Mrs. Gaunt had been permitted to visit the jail, and attend to its suffering inmates.

The keeper and assistant went to look for a better cell, and

again William Dormer and Mrs. Gaunt had an opportunity for a short conversation. It was arranged that Mrs. Gaunt, if possible, should find out from the keeper whether the prisoners were to be tried in London, or sent to the West, and at what time their trial should take place. The rest was left to her wisdom to plan and execute.

"I may not be back to-morrow, William. There is a poor sick sister near me, who needs me. She cannot live long, perhaps not beyond two days; and then, if it seems best, I will go to Bedford for Mary. I would not build you up on a false hope. As you say, the law knows no mercy. Trust in God, and he will bring to pass whatever is best for you. This world is a scene of trial and disappointments. You do not know, my poor boy, about this as I do. But we will not talk about its cares now, but think of better things. I must see the Hewlings before I go, if they'll let me. The keeper is coming." She grasped his hand.

"This poor man will do well, Mr. Nardley, if he can have a comfortable cell. He has no fever, and good food and quiet sleep will be all he will need, together with a little exercise.

"The assistant told me of two others; could I see them?"

"They are doing well, Mrs. Gaunt, and Captain Richardson has commanded that nobody shall see them."

"Who are they?"

"They are grandchildren of Rev. Mr. Kiffin, and were put in here for taking up arms against the government. You know Captain Richardson hates the Dissenters, and he delights to punish them. He will not let their mother and sister see them."

"How do the youths appear?"

"Very well, madam. I heard them singing and praying this morning in their cells, as I passed round."

"Are they in the same cell?"

"Oh, no, ma'm; Captain Richardson had them put in different parts of the building. He said the 'miserable wretches should know no mercy.'"

Mrs. Gaunt went speedily from the prison to the house of the sick sister. She found her in the agonies of death. Her mind was calm and collected, and she was enabled to praise God mid the intense sufferings with which her body was racked.

"I go to Jesus," were her last audible words.

Mrs. Gaunt spent the night with the family, performing the necessary duties preparatory to consigning the body to the grave. She remained the next day to the funeral—saw the body deposited in its narrow bed. She went with the bereaved husband and children to their now desolate home, prepared everything for their comfort, and then sought her own little cottage to commune with God and have her spiritual strength renewed.

That night about twelve o'clock she heard a low rapping at her front door. She arose, threw on her clothes, and went to see what it meant.

"For God's sake take me in, Sister Gaunt. They are on my heels to bring me to the scaffold."

"And who are you, man?" she asked.

"John Burton, one of the Non-Conformists who took up arms to fight for the faith. But you know we were conquered, and I am trying to flee from England with my little family, for if I am overtaken I shall certainly perish on the scaffold."

"Where are your wife and children, man?"

"I have but one child, a daughter; and she and my wife are here with me."

"I cannot turn away him that asks for shelter," the good woman answered. "Come in, come in!"

She showed them to bed and retired. Little did this poor woman think she was harboring one, whose heart full of base ingratitude, should betray and bring her to the stake.

The next day she made ample provision for them, bidding them to keep within door until she returned, which would be in two or three days.

She then set out on her journey to Bedford, and did not rest till she reached there. She unfolded the sad news to the family as gently as she could. Poor Mary! it appeared her heart would break when she heard of her lover's condition. She knew he belonged to the defeated army, whose disastrous fall had reached her ears. But amid all her suspense she had this ray of comfort, "Perhaps William has again escaped to Holland."

But now the worst had come. There was no longer any hope. William must die. She bowed beneath the horrid intelligence like

the lily before the rushing storm. She sat as one stupified. Her father and mother and dear Mrs. Gaunt endeavored to draw her mind away from her trouble to feed on the promises of Christ. But grief had absorbed every other feeling and emotion. She heard their words, but they made no impression. She only knew that William Dormer must die.

She consented to go to London. Indeed, it was the only thing that seemed to arrest her attention. Preparations were made, and the next day Mary and her father set out with Mrs. Gaunt for the city. They traveled as fast as they could. The roads were in good condition, and at night-fall they reached their destination.

The next day Mary was to visit William in prison.

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#### GEORGETOWN "COLLGE" COMMENCEMENT.

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On the 30th of June occurred the commencement exercises of Georgetown College, preceded as usual by a week's examinations, which I did not witness. Twenty were graduated. The Speakers of the Class were J. M. Crawford and T. C. Stackhouse, of Louisiana; J. H. Southworth, of Missouri; C. H. Frith, of Mississippi; and W. B. Godey, R. H. Gray, W. T. Stevenson, W. G. Welch, Wm. Campbell, J. F. Ewing, E. F. Darnaby, J. A. Fitzgerald, and A. B. Montgomery—the Valedictorian—of Kentucky. The addresses were all very fine, and being delivered in an elocution elegant and forcible, the impression will, it is believed, better commend the College to the confidence of the thousands present than any eulogy; but that crowd numbered only about three thousand auditors, and I would, if possible, cause the general sentiment to echo through the whole South and West.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon about twenty of the Alumni and others. Of these I remember the names of J. T. Williams, T. M. Vaughan, and F. M. Aldridge.

The address before the Alumni on "The the Spirit of Law," by Hon. F. M. Aldridge, of Coffeeville, Miss., was a master-piece.

The hospitable President, Dr. Campbell, was honored by the smiling salutations of about two thousand five hundred ladies and



gentlemen, who attended the levee given at his residence on Thursday evening.

The Law Theta Kappa and Ciceronian Societies met in the spacious chapel at three P. M., to confer Diplomas upon their respective graduates. The crowded chapel, vestibule, and hall were first entertained by an elegant and classical address on behalf of the Law Theta Kappa Society, and the presentation of Diplomas by J. T. Carpenter, to which a brief and appropriate response was made, on behalf of the class, by J. A. Fitzgerald. In behalf of the Ciceronian Society was then delivered, by S. Warfield, a speech of surpassing excellence for its blended depth of thought, noble moral sentiment, classical beauty, and impassioned delivery, followed by the presentation of Diplomas to the Ciceronian graduates. To this replied E. F. Darnaby, on behalf of the class, in a speech highly spirited and interesting. All the exercises of the day, and the recreations of the levee at night, were interspersed with music by Minter's band from Cincinnati.

The College is now endowed. Its course of instruction is thorough, and its discipline altogether superior. No College in the West offers greater facilities. Its current expenses are \$22 50 per session. Boarding in private families, \$2 50 to \$3 50 per week; in Paulding Hall, \$1 75. Students who obligate themselves to teach school as many years after leaving as they spent in college, receive their tuition gratis. Here, then, is a normal school without cost to the Commonwealth, and one that invites any number of students from any county of any State. Worthy candidates for the ministry receive tuition gratis in all cases, and, if indigent, their boarding and clothing are furnished, either in part or altogether, at the discretion of the Board.

President Campbell is universally beloved by the students. His great learning, extraordinary practical wisdom, and untiring energy abundantly fit him for the place. They need no further proof than a reference to his past success in endowing and building up the College.

Prof. George Hunt, of the Theological Department, is a man whose modesty alone is equal to the splendid abilities, both natural and acquired, which, in every respect, commend him to the confidence of all who are able to appreciate the importance of his

position. Those wishing a theological education can receive it here, free of charge; or they can take theology with any literary or scientific branch they may wish on the same terms.

Why should not the number of students be swelled next September to four hundred? Let every friend of pure education do his duty, and it will be done. Georgetown is only five hours' travel from Louisville, in a beautiful and healthful location of Kentucky. Let the third Monday in September next show that the people of the great West and South can appreciate such an Institution as Kentucky liberality has here founded, the world's best talents fostered, and almost every State in the Union patronized with the highest satisfaction.

B. T. TAYLOR.

NEW CASTLE, July 7, 1859.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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The Editor has been absent on a tour through the State of Missouri for the past six weeks. We hope this will be sufficient apology for any apparent neglect in correspondence and business.

The following having gone the rounds of the papers, a gentleman in St. Louis has sought a little notoriety by writing to the *Democrat* "that Rev. S. H. Ford has not declined the call to one of the St. Louis churches." *Smart.*

"Rev. S. H. Ford, for several years past a resident of Louisville, Ky., and the Editor of the *Christian Repository* and *Western Recorder*, and the pastor of one of the churches in that city, has had the degree of L. L. D. conferred on him by the William Jewell College, of Missouri. He is a Graduate of the Missouri University, held at Columbia, Mo., and has been selected, and will return to St. Louis, to edit 'the *State Baptist*' paper.

"We wish him, as we know he will deserve, great success in his new undertaking."

*Dr. Crowell*, Editor of the *Western Watchman*, published in St. Louis, at the General Association of 1858, proposed to sell the paper to the Association. A Publication Society, formed to purchase and conduct the paper, elected Rev. S. H. Ford editor, which he declined.

Will the following subscribers give us the name of their Postoffice immediately on receipt of *Repository*, in order that we may attend to their requests: John. D. Huff, A. J. Denton, Mrs. F. A. Farrar, George W. Crawford, Silas Craig, J. B. Mathis.

Brethren and sisters, always give at the beginning of your letter the name of the Postoffice at which you receive your *Repository*, the name of your county and State. If you desire your paper changed, give name of Postoffice, county, and State to be changed from, and also to be changed to. And, moreover, do not forget to sign your name. We cannot "guess" all things.

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# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXLIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1859.



REV. JOHN MASON PECK, D.D.

THE memory of this departed man of God is still green in the recollections of thousands. We shall not anticipate his memoirs, soon to appear, from the pen of his associate and friend, Dr. Rufus Babcock.

He was the *real* friend, counselor, and, it might be added, teacher, of the writer of this.

A noble man; frank, fearless; ever ready to sacrifice for his brethren, and for the cause of his Master. S. H. F.

VOL. VIII.—SEPT.—1

### NAPOLEON III.—THE MAN OF PROPHECY.\*

THE broad field of unfulfilled prophecy should be explored with trembling caution. Amid the mists that wrap its vales, and mountains, and deep recesses, the confident explorer will behold scenes and objects which are the creations of his own imagination, or in the depths of the unpierced gloom will sink, bewildered and lost in its pathless labyrinths.

“He who attempts the interpretation of the book of Revelation,” said Dr. South, “is either mad, or will be.” So learned a man as Scaliger said “Calvin was wise because he wrote no comment on Revelations.”

But “the folly of interpretations has been,” as Sir Isaac Newton observes, “to foretell times and things, as if God designed to make them prophets. By this rashness they have not only exposed themselves, but brought prophecy into contempt. The design of God was much otherwise. He gave the Revelations and the prophecy of the Old Testament not to gratify men’s curiosities by enabling them to foreknow things, but that after they were fulfilled they might be interpreted by the event, and his own providence (not the interpreter’s) be then manifested thereby to the world.

“There are two extremes to be shunned. While daring rashness and confident predictions of future times and events cannot be too severely censured, yet an entire neglect and wilful ignorance of prophecy is a slight and insult offered to the ALL-WISE.

“What God has taken so much pains to reveal, his children should take some pains to understand. Of the Book of Revelations God has said: ‘Blessed is he that readeth and understandeth the sayings of this Book.’”

“Those,” says Bishop Newton, “who censure and dissuade the study of this book, do it, for the most part, because they have not studied it themselves, and imagine the difficulties to be greater than they really are.”

We have reached a period of the world’s history to which good

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\* Revival of the French Empire, from the Necessity of Prophecy. G. S. Faber, B.D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

men, for ages past, have looked forward with profound regard. The epoch of the Millennium—of the reign of Christ, spiritual or personal—cannot be far distant. The curtain of prophecy, not to be pierced by human vision, trembles on the wheel of time, and the next grand revolution may display scenes of glory, and peace, and righteousness, dimly foreshadowed in the sublime strains of ancient seers.

It will not be presumptuous, it will not be fruitless of good, if we enter with humble heart, and tread with unsandaled foot the sacred ground of prophecy, and listen to the voices of the past as they whisper of the present and of the future.

On the shores of Patmos, John “stood upon the sands of the sea, and saw a beast rise out of the sea having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns.” Of this beast, seen again in the 17th chapter, the interpreting angel says :

“And here is the mind that hath wisdom;” or, as the words may be rendered, “here is the mind”—meaning, “he that hath wisdom”—“let him make use of it.” So the vulgate Latin renders it; and the Ethiopic thus: “He that hath wisdom let him know this;” or take cognizance of it; it being a matter of importance.\*

“The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth.”

Here, then, is a “sure word of prophecy.” The angel had revealed this to Daniel as the symbol of a tyrannical, idolatrous empire. He beheld *four great beasts*, which were interpreted by the angel as representing the Babylonian, Persian, Greek, and Roman empires. Concerning this there can be no mistake. But the seven heads are or represent seven hills, by which this empire could be identified. These are well known signals or marks of the Roman Empire. The Seven-hilled City was the appropriate appellative of the capital of the Cæsars. This is taken notice of by Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Claudian, and, in fact, by almost every poet that speaks of Rome. It has, indeed, been called *Septiceps*—the *Seven-headed City*—language almost identical with the words of the angel.

These mountains were called *Capitolinus*, *Palatinus*, *Aventinus*, *Esquilinus*, *Coelius*, *Viminalis*, *Quirinalus*. There was also a feast kept *septimonium*, in seven places of the city, in commemoration

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\* Gill Com., in loco.

of the conquest of the four first mountains by Romulus, and the last by Servius Tullius. There was no Imperial City so built in John's time, but Rome. No stronger confirmations are necessary to show that the Roman Empire is spoken of. But the seven heads had also another meaning: "*And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come;*" or, rather, as in the Latin, Syriac, and Ethiopic versions, "*and they are seven kings*"—that is, represent them. Rome has had seven forms of government, and *seven only*. At the time the Vision appeared to John, one of these forms of government *was in existence*. "*One is.*" Domitian was then Emperor of the Roman world. The Emperorship was then for that form of government which then was. Five had fallen—Kings, Consuls, Dictators, Decemvirs, Military Tribunes. The Emperorship was the sixth. This historic fact is recorded in Livy and Tacitus.\* "*One is*"—the Imperial. It is beyond all cavil or doubt that Rome, the Seven-hilled City, with its sixth form of government, was described in the Vision of the Beast rising from the abysmal waters of peoples and tribes.

The only question, then, to be settled, is, What is the seventh head or form of government, of which the angel said, "*the other is not yet come?*" Ascertaining this, it will not be difficult to track the *eighth*, which is of THE SEVENTH.

Now, it will be observed, that although the capital of the Roman Empire was transferred to Constantinople by Constantine the Great, and the ranged arch of Empire was afterwards severed into the Western and Eastern divisions, each having its independent master, yet, by the principle of "*ROMAN LAW,*" the Territorial Roman Empire and the Gubernative Roman Emperorship were each alike a strict unit. The Empire was ONE.

It has been held, that when Augustulus formally abdicated the Emperorship, and his conqueror, Odoacer, King of the Heruli, assumed the title of King of Italy, the Imperial form of government fell, and immediately on its form the seventh head arose. But the Roman Law and historic fact are against this supposition; for there still existed *the Roman Emperor*, and the Roman Emperor in the East.

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\*"*Quæ ab condita urbe Roma ad captam eandem urbem Romani sub regibus primum, consulibus deinde ac dictatoribus, decemvirisque ac tribunis consularibus gessere.*"—*Livii*, l. 6, c. 1.

Of this, the action of the Senate of Rome bears decisive testimony.

“The Roman Senate,” writes the historian, “disclaim the necessity, or even the wish, of continuing any longer the Imperial Succession in Italy; since, in their opinion, the Majesty of a sole Monarch is sufficient to pervade and to protect at the same time, both the East and the West. In their own name, and in the name of the People, they consent, that the seat of universal Empire shall be transferred from Rome to Constantinople; and they renounce the right of choosing their Master. The Republic might safely confide in the civil and military virtues of Odoacer; and they humbly request that the Emperor would invest him with the title of Patrician and the administration of the Diocese of Italy.”—*History of Decline*, chap. 36, pp. 227–8.

The same historian adds: “In the lowest periods of degeneracy and decay, the name of ROMANS adhered to the last fragments of the Empire of Constantinople.”

“Constantinople was the capital of the Empire of the Romans,” wrote the Arab author, Ebn Al Ouardi, “and at this day the Metropolitan Province, which contains Constantinople, is denominated Romania.”

“Yet the Western Branch of the great Roman tree” had not entirely perished. Though Augustulus resigned the Purple in 476, no military chieftain, in or out of Italy, ventured to assume the title, until Charlemagne, in 800, proclaimed to the world the unity of the Empire governed by two Emperors.”

And when, in 1453, Constantinople fell before the victorious Turks, and the Eastern Emperorship was annihilated, the Empire still continued to exist, ruled by the successors of Charlemagne. Nor did it become extinct with the breaking up of his vast dominions. Transferred from France to Germany, with its Italian appendages, and the Gallican kingdoms of Burgundy and Arles, it was still styled the Holy Roman Empire.

Meanwhile the Chief, still bearing the title of Emperor of the Romans, was always deemed the Kaiser, and thus the official representative of Augustus remained till 1806.

This rapid historic grouping will bring before the reader of Roman history the indisputable fact, that the King or government which prevailed at the time of John’s vision, continued to exist



amid the lapse of ages and the sweep of revolutions down to the last representative of Augustulus in 1806. It then *fell*. The Eastern Empire and Emperors had long been blotted out; and then Francis, the last of the Roman Emperors, humbled and prostrate beneath the lightning glance of Napoleon I., renounced the ancient throne and dignity of Emperors in these words :

“Being convinced of the impossibility of discharging any longer the duties which the Imperial Throne imposed upon us, we owe it to our principles to *abdicate a crown* which could have no value in our eyes when we were unable to discharge its duties and deserve the confidence of the Princes Electors of the Empire. Therefore it is, that, considering the bonds which unite us to the Empire as dissolved by the Confederation of the Rhine, we renounce the Imperial Crown, and, by these presents, absolve the Electors, Princes, and States, Members of the Supreme Tribunal, and other Magistrates, from the duties which unite them to us as their Legal Chief.”—*Alison's Hist. of Europe, vol. V., p. 690.*

Thus perished the last vestige of that once splendid and powerful Empire of the Cæsars, invested with so much of historic interest, with so much of grandeur and of gloom.

Let us again turn to the prophecy.

“*Five are fallen*”—the five forms of government which preceded the Empire. “*One is*”—Imperial—“and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a SHORT SPACE.” Who, then, or what is the new or seventh Polity?

It must, evidently, appear immediately after the fall of the sixth, for the *Beast* was to *continue in existence*—to live. But the figure of a *beast without a head* would of course indicate the destruction of both. Essential, therefore, to its existence, was the immediate rise of a Seventh Head. If, then, the Sixth Head fell with the abdication of Francis of Austria, where shall we look for the rise of the Seventh? Well, now, historic facts afford the answer.

The MAN OF DESTINY, who beheld Europe at his feet on the bloody field of Austerlitz, rose like a portentous meteor over the dark, onward-rushing maze of Revolution, and accepting the iron crown of Italy, incarcerating the Pope, he placed his victorious eagles upon the Seven Hills, and formally annexed Rome and the Roman States to the resuscitated Empire of Charlemagne.

These historic facts fill up the outline of John's Vision with a

minuteness that forces conviction upon us. But it is farther stated that "when he (the Seventh Head) cometh, he must continue a SHORT SPACE." Will this apply to Napoleon I.? Amid all the astonishing victories which covered with glory his splendid career; his glance, like the gleam of destiny, waking new Kingdoms into life, or shattering thrones the most ancient and deep-rooted with the sword of military violence—his vision of Universal Empire faded into dark death-clouds. The Bourbons were reinstated. The Pope returned to the Vatican. The star of Empire paled on the plains of Waterloo, and the Empire of Rome—the Seven-headed Beast—was no more.

But we are told that "*the deadly wound was healed;*" that the Beast (the Empire) was to rise again to life, *with* the healing of the sword-slain Seventh Head. The question to be asked, after the fall of Napoleon I., was, "In what manner, and in what person is the French Emperorship to be revived, and the strict letter of prophecy fulfilled?" "If the French Empire were indeed the predicted Seventh Roman Head," says Faber, "then, as it had been destroyed by the sword, so of very necessity it must be raised up again to political vitality."

"Such an anticipation, accordingly, I first put forth in the year 1818, or three years after the violent extinction of the French Emperorship. This will be found in a supplemental volume to my earlier publication, entitled 'A Dissertation on the Prophecies relative to the great Period of 1260 years;' and, as my conviction remained unaltered, because it was founded, not upon mere *conjecture*, but upon undeniable FACTS which had become a part of history, I, twice again, unhesitatingly put forth the same confident anticipation, in the years 1828 and 1844, in the first and second editions of my 'Sacred Calendar of Prophecy.'"

It is remarkable, that in 1818, Faber wrote as follows—while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena :

"The short-lived Seventh Head of the Roman Wild Beast was represented, from first to last, by a *single individual*; whence the actions of the Individual and the actions of the Head are necessarily coincident throughout. But still, in absolute strictness, I should not say that the Seventh Head symbolised *the French Emperor Napoleon*, but *the French Emperorship* of which he happened to be the sole administrator.

“On these solid grounds I deem the future destiny of *the Individual*, who now wears out his hours on a sea-girt rock in the midst of the Atlantic, quite beneath the particular regard of the Prophetic Muse. Whenever the French Emperorship is revived, it is less than of the least consequence whether it be revived by Napoleon himself, or by the son of Napoleon, or by any other military adventurer. The naked fact of its revival is, I fear, but too plainly foretold by the voice of inspiration; but *the time when, and the person by whom, are alike uncertain.*” \* \* \*

*“The predicted yet future eighth form of Roman government will be the revived French Emperorship.”*

Bending to his will, or forcing into alliance almost every power of continental Europe; linked by marriage to the Hapsburgs; with a male heir to his name and throne, suddenly the magnificent pageant closed in disaster and gloom, and the solitary prisoner on the Ocean Rock, like a shattered column, bore testimony to the truth of prophecy: “*And when he cometh he must continue a short space.*”

Farther, we are told in Revelations, 13 : 3, “I saw one of his heads, as it were, wounded to death, and his deadly wound was healed.” This was, doubtless, this Seventh Polity, or Head of the Roman Empire, and with the wound of its head, was apparent death of the Beast—the Empire.

Such are the *facts* in strict fulfillment. The Emperorship of Napoleon was, “*as it were, wounded to death.*” Could this be a mere guess?

The sword-slain Head has been revived, and with him the Empire in a new form. The fugitive wanderer, despised, neglected, has risen to a height unequalled, in many respects, by his GREAT Uncle. To note the steps of the predicted revival of the French Emperorship will be useful.

“Dec. 10, 1848. Louis Napoleon is voted into a professedly constitutional Presidentship by about 6,000,000 suffrages.

“Dec. 2, 1851. He violently dissolves the factious Assembly, which was preparing his ruin, and which was meditating a return to all the murderous atrocities of Jacobinism; and then, throwing off the old tyranny of the unprincipled Metropolis, he boldly appeals to the Nation at large.

“Dec. 20, 1851. He is voted into an Absolute Dictatorship, still under the name of a Presidentship, by about 7,000,000 suffrages.

“Nov. 4, 1852. He accepts the *Senatus Consultum* proposed to be laid before the people. It ran thus: ‘The nation wishes the

re-establishment of the Imperial Dignity in the person of Louis Napoleon, with hereditary succession to his direct legitimate or adoptive line; and gives him the right to regulate the order of succession to the throne in the Bonaparte family.'

Nov. 21, 22, 1852. The nation votes for a *revival of the French Emperorship*, in the person of Louis Napoleon, by about 8,000,000 suffrages.

"Dec. 1, 1852. The votes of the nation are examined and ratified by the Senate, and are then submitted to the President for his acceptance. He accepts the Imperial Dignity at the hands of the nation, their wish being expressed by an almost universal vote in the affirmative.

"Dec. 2, 1852. The revival of the French Emperorship is proclaimed in Paris.

"Dec. 5, 1852. The revival of the French Emperorship is proclaimed in the provinces.

"Thus the Emperorship of the French, originally established in the year 1804, mortally wounded by the sword in the year 1815, and revived in the year 1852, has appropriated to itself *all* the predicted characteristics, save *the still future last*, by which the Seventh Roman Head, whenever it should appear, might be certainly recognized."

We close with this recapitulation :

1st. The predicted Seventh Head had not come when John wrote.

2d. It was to occupy the place which the then existing Head did—the Emperorship of the Romans.

3d. It was therefore to have, during some portion of its existence, the occupancy of Rome—which both Napoleons had.

4th. It was to be wounded by military violence.

5th. It was to be revived and appear as an Eighth Polity.

All these lines meet in the French Emperorship; and connected with it are marks, *future* and momentous.

Peace has just been declared between Austria and France; but war still holds its seat in Rome and Italy. The world is wondering after the Beast; his policy is known to none but himself and the all-seeing eye of God. But we are on the eve of scenes which, according to the sure word of prophecy, *must* follow the rise of the Seventh Head. We do not attempt to penetrate the future clouds and darkness hanging over it; yet, with the light that streams from God's book along that untrodden path, we may venture to point out what is to be expected, and expected soon. This we shall attempt in a future article.

S. H. F.

## THE RELATION OF BAPTISM TO CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP.

THE term *ecclesia*, translated "church" in the New Testament, has, in its application to the Christian body, a two-fold signification. In many passages it refers to the church universal, the "general assembly" of true believers. The following are examples of this comprehensive use of the word :

Matt., 16 : 18 : "And I say also with thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my *church*, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." 1 Cor., 12 : 28 : "And God hath set some in the *church*, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers," &c. Eph., 1 : 22-23 : "And hath put all things under his feet, and gave Him, to be the head over all things, to the *church*, which is his body." Eph., 3 : 10 : "To the intent that now unto the Principalities and Powers in heavenly places might be known by the *church* the manifold wisdom of God." Heb., 12 : 28 : "To the general assembly and *church* of the first-born which are written in heaven."

The use of the word exhibited in the above and similar passages is based upon the spiritual union of all true Christians into one body by virtue of their common union with Christ. Membership in this spiritual church is conferred by the great Head thereof, upon all penitent believers, at the moment faith is exercised, and is in no sense dependent upon baptism. Of this connection baptism can be only a sign or symbol, a recognition merely of what already exists.

2. As a visible organization, *ecclesia*, or church, is restricted in meaning to a single congregation of Christians—to an individual church. Thus in Acts, 8 : 1, it is said, "At that time there was a great persecution against the *church* which was at Jerusalem." Acts, 11 : 26 : "And it came to pass that a whole year they assembled themselves with the *church* (i. e., at Antioch), and taught much people." Paul addresses himself to the *church* of God which is at Corinth; to the *church* of the Thessalonians, which is on God the Father, &c.

The restricted meaning of the word comes out more fully in the

following passages where the plural form occurs. Acts, 9 : 31 : "Then had the *churches* rest throughout all Judea." Acts, 15 : 4 : "Paul went through Syria confirming the *churches*." Rom., 16 : 4 : "To whom all churches of the Gentiles give thanks." 1 Cor., 12 : 17 : "And so ordain I in all churches." 1 Cor., 14 : 34 : "Let your women keep silence in the *churches*." 2 Cor., 8 : 19 : "And not that only, but who was also chosen of the *churches*, to travel with us with this grace," &c. 2 Cor., 8 : 23, 24 : "Whether our brethren be inquired of, they are messengers of the *churches* and the glory of Christ. Wherefore show we to them and before the *churches* the proof of your love." Mention is made of the churches of Macedonia, the churches of Galatia, the churches of Judea, the churches of Asia.

These churches were local, self-governing, independent bodies of baptized believers. They were not united in one visible organization. No evidence exists that churches of the same province or region were organized as one body, and under one government. The churches of Macedonia, of Galatia, of Judea, and of Asia, are spoken of in the New Testament, but no mention is made of the church of Macedonia or of Asia. Each was wholly independent of the others, managed its own affairs, admitted members to its fellowship, and excommunicated them at will, responsible to Christ alone.

We have been at the pains to illustrate thus the scriptural usage of the word *church*, in order to get distinctly at the thing to be determined. In examining the relation of baptism to church-membership, we have no direct concern with the former of the meanings given above. It is membership in a particular church with which we have to do.

I. And first, *was baptism ordained of Christ to be the rite of initiation into a church?*

1. The scriptures nowhere so assert. The passage most relied on, perhaps, by those who affirm that baptism is the act of incorporation with the church, is the thirteenth verse of the twelfth chapter of 1 Corinthians : "For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have all been made to drink into one spirit." The baptism here is said by the apostle to be by the Spirit. The

Greek preposition (*en*), which precedes Spirit, we would prefer translating by its primary signification, *in*, denoting the element in which the persons referred to were immersed. Wherever baptism, by the Holy Spirit, is spoken of, an immersion in the spirit is the true rendering. The apostle is not, therefore, speaking of baptism in water at all, but the baptism of the spirit. Taking the passage as it stands, the baptism is declared to be by or with the spirit, and hence cannot possibly be cited to show the relations of water baptism, an outward ordinance.

But again. The one body into which all are baptized, Jews and Gentiles, bond and free, is not to be understood of any particular body of Christians, an individual church, but of the church universal—the spiritual body of Christ. The context clearly establishes this view. In this portion of the epistle the apostle is striving to bring all the charisms or spiritual gifts of the Corinthians in subordination to the single purpose of mutual edification. The motive upon which he insists is the union which subsists among Christians. “As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ;” that is, so also are all who are one with Christ—Christ’s mystical body. “For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body.” And carrying out the same line of argument and illustration, he affirms in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses: “Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular. And God hath set some in the *church*, first apostles; secondarily prophets; thirdly teachers,” &c. The body of Christ (the church), in this connection, must refer to the church universal. The passage, then, is clearly misapplied as proof that baptism initiates the baptized into a church. But before passing to consider another passage, we observe, that the union of all true believers into one spiritual body is very fully unfolded in Eph., 4 : 4, 5, 6: “There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.”

Another passage sometimes adduced as indicating the initiatory character of the rite of baptism is Gal., 4 : 27: “For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is

neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." In the "putting on of Christ" refers to the public assumption of the name of Christ, an open avowal of discipleship, it does not follow, therefore, that baptism confers church membership. Thousands have made this profession of discipleship in baptism who did not thereby become members of any church. But it would seem from the whole tenor of the apostle's argument that this was not precisely the idea he intended by the phrase, "have put on Christ." He had just declared that the "Law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith." And again: "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Justification by faith is the apostle's theme in this chapter, and the introduction of baptism is evidently intended to give weight to his argument. Now baptism into Christ is expressive of two things—faith in Christ, and union with Christ. Union with Christ seems to be the chief thought in the expression, "Put on Christ." This is corroborated by the verse which follows: "There is neither Jew nor Greek," &c., "for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." One, because of their common union with Christ. And if united to Christ, they were his; and "if Christ's, then Abraham's seed and heirs according to promise." But whatever view is taken of the passage, it is not easy to see the proof it furnishes that baptism is initiatory into the church. Neither in the above, nor in any other scriptures, have we been able to find any direct testimony that it is thus to be regarded.

2. Our second inquiry will be concerning the practice of the apostles. Did they initiate members into the churches by the rite of Baptism? It is said in Acts, 2:41, "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." But the statement only proves that the three thousand were united to the body of believers in Jerusalem the *same day* on which their baptism occurred. It does not affirm that by that specification they were added to the church. If elsewhere stated that baptism conferred membership, this passage would corroborate the statement; but by itself it proves nothing.

But again. Some baptisms occurred which evidently did not initiate into any church, and could not have been administered with



this design. The baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch is in point. Philip, divinely guided, met him on the highway while prosecuting his journey homeward from Jerusalem, and at his request baptized him. But though baptized, he was not thereby invested with church membership. His baptism was not an initiation into any church. The same remarks apply to all the baptisms of the first converts to Christianity in regions for the first time explored by them. Those who professed repentance and faith were forthwith baptized, and afterwards constituted into churches.

We have, therefore, found neither precept nor example in the scriptures to prove that baptism was ordained specifically to initiate into a church.

Several Baptist theologians of eminence were led to adopt a similar conclusion. In his Commentary on 1 Cor., 12, 13 ("By one spirit are we all baptized into one body"), Dr. Gill observes: "All that are baptized in water are not baptized in or by the Spirit, as the case of Simon Magus, and that of others, shows; nor does water baptism incorporate persons into the church of Christ, neither into the universal church, which is the body of Christ, and here meant, nor into a visible gospel church; they being indeed true believers and baptized, are proper persons to be received into a church, but baptism itself does not put them into or make them members of it. Persons may be baptized in water and never be joined to a church.

Rev. Andrew Fuller, in a letter addressed to a friend on the terms of Communion, says: "The nature and design of baptism, as given us in the New Testament, show it to have been the initiatory ordinance of Christianity. It was not, indeed, an initiation into a particular church, seeing it was instituted prior to the formation of churches, and administered, in some cases, as that of the Ethiopian, in which there was no opportunity for joining to any one of them; but it was an initiation into the body of professing Christians."

Rev. William Crowell, in his "Church Member's Manual," expresses a like view. Of the apostolic churches he remarks: "All the members of these churches became such by their own voluntary act. In other words, each entered freely into covenant with all the other members, and thus became a part of the church. The faith

of an individual did not, of itself, constitute him a member of any particular church; nor did his baptism, which is the universal badge of the Christian profession, but his *voluntary* covenant, to walk with that church in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, made him a member."

II. If baptism be not the rite of initiation, what relation *does* it bear to church membership? Its relation to church membership we take to be two-fold.

1. And first, it is an indispensable prerequisite or qualification for membership. This is evident from the very nature of baptism as the divinely appointed method by which the believer shall avow his faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. "Go disciple the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." Profession of Faith necessarily precedes entrance into a body of professed Christians; and how shall that profession be made, except as God has ordained?

Apostolic practice as to this head is very manifest. The three thousand at Pentecost were baptized, and then added to the church. As soon as Ananias met Paul, visiting him by divine direction, he commanded, "Arise, brother Paul, and be baptized." The Holy Spirit having fallen upon Cornelius and those gathered with him to hear Peter, the apostle enquired, "Who can forbid water that these should not be baptized who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" The Ethiopian Eunuch and Phillipian Jailer were baptized immediately upon a profession of faith in Christ. This was the uniform procedure of the apostles. The first step, after the disciple was made, was to baptize him in the name of the Lord.

2. Baptism imposes upon the baptized an obligation to unite with the church. Baptism into the name of the Trinity is a vow of subjection to the authority, and of consecration to the service of God, as well as a profession of faith. It is an act especially of profound submission to Christ as Prophet and King. Now the will of Christ as to the union of his followers in organized churches is plain and unequivocal. The apostles (the inspired organs of Christ's will,) organized churches wherever they were successful in making converts. For two infinitely important ends they were constituted. First, that all the gifts of the individual members might be made available to the edification<sup>n</sup> of the whole body; and, second, that a

disciplined and organized Christian soldiery might be thrown upon the kingdom of darkness. The vow of obedience, assumed in baptism to Christ, is a vow to unite, if there be opportunity, with his churches, in the accomplishment of their sublime mission. To refuse to do so, when the way is open in the providence of God, is rebellion against Christ, and a violation of the baptismal covenant.

J. W. W.

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## A VISION OF THE LATTER-DAY GLORIES.

### A Sermon.

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BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

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“And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established in the top of the mountains, shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.”—Isaiah, 2 : 2, and Micah, 4 : 1.

THE prophets of God were anciently called seers, for they had a supernatural sight which could pierce through the gloom of the future, and behold the things which are not seen, as yet, but which God hath ordained for the last times. They frequently described what they saw with spiritual eyes after the form or fashion of something which could be seen by the eye of nature. The vision was so substantial that they could picture it in words, so that we also may behold in open vision the glorious things which they beheld after a supernatural sort. Let us imagine Isaiah as he stood upon Mount Zion. He looked about him, and there were “the mountains that are round about Jerusalem,” far outvying it in height, but yielding to Zion in glory. Dearer to his soul than even the snow-capped glories of Lebanon, which glittered afar off, was that little hill of Zion, for there upon its summit stood the temple, the shrine of the living God, the place of his delight, the home of song, the house of sacrifice, the great gathering-place whither the tribes went up, the tribes of the Lord, to serve Jehovah, the God of Abraham. Standing at the gate of that glorious temple, which had been piled by the matchless art of Solomon, he looked into the future, and saw, with tearful eye, the structure burned with fire; he beheld it cast down, and the plough driven over its foundations. He saw the people carried away into Babylon, and the nation cast off for a season. Looking once more through the glass, he beheld the temple rising from its ashes, with glory outwardly diminished, but really increased. He saw on till he beheld Messiah himself, in the form of a little babe, carried into the temple; he saw him there, and he rejoiced; but ere he had

time for gladness his eye glanced onward to the cross; he saw Messias nailed to the tree; he beheld his back ploughed and mangled with the whip. "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," said the prophet, and he paused awhile to bemoan the bleeding Prince of the House of David. His eye was now doomed to a long and bitter weeping, for he saw the invading hosts of the Romans setting up the standard of desolation in the city. He saw the holy city burned with fire, and utterly destroyed. His spirit was almost melted in him. But once more he flew through time with eagle wing, and scanned futurity with eagle eye; he soared aloft in imagination, and began to sing of the last days—the end of dispensations and of time. He saw Messias once again on earth. He saw that little hill of Zion rising to the clouds—reaching to heaven itself. He beheld the New Jerusalem descending from above, God dwelling among men, and all the nations flowing to the tabernacle of the Most High God, where they paid him holy worship.

We shall not, to-day, look through all the dim vista of Zion's tribulations. We will leave the avenue of troubles and trials, through which the church *has* passed, and *is* to pass, and we will come, by faith, to the last days; and may God help us while we indulge in a glorious vision of that which is to be, ere long, when "the mountains of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it."

The prophet saw two things in the vision. He saw *the mountain exalted*, and he beheld *the nations flowing to it*. Now, will you use your imagination for a moment, for there is a picture here which I can scarcely compare to anything, except one of Martin's magnificent paintings, in which he throws together such masses of light and shade, that the imagination is left at liberty to stretch her wings and fly to the utmost height. In the present instance, you will not be able to outstrip the reality, however high you may endeavor to soar; for that which is in our text will certainly be greater than that which the preacher can utter, or that which you may be able to conceive.

Transport yourselves for a moment to the foot of Mount Zion. As you stand there, you observe that it is but a very little hill. Bashan is far loftier, and Carmel and Sharon outvie it. As for Lebanon, Zion is but a little hillock compared with it. If you think for a moment of the Alps, or of the loftier Andes, or of the yet mightier Himalayas, this Mount Zion seems to be a very little hill, a mere mole-hill, insignificant, despicable, and obscure. Stand there for a moment, until the spirit of God touches your eye, and you shall see this hill begin to grow. Up it mounts, with the temple on its summit, till it outreaches Tabor. Onward it grows,

till Carmel, with its perpetual green, is left behind, and Salmon, with its everlasting snow, sinks before it. Onward it grows, till the snowy peaks of Lebanon are eclipsed. Still mounts the hill, drawing with its mighty roots other mountains and hills into its fabric; and onward it rises, till the Himalayas seem to be sucked into its bowels, and the greatest mountains of the earth appear to be but one vast rock striking out from that eternal hill; and there it rises till you can scarcely see the top, as infinitely above all the higher mountains of the world as they above the valleys. Have you caught the idea, and do you see there afar off upon the lofty top, not everlasting snows, but a pure crystal table-land, crowned with a gorgeous city, the metropolis of God, the royal palace of Jesus the King. The sun is eclipsed by the light which shines from the top of this mountain; the moon ceases from her brightness, for there is now no night; but this one hill, lifted up on high, illuminates the atmosphere, and the nations of them that are saved are walking in the light thereof. The hill of Zion hath now outsoared all others, and all the mountains and hills of the earth are become as nothing before her. This is the magnificent picture of the text. I do not know that in all the compass of poetry there is an idea so massive and stupendous as this—a mountain heaving, expanding, swelling, growing, till all the high hills become absorbed, and that which was but a little rising ground before, becomes a hill, the top whereof reacheth to the seventh heavens. Now we have here a picture of what the church is to be.

Of old, the church was like Mount Zion, a very little hill. What saw the nations of the earth when they looked upon it? A humble man with twelve disciples. But that little hill grew, and some thousands were baptized in the name of Christ; it grew again and became mighty. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands began to break in pieces kingdoms, and now at this day the hill of Zion stands a lofty hill. But still, compared with the colossal systems of idolatry, she is but small. The Hindoo and the Chinese turn to our religion, and say, "It is an infant of yesterday; ours is the religion of ages." The Easterns compare Christianity to some miasma that creeps along the fenny lowlands, but their systems they imagine to be like the Alps, outsoaring the heavens in height. Ah, but we reply to this, "Your mountain crumbles, and your hill dissolves, but our hill of Zion has been growing, and strange to say, it has life within its bowels, and grow on it *shall*, grow on it *must*, till all the systems of idolatry shall become less than nothing before it; till false gods being cast down, mighty systems of idolatry being overthrown, this mountain shall rise above them all, and on, and on, and on, shall this Christian religion grow, until converting into its mass all the deluded followers of the heresies and idolatries of man, the hill shall reach to heaven,

and God in Christ shall be all in all." Such is the destiny of our church; she is to be an all-conquering church, rising above every competitor.

We may more fully explain this in two or three ways. The church will be like a high mountain, for she will be *pre-eminently conspicuous*. I believe that at this period the thoughts of men are more engaged upon the religion of Christ than upon any other. It is true, and there be few that will deny it, that every other system is growing old; gray hairs are scattered here and there, although the followers of these religions know it. As for Mahomet, has he not now become effete with gray old age? And the sabre, once so sharp to slay the unbeliever, hath it not been blunted with time and rusted into its scabbard? As for the old idolatries, the religion of Confucius, or of Budha, where are their missionaries?—where the old activity that made minor idolatries bow before them? They are now content to be confined within their own limit; they feel that their hour is come, that they can grow no further, for their strong man is declining into old age. But the Christian religion has become more conspicuous now than ever it was. In every part of the world all people are thinking of it; the very gates of Japan, once fast closed, are now open to it, and soon shall the trumpet-voice of the gospel be heard there, and the name of Jesus the Son of the Highest shall there be proclaimed by the lips of his chosen servants. The hill is already growing, and mark you, it is to grow higher yet; it is to be so conspicuous, that in every hamlet of the world the name of Christ shall be known and feared. There shall not be a Bedouin in his tent, there shall not be a Hottentot in his kraal, there shall not be a Laplander in the midst of his eternal snow, or an African in that great continent of thirst, that shall not have heard of Christ. Rising higher, and higher, and higher, from north to south, from east to west, this mountain shall be beheld; not like the star of the north, which cannot be seen in the south, nor like the "cross" of the south, which must give way before the "bear" of the north—this mountain, strange to say it, contrary to nature, shall be visible from every land. Far-off islands of the sea shall behold it, and they that are near shall worship at the foot thereof. It shall be pre-eminently conspicuous in clear, cloudless radiance, gladdening the people of the earth. This, I think, is one meaning of the text, when the prophet declares "that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills."

This, however, is but a small part of the meaning. He means that the Church of Christ shall become *awful and venerable in her grandeur*. It has never been my privilege to be able to leave this country for any time, to stand at the loftier mountains of Europe, but even the little hills of Scotland, where half way up the mist is

slumbering, struck me with some degree of awe. These are some of God's old works, high and lofty, talking to the stars, lifting up their heads above the clouds, as though they were ambassadors from earth, ordained to speak to God in silence far aloft. But poets tell us—and travelers who have but little poetry say the same—that standing at the foot of some stupendous mountains of Europe, and of Asia, the soul is subdued with the grandeur of the scene. There, upon the father of mountains, lie the eternal snows glittering in the sunlight, and the spirit wonders to see such mighty things as these, such massive ramparts garrisoned with storms! We seem to be but as insects crawling at their base, while they appear to stand like cherubims before the throne of God, sometimes covering their face with clouds of mist, or at other times lifting up their white heads, and singing their silent and eternal hymn before the throne of the Most High. There is something awfully grand in a mountain, but how much more so in such a mountain as is described in our text, which is to be exalted above all hills, and above all the highest mountains of the earth.

The church is to be awful in her grandeur. Ah! now she is despised; the infidel barketh at her—it is all he can do; the follower of old superstitions, as yet, pay her but little veneration. The religion of Christ, albeit that it has to us all the veneration of eternity about it—"For his goings forth were of old, even from everlasting"—yet to men who know him not, Christianity seems to be but a young upstart, audaciously contending with hoary-headed systems of religion. Ay, but the day shall come when men shall bow before the name of Christ; when the Cross shall command universal homage; when the name of Jesus shall stay the wandering Arab, and make him prostrate his knee at the hour of prayer; when the voice of the minister of Christ shall be as mighty as that of a king; when the bishops of Christ's Church shall be as princes in our midst, and when the sons and daughters of Zion shall be every man of them a prince, and every daughter a queen. The hour cometh, yea, and now draweth nigh, when the mountain of the Lord's house, in her awful grandeur, shall be established on the top of the mountains.

There is yet, however, a deeper and larger meaning. It is just this—that the day is coming when the Church of God shall have *absolute supremacy*. The Church of Christ now has to fight for her existence. She hath many foes, and mighty ones, too, who would snatch the chaplet from her brow, blunt her sword, and stain her banners in the dust. But the day shall come when all her enemies shall die; there shall not be a dog to move his tongue against her; she shall be so mighty that there shall be naught left to compete with her. As for Rome, you shall seek, but find it not. It shall be hurled like a millstone in the flood. As for false gods,

talk to the bittern, and to the mole, and to the bat, and they shall tell you where they shall be destroyed. The Church of Christ, at that time, shall not have kings of the earth to conquer, and to control her, as if she were but a puny thing; nor shall she have them to persecute her, and lift up their iron arm to crush her; but she, then, shall be the queen and empress of all nations; she shall reign over all kings; they shall bow down and lick the dust of her feet; her golden sandals shall tread upon their necks; she, with her sceptre, with her rod of iron, shall break empires in pieces like earthen vessels. She shall say, "Overturn! overturn! overturn! until he shall come whose right it is, and I will give it HIM." The destiny of the church is universal monarchy. What Alexander fought for, what Cæsar died to obtain, what Napoleon wasted all his life to achieve, that Christ shall have—the universal monarchy of the broad acres of the earth. "The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land." The whole earth shall come, and worship, and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker; for every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

You have now, I think, the meaning of the text—the church growing and rising up till she becomes conspicuous, venerable and supreme. And now let me pause here a moment, to ask how this is to be done?

How is this to be done? I reply, there are three things which will ensure the growth of the church. The first is the individual exertion of every Christian. I do not think that all the exertions of the Church of Christ will ever be able to reach the climax of our text. I think we shall see something more than natural agency, even though employed by the Spirit, before the Church of Christ shall be exalted to the supremacy of which I have spoken; but, nevertheless, this is to contribute to it. In olden times, when men raised cairns to the memory of departed kings, it was usual to put a heap of stones over the tomb, and every passer-by threw another stone. In the course of ages those mounds grew into small hills. Now the Church of Christ in the present day is growing something in that way. Each Christian converted to Christ throws his stone; we each do our measure. By the grace of God let us each make sure of one stone being deposited there, and strive to add another by laboring to be the instruments of bringing some one else to Christ. In this way the church will grow; and as year after year rolls on, each Christian serving his Master, the church will increase; and it shall come to pass in the last times, that even by the efforts of Christ's people, owned by God the Holy Spirit, this mountain shall be highly exalted in the midst of the hills.

This, however, although all we can do, is not, I think, all we have to expect. We can *do* no more, but we may *expect* more.



Besides, the Church of Christ differs from all other mountains in this: that she has within her a living influence. The ancients fabled that under Mount Etna Vulcan was buried. Some great giant, they thought, lay there entombed; and when he rolled over and over, the earth began to tremble, and the mountains shook, and fire poured forth. We believe not the fable, but the Church of God, verily, is like this living mountain. Christ seems to be buried within her; and when he moves himself, his church rises with him. Once he was prostrate in the garden; then Zion was but a little hill; then he rose, and day-by-day as he is lifted up, his church rises with him; and in the day when he shall stand on Mount Zion, then shall his church be elevated to her utmost height. The fact is, that the church, though a mountain, is a volcano—not one that spouts fire, but that hath fire within her; and this inward fire makes her expand her side, and lift her crest, and onward she must tower, for truth is mighty, and it must prevail—grace is mighty, and must conquer; Christ is mighty, and he must be King of kings. Thus you see that there is something more than the individual exertions of the church; there is a something within her that must make her expand and grow, till she overtops the highest mountains.

But mark you, the great hope of the church, although it is reckoned madness by some to say it, is the second advent of Christ. When he shall come, then shall the mountain of the Lord's house be exalted above the hills. We know not when Jesus may come. All the prophets of modern times have only been prophets from the fact that they have made profit by their speculations; but with the solitary exception of that pun upon the word, I believe they have not the slightest claim upon your credit; not even men who are doctors of divinity, who can spoil an abundance of paper with their prophesies of second adventism. "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of God." Christ may come this morning; while I am addressing you Christ may suddenly appear in the clouds of heaven; he may not come for many a weary age; but come he must; in the last days he must appear; and when Christ shall come he will make short work of that which is so long a labor to his church. His appearance will immediately convert the Jews. They have looked for Messiah a king; there he is, in more than regal splendor. They shall see him; they shall believe on him; he will tell them that he is that Messiah whom their fathers crucified. Then will they look on him whom they have pierced, and they will mourn for their sin, and gathering round their great Messiah in glorious march, they shall enter and be settled in their own land. They shall once more become a great and mighty nation; nay, a Jew shall become a very prince among men, firstborn in the Church of God. Then shall the fulness of the Gentiles be

converted, and all kindreds and people shall serve the Son of David. Mark, the church is to rise first; and when the church has risen to eminence and greatness, the nations will flow unto her. Her rising will not be owing to the nations, but to the advent of Christ; and after she has become great, conspicuous, and supreme, then will the nations flow to her.

I am looking for the advent of Christ; it is this that cheers me in the battle of life—the battle and the cause of Christ. I look for Christ to come, somewhat as John Bunyan described the battle of Captain Credence with Diabolus. The inhabitants of the town of Mansoul fought hard to protect their city from the prince of darkness, and at last a pitch battle was fought outside the walls. The captains and the brave men of arms fought all day till their swords were knitted to their hands with blood. Many and many a weary hour did they seek to drive back the Diabolians. The battle seemed to waver in the balance; sometimes victory was on the side of Faith; and anon, triumph seemed to hover over the crest of the Prince of Hell. But just as the sun was setting, trumpets were heard in the distance; Prince Emanuel was coming, with trumpets sounding, and with banners flying; and while the men of Mansoul passed onward, sword in hand, Emanuel attacked their foes in the rear, and getting the enemy between them twain, they went on, driving their enemies at the sword's point, till at last, trampling over their dead bodies, they met; and hand in hand the victorious church saluted its victorious Lord.

Even so must it be. We must fight on, day-by-day and hour-by-hour; and when we think the battle is almost decided against us, we shall hear the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God, and he shall come, the Prince of the kings of the earth. At his name shall they melt, and like snow driven before the wind from the bare side of Sharon, shall they fly away; and we, the church militant, trampling over them, shall salute our Lord, shouting, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" Thus, then, have I explained the first part of the text.

II. The second part of the text we have to consider, is this sentence: "*And all nations shall flow unto it.*" Here is a figure, perhaps not so sublime, but quite as beautiful as the first. Still endeavor to retain in your minds the picture of this stupendous mountain, reaching above the cloud, seen by all mankind, in either hemisphere, a wonder of nature which could not be accomplished by the ordinary rules of art, but which divine wisdom will be able to perform. Well, wonder of wonders, you see all the nations of the earth converging to this great mountain, as a common centre. Once in the year all the people of Israel were wont to go to the little hill of Zion; and now, once for all, you see, not Israel, but

all the nations of the earth, coming to this great hill of Zion, to worship the Most High God. The white sails are on the Atlantic, and the ships are flying before the wind, even as the bird flitteth through the sky. What bear they? What is their noble cargo? Lo! they come from far, bringing the sons and daughters of Zion from the ends of the earth. See you the camel and the dromedary, the great caravans passing over the pathless desert? What are these, and what is their costly freight? Lo! they are bringing the daughters of God, and the sons of Zion up to the Most High God to worship him. From all parts of the earth you see them coming; from the freezing cold and from the burning heat; from the far-off islands of the sea, and from the barren sands, they come; they come, all converging towards the great centre of their high and holy worship. This we are not to understand, of course, literally, but as a figure of the great spiritual fact that all the souls of men shall tend to Christ, and to union with his church.

Again—I beg you carefully to observe the figure. It does not say they shall come to it, but they shall “flow unto it.” Understand this metaphor. It implies, first, their number. Now when our churches are increased, converts drop into the churches; drop after drop the pool is filled. But in those days they shall flow into it; now it is but the pouring out of water from the bucket; then it shall be as the rolling of the cataract from the hillside; it shall flow into it. Now our converts, however numerous, are comparatively few; but then a nation shall be born in a day. The people shall renounce their gods at once. Whole nations shall, of a sudden, by an irresistible impulse, flow into the church, not one by one, but in one vast mass. The power of God shall be seen in bringing whole nations into the Church of God. You have seen the river flowing onward to the sea, with its banks all swollen, bearing its enormous contribution to the boundless ocean. So shall it be in the last days; each nation shall be like a river, rolling towards the foot of this great mountain, the church of the living God. Happy, happy, happy day! when India and China, with their teeming myriads, and all the nations of the earth, with their multitude of tongues, shall flow into the mountain of God.

But the text conveys the idea not only of numbers, but of—(I know the exact word, but then I do not like to use it, for fear some should not know the meaning of it. It means that the nations of the earth shall come willingly to it)—*spontaniety*. That was the word I wanted to use; but wherefore should we use big words, when we might find little ones? They are to come willingly to Christ; not to be driven, not to be pumped up, not to be forced to it, but to be brought up by the word of the Lord, to pay him willing homage;—they are to flow to it. Just as the river naturally flows down hill by no other force than that which is its nature, so

shall the grace of God be so mightily given to the sons of men, that no acts of parliament, no state churches, no armies will be used to make a forced conversion. "The nations shall flow unto it." Of themselves, made willing in the day of God's power, they shall flow to it. Whenever the Church of God is increased by unwilling converts it loses strength. Whenever men join the church because of oppression, which would drive them to make a profession of religion, they do not flow; the church is weakened, and not strengthened; but in those days the converts shall be voluntarily won—shall come in willingly by divine grace; they shall flow unto it.

But yet again—This represents the *power* of the work of conversion. They "flow to it." Imagine an idiot endeavoring to stop the river Thames. He gets for himself a boat, and there he stands, endeavoring to push back the stream. He objects to it flowing towards the sea, and with his hands he tries to put it back. Would you not soon hear laughter along the banks? Ah, fool, to attempt to stop the stream! Now, the word "flow" here conveys just the idea. "The nations shall flow unto it." The Secularist may rise up and say, "Oh, why be converted to this fanatical religion? Look to the things of time." The false priests may rouse themselves with all their anger to defy Christ, and endeavor to keep their slaves; but all their attempts to stop conversion will be like an idiot seeking to drive back a mighty stream with his puny hands. "All nations shall flow unto it." What an idea it is! Oh, take your stand to-day, like prophets of the Lord, and look into the future. To-day the church appears like the dry bed of a torrent; here I stand, and I see a little water flowing in a secret and thread-like stream amongst the stones. So little is it that I can scarcely detect it; but I take the glass of prophecy; I look far onward, and I see a rolling mass of water, such as is sometimes seen in the rapid rivers of Africa; and there it is, coming with thundering sound. Wait for a few more years, and that torrent, like Kishon's mighty river, sweeping all before it, shall fill this dry bed, and swell on, and on, with tumultuous waves of joy, till it meets the ocean of Christ's universal reign, and loses itself in God. Here you see, then, you have more than your imagination can grasp. This stupendous mountain, and all the nations of the earth—vast numbers with immense force—spontaneously coming up to the house of the living God.

Now, I shall close by a practical address, very brief, and I trust very earnest. Is it not a great subject for praise that the nations of the earth *may flow* to the hill of God and to his house? If I were to tell you that all the nations of Europe were climbing the sides of the Alps, you would ask me, "And what benefit do they gain thereby? They must pass over the slippery fields of ice and

they may lose their lives in the midst of the bottomless chasms that are overhung by the mighty precipices; they may suddenly be overwhelmed and buried in the all-destroying avalanche; and should they reach the summit, they must fall down exhausted. What is there that men should covet in those barren heights? Rarified air and cold would soon destroy them, should they attempt to exist there." Ah, but it is not so with God's hill. There shall be no snow upon its summit, but the warmth and light of Jehovah's love. There shall be no chasm in its side wherein souls may be destroyed, for there shall be a way, and a highway (the unclean shall not pass over it); a way so easy that the wayfaring man shall not err therein.

The mountains of which we read in scripture were some of them such, that if they were accessible no one would desire to climb them. There were bounds set round about Sinai; but had there been no bounds, who would have wished to ascend it? A mountain that burned with fire, and upon which there was a sound as of a trumpet waxing exceeding loud and long. No, brethren, we are not come to a mountain like Sinai, with its supernatural thunders; we are not come to a hill, bare, and barren, and bleak, and difficult to climb, like the mountain of earth; but the hill of God, though it is a high hill, is a hill up which, on hand and knees, the humble penitent may readily ascend. Ye are come to a mountain which is not forbidden to you; there are no bounds set about to keep you off; but you are freely bidden, and freely invited to come to it. And the God who invited you will give you grace to come. If he has given you the will to come, he will give you grace to climb the sides of the hill, till you shall reach its upper glories, and stand on its summit transported with delight.

While I am talking about the nations that will flow to Christ, might we not weep to think that there are so many in this congregation that are not flowing to Christ, but are going *from* him? Ah, souls! what are the splendors of the Millennium to thee, if thou art his enemy? For when he tramples his foes in his hot displeasure, thy blood shall stain his garments, even as the garments of the wine-pressers are stained with the blood of the grape. Tremble, sinner, for the advent of Christ must be thy destruction, though it shall be the church's joy and comfort. Ye say, "Come quickly." Know ye not that to you the day of the Lord is darkness and not light, for that day burneth as an oven; and they that are proud and do wickedly shall be as stubble, and the fire shall consume them with burning heat. Oh, ye people, that to-day hear the words of Jesus! ye are now this day invited to come to the mountain of his church, on which stands his cross and his throne. Ye weary, heavy laden, sin-destroyed, sin-ruined souls, ye that know and feel your need of Jesus; ye that weep because of sin, ye

are bidden to come now to Christ's cross, to look to him who shed his blood for the ungodly; and looking to him, you shall find peace and rest; so that when he cometh with rainbow wreath and robes of storm, you shall be able to see him, not with alarm and terror, but with joy and gladness; for you shall say, "Here he is, the man who died for me has come to claim me; he who bought me has come to receive me; my judge is my Redeemer, and I will rejoice in him." Oh, turn ye, ye English heathens! turn ye unto God! Ye inhabitants of London, some of you as vile as the inhabitants of Sodom, turn ye, turn ye to God! O Lord Jesus! by thy grace turn every one of us to thyself! Bring in thine elect! let thy redeemed rejoice in thee; and then let the fulness of the nations flow unto thee, and thine shall be the glory, forever and ever.

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## HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY.

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THE Third Anniversary of the General Association of Kentucky was held in Elizabethtown, commencing October 24, 1840.

Annual sermon by Elder G. Mason, from Isaiah 9: 22.

Wm. C. Buck elected Moderator and J. M. Pendleton and Junius Caldwell elected Secretaries.

Visiting Brethren—Illinois Association, Elder I. T. Hinton. Home Mission Society, J. M. Peck. Tennessee Baptist Convention, T. G. Keen.

Amounts sent up by churches, \$336 62.

Committee on General Agency made the following report:

That after mature deliberation they would respectfully recommend to the Association the propriety of employing brother John L. Waller as General Agent for the ensuing year. The report was unanimously concurred in.

The report of the Executive Committee exhibits the destitution in the State and the partial success of the plan of supplying that destitution. The main object of the Association was to awaken the churches to a sense of their duty to support their pastors. The report says:

We think it has been satisfactorily ascertained, by fair experiment, that the greater portion of our churches are able, were they willing, to support the Gospel among them. A large number of

churches visited by the first General Agent of this body, Elder W. C. Buck, promptly responded to his appeal, and liberated the hands of their ministers from secular concerns, and thus supplied themselves with the preaching of the word as far as possible considering the deficiency in the number of ministers. The District Associations, with very few exceptions it is believed, are amply able to sustain the requisite missionaries in their bounds. That our denomination, therefore, is abundantly able to supply the destitution of the State, will not admit of a question. Are we *willing*, is the only important inquiry.

It will be seen by the above resolutions, that the General Association did not from the first design sending out directly any missionaries among the churches and Associations. The main object contemplated was to arouse them to the performance of their duty, by means of concentrated action to aid the feeble: and to send missionaries to those places, if there was any, where no church was and which were not comprehended within the bounds of any Association.

#### THE SUCCESS OF THE PLAN.

Our efforts in some respects have exceeded the anticipations of the most sanguine. Our churches are generally awaking to a sense of their duty on the subject of ministerial support. The labors of Elder W. C. Buck, while the General Agent of this body, were wonderfully successful in this respect; and from the commencement of his effort we may date the beginning of a new era in our denomination of this State. His success was made known in former reports. Other churches than those visited by him seeing the good results of the plan of operations which he recommended, adopted it; until it is believed that the major part of the churches in the State are to some extent contributing systematically to the support of the ministry. The number of churches is very inconsiderable indeed which do not now recognize the principle of ministerial support, however imperfectly they may practice in accordance with it.

The District Associations are adopting the plan recommended by the General Association of sending out Missionaries in their bounds.

**UNION.** The churches of this Association are situated in the counties of Hickman, Calloway, McCracken, and Graves, west of the Tennessee river. By the assistance of the General Association, it has been enabled to employ missionaries, with great success, in its bounds, for the last two years. This part of our State is comparatively recently settled, and is sparsely populated. The churches are few, feeble, and scattered over an extensive territory. The labors of the missionaries in the bounds of Union have been

greatly blessed. The work of the Lord has prospered in their hands.

**LITTLE BETHEL.** This Association, lying in the counties of Henderson, Union, Livingston, Hopkins, and Muhlenburg, has also been aided for the last two years in the support of missionary labor in its bounds by the General Association. This is a new Association, formed several years ago of a few feeble churches of less than two hundred members that withdrew from the Highland Association on account of the proscriptive policy adopted by that body towards missionary operations, and the liberty of conscience. In three years, it has increased to fourteen churches, with more than nine hundred members. It had an addition of four churches this year, and one hundred and seventy members by baptism. It now supplies its own destitution.

**GASPER RIVER.** This Association received assistance one year from the General Association. It now, however, supplies its own destitution. Elder A. Taylor was its missionary last year. His labors were greatly blessed. The churches of this Association lie in the counties of Muhlenburg, Ohio, and a few churches in Warren, Logan, and Todd. At its late session, it divided its territory into four districts, and appointed a missionary in each. The churches of this Association are generally in a flourishing condition.

**ELKHORN.** This is the mother Association of the Mississippi Valley, and is the largest Association in the West. It is situated in the most beautiful and wealthy portion of Kentucky, its churches being in the counties of Woodford, Fayette, Jessamine, Scott, and Bourbon. This venerable Association, at its session in August last, adopted the following Preamble and Resolutions with great unanimity, which we quote, to show how the plans of the General Association are being put into effect :

*“Whereas,* The churches composing this Association embrace a large scope of country, which is but partially supplied with preaching, and many neighborhoods are entirely destitute; and, whereas, we feel it to be our indispensable duty to use our best efforts to have the Gospel preached in every neighborhood, as well as to afford all the aid in our power to weak and destitute churches; as well as an ardent desire to impress upon churches and preachers more forcibly the importance of the work and cause: that they may feel more sensibly the force of their reciprocal obligations to each other, and the great head of the church; that our whole body may become stirred up to a higher and more lofty course of practical godliness towards the fulfilment of the great command, “Go preach the gospel to every creature;” therefore,

*“Resolved,* That this Association procure the services of some suitable, efficient, and experienced minister of the Gospel to be



employed during the next Associational year—whose duty it shall be to visit the churches composing this body—as well as the destitute neighborhoods in our boundary; spread before the churches the wants of our people; the claims of God and his cause; solicit the co-operation of the Churches and Ministers in behalf of the destitute; hold protracted meetings at suitable places, and on suitable occasions; take up collections and solicit voluntary contributions in behalf of this Association when advisable, to enable us to carry into effect the aforesaid desirable objects; and above all, to solicit the prayerful co-operation of all the churches and brethren, that the Great Head of the Church may crown our feeble efforts with success.

“2d. *Resolved*, That the ministers so employed in our service, in order that the churches and brethren may know how their liberality has been applied, be required to keep an abridged and faithful journal of his operations, as to time employed in the actual service of this Association; collections made, and protracted meetings held, &c., and report at our next Association.

“3d. *Resolved*, That our ministering brother thus employed receive the sum of \$—— per annum, for his time employed in the actual service of this Association, to be paid quarterly.

“*Resolved*, That a collection be forthwith taken up for the purposes above named.

“*Resolved*, That in case a suitable minister cannot be immediately procured, a committee of —— brethren be appointed, whose duty it shall be to procure the services of such a ministering brother as soon as practicable.

“4th. *Resolved*, That this Association disclaim both the right and power to enforce the foregoing Resolutions upon either churches or individuals.”

Elder JAMES D. BLACK, a brother of high order of talents, distinguished for his high standing in the churches, his ardent piety, and untiring zeal, was selected by the Association as her Missionary. An executive committee, consisting of brethren Edmund Waller, Milton Burch, William Suggett, Y. R. Pitts, and F. C. McCalla were appointed; and a contribution of \$137 was made by the members of this Association. The labors of Elder Black have been already extensively blessed. A revival commenced with his Missionary labors at the Stamping Ground Church, and has extended to other churches wherever he has gone; so that in the short space of two months, he has baptized nearly two hundred persons: so wonderfully does the Lord bless Missionary labor. If the above resolutions be carried out, and we believe they will to the letter, incalculable good will ensue to the cause of Christ on the north side of the Kentucky river. Perhaps the Elkhorn Association possesses a larger amount of wealth and intelligence than any other As-

sociation in the West. If her dormant energies be aroused properly to action, she will be a mighty engine in forwarding the car of the Gospel over our State.

**SOUTH DISTRICT.** This Association at its last session passed the following Resolutions:

“1st. *Resolved*, That in view of the great delinquency in the churches composing this Association, we feel called upon to awake from our slumber and not weary in well doing.

“2d, *Resolved*, That there is a criminal negligence too apparent, both in the churches and ministry, in regard to the religious efforts for the spread of the Gospel in our own, and in distant and destitute regions of the earth: and we hereby propose to the members of this Association, and through them to the churches, as a remedy against the evils complained of, that the churches hereafter report in their letters the amount of labor performed in their respective bounds, and the amount they have contributed for the support of their own ministry, and how much for the assistance of more destitute churches.

“3d. *Resolved*, That with a view to aid the churches in the above objects, a suitable agent be forthwith appointed by the Association, whose duty it shall be to travel and preach in the bounds of this Association, to take collections, and stimulate the churches to the discharge of their duty; to supply, as far as possible, the destitute, and report to this Association at its next annual meeting the result of his agency.

“4th. *Resolved further*, That when the agent shall report as above, it shall be the duty of this Association to award to him a liberal compensation for his services out of the funds collected by him.”

Elder John S. Higgins, a brother of much experience, talents, and efficiency, was chosen the Agent. The churches of the South District Association are situated in the counties of Washington, Mercer, Lincoln and Garrard.

**FRANKLIN.** This Association has adopted the Resolutions of the Elkhorn Association, and has appointed Elder W. W. FORD, a brother whose praise is in all the churches, its Missionary. A collection of \$70,90 was contributed by the members during its late session, and placed in the hands of the executive committee consisting of brethren James Ford, N. E. Mitchusson, Henry Bohannon, W. C. Blanton, and J. M. Frost, towards paying the salary of their Missionary. The churches of this Association are in Shelby, Henry, Franklin, and Owen counties.

**BRACKEN.** This Association is remarkably destitute of preachers, and is in a destitute section of the State. It demands our prayers, our sympathies, and our assistance. It is situated in the counties of Bourbon, Nicholas, Fleming, Bracken, Lewis, and Ma-

son. Last year, brother A. G. Curry labored with much acceptance and success as Missionary in its bounds; but we regret to learn that the state of his health forbids that he should longer labor in that capacity. The church of Maysville, belonging to this Association, was assisted by the General Association the past year in supporting the Gospel among them. The church had just been constituted. It was in want of a house, and was poor and feeble. By the aid of this body, they were enabled to secure the services of Elder G. Mason. The church prospered much under his ministration. It is now in a flourishing condition, and able to sustain the Gospel among them.

**CUMBERLAND RIVER.** This Association at its last session, we learn, adopted a plan of Missionary labor; but your Board have not as yet been sufficiently informed of its nature and extent to give the particulars.

**RUSSEL'S CREEK.** This Association have entered into this work with a spirit and zeal to be surpassed only by herself. At her last session, she recommended the following system of action, which if adopted by other Associations, and carried into effect as it will be in this, and the great work of supplying the destitute with a preached Gospel would be speedily accomplished.

“WHEREAS, we deem it the imperative duty of the churches to increase their efforts to promote the cause of Christ; and to act upon the important principle of doing the *greatest possible* amount of good, in the *least possible* time, and with the *least possible* expense; and for this purpose to adopt some systematic course of action among themselves, therefore—

“*Resolved*, That the churches of this Association be requested to adopt the following, or such other plan as shall most successfully promote the cause of the Redeemer:

“1st. To hold Quarterly meetings for the purpose of awakening a deeper interest to the spread of the Gospel throughout the world, and of adopting the most efficient measures to carry out the great commission—‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’ And that a public collection be taken up and pledges be given at each meeting for the above named purpose.

“2d. That the first Monday evening in each month be observed as a ‘Monthly concert of prayer for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world:’—and that collections be taken up at these meetings for said purpose.

“3d. That a Preacher be appointed to labor in the destitute churches and neighborhoods of this Association, and to aid in carrying into effect the measures recommended by the Association.

“4th. That a committee of five be appointed—(three of whom shall be a quorum,) whose duty shall be—

“(1st.) To receive the contributions of the churches, and to dispose of the same, as the churches contributing shall direct.

"(2d.) To confer with said preacher in regard to his plans of operation.

"(3d.) To fill the vacancy in the case of his removal from office.

"(4th.) To remunerate him for his services from those funds entrusted to them by the churches for that purpose:—'for even so hath the Lord ordained that they that preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel.'

"(5th.) To report annually the whole matter to this Association."

The Association also recommended the days for the Quarterly Meetings in each month; and appointed an executive committee consisting of Z. Worley, John Scott, Aaron Harding, Robert Ball, and W. G. Anderson. This committee have since appointed Elder R. HOLMAN as the Missionary. The churches of the Russel's Creek Association are situated in the counties of Green, Adair, Barren, Hart, Russell, Marion, and Nelson.

SALEM. This Association, at its recent anniversary, adopted spirited Resolutions, and with great unanimity, for the supply of the destitution in her own bounds. Elder C. LOVELACE, a brother beloved for his ardent piety and devoted zeal, was chosen their Missionary. May the Lord bless his efforts to the arousing of the churches to their duty, and in turning the disobedient to God.

BETHEL. The churches of this Association are probably more thoroughly Missionary in feeling and action than those of any other similar body in the State. They are situated in the counties of Todd, Christian, Logan, Simpson, and Warren, and some in Tennessee. Perhaps there is less destitution in the bounds of Bethel than in any portion of the State. The churches have generally liberated their ministers from secular engagements, so as to enable them to devote their whole time to the work of the ministry. At its late session, this Association appointed a Missionary "to occupy the destitute regions within and near" its bounds. Elder R. Rutherford was elected the Missionary.

Thus we see that eleven Associations, comprising more than *two hundred* churches with nearly 80,000 members, and extending over half the counties in the State, are actively engaged in supplying the destitution in their own bounds, with Missionary labor. These Associations are connected by correspondence, and extend through the length of the State, from the Mississippi almost to the Mouth of Sandy, thus uniting by a cord of love, in spirit and purpose, the extremes of the State. We do not wish to be understood that the destitution in these Associations is supplied. Far from it. But they have commenced well; and with the present dearth of ministers they have done the best that probably could be done. The Lord is blessing their efforts; and we fondly hope the day is not distant when their labors will be crowned with success; when all their churches will have pastors to go in and out before them.

Nor are the good effects of our plans to supply the destitute limited to these Associations. The churches of the Liberty, Little River, Goshen, Long Run, Concord, Barren River, Sulphur Fork, (upper) Union, &c., &c., are generally favorable to the cause of Missions, and a large proportion of their ministers are wholly given to the work of the ministry. The same may be said of all other Associations in the State belonging to the General Union. Five churches in the Goshen Association, in Breckenridge county, sustained Elder J. H. Brown as Missionary last year. Some other churches of the same Association, in Davies county, also sustained a Missionary. The labors of the Missionaries were greatly blessed of the Lord.

Thus it will be seen that every indication warrants the belief that in another year every efficient minister in the State will be brought into active service. The most of them are in the field, battling nobly in the cause of Christ. During the few years since the organization of the General Association, great and important changes for the better have been effected; a revolution has been put in motion, calling into action the hitherto dormant energies of our denomination, and promising speedily to renovate the moral condition of our beloved State.

It was a prosperous, a glorious year for the churches of Kentucky. It is stated in the minutes that not less than ten thousand have been added during the year by Baptism.

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#### A COIN RECEIVED BY JUDAS FOR THE BETRAYAL OF JESUS CHRIST.

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THERE is a wonderful mystery about this coin. We learn from the Bible that it was called the *shekel of Sanctuary*. See Exodus, 30 : 13, 24. It was considered a peculiar piece by the Israelites, and always spoken of in their holy books as the *Shekel of Israel*, or *Holy Shekel of the Sanctuary*. The Lord once used it to number the children of Israel. It was the amount which each Israelite, between the ages of twenty and fifty, was required to pay into the public treasury as a ransom for their delivery during their sojourn in the wilderness. For some reasons, at present not thoroughly understood, the numbering of the people of Israel was not permitted; but the amount of shekels received could be counted, through which indirect means the number of the people was approximated.

According to the British currency, a shekel was worth two shillings, three pence, three farthings—equal to about fifty cents of our money. The Bekah was half a Shekel; the Tus was half a Bekah. The Gerah was the twentieth of a Shekel, as is also the present Turkish Para. The ancient Paruta of the Jews was equal to about the tenth of an American Cent. There was also a golden shekel, valued, according to the English standard, as one pound, sixteen shillings, five pence, one farthing—or about Eight Dollars and seventy-five cents American currency.

It is well known that Titus brought a large number of these coins to the city of Rome on his return from the destruction of the second Temple, which was built by Cyrus, King of Persia, seventy years after the destruction of the first, which was built by King Solomon, the third King of the Jews. A very large part of the King's treasure consisted of silver Shekels, and was seized by the Romans and brought by them to the Eternal City.

This piece must have been coined during the time the Jews were sojourning in the Holy Land, under their own Kings, and cotemporaneous with the first Temple, which brings it to a period of about 700 B. C. The Hebrew characters upon it are much like the style of our own American coin, for while the legend upon ours reads "United States of America," this, in the same position on the outer edge, bears the inscription, "Jerusalem the Holy," showing, beyond any doubt, that it was the Shekel of that very city. While one side bears the resemblance to Aaron's rod, as mentioned in Numbers, 16 : 8, on the other, which has the imprint of the pot of incense, is inscribed, in the Hebrew characters, the words, "Shekel of Israel," proving beyond a doubt that this coin is not only a Jewish Shekel, but one coined in the city of Jerusalem.

Judas received thirty of these pieces for the betrayal of the Saviour of man, as mentioned in Matt., 17 : 15. As is plainly shown by the text, they were the largest pieces of silver coined, and nothing less than thirty of them could have bought a field in Jerusalem, or near it. As we learn from Matthew, that when Judas began to reflect that he had been the cause of the crucifixion and shedding of innocent blood; he went back to the High Priest, who had given him the money, and laid it at his feet. But they would not let it go into the great treasury of the sanctuary, but purchased;

what is termed in the Bible Potter's Field, to bury strangers, Roman soldiers and others.

Two important events are thus commemorated in the history of the Israelites by the devices engraved on the Shekel—Destruction of the rebelling priests, and the blooming of Aaron's rod.

How strange it is that this same coin, which was so prized by the Jews as to be called the "Shekel of the Sanctuary," and the amount each Jew should pay for a ransom for his sins, should be the identical piece received by Judas for the betrayal of Christ, who was sacrificed and died upon the Cross for the redemption and sins of the world!

J. B. W.

DALLASBURG, Ky.

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### THE SUPREMACY OF THE BIBLE.

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No volume ever commanded so great a number of readers, or was ever translated into so many different languages, as the Bible. Such is the uniformity of its spirit, that no book has lost less by translation, none has so frequently been copied in manuscript, and none has been so often printed.

Kings and nobles, peasants and paupers, the old and the young, are delighted students of its sacred pages. Philosophers have humbly and greedily gleaned from it, and legislators have been indebted to it for a sure basis upon which to build their free and democratic governments. Its stories charm the youth, its promises inspire the aged, and its hopes soothe the death-bed of the dying saint. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of theology, and the first principles of ethics.

Martyrs, by hundreds, have bled and been burned at the stake for defending its truths. It is the theme of universal appeal in the entire range of literature. There is no book which is so frequently quoted, so often referred to. The majority of all the books ever published has been in connection with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the divines of the Middle Ages refined upon its doctrines. The labor of no author, ancient or modern, has summoned into operation such an amount of labor and learn-

ing. It has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation, and logical analysis.

It has inspired the English Muse with her loftiest songs; hence its beams gladdened the heart of Milton in his physical blindness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. Its mighty depths gave employment to Bunyan in his cell, and its cheering promises enabled Holmes meekly to bear the lash. Yea, it formed the complete armor of Baptistical valor that shivered tyranny in by-gone days. It is the great chart of the world's regeneration and liberties. Even the records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormons, must own its superiority.

In short, this collection, this blessed Book of God, is changing the world from sin and degradation to morality and religion, and has ennobled multitudes of its inhabitants.

DANIEL LOCKMAN.

MIDDLEBURNE, Va., July, 1859.

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### GOD AND MAMMON.

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SUPPOSE you see a lake, and there are twenty or thirty streamlets running from it; why, there will not be one strong river in the whole country; there will be a number of little brooks which will be dried up in the summer, and will be temporary torrents in the winter. They will every one of them be useless for any great purpose, because there is not water enough in the lake to feed more than one great stream. Now, a man's heart has only enough life in it to pursue one object fully. Ye must not give half your love to Christ, and the other half to the world. No man can serve God and mammon, because there is not enough life in the heart to serve the two.—*Spurgeon*.

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CHEERFULNESS is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other quality—that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality.—*Anonymous*.



## Family Visitant.

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### LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

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#### CHAP. XIX.—THE RESOLVE.

Unrefreshed in body, and disturbed in mind, Lydia arose the next morning from her fitful sleep. Wild, horrid visions had haunted her pillow. She had seen William torn from her and consigned to the most painful death; again she had become a martyr, and was languishing out her life in a dark, loathsome prison. Anon the scene changed. She was at home, amid its joys and comforts, surrounded by loving hearts, whose every care was to add to her happiness. But their kindness could not alleviate the corroding grief which was wearing out her miserable existence. William was the husband of another—a young and lovely being, in the sunlight of whose smile he basked, and from the fountain of whose pure, deep love he drank until his soul was filled with ecstatic bliss, such as only angels know. Ah, this was anguish indescribable, unending—a vulture ever preying on her unconsumed vitals! And she repented in the bitterness of unceasing tears the vow that had driven him from her. Had she not spoken that fearful sentence, “henceforth you must no longer think of me, William.” She might have been his cherished wife, the sharer of his every joy, the soother of his every care. But alas, it was too late! too late!! too late!!! And she must now forever mourn in helpless, hopeless despair.

Then came up before her disordered imagination the great day of accounts, when she, with congregated millions, stood before the great white throne, and looked on the Judge that sat thereon, whose countenance was as a flaming fire, and who bade her “depart,” because she had forsaken her first works, and had loved the creature more than the Creator, and had worshiped at the throne of earthly love, while the heavenly flame had died out in her bosom. With a wild, agonizing shriek, she awoke. The scene was vivid

before her. Her doubting mind was fixed in its determination. She would yield William's love, rather than expose herself to eternal woe.

Poor girl! she suffered herself to be governed by a dream, rather than look to God for direction and support. How many of wiser head act as Lydia did. They rely on night-visions, rather than upon that spirit of all grace which erreth not, but bringeth off its follower victor over all obstacles, and finally crowns him with the palm-wreath of eternal triumph.

The young girl looked frightfully worn as she entered the breakfast room, from the effects of the past night's horrors and the crushing weight of the dread resolve. She had decided! Decided, though she felt that it was death to do so. Mrs. Lovelace started from her chair as she caught the first view of her daughter's expression, and exclaimed:

"Lydia, my child, what is the matter with you?—you look so wretched! Are you sick? Do tell me!"

"No, mother," answered the despairing girl, in a tone of sweetest sadness, while the color rushed faintly to her pale face, and her downcast eye filled with tears, "I am not *sick*, but I do not feel altogether well this morning." Her voice trembled, her lip quivered, and a choking sensation filled her bosom.

Quick as thought her mother divined the cause, and knowing that now was not the time to press the matter, wisely forbore any farther questioning.

Mr. Lovelace, who almost idolized Lydia, was so distressed at his daughter's manifest grief, that he was unable to take his usual breakfast. He supped in silence a few spoonfuls of coffee, and ate a half muffin. The younger children felt the influence of the gloom. Scarcely a word was spoken during the meal.

Immediately on rising from the table, Lydia retired to her room. Awful as was solitude, it was preferable, with all its desolation, to the presence of any living being, even her mother. The parents held a consultation. They saw the happiness of their darling daughter was at stake, and with that fearful apprehension which doating parents feel, they pictured to themselves a future of misery and woe.

It was decided that the mother should gain from Lydia the real

cause of her sorrow. If possible, learn the minutæ of what had occurred between her and William Norton.

Mrs. Lovelace was a judicious woman, and well understood the disposition of her child. She knew nothing but the most delicate manner of inquiry on her part could lead to anything like a satisfactory result. If she should find Lydia indisposed to unbosom herself to her, she would wait until her heart would prompt her to seek sympathy.

Would that all mothers and friendly advisers were as wise as Mrs. Lovelace.

On entering the room, Mrs. Lovelace found Lydia seated in the old rocking-chair, her face buried in her hands. There was a convulsive movement about the body, as if she were sobbing violently, but there was no sound.

Mrs. Lovelace thought to find her daughter bathed in tears. But when she looked up as her mother's footfall arrested her attention, her face was dry, and of an ashy whiteness.

Her mother seated herself near the window, and made some casual remark upon the morning. Her object was to divert, if possible, her daughter's mind from her sorrow, and thereby enable her to return to a degree of calmness sufficient to enable her to converse without weeping.

Lydia strove to control herself. But it was impossible to command her voice, and when she essayed to reply, it was a gasping out of words, rather than articulation.

Pleasantly the mother spoke on matters pertaining to the household, asking the daughter's advice, thereby calling out her judgment. The maneuver was a happy one. From incoherent words and a look of wild despair, Lydia passed into a comparatively calm frame of mind, and her voice assumed its usual sweetness, and her eye lost its glare. She fully understood the design of her mother, yet she could not but yield to her gentle influences.

Would that the mother had but pursued her course a little farther, and left it to the daughter to unfold to her voluntarily the secrets of her heart. But Mrs. Lovelace was too desirous to administer consolation to the aching bosom. As soon as Lydia appeared sufficiently calm, she asked her the cause of her wretchedness. In a moment the torrent burst its bounds, and from seeming

calmness the young girl was thrown almost into convulsions. She strove hard for the mastery over her feelings, and endeavored to answer her mother indifferently; but it was of no avail. The strong woe could not be subdued, and she burst into a fit of violent sobbing.

"Tell me, Lydia, my child, why it is you are so unhappy. I know something has occurred between you and William that is causing you this grief. I know you magnify your troubles, and if you could but tell me and your father, it would give you great relief. You have not learned to buffet disappointment. We are older than you, my child, and know more of the world and of the workings of the human heart," and the mother drew her chair close beside her daughter, and gently drawing her towards her, leaned her head on her bosom, and smoothed the hair from the burning temples.

"Tell me, Lydia, tell me, my child."

The daughter turned her large lustrous eyes, now filled with a look of hopeless despair, up into the face of her mother. They were met by a gaze of deep, yearning tenderness. All the mother's soul, stirred to its deepest depths of sympathy, spoke out through those tearful orbs.

"Will you not tell me, my child?" and the mother's voice was very soft and sweet as she plead to share the wretchedness of her loved daughter.

The young girl trembled with agony. "Oh! do not ask me, mother. I cannot, I cannot!" and she leaned despairingly on her mother's bosom, and clenched her hands violently.

"But, Lydia, it would do you good, my child; would relieve your breaking heart to tell your sorrows to some one, and who should hear them sooner than your mother?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, then burying her face in her hands, sobbed out, "I cannot, I cannot!"

The remembrance of the fearful night-visions was before her, and she dared not speak of them.

Mrs. Lovelace, finding it was impossible to reach her daughter's heart now, to extract the arrow that was piercing it through, wisely forebore her inquiries, hoping, that when the first paroxysms of

grief had passed away, she then might be able to accomplish her much-desired purpose.

She prepared some cool water, and bathed the feverish brow and temples of her daughter, and then naturally resumed the style of conversation which had so successfully won the sufferer from a consideration of her trials.

Gradually Lydia became calmer. But the sleeplessness of the night, and the painfulness of the morning's sufferings had left their fearful marks on the pale, worn countenance. The soothing voice of the mother, and her gentle look of love, measurably won the daughter from herself, and diverted her mind into a pleasanter channel of thought. But a wretched headache succeeded, and Lydia was forced to seek repose.

The anxious mother darkened the room, and seated herself beside the couch to bathe her daughter's throbbing temples. Long and patiently she sat, until finally the sufferer yielded to the mesmeric influence, and fell into a gentle slumber.

As soon as Mrs. Lovelace was assured that Lydia was sleeping, she noiselessly left the room, and sought her husband, who had been awaiting with the greatest solicitude the conclusion of her visit.

She found him in the garden, attending to his fruit trees. As he heard his wife's footsteps approaching, he threw aside his pruning-knife, and turned to ask the result. It was not necessary for her to speak. He read it all in her anxious, sad face.

"Something dreadful has occurred between Lydia and William, Mr. Lovelace," she began, after a moment's waiting for his unasked question; "but what it is, I cannot tell. The poor child is suffering dreadfully, and I know it must be something important, or she would not give way to her feelings in this manner."

"Does she seem to be so much grieved, Jane?"

"I have never seen her in such a state of mind before. You know, Mr. Lovelace, that Lydia is a prudent child, and always controls herself. But now she cannot govern herself for a moment when she thinks of her troubles. It is something dreadful, whatever it is."

"And what is it, Jane?"

"I do not know."

"Did you not ask her?"

"Yes, I plead with her to tell me; but whenever I asked her the question, she would cry as if her heart would break, and say she could not tell me. I asked her several times, but she only answered, 'I cannot, mother, I cannot.' I found it was useless to press the matter farther, and I spoke of other things, and did not allude to it again."

"Bad, very bad!" said Mr. Lovelace, fixing his eyes on the ground, absorbed in thought.

After a moment's pause, he looked up and asked where his daughter was, and how she was feeling now?

"She is sleeping now. I don't think she could have slept any through the night, she looks so pale and worn. But I must go and see how she is doing."

"Do you not think, Jane, that she will grow better soon? I feel uneasy about our child. But surely, William is too much of a gentleman to treat Lydia amiss. And yet," he added, after a moment's thought, "I cannot see why she is so troubled. It's a strange thing to me, Jane. I don't know what to think about it," and Mr. Lovelace looked very thoughtful, and shook his head significantly.

"Oh, I do not believe William has done anything to injure our daughter, Mr. Lovelace. It is only some misunderstanding. You know such things frequently occur between young people, and Lydia is such a sensitive creature, she would lay it to heart more than most girls. I think she will soon recover from it, and the right way to aid her is to let her alone on the subject. She will tell us all about it after a while if we do not mention it to her. I am convinced that she cannot be *forced* to tell us."

"Well, Jane, you know best. But I feel very badly about it all, and cannot rest until I see Lydia changed, or hear the cause of her troubles."

The mother sought her daughter's chamber; she was still sleeping. A look of something like composure rested on her pale face. Her temples throbbed less rapidly. It was evident that nature was re-asserting her sway over passion. The mother saw it, and rejoiced. Placing the fallen hand on the bosom, and removing a

stray lock from the brow, the mother cast a fond look at her sleeping child, and left the room to attend to her domestic duties.

The father pursued his pruning; but while he worked most assiduously with his hands, his mind was engaged with thoughts very foreign to the work he was about. And a favorite plum tree for years after told the tale of his absence of mind. He was endeavoring to solve the mystery that shrouded his soul in present gloom, and gave him serious apprehensions of the future. He conjectured a thousand causes of his child's distress, but to each supposition there was some objection. He could not suffer himself to believe that William Norton, whom he had known and respected so long, could be guilty of any unjust treatment of his child. And yet he believed Lydia a girl of too much good sense to be thrown into such a state of suffering by a trivial occurrence. He was perplexed and annoyed.

While he was in this frame of mind, so distressing to a loving father, Bro. Anderson rode up to the stile and called for him. Mr. Lovelace and the preacher remained in a close chat for a full half hour; and when the preacher rode away, the old gentleman's countenance was far brighter than it had been an hour before, and his step far more elastic. The preacher had either given him some very pleasant information which had served to swallow up his troubles, or else he had thrown light on the mysterious circumstances that surrounded the family.

"Never mind, Bro. Lovelace. You work hard, and it will all come straight in the end," the preacher was heard to say, as he rode away from the block. "Now, don't forget a great deal depends on your family."

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#### CHAP. XX.—THE UNEXPECTED CHANGE.

The evening after the distressing scenes of the morning, William Norton rode over to see Lydia. When he reached "Prairie Cottage," as Mr. Lovelace's residence was called, Lydia, who had passed most of the day in her room, was walking with her father in a beautiful meadow, which spread out to the right of the house. Mr. Lovelace had insisted upon her accompanying him, that she

might enjoy the fine balmy air of the evening, and be benefitted by the exercise. Moreover, he hoped that the diversion would serve to restore her to her usual quiet.

They were conversing pleasantly on the prospect of the crop, the delights of farming, the beauties of the country, etc., when Lydia, whose hearing was rather more acute than that of her father, suddenly turned pale, her voice trembled, and her hand, which rested on her father's arm for support, shook violently. Her father discovered it, and startled, asked what was the matter?

Evading a direct answer, Lydia replied that she did not feel very well. The old man had not seen, that just before she was thus seized, she had been eyeing the road very intently to discover who the horseman was that was approaching the house.

"We will make haste and get in, Lydia. I am afraid you are going to have one of your bad headaches, my daughter. Here, lean on my arm. You look tired."

Lydia mechanically yielded to her father's command. She was busy with her own fearful thoughts. Her hand yet trembled. She did not dare to trust herself to speak. At every step she quickened her pace, until her father, who feared the result of such rapid exercise, said:

"Do not walk so fast, my child. You will increase the pain in your head."

"I will go in this way, father," she said, as they entered the side gate of the yard; and she gently slipped her hand from its hold, and approached the back entrance. She found her way to her room without being observed by any of the family. Her feelings prompted her to seek the front window, which overlooked the porch. Stealthily, as if committing a crime, she moved towards it, and leaned out cautiously. The tones of William's voice met her ear, as he replied to her father's inquiries.

Her heart almost ceased its beating. Her breath came and went convulsively. She was compelled to rest on the window for support. Her brain reeled. As his tones died away, she sank into the old arm rocking-chair.

There she sat, trying to compose herself. She knew not whether to meet William or not. She was almost dying to see him, yet she feared the result. She wished to postpone the fatal hour of



separation to the latest possible time. She thought she would refuse to see him this evening on the plea of indisposition, and would write him a letter, in which she would explain the whole matter, and inform him of her intention, and her reasons for her strange conclusion. But then she could not tell him all as she would were she to see him. And perhaps ——”

“William wishes to see you, Lydia,” said the father, opening the door, and looking in. “I told him you were not well this evening, but he insists that you shall come down if you are not too seriously indisposed, and take a little walk. You had better come, Lydia, if you are able, my child, William wants to see you.”

She acquiesced in her father’s desires, and rose from her chair to adjust her hair and toilette. Her father left her room, requesting her to be as expeditious as possible. He did not wish to leave her too long alone with her own reflections.

The young girl was quite puzzled to know how to proceed. She desired to appear well in William’s eyes, yet she felt that it would be unjust to her father to remain to change her dress. She added a small white muslin collar to the neat plaid gingham dress she was wearing. She smoothed her hair, and descended to the porch.

She found her mother, and father, and her youngest sister, Nelly, in the porch, entertaining William. As she extended her hand to him, her face, which had hitherto been of an ashy whiteness, flushed deeply. He spoke pleasantly, yet there was a look of more than usual sedateness on his countenance. He asked for her health. With every tone of his voice the blood mounted higher and higher, until she felt her cheeks and temples burning.

After a few minute’s conversation, the father was called away to attend to the wants of old Uncle Joe, whose plough harness had got sadly out of order. In a little while the mother followed to superintend preparations for supper, taking with her Nelly; and the two were left alone.

William very soon proposed a walk to the old oak. Lydia at first hesitated. As she lingered on the steps, William looked at her surprised.

“Why, Lydia, do you object? Is not our old haunt as great a favorite as ever? or has it lost some of its attractions of

late? Surely, you are not going to forsake a spot where we have had so much enjoyment?"

She spoke something of not feeling well.

"Then it will do you good. You look distressed this evening, Lydia. Has anything occurred to give you pain? Come, tell me. You know you must have no secrets from me. You are mine, already," he remarked pleasantly, "and the right of possession entitles me to respect and obedience," and gently drawing her hand through his arm, they set out for the old oak.

William was remarkably loquacious, Lydia remarkably taciturn. The one seemed intentionally to oppose the other. And with William this was so. He saw that Lydia was sad. He very justly referred it to the conversation of the preceding day. His heart was deeply touched, for he loved Lydia with a strong, pure love; and feeling that his manner had not been such as should have characterized him, he strove to make every amend within his power. The poor girl was dwelling on what was to be, rather than on what was past. The words of her lover fell upon her ear, but they did not penetrate her heart. It was already preoccupied with thoughts intense, fearful. The moment had come when the decision, already made in her own mind, was to be made known to him to whom her heart still clung with a thousand-fold more tenderness than before.

They reached the tree, and seated themselves beneath its pleasant shade.

"Look," said William, "how beautifully that sunlight, flooding through the trees, falls on that tuft of moss, with its delicate purple flowers."

Lydia turned her eyes in the direction designated, and smiled faintly. No sound escaped her lips.

"How manifest the goodness of God is, Lydia. Turn ourselves whithersoever we may, it is ever before our eyes. I was reading, last night, a little piece of poetry, which expressed so beautifully this sentiment. I was so pleased with it, that I cut it out to bring to you. The language was so chaste, and, at the same time, so simple. I don't know when I have found so sweet a gem. But I find I have left it behind."

William now spoke with earnestness. He was expressing the sincere feelings of his soul, and so engaged was he, that he had not

observed the change in Lydia's expression, who sat with head rather averted. The visions of the night came up before her. She thought of the great white throne, and the fierce countenance of the Judge, as he uttered that fearful sentence, "Depart." She thought, too, of the cross she must henceforth endure that she might wear the crown of eternal life; and wherever she turned, it was "sorrow, tribulation, anguish, rather than beauty, gladness, and love." Tears rushed to her eyes, and streamed down her cheeks, and her whole face wore a look of deepest sadness.

"Why, Lydia, what is the matter?" William asked in astonishment, as he beheld the weeping girl. "Something important is preying on your mind. I have felt it all the evening. Do tell me, my dear girl, what it is. Have I said or done anything to offend you? Let me know, and I will make all reparation in my power. Speak, Lydia, you torture me!"

The weeping girl could not speak. She shook her head, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed aloud. William drew her to his bosom, and tenderly endeavored to comfort her. But every repeated demonstration of affection, on his part, but caused her tears to gush forth afresh. He knew not what to do or say. He was astonished, mystified, mortified. Finding all efforts on his part but the defeature of his aim, he relinquished all attempt, and he sat in silent wonder.

Lydia wept violently for some time. Chagrined at her weakness, she determined to overcome her emotion. But for some minutes her endeavors were abortive.

But tears cannot always last. The violent intensity of her emotion having wept itself away, she returned to comparative composure.

"William," she said, as soon as she dared trust her voice, "I know you are surprised and grieved at my conduct of this evening. But do not condemn me too harshly before you hear. When I shall have explained all, *you* will then be able to *understand* the cause of my singular behaviour, though you may not *feel*."

William gazed at her earnestly, but made no reply.

The young girl hesitated, and trembled. She knew not how to begin. But she must nerve herself to the task. Duty required it.

And though it cost her her life, *it must be done*. She nerved herself for the undertaking.

"William," she said (and she turned her eyes up into his face with a sweet, beseeching look), "William, I know you will forgive me when you have heard me."

She had never before appeared half so beautiful to William. He gazed at her with delight, as the woman's soul spoke through those large, earnest eyes, and imprinted itself on every lineament of that sad, tear-stained face.

"Forgive you, Lydia!" William interrupted; "forgive you, dearest! You are already forgiven; and I love you more tenderly than ever. You are thinking of last evening, Lydia. I did wrong unto you. Will you forgive me for my harshness and coldness? Say you forgive me, and we will forever forget the past, and live to love for the future."

"Oh, say not so, William! You break my heart. Hear me. That bright future you speak of is never to be ours. We must part—must learn to forget each other, and live as though we had never met."

"Lydia, Lydia! what do you mean!" exclaimed the astonished young man, springing to his feet, and bending over her. "You sport with me, Lydia. You would test the strength of my love. Ah, save me the torture, and let my words suffice! I tell you, Lydia, I love you with all the power of my nature, and nothing but death shall ever part us."

The young girl grew calm as her lover became impassioned.

"Here, William, sit beside me, and let me tell you all. I know it will pain you. I do not doubt your love. But, William, there is a higher, holier life than this, which all sacrifices should be made to obtain. Our years on earth will soon be fled. Mine, I feel, will be very few, and it is our duty to our God, to ourselves, to live to Him."

"Why, Lydia, what makes you talk so? I fear, my dear girl, you do not know what you say."

"You mistake, William. I am rational, and know fully what I am doing. Hear me, and then speak. I shall be candid with you, William. What I have to say, I can say in a few words. You know, William, that you told me yesterday you could never join

with my church. I feel that I can never join the Baptists. We can never be united in religious feeling; and, William, I am convinced that it would be wrong for us to be otherwise united. We dare not mock God in this way, and bring upon ourselves continual disunion and strife."

"And is this your reason, Lydia, for bringing misery to both of us? I know that you love me, and that you will be wretched unless we are married. To think otherwise, would be to doubt you, which I shall *never do*, and also to run counter to the laws of our being. And you will doom me to a life of hopeless despair! Say, Lydia, will you act thus, under this strange hallucination of mind? You have not considered the matter well. You do not comprehend what you do."

"Yes, William, yes, I know it all. I *feel* it all, and nothing but the fullest sense of my duty to my God, to myself, and to you, would impel me to a step which will bring with it so much of earthly misery. But I am fixed in my purpose. Henceforth we must be as though we had never loved."

"Lydia, you talk wildly. You do not mean what you say. I cannot give you up. Your love is my greatest treasure. Without it, this earth would be a void. You can never do what you threaten."

"Oh, I must, William, I must! I dare not act otherwise," and the agitated girl burst into a fit of excessive weeping.

"And what are your reasons, Lydia?"

She waited sometime before she was able to give a reply.

"I have told you, William—my duty to God, to you, and to myself."

"But you have promised to be mine, Lydia. Heaven has recorded the vow. Can you now break that solemn promise, witnessed by God and the holy angels?"

"O William! ask me not such questions. I must do as I have said. My conscience tells me so; my judgment tells me so; example tells me so. Persuade me not from my purpose. I dare not yield. O William! if you could but come with me; if you could but follow the blessed Saviour as he has commanded; could we but be united in serving God, how happy—oh, how happy we should be!"

She could say no more. The young man knew not what to reply. He felt in the depths of his soul that she was in earnest—was speaking out the sincere convictions of her mind. Had he doubted her for a moment, he would have treated the whole affair with ridicule. But he did not doubt her; he *could not*. He had seen the mighty effort it had cost her. He had read the painful effects of the desperate struggle between her sense of duty and her love. She was sincere. She was courageous far beyond her years and sex.

“Lydia,” he said, taking her hand in his, and drawing her to his bosom, “do not decide this momentous matter now. Wait a few weeks. I have never looked at this subject in this new light. Let me consider it as you have presented it; my mind and feelings may undergo a change.”

“O William, William! would to God they would!” and she started up as one awaking from a joyous dream.

“I had a conversation with Mr. Anderson this morning, Lydia, which gave me different views of his doctrines from those I have hitherto entertained. I cannot tell what the future may bring forth. I have promised him to consider the matter well, and if I am convinced, to act as you have so long and so earnestly desired me to do. Will you postpone your final decision, Lydia, for a few weeks?”

“Most gladly, William,” she replied, smiling through her tears. “Oh, what happiness it would be, if at last we should see and feel alike on this subject! You grant that it may be. I would wait for years, if it might but be so in the end.”

Neither chose to press the subject farther. After a short silence, William turned the conversation into a pleasant, easy channel. Lydia was a new creature. A smile of bright, glorious sweetness illumined her hitherto pale, sad face, and her laugh rung out like the laugh of joyous childhood. She had never, in all her life, felt so happy. Hope had sprung up in the bosom the glad harbinger of a blissful future. She felt assured William would be convinced. He would unite himself with *her* church, be baptized; and then that dearest union—to which she had so long looked forward as being the beginning of all earthly happiness—would be consummated, and nothing would ever mar her joy. It was a beautiful vision—all

studded with the richest gems, and lighted up with a glory transcending that of earth.

William proposed a walk to the "Old Academy," to visit their friend, the "Old Governor," and hear the younger people of the institution "choose and spell." It was Friday, and it was the custom of the school on this evening thus to allow the children to exhibit their advancement in etymology, and the successful phalanx to bear away the palm of gingerbread which the "Old Governor" provided to stimulate the youngsters to increased assiduity.

When they reached the Academy, the two columns of juveniles were arranging themselves on their respective sides of the room, and soon the spelling-match began. One company was headed by a bright-faced, bright-eyed, flaxen-haired little sprite, whose excess of joy at having beside her the brag speller of the whole school was manifested in a thousand little childish freaks and ways. The other battalion was led on by a dark-haired, sedate-looking boy, whose fine broad forehead and intelligent eye bespoke a mind of no common mould. The two appeared pleased and sanguine. Old Mr. Cunningham presided, in the same old chair, seated behind the same old desk that graced the Academy when Lydia recited to him her Greek and Latin verbs. And there, too, was a little bouquet of flowers in the same little vase, and Lydia thought of that time-worn, tear-stained picture that the old man had so often taken from its hiding-place to gaze upon and kiss, while the tears stole to his eyes, and a sigh heaved his bosom.

The old man welcomed his favorite and her lover with evident pleasure. Time had made but few changes in his appearance since he was first introduced to our readers. There might have been an additional wrinkle or line across his high, intellectual brow, and the shoulders had become a trifle more stooped, and perhaps his locks were a little snowier. But the same kindly smile was there, the same deep, sonorous voice, the same quiet, gentlemanly manner.

The spelling commenced. Not a word was missed for a round or two. Everything was moving on quite happily, when, alas, alas, sad to tell! a luckless wight, in the forces of the little fair-haired girl, could not, for his life, tell which came first in "fierceness," the *i* or the *e*. He stammered and hemmed, and finally

spelled it out; but oh, horrible! he had placed the e before the i. His opponent of the counter rank caught up the word with breathless anxiety, and spelled it in a voice that made the old school-house ring, and almost deafened the ears of the visitors, all unused to such sounds. This was the only failure for that evening. Of course our little sprite was vanquished. But she bore her defeat like a hero, declaring, "she would never, in all her life, take Bill Simpkins again."

School was dismissed. Lydia was greeted with kisses and "how d'ye does," for she was a favorite with all the boys and girls, as well as the Old Governor. Mr. Cunningham sat chatting with them after the boys and girls left, until the lengthened shadows warned them it was time to find their homes. Lydia insisted that her old preceptor should go with her to spend the night. But he declined. He did not wish to intrude upon the happiness of the young couple, with whose love affairs the whole neighborhood was entirely familiar.

The hearts of the parents were gladdened at the happy change in their daughter's appearance, for with the eye of tender solicitude they discovered it before she reached the porch, where they were awaiting her return. They were satisfied that the breach, whatever it had been, was healed, and they were content with this, without feeling eager to learn what it was.

The next day Lydia took occasion to tell her parents the cause of her trouble, the decision she had come to, her interview with William, and the joyous result.

"I shall not forget the advice Bro. Anderson gave me yesterday morning," remarked Mr. Lovelace, as she concluded her recital. "He told me he had just then parted from William, and he had found him much more favorable to us than he had ever seen him before. He told me that a great deal depended upon me, and I will talk to him to the best of my powers when I see him, I tell you."

On Sunday Mr. Anderson preached a sermon expressly for William's benefit, with which the young man was much pleased. In the afternoon, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lovelace, Mr. Perkins, with several other leading members of the church, and William, met at "Bro. Mason's." The evening was spent in conversation on the



distinguishing traits of the Reformation, as more scriptural, better adapted to the understanding and spiritual wants of man than any other system. William listened attentively, and was surprised that he had been so negligent with regard to these things.

The following week he had several conversations with prominent and well-instructed members of Anderson's church, and with Mr. Anderson himself. Soon he became a regular attendant on their services, never accompanying his mother to hear old Father Wilson, unless compelled to do so.

In a few weeks it was noised abroad that William Norton was going to join the Reformation. His Baptist friends, who knew full well the probability of such a thing, deeply deplored the prospect. The Reformers were delighted. It was the common topic of conversation in the social circles of that sect. Thus matters passed on for several weeks, during which time it was evident to all of William's friends that a great change had taken place in his views. He now no longer hesitated to express himself favorably to that body. It had been confidently expected for weeks that he would unite with that church. Lydia, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lovelace, "Bro. Mason," had been assiduous in their entreaties.

Finally, one Sabbath morning, about two months after the conversation between Lydia and William, of which we have spoken, Anderson announced from the pulpit, that on Sabbath evening next, at 8 o'clock, they would have a meeting in that place, at which time young Bro. Norton would unite himself with that church.

Great joy reigned throughout the ranks of the Reformation during the ensuing week. William's position made him a person of interest; beside, he had been known to have been such a bitter opposer of the new sect. For this reason it was deemed an additional gain. He had great influence with the young members of the Baptist Church, and it was sanguinely hoped he would be the means of bringing many over with him.

The next Sunday was looked forward to as being one of the days of great triumph with the believers of the "new religion." The Baptists were filled with regret.

*(To be Continued.)*

## TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

“To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

“To thine own self be true.” Yes, that is it. But what is it to be true “to thine own self?” Is it to seek our own enjoyment in the gaieties and amusements which surround us on every side? Is it to follow the dictates of fashion; to pursue the path in which the multitude tread; to yield to the temptations which assail us at every step; to look upon those who occupy a lower station in society than ourselves with scorn; to look upon this beautiful world only as a place in which we are to live, and enjoy ourselves while we live? Is it to live like the butterfly, flitting from one enjoyment to another, until the winter of death comes, and freezes our very heart’s blood? In short, is it to cast aside all those nobler feelings which exist in the human heart, placed there by the great Creator? No! oh no! This is not proving true; but false.

But is it not, rather, to seek our happiness in that of others—to follow the dictates of conscience—that “still, small voice,” sounding deep in the recesses of the heart—to seek not to conform ourselves to the things of this world, for “the fashion of this world passeth away,” but to seek, rather, to do those things which will be pleasing in the sight of the Lord? Is it not to pursue the path which leads to honor and wisdom, with those few noble minds, who, regardless of the scorn and contumely of the worldly ones, rally round the blood-stained banner of Prince Emanuel, and, relying upon that arm which is all-powerful, to press our way onward through all difficulties toward that haven of rest, where all strife shall cease, and we shall dwell with Him forever? Is it not praying, “Lead us not into temptation,” and asking for strength to resist the many temptations which surround us? Is it not lending a helping hand to those who are struggling with the trammels of poverty—helping them with those things which God has given us? If we have nothing else, we can give them kind words, which may fall upon some human heart parched by the heartlessness of

the world, as the refreshing shower upon the thirsty earth, or as delightful as the shade of the green palms in the oasis to the weary traveler in his pathway through the dreary desert. Is it not to look upon this beautiful world—beautiful in its lofty mountains and stately trees; its winding rivers and fertile plains; its sandy deserts, rolling prairies, and mighty forests, as all made by the Great All-Father; to be enabled to look upon them, and cry with awe and exultation, “My Father made them all!” to think of them as made by Him for the benefit of his children? Is it not to look upon ourselves as placed here to work?

Think you it was the design of God, when he formed this world with its wondrous beauties, when he separated the day from the night, and placed the seasons in their order; when he set the sun, moon, and stars in the firmament; when he said, “Let us make man in our own image,” and, forming him of the dust of the earth, placed him in the midst of the beauties he had created, that it should be to him only as a place wherein to live, seeking only his own pleasure? No! oh no! Do not the whole scriptures prove to the contrary?

Had this been the case, there would have been no need of a Saviour. When “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,” was it not at the new display of the power of their King, who had formed another race to honor and praise him? Was it not that man might love and obey him, that he made him “a little lower than the angels,” and crowned him with glory and honor? And is there not a voice in our own hearts, telling us to love, glorify, and exalt his holy name by a pure and true life?

In short, to prove true “to thine own self,” is it not to prove true to all those nobler emotions of our hearts which lead us in the path of rectitude and honor; to follow in the footsteps of the lowly Jesus? And as, when day is departed, night envelopes in her sable robes the slumbering earth, and the moon sheds her silvery light, and the stars look down from the blue watch-towers of heaven, so, if we are true to ourselves, it *must* follow that we cannot be false to others.

FANNIE HEATH.

ATHENS, Pa.

## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

### CHAP. XXXII.—THE MEETING.

With trembling step and fluttering heart, Mary Bunyan set out on the morning after she arrived in London with Mrs. Gaunt, to visit the prisoner. Sleep had scarcely visited her eyes through the night. Weary and worn with her hasty journey, she had thrown herself on the humble bed of her kind friend, hoping to obtain repose. But she could not sleep. While the body rested, her mind was filled with thronging thoughts. Fear had taken possession of her soul. That horrid fear, which drives out every other feeling, and becomes sole occupant of the trembling, sinking heart, reigning there with despotic sway. The poor, wretched girl tried to hope—to build on the promises of God. But she could not. All was too dark. She repeated to herself many precious passages of the Holy Scriptures replete with joy and consolation. But she could not lay hold of them, and make them her own.

How often it is thus with the child of God! This is “tribulation” indeed. To be deprived of the felt presence of the Comforter!

She endeavored to pray for divine assistance; for light to illumine her dark, bewildered mind; for strength to support her sinking soul. But all appeared vain. There came no mitigation of her fearful anguish. God was leading her through a dark valley, into which no ray of light penetrated. Ah, what a test of faith such trials are! Surely, God is with us, yet we know it not. The right arm of his power is round about us, but we perceive it not.

The greatest trial the Christian can have, is to feel himself deprived of the presence of God. Let whatever of worldly affliction befall us that may; let our bosoms be rent with sorrow, and all earthly hope be swept out, yet, if we can but by the eye of faith see Him who is invisible, our souls can rest in peace; yea, we can rejoice in our sufferings. They draw us nearer to the bosom of our great High Priest, “who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities.”

But few words were spoken as the two hurried along the crowded street toward the prison. Mary clung closely to her friend for protection from the jostling crowd. Mrs. Gaunt had not forgotten the poor sick man, to whom she had for some time ministered daily. She carried with her a bucket of broth, and her salve and lint.

"Are we almost there, Mrs. Gaunt?" asked Mary, timidly, her voice trembling with the dread that pressed upon her heart.

"We will be there before long, Mary; it is a good walk from my house. Are you tired, child? Perhaps I walk too fast for you."

"I do feel tired, Mrs. Gaunt, for I did not sleep much last night; but we will hurry on and get there as soon as we can. I do not love to walk these crowded streets."

Just then a carriage passed, driving in the direction of the prison. The occupants, an elderly man and a young female clad in deep mourning, recognized Mrs. Gaunt. They bade the driver halt, and calling to her, asked her and her friend to ride. She gladly accepted the invitation, not so much for herself as for Mary, whose pale, sad face and faltering step attested her weariness. Old Mr. Kiffin and Miss Hewling did not need to be introduced to Mary. They immediately knew her to be the blind daughter of the beloved Bunyan. Mary spoke with a faint voice as Mrs. Gaunt called the name of her friends, and then drew herself timidly into one corner of the carriage. She did not wish to converse.

"You are on your daily mission of good, Sister Gaunt," said the old man in a kind tone, in which there was a blending of sorrow.

"Yes, I want to do what little I can to relieve the dreadful sufferings of the wretched unfortunates. It is but little, but I remember a cup of cold water, given in the name of my Master, will not fail of its reward."

"Poor, poor creatures! they need your words of comfort and your kind ministrations. These are dark times for us, Sister Gaunt. God is dealing with us very severely. William Dormer is to you as a child; and my poor boys, God knows how I love them!" and the old man heaved a deep sigh painful to hear.

At the name of William Dormer, Mary started and reddened. She turned her head towards the window to escape observation.

Tears started to her sightless eyes, but she dashed them away. She did not wish to betray her secret. The sister of the two young Hewlings wept aloud.

Mrs. Gaunt made no reply to the remarks of the old man. She did not wish to protract a conversation which could only give pain. But the old man's heart was too full of his deep trials. He must speak.

"And they will not let me see my poor dear boys. I have been twice, and they refused. It is hard, hard to bear. I thought we would go again, Hannah and I; maybe we may be successful this time. But there is not much hope. Their hearts are made of iron, and they delight in cruelty."

Just as the old man finished his sorrowful remark, they turned into a wide street that led to the prison grounds. As they did so, a volley of railing and cursing met their ears. Looking out, they beheld a most painful scene. Four poor wretches, pale, and ready to faint from wounds and starvation, loaded with irons, moved slowly on towards the jail, their emaciated forms scarcely able to bear the weight of chains and manacles which their furious persecutors heaped upon them. And because they could not proceed faster, they were lashed, and cursed, and goaded on.

Shudderingly the occupants of the carriage turned away from the revolting spectacle. No remark was made. It needed no comment. Well it was for Mary that she could not see it. She heard the taunts and curses of the infuriated crowd, and her whole body shook with dread.

They reached the outer gate of the prison, and alighted. As soon as the porter saw Mrs. Gaunt, he opened the gate, and she and Mary passed in. He looked suspiciously on the other two as they followed.

The company reached the second gate, and knocked for admittance. As the heavy door swung open on its creaking hinges, Mary shuddered. Remembrances of the old jail at Bedford and her father's sufferings rushed across her mind, and filled her soul with horror.

The four passed in, and were met by one of the prison, who eyed from head to foot the three new personages. Mrs. Gaunt

had so long been accustomed to pass in and out, that all the attendants, and many of the inmates, had come to know her well.

"Who is this you have with you, Mrs. Gaunt?" the man asked, as Mary clung to the arm of the good woman.

"A poor blind friend of mine, who has come with me in a morning walk."

"The blind can do no harm," he muttered to himself, "pass on."

Mrs. Gaunt and Mary proceeded towards the door. The two were about to follow them.

"Your name, sir," said the man, with something of politeness in his manner. "Have you permission to enter?"

"My name is William Kiffin, and I have no authority to enter. But I hope you will suffer me to do so. I have two dear boys here that I wish to see, if it is but for a few moments. Do suffer me to go in," he added, most imploringly.

"I will see, sir."

The man turned into a little office. He was gone but a moment.

As he emerged from it, another officer followed. Instantly the old man recognized him as the captain who had taunted him so shamefully a few days before. He knew all hope was gone now. He read in the eye of his brutal tormentor a savage delight in his power to torture. Yet he would ask.

"We wish to see the Hewlings. Can we do it?"

"If you have permission, sir," replied the officer, with a cold, derisive scorn.

"I have no permission. But cannot you suffer me to enter?"

"No, I cannot. The command is that you shall not be suffered to see the rebels. And now I tell you, old man, you need not come again. This is the second or third time you have troubled me, and if you do it again, it will not be well for you. How did you get this far on your way?"

The old man made no reply to the insulting question. Mrs. Gaunt, who had listened at the door until her friends could be admitted, saw the hopelessness of the case, and turned to add her entreaties to those of the old man. But she could not be heard.

"Get you along, old woman, or I will turn you out. But who is that you have got with you?"

"A blind friend, whom I brought out for the walk."

"Blind! ha, ha. Well, go in, go in!"

"Will you not suffer us to enter this once?"

"No, I tell you; you shall not go in. It is not worth your while to stand here asking, for I tell you, again, it has been forbidden, and there is no hope."

The old man stood irresolute. The young girl wept bitterly.

"Oh, do let us enter this once!" she sobbed out. "Just this once! I pray you, sir, let us see my poor brothers! Oh, for heaven's sake, do!"

"I tell you, I cannot do it. My instructions forbid it, and it is useless for you to ask."

Still the old man plead. He felt that he must once more see the darlings of his heart, and hear from them the dealings of God with their souls. But the harsh man was inexorable.

While they were thus parleying, the door opened, and the four captives were marched in.

"Get you gone, old man! See, here is work for me to do. I tell you, I will not let you in. So be off, and do not waste my time. Ah ha," he added, as if gloating in his work. "And so they have caught some more of the devilish fellows!"

The old man wept like a child, as he turned to pass out. The maiden leaned on his arm, while stifled sobs burst from her bosom. The door closed behind them. They never entered it again.

The prisoners were marched off to cells, which had been prepared with the expectation of such captives.

Mrs. Gaunt and Mary entered the narrow, dark passage that led to the cells of the prisoners they wished to see. With frightened tread and suppressed breath, Mary glided noiselessly along behind her friend. She did not dare to speak.

Mrs. Gaunt dressed the wounds of the poor old man, as he lay on his pallet of straw in the large room where the sick were kept. She handled him as tenderly as a mother, yet the poor sufferer groaned with intense pain. She then gave him a little broth.

He looked up into her face, and thanked her. "Not here long, good woman," he said feebly. She was aware of this. A few hours more must terminate his sufferings.

"Willing to go?" she asked.

"Yes, yes."



“Well, then, all is well.”

He smiled faintly, and repeated her words, “All well, all well.”

She passed round among the other sick, giving a cup of water to one, a drink of broth to another, and in various ways soothing their pains, always speaking a word of consolation.

“Let me see the young man that came in a few days since.”

“Which, one of those two brothers?”

“No, his name is William Dormer.”

“Yes, yes,” and the man opened the door, and gave her directions how to proceed. He did not go with her, for just then the attending physician came in, and he had to remain to answer his questions with regard to the patients.

As they were groping their way along the dark aisle, they met one of the prison attendants.

“Show us to William Dormer’s cell, will you, if you please,” Mrs. Gaunt asked.

The man answered kindly, and led the way.

“Do you wish to go in and see the prisoner?” he inquired, as they stepped in front of the cell.

“We should like to do so.”

The young man, who had known Mrs. Gaunt for many years, opened the cell door. She entered.

“Does this young woman wish to go in too?”

Mrs. Gaunt replied in the affirmative.

“I suppose it will be no breach of the regulations, as she is with you, Mrs. Gaunt.”

Mary followed.

William had arisen from his low stool at the first sound of Mrs. Gaunt’s voice. He could see the two forms, and knew one was Mary’s. As she entered, he sprung forward. “Mary!” “William!” were the only words that were heard, as he clasped the trembling form and pressed it to his bosom.

Not another word was spoken as they stood locked in each other’s arms. The keeper looked on amazed. Mrs. Gaunt, overcome, sank on the low stool beside her.

Tears of joy streamed down Mary’s cheeks, as she leaned on the breast of him she loved. It was happiness to hear him once more call her name, and feel his warm breathings on her cheek. But then

she remembered it was within the gloomy walls of a dungeon, and her joy was turned to pain.

William seated her tenderly on his low bed, and then sat beside her, placing his arm around her, and pressing her to him. He gazed into her face by the dim light, and as he did so, he marked the changes sorrow had made. He kissed her burning cheek and beating brow again and again.

"I may not see you more, Mary, my dear, dear Mary, and I cannot be formal now."

"Oh, my William, say not this to me!" she exclaimed, as she started from her seat, impelled by the intensity of her emotion. William drew her gently down, and smoothed back her hair, and kissed her tenderly.

"I do not know, Mary. We must not hope for too much. Our persecutors are fierce and cruel."

"O William, I cannot bear the thought!" the agonized girl exclaimed, as she lay sobbing on his bosom.

It was a fearful rack to the poor prisoner. He would freely have yielded up his life, could that but have saved the loved one from suffering.

"We must try, my dear Mary," he said, speaking in a cheerful, soothing tone, "to say as did our blessed Master, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.'"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Gaunt, "the Lord is good, and infinite in wisdom. He knows what is best for us, his poor children. Oh, that he will give us all, his grace, that we may say, 'Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in thy sight.' Our ways are in his hands. He ordereth our footsteps, and he hath a purpose in all the trials he sends us. They work out, my children, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory for us. Let us trust Him in this dark hour, as we have always done. He will not leave nor forsake us."

These words of her friend served to soothe Mary. She raised her hand, and seeking the face of William, passed it carefully over it, as if to impress on her mind forever every lineament of that loved yet unseen face. When she reached the long, stiff beard, she started with surprise, and withdrew her hand suddenly, but then replaced it, and traced again every feature. It was a simple act,

yet so touching, that the guide turned aside to hide his starting tears.

"Leave us alone with William for a little while, wont you, sir?" Mrs. Gaunt asked of the man.

The man bowed assent, and strode up the narrow passage.

"Let us talk of the goodness of God, my children," said Mrs. Gaunt, as the dull, heavy footfalls died out in the distance. "We will not dwell on the future, except to ask his guidance and care. We will praise his holy name for what he has done for us in the past. He has led us, my boy, through many trials, and now he has permitted us to meet once more on earth. And although we are surrounded by affliction and trials, yet his presence is near."

"Yes, God has been kind to me," replied William, "and I would call upon all within me to bless and magnify his great name. He can make a prison a palace, of a truth. I have never had more spiritual enjoyment in my life, than I have had since I came into this prison."

William sat with his arm around Mary, while she leaned her head trustingly on his bosom. With the other hand he held the thin, pale hand of the trembling girl. He gazed upon her darkened face, so pale and grief-marked, with a look of indescribable earnestness and love. The strong man within him bowed, as he thought of what she had suffered for him, and the tears coursed each other silently down his face. Could he but have this gentle, loving being with him always, he would care naught for his prison. It would possess no gloom, no horror. As he thought thus, he drew her closer and closer to him.

How beautiful to see two such loving hearts cling to each other with tenderness and constancy, increased a thousand fold by the gloom and trials that surrounded them. Yet how painful to know, that that gloom and those trials should know no brightening, and no cessation, until the grave should close over the pulseless bosoms of those who had lived through danger and separation, and would love on till the last!

The three spoke of the past and the present. What was to be, they dared not look out upon. Each endeavored to be cheerful, for the sake of the others. Their words were more of thankfulness and comfort, than of hope.

Thus they sat and conversed for some time, Mary all the while leaning on the bosom of William. She did not often speak. It was happiness enough for her to lie and listen to the rich tones of his manly voice, as they gushed forth, softened in their accent by love. After some fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed, the footsteps of the conductor were heard approaching. The two friends knew it was the signal for their departure, and Mrs. Gaunt, giving William some words of consolation, and promising to come the next day and bring Mary with her, rose, and gathered together her bucket, and reticule of salve and bandages. Mary clung to William as long as she could. Her heart misgave her about seeing him on the morrow. Oh, how he strained her to him! It seemed he could not let her go from him. But the voice of the guide was heard commanding them to leave.

Mary put up her hand as before, and passed it slowly over William's face. As she did so, her sightless, streaming eyes were turned to his. He stooped over her, and kissed her again and again. A second command was given. She tore herself from him, and with one wild shriek, passed out into the passage.

When Mary reached Mrs. Gaunt's, she was prostrate. Her strength was entirely gone. She fell on the low bed like one lifeless—one whom grief had deprived of consciousness. Her father, who knew it was useless for him to accompany them to the prison, and who, during their absence, had gone out to visit a friend of his, Mr. Strudwick, had not yet returned.

John Burton, his wife and daughter, were yet there, but did not dare to move from their hiding-place. Mrs. Gaunt endeavored to arouse Mary from her stupor. But all her efforts were unavailing. A dead stupefaction had seized her, which rendered her incapable, body and mind, of any action. Her father was greatly distressed to find, on his return, his daughter in such a fearful condition. But he knew the only cure was repose. A stimulating draught was administered, after which she sunk into a quiet slumber.

Poor William! we will not look back into his dreary prison cell. It were torture to do so. God alone knows the anguish of his true heart, as he sat there through the long weary hours of the night, thinking of his beloved Mary and the death which inevitably awaited him.

About midnight, as he was thinking, his reflections were interrupted by a confused noise in that portion of the prison where he lodged, and footsteps and sounds were heard approaching his cell door. A light flashed in upon him. His door was unlocked, and the gruff voice of Captain Richardson bade him follow him. William threw his clothes about him, and did as he was commanded. When he reached the court-yard, he found other prisoners assembled, among whom he recognized the faces of the two Hewlings. Without a word of explanation, they were marched out of the prison yards, and placed in wagons, which bore them rapidly away. They did not know but what it was to the scaffold.

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CHAP. XXXIII.—THE SEARCH.

While these scenes were transpiring at Newgate, the little family of Mrs. Gaunt slept sweetly. Mary, overcome by fatigue and sorrow, had fallen into a profound slumber. Mrs. Gaunt lay beside her. Bunyan, having committed all to the keeping of God, slept soundly. The fugitives were apart, in a little back room, enjoying rest in their fancied security.

Suddenly Mrs. Gaunt was aroused from her slumbers by a fierce knocking at her front door. She threw on her dress, and went to seek the cause.

“Another poor soldier of the cross,” she said to herself.

But alas! no. It was the officers of the law, in search of John Burton.

“We come in the name of the King and the laws of our land, to search your house over for one of the rebels, whom we hear you have secreted,” said one of the officers, as soon as she had opened the door.

“But you will not disturb a poor, peaceable, unprotected woman, sirs?”

“Away with you! let us in. We are after the vile rebels.”

“But wait until I can get you a light,” said Mrs. Gaunt, turning round to go to her kitchen. She wished to arouse Burton and his family, and bid them escape.

“No, we’ll not wait. We’ve got a light here. You can’t de-

celve us, you old hag. We know well enough that fellow is here, and we'll have him, too," and the speaker swore violently.

They forced themselves in. Burton and his wife had been aroused by the noise when it was first heard at the door. They sprung from their beds, awoke the daughter, who, like her parents, had slept in her dress, and climbing out over the back fence, made good their escape, and were soon lost in one of the narrow streets of that part of the city. They had barely time to elude their pursuers. And had it not been for the management of Mrs. Gaunt, who led them to every other room first, and caused them to search thoroughly, they would have been overtaken.

They were elated with joy when they entered the room where Bunyan lay. "Here is the rascal!" exclaimed the foremost man. "We have caught him napping, ah, ha! Come, let's take him before he wakes up. Come, come!"

"You are mistaken, friends," said Bunyan, rising, and looking the man in the face by the light of his lantern. "I am a peaceable citizen. But tell me, for whom do you search?"

"For that vile rascal, John Burton."

"You will not find him here," said Bunyan calmly, who had seen from his window the fugitives leap the fence.

With horrid imprecations and cursings the officers passed on to search the out-buildings. Their rage knew no bounds when they found they were defeated of their prey.

Swearing vengeance against all rebels, and calling on high heaven to visit them with most horrid torture if they did not find out and bring to justice "the wretch, John Burton," they left the house.

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#### CHAP. XXXIV.—THE ARREST.

What a wise providence that the day of our death is hidden from us. Life were one eternal dread, else.

Mrs. Gaunt arose, and went about her morning work as usual, feeling grateful to God that he had enabled one of his servants to thwart the rigor of the law. She prepared her pot of broth, and gathered together her lint and bandages.

Soon after their humble breakfast, she and Mary set out for the

prison. Mary was stronger than on the preceding day, having been much benefitted by her night's sleep. Bunyan walked out into the city to seek the residence of William Kiffin.

The hope of again being beside William, and listening to his voice, gave Mary new life. On the two hasted. They reached the prison, and entered uninterrupted. Mrs. Gaunt found the poor man, whom she had so long tended, had died during the night, and now lay ready for the grave. But there were others there that claimed her care and kindness, for there was at that time great suffering at Newgate. She dealt out her broth, dressed the wounds of the poor soldiers, and after having seen that all were as comfortable as her limited aid could make them, she and Mary went to seek William Dormer's cell. Just as they gained the landing beyond the hospital room, they encountered Mr. Nardley. He spoke to them very kindly.

Mrs. Gaunt asked to be shown to William Dormer's cell.

“He is not here, Mrs. Gaunt. He and the Hewlings left at midnight, last night, for Salesbury.”

Mary fell like one suddenly deprived of life. Mrs. Gaunt stood for a moment in consternation. Recovering her senses, she bade Mr. Nardley run for some water. With superhuman strength she lifted Mary and placed her in the fresh air. Her face was as white as the spotless handkerchief which covered her beautiful neck. Her eyes were closed, and she gave no signs of life. For a moment Mrs. Gaunt feared she was dead. But undoing her dress, she found that her heart still pulsated, though slowly.

“For God's sake, Mr. Nardley, run,” she exclaimed, as she heard the guard approaching. “Call Dr. Draper, he is in the sick room. My poor child will die unless she is relieved.”

Mr. Nardley hurriedly obeyed her instructions, and in a few moments the physician was beside the prostrate girl. He applied restoratives, and rubbed and chafed her hands and temples. It was sometime before Mary gave any signs of returning life. Slowly she opened her eyes, and motioned her lips. Mrs. Gaunt bent over her to catch the sound. “William” was the only word she could understand.

“Take me from here, Mrs. Gaunt,” she faintly whispered, “I shall die.”

Dr. Draper, who was through with his morning visit, proposed to take the two females home in his carriage, which offer was gladly accepted by Mrs. Gaunt.

When they reached the door of Mrs. Gaunt's cottage, the blind girl was able to walk to her bed. Bunyan was awaiting his daughter's return, having concluded to take Mary with him to see his old friend, Mr. Kiffin. He was horror-struck at her changed look, as she came into the room. He clasped her in his arms, and placed her on the bed, and bent over with all the tenderness of his great heart, chafing her hands and smoothing back the hair from the clammy forehead.

As soon as she slept, he stole away to ask of Mrs. Gaunt the cause. She told him all.

"Ah, poor William!" he exclaimed, as she concluded, "and my poor child! she will never recover from this stroke. God is going to visit me again with trial. May he give me grace to bear me through, and to glorify his name in all my afflictions."

He had but finished speaking, when the sound of loud voices was heard at the door, and in a moment more two men entered the front room.

"Is this Mrs. Elizabeth Gaunt?" one of them asked, approaching the terrified woman.

"Yes, that is my name."

"By the authority of this good commonwealth I arrest you, Mrs. Gaunt, for harboring rebels."

She spoke not, but stood gazing at the men who addressed her, as one bewildered.

"Who gave you information, men, against this poor woman?" asked Bunyan.

"John Burton, his wife, and daughter, whom she has harbored these past three days."

Bunyan remonstrated and entreated. But the hard-hearted men remained unmoved.

"We don't let such birds loose, I tell you, old man, and you needn't stand there talking. Come, come, woman, there's no time to be lost. Get on your hood, and come along, or else we'll take you as you are."

Mrs. Gaunt obeyed. She saw any opposition was useless. Com-



mending Banyan and Mary to God, she bade them farewell, and left with the officers.

She was hurried before the tribunal, questioned, and sent to Newgate. In less than four hours after she and Mary quit the prison with Dr. Draper, she was an inmate of the cell William Dormer had occupied.

(*To be continued.*)

## CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

### NO. VII.—SELFISHNESS.

“For all seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ’s.”—*Bible.*

From this language of the apostle, we might infer that selfishness is *the* characteristic of the human family, as it includes *all* in the same unenviable category.

*All* seek their own. We presume, however, that he intends it as a general censure, observation proving to us that most persons act very much from selfish impulses. There are few who make strong efforts to crucify self, or practice the true spirit of self-denial. It is the idol at whose shrine they most devoutly worship, and around it cluster their most ardent affections.

There is a description of self-love which is not censurable, if confined within a proper boundary. The love of life is a principle implanted within us by our wise Creator. Governed by its impulses, we make great sacrifices to defend and preserve it. This, however, is not the species of self-love which the text contemplates. The love of happiness is another implantation of Deity, which was, no doubt, given us for a wise purpose. We should not, therefore, be indifferent to these emotions, but be vigilant, lest they become inordinate, and wholly absorb our feelings, so that we become like those whom the apostle denominates “lovers of their own selves.” We will consider some exhibitions of this spirit.

It is first seen in a desire to obtain self-gratification. This sometimes consists in pleasures of sense—and how numerous are

those whose highest object is to minister to the gratification of their senses! We can call up before the mind's eye the images of many whose life-business is to minister to the gratification of the palate.

The most unremitting efforts are made to prepare for the transient pleasure of taste, while the wants of the mind and spirit are totally neglected. The animal predominates over the intellectual and spiritual nature, thus bringing him who was created in God's image to a level with the beasts that eat, lie down and sleep, and rise to eat again.

Oh! man was created with a higher, nobler nature, but self-love has made him forgetful of those promptings of his nature, which, if cultivated, would have ennobled him.

Others, again, seek self-gratification in worldly amusements, and life's precious hours are wasted in the eager pursuit of what is falsely called *pleasure*, while the spirit is steeped in utter forgetfulness of the fact, that there is a tribunal before which they must appear and give an account of life's wasted privileges.

Others seek self-gratification in mental recreations, and the spirit is wholly occupied in contriving and carrying out expedients to satiate its own absorbing desires, thus proving that selfishness is the main-spring which excites them to action.

This characteristic is exhibited by many who desire to assume dominion over others; and we find it as fully developed in the village schoolmaster, who, with pen behind his ear, and rod in hand, announces his laws and their penalty as the sceptred monarch who wears the purple. Whenever the love of power is the ruling passion, selfishness predominates.

Then there are others who are intensely eager for popular applause. They would ascend to the topmost round of fame's ladder, and wave triumphantly the laurel wreath awarded them by the breath of popular opinion, and crush out the life of any who might dare aspire to the same giddy height.

Ah! self is seated on the throne of the affections, and the generous impulses of the soul are all silenced by its exactions.

Selfishness is sometimes exhibited in an earnest craving after worldly possessions, and we should all search ourselves carefully, as this is the most common passion invading the human heart.

Seeking worldly prosperity, getting gain—who is exempt? Alas! who?

Acting under the influence of this passion, men often resort to the basest means of obtaining the desired end. 'Tis this that points the dagger of the midnight assassin, and fabricates the well-arranged falsehood, by which to obtain the gold that perisheth.

But it must be brought still nearer to us. Ponder it well, disciple of Christ! You do not attempt to practice fraud to obtain gold, but are not the earnest cravings of your heart constantly reaching out after it? Are not the best energies of life devoted to its accumulation? And when your coffers are groaning under its weight, do you not give grudgingly a *small* amount to God's cause? Selfishness is *your* predominant characteristic. You may be unconscious of it, but have a care, or it may ruin your soul.

The phases which selfishness assumes are too numerous and diversified to be discussed in the compass of a short essay, but it must be traceable to some cause, and it becomes our business to inquire what it is.

It originates, no doubt, in man's depravity. There may be minor causes aiding it on; but the grand moving cause is man's degeneracy. It springs from an unsanctified nature, and is one of the streams which issues from that fountain of corruption—the human heart. The remains of sin in our nature often lead us away from God. This fact calls for constant, unremitting watchfulness, and an unceasing warfare with those unholy desires, that we may bring them into subjection. We can accomplish nothing in our own strength, but can do much through Christ, who will strengthen us if we but rely on him for help. Let us look to Him alone, and seek to overcome our selfish desires, which cause us so much unhappiness.

All are, to some extent, under the influence of selfishness; but were it the *predominating* characteristic of all, what a dark picture would our world present! It would be a moral desert, without a single oasis; a stormy ocean, upon which no ray of sunshine breaks to relieve its darkness.

It is not our privilege to live for self alone. The Saviour of mankind gave us an example, while on earth, which it is our duty to endeavor, as far as possible, to imitate. He went about doing

good, healing the sick, and ministering to the necessities of the poor. Our Creator certainly had an object in our creation. Were we called into existence merely to minister to our own selfish gratification? By no means. 'Tis our business to glorify God in our bodies and spirits, and endeavor, as far as possible, to better the condition of those around us. The waves of life's stream are fast hasting on to the boundless ocean of eternity. We will soon have passed the "Jordan," and then our account must be rendered. Let us see to it *now*, if selfishness is the prominent characteristic of our nature, for there is no place for it in the kingdom of heaven. The inhabitants of that bright world are all love, and joy, and peace; and unless the selfish impulses of the heart are subdued by divine grace in *this* world, we can never be admitted there. Those happy gates forever bar all the unhallowed propensities of the human heart, and we should apply for divine assistance to overcome them all, that an entrance may be administered unto us through Him who hath loved us, and given himself for us.

NEW LIBERTY, 1859.

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### OBEDIENCE.

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THE great difficulty in the government of children is the same with that which presents itself in all governments; it is to secure the highest degree of individual liberty which is consistent with perfect submission to law. The great thing to be avoided in securing this object, is uncertainty in the restraints brought to bear upon the governed. Commands half expressed, duties half assigned, insinuations, requests, solicitations—these are what infuse laxity and disorder. It is the atmosphere of doubt which dissolves the energy and relaxes the nerves of government.

Much stress is usually laid on subduing the will, but prevention is better than cure; and, by injudicious management, we not unfrequently rouse a spirit of resistance, which we find it difficult afterwards to quell. I think it is important, not needlessly to multiply orders and directions, but to leave children as much alone to follow their own little devices and inventions, as is consistent with their own good, and the comfort of others.—*Abbott*.

LOMBARDY AND THE CHURCH.

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THE Governor of Milan, appointed by Victor Emanuel, has issued a decree declaring that the same liberty of conscience and of religious teaching, which has for many years prevailed in Piedmont, is henceforth assured to the people of Lombardy. Under the free institutions that exist in the hereditary States of the Sardinian King, men have grown accustomed to think, speak, and print whatsoever opinions they believe to be true in speculative and political science. Freedom of worship and of education has been established in all the territories of the House of Savoy west of the Ticino. Now the dividing stream is crossed, and Lombardy, of its own will, as in 1848, has pronounced for union with Piedmont, it is wise and just that the newly-organized government of the provinces thus united should afford the earliest proofs in its power of the equal spirit in which it undertakes its new obligations. A nobler evidence of steadfastness and soundness of purpose it could not give than this.

The population is professedly Catholic, as in Piedmont; but, hitherto, the rights of the laity to inquire, discuss, or teach in matters of faith or morals, have been no more than rare and exceptional indulgences from the priesthood and police; for, in regions ruled under the terms of a Concordat, the bidding of priestcraft and the baton of the gendarme are to each other as the body to the soul of daily oppression. No religious book could be printed or published in Milan without the previous inspection of the authorities; and the authorities were bound by solemn treaty with the Vatican not to suffer any doubt to be disseminated of the maxims of Hildebrand and the ethics of Loyola. The sacred scriptures themselves were at the head of the list of contraband articles prohibited at the frontiers; and no bookseller would have ventured to embark in the perilous speculation of printing, for secret sale, an edition of the Word of God.

An English gentleman, not long ago, happened on his way to Italy to have bought at Frankfort a cheap English edition of Shelley's works. On his arrival at Domo d'Ossola, his baggage was, as usual, searched, and it proved to contain only two books—a small Bible

and the volume above named. Shelley was an unknown or forgotten name to the *douaniers*, so they seized the inspired repertory of truths, "that tend to make men free indeed," and suffered the winged words of the unbelieving poet to pass without notice. But in the dull routine of obscurantism the unhappy Lombards seldom found their religious and political oppressors undiscerning. The love of inquiry they could not indeed eradicate, but they succeeded wonderfully in stifling its avowal and preventing its exercise. A Lombard might be a classic scholar, a mathematician, or an artist, if he pleased; but a knowledge of the foundations of morals, of creeds, or of governments, other than that taught by the Jesuits, he could not obtain, save by expatriation or by stealth. For the majority of even what is called the better classes neither of these was practically possible; and with few exceptions consequently remained profoundly ignorant of those diversities of opinion, in the collision of which the moral thews and sinews of modern civilization have confessedly grown strong.

Here then we see, in a form that every man amongst us can understand, the difference between the two systems that are struggling for the ascendancy in Italy. It is not Protestantism against Catholicism; it is not Dissent against Uniformity of ritual or discipline; it is far more—it is the revolt of the laity against sacerdotalism; the uprising of free thought against Imperialized priestcraft; the renewed assertion of the eternal and inalienable right of private judgment in all things, whether civil or religious, against the most relentless tyranny over the minds of men ever undertaken by the conjoint ingenuity of Church and State.—*London News*, July 12.

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THE love of applause gives a mighty impulse to the mind of man. No obstacle so formidable as not to be overcome, and no task so great as not to be attempted. With such an impelling power, what is too difficult for man to accomplish? Who can say what is yet unexplored, and what is yet to be brought to light? Thousands even now, urged on by love of praise, are straining every nerve to accomplish something worthy of history's page. The poet, the orator, and the scholar, are daily paying their devotions at the shrine of human ambition.—*Burke*.

### THE ATHEIST.

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“No God!” the daring Atheist cries,  
 And Nature, starting with surprise,  
 Trembles through all her frame;  
 The lightnings flash, the tempests rear,  
 And Ocean’s billows lash their shore,  
 The Almighty to proclaim.

Go, unbeliever, stand alone,  
 And listen to the solemn tone  
 Of Etna’s awful roar;  
 Gaze deep, into that fiery lake,  
 Whose seething billows rise and break  
 Against its rocky shore.

Or out, upon the stormy sea,  
 When the wild tempest furiously  
 Assails thy straining bark;  
 When the red lightning, swift and keen,  
 Alone illumes the fearful scene,  
 Or lights the Ocean dark.

Who formed them both,—the burning mount,  
 Which, from its dread unfathomed fount,  
 Sends forth a fiery tide:—  
 The Ocean, which in calm or storm,  
 Still heaves its grand, majestic form,  
 In unabated pride.

Who formed the gentle, fragrant flower,  
 Which, watered by the summer shower,  
 Uprears its modest head?  
 Who formed the stars, the moon, the sun,  
 Which, since the march of time begun,  
 Their light o’er earth have shed?

And if from nature’s perfect whole  
 Thou turn’st, with unconvicted soul,  
 Then look within thy mind.  
 Who formed that strange, mysterious thing,  
 Whose thoughts outstrip the eagle’s wing,  
 And leave the *light* behind?

And when thy shrinking soul shall stand  
Upon the borders of that land  
No mortal foot hath trod,  
Thine immortality shall speak  
In tones to blanch thy dying cheek,  
There is—*there is a God!*

Oh, wait not till that trying hour!  
But yield to truth's resistless power,  
And trust him while you may;  
So shall thy mortal life be blest,  
And heaven be thy untroubled rest,  
When earth has passed away.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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LOUISVILLE, September, 1859.

It has been made public, through papers and otherwise, that the Editor of the Christian Repository will leave Louisville for St. Louis. This is *altogether a mistake*. He has no idea of any such move. The Repository is permanent in Louisville. The brethren and friends may rest assured of this.

The Editor has been in the city but one week during the past two months; but with recruited health and refreshed spirits, he will soon return to his post.

*Prospects of the Repository.*—Not a week passes but what the most cheering evidences come up of the hold which the Repository has upon the hearts and minds of the denomination in the South-west. During the dull and sultry month of July, one hundred and forty-four new subscribers were added to our list, with scarcely a discontinuance. Nearly the same number of new subscribers have been enrolled in August. The warm words of sympathy and encouragement from every quarter are the most cheering.

*William Jewell College.*—This institution is firmly rooted in the affections of the Baptists of Missouri. The President, Dr. Thompson, continues in position, which he fills with honor to himself, and satisfaction to all parties interested in the College. An extended notice will hereafter appear.

*Our friends* will permit us to ask them to lend us their influence at the sessions of the fall Associations in extending the circulation of the Repository. The returns from Elkhorn and Franklin, where the Editor was present and preached, are most gratifying. Will not the brethren, at those Associations where the Editor cannot be present, remember the Repository, and send us up cheering lists of new subscribers?



## OBITUARIES.

THE LATE REV. R. S. THOMAS.—It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this life our Pastor, Rev. R. S. Thomas.

He presided at our organization in 1854, and from that date officiated as our pastor; showing his devotion to our interests, not only by his public and private labors in behalf of the church and the community, but in the generous expenditure of the means with which God blessed him, in enabling us to erect a suitable house of worship. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That while we do, in conformity to the great principles of our religion, bow in humble resignation to the Divine Will, we cannot but mourn as a church, and weep with those who weep, recognizing in this sudden manifestation of Providence the chastening but merciful hand of God. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company. "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

*Resolved*, That we hereby express to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy, assuring the widow and children of our beloved Pastor that they have our earnest prayers and kindest wishes.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. R. S. Thomas, this community has lost a good minister of the gospel of Christ, and a public benefactor, who has been for more than a quarter of a century most intimately connected with the religious and educational interests of the State.

*Resolved*, That a discourse, commemorative of the life and character of our departed brother, be delivered on the third Lord's Day in August.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be recorded in the church-book, that a copy be presented to the family of the deceased, to the journals of this city, to the Western Watchman, the Tennessee Baptist, and the Christian Repository.

By order of the First Baptist Church.

J. H. LUTHER,  
J. LYKINS,  
E. S. DULIN, } *Com.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DIED, on the 25th day of April, 1859, in Ballard county, Ky., Sister Elizabeth Glenn, wife of Bro. Jae. A. Glenn, in the 43d year of her age, leaving a devoted husband, nine affectionate and dutiful children, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure, and who will long cherish the memory of her Christian virtues and pious worth.

Sister Glenn, the daughter of John and Rebecca Williams, was born 1816, in Muhlenburg county, Ky.; married 1836; professed conversion 1841, and was baptized by Elder Wm. Head into the fellowship of Baker Creek (Baptist) Church, in Spencer county, Indiana. Subsequently removing to near Columbus, Ky., she, with her husband, united with the Baptist Church at that place, where she continued a consistent member till death removed her. Fully in life adorning her profession of religion by her walk and conversation, none knew her but to love her as a Christian, neighbor, and friend.

Sister Glenn's sickness was consumption, long and painful, but which she bore with patience, fortitude, and resignation. And as she neared the dark valley and shadow of death, her prospects seemed the more to brighten for heaven and eternal happiness, frequently expressing not only an entire willingness, but also an ardent desire, to depart and be with Christ. A short while before she expired, she was heard to say, "Farewell, vain world, I am going home," etc.; and then calling her husband to her side, talked with him calmly as to the place of her interment, and so fell asleep in Jesus, retaining her senses to the last. We, therefore, mourn not as those without hope.

THOS. H. PORTER.

[The Western Recorder and Tennessee Baptist will please copy.]

In Jackson county, Mo., on the 28th of May, of Typhoid fever, Silas Lane, eldest son of Bro. Fielding H. and Sister Elizabeth Lane, aged 22 years, 1 month, and 16 days.

The endearing ties of life have been sundered; but Silas Lane was a Christian, prepared by grace to meet his God, and to dwell in those mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In youth he professed religion, and joined the West Fork Baptist Church. His kind parents and a beloved brother have followed his example. He was of a noble disposition, and a true friend, and confiding and unassuming in his manners. The vast number of acquaintances at his burial attest his worth. To his bereaved parents and mourning friends he could say,

“ Do not weep or grieve for me,  
 You know I must go home;  
 I was upon a visit here,  
 And now I must return.”

J. J. R.

June 9th, 1859, in Woodford county, Ky., at the residence of his father, Jimmie, infant son of William and Sarah Giltner, aged 5 months and 27 days.

“ Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
 Death came with friendly care,  
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
 And bids it blossom there.”

OLLIE T. W\*\*\*\*\*.

At the residence of her son, John Rains, in Huntington Township, Brown county, Ohio, after a painful and protracted illness, on the 10th day of July, 1859, Mrs. Jane Rains, consort of Wm. Rains, in the 91st year of her age. She was born in Fairfax county, Va., November 22d, 1768, and emigrated to Mason county, Ky., with her parents, in 1774, where she remained until her 18th year, residing in Simon Kenton's Station, at which time she was married to Wm. Rains, a relative of Simon Kenton. She attached herself to the Baptist Church in Washington, Mason county, Ky., and was baptized by the Rev. Wm. Wood, in the 28th year of her age, and in 1796 emigrated to Ohio, to the farm now occupied by her son John, upon which she has ever resided until her decease. A Christian pioneer has gone to join the heavenly band. She was, for sixty-two years, a consistent member of the Baptist Church, ever faithful to the cause of Christianity by example and by precept, at all times exhorting those with whom she was associated to a life of holiness, magnifying the love of God to all.

For two or three years before her death, she lived in daily expectation of being called to meet her God, anxious to depart, yet entirely resigned to the will of her Saviour. She suffered sorely with one of the most painful diseases, neuralgia. But through all her great affliction she never murmured. Her language was, “ The Lord doeth all things well.” Her triumphant death, I am confident, will have a great influence for good, in this community, in the hearts of many in advancing the cause of Christianity. In view of this fact, an infidel remarked to me, that “ truly Mrs. Rains was a child of God, and that her life and death had a greater impression upon him than all the arguments he had ever heard upon the subject of the truth of the Christian religion.” May my last end be like hers.

T. J. WORSTELL.

ABERDEEN, Ohio, 1859.

**S. N. HODGES,**  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.**

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# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXLIV.—OCTOBER, 1859.

## THE WATER WALL.

UNION! Harmonious word, and cheering. There is beauty in it. Without it the weltering chaos of the Universe were stript of all beauty. In union there is strength, victory, glory. The very word, when applied to Christian men and women, suggests some ever-enduring monument based on the deep foundation of abiding love—some myriad star system, moving in eternal harmony—of some mighty army treading to the beat of triumphal melody. “I pray!”—oh! the deep, sad utterance of that prayer of Christ—“I PRAY THAT THESE MAY BE ONE.” *One family*, of whom He is head. One family, inhabiting heaven and earth, and linking two worlds by endearing ties of relationship to each other, and to Christ—“*of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*” The elder brethren are the immortal victors now in heaven. The younger members of that family in heaven and earth are the armed warriors in the conflict *here*. In the foremost ranks of that vast family are the wrapt Cherubim; in the rear linger Christ’s little ones, struggling amid sin and weakness. From the garments of the seraphim, from the chaplets of the victors, the light of God’s smile is flashed back on the struggling ranks of the church militant. The whole family has *one name, one Father, one aim, one home*. Over all floats *one banner—IT IS LOVE*. Along the ranks goes *one command—IT IS LOVE*. Shed abroad into each heart is one transforming and cementing influence—*IT IS LOVE*. Above all, is *one leader*, robed in a vestment dipped in blood—“The captain of our salvation,” who is “bringing many sons to glory.” Were but the accents of HIS words fully caught, passed along the ranks, and obeyed without a cavil—were the serried hosts of the church militant to present one unbroken front, with united aim and spirit

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to undertake a valiant invasion of the mighty territories of evil, allowing no intermission and no diversion or division, and soon, soon would the banner of Calvary wave high in triumph over the last conquered position of the foe.

But "be astonished, O heavens, and weep, O earth, for while the forces of darkness are moving on in united effort against the light and truth, God's people pause in confused and broken fragments, with their varied and discordant watchwords and petty yet burning strifes, their banners torn and trailed in the dust.

Why is this? Is there treason in the camp? Has the apple of discord been thrown among the daughters of Zion?

Have the priests caused my people to err? saith the Lord. Have they sown error as the wind, so that we now reap the all-confounding whirlwind? What is it, ye sworn soldier of Christ's grand army—what is it that keeps you dismembered, distracted, and defeated? *Yes, what is it?* Let facts speak out the answer. Let it come from myriads of voices, cracked and hoarse from the wordy conflict. The answer—let us listen to it, and look it in the face—is A WALL OF WATER, shutting off all effective intercourse, union and communion.

Had we not better remove at once that source of strife by obliterating it forever? So have asked many a tried and loving heart; and in the affirmative have thousands answered. Dare *we* so answer? For union and communion's sake, dare we ignore baptism altogether, and neither receive nor administer it? Is any one party prepared for this? We presume not. "GO TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM," would ring upon the ear and heart of him who would attempt the treason of such a compromise. "What doth hinder me to be baptized," would still be demanded in the name of Christ.

There it stands—by whomsoever erected—as *the barrier*, without passing which there is no church fellowship or communion.

IS THIS THE FACT? Has each party erected or recognized this wall of separation? Has every ecclesiastical establishment, ancient and modern, entrenched itself within this watery enclosure, and made it the sacred boundary of its guarded precincts? *Let us see:*

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

*The Presbyterian Confession of Faith*, makes "Baptism a sacrament of the New Testament, ordained by Jesus Christ, for the

solemn admission of the party baptized into the visible church." And the Lord's Supper, an ordinance "in the church." Chap. 28-9.

*Dr. Griffin*, President of Williams College, (Presbyterian,) remarks: "I agree with the advocates of close communion in two points. 1. That baptism is the initiating ordinance which introduces us into the visible church; of course, where there is no baptism there are no visible churches. 2. That we ought not to commune with those who are not baptized, and of course are not church members, if we regard them as Christians. There is such a relationship established between the two ordinances that I have no right to separate them."

*Dr. Doddridge*, (Congregationalist,) says: "It is also certain that, so far as our knowledge of primitive antiquity extends, no unbaptized person received the Lord's Supper."

*Dr. Dwight*, (Congregationalist,) says: "It is an indispensable qualification for this ordinance, that the candidate for Communion be a member of the visible church of Christ, in full standing. By this I intend, that he should be a person of piety; that he should have made a public profession of religion; and that he should have been baptized."

*Dr. Harris*, in his great Teacher, affirms that "baptism is the vestibule or entrance into the spiritual temple, the church, so that before the disciples can pass the threshold, 'He requires them to receive the priest of the sacred name.'"

Such is the teachings of Presbyterianism, or rather of the great Calvinistic body which embraces Congregationalists and Independents. *Is it right or wrong? Has the Presbyterian church, the Westminster divines, the great expounders of Galvanism in Europe and America—have they the right to make baptism an essential term of admission into the visible church? They have said, no baptism, no church membership, no communion. They have gone further, and with united voice affirmed, NO BAPTISM, NO CHURCH. Have they divine authority for such affirmation and teaching? We shall inquire into that further along.*

But these are by no means alone in this apparent exclusiveness in surrounding the church with a WALL OF WATER. Here follows what we find in the Homilies of—

## THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

“There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed.” And none can be confirmed till they “renew the solemn promise and vow that was made at their baptism.”

Here is the binding law of the Episcopal Church of England, Ireland, and America. Among the great and honored expounders of that law are the following:

*Lord Chancellor King, A. D., 1700,* says: “Baptism was always the precedent to the Lord’s Supper, and none were admitted to receive the Eucharist till they were baptized. This is so obvious to every man that it needs no proof.”

*Dr. Wall, A. D., 1705:* “No church ever gave the Communion to any person before they were baptized. Among all the absurdities that ever were held, none ever maintained that any persons should partake of the Communion before they were baptized.”

*Dr. Manton* observes, p. 199 *Morn. Exer.:* “None but baptized persons have a right to the Lord’s Table.”

Here then is the Wall of Water marked out as the sacred boundary line of “the church,” and within which the Eucharist is placed. We again ask, is this a human or divine arrangement?

We turn next to that society called the

## “METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.”

The discipline defines baptism as a “*sign of profession* or mark of difference whereby *Christians are distinguished from others that are not baptized.*” p. 15.

Here, then, it is a mark of difference to distinguish *Christians* from those *not baptized.* Strong language that. It makes baptism *the separating wall, the mark of difference.* A church, says Westley, is a company of believers *baptized.* With no baptism, *no church* privileges or membership. It is with them, also, the *Wall of Water* surrounding their church, without passing which *none can enter there.*

*Rev. Richard Watson, (Methodist,)* says: “It is obligatory on all who are convinced of the truth of Christianity, to be baptized; and upon all thus baptized, frequently to partake of the Lord’s Supper.”

*Rev. F. G. Hibbard, (Methodist,)* “It is but just to remark that,

in one principle, the Baptist and Pedobaptist churches agree. They both agree in rejecting from communion at the Table of the Lord, and in denying the rights of church fellowship to all who have not been baptized. Valid baptism they (the Baptists) consider as essential to constitute visible church membership. This, also, we (the Methodists) hold. The only question, then, that here divides us, is: What is essential to valid baptism?"

This is Methodist teaching. It is preached by the "Confession of the Dutch Reformed Church," which defines baptism to be "a sacrament" by which we are received into the church of God and separated from all other people. *A Wall of Water, surely.*

But these venerable and learned confessions and teachers among Lutherans, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, who emerged into being during the Great Reformation, were not the builders of the wall of separation. Far up the stream of time we may trace its line of demarkation.

*Justin Martyr*, who wrote about A. D., 150, only fifty years after the Apostle John, says: "This food is called by us the Eucharist, of which it is not lawful for any one to partake, but such as believe the things that are taught by us to be true, and has been baptized."

*Jerome*, the most learned of the Fathers, A. D., 400, says: "Catechumens cannot communicate at the Lord's Table, being unbaptized."

*Bede*, A. D., 700, says: "Three young men, princes of the Eastern Saxons, seeing a Bishop administer the Sacred Supper, desired to partake of it as their royal father had done. To whom the Bishop replied: If you will be baptized in the salutary fountain as your father was, you may also partake of the Lord's Supper as he did; but if ye despise the former, ye cannot in any wise receive the latter."

*Theophylact*, A. D., 1100, says: "No unbaptized person partakes of the Lord's Supper."

*F. Spanheim*, A. D., 1200, writes: "None but baptized persons are admitted to the Lord's Table."

We have thus examined the confessions and oracles of each prominent sect, ancient and modern, and in whatever else they



differ, they agree in this: That "Baptism admits into the visible church"—that (in the language of Westley) "a New Testament Church is a company of men called by the Gospel 'grafted into Christ and Baptized.'" Or, in the plain language of Bishop Morris, "He must be consecrated to God in *Baptism*, either in infancy or adult age—this being the initiating ordinance into the visible Church of Christ.\*

Here, then, is a fact—a fixed, stern, visible fact—that Baptism stands at the entrance of every ecclesiastical organization, (Quakers only excepted), and that without a submission to that ordinance, or a radical revolution in all they have held, and taught, and enforced, there can be no union or intercommunion. This patent fact can be denied by none but the ignorant or mendacious.

We now ask the question, Was this WALL OF WATER instituted by the Lord of the Kingdom, or was it the invention of man? Let us go to the Word of God for an answer.

"Go disciple† all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and Son and the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded," &c. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come"—when the Spirit in its plentitude was poured upon them—when thousand were pricked to the heart, believed, and were baptized, the apostles taught them all things; for it is recorded of some who were added to the church—"They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and in breaking of bread, and in prayer. They *repented, received the Word, were baptized, were added to the church, continued in breaking of bread, and in prayer.*"

Peter on a subsequent occasion *commanded them*, the converts, *to be baptized in the name of the Lord.*

The question is thus made out without further inquiry or proof. The commission and command of Christ, and the example and precept of the apostles, establish it beyond the shadow of a doubt that Christ himself placed baptism at the threshold of the church—erected this Wall of Water as the visible line of separation between it and the world. There it stands where he placed it, unassailed by the shafts of ridicule by which it has been assailed.

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\* Discourse on Methodist Church Polity—by Bishop Morris.

† Westley's Translation, in loco.

Need anything more be added to convince the most self-willed, that, with the exception already alluded to, *all* agree that—

1st. WHERE THERE IS NO BAPTISM THERE IS NO CHURCH MEMBERSHIP; and that WITHOUT BAPTISM NO PERSON CAN BE A CHURCH MEMBER. And that—

2d. NONE BUT CHURCH MEMBERS *have a right to commune* at the LORD'S TABLE.

These patent facts, emblazoned and unchallenged, cannot be ignored; it is shameful sophistry for any one to argue as though these were *not facts*, or insinuate that Baptists only recognized them *as facts*. Yet such sophistries are heard in every direction, and are unblushingly uttered by almost every party.

Is baptism, in all *possible* cases, a qualification for church membership and church privileges? That is the question. Who denies it? It is asserted in the creeds, it is maintained by the teachers of Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutheran, Dutch Reform, Congregationalists, Methodists, and all other organizations claiming to be "a church." Around all is this Wall of Water. Each affirms that Christ placed it there—at the entrance of a visible church—and always, and in every possible case it is essential to church membership.

Now the most important question that can be asked in the present distracted state of Christendom—the most important inquiry, in view of the general desire for union among all who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, is this: Shall we, for the sake of union and communion, destroy this sacred boundary line? Shall we shut our eyes as to whether an applicant for membership has been baptized or not? Shall we leave it to the conscience of the individual to examine *himself* and to enter into church relations according to his own views or conscience, without insisting on *any form* of any kind in regard to baptism or anything else. Can the different religious societies do this? Can they with a shadow of consistency exercise this all-embracing charity?

Let us see. It is Christ's Church—not ours. It is the Lord's House—not man's. Now, if it is the Lord's House, what right have we to admit some and prohibit others from entering it? It is the Lord's House; therefore we have no right to ask *whether they have been baptized or not*. Let each individual examine him-

self, and so let him enter and participate in the privileges of church membership. Would not this be a spacious and most popular argument and most charitable mode of procedure. Just remove every landmark and leave every term of church membership to the conscience of the persons applying for membership. Let him examine himself—with his own Master he stands or falls—and whether he be baptized or not, believe that it is a divine ordinance or not, believe in the Deity of Christ or not, final punishment or universalism, eternal sleep or immortality—**IT IS THE LORD'S HOUSE**—*let him examine himself, and so let him enter.*

Is there need of a word to expose the unprincipled and shocking absurdity of such assumption and such a union as that. But its absurdity is not more glaring than the serious conception of it is rebellious.

But if the fact that it is the Lord's House is no reason whatever for the reception of any and every one into it, whether baptized or not, and if such a statement would bring the blush to the cheek of an honest man, what can we say of its twin sophism—its the Lord's Table; therefore let each one examine himself, and so tell him eat whether baptized or not—fit for membership or not? If the fact that it is the Lord's Table is an argument for uniting and admitting all to the Supper, whether baptized or unbaptized, then the fact that it is the Lord's House is an argument for admitting all to church membership whether baptized or unbaptized. He who uses the one, to be honest, must use the other. He who acts out the one, to be consistent, must act out the other. But no man in his sober senses believes that because the church is the Lord's House, therefore men should be received into it without baptism, nor can we think one candid who argues that because it is the Lord's Table, therefore all should be admitted to it.

The proposition is founded on the plain teachings of the New Testament, and assume the character of an AXIOM—

That whatever is required as a qualification for church membership in the Lord's House, must be required as a qualification for communion at the Lord's Table. Those we dare not admit into the one, we dare not admit to the other.

S. H. F.

## THE SUBSTITUTE FOR CIRCUMCISION.

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It is truly singular that the argument so much urged by Pedobaptists, that "baptism comes in the room of circumcision," is not more frequently resisted and silenced by an exhibition of its absurdity from the Acts of the Apostles. We do really think, as we have before observed, that some intelligent brother would be most profitably employed in writing a short tract devoted solely to this point. The light which the fifteenth chapter of Acts sheds on the utter folly of the position is to us perfectly irresistible, and it is not pressed according to its importance.

If, indeed, as our Pedobaptist friends say, baptism came in the room of circumcision, the time of its substitution must have been known to some person or persons. It could not have been introduced clandestinely, and without command, and it could not have been left to be guessed at by theologians of modern days, and their conjectures to be issued for the credence of their successors. The rite of circumcision was of too high authority, and too holy in Jewish estimation, to be readily abandoned for any substitute which was sanctioned by less than a supreme legislator. If, then, baptism was substituted for circumcision, it must have been so substituted by the supreme law-giver, the Lord Jesus Christ; for all allow, Baptists and Pedobaptists, that it is a gospel ordinance, and was instituted under the gospel dispensation. Both the ordinance of baptism and that of the Lord's Supper are acknowledged by both to be gospel institutions, deriving all their authority from the positive commands of Jesus Christ. If, then, baptism came in the room of circumcision, Jesus Christ must have pronounced it such substitute in the presence of those whom he selected as his disciples. If such were indeed the fact, these constant companions of the Lord must have known it. If they did not know of this great change, no person rising up in after days, and presuming to make the assertion, can be entitled to any attention. That the Apostles or primitive Christians ever knew that baptism came in the room of circumcision, must be refuted with the force of demonstration, by the narration of the events recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Acts.

Now, we say to every one, before you read another sentence, get your New Testament and examine carefully this same chapter. Presuming you have done it, we will now proceed.

The first verse of the chapter states that "certain men which came down from Judea taught the brethren" that "except they were circumcised after the manner of Moses, they could not be saved." The brethren so taught were Gentiles, members of the church of Antioch, with whom Paul and Barnabas were abiding (as will be seen by reading the last four verses of the preceding chapter) after their return from a missionary tour into Asia Minor. Those who so "taught the brethren at Antioch," mark, "were the brethren from Jerusalem, the seat of intelligence, as is evident from the 24th verse. Now, that these persons should have been ignorant of this substitute for circumcision (Jews too) who had themselves been baptized, and should have insisted upon the observance of an abrogated rite, is truly perplexive and unaccountable. But after a most unreasonable allowance for such ignorance in persons from the *fountain head of light*, where this substitute could not have failed to elicit both private and public instruction, we meet with still greater perplexity in the ignorance of such men as Paul and Barnabas in regard to this *substitute!* that they should not have urged this fact before the church at Antioch, and silenced the great contention with which it was agitated! Not a word of this substitute, however, seems to have been mentioned, and a delegation is appointed, composed of "Paul and Barnabas and certain others," to "go up to Jerusalem unto the Apostles and elders about this question." What question? Whether the Gentiles must not be circumcised.

Let us pause here a few moments, and examine more minutely the situation of this church at Antioch, and ascertain how far their ignorance of baptism coming in the room of circumcision, if such were the fact, can be fairly supported by the candid inquirer after truth. The first we read of the church of Antioch is in the 11th of Acts, and the record is in these words, beginning at verse 19th: "Now, they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution of Stephen, traveled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they

were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord. Then tidings of these things came unto the church which was in Jerusalem, and they sent forth Barnabas that he should go as far as Antioch; who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith; and much people was added to the Lord. Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul; and when he had found him, he brought him to Antioch. And it came to pass that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. And in these days came prophets from Jerusalem and Antioch. And there stood up one of them, named Agabus, and signified by the Spirit that there should be great dearth throughout all the world, which came to pass in the days of Claudius Cæsar. Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea, which also they did, and sent unto the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul."

Let us now turn to the last verse of the 12th chapter, and read to the 4th verse of the 13th: "And Barnabas and Saul returned from Jerusalem when they had fulfilled their ministry, and took with them John, whose surname was Mark. Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers, as Barnabas and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they being sent for by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Seleucia, and from thence they sailed to Cyprus."

We here see that Paul and Barnabas, after delivering the pecuniary aid to the brethren in Jerusalem which the disciples at Antioch had committed to their trust, returned back to the church at Antioch, whence they were sent by the Holy Ghost on a mission

into the lesser Asia, their return from which we have already adverted to. We would here candidly consider what we have read; and what do we learn? That those who were scattered abroad at the persecution of Stephen confined their preaching to the Jews alone, until some of them reached Antioch, where they spoke to the Gentile Greeks, whose hearts the Lord opened to receive the truth, and "a great number of them believed and turned to the Lord." The news of this glorious reformation among the Gentiles reached the church at Jerusalem, and they felt a joyful interest in the tidings, and Barnabas was sent to comfort and instruct the new converts. When he reached Antioch, and saw the grace of God, he was glad. The great multiplication of believers induced him to seek for an assistant in the ministry, and he went to Tarsus and obtained as his assistant Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and with him he assembled with this church a whole year, and taught the doctrines of the Gospel. Can it possibly be credited by any one reading the foregoing history, that in all the instructions imparted by these two eminent men, the nature and design of the ordinance of baptism, the rite by which these brethren at Antioch were initiated into the Christian church, were entirely omitted? Could such a multitude have submitted to this rite (for "much people," the word distinctly says, "were added to the Lord"), and have made no inquiry in regard to it? Impossible! impossible! If Paul and Barnabas gave no public instructions on the subject, these Christians, if they possessed the common intellectual powers and curiosity of other human beings, must have made some inquiries in regard to this rite, and if it came in the room of circumcision, they must have been informed of it. But to tolerate the idea that Paul and Barnabas were guilty of neglect on this point! no man of common sense or honesty can do it. The ordinance of baptism and the ordinance of the supper, the great Gospel ordinances, they must have been fully instructed in by these eminent men; and if baptism came in the room of circumcision, the whole church were made acquainted with the fact. And the man who has the temerity to deny it, puzzles us to decide whether such denial is to be attributed to the force of education or dishonesty.

If this be the fact, as alleged by Pedobaptists, that baptism come in

the room of circumcision, Paul and Barnabas so taught the church at Antioch before they went on their mission to lesser Asia; and this doctrine, so taught by them, must have been fully sustained by "Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius, and Manean," and other distinguished "prophets and teachers" in that church. In this doctrine, then, the church at Antioch must have been settled and confirmed, and prepared (as we should suppose) to confront any who should attempt to impose upon them the abrogated rite of circumcision, with the bold declaration that baptism had taken its place. But no such thing had they been ever taught; and the teaching of these men from Judea, as recorded in the first verse of 15th chapter of Acts, filled them with great alarm, which Paul and Barnabas could not allay, because they had never advanced such a doctrine, nor thought of silencing these men by challenging them with the knowledge of the fact that baptism came in the room of circumcision, such a thing having never entered their heads, nor the heads of any other in their day. And to silence controversy, and remove the solicitude of the church at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas and other delegates must go up to Jerusalem, the fountain head of intelligence, to inquire of the matter.

And what follows here? Let us resume our examination of the 15th of Acts.

Certainly the Apostles (all will acknowledge) must have known, if any mortals in the world knew, that baptism was the substitute for circumcision, if such were the fact; and when the question from Antioch was presented, they must have settled it at once with a reply something like the following: "Why, brethren, we are exceedingly glad to see you, and rejoice in the intelligence you bring us of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom; but we are surprised at your mission about an A B C question which is connected with the first instruction of the gospel convert. Circumcision was abolished with the introduction of the gospel, and baptism has come in its place, as all well know here in Jerusalem. Is it possible that Barnabas, whom we sent to you more than a year ago to instruct and comfort you, has baptized so many, and not yet taught you that baptism has come in the place of circumcision? Is it possible that Barnabas and Paul were with you a whole year before they brought us the endearing testimony of your



love, which was timely in relieving our wants, and before their missionary tour into Asia Minor, gave you no information of this well known fact?" If baptism had indeed come in the room of circumcision, this would have been the natural reply of the brethren at Jerusalem. Every one must see that no reply could have been given in which this information could possibly have been omitted, had such been the case. It must be irresistibly clear to every candid reflecter that no intelligent Christian could have touched the question without adverting immediately to the substitution. But how is the important question answered?

In the 6th verse we learn that "the Apostles and elders came together to consider of this matter," and in the 7th verse that "when there had been *much disputing*, Peter rose up." If the fact was, as alleged by Pedobaptists, that baptism came in the room of circumcision, how in the name of common sense could there have been a chance for dissensions? However ignorant Christians might be elsewhere about the abrogation of circumstances, and the institution of baptism in its place, here at the fountain head of ecclesiastical intelligence, where the Apostles, the first and constant companions of the Saviour, dwell, the idea of ignorance on this point is utterly inadmissible. And yet, after all, there was "*much disputing*" in this illuminated body as to the circumcision of these Gentiles at Antioch! Indeed! Baptism the substitute of circumcision, and yet these wise men engaged in "*much disputing*" as to the exemption of these Gentiles from an abrogated rite! Was ever a greater absurdity imposed upon the credulity of human beings? Disputing on a settled point, where there could not have existed anything but harmony and unanimity for years! What will not the prejudice of education content men to take up with! We readily perceive how a Christian Jew might be sufficiently perplexed, if baptism were the substitute of circumcision, with the annunciation that he must be baptized! when the *original seal of visible discipleship* was always upon him; but how such a Christian Jew should ever attempt to revive the abrogated rite, and urge upon a Gentile who had received the *substitution*, the observance of that which had been done away by baptism, seems to us a strange increase of his perplexities which we cannot in our sober senses admit of any sane man being guilty of.

A little farther examination of this missionary substitute, and we have done. After a number of the brethren had expressed their opinion that this abrogated rite must be put on these poor Gentiles, Peter rose up and opposed their decision, and said: "Why tempted ye God, to put a *yoke* upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?" What was this yoke but circumcision? Who were these disciples referred to but the Gentiles at Antioch? Why this remark of Peter unless part of the church at Jerusalem had insisted on the circumcision of the Gentiles? Nothing else could have prompted it. And yet it would be a violation of good sense to assert that over Jerusalem (if such were the fact) that baptism was the substitute for circumcision? Was it not due to the delegates from Antioch? Was it not due to the church at Antioch, that they might be fortified against the invasion of other troublers who might afterwards visit them? And did it not follow as a conclusive reason, which it would have been impossible for him to omit? Look at it; read it again: "Wherefore my sentence is, that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles have turned unto God" with circumcision; for it is perfectly absurd and inconsistent, since we all know that baptism has come in its place. This last clause would certainly have followed, or something like it, if the fact were so.

But let us read on a little further. Perhaps we shall find this Pedobaptist substitute for circumcision in some corner of this chapter which we have overlooked, and most surely in the apostolic reply to the question from Antioch, if anywhere. The 28th and 29th verses present the important part of the reply: "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things—that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication; from which, if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well." Not a word is here about this substitution; and had it been omitted or overlooked everywhere else, it must have been found here, if the Apostles had ever received it from the great head of the church as such substitute, or ever taught others that baptism came in the room of circumcision. They must have necessarily stated in this reply that baptism came in the room of circumcision, if this had been the fact. Such a declaration

would have been unavoidable, whatever other matter was embraced in their reply.

It must be apparent, then, to every unprejudiced mind that the Apostles were as perfectly ignorant of baptism coming in the room of circumcision, as any member of the church at Antioch. The New Testament thus evidently sets its face against any such doctrine. This substitution has, therefore, been a discovery of clerical teachers since the apostolic age; and how far such *inventions* are worthy of our reception and sanction, judge ye. May the Lord Jesus, before whom we must stand at the last day, bless this attempt to relieve some of his dear children from the miserable imposition that baptism comes in the room of circumcision, and also lead some competent brother to take the hint from this hasty article to prepare a tract expressly on the testimony furnished in the Acts against the possibility of any such ideal substitute for circumcision.

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**A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.**—Many a preacher, on whose lips admiring crowds have hung, has had to look back with grateful recollection to some kind word fitly spoken to him at the commencement of his course, as having had no little to do with the splendor of its subsequent stages. One such piece of counsel Mr. Wardlow received from his uncle, Mr. MacLae, which proved to him a cherished lesson for life. “Ralph,” said his uncle, after hearing him preach one of his first sermons in public, “did you notice that poor woman in the duffle cloak, that sat under the pulpit when you were preaching to-day?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, my man, remember that people like her have souls as well as their betters, and that it is a minister’s business to feed the poor and illiterate as well as the rich and educated. Your sermon to-day was a very ingenious and well-composed discourse, and in that respect did you great credit; but there wasn’t a word in it for the poor old woman in the duffle cloak.” This was a word spoken in season. The young preacher, from his literary and scientific studies, and with the example of learned professors and profound divines before his mind as the model of excellence, had fallen naturally into the error of supposing that the sort of thing which would have commanded plaudits in the class-room was equally suited to meet the demands of the pulpit. It was kind to undeceive him on this point: his uncle’s pictures did so; and from that time forward he erred in this way no more.—*Life of Dr. Wardlow.*

## AN ESSAY.

To the Ministers' and Deacons' Conference of the General Association of Missouri.

DEAR BRETHREN—At your last annual meeting, you made it my duty to answer the following query: “*What authority have we, from the Scriptures, for requiring the relation of a Christian Experience from a candidate for baptism and membership, as a condition of his reception?*”

From the nature of the question, you mean by the term “*Christian Experience,*” the *consciousness the sinner has of what takes place in his own heart, and of the change which is wrought in him in his conversion.* As to the propriety of calling this “*Christian Experience,*” I need say nothing. I would remark, however, that it is not the experience of one who is *already* a Christian, but of one who has just undergone that change of heart which makes him a Christian. Of course, then, as before remarked, it consists in the *consciousness* which the sinner has of what has taken place within him while undergoing that process.

Before I give the direct answer demanded by the query, I will give what I regard as the true elements of a Christian Experience—such as should be related before the church.

1. The first is *Conversion of sin.* This consists not in a mere change of guilt or condemnation. In this sense all men stand convicted before God, and are already in a state of condemnation. “Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become *guilty* before God.” Rom., 3: 19. “He that believeth not is *condemned already.*” John, 3: 18. Nor does it mean mere terror or alarm, that the judgment of God and his afflictive providences awaken. Pharaoh, full of perturbation and alarm, as the fiery hail was sweeping with destructive violence across his land, could say to Moses and Aaron, “I have sinned this time; the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked.” Exodus, 9: 27. Yet Pharaoh was not convicted. Baalam, as the angel of God stood before him, with his sword drawn to smite him to the earth on account of the perversity of his way, could say, “I

have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me. Now, therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again." Numbers, 22 : 34. Yet Baalam was not convicted.

Nor does conviction consist simply in compunction of conscience. The Scribes and Pharisees, who presented the woman whom they accused of adultery before Christ, were another significant declaration of the Saviour: "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her;" "convicted of their own consciences." John, 8 : 9. Yet this is not the conviction of which I speak. And that man is egregiously deceived who supposes, that because he has been greatly alarmed and agitated, or has felt strong compunctions of conscience, he has therefore been convicted.

No. The conviction of which I speak consists in a just sense of the heinous nature and enormity of sin as the transgression of a law which is holy, and just, and good, and as an offence against a holy, just, and good God. A conviction, therefore, which destroys the love of sin, and begets in the heart an earnest desire for salvation—a hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

The plainest example of this conviction is furnished in the history of David. David sinned. His soul was polluted with the black crimes of adultery and murder, but the eye of his soul perceived it not, and there was but little disturbance within him. But Nathan, the prophet, is sent to him. He skillfully wields the sword of truth. Its sharp point penetrates the heart of David, and he exclaims, "I have sinned against the LORD." Samuel, 12 : 13. And now there was more than alarm; there was more than compunction; there was deep contrition, deep penitence in connection with the most ardent desires for deliverance from guilt and an unholy spirit. Read the fifty-first Psalm. Oh, with what earnestness did that man cry out, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions!" Oh, how did he plead that God would wash him thoroughly from his iniquities, and cleanse him from his sins! How earnestly did he ask for the creation of a new heart and the renewing of a right spirit within him! How earnest and ingenuous his confession, when he said, "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me!" And now all convicted sinners are

similarly exercised, and of this exercise they are conscious, and it forms a part of their experience.

2. The second element is *an implicit reliance on Jesus Christ for salvation*. Convicted sinners, at first, are apt to think that they themselves must do *something* that will palliate their guilt, and conciliate the Divine Being. Though they may not think they can save themselves, they do not feel that they can be saved *just as they are*. Hence they commence a series of exercises, such as afflicting themselves by mourning over their sins, and frequently retiring and pleading for mercy; hoping, that by these, they will be *fitted* for the divine favor. But they soon find this to be a hopeless and fruitless undertaking. They soon find that the shipwrecked are not saved by sinking, nor the ruined raised by tears. Like Peter, they are soon brought to the end of their own strength, and cry, "Lord, save, or I perish!" They find that their only help and hope is in the Saviour, and in him they trust.

3. This implicit reliance in Jesus Christ for salvation, which is only another name for faith in Him, is accompanied with *supreme love* to Jesus Christ. Hence it is called the faith of the heart—"*With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.*" Rom., 10 : 10. And hence, in Christ Jesus, "*neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love.*" Gal., 5 : 6.

This point cannot be too much or too earnestly insisted upon. As in our Saviour's personal ministry, so now, the kingdom of heaven is like the hidden treasure, or the pearl of great price. Matt., 13 : 44-46. It can only be had by him who estimates it above everything else. He must sell all he has to buy it. Many persons have gone so far as to run to Jesus, crying, "Good Master, what good thing must I do to have eternal life?" who afterwards have gone away sorrowful because it could not be had without the sacrifice of everything else. But the last cord of affection for any and every object of earth has to be severed, and the *whole heart* given to Jesus. Prov., 28 : 26. Were the Saviour again on earth, he would again say, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." Matt., 10 : 37. And he would

again repeat, "So, likewise, whosoever he be of you that *forsooketh not all that he hath*, he cannot be my disciple." Luke, 14 : 33.

4. This implicit reliance, not only accompanied with supreme love to Jesus Christ, but it is also accompanied with an unreserved surrender of the *whole person* to him. The body is presented as a living sacrifice. The will is subdued and subordinated to his will. Nothing less can be meant by the term "*reconciled to God.*" God, we are told, is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; and, hence, those who are ambassadors for Christ, are, in Christ's stead, to pray men to be reconciled to God. 2 Cor., 5 : 19, 20. Nothing is truer than that we, on account of our sins, deserve to die. This we must feel and acknowledge. He who does not feel and acknowledge this is not in a condition to be reconciled to God *by the death of his Son.* Rom., 5 : 10. No one can believe in the *vicarious* nature of Christ's death who denies that he for whom Christ died *deserves* death. No more can justly be required of the substitute, than could justly be required of the principle. And hence, if I dispute the position that I ought to die on account of my sins, I cannot admit that Christ died on their account; or I must reflect on the justice of God. If God was just in putting my divine Saviour to grief, and to bruise him in my stead, it is because he might justly put me to grief, and bruise me. What he could not justly do to me, he could not justly do to his own Son in my behalf. This view of the subject is essential to an actual reliance upon the *blood* of Christ as the *propitiation* for our sins. Then it is plain, that that faith which trusts in the blood of Christ must be accompanied with an acknowledgment that the sinner deserves to die.

And now, when a sinner is brought to feel in his own heart the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to renounce it, and turn away from it, and to earnestly desire salvation, and to come to Jesus Christ, seeking to be cleansed from his sins, and to have a new heart, and does actually have that faith in Christ which transfers to him the supreme affections of the soul, and which fills the sinner with a sense of just condemnation, and looks only to the blood of Christ as the propitiation for sin—that sinner has experienced regeneration—is converted to God—has passed from death unto life, and is prepared for baptism, and for admittance into the divine family.

I am now prepared to give the answer demanded by the query.

I will not stop here to argue that no one is fit for baptism and membership in the church who has not the above experience. This I take for granted. The commission of our divine Master, whence we derive our authority to baptize, proves it. The example of the apostles, in all their administrations of the rite, proves it. The things which we declare with regard to ourselves in submitting to the rite prove it, and the character of the church, as a spiritual organization, made up only of the children of the New Covenant, proves it. Then it is clearly true, that we should not admit to baptism and membership any one known to be destitute of this experience. But what authority have we from the scriptures to require its relation before the church as a condition of reception? This is the question that now remains to be answered.

1. What light do examples shed upon this subject? The first example we find in Acts, chap. second. Here three thousand souls were added to the church. Three facts were known as having occurred in the cases of these. First, they were pricked in the heart; second, they earnestly inquired what they should do to be saved; third, they gladly received the word. Now, we do not suppose that they related these facts before the church. Under the circumstances it was not necessary. The church had already these facts in possession. They were eye-witnesses of them, and, I have no doubt, felt to say, "what need we of further witness?" Now, as the object in having our experience told before the church is to put the church in possession of these facts, it, by being an eye-witness of the conversion of individuals, already possesses them; the necessity of having the experience told is superceded. This example, then, is at least not against us.

2. The second example is in Acts, chap. eighth. It is said of the Samaritans, that "when they believed Philip, preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." But it is not said whether they gave any relation or not. Of course, *before the church* they could have given none, for at that time there was no church in Samaria. This was the *beginning* of it. Only Philip, then, was present to hear their relation. But he was an eye-witness of their conversion by his preaching, and therefore needed no such relation.

3. The next example is that of the Eunuch. As this example is



urged against us, I will dismiss it without remark for the present, and pass on to example fourth.

4. The fourth example is that of Cornelius and his friends at Cesarea, Acts, chap. tenth. Of these, we are told, that while Peter was preaching to them, the Holy Spirit fell on them, and they spake with tongues and glorified God. This, to Peter, was a demonstration of their conversion and fitness for baptism. There was no church here for them to go before as candidates for baptism. But there were six brethren of the circumcision who had accompanied Peter, to whom he appealed in the following manner: "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" This example, then, I take to be in our favor, because it shows that where brethren are present they are to be consulted. And that if there is a reasonable ground for objection, they have the right to object. Of course, then, they must have evidence of the moral fitness of the candidates for baptism. If they get it by what they see and hear as the work of conversion is going on, very well. But if not, they have a right to demand it, and obtain it in some other way. This example, then, is in our favor.

5. Our fifth example is that of the Jailor and Lydia, Acts, chap. sixteen. The apostles, Paul and Silas, were eye-witnesses of the conversion of these, and proceeded to baptize them accordingly. There was at this time no church at Philippi. This example, then, is not against us.

6. Our sixth example is the case of the Corinthians, Acts, chap. eighteen. All that is told us is, "And Crispus, the chief ruler of the Synagogue, believed on the Lord, with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing, believed, and were baptized." But be it remembered, that here also Paul was present, beholding the soul-saving power of the Holy Spirit, as these, one after another, embraced the Saviour. Be it remembered, also, that at this time there was no church at Corinth. This example, then, is not against us.

Now, as no example is against us, and one is in our favor, I hold that we get authority from example; for if we have nothing in one scale, and one example in the other, of course it must turn the scale. One example weighs more than nothing.

We derive authority from the commission. Now the commission

reads, "Go teach all nations, baptizing them," that is, the taught. The taught, in the sense of the commission, are the believing—the converted. Now, as we are restricted in the administration of the rite to the taught—the converted—we have the right, nay, we are required, to demand evidence that applicants for baptism are converted—are taught. And of course, this right allows us to adopt our own method of obtaining this evidence, because there is no *prescribed* method. Well, the method we have chosen is that of having the applicant for baptism and membership to give us a succinct statement of his conviction, his penitence, his faith, his love, etc. This, the nature of our commission and of our responsibility in the premises, gives us the authority to do.

Again—we derive authority from the fact that the scriptures place the *receiving* power in the church. Wherever a church exists, the authority to *receive* belongs to her. The following texts prove this. Acts, 9 : 26 : "And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples, but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple." And they did not at first receive him. Now this proves that the power of reception was theirs. Barnabas, however, took him and brought him to the apostles, and declared how he had seen the Lord in the way, and how he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus, and thus secured his reception. This is decidedly in our favor.

That the receiving power is in the church is also proved by Rom., 14 : 1 : "Him that is weak in the faith received ye, but not to doubtful disputations." Here Paul speaks of such persons as were liable to rejection on account of their *weakness in the faith*. He advises their reception, but not until all reasonable doubts concerning them were removed. Now, does it not follow, that the church had the right to demand such evidences as would remove all reasonable doubts? Certainly it does. Then must they not inquire into the experience of such persons? Must they not learn the amount of knowledge which they have of divine things? What their views and feelings are touching such matters as effect their union with the church? This, then, is in our favor.

Another proof that the receiving power is in the church is found in the fact, that the power to *exclude* and to *restore* is in the church.

That this power is there, is proven by the case of the incestuous man at Corinth. Compare 1 Cor., 5 : 4 and 2 Cor., 2 : 7, 8. In the former passage the apostle advises his exclusion ; in the latter his restoration. See, also, Gal., 6 : 1. Now, as it is the duty of the church to exclude from her membership all unconverted persons who may have found admittance there, it is certainly her duty not to receive them into membership in the first place, because that can be no cause for exclusion which is not a sufficient cause for rejection. We should not receive into the church one who would be unfit to remain in the church. It is therefore made, by the scriptures, the duty of the church to ascertain of all candidates for baptism and membership that they are qualified for these things. But this she cannot do without requiring evidences of their conversion. She has, therefore, a scriptural right to require them.

There is but one objection, founded on what might be termed scriptural grounds, against our practice in this respect. That objection is urged by the Campbellites, from the example of the Eunuch, Acts, chap. eighth. In making this objection, I must be allowed to say that, as coming from them, it is supremely ridiculous, because Mr. Campbell, their founder and leader, has thrown the words of Philip, "If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest;" and the Eunuch's answer, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God"—out of his translation of the New Testament as *an interpolation, and spurious*. It is certainly amusing to think that they should pick up what Mr. Campbell has thrown away, build their church upon it, make it their invariable law of action, and plant their batteries against us upon it.

But I maintain that the case of the Eunuch, as it now stands in the New Testament, is *not* against us.

1. There was no church present at the baptism of the Eunuch.
2. The *point* on which Philip sought satisfaction is the point on which we seek satisfaction : that is, the Eunuch believed *with all his heart*.

3. The Eunuch's case has no parallel—no one can now be found circumstanced just as he was. He was evidently a *proselyte* to the Jews' religion, a believer in the Messiah as promised and prophesied of in the Jewish scriptures. He was in spirit what Nathaniel was when Philip said to him, "We have found the Messiah—an

Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." But like Nathaniel, he was ignorant of the fact that *Jesus* was that Messiah. And like Nathaniel, he was ready to embrace the first demonstration of this great fact, and say, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

4. However satisfactory such an answer as that of the Eunuch was then, it is not satisfactory *now*. This is now an almost universally conceded fact upon the part of all men who have access to the Christian scriptures. Men, generally, are believers in Jesus Christ now, as the Jews were in Moses in the time of our Saviour. They did not hesitate to say, "We know that God spake by Moses." John, 9: 29. So men now do not hesitate to say they "believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." But Jesus did not admit that they believed in Moses. John, 5: 46. Nor do we admit that men now believe in Jesus Christ. Christ said, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me." So we say to men now, "If you really believed in Jesus Christ, with all your heart, you could give evidences of it, and this evidence we demand." But this evidence we do not get from the mere declaration that you believe that Jesus is the Son of God.

But one may object and say, "Might not a man go farther than this, and yet deceive you?" Most assuredly. But I answer, men could not go farther than this without being guilty of falsehood, and in that case the responsibility would be upon themselves.

I am reminded here of an incident, which you will permit me to relate. A Baptist minister was once receiving the relation of the experiences of several applicants for baptism and membership in the presence of a Campbellite preacher, when the latter stepped forward, and asked if he might be permitted to ask the former a few questions. "Certainly, sir," was the reply. "Well," said the Campbellite, "the questions I wish to ask are these: What authority have you for your present procedure? Why do you require of these persons a relation of their experience? Why are you not content to do as Philip did in the case of the Eunuch? Why would not his answer be sufficient?" "Well," said the Baptist, "brethren, I will tell you. We have applicants for baptism and membership to tell us their experience to keep the devil from joining us without telling a lie." "I do not understand you," said

the Reformer. "Well, I will explain," said the Baptist. "You know," said the Baptist, "that if I were to require no more than you suggest, the devil could say that he believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and *tell the truth*. But the old sinner has no experience, and he could not come here and tell one, and claim it as his own, without telling a lie." And I would add, that what is true of the devil in this respect, is true of all wicked men. They could say that they believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and tell the truth. But they have no experience. They, by requiring an experience, place it out of their power to unite with us without practicing deception. And this is what many of them will not do.

Here I close. I commend this imperfect scroll to your candid consideration, with the earnest desire that we may stand complete in all the will of God—having done all to stand.

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## THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

### A Sermon.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—*Proverbs*, 18 : 24.

"Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed," is the remark of an ancient heathen writer. Friendship seems as necessary an element of a comfortable existence in this world as fire or water, or even air itself. A man may drag along a miserable existence in proud, solitary dignity, but his life is scarce life, it is nothing but an existence, the tree of life being stripped of the leaves of hope and the fruits of joy. He who would be happy here must have friends; and he who would be happy hereafter must, above all things, find a friend in the world to come, in the person of God, the Father of his people.

Friendship, however, though very pleasing and exceedingly blessed, has been the cause of the greatest misery to men when it has been unworthy and unfaithful; for just in proportion as a good friend is sweet, a false friend is full of bitterness. "A faithless friend is sharper than an adder's tooth." It is sweet to repose in some one; but oh, how bitter to have that support snapped, and to

receive a grievous fall as the effect of your confidence! Fidelity is an absolute necessary in a true friend; we cannot rejoice in men unless they will stand faithful to us. Solomon declares that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." That friend, I suppose, he never found in the pomps and vanities of the world. He had tried them all, but he found them empty; he passed through all their joys, but he found them "vanity of vanities." Poor Savage spoke from sad experience when he said,

"You'll find the friendship of the world a show!  
Mere outward show! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,  
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,  
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all."

And so for the most part they are. The world's friendship is ever brittle. Trust to it, and you have trusted a robber; rely upon it, and you have leaned upon a thorn; aye, worse than that—upon a spear, which shall pierce you to the soul with agony. Yet Solomon says he had found "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Not in the haunts of his unbridled pleasures, nor in the wanderings of his unlimited resources, but in the pavillion of the Most High, the secret dwelling-place of God; in the person of Jesus, the Son of God, the friend of sinners.

It is saying a great thing to affirm that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" for the love of brotherhood has produced most valiant deeds. We have read stories of what brotherhood could do, which, we think, could hardly be excelled in the annals of friendship. Timoleon, with his shield, stood over the body of his slain brother, to defend him from the insults of the foe. It was reckoned a brave deed of brotherhood that he should dare the spears of an army in defense of his brother's corpse. And many such instances have there been, in ancient and modern warfare, of the attachment of brethren. There is a story told of a regiment, who, while marching through the Highlands, lost their way; they were overtaken by one of the terrible storms which will sometimes come upon travelers unawares, and blinded by the snow, they lost their way upon the mountains. Well nigh frozen to death, it was with difficulty they could continue their march. One man after another dropped into the snow and disappeared. There were two brothers, however, of the name of Forsythe; one of them fell prostrate on the earth, and would have lain there to die, but his brother, though barely able to drag his own limbs across the white desert, took him on his back and carried him along; and as others fell one by one, this brave, true-hearted brother carried his loved one on his back, until at last he himself fell down, overcome with fatigue, and died. His brother, however, had received such warmth from his body that he was enabled to reach the end of his journey in safety, and so lived. Here we have an instance of one brother

sacrificing his life for another. I hope there are some brothers here who would be prepared to do the same if they should ever be brought into the same difficulty. It is saying a great thing to declare that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." It is putting that friend first of all in the list of loving ones; for, surely, next to a mother's love, there is, and there ought to be, no higher affection in the world than the love of a brother to one begotten of the same father, and dandled on the same knee. Those who have "grown in beauty side by side, and filled one house with glee," ought to love one another. And we think there have been many glorious instances and mighty proofs of the love of brethren. Yet, says Solomon, "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

To repeat our assertion, we believe that this friend is the blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ. It shall be ours, first, *to prove*, this morning, *the fact* that he sticks closer than a brother; then, as briefly as we can, to show you *why he sticks closer than a brother*; and then to finish up by giving you *some lessons which may be drawn from the doctrine*, that Jesus Christ is a faithful Friend.

I. First, then, beloved, we assert that CHRIST IS A "FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER." And in order to prove this from facts, we appeal to *such of you as have had him for a friend*. Will you not, each of you, at once give your verdict, that this is neither more nor less than an unexaggerated truth? He loved you before all worlds; long ere the day-star flung his ray across the darkness, before the wing of angel had flapped the unnavigated ether, before aught of creation had struggled from the womb of nothingness, God, even our God, had set his heart upon all his children. Since that time, has he once swerved, has he once turned aside, once changed? No; ye who have tasted of his love, and know his grace, will bear me witness, that he has been a certain friend in uncertain circumstances.

"He, near your side, hath always stood,  
His loving kindness, oh, how good!"

You fell in Adam; did he cease to love you? No; he became the second Adam to redeem you. You sinned in practice, and brought upon your head the condemnation of God; you deserved his wrath and his utter anger; did he *then* forsake you? No!

"He saw you ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved you notwithstanding all."

He sent his minister after you; you despised him. He preached the gospel in your ears; you laughed at him; you broke God's Sabbath, you despised his Word. Did he then forsake you? No!

"Determined to save, he watched o'er your path,  
Whilst, Satan's blind slave, you sported with death."

And at last he arrested you by his grace, he humbled you, he made you penitent, he brought you to his feet, and he forgave all your sins. Since then, has he left you? You have often left him; has he ever left you? You have had many trials and troubles; has he ever deserted you? has he ever turned away his heart, and shut up his bowels of compassion? No, children of God, it is your solemn duty to say "No," and bear witness to his faithfulness. You have been in severe afflictions and in dangerous circumstances; did your friend desert you then? Others have been faithless to you; he that eat bread with you has lifted up his heel against you; but has Christ ever forsaken you? Has there ever been a moment when you could go to him and say, "Master, thou hast betrayed me?" Could you once, in the blackest hour of your grief, dare to impugn his fidelity? Could you dare to say of him, "Lord, thou hast promised what thou didst not perform?" Will you not bear witness now, "Not one good thing hath failed of all that the Lord God hath promised; all hath come to pass?" And do you fear he will yet forsake you? Ask, then, the bright ones before the throne—"Ye glorified spirits! did Christ forsake you? Ye have passed through Jordan's stream; did he leave you there? Ye have been baptized in the black flood of death; did he there forsake you? Ye have stood before the throne of God; did he then deny you?" And they answered, "No; through all the troubles of our life, in all the bitterness of death, in all the agonies of our expiring moments, and in all the terrors of God's judgment, he hath been with us, 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'" Out of all the millions of God's redeemed, there is not one he hath forsaken. Poor they have been, mean and distressed, but he hath never abhorred their prayer, never turned aside from doing them good. He hath been ever with them.

"For his mercy shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure."

But I shall not longer stay, since I cannot prove this to the ungodly, and to the godly it is already proven, for they know it by experience; therefore it is but little necessary that I should do more than just certify the fact that Christ is a faithful friend—a friend in every hour of need, and every time of distress.

II. And now I have to tell you *the reasons why we may depend upon Christ as being a faithful friend.*

There are some things in himself which render it certain that he will stick close to his people.

1. True friendship can only be made between true men. Hearts are the soul of honor. There can be no lasting friendship between bad men. Bad men may pretend to love each other, but their friendship is a rope of sand, which shall be broken at any convenient season; but if a man have a sincere heart within him, and



be true and noble, then we may confide in him. Spenser sings in fine old verse—

“ Ne, certes can that friendship long endure,  
 However gay and goodly be the style,  
 That doth ill cause or evil end enure,  
 For Vertue is the band that bindeth Harts most sure.”

But who can find a stain in the character of Jesus, or who can tarnish his honor? Has there ever been a spot on his escutcheon? Has his flag ever been trampled in the dust? Does he not stand the true witness in heaven, the faithful and just? Is it not declared of him that he is God who cannot lie? Have we not found him so up to this moment; and may we not, knowing that he is “Holy, holy, holy Lord,” confide in him, that he will stick closer to us than a brother? His goodness is the guaranty of his fidelity; he cannot fail us.

2. *Faithfulness to us in our faults* is a certain sign of fidelity in a friend. You may depend upon that man who will tell you of your faults in a kind and considerate manner. Fawning hypocrites, insidious flatterers, are but the parasites upon the noble tree of friendship, but true friends put enough trust in you to tell you openly of your faults. Give me for a friend the man who will speak honestly of me before my face, who will not tell first one neighbor, and then another, but who will come straight to my house, and say, “Sir, I feel there is such-and-such a thing in you, which, as my brother, I must tell you of.” That man is a true friend; he has proved himself to be so; for we never get any praise for telling people of their faults; we rather hazard their dislike; a man will sometimes thank you for it, but he does not often like you any the better. Praise is a thing we all love. I met with a man the other day who said he was impervious to flattery; I was walking with him at the time, and turning round rather sharply, I said, “At any rate, sir, you seem to have a high gift in flattering yourself, for you are really doing so in saying you are impervious to flattery.” “You cannot flatter me,” he said. I replied, “I can, if I like to try; and perhaps may do so before the day is out.” I found I could not flatter him directly, so I began by saying, what a fine child that was of his; and he drank it in as a precious draught; and when I praised this thing and that thing belonging to him, I could see that he was very easily flattered, not directly, but indirectly. We are all pervious to flattery; we like the soothing cordial, only it must not be labeled flattery, for we have a religious abhorrence of flattery if it be so called; call it by any other name, and we drink it in, even as the ox drinketh in water. No, child of God, has Christ ever flattered you? Has he not told you of your faults right truly? Has he not pricked your conscience even upon what you thought to gloss over—your little secret sins? Has

he not provoked conscience to thunder in your ears notes of terror, because of your misdeeds? Well, then, you may trust him, for he shows that faithfulness which renders a man right trustworthy. Thus I have pointed out to you that there are reasons in himself for which we may trust him.

3. In the next place, *there are some things in his friendship which renders us sure of not being deceived when we put our confidence in him.* True friendship must not be of hasty growth. As quaint old Master Fuller says, "Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush it, it may soon run itself out of breath." It is even so. I think it was Joanna Baillie said,

"Friendship is no plant of hasty growth.  
Though planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,  
The gradual culture of kind intercourse  
Must bring it to perfection."

In vain thou trustest the gourd over thy head, O Jonah; it will not be of much use to thee; it came up in a night, it may wither in a night. It is the strong stiff oak, of ages' growth, which shall abide the tempest; which shall alike put out its wings to shield thee from the sun, and shall afterwards find thee a hovel in its heart, if necessary, in its gray old age, when its branches tremble in the blast. Friendship is true when it begins; but we must have a man's friendship long before we can say of him, that he will stick closer than a brother. And how long has Christ loved you? That you cannot tell. *When the ages were not born he loved you;* when this world was an infant, wrapped in the swaddling clothes of mist, he loved you; when the old pyramids had not begun to be builded, his heart was set upon you; and ever since you have been born he has had a strong affection for you. He looked on you in the cradle, and he loved you then; he was affianced to you when you were an infant of a span long, and he has loved you ever since. Some of you I see with gray hairs, some with heads all bald with age; he has loved you up till now, and will he now forsake you? O! no, his friendship is so old that it must last; it has been matured by so many tempests, it has been rooted by so many winds of trouble, that it cannot but endure: it must stand. Even as the granite peak of the mountain shall not be melted, because, unlike snow, it has braved the blast, and born the heat of the burning sun; it has stood out always, catching in its face every blow from the face of nature, and yet been unmov'd and uninjur'd. It shall last, for it has lasted. But when the elements shall melt, and in a stream of dissolving fire shall run away, then shall Christ's friendship still exist, for it is of older growth than they. He must be "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" for his friendship is a hoary friendship—hoary as his

own head, of which it is said, "His head and his hair are white like snow, as white as wool."

4. But note, further, the *friendship which lasts does not take its rise in the chambers of mirth, nor is it fed and fattened there.* Young lady, you speak of a dear friend whom you acquired last night in a ball-room. Do not, I beseech you, misuse the word; he is not a friend if he was acquired merely there; friends are better things than those which grow in the hot-house of pleasure. Friendship is a more lasting plant than those. You have a friend, have you? Yes; and he keeps a pair of horses, and has a good establishment. Ah! but your best way to prove your friend is to know that he will be your friend when you have not so much as a mean cottage; and when, houseless and without clothing, you are driven to beg your bread. Thus you would make true proof of a friend. Give me a friend who was born in the winter time, whose cradle was rocked in the storm; he will last. Our fair weather friends shall flee away from us. I had rather have a robin for a friend than a swallow; for a swallow abides with us only the summer time, but a robin cometh to us in winter. Those are tight friends that will come the nearest to us when we are in the most distress; but those are not friends who speed themselves away when ill times come. Believer, hast thou reason to fear that Christ will leave you now? Has he not been with you in the house of mourning? You found your friend where men find pearls, "in caverns deep, where darkness dwells;" you found Jesus in your hour of trouble. It was on the bed of sickness that you first learned the value of his name, it was in the hour of mental anguish that you first did lay hold of the hem of his garment; and since then, your nearest and sweetest intercourse has been held with him in the hours of darkness. Well, then, such a friend, proved in the house of sorrow—a friend who gave his heart's blood for you, and let his soul run out in one great river of gore—such a friend never can and never will forsake you; he sticketh closer than a brother.

5. Again, *a friend who is acquired by folly is never a lasting friend.* Do a foolish thing, and make a man your friend; 'tis but a confederacy in vice, and you will soon discover that his friendship is worthless; the friendships you acquire by doing wrong you had better be without. O! how many silly friendships there are springing up, the mere fruit of a sentimentalism, having no root whatever, but like the plant of which our Saviour tells us, "It sprang up because it had no depth of earth." *Jesus Christ's friendship is not like that;* there is no ingredient of folly in it; he loves us discreetly, not winking or conniving at our follies, but instilling into us his wisdom. His love is wise; he hath chosen us according to the counsel of his wisdom; not blindly and rashly, but with all judgment and prudence.

Under this head I may likewise observe, that *the friendship of ignorance is not a very desirable one*. I desire no man to call himself my friend, if he doth not know me. Let him love me in proportion to his knowledge of me. If he loves me for the little he knows, when he knoweth more he may cast me aside. "That man," says one, "seems to be a very amiable man." "I am sure I can love him," says another, as he scans his features. Ay, but do not write "friend" yet; wait a little, until you know more of him; just see him, examine him, try him, test him, and not till then enter him on the sacred list of friends. Be friendly to all, but make none your friends until they know you, and you know them. Many a friendship born in the darkness of ignorance, hath died suddenly in the light of a bitter acquaintance with each other. You supposed men to be different from what they were, and when you discovered their real character you disregarded them. I remember one saying to me, "I have great affection for you, sir," and he mentioned a certain reason. I replied, "My dear sir, your reason is absolutely false; the very thing you love me for, I am not, and hope I never shall be." And so I said, "I really cannot accept your friendship, if it is founded upon a misunderstanding of what I may have said." But our Lord Jesus never can forsake those whom he once loves, because he can discover nothing in us worse than he knew, for he knew all about us beforehand. He saw our leprosy, and yet he loves us; he knew our deceitfulness and unbelief, and yet he did press us to his bosom; he knew what poor fools we were, and yet he said he would never leave us nor forsake us. He knew we should rebel against him and despise his counsel oftentimes; he knew that even when we loved him our love would be cold and languid; but he loved for his own sake. Surely, then, he will stick closer than a brother.

6. Yet again, *friendship and love, to be real, must not lie in words, but in deeds*. The friendship of a bare compliment is the fashion of this age, because this age is the age of deceit. The world is the great house of sham. Go where you may, sham is staring you in the face; there are very few real things to be discovered. I allude not merely to tricks in business, adulterations in food, and the like. Deception is not confined to the tradesman's shop. You leave your card at a friend's house; that is an act of friendship—the card! I wonder whether, if he were hard up for cash, you would leave your banker's book! You write "My dear sir," "Yours very truly;" it is a sham; you do not mean it. "Dear!" that is a sacred word; it ought to be used to none but those you regard with affection; but we tolerate falsehoods now, as if they were truths; and we call them courtesies. Courtesies they may be; but untruths they are in many cases. Now, Christ's love lieth not in words, but in deed. He saith not,

"My dear people;" but *he lets his heart out*, and we could see what that was. He doth not come to us, and say, "Dearly beloved" simply; but *he hangs upon the cross*, and there we may read "Dearly beloved" in red letters. He does not come to us with the kisses of his lips first—he giveth us blessings with both his hands; he giveth himself *for us*, and then he giveth himself *to us*. Trust no complimentary friend; rely upon the man who giveth you real tokens worth your having, who does for your deeds to show the truthfulness of his heart. Such a friend—and such is Jesus—"sticketh closer than a brother."

7. Once more, and I shall not weary you, I trust. *A purchased friend will never last long*. Give to a man nineteen times, and deny him the twentieth, and he shall hate you; for his love sprang only from your gifts. The love which I could buy for gold I would sell for dross; the friendship which I could buy for pearls I would dispose with for pebbles; it were of no value, and therefore the sooner lost the better. But O! believer, Christ's love was unpurchased love. Jacob said, when his sons went to Egypt, "Take the man a present, a little oil, a little balm, a few nuts and almonds; but you took Christ no present. When you came to him you said,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

You did not even promise that you would love him; for you had such a faithless heart, you durst not say so. You asked him to make you love him; that was the most you could do. He loved you for nothing at all—simply because he would love you! Well, that love which so lived on nothing but its own resources, will not starve through the scantiness of your returns; the love which grew in such a rocky heart as this, will not die for want of soil. That love which sprang up in the barren desert, in your unirrigated soul, will never, never die for want of moisture: it must live, it cannot expire. Jesus must be "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

8. Shall I stay to urge more reasons; I may but mention one other, namely, this—that *there can not, by any possibility, arise any cause which could make Christ love us less*. You say how is this? One man loves his friend, but he on a sudden grows rich, and now he says, I am a greater man than I used to be, I forget my old acquaintances. But Christ can grow no richer; he is as rich as he can be, infinitely so. He loves you now; then it can not be possible that he will by reason of an increase in his own personal glory forsake you, for everlasting glories now crown his head: he can never be more glorious and great, and therefore he will love you still. Sometimes, on the other hand, one friend grows poorer, and then the other forsakes him; but you can never

grow poorer than you are, for you are "a poor sinner and nothing at all" now; you have nothing of your own; all you have is borrowed, all given you by him. He cannot love you, then, less, because you grow poorer; for poverty that hath nothing is at least as poor as it can be, and can never sink lower in the scale. Christ, therefore, must love thee for all thy nakedness and all thy poverty.

"But I may prove sinful," sayest thou. Yes, but thou canst not be more so than he foreknew thou wouldst be; and yet he loved thee with the foreknowledge of all thy sins. Surely, then, when it happens it will occasion no surprise to him; he knew it all beforehand, and he cannot swerve from his love; *no circumstance can possibly arise that ever will divide the Saviour from his love to his people, and the saint from his love to his Saviour.* He is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

III. Now, then, AN INFERENC TO BE DERIVED FROM THIS. Lavater says, "The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies, half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends." Knowing this to be the truth, I have often congratulated myself, when my enemies have spoken fiercely against me. Well, I have thought, "My friends love me hard and fast; let my enemies be as hot as they please; it only indicates that the friends are proportionately firm in affection. Then we draw this inference, that if Christ sticks close, and he is our friend, then our enemies will stick close, and never leave us till we die. Oh, Christian, because Christ sticks close, the devil will stick close too: he will be at you and with you; the dog of hell will never cease his howling, till you reach the other side of Jordan; no place in this world is out of the bow-shot of that great enemy; till you have crossed the stream his arrows can reach you, and they will. If Christ gave himself for you, the devil will do all he can to destroy you; if Christ has been long-suffering to you, Satan will be persevering, in hopes that Christ may forget you; he will strive after you and strive till he sees you safely landed in heaven. But be not disappointed: the louder Satan roars, the more proof you shall have of Christ's love. "Give me," said good old Rutesford, "give me a roaring devil rather than a sleeping one; for sleeping devils make me slumber, but roaring ones provoke me to run to my Master." Oh! be glad, then, if the world rant at thee, if thy foes attack thee fiercely. Christ is just as full of love to thee as they are of hatred. Therefore,

"Be firm and strong;  
Be grace thy shield and Christ thy song."

And now I have a question to ask: that question I ask of every man and woman in this place, and of every child too—Is Jesus Christ *your* friend? Have *you* a friend at court—at heaven's

court? Is the judge of quick and dead *your* friend? Can you say that you love him, and has he ever revealed himself in the way of love to you? Dear hearer, do not answer that question for thy neighbor; *answer it for thyself*. Peer or peasant, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, this question is for each of you; therefore, ask it: Is Christ my friend? Did you ever consider that question? Have you ever asked it? O! to be able to say "Christ is my friend," is one of the sweetest things in the world. A man who had lived much in sin, one day casually entered a place of worship. Before the sermon, this hymn was sung—

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

The next day the man was met by an acquaintance who asked him how he liked the sermon. Said he, "I do not know, but there were two or three words that took such a hold of me that I did not know what to do with myself. The minister read the hymn, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' Ah!" said he, though he was by no means a religious man, "to be able to say that, I would give up all I have got! But do you think," he asked, "that Jesus ever will be the lover of such a man as I am? 'Jesus, lover of *my* soul!' Oh! could I say it." And then he buried his face in his hands and wept. I have every reason to fear that he went back to his sins, and was the same afterwards as before. But, you see, he had conscience enough to let him know how valuable it was to have Christ for his lover and his friend. Ah! rich man, thou hast many friends. There be some here who have learned the faithlessness of friends; there be some here who have toiled for their country's good, and deserve a meed of honor at their country's hands, who, for one mistake—or what, perhaps, was a mistake—have been neglected by too many who once appeared to be their most trusty adherents. Oh, put no confidence, ye great men and ye rich, in the adherence of your friends. David said in haste, "All men are liars;" you may one day have to say it at your leisure. And O ye kind and affectionate hearts! who are not rich in wealth, but who are rich in love—and that is the world's best wealth—put this golden coin among your silver ones, and it will sanctify them all. Get Christ's love shed abroad in your hearts, and your mother's love, your daughter's love, your husband's love, your wife's life, will become more sweet than ever. The love of Christ casts not out the love of relatives, but it sanctifies our loves, and makes them sweeter far. Remember, dear hearer, the love of men and women is very sweet; but all must pass away; and what will you do, if you have no wealth but the wealth that fadeth, and no love but the love which dies, when death shall come? Oh, to have the love of Christ! You can take that across the river of death with you; you can wear it as your bracelet in heaven, and set it up as a seal upon your hand; for his love is

"strong as death and mightier than the grave." Good old Bishop Beveridge, I think it was, when dying did not know his best friends. Said one, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" Said he, "Who are you?" and when the name was mentioned, he said, "No." "But don't you know your wife, Bishop?" "What is her name?" said he. Said she, "I am your wife." "I did not know I had got one," said he. Poor old man! his faculties all had failed him. At last one stooped down and whispered, "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes," said he, making an effort to speak, "I have known him these forty years, and I never can forget him." It is marvellous how memory will hold the place with Jesus, when it will with no one else; and it is equally marvellous, that,

"When all created things are dry,  
Christ's fullness is the same."

My dear hearers, do think of this matter. Oh, that you might get Christ for your friend; he will never be your friend while you are self-righteous; he will never be your friend while you live in sin. But do you believe yourselves guilty? do you desire to leave off sin? do you want to be saved? do you desire to be renewed? Then let me tell you, my Master loves you! Poor, weak, and helpless worms, My Master's heart is full of love to you; his eyes at this moment are looking down with pity on you. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" He now bids me tell you that he died for all of you who confess yourselves to be sinners and feel it. He bids me say to you, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." He tells me to proclaim salvation *full and free*; full, *needing nothing of yours* to help it; free, *needing nothing of yours* to buy it.

"Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy."

There is nothing, I feel, that I fail so much in as addressing sinners. Oh, I wish I could cry my heart out, and preach my heart out, to you and at you.

"Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink and never die."

Farewell, with this one thought—we shall never all of us meet together here again. It is a very solemn thought, but according to the course of nature and the number of deaths, if all of you were



willing to come here next Sabbath morning, it is not at all likely that all of you would be alive; one out of this congregation will be sure to have gone the way of all flesh. Farewell, thou that are appointed to death; I know not where thou art—you strong man, or you tender maiden with the hectic flush of consumption on her cheek. I know not who is appointed to death; but I do now most solemnly take my farewell of such an one. Farewell, poor soul; and is it farewell forever? Shall we meet in the land of the hereafter, in the home of the blessed; or do I now bid you farewell forever? I do solemnly bid farewell to you forever, if you live and die without Christ. But I cannot bear that dreary thought; and I therefore say, poor sinner, stop and consider!—consider thy ways, and now “turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die!” Ah, ye cannot answer that question! May God help you to answer it in a better fashion, by saying, “Here, Lord!

‘ Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me;  
O Son of God, I come to thee!’

I trust my soul in thy kind hands.” The Lord bless you all; for Christ’s sake! Amen.

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## THE ATTENTION DUE TO UNFULFILLED PROPHECY.

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Prophecy is both the subject and evidence of Revelation. It demands the exercise of faith before it is either understood or accomplished.

When prophecies are fulfilled they become miracles of knowledge, as much as miracles of power. Prophecy is thus accumulative and progressive. The unfolding hand of time, as it removes the causes of obscurity, increases its value and confirms its authority.

Prophecies differ from miracles in being not merely attestations of truth, but essential materials of truth. The first revelations to man were prophetic; and things not seen become the objects of faith, the support of hope, and the basis of consolation.

Our intellectual faculties are the sources of our moral nature—and here seems to be the difference between ourselves and the Deity. While the mind of Jehovah is infinite, and incapable of receiving addition to its knowledge or power, to all other minds there is a necessary bound; thus the *past* constitutes the materials of *memory*,

and the *future*, the object of hope which the present never satisfies. There is a progressiveness in all with which man has to do. It is so through life, and will doubtless be so through eternity.

In former ages, and under all dispensations, the expectation of something *better* has been the ground of cherished hope. We read of the patriarchs "they all died in faith, not having received the promises," (relating to the advent of the Messiah,) "but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them and embraced them." The attention which they thus felt to be due to unfulfilled prophecy included in it the ground of three Religions. Their faith was "the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen.

A vast number of the prophecies were uttered to unfold the only true God and to exhibit a testimony to the adorable Redeemer and Saviour of the world.

Thus the point to which at all times prophecy uniformly converges, is most important. The spirit of prophecy is the *testimony of Jesus*, "teaching *what* or what manner of *time* the spirit of Christ, which was in them, did signify when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow."

The striking relation of each prophecy to the kingdom and coming of Christ, is what stamps it with true importance.

Revelation commences with a mysterious announcement of the *first coming* of Christ. It closes with an equally sublime announcement of his *second coming*. The Alpha and the Omega are his advents, and every intermediate letter in the sublime alphabet has some relation to the one or the other.

Prophecy leads the mind in its course from the past to the future; it connects the past with the future, and leads us to infer from the past as to the future. It would be absurd to suppose that we have no interest in the future: the Apostle Paul teaches us to infer the second coming of Christ from the circumstance of his having already appeared; "Now once, in the end of the world, *hath* he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear *the second time*, without sin, unto salvation." Thus Peter speaks of "the grace which is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ," as the consum-

mation of our hopes, as the end of our faith, as the completion of the salvation of our souls. But this cheering hope of *the future* is founded on the experience of *the past*; for God hath "begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead," and hath preserved us amidst innumerable trials, and is by those trials making us meet for that future glory. The appearing of Jesus Christ is an essential part of the glory that is to be revealed; and whether this take place at the beginning of the millennial period, or is, to be referred to that solemn period which shall succeed this first stage of the church's prosperity, it is still to be regarded as the subject of joyful and of believing contemplation.

Our attention is due to unfulfilled prophecy, because *it is enjoined by the highest authority, and recommended by the most illustrious examples.* Consider here the general command, to "search the Scriptures; because we judge them to be the records of "eternal life," and because they "testify of Christ." Now this injunction, or rather, perhaps, this admission, was addressed to the Jews by our Lord, for the purpose of calling their attention to prophecies which were actually fulfilling, or about to be fulfilled. It is recognized as an important duty applying to all the churches in every age, and binding on every individual member; the "Word of Christ should dwell in us richly, in all wisdom." And, if God has made nothing in vain in nature, but all deserves and demands the attention of the philosopher; so it is in his word. Nothing of this kind can be regarded as "secret things, belonging to the Lord our God" only, and which it would be presumptuous in us to investigate. What he has stated is certainly not secret in this sense. It is true, that *all* the subjects of prophecy are not alike beneficial; nor is it equally the duty of all to enter into such investigations. That cannot be *every man's* duty which *many* men are not capable of discharging. Those will be found the soonest to confess their ignorance who are the most capable of the research. One fact which shows the importance of this research is, that a large portion of the New Testament, one whole book, is still unaccomplished; most distinctly, however, does its Divine Author pronounce a *blessing* on "him that *readeth*, and they that *hear* the words of this prophecy." Very few, at that period, would be able to do so; there were very few copies, and but few readers; but a

blessing is pronounced on those that *hear* as well as on him who reads. If the command to search and examine was binding on the first Christians, how much more is it binding upon *us*? What facilities do we not possess? We have the labors of men of the profoundest research; the illustrious dead, whose names will be had in everlasting remembrance, as well as many who are yet alive, all rendering us the most valuable assistance. Let us be careful, however, that we do not confound *opinion* with knowledge. We must not suppose the understanding of future prophecy to be as important as the comprehension of Christian doctrines, and Christian duties; still there is attention claimed by it, on account of its intrinsic character, and the divine authority confirming it; and if, from early predilections, or from peculiar facilities, some devote a larger portion of their time to it than others, far be it from us to look upon them with contempt, or to pass upon them hasty censures; and far be it from those who devote more time to it than ourselves, to accuse us of want of inclination or ability for that which requires patient research. If there were more of this patient and sober examination of prophecy, there would be far less of bold and daring skepticism on the one hand, and far less of fiction and extravagance on the other; there would be less of fiction to gratify the curious, and more of truth to gratify the humble. There are not wanting those who object to such researches altogether. "Great obscurity attaches even to the brightest manifestations," it is said by some, "and, therefore, it is impossible that we should *understand* them." It would have been more proper to have said, we cannot understand them *fully*. It has been said, also, that "God has put the times and the seasons in his own power, and that this should teach us modesty and prayer." And, sometimes, it has been added, we ought not to be wise above what is written—this is granted; but surely we should be wise *up to* what is written. The apocalyptic angel said to the prophet, what?—"seal up the vision?—let the mystic roll remain unopened?—let it be under a solemn interdiction? No:—"Seal *not* the sayings of the prophecy of this book. *Blessed* is he that *readeth*, and they that *hear* the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein." The ancient prophets examined carefully those portions of the sacred writings with which they were favored; they studied diligently, and

explored them: "In the first year of Darius I., Daniel *understood by books* the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolation of Jerusalem." Do we not learn from this incident that the study of unfulfilled prophecy led to a most beneficial result? And how often, after the announcements made by our Lord, is it said, "*Let him that readeth understand?*" and, "If any man have ears to hear, let him hear."

Let us notice *the advantages which result from this study*. It tends to enlarge our views of the great plans of Divine government. Revelation discloses to our view the purposes of God, while the prophecies mark the time as certainly. Most of these prophecies have been fulfilled as to Christ; so that what was *revelation* to the ancients, has become *history* to us. To *them*, prophecy was a light shining in a dark place; shedding a faint and gloomy ray over the immediate prospect, but still leaving the regions around wrapt in darkness and in gloom; to *us* it is a day-star rising in the heart, gradually dispersing all the surrounding mists. The prophecies made to them have been actually accomplished, and we now stand upon vantage ground. What was said of the law by the apostle, may safely be applied to the prophecies which are yet unaccomplished, they are "*shadows* of good things to come;" whereas the others are "*the very image* of those things;" the clear, defined, and distinct exhibition of them. And, like the law, too, unfulfilled prophecies have an intimate connection with duty. Some are doubtful; some are either accomplished or accomplishing; many certainly remain to be fulfilled; and though much light is reflected from the past, still darkness and shadows surround us. An attention to history convinces us that, from the beginning of time, and amidst all the revolutions of this world, it has been the grand design of Providence to prepare the way for the coming and kingdom of Messiah. He is the chief subject of prophecy; his coming is foretold with graphic minuteness. But the prophets speak of a *reigning* as well as a suffering Messiah. Misconception on this point made Christ a stumbling-block to the Jews; they could have borne, for a time, the *suffering* Messiah, if his *exaltation* had suddenly followed. It did *not* follow, and they are still unbelievers.

If the prophecies which are fulfilled make us acquainted with

the past history of the world, so the prophecies which are unfulfilled may enable us to form brighter ideas of futurity than philosophy ever projected, or enthusiasm ever supposed. We behold much in the world that is hostile to good; but we rejoice that He is head over all things to the church, and we rejoice that all his will shall be fully accomplished. An attention to unfulfilled prophecy will strengthen our faith in the Divine Redeemer, and excite us to reward acts of holy exertion. Who can approach the book of the Apocalypse, for instance, without these feelings? It opens with a representation of the Divine Redeemer, clothed in all the attributes of Deity and glorified humanity—wearing the emblems of supreme government—dispensing the blessings of his grace, and preparing his people for the bliss and glory of heaven. The epistles to the churches display his wisdom, his fidelity, his holiness, his love. The predictions display the glory of the future church. The seals, the trumpets, and the vials become the symbols of good and evil, of adversity and prosperity, of conflict and triumph in the church through its future periods. Whatever opinion we attach as to the meaning of all these things, we see one object ever conspicuous; in all things Jesus has the pre-eminence. He is ever in his church: amidst all the revolutions which darken the hemisphere, we behold the bow in the cloud; and all events, however apparently untoward, are made subservient to the glory of Christ, the happiness of the church, and the benefit of the world. Antichrist, in every form, shall be defeated; Jesus shall be exalted; the world shall be made happy. Philosophy has had her dreams of an elysian age—her schemes of perfectability and declension. But our views of such an auspicious era, as they rise far superior to all human conceptions, so they depend not for their realization on human policy or power, but on the Word of God, on the truth as it is in Jesus.

S. H. F.

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God hath said it; men must serve him—they must serve him in his own way, and they must serve him in his own strength too, or he will never accept their service. That which man doth, unaided by divine strength, God never can accept. There must be a consciousness of weakness before there can be any victory.—*Spurgeon.*

### NAPOLÉON III.—HIS PROPHETIC DOOM.

In a previous article I endeavored to show that the Sixth head of the Roman beast, or Empire, existed from the time of John the Divine, down to the year 1806, when Francis I. abdicated the throne and dignity of the Roman Emperorship.

We saw that in the astonishing triumphs and fall of Napoleon I., the predictions regarding the Seventh head, or polity, minutely fulfilled, and that the short-lived and sword-slain Seventh head was revived in the person of the present Emperor—affording an illustrious attestation to the accuracy of the Apocalypse.

But their very accuracy presses upon us another *certain* anticipation: THE SPEEDY AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE AND ITS HEAD.

“The wild beast which thou sawest, was, and is not, (it had disappeared before the vision of the seer,) and shall ascend out of the abyss.”

I know of no more remarkable fact, than that in 1701 the Rev. R. Fleming, in a discourse on the fall of Atichrist, declared that, assuming 606 as the time of the Rise of the Papacy, the fifth vial would be poured out in 1848. We know what astonishing events occurred in that year in Europe. The beast—the Roman Empire—had disappeared, being wounded unto death. Europe was at peace. The nephew of Napoleon was an obscure fugitive. “*The beast which was* IS NOT.” But suddenly from the oceanic abyss of warfare and revolutionary violence which swept over Europe in one wide, desolating wave, during 1848–9, emerged the resuscitated Empire with its renewed Seventh head. “The beast that thou sawest, was, and *is not*, and shall ascend out of the (bottomless pit) abyss.”

“The troubled sea—the ‘unfathomed abyss’\*— is the well-known type of nations in a turbid state of warfare or revolution. From such a state of the nations embraced in the old Roman Empire in 1848, the slain Emperorship and Empire—the sword-slain Seventh head and the defunct beast—rose again to life and power in the exaltation of the present Napoleon.

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\* *Abussos*—Ocean; so called from its supposed fathomless depth. Hence, “bottomless pit.”

But the anticipation is—"And he goeth (or is about to go) into (perdition) destruction."

The whole prophecy reads thus: "Five are fallen—(forms of government)—one is, (the Imperial) the other hath not come; (the French Emperorship;) and when he shall have come, he must remain only a little time, and (relating to the wild beast that was and is not) he is also an eighth, and yet he is *one of the seven*. And he goeth into (perdition) destruction."

"Hence it is clear, that if the French Emperorship be the short-lived, and sword-slain, and revived head, of which in the present day there can scarcely, I think, be a doubt, then we must anticipate his sure and certain destruction, along with that of the long-tolerated Roman Empire."\*

Previously to this certain destruction, however, we are distinctly informed that the ten horns, which are ten kings, or kingdoms, "which receive power from the beast"—that is the ten kingdoms which actually sprung up out of the Roman Empire—shall give their aid in the furtherance of his ambitious schemes of tyranny. For "God hath put it in their hearts to fulfill His will, and to agree and give their kingdom unto the beast until the words of God shall have been fulfilled.—*Rev. 16-17.*

There is a most striking prediction, in the XVI. chapter of Revelations, of how this combination of kings and nations is to be brought about:

"And I saw *three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.*"

The frog is an unclean spirit, according to the law of Moses—a fitting emblem of polluting spirits.

They are sent forth by Satan, by the beast (civil despotism), and by the false prophet (Papaey.)

They are spirits of demons—demon-worshipping spirits—encouraging and enforcing the worship of departed spirits.

They are miracle-working spirits, "For they are spirits of (devils) demi-gods, working miracles."

What symbol, and what characteristics could more palpably rep-

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\* Faber, p. 67.



resent the secret agents of Rome, the priests and Jesuits, and secret spies sent forth by Satan, Papacy, and secular despotism?

But they—"Go forth to the kings of the earth." These unclean and sly agents of the beast and false prophet are to find their way into the courts and kingdoms of the Roman world "*to gather them to the battle of the great day of God Almighty.*"

Italy, at this moment, is asserting its freedom and independence. The throne of Pio Nino is tottering beneath him. The Emperor of the Roman world has given rein to elements he cannot check. The next great movement in European affairs may be the assertion of republican principles in Italy, and the dethronement of the Pope. What will then be the *natural* work of Jesuits and priests, driven from the field of their long suffered tyranny?

The kings of the earth *will be* engaged, through their agency, and for their own safety, to gather themselves together and give their power to the beast—the present Empire—"to gather them to the battle of God Almighty—the Great War of principle."

John further "*saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army.*"—Rev. 19–19.

Here is the result of the agency of those "unclean spirits." They went forth to the kings of the earth to gather them together to battle. They are next seen assembled under the captaincy of the beast which rose with its revived seventh head from the abysmal waters. Does it not appear like the certain destiny of Europe and of the Emperor of the French? The curtain of the future is at this instant trembling on the wheel of time. The next turn, and the last act in the bloody drama of Roman oppression may transpire.

"And he gathered them together into a place called, in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon"—THE GREAT CITY. Does it not appear that Italy and the great city of Rome—Babylon—will be the battle ground?

The object of the war is also stated: "To make war upon him that sat upon the horse, and his army"—him on whose head were many crowns, and whose name is called the "WORD OF GOD." It will be a war of Superstition against Faith—a combination to sustain the soul-crushing despotism of the Papacy.

But the beast "goeth into destruction," and with him the "false prophet."

For "the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had the work of the beast and them that worshiped his image."

The false prophet is to be present with the grand army, headed by the beast. When the one is taken the other is. The Seventh head, whose destruction, as a despotic civil power is decreed, is doomed to fall with Babylon, the mother of harlots—their doom is the same and cotemporary.

The only question that remains, is **THE TIME** when this destruction and final overthrow shall occur?

Now, it is to be remarked—

1st. Daniel was told by the interpreting angel, that the fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom, \* \* \* and the saints "shall be given into his hands until a time and times and the dividing of time:" that is three years and a half; 1260 days.—*Dan.* 7-25.

2d. "I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days: that is 1260 days.—*Rev.* 11-8.

3d. "But the court that is without the temple leave out and measure it not, for it is given unto the Gentiles; and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months"—1260 days.—*Rev.* 11.

4th. "And the woman" (the true churches) "fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared for her, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days"—1260 days.—*Rev.* xii. 6.

5th. "And to the woman were given wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a *time*, and *times*, and *half a time*: three and a half years:" 1260 days.—*Rev.* xii. 14.

6th. Cotemporary with these, "POWER WAS GIVEN UNTO HIM" (the beast) "TO CONTINUE FORTY AND TWO MONTHS—1260 days.—*Rev.* xiii. 5.

"These sayings are faithful and true. And the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly come to pass."—*Rev.* xxii. 6.

Is there not a meaning, and a meaning to be understood in this repetition of 1260 days? Was not this revelation given to call forth our profound attention. "Blessed is he that readeth and understandeth the sayings of this book."

The questions to be solved, are—

1st. Were those intended to be natural days, of twenty-four hours each, or prophetic days—each day standing for a year—thus denoting a period of 1260 years?—at the expiration of which the Roman Empire (the beast) and the great city, or scarlet woman, (the Papacy,) shall go into destruction; and the witnesses shall have finished their testimony, and the holy city be delivered from the tread of the Gentiles.

2d. If 1260 years, when did that series of years commence running?—at what point of time are we to date the commencement of the 1260, whose close will terminate the reign of the beast and false prophet?

The solutions of those two questions must awaken, in all thoughtful minds, the profoundest interest. Nor can an humble, prayerful, and modest effort to search out the meaning of the spirit, be deemed either unprofitable or presumptuous. Believing, as thousands upon thousands of the most pious and reflecting of God's servants do, that the deepening shadows of that prophetic period are closing upon us, we shall attempt a plain and simple solution of both those questions in another article. S. H. F.

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THERE is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the churchyard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing. He made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and drawer water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—*Spurgeon.*

# Family Visitant.

## LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

### CHAP. XXI.—A NEW CHARACTER.

The old man bent low over his reaping-hook, and as he swayed his trembling arm to and fro he hummed, in unison with the motion, the air of "Am I a soldier of the Cross." His tone was low, but his heart made melody while he hummed, and a look of serene trust and deep gratification overspread his wrinkled face. His hair was white. The changing seasons of threescore years had bleached it.

The old man had had his sorrows. His wife had been taken from him. Two of his children had died in his arms; another had been drowned. But he was happy! He was possessor of "that peace which passeth knowledge." The hand of God had sent his afflictions upon him—so he believed—and his grace had sanctified them. It had been forty years since "Uncle Adam" had been made a partaker of heavenly joy in Christ Jesus our Lord, in "ole Virginny," and through these forty years Uncle Adam had been kept by the power of His might "who had washed him and made him white in his own blood."

Uncle Adam had been given to Mrs. Norton, by her father, on her wedding-day, and had lived in the family constantly since that time. After she became a widow he exercised a general superintendence over the affairs of the farm until William, her son, attained the years of manhood. He worked but little himself—poor, old man—he could work but little. Rheumatism had for years disabled him for farm work. He now did "chores" more for the exercise it afforded than because his assistance was needed.

Uncle Adam was loved and respected by every member of the household, from the youngest "darkey" at the cabin up to Mrs. Norton herself.

Uncle Adam cut the tall grass in the yard as fast as he could, all

the while humming the same tune, until great drops of perspiration stood in the seams of his wrinkled face. He had allotted himself a task which he must finish.

His grass-hook became dull. He seated himself on a bench, beneath a large locust tree, to whet it; and as he drew the stone across and across, he went on humming the same precious tune over and over, raising his eyes to heaven as the sentiment of the song called forth the gratitude of his heart.

“Well, Uncle Adam, will you get your grass done?”

The old man started up, uncertain whence the sound proceeded. Time had dulled his hearing.

“Ah!” he said, smiling, “its you, Massa William. What did you say, sir?”

“Will you get your grass done, this evening, Uncle Adam?”

“Oh yes, Massa William, all I intended to do. I aint goin’ to cut it all to-day—only that little patch betwixt this and that damson tree. My hook is mighty dull, and I thought I’d sharpen it a little.”

“Let me have it, Uncle Adam, and you rest while I see what I can do for it.”

The young man took it and brought a few strokes of the whetstone across the blade. “Let me try it now, Uncle Adam. I believe it will do finely.”

He sprang from his seat, and in a few moments the allotted task was finished.

“There, Uncle Adam, that looks about as well as yours, doesn’t it?”

“Much obleeged, much obleeged, Massa William. That’s very fine. You beat me. Now to-morrow, if I live, I want to finish dis yard for Missis.”

The young man seated himself beside Uncle Adam to talk a little with him about the affairs of the farm. This he often did, for he had great confidence in Uncle Adam’s judgment. And although, of late, Uncle Adam could not go about as much as in former years, yet he kept himself pretty well posted in what was going on by questioning the field hands when they came in from their work.

"Things going on pretty well, on the farm, Massa William? This has been a mighty fine year, thank the Lord."

"Oh yes, Uncle Adam. Our business is pretty well ahead. The boys have worked very faithfully, and I think I am getting to be a pretty good farmer."

"Indeed you are, Massa William. Mighty few young men, of your age, can do half as well—and not college-bred at that. Your poor old grandfather was a capital farmer, Massa William, in 'Ole Virginny.' I'll never forget them days when I used to work for him. 'Twas in de ole field, back ob de barn, dat I first got religion. Ah! 'twas a happy time, I tell you, Massa William. Them days war very different from these times. Any body jines the church now—'twasn't so den. People had to give some evidence they had passed from death and the bondage of sin 'fore they could get into de church, I tell you. But now, Massa William, any body comes in what wants to, whether they have any experience or no. 'Twon't do, Massa William, 'twon't do, I tell you."

"What won't do, Uncle Adam," asked the young man, earnestly.

"Why, dis thing of jinin' de church widout any religion. It's all what Massa used to call 'humbug and fox-fire.' 'Twon't 'stand de test.' Dey must have experience."

"Uncle Adam, what do you mean by experience? I wish you would tell me your's."

"I means dis by 'experience,' Massa William: For de poor sinner to be able to tell what God has done for his soul—how he felt himself a sinner in de eyes of God's good an' righteous law, an' condemned, an' dat jestly, to de punishment of hell—an' how God had mercy on him for Jesus' sake—putting all his sins on de blessed Saviour, who bore dem all in his body on dat shameful cross. An' den how he felt peace an' joy dat his guilt had been all took away from him, an' he could now hope for Heaven, since Christ de Lord had died."

The young man listened attentively, as the poor old decrepid saint gave his views of a change of heart.

"And did you feel all this, Uncle Adam?"

"Ah, yes, Massa William, dat I did. I was troubled many days 'cause of my sins. I never forget it. I was a young man den—not

much more'n twenty year ole. One day ole Massa let us all go to meetin.' 'Twas in de fall time, now near forty-one years back. I was a mighty bad boy, Massa William—always foremost in all kinds of mischief an' devilment. An' I thought we war goin' to have a fine time at de big meetin'. We hitched up de waggin an' de kart both—for ole Massa had a heep of us black folks—an' we all went. I drove de waggin dat had ole Aunt Dinah in it; an' as we went 'long, lafin' an' whoopin,' de ole woman would tell us of our weekedness an' warn us 'ginst our sins. But we only behaved de worse. I lafed an' shouted an' made sport of religion all de way. Poor ole Aunt Dinah, she cried at our weekedness, an' sed she would pray for us all.

“When we got to the meetin' the preacher war preachin' wid a loud voice. I went an' hitched my horses an' me an' big Jake went wid ole Aunt Dinah to get her a seat. The big meetins in “Ole Virginny” war held out in de woods. Meetin' houses could'nt hole half de people. Ole Aunt Dinah asked us take a seat by her, an' hear what de preacher had to say. Somehow, I was struck with de preacher. He peared to be so earnest. So I set down by ole Aunty—but ‘big Jake’ went away agin. De Lord's han' was in it all, Massa William, I know it was. De preacher was warnin' of sinners. He was tellin' dem of hell an' its torments, an' of heaven an' its glory. He told how all men fell in Adam, an' how all war 'sposed to de wrath of God. Den he spoke of de goodness of God in givin' His Son to die for poor sinners—an' told how dreadful a thing it was to refuse dat Saviour. He told of the weekedness of man's heart—how it was deceitful, an' would deceive de poor soul, an' cheat it of heaven. When he was done another preacher got up, an' he told de same story. He drawed such a fearful pictur' of the sinner's heart—oh! it made my hair stan' on end. His words cum right home to me. I thought all de time he was talkin' to me. I tried to look round, for I thought ole Aunt Dinah would know what was goin' on in my breast. But I couldn't keep my eyes off'n de preacher. I thought I'd go way whar I couldn't hear him, but sumhow I couldn't move.

“Big Jake cum up to see how we war getin' on. Oh! I was so feered he would tell I was concerned 'bout religion. I lafed as much as I dar'd to so near de stand. He wanted me to go off wid

him into de woods to eat a watermilon. But Aunty said no; she wanted me to stay an' take ker of her. I was so glad when she raised this objection. I didn't want to go, but I was feered to tell Big Jake so. When dinner time cum I tried to laf an' talk louder'n any of the boys, but I couldn't. It 'peared to me every word I sed was sin 'ginst God. There kept such an akin' in my brest. I thought I'd tell Aunty, but I could'nt do that neither.

"I lef the niggers and went off to whar ole Massa an' de family war eatin' dinner. Dey war talkin' 'bout de poor men. I listened, tho' I pretended to be mighty busy waitin' on the people. I didn't feel any better than when I was wid de niggers.

"I went back to ole Aunt Dinah. She says: 'Well, Adam, how did you like de preacher, dis mornin'?"

"'Very well, Aunty.'

"'I hope it will do you some good, boy, for you be a mity wicked fellow, Adam.'

"I felt like cryin' rite out, Massa William, when Aunty sed dis to me—but I kind a lafed an' sed I wasn't no worse than de odder boys.

"Aunt Dinah sed she hoped de Lord would have mercy on my soul.

"In de evenin' another preacher got up. He talked, like the rest, all to me. I got so oneasy on my seat I couldn't sit still—I felt I was sich a sinner. I thought of all de bad things I had done—how I had lied to ole Massa, an' stole, an' made sport of religion—an' how I had broke de Sabbath, God's holy day, fishin' an' possom'-huntin'. An' I saw hell was jest before me, an' I must go down to de pit, for I had bin sich a sinner.

"After meetin' was over, we all went home. I couldn't laf an' holler an' whoop like I did goin'—but I wanted to for fear de boys would laf at me, but I couldn't. De preacher's words kept runnin' through my mind: 'An' de sinner shall be turned into hell wid all de nations that forgit God.' Aunt Dinah talked to us all de way back, tryin' to fix it in our minds that we war all sinners, an' unless we repented and got forgiven, we must all go to perdition.

"Well, Massa William, I went on dis way for two or three days.



Didn't try to pray, but tried all de time to get rid of my bad feel-ins—but I only got wurs. Nobody knowed I was concerned, an' I determined nobody should know it. But at last I had to tell Aunt, for I couldn't stand it no longer. She asked me if I had tried to pray. I told her no, for I didn't know how. Then she told me about Jesus: How He died that sinners might be saved—how he loved poor sinners, an' come into this world to save them. She told me to ask God to forgive me for His sake, an' sed she would pray for me herself.

“I tried to pray that night, but I got no comfort. Aunt Dinah told ole Massa 'bout my situation, an' next day, when I was workin' in de big field, back of de barn, he cum to me an' asked me how I felt. He tole me what Aunt had been tellin' him 'bout me, an' sed he was very glad that I war feelin' myself a sinner. He tole me of Jesus, an' sed I must pray that God would forgive me for His sake. An' he tole me not to give up, but press forward, for it was death to go back, an' Christ had promised to save to the uttermos' *all who would come unto Him.*

“I went on in dis way for days, tryin' to pray an' tryin' to do better all de time. I lef off cursin' an' lyin'—I was feered, Massa William, to do my ole tricks. It 'peared to me God would cum an' strike me dead if I didn't do better. I was all de time tryin' to do better, hopin' God would ease my troubled soul if I would do thus and so. But it was all vain; my barden only got bigger an' bigger. At last I went to meeting one day, an' de preacher preached to jis sich poor sinners as I was. He told them of de Lamb of God that taketh away de sins of de world. He tole them to look to Christ Jesus, for they could do nothing of themselves. I began to git my eyes open. I found I had been travelin' the wrong path all de way. I had bin lookin' to myself an' had forgot to look to Jesus. I went home an' I tried to pray. I asked God to forgive me for Christ's sake—jis as de preacher, an' ole Massa, an' Aunt Dinah had tole me. I spent all that night prayin' to God, up in de barn loft. But I couldn't get no rest. My sins rose up like big mountains, an' I couldn't see how God could pardon me if I couldn't do sumthin' to get them out of de way. I groand, an' I moaned, an' I cried. But didn't find no relief. Next mornin' I

talked to Aunt Dinah. She tole me to give her my feelins an' views. I done so de best I could.

“‘You are a lookin’ to yourself, Adam,’ she sed, ‘an’ it won’t do. You must look to Christ Jesus, an’ to him alone. You can’t do nothin’ boy. Only ask Him to save you—ask Him, Adam, to give you his Holy Spirit to show you the way to Christ. Don’t look to yourself, child—may depend it won’t do.’

“‘Ole Massa cum to de field what I was workin’ in—he seen I looked much down-cast.

“‘How do you feel now, Adam?’ he sed.

“‘Mity bad, Massa, mity bad. Can’t find no ease, no oomfort.’

“‘Do you pray, Adam?’

“‘Oh yes, sir—I tries to pray. Spent all last night tryin’ to pray.’

“‘And can’t you find relief, Adam?’

“‘No, Massa, I grows wurs an’ wurs. Seems to me, sir, I mus die. God will not save my poor soul. I’ve asked him, an’ asked him, an’ I’ve bin tryin’ to get better—but, sir, I gets wurs.’

“‘And so it will ever be with you, Adam, my boy,’ ole Massa sed, ‘if you don’t throw yourself into the arms of Jesus. Do you feel it would be just in God to send you to hell, Adam?’

“‘I didn’t know as I did feel so—an’ I was afeered to tell a lie—so I sed: I don’t know, Massa, as I do feel that way exactly.

“‘Why, Adam, don’t you believe God is a just God, an’ you are a poor, blind, miserable sinner?’—remember his words, Massa William, like it had been yesterday.’

The young man nodded assent. He had been listening with the deepest interest to the old negro’s simple relation of his experience, meanwhile drawing impressions between it and the present-day system.

“‘Oh yes, Massa,’ I sed, ‘God is jist, an’ I am a great, miserable sinner.’

“‘And still, Adam, you don’t think God would do right to send you to hell, when you have broken his law an’ trampled under foot his commands?’

“‘I know he would do right, Massa, but I don’t exactly feel it. I am so afeered of hell, an’ Ise tryin’ so hard to get to heaven?’

“‘And how do you expect to get to heaven, Adam?’

“I hope God will take me thar, Massa.’

“What, just as you are, Adam?”

“Oh no, sir. I hope he’ll forgive my sins.’

“In what way do you look for him to forgive you, Adam?”

“Oh! I can’t till, sir, but I am so feered of sin, an’ I want to go to heaven so bad. I hope God will take me thar—an’ yet, Massa, I don’t see how he can when I am such a weeked sinner.’

“Adam, my boy, you don’t know yourself yet. You have not seen how wicked you are. You must feel that if Christ had not died to save sinners it would have been justice in God to send us all—and you with the rest, Adam—to hell. It is only through Christ that we can be saved. We can do nothing of ourselves. But he has died and has wrought out a perfect salvation for us, but it is a free salvation, too. We can’t do a thing to purchase it. All we can do is to trust in Christ. Go on, my boy—don’t give up. Pray to God to give you his Holy Spirit to teach you and to lead you in the good way.’

“It was in dis way, Massa William, that ole Massa talked to me. I kin never forgit his words to me that day. An’ it did ’pear like my mind did grow clearer, but still I did not feel my sins forgiven me.

“I went sorrowing all that day with my head hung down. The field-hands had found out what ailed me, an’ they had bin a lafin’ at me ’bout a week. But I didn’t mind all their lafin’ an’ scorn, Massa William. It made no impression on me. I had too big a load, Massa William, on my heart.”

“And how long, Uncle Adam, did you go sorrowing for your sins?” the young man asked, as if unable longer to hear the distresses of the old negro.

“Thanks be to God not much longer, Massa William. I went to de barn-loft agin that night, an’ thar God helped me by His Holy Spirit to feel what ole Massa an’ Aunt Dinah had told me in de mornin’, an’ I began to see that all I could do was nothin’; for Christ had done it all for me. But it was not till next mornin’ that I felt my sins all took away, an’ was made to rejoice in Christ Jesus our Lord.

“As I said, ’twas in de ole field, back of de barn, that I first ’speerenced religion. Oh, Massa William, ’twas a happy day, I tell you.

I remembers it now. Thanks be to God who giveth us de victory over sin, hell, an' de grave. It is a blessed thing to be in Christ Jesus—to feel all your sins washed away in His blood, an' to know that nothin' can separate you from Him. I haven't many more days to live on this earth. I am only waitin' for my MASSA to sen' for me. I'm reddy to go. Thar is but one thing, Massa William, that I want to live for."

The old negro hesitated, and turned his streaming eyes up into the face of his young master.

"And what is that, Uncle Adam?"

"To see you, Massa William, a follower of de blessed Saviour. I pray for this mornin' and night, an' if these ole eyes could see that sight, I would say with him of ole, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.'"

The young man was affected to tears. He remained silent.

"I may not live, Massa William, to see this, but God in his own good time will bring it to pass, I firmly believe. Let Uncle Adam say one word to you—don't be deceived, my young massa; don't be led astray by the notions of these latter times. There is much, Massa William, that goes by de name of religion, that hasn't got no religion in it at all."

The young man felt the truth of the remark.

"What is your belief of faith, Uncle Adam—faith as used in the Bible?"

The old negro paused, as if endeavoring to arrange his words so as to convey his idea.

"I don't 'xactly know that I can tell you, Massa William, so as to make you see it. The onregenerated heart cannot fully understand these things. But I'll do de best I kin to make you see my notion. I believe faith, Bible faith, or as ole Massa Wilson very truly calls it, savin' faith, to be full confidence in Christ as our Saviour, looking for pardon and justification through his blood, knowin' we of ourselves is nothin', and he is all in all, havin' made a full atonement for the sins of his people in his own body on the cross. This is the way I have tried to 'splain myself to my people when I used to preach to them."

"And how do you think we obtain this faith, Uncle Adam? Do we get it of ourselves? Is it man's own work? And has

he the power to do all that is necessary to salvation by believing and obeying?"

"Oh, no, no, Massa William, we cannot git this faith of ourselves. It is God's own free gift. We can do nothin' to merit it. We can't think a good thought of ourselves. How, then, could we change our hearts? No, no, this doctrine is all false, as I tole missis yesterday. We were talkin' about Mr. Anderson's people. I was a askin' her what they believe, an' she tole me as you jist now sed. I tole missis 'twont do—take everybody to perdition—no salvation out of Christ, an' no gittin' into him unless he calls us an' washes us himself in his own blood. We can't do it ourselves, Massa William."

The young man made no reply, but sat for a few moments absorbed in thought. Then saying, as if talking to himself, "Right, right, this is faith," he took up his hat and strode toward the house.

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#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### *The Meeting.*

The Sabbath, so anxiously looked forward to as being an eventful day in the neighborhood of C., came. It was as beautiful a day as ever burst over the earth—a soft autumnal day, when earth, and air, and sky seem filled with that delicious loveliness which makes us forget our pilgrimage, and, lifting a wing with the angels, we rise above the trial, and care, and petty strife of life, to dwell mid glorious visions and feed on food of heaven.

At an early hour the church in C. was filled to overflowing. Unless we ascribe it to undue curiosity, and the love of excitement which fills every human breast more or less, we cannot tell why there should have been a greater turn out on this Sabbath morning than upon any other. Mr. Anderson had stated plainly on the previous Sabbath morning, that "on Sabbath evening next, at three o'clock, they would have a meeting in that place, at which time young Bro. Norton would unite himself with the church." But crowds came in the morning, for fear they *might have been* mistaken with regard to the hour, not willing that so important an event as the uniting of William Norton with the church should pass without their presence.

Mr. Anderson preached with unusual animation. William Norton sat within the church where he could hear every word. His seat was rather a conspicuous one, and as many eyes as could were, from time to time, turned upon him; and when the invitation was given for any one present who desired to make the good confession to come forward and unite with Christ's people, there was a general stare at the young man, which made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Lydia alone remained with bowed head. Her sensitive heart felt almost as much oppressed by the excessive curiosity manifested as if she herself had been the object of the general gaze. William remained unmoved, apparently unconscious of the great interest he had excited.

No one went forward. Mr. Anderson offered a short prayer, and, in conclusion of the exercises, announced the meeting which was to take place in that house at three o'clock that evening.

Evening came. Long before the appointed hour the house was filled. There was no space large enough for a man, woman, or child, but what had a man, woman, or child in it. The aisles had been filled with chairs, each of which was occupied. Even the pulpit steps were crowded so that when Mr. Anderson came it was with difficulty he could get into the desk. William Norton had taken the same seat he occupied in the morning. He had returned home to dinner, and came to the church alone. His face wore a serious, reflective look. He appeared deeply engaged in thought.

There was a general buzz throughout the house when he entered, which continued up to the opening of the exercises. He must have known that he was the subject of the many words passed in a half-whisper from neighbor to neighbor, but he maintained a stoical indifference of exterior. He seemed not to be aware of the presence of any other living soul but himself.

After the usual preliminary exercises, the preacher arose and announced the text (Mark xvi., 16): "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

The preacher proceeded to show that man was in a state of sin and misery, from which he needed to be saved; that Christ had died that this might be effected. He then proceeded to show

how he was to be saved; what it was necessary for him to perform in order to meet the requirements of the text.

“Now, my friends, let us see on what terms pardon is offered in the Gospel. Before entering, however, on this part of the investigation, it may be well to remark that the character of God is a sufficient *warrant* that any offer of pardon made by him will be made *sincerely* and in *good faith*, in language sufficiently plain to be understood by the humblest intellect, so that ‘the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not (necessarily) err’ in the interpretation of it, and on conditions with which the creature can comply, and for obedience to which he can justly be held accountable.

“The term blasphemy would perhaps not be too strong to apply to the insinuation that God could tantalize the sinner by offering him, *insincerely*, a pardon that was not to be obtained, or offering it on conditions that he could neither *understand* nor OBEY.

“The first passage we shall examine is the commission, which lays the foundation of the new institution. Now, what are the conditions on which it offers pardon, as recorded by Mark? ‘He that *believeth*, and *is baptized*, shall be saved.’

“If the Saviour *meant* what he *said* in these words, the matter is *at once* and *forever* put beyond the reach of controversy. He neither meant to be understood as promising he that believes shall be saved, whether he is baptized or not—nor, on the other hand, he that is baptized shall be saved, whether he believes or not. Had he meant either the one or the other he would have said so.

“Let us now see how Peter understood the commission, and on what terms he proclaimed pardon to the rebellious. And it may be well in this place to observe that Peter had the special honor conferred upon him by his Master of being entrusted with the keys of the kingdom of heaven (the Gospel kingdom or the Christian church), that he might open it for the reception of all mankind, as he afterwards did for the admission of the Jews on the day of Pentecost, and subsequently for the admission of the Gentiles in the family of Cornelius.

“From the first chapter of Acts we learn that Jesus, after his resurrection, commanded his apostles to remain at Jerusalem till they should realize the fulfillment of the *promised baptism of the Holy Ghost*, in order to qualify them for the performance of the

apostolic duties. The fulfillment of the promise was to take place *not many days* from that time. The second chapter of Acts opens with an account of the fulfillment of this promise, and thereby shows us what the *Scriptures mean* by the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

“‘And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all, with one accord, in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.’

“‘To the astonished crowd which this marvellous occasion forthwith called together, Peter boldly preached a risen and ascended Jesus, declaring that what they witnessed was at the same time a fulfillment of the promise of the Holy Ghost, and a demonstration that Christ had been exalted to glory and seated on ‘the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens.’

“‘He concludes with these emphatic words: ‘Therefore, let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.’

“‘Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter, and to the rest of the apostles, men and brethren, what shall we do?’

“‘The reply of Peter was most direct and explicit: ‘Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, *for the remission of sins*, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.’

“‘Now, the remarks above, with regard to the interpretation of the commission, will apply with equal force to these words of Peter. And unless a method of interpretation is resorted to that demonstrably makes Christianity worse than Deism, the true Gospel answer to the inquiry of the convicted and believing sinner (what shall I do?) is—‘Repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, *for the remission of sins*.’

“‘Thus does Peter use the keys that had been committed to him by the Saviour. Thus does he open the kingdom, and on these conditions does he admit at one time about three thousand souls,



who gladly received his word, and were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, *for the remission of sins.*

“Were there no other passages in the New Testament that said aught on this subject, these two should be regarded as fully sufficient to put this question forever at rest. I should, therefore, consider it wholly unnecessary to examine any other passage, were it not that I design to show the beautiful harmony between this doctrine and various interesting portions of the New Testament.

“We shall say nothing of John’s baptism, which was undoubtedly ‘the baptism of repentance, for the remission of sins.’ But we see, in harmony with these views, John tells us in the first chapter of the Gospel that Jesus ‘came to his own (the Jews), and his own received him not; but as many as received him, even to those that believed on his name, to them gave he *power* (*exousian*, permission—from *exesti*, it is allowed or lawful) to become the sons of God.’

“Observe, now, *faith* alone did not make them sons; it only entitled them to the privilege of becoming *sons*. Listen to Paul while he tells us how they availed themselves of the privilege (Gal. iii., 26, 27): ‘For ye are all *children of God* by faith in Christ Jesus.’ But how, Paul? By faith *alone*? No; Paul does not say so; but by faith and baptism united. ‘For,’ says he, ‘so many of you as have been baptized in Christ, have put on Christ.’ Here we behold the complete process. Faith in Christ gave them a title to baptism, and both united made them sons, and put them into the possession and enjoyment of all the privileges of sons of God under the new covenant. One of these privileges was the perfect remission of which we have spoken, and another was the gift of the Holy Spirit. See here also the import of another scripture. Paul says in Galatians iv., 6: ‘And *because* ye are sons (observe, now, it is not said, *to make you sons*, but *because ye are sons*), God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba, Father.’

“We hear a great deal in modern times of the Holy Spirit coming into the hearts of sinners to convert them. Neither reason nor Scripture makes any other promise to the *disobedient* than that of ‘indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish.’ There is no temple under the canopy of heaven into which the Holy

Spirit will condescend to enter, except the body of an *obedient* believer. The *disobedient* are of their father, the devil, and his works they do. His spirit alone dwells in them. Even common sense is shocked at the notion of the Spirit of God occupying the same temple with the wicked one.

“John says in his 1st Epistle, v., 1: ‘Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is *born* (*begotten* it should be translated, and the same word is so translated twice immediately after in the same verse—we will then read it so), *begotten* of God.’ Having thus received Christ by believing on his name, having been *begotten* of God by the Word (belief of the Word) as incorruptible seed (1st Pet. i., 23), it is his privilege, as we have already seen, to be born of God—born into the kingdom—in short, to become a son of God by being baptized into Christ. Here, again, we behold a beautiful harmony between John and Jesus. In conversation held by the latter with Nicodemus, he says: ‘Verily I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit (not of water alone, nor of the spirit alone), he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.’

“It is surely unnecessary to pursue this subject farther. We have viewed the matter with reference to man’s organization, and to God’s moral government, and in the light of each we have clearly seen that salvation cannot be obtained except by *the obedience of faith*. We have come to the New Testament, and found the same doctrine abundantly confirmed, viz: that God cannot, and does not, offer the pardon of sin on any terms that do not imply a command in obedience to which pardon is to be received.\*

“But, my friends, let me explain to you what is meant by the term believe, or belief, that I may show to you that every one in this house, who is not a Deist, possesses it, and that you only need to obey in order to meet the requirements of my text.

“I take it for granted that there is not one present, who is a believer in the truth of revelation, who does not desire to be saved—yes, who does not intend to be saved—wants even now to be a Christian. How many of you feel and have said: ‘I would give

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\*NOTE.—For the above views I am indebted to one of the ablest defenders of the “Reformation,” and many will recognize these views of the late Dr. Shannon as being those of most of the proclaimers of the new doctrine.

all this world, were it mine, if I felt sure that I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ! Now, let me prove to all such that you all do believe in him. I ask all such what would you give to believe in Napoleon, or Wellington, or any other celebrated personage of whom you have heard? You answer, 'nothing,' not one farthing. And why? Because you are not interested in these persons. You have no faith in them at all as a Saviour. Now, don't you see that you must have faith in Christ—belief in him—or why your great anxiety on this point? It must be clear to your minds, my friends, that you do believe. Now, what is necessary for you to do? I repeat the words of our Saviour, as found in my text: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' You believe—what now remains? Why, that you obey; that you be baptized. Surely you want no higher authority than the Lord Jesus Christ himself! These are his own words. How many of you are ready to-day? How many of you, my friends, will follow the noble example of one whom you all know and love, who is now ready to come forward and confess the Saviour before this vast assemblage, and to follow him in baptism, believing, obeying? To all such we extend the invitation to come forward and unite with the followers of Jesus, while we sing a hymn.

"Brethren, sing 'I am not ashamed to own my Lord.'"

The song was commenced. All eyes were turned to where William Norton sat. Those on the bench rose to make room for him, and a passage was cleared down the aisle to the pulpit. The preacher descended, and advanced a few steps forward to receive him.

The third verse was finished. Two young ladies had gone forward. William Norton remained in his seat. His countenance was unchanged. He betrayed no emotion, no excitement; but, with his eyes steadily fixed on one point, he sat unmoved. There was a look of wonder throughout the congregation, and anxious expectancy became every minute greater and greater.

The last verse was being sung. William still sat. What was the matter? Was he so absorbed in reflection, that he did not observe that the singing was almost concluded? So Mr. Anderson decided, and making his way up the aisle, he gained the seat where the young man sat. Leaning over him, he whispered something in his ear. The whole house was on tiptoe.

"Come, my brother," said Mr. Anderson, quietly taking his hand. The young man looked up into his face, and shook his head. The preacher stood amazed "Come," he said with more energy.

"I cannot go," the young man answered firmly.

It was in vain, so the preacher felt; and, turning away from William with a look of woful disappointment, he found his way to the pulpit. The people were as much dumbfounded as the preacher. What to make of it they could not tell. All looked aghast. So disconcerted was Mr. Anderson, that he did not notice the two candidates who had presented themselves; and, without making any remarks or appointments, he dismissed the meeting. For a few moments silence reigned throughout the house. Persons did not know what to think or say. William quietly withdrew himself, and rode home.

The old negro's experience and the preacher's sermon had done their work.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

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### CHAP. XXXV.—THE SALISBURY JOURNEY.

"Oh that I could go farther—that I could once more hear him speak!" was the burning exclamation of Mary as she fell upon the bosom of her parent.

They had been speaking of William Dormer's removal West, in order to his trial, together with the young Hewlings' and others.

Mary had expressed a desire to go to see him, but it had been so timidly done, that her father, with all his quick-sightedness and sympathy, had not understood its depth.

The obstacles in the way of such an undertaking were very great. Besides, there was no assurance that the father and daughter would reach Salisbury before a trial had taken place, and probably an execution. This was the father's apprehension, but he did not name it to his poor blind child. Her weight of grief was now overwhelming; and yet she had a faint shadow of hope that after all William might be spared.

Bunyan had not encouraged Mary in her oft-repeated wish. But now that he fully understood how deep was her desire he hesitated no longer. He could not deny his darling this earnest request. He knew that her happiness, yea, her life depended upon it.

"And you shall go, my child, and may God grant his blessing," he said, while he strained the weeping girl to his breast and the tears coursed down his face. "I will go with you, my daughter. We must do what we can, and leave the result with Him who ordereth all things according to his wisdom. And we must lose no time, my child. It will not do to delay."

Necessary preparation was hastily made, and Bunyan and his blind girl set out on their journey.

Long and weary were the miles over which they passed on their journey westward. But the hope of once more meeting William buoyed up Mary under the arduous travel. This gave courage to her heart, and strength to her feeble step, as on and on they went.

On and on they went, 'neath the scorching rays of an August sun. Mary felt no fatigue. The father endeavored all the while to stay the heart of his daughter in the precious promises of the Gospel, thereby to prepare her for whatever awaited in the future. But the state of her mind was such that she could not lay hold on these words of eternal life and love. She could not think; she could only hope and fear alternately. The father believed that there was but little prospect for William's acquittal, and he could not raise expectations which he felt must assuredly fail.

Ah! it was a heavy task for a loving father's heart. But Bunyan recognized that it was God who afflicted, and was still.

They had had a fatiguing day's trip, sometimes riding and then again finding their way on foot, striving by all possible means to hasten onward. They were now nearing Salisbury, to which point they had understood, before leaving Bedford, the prisoners had been taken. Mary was seated beside her father in a small wagon, into which they had been asked by the kindness of a peasant, who, observing the weary condition of the sightless girl, and understanding whither they were bound, offered to take them to their destination.

Bunyan longed to enter into conversation with the peasant. He

wished to ask him the news of the place—whether the prisoners had been taken to Salisbury, and if there had yet been any executions. But he dared not do it, lest, if the intelligence should be adverse, Mary might sink under it, away from any means of assistance. And the poor girl's heart was bursting to ask, but she feared to do so.

They had rode in silence for some distance, each engaged in thought, when suddenly Mary laid her hand on her father, and turning her sealed eyes up to his, exclaimed :

“Father, do you think William is yet alive?”

“I can't say, my child—but I will ask this man. He will be likely to know.” And elevating his voice, he addressed the driver :

“Do you know whether any prisoners have reached Salisbury, from London?”

“Yes, there were five brought down here last week.”

“And are they yet in prison?” asked Bunyan, tremblingly; dreading that the man might answer that they had been executed.

“They are still there, for they haven't yet had their trial. I heard to-day, as I came through the town, that they were all to be taken to Dorchester soon to be tried.”

“They haven't had a trial, then?” remarked Bunyan, in a manner as indifferent as he could assume. His heart was filled with joy to know that William yet lived.

“No, not yet.”

“Thank God! thank God!” Mary exclaimed, involuntarily rising from her seat. Hope sprung up in her bosom. She felt that William could yet live. She would plead for his life, and surely, surely, they could not resist her earnest appeals.

“Look to God in thankfulness,” said her father to her. It is a grant of mercy, my child, that William still lives.” Then, turning to the man, he asked :

“When are the prisoners to be taken to Dorchester for trial—did you say?”

“In a few days more—maybe to-morrow. I den't know certainly, but they told me in Salisbury this morning it would be soon. All the town was in excitement, sir, when these rebels were brought in. The people wanted to hang them without a trial, and it was hard to keep them from it, I tell you.”

The heart of Mary sunk, and her cheek blanched as these horrid words fell on her ear.

"There is but little hope then," she said to herself, while her heart almost ceased its beating at the dreadful thought.

The father made no further remarks, and again the three were silent.

"Take us to the inn, friend, if you please," said Bunyan, in reply to the peasant's inquiry.

The man nodded assent, and soon he landed them before the door of a heavy old building bearing the sign of the "Cross and Dragon."

Mary shuddered, as seated in the large front-room of the inn, she heard the loud voices of the inmates of the tap-room in a discussion with regard to the fate of the prisoners. Some contended they would be hang without any possibility of escape; others declared that they ought to be burnt at the stake; others, that they should be gibbeted, and hung up as malcontents. Various were the opinions expressed as to the manner of their death, but all concurred in the opinion that they deserved death. There was much excitement—each man striving to be loudest and most violent in his denunciations of the rebels.

Bunyan sought the face of his Mary. It was leaden pale and wore a look of horrid fright. For a moment he knew not what to do. To stay there was torture to her. She was too faint to walk in the streets. Where to find security from the angry voices he knew not. At last he resolved he would venture into the room and see if he could, by any means, put an end to the matter. Even his stout heart hesitated to take the step. It was a dangerous one, for infuriated men are always unreasonable, and their indignation was greatly increased by large potations from the ale-jug. He rose, reached the door leading into the tap-room—hesitated. Just then a noise attracted his attention at the farther end of the room. He turned to look. Two female figures, clad in deep mourning, entered. He eyed them closely for a moment. Yes, it must be them—he could not be mistaken. He approached them. The foremost one started back in surprise as he stood before her.

"And is it surely you, brother Bunyan?" she said, in a tone of wonder. "Pray tell us why you are here?"

He thought of his poor, suffering child. He knew her sensitiveness, and forbore a direct answer; but leading them forward, he introduced them to Mary. She looked up, surprised, while a faint hue overspread her pale cheek.

It was all understood. No farther question as to the presence of the two parties was necessary.

"We go to the prison to see my brothers," the younger female said, in a sweet, sad voice. We have not seen William and Benjamin since they were made prisoners."

"And can you gain admittance?" asked Bunyan, eagerly.

"We are not sure, Brother Bunyan," answered the mother. We have not yet made an effort. But we hope the Lord will prosper us. It would be hard for my darling boys to die without my seeing them once more."

"We will go with you, sister Hewling. We want to see our friend, William Dormer. Come my child," he said, taking hold of Mary's hand, "can you walk to the jail?"

"Oh yes, father," she answered. They were the first cheerful words she had spoken since she had heard of her lover's capture.

They asked the way to the prison, and were told it was situated not far distant from the inn.

The four started, and they had no difficulty in finding the object of their search. Since the prisoners had reached Salisbury the old prison had been an object of intense interest to every villager, from the oldest to the youngest.

It was the 30th of August, 1685—now nearly two centuries ago—that this little company of the sorrow-stricken children of God sought, mid the damps and noisomeness of the prison, those who were to bear testimony, even unto death, of their love to Christ Jesus and His glorious Gospel. The sun was descending the western horizon as they passed along the streets of the old town of Salisbury. Their appearance attracted the attention of the villagers, and various were the surmises as to who they were. It was evident they were burdened with some great grief. The deep mourning of two of the females, the pale, sad face of the blind girl, and the bowed head of the father, all betokened this—and prying curiosity dared not so far intrude itself as to ask the cause of their sorrow.



They reached the prison, and made their request known. There was hesitation and consultation. The hearts of the applicants grew faint as they stood waiting for an answer. At length a man dressed in the garb of a prison-officer appeared, holding in his hand a bunch of old keys, and told them they might enter.

With shuddering the females followed the steps of the man along the dark and narrow passage which conducted them to a little yard, around which the prison cells were built.

"You want to see those prisoners that came down from London last week, do you?" said the coarse, rough man, stopping suddenly before a row of narrow cells and turning squarely round upon the visitors.

"Yes," Bunyan replied. "The three young men."

"Were two of them brothers? I believe they are in here—and the other is farther on. Do you wish to see all of them?"

"We want to see the two brothers. This young lady here, in black, and myself," replied Mrs. Hewling.

"Well, you must see them one at a time. Then come in here and see this one, while this old man and girl go to the other cell. But I can't tell what she wants to go for—she can't see when she gets there," and he looked on Mary with his little gray eyes most contemptuously.

The door swung back; the females entered. There on a low couch, by the faint rays of light struggling through the closely-barred window, they beheld the form of the son and brother.

"Benjamin!—William!" the mother exclaimed, falling upon his neck and bursting into a flood of tears.

"My mother!—my sister!" It was the voice of William, her youngest son.

"Oh! William, William, my dear, dear brother!" And the sister, too, fell weeping on the neck of the prisoner.

"Weep not, my dear mother; and you, my dear Hannah, dry your tears. I suffer for God, and He hath most abundantly rewarded me in the bestowment of His grace and comfort to my soul. I can glory in my afflictions, for Christ dost manifest Himself to me in a most precious manner."

"And your poor brother, Benjamin! William, how is he?"

"Weak in body, mother, for we suffered much while we were in

Newgate, and on our way here, being loaded with heavy irons; but, thank God, he is happy in mind—entirely resigned to His will, saying: ‘Life or death—anything which pleaseth God—what He sees best, so be it.’”

“When did you see him last, my son?”

“Only a short time ago, mother, in the court-yard. We are allowed a half hour, morning and evening, for exercise, and then we talk over these glorious prospects to each other, and try to strengthen one another in the most holy faith.”

“Blessed be God, for this great mercy,” exclaimed the mother and sister, growing composed under the calm words of the prisoner.

“And is there any hope for you, my boy?”

“But little in this life, mother. I do not believe we shall be pardoned. But there is all hope of the life to come; for there joy and eternal blessedness await us at the right hand of God.”

They remained a few moments longer in conversation, when the turnkey appeared and told them they must now see the other young man, if they wished to, for it was late, and they could not stay much longer.

Bidding William an affectionate farewell, with the hope of seeing him again on the morrow, they followed the turnkey to the older brother’s cell.

They found him as William had said—calm, yea rather joyous that he was counted worthy to suffer.

While we leave the mother and sister with the prisoner, let us follow Mary and her father to the cell of William Dormer.

Clingingly Mary held on to her father as they proceeded along a narrow alley to the cell of the lover. They reached it. The man applied the key, and the ponderous bolt flew back.”

“A man and lassie from London wish to see you, prisoner,” said the man, gruffly.

Bunyan entered and accosted William. He immediately recognized the voice, and returned the salutation. Then, springing forward, “Mary!” he exclaimed, and caught her to his bosom.

For a minute all was silent, save the weeping of the lovers as they stood folded in each other’s arms.

The man locked the door and left them to themselves.

As soon as the first passion of grief was over, Bunyan tried to calm the prisoner and Mary by engaging them in conversation. He did not allude to the probable result of a trial. He knew that the bleeding heart of his Mary could not now bear it. He inquired into William’s physical and spiritual condition, and gave to him the encouragements of the Word of God, which had been to him such a solace when imprisonment enwrapped him in its gloom, and death with all its horrors stared him in the face.

Mary sat beside William—his arm encircled her waist—her hand rested in his, and her sweet, sad face, now so pale and worn with

grief, was turned, with a look of deepest love and sympathy, up to his. He gazed upon it—now so changed by sorrow—and the tears gathered in his eyes and coursed down his manly cheek. He pressed her to him and kissed her again and again.

"Mary, my dear Mary," he said, "the hand of God is heavy upon us. But whom he loveth, he chasteneth, Mary. We must not forget that God is good, though he deals so mysteriously with us."

"That is the true view of the case, William," responded the father. "God's ways are hid in the infinite depths of his wisdom and we cannot find him out by searching. Our business is to know that he is God and be still."

Mary could not speak, she could only weep. She did not see how it could be best that William should die. Her heart rebelled against the thought. Oh, horrid idea, how could she ever submit! "My grace is sufficient" was not her stay 'mid her agony. Ah, it was a sore temptation.

William asked for Mrs. Gaunt. Bunyan had to break to him the sad story. He wept like a child as he heard of the sufferings of one whom he loved as a mother.

"These are times of sore visitation, Bro. Bunyan, he said. I don't know what to think. It seems as if the hand of God is turned against his people. Surely Mrs. Gaunt is a good woman, and deserves to be rewarded here if ever a woman did."

"Say not, William, that the hand of God is against his children," replied the man of God. "We must know that 'all things,' whatever they may be, whether tribulation, or persecution, or death, work together for the good of his people. In eternity we shall know it all. Now we must trust and pray that he will keep us pure and unspotted from the world, and make us willing to bear all things for his name."

The three knelt, and Bunyan led in prayer. From the depths of his tried soul he poured out a petition before the throne of the Great Mediator for grace, and support, and submission to the divine will. Then with words of encouragement and comfort he spoke to William and Mary, and entreated them to prepare for the worst.

Mary's whole frame shook with dreadful fear as the thought of death, clothed in all its frightful terror, came up before her. Her father saw it would not do to pursue the subject farther.

There was a pause. Mary raised her thin, pale hand, and passed it gently over William's face, scrutinizing with intensest accuracy every feature.

"Changed, changed," she murmured to herself, as if unconscious of what she did.

"Yes, Mary, changed in appearance but not in heart."

She turned her face to his. It was beaming with love. He strained her to his bosom and again kissed her. He never forgot

that look. Sleeping or waking, that sad face with its love look was ever before him. "Oh, could he but live for her," was the unheard ejaculation of his heart. "Yet not my will, Father, but thine."

A step was heard. They knew its meaning. Bunyan rose, and commending William to God bade him farewell, promising to return the next day.

Mary threw herself weeping upon his neck. He pressed her to him and kissed her again and again. He could not speak. The turnkey opened the cell door and asked the visitors to depart. Mary uttered a wild shriek as she tore herself from William. Her father caught her in his arms and bore her from the cell.

"Only once more, father, let me hear his voice and feel his breath upon my cheek."

The father turned to the jailor. Great tears were in his eyes. He asked not for permission to return, but led his daughter back through the door into the cell.

Mary passed her hand once more over William's face and leaned on his bosom, then taking his hands in hers she held them close and long.

Unobserved she drew from her bosom a small pair of scissors, and passing her hand to his head she quickly severed a lock of chestnut hair. It was the work of but a moment.

"It is all I shall have left, William," she said. Then bidding him farewell, she turned to her father, who bore her from the prison.

They never met more on earth. Once again Mary heard his voice. It was in reply to the questions of the judge.

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#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE TRIAL.

Would that we could throw a veil over the dark page of history which now follows. Would that the rage of the persecutors could have been satisfied with the punishment already inflicted. But they were insatiable, and nothing but death could satisfy them.

The prisoners were removed in a few days from Salisbury to Dorchester, there to be tried. Ah, what mockery to call such a farce a trial. The case had been heard, the jury instructed, verdict rendered, and sentence of death passed, before the prisoners were arraigned at the bar. What hope, then, for life?

Repeated efforts were made by the friends of William Dormer to gain access to him during his stay at Dorchester, both before and after the trial, but all in vain. The hard hearts of those who had authority would not relent. They gloated on the misery they were inflicting on others.

The 8th of September came. It was the day of trial for William Hewling and William Dormer and others, Benjamin Hewling having been sent to Taunton for trial.

At an early hour the room was filled. There sat the judges with iron brows and adamantine hearts. The hour of trial came. The prisoners, in their prison-garb, with pale face and emaciated frames, bearing on their hands and ankles the marks of the heavy irons with which they had been bound, were marched in under guard and seated on the prisoner's bench. Their calm, collected mien, their pleasant, yea joyous countenances, their wasted bodies, all conspired to enlist for them the sympathies of the lookers-on.

To all questions addressed to them they answered with cheerful voice, in no way endeavoring to extenuate their conduct. Every effort was made to induce them to express regret for their past course. But they would not. Politely and respectfully they replied that they had done what they believed to be right in the sight of God. They had fought for the interest of England, thereby endeavoring to secure to her religious freedom and liberty of conscience.

When asked if they would repeat their crime if opportunity offered they answered they could not fail at all times to discharge what they conscientiously believed to be their duty, and were they placed at liberty they would never hesitate, God being their helper, to go forward in the discharge of what they believed to be right.

This reply so exasperated the mob that many of them cried out, "away with them! away with them to the block! they deserve to die."

But none of these things daunted them. They counted not their lives dear. They were willing to make any sacrifice for Jesus, the great captain of their salvation.

Just after the trial had commenced, and while the prisoners were being asked general questions, a commotion was observed near the entrance door. Soon an elderly man was observed, supporting on his arm the frail form of a lovely girl, followed by two female figures clad in deepest mourning. Making their way through the crowd, they proceeded up the aisle or open way, until they stood just behind the prisoner's bench.

They were Bunyan and his daughter Mary, and the mother and the sister of the Hewlings. One by one the prisoners were tried personally. They all bore the same witness.

Finally it came William Dormer's turn. He stood up when commanded, and looked the judge in the face unblushingly. His replies, like the others, were characterized by calmness and adherence to his cause. He knew not as yet that she whom he loved listened to his every word.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say in extenuation of your crime against our most gracious king and the good of this realm?" asked the king's attorney, a short, thick set man, with piercing eye and countenance fierce with hate.

"I have nothing," answered William Dormer unmoved, his eye fixed steadily on his cruel interrogator.

"And won't you say you are sorry for what you have done?" The attorney's voice rose with his anger until he could be heard all over the house.

"I cannot say I am sorry. That would be to lie before God and these people."

"What, you don't mean to say, you rebel you, that you acted right and would do the same thing over?"

"This is my belief," and William stood erect with steadfast gaze. Not a muscle of his face moved. He stood in conscious integrity and neither the frowns of the judge nor the hisses of the people could intimidate him.

"Well, then, you must meet your fate," retorted the infuriated attorney, delighted that it was in his power to be revenged.

A short, stifled moan burst from the blind girl. The father urged her to leave but she could not. With that strange fascination of dread which often seizes the human heart, she remained riveted to the spot.

"Take your seat." The next prisoner came forward. It was William Hewling, the last of the number tried that day. The prisoner obeyed. The same round of questions was put to him, and the same answers received as before. No menaces, no fear of death, could cause to hesitate for a moment these brave soldiers of the cross of Christ. They knew the Captain of their salvation, and they entrusted all into his hands, feeling assured that he would bring them off conquerors and make them triumphant over all their foes.

Low, subdued weeping was heard in that part of the room where the friends of the prisoner sat. The jury retired after having received instructions from the judge.

After a few moments consultation they returned with a verdict of "*Guilty.*" The judge commanded the prisoners to stand up before him. He then, in a manner of solemn mockery, pronounced the sentence of condemnation upon each of the young men before him.

A loud shriek was heard as he called the name of William Dormer. Mary had fainted and fallen from her seat. Her father, with the assistance of another, took her up and bore her from the court-room.

William had heard the voice and recognized it. He turned; all that met his eye was the lifeless form of Mary borne through the crowd. A deep groan burst from his heart.

Deep and solemn was the feeling throughout that large assemblage as the prisoners, so youthful yet so firm for the right, were conducted from the stand to the prison. Groans were heard throughout the house, and many a tear of pity flowed from eyes unused to weep.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE EXECUTION.

Poor Mary. All hope was now gone forever, and her heart bowed beneath its weight of anguish never again to rise. Her sensitive nature had received a shock from which it could never recover. Her father saw it and was sad. Surely the chastening hand of God was ever upon him. From the depths of his distress he cried out in the bitterness of his spirit, "How long, O Lord, how long?" He had suffered greatly from want, from imprisonment, from persecution, from calumny, and yet all these seemed light afflictions compared with the great sorrow which he saw was ready to burst over him. He prayed as he had so often done before, "Father, thy will, not mine, only let me have thy grace and presence near."

Mary was borne from the court-room to the inn, where she received all attention from her father and the kind landlady, Mrs. Summers. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, her father proposed to her to leave for Bedford. But she would not consent.

"O father, dear father, let me stay," she plead in her sweet, earnest voice. "Oh let me stay until all is over. It may be I can get to see him once more, and if I could I would die in peace. Father, let me stay."

The tender heart of the father could not deny her request. He knew the hard-heartedness of those who held William in confinement would forever bar the prison-doors against them, but he would not undeceive his daughter.

"It will be but a few days until all is over, but if it will be any gratification to you, my child, we will stay."

"Do, father, do," was all the prostrate girl could say.

The father watched over his frail child with all the anxious solicitude of his great and loving heart, assisted by Hannah Hewling, whose tenderness to Mary on this occasion was never forgotten by Bunyan. Mrs. Hewling left Dorchester to return to London the morning after the trial, hoping to effect something with the king in behalf of her condemned son. The sister remained behind to solace and comfort him.

On the second day after the trial, and three days before the execution, Mary was strong enough to leave her room. She insisted on being carried to the prison where William was. Her father assured her it was useless to make application for admittance, as he had been twice refused on the previous day. But she urged her suit with such earnestness, that, to gratify her, he consented. Trembling from feebleness she stepped into the carriage which stood in waiting for them at the door. When they reached the prison-gate they were encountered by a fierce, savage looking man, who told them they could not be admitted.

"Just this once, sir, this once," plead Mary.

"No, I tell you you cannot get in. I have my instructions and

I dare not disobey. 'Tis no use for you to stand there asking me. I would lose my head if I disobeyed orders."

"Oh let us see some officer—some one who has authority to let us in," said Mary, in the agony of her soul.

"It's no use, I tell you, it's no use. The laws are strict, and can't be disobeyed. You can't get in."

Bunyan knew not what to say. He saw the futility of making farther effort, yet how could he tell his daughter their was no hope?

"Oh! can't we get in?" said the poor, blind girl, in a tone of despair.

"No! I tell you, no!" And the man turned round and walked away.

Mary fell into the arms of her father as one suddenly deprived of life. He bore her to the inn.

Two days after this event, William Dormer, William Hewling, and two others, were removed from Dorchester to Lyme for execution.

The 13th of September, 1685 came—that day so long remembered in the west of England as being the day on which "the young Monmouth rebels" met their sad fate with so much courage and brave resignation.

The sun rose bright and beautiful. It mourned not over the sad scene. Nature was calm and peaceful. The serene, smiling heavens, and the beautiful, quiet earth gave no intimation of sympathy with the sad and sorrowing hearts of her children.

At an early hour the gibbet was erected. Throngs assembled from every part of the street to witness the dreadful scene. Oh! it was a horrid picture thus to see men, women, and children, gathered together to gaze on a spectacle so revolting.

The prisoners, nicely shaven and attired in clean garbs, emerged from the prison gate-way under the escort of a guard of armed soldiers.

Their youthful appearance—their calm, yet courageous bearing—their expression of joyous resignation, which often, as they walked along, expressed itself in sweet smiles as they looked upon the thronging crowd, all conspired to excite for them the deepest admiration.

Lamentations and cries of sorrow burst from the multitude as they moved onward towards the fatal spot. But none of these things moved those youthful witnesses for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Their minds were fixed on heaven and heavenly things. By the eye of faith they were gazing on the unseen glories of that blessed state of rest, on which they were so soon to enter. Christ was with them. He, the Elder Brother, who had gone before to prepare for each a mansion, had now sent for them that where He was they might be also.

They reached the scaffold. The hangman stood ready to do his dreadful work. The first who suffered was William Dormer. When he reached the platform he stood for a few minutes to address the multitude, who hung eagerly on his words. He assured them of his willingness to die—of his firm belief that he died for the cause



of religious liberty, and the best weal of his unhappy country. He declared his strict adhesion to his principles, and his firm faith in the promises of God, exhorting his fellow sufferers not to waver or falter, for God would stand by them to give them strength and full support in this their fiery trial. He then besought the multitude to look to the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. His countenance was radiant with the truths he taught. It was evident that he had no fear. The crowd wept audibly.

Kneeling, he spent a few moments in prayer, in which he commended his spirit to God, earnestly supplicating that he would stand by those who this day were to witness for Him with their blood, and to bless those, who, like the maddened Jews, knew not what they did.

The cap was adjusted. The rope placed. A moment more, and William Dormer was in eternity.

William Hewling was next to suffer. He had seen but nineteen years. His exceedingly youthful appearance and bold, courageous faith, awoke for him a lively interest. Many wished he could be spared so awful a fate. But he answered them that he would not exchange situations with any one in this world. "I would not stay behind for ten thousand worlds!"

Like William Dormer, he knelt and prayed for his enemies, and for the presence of God to support him and his friends. Then, rising from his knees, he exclaimed: "Oh! now my joy and comfort is that I have a Christ to go to!" And with a sweet smile on his countenance, he willingly submitted to his fate.

The three remaining prisoners were soon dispatched. The work of death was over. The crowd dispersed. A record of this day's proceedings was made on high.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF MISSOURI.—This body met with the church at Huntsville, Mo., the 23d July. The introductory sermon was preached by A. S. Dulin, which we had the privilege to hear. It was an able, stirring discourse. R. E. M. McDonnel chosen Moderator, and Elder W. M. Bell, Clerk. The attendance of messengers and members was large. There was raised, in cash and pledges, during the association, \$859.

There is a spirit of liberality among the Baptists of Missouri highly creditable to so young a State. The Lexington church, alone, has contributed, during the past year, some \$10,000 to benevolent objects, besides building a large new meeting house. The Baptists throughout the State, during the past associational year, contributed \$10,000 for ministerial education, \$2,000 to the General Association, about \$5,000 in home missionary work in the district associations, and some \$8,000 towards completing the endowment of William

Jewell College, together with contributions to Foreign, Indian Mission and other societies. In all, Missouri Baptists have contributed not less than \$40,000 to benevolent objects during the past year, besides building new meeting houses in almost all her new towns. The following report is worth reading:

**BOARD MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.**—Dear Brethren: At our last annual session you created the Board of Ministerial Education, imposing on it the duty of fostering, in all suitable ways, the education at William Jewell College of such candidates for the Baptist Ministry as need and are worthy to receive pecuniary aid. At the first meeting of the Board, held June 30th, 1858, it was resolved to make an effort to raise a permanent fund of not less than ten thousand dollars, of which only the annually accruing interest should ever be used. It was supposed by the Board that the interest which would accrue from such an investment would place the cause of Ministerial education in the State on a stable footing; and, when added to contributions which the churches might make from year to year, would meet all the wants of our rising ministry. In raising the fund proposed, the Board was fortunate in securing the services of Elder William M. Bell, of Miami, as their agent. The success with which he prosecuted his agency will appear from the following extract, taken from a report of his labors made by him to the Board. The following is the sum of his labors:

"I have traveled some seventeen hundred miles; visited and labored to some extent in fourteen counties; secured notes to the amount of ten thousand dollars, collected in cash three hundred and ninety-five dollars and twenty cents, and preached as often as an opportunity offered upon the subject of Christian benevolence; trying, as far as I could, to arouse the brethren to its importance, and especially in its application to the cause of ministerial education.

The above extract presents results which, we doubt not, will be no less surprising than gratifying to the members of the General Association. The ten thousand dollars raised as a permanent fund, were secured in notes of not less than fifty dollars each, to be paid in five equal installments on the 1st of July of each succeeding year, the installments bearing ten per cent. interest from date until paid.

J. W. WARDER, Cor. Sec'y.

The report on Colleges is not less encouraging:

Your committee are unable to give a full exhibit of all our educational interests in the State, but are happy to say that, so far as heard from, they are in a prosperous condition. The female colleges at Lexington, Columbia, Louisiana, Liberty and Miami are under the administration of brethren who have proved themselves eminently qualified for the exalted positions they occupy. The male and female schools at Palmyra, Chillicothe, Lagrange, Shelbyville, Richland, Pleasant Ridge and Trenton are also in successful operation. The Mount Pleasant male and female college at Huntsville is under the able presidency of Brother Rothwell, who is in every respect adapted to the position, difficult and responsible as it is. During the past session two hundred and thirty students were in attendance, among whom are three licentiates.

Your committee beg leave to call your attention to our State institution, located in Liberty, which bears the name of one whose memory is dear to thousands—William Jewell College. This institution has been in successful operation for the past two years, and has steadily advanced. There is, perhaps, no institution in the West where young men are furnished with greater facilities. It holds out special inducements to young preachers. The building is spacious and magnificent. It is now finished, and furnished with every appliance necessary to accomplish its high mission. It is very important that all the young men in our State who have the ministry in view, should spend at least two sessions there, so that on entering upon their great work, they may all speak the same things, and thereby tend to harmonize the churches in doctrine, discipline, and practice. Let us be united in our educational interests, rally around all our schools, and make them "FEEDERS" to this noble

institution. Our ministers and churches throughout the State will, we trust, labor for its interests, look out pious young men, and send them thither to be educated.

*Correspondents.*—Reader, did you ever face an army of three hundred letters, of all colors, shapes, and sizes, bristling up before you and demanding a legible and intelligible answer to each? *Did you ever?*

Just such an array, with the categorical imperative, met us on our return from a six weeks' absence. Well, give us time, and all will be read—*perhaps* all answered.

*A New Work on Campbellism.*—We have read the manuscript of A. P. Williams' Review of Moses Lord, or at least sufficient of it to be able to decide (for ourselves at least) that it is more convincing and powerful than anything that has been written during this thirty years' controversy. It is written in a calm, dignified style. It is free from personalities and *smart invectives*. The unmanly abuse with which the proclaimers of the Reformation meet every unanswerable argument is abandoned to those who have learned to use them. The whole work is built up squarely on the teaching of God's Book, recommending itself to every man's conscience in the fear of God. We cannot speak at large on this work at present, but would urgently call for its publication—and we predict for it a higher place in controversial literature than any work that has appeared for years.

*Remittances.*—This is a season of the year when remittances usually fall off. Will those behind with the *Repository* remember this? If they knew fully what it takes to keep up a periodical, and how much every little helps, they would at once *take this gentle hint*.

*Mississippi.*—We have received about three hundred new subscribers from Mississippi this year. Brother Keeney forwarded 47, Bro. McCloud about 20. To all the brethren we return our thanks.

Brother Biddle, of Charleston, Mo., sends, Sept. 12, five new cash subscribers. We have received about 200 from Missouri in the last four months. Thanks to Brethren Warder, of Lexington; Thompson, of Liberty; Dulin, of Kansas City; Ferguson, of Georgetown; German, of Sibly, and many other brethren of Missouri.

*President D. R. Campbell* has returned from Scotland in fine health and spirits. Georgetown College opens with the most flattering prospects.

*Tendency to Episcopacy.*—Our article in a former number under the above caption, has given some offence. We have only to say that we reiterate every word in it, and are impressed with its truthfulness. But we had no reference to our Southern Boards, although we have never sold ourselves to them either, and think that they, too, are composed of *mere men*. The reference was to organizations which hold their anniversaries year after year in the same cities, under metropolitan influence, and which dare not risk the election of a Secretary or President out of the immediate circle of their influence. This cannot be applied to our *Mission Boards*. We specified in our article, *Northern Societies*.

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXLV.—NOVEMBER, 1859.

## THE WATER WALL.—No. II.

Whatever deep yearning of heart is felt throughout “the sacramental host of God’s elect,” for UNION and COMMUNION, and however earnest the prayers of millions for such blessed consummation, it is a stern, palmary fact, that the Baptismal question stretches like a wall of “thick-ribbed ice” across the path leading to such happy issues.

The full evidence of this appeared in a former article—the concurrent testimonials of Christendom establish the fact, and advocate the principle, that baptism is an essential pre-requisite to church membership, and that communion cannot be administered to any but church members.

These are the acknowledged laws of Christ’s kingdom, recognized and insisted on by all *church* parties. There never has been a creed or confession of faith, and there never has been a sect claiming to be a church, which acknowledged or admitted the right of unbaptized persons to church membership or communion. There is not in existence a symbol or confession of faith, ancient or modern, which promulgates the dogma, that there can be church membership without baptism, or church communion without membership. “Among all the absurdities” (says Dr. Wall) “that were ever held, none ever maintained that any person should partake of the communion before he was baptized;” because none were members of the church who had not submitted to baptism.

We therefore repeat, that according to the acknowledged teachings of God’s Book, the laws of Christ’s kingdom, and according to the canons, and creeds, and teachers of all parties, there *can be no union or communion between the baptized and unbaptized*; and, further, that any attempt to consummate such a mixture, is *unauthorized, is unlawful, and is, therefore, sinful.*

And now, is not all this admitted? Has anything in the foregoing propositions or deductions been assumed or asserted, unsustained? Is there any doctor, or scribe, or defender of any party or organization, claiming to be a church, who will challenge or dispute the principles and facts we have announced? We think there is none.

We are, therefore, forced to acknowledge that there can be no lawful or possible union or communion, except among the baptized. Or, as corollaries of the previous propositions—

1st. NO BAPTISM, NO CHURCH OR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

2d. NO CHURCH OR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP, NO COMMUNION.

3d. NO PERSON CAN BE RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH, OR INVITED TO THE TABLE, UNBAPTIZED.

4th. NO CHURCH UNION OR COMMUNION CAN EXIST BUT AMONG THE BAPTIZED CHILDREN OF GOD.

It would be gratuitous to elaborate these propositions. We think few, if any, will be found to controvert them. To deny them would involve the assertion and maintenance of their opposites. That is, there can be an organized church without baptism; or, a person not baptized at all, may nevertheless be a member of an organized church; or, a person who has never been baptized, and never has been a member of an organized church, may nevertheless participate in a church ordinance at the communion; or, that the baptized—the members of organized churches of Christ—will, contrary to the acknowledged laws of Christ's kingdom, hold church union and communion with those who are unbaptized and out of the church. But these absurdities who will assert? To state them is to explode them. But the converse of these absurdities is embodied in the propositions we have laid down, and is true and unquestioned.

But as an example is usually more impressive than a precept, and an illustration is more convincing than an argument, we present the following cases:

The First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, being about to observe the quarterly communion, a meeting for prayer and self-examination was held in the vestry the Friday evening preceding. The pastor lamented the sectarian divisions which prevented the whole family of Christ from uniting together at the sacred table

of the Lord. After the services, he invited any who wished to unite with the church, or place themselves under its watch and care during a temporary stay in the city, to meet the session after the congregation was dismissed.

Accordingly a gentleman of unquestionable sincerity presented himself before the session, and requested the privilege of communing with the church the following Sabbath, stating that, from his peculiar views of Christian doctrine, he feared he was not embraced in their usual invitation. He stated that he was the son of a Shaking Quaker—that he did not receive the teaching of that people—that he was not a member of our communion, but wished to participate with them at the approaching Sabbath services. The pastor answered him that it was not usual for them to admit persons belonging to no church to their communion, and asked him if he could not unite with them and join their church. He answered in the affirmative. He was then questioned as to his conversion. His answers were affecting and satisfactory. His views of the Divinity of Christ, the atonement, and the operation of the Spirit, were unexceptionable. At last it occurred to the pastor that, as a son of a Quaker, he had never been baptized. The question was put to him, and answered in the negative. "Of course," he was asked, "you are willing to submit to that ordinance?" "No," was his reply, or rather, "I do not believe Water Baptism is an ordinance. I have been baptized by the Holy Spirit, and there is but '*one baptism.*'"

He was informed that this was a term of admission into their church, without compliance with which it was impossible to receive him. The applicant then asked permission to commune with them the next Sabbath. The request was denied on the ground that they could not admit to the communion those whom they could not admit into the church. That the former was for the members of the latter; or, in other words, none but members of a church could commune, and no unbaptized persons, whatever were their qualifications, were members of a church.

Now the reasoning of this man was: "You have lamented sectarian divisions, which keep Christ's children from meeting at his table. You acknowledge me as one of his children, yet you debar me from his table. You make baptism a Wall of Water roun

your church and round his table, and tell me to stand off, as an heathen man and a publican."

Now, every reflecting man can decide with the Bible in his hand, and the univoice expression of the churches of all ages ringing in his ears: Was this man's request reasonable, or his reasoning legitimate? Was the First Presbyterian Church *right* or *wrong* in refusing him admittance to the table or into the church? Was her refusal an evidence of her bigotry and narrow-minded sectarianism? Is there a Presbyterian church in Christendom that would have done otherwise? Is there an organization claiming to be a Gospel Church, on the broad face of the globe, that would have admitted that man into its "household" unbaptized? We challenge an authorized instance anywhere.

Well, are all these Presbyterian sessions and presbyteries and synods bigoted, narrow-minded, and selfishly sectarian?—and are they so because they exclude unbaptized persons from their communion? Are Baptists the only people who, when they pursue exactly the same course, and proceed on exactly the same principle, are to be assailed and insulted with these opprobrious epithets? Or are the Baptists required to trample the laws of Christ beneath their feet, and remain deaf to the voice of the church, of all ages, to please these pseudo-baptist brethren? Surely "*the legs of the lame are not equal.*"

But let us apply the common argument, or rather supplement, to the case above mentioned:

It is the Lord's Table, therefore let this man "*examine himself*, and so let him eat," whether he is baptized or not. And it is the Lord's Church, therefore let this man "*examine himself*, and so let him enter," whether baptized or not. We have the same right to apply it in the one case as the other. If its absurdity is apparent when applied to church membership, it is equally so, if reflected on, when applied to church privileges, when applied to the communion.

But let us look at the above cited instance in another point of view: Here was a man whose experience was satisfactory—whose doctrinal views were correct—whose principles and practice were approved in all things except this ceremony of Baptism. Yet this, according to the creeds of all churches, debarred him from church membership and communion. Was not this making bap-

tism a saving ordinance? *It certainly was, IF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP OR COMMUNION IS ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION.* But neither the Presbyterians, nor Methodists, nor Baptists, believe church membership essential to salvation, and consequently refusing it, or communion to the unbaptized, *in no way unchristianizes them—passes no judgment whatever, on the conversion or non-conversion of the person refused.* The intimation, or charge, that refusing to commune with unbaptized persons is a declaration that they are unconverted, or unsaved, falls equally on every Christian organization calling itself a church. But such a charge can come only from the uninformed or the willful. *It is as false as it is absurd.* But we will furnish another instance :

Three individuals at a Baptist church meeting, on Saturday, previous to the communion season, united with the church. It was not practical to baptize them before the Sabbath meeting. The bread and wine were distributed, but those persons were passed by the officers as not entitled to participate in the ordinance. The reason was simply they had not been baptized. These men had satisfied the church as to the soundness of their conversion and their doctrinal views. The church looked on them as the “children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.” The church was willing to embrace them in her arms, and admit them to her privileges. But, a *Wall of Water* stood between the church and these applicants. While outside that sacred boundary there could be no *church* fellowship or communion. Was this bigotry, selfishness, sanctimonious pride, narrow-minded sectarianism? Or was it a consistent adherence to the Laws of Christ? Now, has not the proposition been demonstrated that—

THERE CAN BE NO CHURCH UNION OR COMMUNION BETWEEN THE BAPTIZED AND THE UNBAPTIZED. There never has been any. There never can be any while the *church-state* exists. The wall has been built by Christ. It is recognized by all. It cannot be overthrown.

But there is a question behind all this : Suppose the person applying for membership *firmly believes he has been baptized*—what then? Shall the Church still refuse him because she *firmly believes he has not*? If the man is conscientious that a certain ceremony is baptism, and the Church is conscientious that such ceremony is not baptism, whose conscience is to bend, the conscience of the whole church, or the conscience of the individual candidate?



Now, it must be evident that the only authority the church has to guide it, is the Law of Christ. If guided by that law, she sees no baptism—whatever else the applicant has, she does not admit him to church membership or privileges. Let the church be convinced that this man has not been baptized, has not complied with *the terms* of church fellowship, and yet his *conscientiousness* or *sincerity* decides them on admitting him into the church—places his sincerity not only above their own, but above the Law of Christ *paramount supreme*. The proposition is as evident as those already admitted, that—

*He who gives up what he knows to be right to what he knows to be wrong, because of the sincerity of those in the wrong, is recreant to truth, and unworthy of enrollment among his friends.*

This statement none dare dispute. No man can wink at, close his eyes to, or aid in what he is firmly convinced is unlawful and contrary to the teachings of his Master because of the apparent or real sincerity of any one or every one.

Now, though the man presenting himself for church union or communion to the Presbyterian church sincerely believed that he was truly baptized in the change of heart which he experienced, and that he ought not to be baptized in any other way, and though the persons presenting themselves to the Baptist church sincerely believed that they were truly baptized when water was poured upon them in the name of the Trinity, and that they ought not to be baptized in any other way, yet the Presbyterians could not acknowledge the first case, nor the Baptists acknowledge the second, to be baptism because of such sincerity in the applicants. *The Presbyterians would not—the Baptists will not*. They stand on the same platform, in regard to this matter, as they do in regard to the necessity of baptism in order to church membership and communion. If there is bigotry or narrow-minded sectarianism in the rejection, by Baptists, from the church and the communion table, of all whom they believe are unbaptized, the same bigotry and avowed sectarianism can be found in every other denomination in Christendom.

Baptism has been placed, by Christ himself, at the entrance of the church. No church dare admit to its privileges those whom they believe have not obeyed that ordinance.

We close this article with a vast amount of propositions which we believe we have demonstrated, and which will be generally admitted.

1st. NO BAPTISM, NO CHURCH OR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

2d. NO CHURCH OR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP, NO COMMUNION.

3d. NO PERSON CAN BE RECEIVED INTO A CHURCH, OR INVITED TO THE COMMUNION TABLE, UNBAPTIZED.

4th. NO CHURCH UNION, OR COMMUNION, EXCEPT AMONG THE BAPTIZED CHILDREN OF GOD.

5th. NO CHURCH CAN ADMIT THAT TO BE BAPTISM WHICH SHE BELIEVES IS NOT BAPTISM.

6th. NO CHURCH CAN ADMIT TO HER MEMBERSHIP, OR ALLOW TO THE COMMUNION TABLE, THOSE WHOM SHE BELIEVES ARE OUT OF THE CHURCH OR UNBAPTIZED.

S. H. F.

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## THE TWELVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY PROPHETICAL DAYS.

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“The expiration of the reign of Antichrist,” said Gill, “will fall in the year 1866, so that he may have upwards of one hundred and twenty years yet to continue.”

Such was the language of one of the most learned, pious, and modest interpreters of the Bible a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Long before his time this same conclusion was arrived at. It has been the common ground of agreement and expectancy of almost all who have written on the prophecies since.

To point out the path which leads to such conclusion, is the object of this article.

There are two questions which will be asked, and which must be satisfactorily answered, before an independent mind will rely, with anything like implicit confidence, on the results which students of prophecy have given us.

1st. Where is the evidence that those days stood for years?

2d. When did they commence running?

Concerning the first question there is more of doubt in the general mind than writers on prophecy suppose. Unacquainted with this doubt, writers on prophecy have failed to make plain the ap-

parent assumption that a prophetic day stands for a year. The consequence is, that the foundation on which writers and lecturers rely, is regarded, by readers and hearers, as an unsupported assumption, and the elaborate scheme of prophecy is classed with the absurd effusions of fanatics.

But a few scriptural facts will, at least, suffice to convince the young, or doubting, of the correctness of such interpretation.

1st. We find in Numbers 14: 34, that God said of the spies, who had been sent out by Moses to search the promised land, "*After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year. Shall ye bear your iniquities even forty years.*" And so it was fulfilled. Forty years they wandered in the wilderness—EACH day for a year.

2d. In Ezekiel, the prophet was commanded to lie on his left side three hundred and ninety days to prefigure the time which Israel should bear the iniquity, &c., till the subversion of the Assyrian Empire. The language is: "For I have laid upon thee the years of their iniquity, according to the number of the days, three hundred and ninety days: so shalt thou bear the iniquity of the house of Israel. \* \* \* \* I have appointed thee *each day for a year.*"—Ezek. 4: 56.

The fulfillment of this prediction, as also the forty days for Judah, were in exact accordance with the rule, *one day for a year.* From the subversion of the kingdom by Nebuzaradon, B. C. 584, to the idolatry instituted by Jeroboam, 974 B. C., were three hundred and ninety years.

This has been shown to be the usual mode of speaking of distant future events, prophetic or otherwise, both among the Jews and other Asiatics. "Did one say to another, *In three weeks will be the jubilee,* he would be understood as saying the feast was twenty-one years distant."

3d. But the most conclusive proof that days, in prophetic style, mean years, is the remarkable prediction found in Daniel concerning the *seventy weeks.* The language is, "*Seventy weeks* are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy."

In this case there is no great difficulty in deciding when the seventy weeks commenced running. "Know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince \* \* \* shall be seventy weeks."

Now, the death of Christ having occurred, as the learned agree, in the year, Julian period, 4746, and on the Jewish month Nisan, and if we reckon seventy weeks of years, or 490 years backward from that time, we reach the month Nisan, 4256, of the Julian period, the very year and month that Ezra received his commission from Artaxerxes, King of Persia, to restore the state and nation of the Jews. "This was," says William Cunningham, from minute astronomical calculation, "Friday, the first of April, 458 years before Christ. Now it comes out upon Friday, the first of April, of the year 33, at thirty-two minutes past eight in the morning," (when this 490 years would terminate,) "the very hour when our Lord was affixed to the cross."\* So that it is beyond all question that natural weeks are not here intended, but seventy weeks of years, making 490 in all.

Other reasons might be adduced to convince any believer in the Bible that a prophetic day stands for a year, a week for seven years, a month for thirty, a year or "time" for 360 years. We deem the foregoing sufficient.

It is therefore evident, that the church was to remain in the wilderness, and the scarlet woman was to be drunken with the blood of saints, and the holy city was to be trodden under foot of the Gentiles, and the witnesses were to prophecy in sackcloth, and that power was given to the beast "to continue forty and two months—one thousand two hundred and sixty days"—that is 1260 years; the close of which will usher in a new and glorious era.

Now, the only difficulty in the way of settling the time when this period of years shall terminate, is the assignment of the date of its commencement. Nor is this free from obscurity and uncertainty. One great error of Miller was the confidence with which he dated the Rise of Papacy, A. D. 538, and its fall 1798, when the Pope was conquered by Napoleon I. He most absurdly

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\* Scriptural Chronology, p. 117, 118. See another article on the Seventy Weeks.

counted backwards from the conquest of the Pope, in 1798, and subtracting from it 1260, gave the year 538. Looking, then, for an event of sufficient importance to date from, at the commencement of the prophetic period, he found the "establishment of Justinian's celebrated code of Civil Law to regulate the jurisprudence of the Empire;" "On which code of laws," says Miller, "*the Pope has claimed his authority to rule over kings and punish heretics.*"

The absurdity of Miller's calculations will appear from the fact, that "the code of Justinian" had nothing to do with the Pope's ruling over kings, &c. And farther, when this code of laws was published, the Western Empire had fallen, and Rome was in the power of the Ostrogoths, so that it could give no power whatever to the Pope. The Bishop of Rome was, at that time, but a feeble priest, and when, in four years afterwards, the city of Rome taken by Belissarius, the general of Justinian, the Pope voluntarily offered humble allegiance to the Emperor. The errors of Miller, in this and many other instances, together with the positive confidence with which he assumed premises, and worked out conclusions which time has proved to be false, have brought discredit on prophecy, or, at least, on any attempts to investigate it.

Others, again, have concluded that it is from the establishment of the Pope's dominion as a temporal prince, A. D. 756, that the 1260 years are to be dated. But as his temporal power is only a circumstance and a mark of his character as Antichrist, his priestly supremacy as Vicegerent of Christ and head of the church is that to which the period refers. It is the establishment of **THE PAPACY**—that is, when the Pope was constituted **UNIVERSAL BISHOP**—and with regard to this date most commentators agree. A few words in regard to this era in the history of the Papacy will throw much light on the subject.

As far back as A. D. 588, the Bishops of Constantinople claimed the title and power of Universal Bishop. This claim was strongly objected to by the Bishops of Rome, and Gregory I. went so far as to assert that whoever claimed to be *Universal Bishop* was Antichrist. But the question of supremacy between the rival cities and bishops was, in 606, decided by one of the wickedest of men that ever swayed a sceptre.

“The most learned writers,” says Moshier,\* “and those who are most remarkable for their knowledge of antiquity, are generally agreed that Boniface III. engaged Phocas, that abominable tyrant, who ascended the imperial throne through the blood of the Emperor Mauritius, to take from the Bishop of Constantinople the title of *Ecumenical* or *Universal Bishop*, and to confer it upon the Roman Pontiff.”

*This was evidently the establishment of the supreme ecclesiastical dominion of Papal Rome.*

Now, it is beyond all controversy, that the power of the Papacy to wear out the saints of God, consisted not in its narrow and insignificant temporal dominion. What could the Pope have done by force of arms against John of England, a thousand years ago? What would his temporal power amount to now, if he had not a most dreadful sword, before which the slaves of superstition throughout Papal Christendom tremble and obey? It is only as head of the church, as the infallible vicegerent of Christ, that he has ruled the nation and been drunken with the blood of the saints.

We, therefore, conclude that it is the rise and continuance of his spiritual, and not his temporal oppression, that is the subject of prophecy, and that the rise of the former, 606, is the commencement of the 1260 years.

“The Pope became Universal Bishop,” says Scott,† “A. D. 606, and was fully established as a temporal prince 756. Did we know exactly at what time to date the beginning of the 1260 years, we might show with certainty when they would terminate. \* \* \* The beginning of these years cannot well be fixed sooner than A. D. 606, nor later than 756.” One or the other of these periods is doubtless the beginning of the 1260 years—that is, their commencement must be dated from the establishment of the Pope’s spiritual or temporal power. Let those who have any knowledge of what spiritual power is, at this moment, over the souls and bodies of nearly one-third the inhabitants of the globe, compare it with his temporal power over a small portion of Italy—and which would be broken to shivers if not sustained by French and Swiss bayonets—and then decide which is the most important, and which the *powerful* foe of truth, whose fall is the theme of prophecy.

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\* G. Com., Part II, Chap. II.

† Notes on Revelations, II, 2

We conclude that the year 606, when the Papacy was established, is the epoch of the reign of Antichrist. Hence, in 1866, that power will be broken, and fall.

If this be the correct year—if we have correctly dated the establishment of the Papacy, and if its fall will take place in 606, the overthrow of the Beast, the Empire, and the triumph of God's people, of light and freedom will take place simultaneously with that in 1866. That time is almost upon us. The day of the Lord is at hand. "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh." There are two other prophetic periods of which we shall speak hereafter.

S. H. F.

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### THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

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Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.—*Rev.* 13: 18.

This, it will be noticed, is said of the second beast, whose mark was in the foreheads of those who worshiped, &c. It is the little horn of David, which came up among the ten horns of the fourth beast, the ten horns being ten kings or kingdoms, as interpreted by the angel. This little horn or power sprung up in the midst of the ten kingdoms, into which the Roman Empire was divided, and tore up three of the horns by the roots. The State or Duchy of Rome, the Exarchate of Ravenna, and the kingdom of the Lombards, were uprooted by the Pope, and the two former by grant of Pepin, in 755, and the third by grant of Charlemagne, in 774, became the dominions of the little horn.

But his number is 666—that is the number of his name—for the ancients had no numerals, but counted by letters. For example, the first letter of the Greek Alphabet stands for one; the second for two, &c. Thus the number forty-five expressed the name of our progenitor, Adam. Now the number 666 contains *the name* of the beast. "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast," &c. Well, it must be the name of a power, a monarchy, a people, and yet the name

of "a man," at the same time, must contain the number 666 according to the alphabetical notation. We here give the language of Faber:

"The Greek word *Lateinos*, (says the latter writer,) signifies the *Latin man*, or the *man of Latium*, from which city the Romans derived their origin and their language; and this word, according to the genuine orthography, contains in numerical letters exactly the number 666. The church of Rome is properly the *Latin* church, and they use the *Latin* language in everything. But though the apostle wrote in Greek, he yet used a few Hebrew names in this book; so we may, perhaps, think he alluded to a name in that language, and it is most astonishing, that the word *Romiith* in Hebrew, which answers to *Lateinos*, signifying *Roman*, contains in numerical letters exactly 666. Now can any other two words be produced from two different languages, which so nearly agree together in meaning and exactly stand for the same number in numerical letters? The coincidence is most surprising.

"As John could only refer to the Greek or Hebrew language in this matter, and as the number of the name of the *Latin man* or the *Roman* in both languages is exactly the number of the beast, 666, I see no occasion to doubt, either about the beast or his number, especially as Irenæus, in the second century, put the same construction on it."

We close by quoting from Dr. Gill's Notes on Revelations, written one hundred and twenty years ago:

"*Lateinos* bids as fair as any, which is mentioned by so ancient a writer as Irenæus, who was a hearer of Polycarp, a disciple of John, the writer of this book. Now the numerical value of the letters of this word makes up exactly 666, and it is well known that the church of Rome is called the Latin church, and the Pope of Rome the head of the Latin church, and his seat is in the Latin Empire, and the service of the beast is in the Latin tongue, and the Bible is kept in that language from the heading of the common people. It has been observed that the numeral letter in Ludovicus or Lewis, which is a common name of the French King and is the name of the present French King, make up this same number, and may devote the destruction of Antichrist, which will quickly follow the downfall of the kingdom of France under a king of this name; and the rather since this was the last of the ten kingdoms that was set up, and in which the primitive beast *subsists*, and the only one that has not yet been conquered, or in which a revolution has not been; and since this is a tenth part of the city which shall fall a little before the third woe comes in." S. H. F.



## SUFFERING WITHOUT THE CAMP.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."—*Hebrews*, xiii. 12.

In one sense sanctification is wholly the work of Jesus Christ, but there is another meaning which is more usually affixed to the term, in which sanctification is the work of God the Holy Spirit. Many disputes have arisen concerning this doctrine, because all men do not distinguish between the two meanings of the same word. There is one kind of sanctification which signifies setting apart, and in that sense God's people were sanctified from all eternity. They were sanctified in election, before they had a being, for they were even then set apart from the impure mass, to be vessels of honor fit for the Master's use. Again, as redemption hath in it much of particularity and speciality, God's people were sanctified or set apart by the blood of Christ, when on Mount Calvary he offered himself, an offering without spot or blemish, for the sins of his people. So that it is true that Jesus is not only made unto us wisdom and righteousness, but also sanctification. You will remember, in one of my sermons, the text of which was "Jesus only," I made that remark—that it was "Jesus only" for sanctification. And I have not had any reason to retract the expression; for there is a sense in which sanctification, as far as it means setting apart, is an eternal work, and is a work wholly completed for us by the blood of Jesus Christ and the election of the Father; but still sanctification sometimes, and most generally, too, amongst certain people, signifies another thing. It means the work of the Spirit in us. There is a work which God, the Holy Spirit, carries on from the first moment of our spiritual birth to the last moment, when we are complete and taken to Heaven—a work by which corruptions are overcome, lusts restrained, faith increased, love inflamed, hope brightened, and the spirit made fit to dwell with the glorified above. That work is the work of God's Holy Spirit. And we must remember, that even though it be the work of the Holy Spirit, still Jesus Christ even in this sanctifies his people. For what does the Holy Spirit sanctify them with? Beloved, he sanctifies them with blood. We knew that when our Saviour died, his sacrifice had a double object: one object was pardon, the other cleansing; and the blood and the water flowed from the same source, to show us that justification and sanctification both spring from the same divine fountain; and, though the sanctification is the work of the Spirit in us, yet the instrument that the Holy Spirit uses is the holy blood of Jesus, and the sacred

water of his atonement applied to our heart, sprinkling us from dead works, and purging us from an evil conscience, that we may serve God without let or hindrance. So, then, Christian, in thy sanctification look to Jesus. Remember that the Spirit sanctifies thee; but he sanctifies thee through Jesus. He doth not sanctify thee through the works of the law, but through the atonement of Christ. And wilt thou remember, that the nearer thou livest to the cross of Jesus, thou wilt, under his heavenly Spirit, have more of sanctification, and growth, and increase therein? So, then, we see that the text, whatever sanctification may mean, is still true—"Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

Let us pause here a minute, and let each of us, ask this question—How far has Christ's purpose of sanctifying me been answered in me? I know that in one sense I am sanctified completely; in another sense I feel my imperfections and infirmities. How far I have progressed in sanctification during this year? How many of my corruptions have I overcome? How much nearer am I living to Christ now, than on the first Sabbath of the last year? How much closer do I approach to him? Have I more power in prayer? Am I more careful in my life? Is my spirit more loving than it used to be? Am I more decisive for right? At the same time, am I more meek in standing up for it? Am I more like my Master? Or, am I going backward? Stand still I cannot; I must either go forward in grace or back. Which have I been doing this year? And I charge thee, O my heart, whatever answer thou hast to give to that, still to remember, that if thou art never so much sanctified that thou hast not yet attained to complete sanctification. I beseech thee forget that which is behind, and press forward towards that which is before, looking still unto this Jesus, who is Author and the Finisher of faith. The Lord give you grace that you may be sanctified wholly, the body, soul, and spirit: I pray God to preserve you all unto his coming and Glory.

But now the principal subject upon which I wish to discourse is the fact, that Jesus Christ suffered without the gate. You know that when the High Priest offered the sin-offering, because it typified sin, it was so obnoxious to God that it might not be burned upon the great altar, but it was always burned without the camp, to show God's detestation of sin, and his determination not only to put it away from himself, but also to put it away from his church. Now, when Jesus Christ came into this world to be our sin-offering, it behooved that he should be put outside the camp too; and it is remarkable that Providence provided for the fulfilment of the type. Had our Lord been killed in a tumult he would most likely have been slain in the city: unless he had been put to death judicially, he would not have been taken to the usual Mount

of Doom. And it is remarkable yet again, that the Romans should have chosen a hill on the outside of the city to be the common Mount for Crucifixion and for death punishments. We might imagine that they would have selected some Mount in the center of the city, and that they would have placed their gibbet in as conspicuous a place as our Newgate, so that it might strike the multitude with the greater awe. But through the Providence of God it was otherwise; and Christ must not die in a tumult, so that he might not die in the city; when he gets into the Romans' hands they are not to have a place of execution within the city, but one outside the camp, that he might be proven to be the sin-offering by dying without the gate.

I have just one or two thoughts to offer you very briefly. Do you know who the people were that lived outside the gate? If you could have gone to the great Camp of Israel, you would have seen the tents all placed in order—the standard of Daniel there, of Judah there, of Ephraim there—surrounding the ark of Covenant; but you would have seen a few wretched huts far away in the rear, outside the camp; if you had asked, “Who lives there? who are the wretched people that they are put away from kith and kin, who cannot go up to the Sanctuary of the Lord, who cannot join in the songs of Holy praise? the answer would have been, “The people out there are lepers and unclean people;” and if you had walked alone through some of the shady glens around the City of Jerusalem, you might have heard in the distance the cry, “Unclean! unclean! unclean!”—a bitter wail that sounded like the sighing of despair, as if it came from some poor ghost that had been commanded to walk this earth with restless step forever. Had you come nearer to the unhappy being, who had uttered so mournful a sound, you would have seen him cover his upper lip, and again cry, “Unclean! unclean! unclean!”—to warn you not to come too near him, lest even the wind should blow contagion from his leprous skin. If for a minute he had moved his hand from his mouth, you would have seen, instead of those rows of scarlet that God had put there, those ruddy lips of health, a hot white mark not to be distinguished from his teeth. His lips were unclean, for there the leprosy had discovered itself; and in a minute he would have covered up that lip again that had the white mark of disease upon it, and again he would have cried, “Unclean! unclean! unclean!” Who was that leper a type of! He was a picture of you and of me, my brethren, in our natural state; and if the Holy Spirit has quickened us to know our ruined condition, we shall feel that the leper's cry doth well become our unholy lips. Mayhap I have a hearer within the walls of this house of prayer, who is to-day separate from all mankind. With worldlings he dares not go; the harlots and others with whom he spent his living

riotously are not now his companions; he cannot bear their pleasures, for they are dashed with bitterness. With the children of God he dares not go; he feels that they would put him outside the camp, for he hath no hope, no Christ, no faith; he cannot say that Christ hath died for him; he hath no trust in Jesus himself; not so much as one pale ray of hope hath stolen into his poor darkened heart; and to-night the inward wail of his now-aroused spirit is, "Unclean, unclean, unclean, and full of sin, from first to last, O Lord, I've been; deceitful is my heart."

Leper, leper! be of good cheer; Christ died without the camp, that thou mightest be sanctified through His blood. I see the leper now stealing through the desert places, not daring to sip of the pool that lies in the track, lest he should communicate contagion to the next that drinks, but seeking out some filthy puddle, that there he might satisfy his throat, where none others should drink, lest they should die. I see him covering up his lip. If his father saw him he must run away; if the wife of his bosom saw him she must shun his presence, for a loathsome disease is in his skin, and in his garments, and in the very air that comes from him there is death. Well, suddenly, as he steals along, he sees a Cross, and on it lifted up one that dies. He standeth there astonished; he thinketh, surely he may come near to a dying man, leper though he be; to the living he must not come, but to the dying he cannot bring a new death. So he draweth nigh to him, and the lips of the dying man are opened, and he says, "Verily, I say unto thee, This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Oh! what joy and rapture rush through his poor lepered spirit! How his heart that had long been heavy, and baked like a black coal within him, begins again to burn with lambent light! He smiles: he feels that that man, that marvellous man, has forgiven him, and ere he has begun to feel it the blood falls on him, and the leprosy is cleansed, and he goes his way, for his flesh has come unto him even like unto the flesh of a little child, and he is clean. O leprous sinner! hear it to-night! Look to him that died without the camp, that poor unclean sinners might find a Saviour there. That is my first lesson: if the Lord the Spirit apply it, it will be a precious one to many a sin-distracted heart.

But, believer, didst thou ever feel as if thou, too, wast unclean and without the camp? Brethren, let me tell you a little of my own heart's feelings, and let me see whether you have ever felt the like. You have often known yourselves to be children of God; I have felt myself with much joy to be certainly assured of my interest in Christ; suddenly sin has surpassed me, some unhappy propensity has developed itself, and I have felt as if I could not meet my God. When I was on my knees in prayer I seemed as if I could not pray; I felt like the unclean one that must be put outside the

camp—like Miriam, who, though the leprosy was but for a little time, would still be unclean for seven days. And when I have come to the church of God, I have felt as if the meanest Christians there were so much superior to myself that I would have been glad to have been a footstool at their feet! I would have crept into any part of the church, if I might but have known myself to be the meanest lamb in Jesus's fold. I have seen the deacon, and I have seen the church member, and oh! I have thought, "Brethren, ye are happy; but my heart is sad, for I am not worthy to be called God's son. Father, I have sinned; I have done grievously, and have transgressed;" and for a little while faith hath seemed sluggish, and hope hath been dull, and the sense of sin hath rested on us, and we have seemed to be quite put away. We read the Bible; we could get no comfort there. The Heavens seemed like brass above our heads: no shower of Grace fell upon our thirsty souls; but God and man seemed to put us outside the camp. I believe that many times in a Christian's experience he will have to feel the same. I do not mean mere Christians—little Christians—but I mean the greatest Christians, those that live nearest to their God—God's Aarons and Miriams, who sometimes have to be put without the camp. Who, then, is there amongst us that will not sometimes be unclean? Surely not one of the great ones of Israel could always live without contracting some ceremonial defilement; for you know that under the Jewish law the sitting upon the bed of a leper made a man unclean; you know also there were many things that naturally happened unto men that rendered them unclean for seven days. And who shall wonder, if, through the infirmities of our bodies, through the companionship into which we are called, through the evil thoughts of our flesh, we are as often unclean as the Jews were? And who wonders that sometimes the Lord should put us, as it were, out of the camp for a little season, till we have been purged with hyssop and have been made clean—till we have again been washed with water, and have been thoroughly purified by the washing of water through the Word!

Ah! but, brethren, what a mercy it is when we are out of the gate. Christ is outside the gate too! Oh! poor backslider! doth thy conscience shut thee out of the church to-day? Remember, Christ shut himself out too. He was "despised and rejected of men." Dost thou feel to-night as if thou couldst not come to the table—as if thy Master would spurn thee from it? Remember, if thou be his thou art welcome; for his table is where his Cross is, and his Cross is outside the gate. Come, backsliding saint! Come, and welcome! God may seem to have put thee away; but it is only seeming: for we know he has written that he hates to put away. Come, thou, and though thou be without the gate, behold thy Lord, who, that he might cleanse the people by his own blood, suffered without the gate.

**BAPTISTIC USAGES.**

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With an extensive acquaintance with Baptist churches, and their manner of compliance with the laws of Christ in the matter of church discipline, we know of no sounder interpretation and application of those laws than is found in the annexed treatise. It was prepared by Benjamin Griffith, from manuscripts of Abel Morgan, Elias Keach, and others, and adopted by the Philadelphia Association, September 25th, 1742. We insert it entire, and ask for it a studious perusal.

S. H. F.

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**CONCERNING A TRUE AND ORDERLY GOSPEL CHURCH.**

Before there can be any orderly discipline among a Christian assembly, they must be orderly constituted into a church state, according to the institution of Christ in the gospel.

1. A visible Gospel Church is made by gathering divers select persons into Jesus Christ, in a spiritual body, and relation to him as their political head, himself being the great Shepherd that first seeks them, and prepares them by the work of renewing grace, for such spiritual building.

2. Christ, as the mediator of the new covenant, ordereth the everlasting gospel to be preached, and accompanying it with his holy Spirit, blesseth it to the turning of men from darkness to light, working faith and love in them.

3. When sinners are thus wrought upon effectually, to such a suitable number as may be an essential church, *i. e.*, so many as may act properly and orderly as a church, that then it will be proper for them, by their mutual consent, to propose to be constituted a church, or that others seeing the expediency thereof may encourage the same.

4. For the accomplishment of so glorious a work, it is necessary that a day of fasting and prayer be appointed by and among such believers, and that such procure such neighboring helps as they can, especially of the ministry.

5. The persons being first orderly baptized, according to the command of Christ, and being all satisfied of the graces and qualifications of each other, and being willing in the fear of God to take the laws of Christ upon them, and do by one mutual consent give up themselves to the Lord, and to one another in the Lord, solemnly submitting to the government of Christ in his church, and being united, they are to be declared a Gospel Church of Jesus Christ.

6. A number of believers thus united under Christ their mys-

tical head, are become a church essential; and as such is the first and proper subject of the keys, and have power and privilege to govern themselves, and to choose out their own ministerial officers.

CONCERNING MINISTERS, ETC.

1. A church thus constituted is not yet completed while wanting such ministerial helps as Christ hath appointed for its growth and well-being, and wanting elders and deacons to officiate among them. Men, they must be, that are qualified for the work; their qualifications are plainly and fully set down in holy Scripture, all which must be found in them, in some degree, and it is the duty of the church to try the persons by the rule of the Word.

*Objection.* But what shall a church do, in case they can have none among them fit to bear office according to the rule of the Word?

*Answer.* (1.) That to expect to have officers perfect in the highest degrees of those qualifications, were to expect apostolical and extraordinary ceased gifts in ordinary time. (2.) If none among the members of a church be found fit in some measure for the ministry, a neighboring church may and ought, if possible, to supply them. (3.) Let such as they have, if they have any that seem hopeful, to be awhile upon trial; and the person that the Lord shall choose will flourish in some good measure with Aaron's rod among the rods of the tribes.

2. A church being destitute of ministerial helps, may, after mature and often deliberate consultation, and serious prayers to God, pitch upon some person or persons in particular, giving him or them a solemn invitation to the work of the ministry, upon trial; and if such accept the church's call, let such be upon trial, to see if such fear God, make godliness their business, and be addicted to the work of the ministry, seeking to further the interest of Christ and the edification of his people in sound and wholesome doctrine; and to see if any vices or immorality appear in their advances. Read the qualifications. And in case a church should call a person to be their minister who is a member of some sister church, and he accept their call to be their minister, he must in the first place give himself a member of the church so calling him, that so they may choose him among themselves.

3. After having taken all due care to choose one for the work of the ministry, they are, by and with the unanimous consent or suffrage of the church, to proceed to his ordination; which is a solemn setting apart of such a person for the sacred function, in this wise, by setting apart a day of fasting and prayer, the whole church being present, he is to have the hands of the presbytery of that church, or of neighboring elders called and authorized by that church, whereof such a person is a member, solemnly laid upon

him; and thus such a person is to be recommended into the work of the Lord, and to take particular care of the flock of whom he is thus chosen.

4. The minister being thus put upon his work, proceeds (1.) to preach the Word of God unto them, thereby to feed the flock, and therein ought to be faithful and laborious, studying to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, as he is a steward of God in the mysteries of the gospel, and therefore ought to be a man of good understanding and experience, being sound in the faith, not a novice, or a double-minded, unstable man, nor such as is light-spirited or of a shallow understanding, but one that is learned in the mysteries of the kingdom, because he is to feed the people with knowledge and understanding. He must be faithful in declaring the whole council of God. He is to instruct them in all practical godliness, laying before them their manifold duties, and to urge them upon their consciences. (2.) He must watch over them, as one that must give an account to God. Such must have an eye upon every member to see how they behave in the house of God, where the presence of the Lord is more eminently, and where also the angels do always attend; and also their behavior in the families they belong to, and their conversation abroad; according to their capacities, they are not to sleep under their charge. (3.) He is to visit his flock to know their state, in order to minister suitable doctrinal relief unto them, and that he may know what disorders there may be among them, that the unruly may be reprov'd. (4.) He is to administer all the ordinances of Christ amongst them: as Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and herein he must be careful to follow the primitive pattern, thereby to hold forth the great end, wherefore they were ordained. (5.) He must be instant with God, in his prayers for and with them, as opportunity may serve. (6.) He must show them a good example in all respects, in conversation, sobriety, charity, faith, and purity, behaving himself impartial unto all, not preferring the rich before the poor, nor lording it over God's heritage, nor assume greater power than God hath given him.

#### OF RULING ELDERS.

Ruling elders are such persons as are endued with gifts to assist the pastor or teacher in the government of the church; it was as a statute in Israel. The works of teaching and ruling belong both to the pastor; but in case he be unable, or the work of ruling too great for him, God hath provided such for his assistance, and they are called ruling elders, helps, governments, or he that ruleth. They are qualified for, and called unto, one part of the work; and experience teacheth us the use and benefit of such rulers in the church, in easing the pastor or teacher, and keeping up the honor



of the ministry. Their qualifications are such as are requisite to rule, as knowledge, judgment, prudence, etc.; and as to the manner of their ordination it is like ordination unto other offices in the church, with fasting and prayer, with imposition of hands. Their office only relateth to rule and order, in the church of God, and doth not include teaching; yet if the church findeth they have gifts and abilities to be useful in teaching, they may be put upon trial, and if approved, they may be called and solemnly set apart by ordination, it being wholly a distinct office from the former, which was only to rule well, and not to labor in word and doctrine.

#### OF DEACONS.

Deacons are men called forth by the church, to serve in the outward concerns thereof; whose office is to serve tables. They are to be intrusted with the stock of the church, out of which stock they are to assist the poor members of the church, and to provide bread and wine for the Lord's table, and also to have regard to the minister's table; and moreover they should see that all the members of the church do contribute towards the proper uses of the church, that therefrom all necessary occasions may be supplied, as God hath given them, they to the poor, so that none be neglected, by the faithful discharge of which office they shall purchase to themselves a good degree and great boldness in the faith. The qualifications of these officers are laid down.

#### OF THE ADMISSION OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

The Lord Jesus Christ hath committed the use and power of the keys, in matters of government, to every visible congregational church, to be used, according to the rules and directions that he hath given in his word, in his name, and to his glory. The keys are the power of Christ, which he hath given to every particular congregation, to open and shut itself by; and to do all things in order to the great things proposed, viz: his glory and his people's spiritual benefit, in peace and purity.

By virtue of the character and the power aforesaid, which Christ hath given to his church, his spiritual corporation, they are enabled to receive members in, and to exclude unworthy members as occasion may require, as may appear by divers examples.

In this case, a church hath to do, either with non-members, or those that are members of other churches; as to non-members proposing for admission into the church, the pastor, teacher, and elders of the church are to be acquainted therewith, and the body of the church, also, in order that they may know the intent of such person or persons. A convenient meeting is necessary. When the church is come together, and the person proposing being present,

after prayer to God for direction, the minister or pastor of the church is to put several questions to the person proposing. (1.) Concerning the ground and reason of his hope, wherein is to be inquired, what experience he hath of the manifold graces of the holy Spirit, working in him repentance from dead works, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone is salvation hoped for; for without there be some good grounds, in the judgment of charity, that such a one is a new creature, the door of admission is not to be opened, for that would be abusing the privileges of the house of God. Therefore all due and regular care is to be taken.

*Secondly.* What competency of knowledge; in the principal doctrines of faith and order, such hath acquired; or whether such person be well instructed in the knowledge of God, in his glorious attributes, in the doctrine of the Trinity, or one God in three persons; the person, natures, and offices of Christ; the nature of the law; of original sin; of the pollution of man, by reason of sin, and lost and undone estate thereby, and of his being a child of wrath by nature; of the nature of the redemption wrought by Christ, his sufficiency to satisfy divine justice; of the reconciliation of sinners to God, by the death of his Son; of our sins being imputed to Christ, and his righteousness imputed to us for justification, being received by faith alone; of the resurrection of Christ's body, and his ascension into heaven, and of his coming thence the second time, to judge the quick and the dead; and of the resurrection of the dead bodies of men; and of the eternal judgment; and of such proposing person's resolution to persevere in the profession of these truths unto the end. Such things are needful to be inquired into, by reason that too many in our day do build their conversion upon their convictions, and some general notions of the Christian religion, when indeed they are utter strangers unto, and very ignorant of the great mysteries of the gospel. Yet great care is to be taken that the weak be not discouraged, for the smoking flax is not to be quenched, nor the bruised reed to be broken, but such ignorant persons are to be taught by gentle instructions, and means ought to be used for their furtherance in the knowledge of divine truths, and where there are the beginnings of true and saving grace in the heart, such will, with a spiritual appetite, receive the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby, and a church ought to be careful not to reject those, whom they judge to have the least degree of the work of saving grace wrought in them.

*Thirdly.* Inquiry must be made whether such a person's life and conversation is answerable to such a profession, that he be likely to adorn the gospel with a holy conversation. This regular carefulness is an indispensable duty of all regular churches, to use in the admission of members; and though all due care be used, yet some unsound and rotten professors will creep in unawares, and

have crept into the purest churches, and the fallibility of churches in this matter is not to be urged as an argument or ground to neglect the duty incumbent on the churches, according to the rule of the word.

And after such examination, the question is to be put to the church, whether they are all satisfied with the party's confession and conversion; and if the answer be in the affirmative, then the pastor or minister is to proceed to ask the party proposing if he be willingly resolved, as God shall give ability, to walk in a professed subjection to the commands and institutions of Christ revealed in the gospel, and to give himself a member of that church in particular, and to continue in the communion, faith, and order thereof, according to the gospel rules and directions; and after the person is baptized according to the institution and command of Christ, and come under the imposition of the hands of the elders of the church, according to the practice of the apostles, the pastor, minister, or elders, as presiding in the acts of the church's power, do receive such a one into the communion and fellowship of that church in particular. But if the church is not satisfied with the person's confession or conversation, it is proper, if the objections be of any weight, to defer the party's admission until a more ample satisfaction can be given, that all, if possible, may receive such with freedom in love, and so to discharge all gospel duties towards him, as may promote his edification in the faith, and his increase in grace.

And concerning those that are members of sister churches, their admission is either transient or occasional admission; or when any person is dismissed wholly from one church, and transmitted or recommended to another church of the same faith, order, and practice. (1.) Such as are and continue members of other regular churches, may, where they are well known, be admitted into transient communion, without a letter of recommendation from the church they belong unto: but from those a church hath no knowledge of, a testimonial letter is necessary, that a church may not be imposed on by any loose or disorderly persons. (2.) Those whose residence is removed, or place of abode is more convenient to be with another congregation than that of which they are members, are, upon their request made to the church whereof such are members, to be dismissed, and to have a letter from that church they are members of, subscribed by the officers and members, and directed to the church that the person is dismissed unto; whereby the party is discharged from his or her original relation of particular membership to that church, and is transferred to the constant communion, watch, and care of the other church: such persons are to be received upon their proposal, according to the credentials they bring; except the church they apply unto have a special reason to defer or refuse.

As it appears to have been the practice of believers, in the primitive times, to give themselves members of particular churches, it appears also that in the apostles' days, there were many distinct and distant particular churches, which churches are several corporations of men professing repentance from dead works, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and incorporated by mutual consent, as before mentioned, whose end is to glorify God by obedience to his revealed will, and to their own edification in the faith, and the good of others, so it is the duty of believers to give themselves in particular membership, in such a particular church as shall appear by the Word of God to be orthodox in the fundamental articles of the Christian religion, and to practise according to the mind of Christ declared in the New Testament, in all gospel institutions and worship.

From which considerations, it appears the reasonable duty of every believer to give himself a member to such an orderly church as is most conveniently situated, that is, meeting nearest the place of his or her residence, for which there are these apparent reasons : (1.) For men to give themselves members of a distant church, when another of the same faith and gospel order is nigher, is for such a person to put himself under a necessity of neglecting the ordinary appointed meetings of that church, whereof he is a member, and whereof the particular charge is given, that he might attend and wait in the use of God's appointed means, for his edification by the ministry of that church. (2.) Such puts himself under a wilful necessity to neglect his duty of care over, and constant communion with his fellow-members, and wilfully deprives himself of their care over him, advice, Christian conversing, and brotherly loving instructions and counsels, that by the blessing of God might increase his knowlege, grace, and comfort. (3.) Such cannot be assistant to the church in discipline, contribution, and the like duties, nor cannot be taken care of, and be assisted, without much unnecessary trouble, by the church in case of need. (4.) Such a practice tends directly to the confusion of churches, and all church order, and suits well with the humor of noisy, lifeless, loose, or covetous, niggardly persons. (5.) It is a way that the church cannot find what useful talents such persons have, to the benefit of the body of the church. (6.) It is casting great contempt upon the nearer church, in her ministry and order, and the like.

And here it is further to be considered, that as it is expedient for persons to give themselves members of such regular churches, with which they may keep the most intimate fellowship and communion in all the parts of religious worship; so it is highly reasonable that they, that are members of such regular churches, where the word is purely preached, the ordinances of the gospel duly administered, and gospel discipline is impartially practised,

should continue their membership with such church; although there be weakness, imperfection, and frailty, in the particular practical acts thereof; which, while the affairs of the church are managed by men, even their holy things will have iniquity as of old. It is therefore unreasonable to dismiss any member from a church that is near to any one's residence to a church more remote, upon disgust taken at the management of some particular case, wherewith such is not well pleased, and for such cause, demands dismissal; and it is unreasonable also to grant a dismissal to such a member who should demand a dismissal in a peremptory manner, without giving a reason for such a demand; in either of which cases such a dismissal is not to be granted. (1.) Because by so doing, the greatest confusion would be introduced; for one member would thus be dismissed to one distant church, and another to another distant church, and the other churches doing the like, it can end in nothing less than the confusion of every church. (2.) The same liberty that members have, pastors, ministers, ruling elders, and deacons have also, whereby any church may dismiss her members until she is unable to maintain worship and communion; for those that reside near are become members of a remote body, and so unconcerned; and those that are members live remote, and so under an impossibility to occupy their place. (3.) This, in the tendency of it, is to remove the balance of churches, which is to consist of such members as can, with the utmost conveniency, meet together in one place, for both worship and government. (4.) This hath a tendency to alter the constitution of particular churches, from being congregational corporations, into the national or universal notion of the church; which universal church we believe to be the mystical body of Jesus Christ, which as such is not the seat of instituted worship and ordinances. Also, it is not reasonable to dismiss to the world at large, nor to dismiss a member to a church, with which the church dismissing cannot hold communion.

#### OF THE DUTIES OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

The members of churches owe all their duties in a way of obedience to the will of God revealed in his word; and their duties are to be performed in love to our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the great Prophet, Priest, and King of his church, which he hath purchased with his own blood, unto whom all power in heaven and earth is given, and is therefore our Lord and Lawgiver, who alone is head of his church, his person is to be honored, and all his commands are to be observed, all worship is to be ascribed unto him, as God blessed forever; all church members, therefore, are under the strictest obligations to do and observe whatsoever Christ enjoineth on them, as mutual duties towards one another.

The officers of the church, whom Christ hath appointed, are to

be respected. (1.) The deacons of the church, though they officiate but in the outward concerns of the church, as in the section about deacons is noted, if they are faithful, do purchase unto themselves a good degree, are therefore to be respected. (2.) Ruling elders also are to be respected, seeing they are fitted of God, and called by the church to go before the church or to preside in acts of government and rule. (3.) Ministers, who are the stewards of the mysteries of the gospel, are in an eminent manner to be regarded as being the ambassadors of peace, though they are not to hunt for it, as the pharisees of old. The duties of church members towards their elders, teachers, ministers, and pastors, may be included in their (1.) praying for them, that God would open the door of utterance unto them, to unfold the mysteries. (2.) To obey them in the Lord, in whatsoever they admonish them, according to the Word of God. (3.) In following their example and footsteps, as far as warranted by the word. (4.) In standing by them in all their trials and afflictions, and in defending them in all good causes, as far as in them lies; those of Asia are blamed for turning away, or not standing by the apostle. (5.) In not exposing their persons for their infirmities, as far as may be, considering the prosperity of the gospel much depends on their good report. (6.) In contributing towards their maintenance, that they may attend wholly on teaching and give themselves to the ministry of the word, and to prayer, the reason thereof is evident by a threefold law. (1.) The law of nature, from whence the apostle argues. (2.) The Levitical law. (3.) The gospel enjoineth and requireth the same. Let these above cited places of Scripture be considered with many others of like importance, and the nature and tendency of the work of the ministry be well weighed, and it will be clear that it is a duty required of God himself; and that not in a way of alms, as to the poor, which is another standing ordinance of Christ, but it is to be performed in love to Christ, and obedience to his laws, in order to support and carry the interest of the gospel. Yet this is not to be given to any one that may pretend to be a minister, or thrust himself upon a church, or to such as run without a mission for filthy lucre's sake; but churches ought to take a special care who to call forth to the work of the ministry, according to the rule of instruction given by inspiration of God, be they learned or unlearned as to human learning, be they rich or poor as to worldly wealth.

The liberality of the people, if they be able, should surmount the necessity of the minister, so as that he may exercise those acts of love and hospitality, as is required of such, that therein he may be exemplary in good works, etc. Moreover, it is a duty on all those that attend on their ministry, to assist herein, and as people do sow, so they reap. When people neglect their duty towards

their ministers, such ministers must of necessity neglect their studies, and betake to other secular employments to support themselves and families, or be worse than infidels; then such people must be great spiritual losers in their edification. Yet when and where a church is not able to raise a comfortable maintenance for to support their minister, there it is not only lawful, but the duty of such ministers to labor with their hands; for to leave such a congregation destitute, to languish without the ministry, would be very uncharitable, and smell very much of filthy lucre; and to expect from a people more than they are able, would be oppression or extortion.

OF THE MANIFOLD DUTIES OF CHRISTIANS, ESPECIALLY TO THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

Some of them are these. (1.) Love unfeigned and without dissimulation, for all their things ought to be done in love. (2.) To labor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. (3.) Endeavor for the edification and spiritual benefit of the whole body, that they all may grow up to be a holy temple in and for the Lord. (4.) That they all watch over one another for good. (5.) That they do pray with and for one another. (6.) That they neglect not the assembling of themselves together for the celebrating of divine worship, and so promote one another's spiritual benefit. (7.) That they use all means to keep the house of God in due order and cleanliness, walking inoffensive towards one another, and all others, with conscientious diligence, and so unanimously to contend for the faith and truth once delivered to the saints, in the purity thereof, according to the holy Scripture.

OF CHURCH CENSURES.

Having spoken of the gathering together of a particular gospel church, and its officers, and the rules whereby we are to be guided in choosing and ordaining of them, and of the admission of members, etc., it is meet to give a short view of a church's duties and authority in respect of censures upon offenders.

*First, of Admonition.*

(1.) Admonition is a holy, tender, and wise endeavor to convince a brother that he hath offended in matter of fact, or else is fallen into a way, wherein to continue is like to be prejudicial to the party himself, or some others; where the matter, whatever it be, and the sinfulness thereof, with the aggravating circumstances attending it; is to be charged on his conscience, in the sight of God, with due application of the Word of God, which concerns his

condition; thereby leading him to his duty and true reformation. (2.) Admonition is private by one or more of the brethren, or more public by the whole church. (1.) When one brother trespasses against another, the offended brother is not to divulge the offense, but to go in a gospel way to the offender, and to use his endeavor to reclaim his brother; and if he repents, the offended brother ought to forgive him. But if the offending brother will not hear, then the offended brother ought to take two or three other brethren, and they such as may be the most likely to gain upon the offender; but if this admonition also takes no effect, it is to be brought before the church. (2.) The church, when matters come thus before them, shall admonish and endeavor to reclaim the offender, in the spirit of meekness; and if the brother that offended continues obstinate and impenitent, the church is directed to exclude him.

(1.) From whence it follows, every church member has somewhat to do in his place. (2.) In case of private offences, it is preposterous to publish them, or acquaint the church or the elders thereof therewith, before the two lower degrees of admonition are duly accomplished, and the offender has neglected to hear. (3.) That when matters are thus regularly brought to the church, then the private proceedings may cease. (4.) That when private offenses are brought to the church without such proper private procedure, that the church may and ought to refuse it, as not coming according to gospel rule aforesaid. (5.) But when those things that begin in private are thus regularly brought into the church, they must be received and adjudged according to the said rule. So that it may and doth oftentimes fall out, that those things that begin with private admonition do end in public excommunication.

#### *Secondly, of Suspension.*

(1.) A suspension may be, when the church is informed that a member hath acted amiss, either in matters of faith or practice, and not having satisfactory proof whether the information is true or false, and the case requiring time to inquire therein, it is expedient to suspend such a person from communion at the Lord's table, until the elders of the church can make suitable inquiry; as might be signified by the law in the case of leprosy.

(2.) Suspension is rather to be looked upon to be, when a church doth debar a member from communion for some irregularity that he may be guilty of, which yet doth not amount so high as to be ripe for the great sentence of excommunication; but that the person for such irregularity, ought to be debarred of the privilege of special communion and exercise of office, in order to his humiliation. Such is not to be accounted as an enemy, but to be exhorted as a brother in union, though not in communion: but if such a



one remain impenitent and incorrigible, the church, after due waiting for his reformation, is to proceed to excommunication; for that would be a not hearing the church in the highest degree.

*Thirdly, of Excommunication.*

Excommunication is a judicial act or censure of the church, upon an offender, by the authority of Jesus Christ, and by his direction, delivered to his church by himself or his apostles, in the New Testament, which a gospel church ought to put in practice, when matters of fact require, according to gospel rule; as first, when a member, after all due admonition, continues obstinate, and will hear no reproof. *Secondly*, when a member hath committed a gross sin, which is directly against the moral law, and being notorious and scandalous, and proved beyond dispute, then a church is immediately to proceed unto censure, notwithstanding any present signs of conviction or remorse, for the necessary vindication of the glory of God, the vindication of the church, also, and their holy profession; and to manifest their just indignation and abhorrence against such wickedness. *Thirdly*, when a member is found to be erroneous, defective, or heretical in some fundamental point, or to swerve from the right faith, in the principles of the Christian religion.

The manner of proceeding unto this great and awful instituted ordinance, is: the church being gathered together, the offender also having notice to come to make his answer and defense (if he comes not, he aggravates his offense by despising the authority of Christ in his church,) the body of the church is to have knowledge of the offender's crime fully, and the full proof thereof as of plain matter of fact; and after mature deliberate consideration, and consulting the rules of direction given in the word of God, whether the offender be present or absent, the minister or elder puts the question to the whole church, whether they judge the person guilty of such crime now proved upon him, is worthy of the censure of the church for the same? to which the members in general give their judgment; which, if it be in the affirmative, then the judgment of the members in general being had, or the majority of them, the pastor, minister, or elder, sums up the sentence of the church, opens the nature of the crime, with the suitableness of the censure, according to gospel rule; and having thus proceeded, a proper time is fixed to put the sentence in execution, at which time the pastor, minister, or elder of the church, as his place and duty requires, is to lay open the heinousness of such sin, with all the aggravating circumstances thereof, and showing what an abominable scandal such an offender is become to religion, what dishonor it is to God, etc., applying the particular places of Scripture that are proper to the case, in order to charge the offense home upon the conscience of the offender if

present, that others also may fear; showing also the awful nature of this great censure, and the main end thereof, for the salvation and not the destruction of the soul, and with much solemnity in the whole society, calling upon God for his gracious presence, and his blessing upon his sacred ordinance; that the great end thereof may be obtained; still expressing the deep sense the church hath of the fall of this brother, with the great humiliation of the church, and great sorrow for, and detestation of, the sin committed. The said pastor, minister, or elder, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the presence of the congregation, and by and with the consent and according to the judicial sentence of the church, cuts off, and secludes such an offender by name, from the union and communion of the church, because of his offences; so that such a person is not thenceforth to be looked on, deemed or accounted as a brother or member of such a church, until God shall restore him again by repentance.

Which exclusion carries in it the full sense of our lord's words, *Let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican*; or of the apostle, *to deliver such a one to Satan*; which is an authoritative putting of such a person out of the communion of the church, the kingdom of heaven, into the world, the kingdom of Satan, the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, in order to his being humbled and broken under a sight and sense of his sins, which is meant by the destruction of the flesh, and to the end that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord.

Amongst the many disorders which church members may be guilty of, and for the obstinate continuance therein, a church may and ought to use the power that Christ hath given to exclude them from her communion, that is one, which is when a member doth seclude himself, and that not in any regular way, but contrary to all rule and order; for when a church member, by reason of some offense he hath taken at the church, or some of the members thereof, and hath not done his duty according to the rule of the word, or else is a dying away in religion, by one means or another, as by the love of the world, change of condition in marriage, or not having his expected preferment in the church, or the like, doth, as it were, excommunicate himself, the church, according to their duty, ought to use their endeavors to reclaim such; which endeavors, if they prove fruitless, and the party obstinate, the church ought not to acquiesce in his irregular departure from them, as if all their bonds of relation and duty were over, and no more was to be done, seeing the party has usurped the power of the keys to himself; the church, therefore, must maintain the power that Christ hath committed unto it, though it cannot hinder the inordinate and unruly passions of such a one, if God leaves him to it. He will run away from the church,

rending himself schismatically off, breaking through all order and covenant obligations, in opposition to brotherly endeavors to hinder him, and to stay him in his place; the church is to proceed judicially to turn the key upon such a sinful, disorderly departure; and publicly declare, that as such a one by name hath been guilty of such a thing, naming his disorders, he is no longer in their communion, nor under their watch and care, etc., and that such a person is not to return to their communion until he hath given satisfaction to the church. Such a separation or departure is very sinful, for these and the like reasons. (1.) Because the church is a corporation privileged with laws and rules for admittance and dimittance, which ought to be observed. (2.) Such a departure is rude and indecent, therefore dishonorable. (3.) Because, if members may take this liberty, all the officers of the church, ministers, ruling elders, and deacons, may take the same liberty, which would soon unchurch any church, or at least be destructive to its beauty, comfort, and edification. (4.) All members do covenant the contrary, and therefore it is a breach of covenant, which is a black character. (5.) It destroys, totally, the relation between elders and people, which God hath ordained. (6.) It is a usurping of the keys, or rather stealing of them. (7.) It is schism; if there is such a thing in the world, it is of particular churches. (8.) It is high contempt of Christ in the government of his church. (9.) It is to break the staff of beauty [*covenant*] and of bands and brotherhood too. (10.) It argues either some great undiscovered guilt lying on the party, or some by-ends in his first seeking admission into such a church. All which put together, it declares the great unity of a congregational gospel church, and the sinfulness of such disorderly persons in breaking off without a just cause: but if any church becomes heretical in principles, or idolatrous in worship, or immoral in life, it is lawful for persons, after they have discharged their conscience and duty in reproving and bearing witness against such gross defections, to depart.

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LIVE, frail mortal, with an eye to the future; thou art but one of a mighty host, that with unflagging footsteps, ever marches on to the grave. Myriads have already gone on in their might, until, wearied with life's toils, they have sunk to dreamless and untroubled sleep; the darkness of the grave is but the night which follows life's short and troublous day; there is room for all in the bosom of this wide, green-carpeted earth, and, willingly or unwillingly, we must all seek the rest to which she invites. Hast thou performed well thy part on earth? Hast thou been a lover of thy God, and the benefactor of thy kind? If so, the darkness of the tomb need not appall thee.

# Family Visitant.

## LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

### CHAP. XXIII.—THE EXPLANATION.

As may be supposed, the conduct of William Norton produced great excitement throughout the neighborhood: men, women, and children, were filled with wonder; and whenever neighbor met neighbor, whether in the highway or by the fireside, this astonishment had to be expressed, and extended comments made on "*the very remarkable course of the young man.*"

The enthusiasts of the "new doctrine" were sorely disappointed and deeply chagrined. They had looked to this accession to their numbers as being a great triumph. A young man of such prominence and promise as William Norton, coming out from a Baptist family, who had been baptistic as far back as could be traced, was certainly an occurrence whereof to be glad. Some were angry—a fine exhibition of Christian grace and patience!—others were grieved, and determined never again to say a word to him on the subject; others were equally resolute never to let him rest until "he did the deed." Among the latter class were Bro. Anderson, Bro. Mason, Bro. Fitzgerald, who, like Bro. Mason, was a deacon, and a man of great influence in the body both because of his wealth and his good judgment.

Poor Lydia!—her heart was almost broken with disappointment—her dearest hopes were once more blasted, and there was now nothing to cling to in the present, nor to look forward to in the future. The evening after the meeting was spent alone in her own room, where, in the still despair of her soul, she gave vent to floods of bitter tears.

"The hand of God is in the matter," remarked Father Wilson to Deacon Jones, as the latter detailed to him all the circumstances as he had just learned them from Mr. Mason.

"It must be so, Bro. Wilson, for there never was a man on earth nearer joining a church that didn't do it than William. Mr. Mason

tells me that he and Mr. Anderson both had a talk with him on last Friday, and he then expressed his full determination to join them. And you know it is said that Lydia Lovelace will not marry him unless he joins the church first; and I have heard it hinted by some of our brethren, that this was one of the reasons, if not the chief one, why he had consented to become a 'Reformer.'"

"William is a conscientious young man, Bro. Jones, and he understands the Bible well enough to know right from wrong in these matters. I had some apprehension that he might, under the continued and persevering influences that have been brought to bear upon him, act hastily and against his better judgment. And I have prayed, Bro. Jones, that God would keep him from a step which I feel sure he would ever have regretted. I love the boy, and take a deep interest in him. He is a noble young man, and one of great promise."

"He does not come much to our church now. You know, Bro. Wilson, he used to attend as regularly as his mother. But often, now, she comes alone, with no one but the driver."

"This is easily accounted for: William is not a Christian; therefore, is not governed by religious motives. And I suppose there is no doubt but what he is engaged to Lydia, and of course he will want to go wherever she does. It is not the 'Reformation,' but love, that has changed William. But you know, Bro. Jones, the eye of God is over him, and His power can preserve him from every snare."

"That is true, Bro. Wilson," said Deacon Jones, taking up his hat to leave. "We must pray for him and trust him in the hands of God."

William alone, of all interested in the momentous matter remained calm and collected. His *sang froid* was perfectly unaccountable to the excited brethren, who made it their business to call to see him and inquire into the reasons of his strange conduct. They could not forbear, many of them, to express to him in round terms, their entire disapprobation of his course. He received their admonitions and censures as one who deemed it his privilege to think and act for himself.

Mrs. Norton had been greatly troubled at the prospect of her son becoming a supporter and an advocate of the new faith, but

she had very prudently forborne any advice on the subject. Daily had she sought her closet to pour out her soul before God that His power and guidance might direct the whole matter aright. She realized—and well would it be for all Christians could they do the same—that the hearts of all men are in His hands, and He can turn them whithersoever He will. So instead of pleading with William, she plead with the Lord Jehovah. Instead of burdening her friends with her distresses, she poured them all into the ear of Jesus, who, she knew, was compassionate and loving—yea, and able to help in this her hour of trial. Nor did she trust in vain, as the unexpected result of the meeting attested.

Three days had passed, and William had not yet seen Lydia. He felt it was his duty to go over and explain to her what he was assured must look to her like frenzy. But his time had been too fully occupied with visitors and farm duties to admit of a visit before Thursday.

Ordering his horse, on the afternoon of that day, he rode over to Mr. Lovelace's. He had just had a long conversation with Mr. Anderson previous to his setting out to see Lydia, which served somewhat to ruffle his usually placid temper. The preacher insisted that, under all the circumstances, it was his imperative duty to unite with the church, and urged upon him not to delay—at all hazards to do his duty. William had expressed to him, in full terms, his feelings and reasons; but the zealous preacher could not be satisfied to let the matter rest where it now stood. William finally told him, that, for the present, his mind was made up and it was useless to urge him further. He had consented to join the church unconverted as he was, and they had urged him to do so, although they must have known his condition. But he was entirely convinced that such a step would have been wrong, and he could not now be induced to take it.

When William reached Mr. Lovelace's he found that gentleman and "Bro. Mason" engaged in an earnest conversation at the front stile. It was evident from their embarrassment when he rode up, that he was the subject of their close *tete a tete*. After an exchange of a few words, Bro. Mason turned his horse's head and rode away. William alighted and walked in with Mr. Lovelace, who could not well recover from his perturbation. The ride

had dissipated all William's excitement, and he was now as much at ease as if nothing unpleasant had transpired.

From the front window of her room Lydia saw William alight. Instantly the whole current of her feelings changed. She had determined to chide William with having broken his promise to her, and to tell him, as she had once before done, that their destinies could never be united. But the moment that manly form and handsome face met her eye all her resolutions vanished like morning mists, and love, the conqueror of all things, ruled her bosom. Sudden and excessive agitation seized her. She knew not what to be about. How could she meet William, and that, too, in the presence of her father? She would send him word she could not see him. No, that would not do, it might insult him, and she felt now, more than ever before in her whole life, that to lose his love was death. She hastened to the dressing stand, seized the brush and tried to smooth her hair, but her hand trembled so violently that the brush fell from it. She clutched the comb, but at the first stroke it became entangled in her hair and she could not disengage it.

Her heart beat audibly, and her cheeks were as red as the crimson bow on her bosom. Her eyes were bright from the excitement, and swimming in tears.

"William is below, and wishes to see you," said Mrs. Norton, entering the door. It was the mother's custom to announce visitors herself, so that she could aid in any little addition to her daughter's toilet that might suggest itself.

"Why, Lydia, my child, what is the matter with you?" said the mother, observing the young girl's tears. "William never comes of late that it does not seem to put you beside yourself. What are you crying for, child? do tell me."

"Indeed I do not know, mother," replied the agitated girl, bursting into a flood of tears, and throwing herself on her mother's bosom. "I cannot tell what makes me so foolish," she added, after a few moments looking up into her mother's face and smiling through her tears. "But I can't help it, mother. I know it is weak in me to do so, but the more I strive against it the more I am overcome."

"Well, dry your tears, now. William is waiting for you, and

your father is compelled to go out on the farm just as soon as you can get down."

Mrs. Lovelace loosed the comb from her daughter's hair, and smoothing the glossy mass, soon adjusted it. Lydia dried her eyes, and in a few minutes was ready to descend to the parlor.

"You go down first, mother, if you please, and let father leave. I do not believe I could meet William before him this evening," requested the still agitated girl of her mother, as Mrs. Lovelace stood at the head of the stairway waiting for her to descend to the parlor.

The mother acquiesced.

"One word, mother," said Lydia, calling after her. "Please leave the room when you hear me coming."

Mrs. Lovelace smiled and bowed assent.

As soon as his wife entered the room, Mr. Lovelace, giving a word of explanation to William, rose and left. Lydia caught her father's footsteps as he passed through the hall and out at the back door. As soon as she felt assured that her father was gone, she gave a hasty look in the mirror and descended the narrow, back stairway which led into her mother's room: Mrs. Lovelace heard her as she did so, and met her at the hall door.

Lydia passed in, and, nerving herself as best she could, approached the window where William sat.

Not choosing to gaze after Mrs. Lovelace as she left the room, he had turned his head towards the window and was admiring some fall flowers that grew 'neath it beside the porch, so that he did not observe Lydia when she entered, and was not aware of her presence until she bade him "good evening."

It was a trivial incident, but it deeply embarrassed both parties.

William immediately rose from his seat, and with one of his winning smiles, extended his hand.

"Why, Lydia, how excited you appear this evening. Why, my girl, what is the matter?"

"Oh nothing, William," she replied, reddening still more deeply. "Do be seated."

Her embarrassment served to confuse him. As she requested, he took a chair, and drawing near her, remarked:

"Well, Lydia, I suppose you have been expecting me to call



over and explain to you my conduct of last Sunday. It, no doubt, appeared to you quite unaccountable, but when I have explained it fully I am sure you will approve, rather than condemn. Say, were you not surprised that I did not join your church, Lydia?"

She bowed an affirmative, not desiring to trust herself to speak. It required great effort to keep back the intrusive tears as that sad disappointment arrayed itself before her. Her lip quivered and her hand trembled as it rested on the window-sill. Her eyes were riveted to the floor.

"Well, Lydia, let me tell you in the outset, that when I saw you last I had fully made up my mind to join the church on last Sunday evening. I did not deceive you and others when I avowed that as my intention. I was honest, but mistaken. I had come to believe that there could not be anything amiss to obey the Gospel as your people believe, and that God would bless me in the effort. And I looked forward to the time when I should openly make this confession, and be baptized with some degree of pleasure. As you are aware, I had several conversations with Mr. Anderson, in which he, for the time, removed the objections to your system which had so long harrassed my mind, and which, when overcome, left the way clear for me to act."

"And why did you not act, William?" asked the impatient girl, as if unable to wait until he could give his reasons.

"By chance, as it seemed, Lydia, I had a conversation, on last Friday evening, with our old servant, 'Uncle Adam'—you know 'Uncle Adam,' Lydia—in which he gave me his experience, and also his idea of faith, and"—

"I do hope, William, you did not let old 'Uncle Adam's' wild views turn you from your purpose. Why, father says, 'negros always see marvelous sights, and dream wild dreams. They think there is no religion without this—but surely *you* do not think with them, William?" And Lydia smiled at the absurdity of such an idea.

"Yes, Lydia, but I did let old Uncle Adam's view, contrasted with Mr. Anderson's sermon on last Sunday, decide me not to join.

"Why William! what do you mean?"—and Lydia started in her chair. "You surely do not mean to say that Bro. Anderson did not preach as good doctrine as old Uncle Adam?"

"I do, Lydia, mean to convey that very idea."

"Oh, William, William, how can you jest with me so on such an important subject?"

"I am not jesting, Lydia; I speak what I candidly believe. Did you hear Mr. Anderson's sermon in the afternoon? If you listened, you remember he said"—

"William, I did not hear one word of the sermon. I was all the time thinking about your coming up to join, and I could not, for my life, tell one word of either text or discourse."

"You did not, then, hear his definition of belief, Lydia?"

"No, William, not one syllable."

"Well, Lydia, I need not repeat his words. Suffice it to say that I believe Uncle Adam's definition of faith is right and scriptural—the faith of the Bible; while I believe, on the other hand, that Mr. Anderson is entirely mistaken. My judgment and my conscience both condemned the step I had promised to take. What, as an honest man, could I have done but what I did do? Say, Lydia. You shall yourself pass sentence."

She hesitated some moments, as if turning the subject over in her mind to see if she could not find *some reason* why he ought to have acted, but after a while she looked up into his face and replied, frankly—

"You did right, William, under the circumstances—with those views you could not have acted otherwise. But, William, do you intend to let the matter rest here?" she resumed, her tone deepening with earnestness, and her whole face assuming a look of anxious inquiry: "Are you not going to join my church, William?"

"Not at present, Lydia."

"What, are you going to join the Baptists? You know, William, I can never go with you there, and oh"—

"You need give yourself no anxiety about my joining the Baptists, Lydia. I have no idea of joining any church at present. My attempt and failure have put me quite out of the idea of such a thing. So rid your mind of all disquiet on that score. There is now as much probability that I shall connect myself with one denomination as another. But tell me, Lydia, are you satisfied with the explanation I have made? Bro. Anderson, and Deacon Mason, and Fitzgerald, still urge upon me that it is my duty to

unite with them. I told them I could not do so without grossly violating my conscience. What say you?"

"Well, William—I don't know what to say"—

"Why, Lydia, do you think it would have been honest in the sight of either God or man for me to have told a falsehood by going forward when I felt that I ought not to do so?"

"Oh no, William, that would have been wrong. But I am so anxious you should join our church. I do believe it would give me more happiness than anything in the whole world beside."

"More happiness than anything beside, Lydia?"—and he looked at her quite quizzically.

She understood his meaning, and blushed deeply.

"I must repeat my question," he said, after a few minutes' pause. "Are you satisfied, Lydia, that I did right?"

"Yes, William, I am—I have my entire approbation, but until this evening I have been sorely puzzled about your course. I now see you acted from conviction, and while I regret that you could not see it your duty, I at the same time feel that you acted the part of a true man."

"And now, Lydia, let me ask you another question, to which I hope you will answer with like candor."

She divined his intention. The blood sprang to her temples and coursed through her veins with lightning speed.

"I wish now to know, Lydia, if you will marry me, and when?"

It was a plain and direct question, and she could not give an evasive answer.

She loved him more than all earthly objects, and what reason or argument can stand before love? She had loved him in her childhood, and this love "had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength," until it had long since become a part of her existence. She could have lived as well without life as without love. The remembrances of that horrid dream were no longer before her. William could not join the Baptist church, and the probability was, that, in after years, he might see as she now did, and unite with her people. Her parents approved of her choice. Nothing arose to oppose itself. But had there been a thousand obstacles in the way, the love she cherished could have surmounted them all.

She sat a moment with her eyes riveted to the floor; then, looking up into the face of William with all the love and ingenuousness of her ardent, candid nature, she replied:

“Yes, William, I will marry you.”

He threw his arms around her and kissed her.

“And when, Lydia, when?”

“I cannot tell you now, William, but I will in a few days. I must speak to my father and mother. And, by the way, have you gained their consent, William?” she asked naively, smiling through her tears.

“Oh, I am sure they will not object, my girl. But I will ask them this very evening. You will not say nay to this, will you? I think we have been playing lovers long enough, Lydia, and now there is nothing to oppose itself to our union. I do not see why it should not take place, and that very soon. I will seek your parents now. Your father, Lydia, where is he?”

“Gone on the farm. And she bounded through the hall and up the stairway like a wild gazelle, while William took his hat to leave in quest of Mr. Lovelace.

Not a very romantic finale, you will say. Ah, no, not *romantic*. No unsubstantial concern made up of sighs, moonshine, and nonsense, but the true and undisguised expression of two noble, loving hearts. What more could you ask?

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#### CHAP. XXIV.—A HAPPY EVENT.

“Why don’t you come to school to our new teacher, Jimmy?” asked Samuel Haycraft of Jimmy Johnson, as they met one Saturday morning in the road in front of Mr. Johnson’s yard.

“I tell you what it is, Sam, I’ve tried school to my heart’s content, and, if I keep my senses, I’ll never go into a school-room again as long as I live. I am going to make a farmer of myself, and plow up the ground instead of plowing up my brains. I tell you, boy, it’s easier work, and yields more in the end. No more school-days for me. I tell you, Sam, I am going to make me a little fortune, and then I’m going to marry.”

“I am sorry to hear you talk so, Jimmy. Father says you ought to go to school at least two years longer. He thinks you

are the smartest fellow in the neighborhood, Jimmy, and he says it is a shame that you should not be well educated."

"Well, I'd like to know if I am not well educated. Can't I read, and write, and——cipher?" Jimmy added, laughing, remembering the cause of his expulsion from school—"and if it hadn't been for Duncy, the scamp, I might have been through all the fractions, vulgar and polite, in the whole arithmetic in this time. Never mind, it won't go well with that fellow if I ever lay eyes on him again."

"Our new teacher, Mr. Butler, is an excellent man; I know you would like him, Jimmy. I do wish you would come back. We all want to have you with us again. Won't you get your father to send you?"

"Father says it's no use. And here is all this crop of corn to be housed for the winter, and Jake is sick, and there is nobody to do it but Ned, and unless I help him he can't get through. Corn-cutting will soon be here, and then I shall have to take off my coat and roll up my sleeves and go at it like a hero."

"But can't you come, Jimmy, when you get your corn in. Ask your father to let you. It is too bad that you should be at home while all the boys are at school."

"Hadn't I better go off to college, Sam?" asked Jimmy, laughing. "You know I have fine success in such enterprises. What do you say to that, my boy? I am too big to go to a country school. Nothing but college will suit my taste."

"No, I wouldn't go to college for a while anyhow, Jimmy. Try Mr. Butler a session or two, and then if you are not pleased, go away from home if you like. Come Jimmy, what say you?"

"I don't say one word, Sam."

"Well, think about the matter, Jimmy, won't you?"

"Well, maybe so."

"And let me know to-morrow, at meeting, what you are going to do. Good morning."

"Well, now, it might be best for me to go to school a while longer. I do believe I have got some sense, and maybe I might make a smart man—who knows. Old man Haycraft has fine judgment, and if he thinks I'm the smartest fellow in the neighborhood, why, I guess I am, and I might make something pretty respecta-

ble of myself. Let me see: a professor in some great college? Mercy alive! Jimmy Johnson could never in all this world get wound up to a suitable pitch of preciseness. What a white neck-tie and paste-board collar continually cutting off the tops of my ears, and then the mountains of dignity that I'd have to climb!! No, sir, Jimmy could never mount to that. And then there is the law; but lawyers are all cheats, and I want to be an honest man. And beside, these hands—mercy! such monsters could never handle a case nicely. The law won't do—not polish enough for that—so I see I'll have to be a farmer after all, and what's the use of so much book knowledge? I can drive old 'Post' and 'Fowler' without a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and cut down this corn if I don't know algebra and geometry. All in my eye. Ha! ha!" And Jimmy turned on his heel and went whistling to the potato-ground to dig potatoes.

He worked hard all day long, thinking of Amy and the little fortune he was going to make for her; and he thought, too, of what Sam Haycraft had said to him in the morning. Somehow this would keep coming up to his mind. And finally, he determined he would open the subject to his father when he returned from church meeting.

Little did Jimmy know what was in reserve for him. He had not yet learned that our ways are in the hand of Him who worketh according to the purposes of his own will.

At night Jimmy spoke of the matter to his parents. His mother longed for her son to be educated thoroughly, but the father spoke discouragingly, and she would not urge her plea.

The next morning was the Sabbath. At an early hour preparations were made for church. It had always been Mr. Johnson's rule to be early at the house of God. Jimmy went out to catch his horse, but young Joan could no where be found, and there was no other horse on the little farm that he would ride. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were compelled to leave him behind.

Jimmy, all ready dressed for church, concluded he would walk round the premises while his parents were absent, and take a general survey, and make his calculations for the future. He felt that diligence would be necessary, for the autumn was now upon them, and there was yet much to be done before winter.

It was a sober, autumnal day—lovely and calm—and its hallowed breathings stole into Jimmy's heart, and shed there solemn and sacred influences. As he passed over the front stile, the little white slab on the hill-side, 'neath the old elm, attracted his attention, and thitherward he bent his steps.

Reaching the narrow enclosure where reposed the remains of that fair-haired child whom he had loved more dearly than all other beings on earth, he seated himself beside the little mound and gazed intently upon it. It was covered with waving grass, and at the head grew a rose-bush, which the mother's hand had planted and nurtured.

All the memories of his childhood came rushing back upon his mind, as Jimmy sat there gazing on that little grave. The sweet, glad face, now only "a handful of white ashes," came up from its resting place and looked into his as in long-ago years, with its look of heavenly innocence, and the white arms unfolded from off the still bosom to come and twine themselves about his neck.

"Oh Martha! Martha! my dear, sweet sister! would that God had spared you to me. Then I would not be as I now am—a wild, reckless boy, whom nobody loves. "Oh my sister! my sister! come back to me, my heart is breaking!"

But the death-sealed ear heard not the call, and Jimmy wept alone.

"She cannot come to me," he said; and then a spirit whispered in his ear, "but you must go to her."

Like an electric shock it thrilled his being, and his mind flew from the past to dwell on the future.

"I must go to her," he repeated. "I, too, must die!" "And after death the judgment," whispered the spirit.

He started to his feet, while a sense of responsibility and obligation he had never before felt, pressed with mountain weight upon his bosom. He could not remain alone. He resolved to go to church.

As he neared the old stone church in which his parents had worshiped since the dawn of his being, the notes of a familiar hymn fell upon his ear. How strangely it appeared to him. Often-

times he had heard it sung before as he rode up to the house of God, but now it seized upon him as with magnetic power, and reached the depths of his soul. He fastened his horse and proceeded towards the house. Just as he entered the minister rose to pray. He took a side seat, near the door, where he would be unobserved. Involuntarily he bowed his head. As the fervent petitions went up from the preacher's heart before the throne of God, Jimmy's frame trembled in every limb. A sudden, mysterious influence possessed his whole being. It was unaccountable to him, but he knew it was so.

The prayer was ended. Another song was sung. The preacher announced his text: "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment." Jimmy sat transfixed to his seat. He listened, spell-bound, to the holy truths as they fell from the lips of the servant of God, and the Holy Spirit sealed them home to his heart.

Jimmy was awakened to a sense of his lost condition. The Spirit took of the things of God and showed them unto him. God was moving in a mysterious way to accomplish his purpose of mercy and grace towards him. The Spirit made known unto him his exceeding great sinfulness in the sight of a pure and holy Judge, and pointed him to the blood of Christ as the only way of escape from the penalty due him because of his transgressions.

When the sermon closed an invitation was given to any one present, desiring to do so, to come forward and unite with the people of God. A song was sung. When it was finished, Jimmy rose from his seat, behind the door, and requested the church to pray for him. He felt himself a sinner justly exposed to the wrath of God, and knew not how to escape therefrom.

The whole audience was moved to tears, and his parents wept aloud. It was so sudden—so unexpected. No one thought that God had designs of mercy towards Jimmy Johnson—and yet it was so. The preacher moved towards him and conversed with him some minutes. He then stated the young man's feelings to the congregation. Fervent prayer was offered in his behalf.

The brethren, thanking God for this manifestation of his goodness, decided to protract the meeting, and an appointment was made for that night and the night following.



Jimmy came again at night, but his burden of sin remained. He had wept and prayed. His dear old mother and father had talked with him and pointed out to him the way of salvation. But still his agony increased until he was almost overcome by despair.

“Oh, I have been such a sinner,” he would say, as they pointed to Christ as one able and willing to save him, “I deserve to be cast off, for I have sinned with a high hand and an outstretched arm, and in the face of light and knowledge. I see no hope for me.”

There was a large congregation. There appeared a general awakening throughout the neighborhood. The minister's text was the 25th verse of the 7th chapter of Hebrews: “Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” The preacher dwelt upon the love of God, which caused Him to give His Son to save rebellious man, when man, by reason of his transgression, had forfeited all claims to divine favor. He then spoke of the object of the atonement of Christ to offer up a way by which sinners might be saved. He dwelt particularly on its fullness and completeness—Christ's blood could save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. He showed that Christ died for sinners—for those sold under sin—the captives of the evil one, who strove for the mastery over the soul.

The discourse was clear, argumentative, and forcible. Every word pierced the heart of Jimmy Johnson and carried conviction with it. It relieved to some extent his burdened soul—yet Christ had not spoken peace to him.

When the invitation was given for persons to unite with the church, an old man, who had professed to have a hope for many years, came forward, told his experience, and was received. Others in the congregation requested prayer. God was about to pour out his Holy Spirit copiously upon the congregation of his faithful servants who worshiped him in the old stone church. They were to see wonderful things whereof to be glad.

That night was passed by Jimmy in prayer. Up in his little attic-room, where none but the eye of God rested upon him, he cried for mercy and pardon: and God, whose ears are ever open to the cry of those who seek him, sorrowing for sin, spoke peace

to his sin-stricken soul, and enabled him to rejoice in full hope of pardon through the Saviour's blood.

It was a happy morning that dawned in that little family. The mother and father rejoiced with the son, and with grateful hearts praised God for his great goodness towards them.

The next evening Jimmy went before the church and related the dealings of God with him. Many a Christian's heart was made glad as he spoke of the mercy of God in revealing Christ unto him as his Saviour, and of his love which now filled his bosom. Jimmy had passed from death unto life—a new era had dawned upon him.

The church was greatly blessed at Stonehenge, and many were added to its numbers before the close of the meeting.

But over none was there more rejoicing than Jimmy Johnson. He was the favorite of the neighborhood for his good nature and sprightliness; and those who knew the ardor of his disposition and his zeal in whatever he undertook, promised themselves great things at his hands for the cause of God.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

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### CHAP. XXXVII.—DARKNESS GATHERS. /

"Man, born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble."—*Job*.

The arrow had found its mark. It had pierced the heart of the victim, never to be removed until death should end the suffering.

Mary and her father remained at Dorchester until after the execution of William Dormer. She would have it so. The father knew that it would prove a fearful trial to his child, as exaggerated descriptions of the death-scene must necessarily meet her ears; but she plead with such earnestness he could not refuse. She wished to know all—even the very worst. To her mind dread reality was preferable to torturing suspense. Bunyan endeavored to sustain her with the promises of the eternal God, but in her present state of nervous excitement it appeared impossible for her to lay hold

on them. She knew that God's dealings with her were wise and good; but oh! to feel submissive to His will when that will robbed her of the dearest object earth contained! It was hard—too hard for her feeble faith.

And how often it is thus with us. How often faith grows so faint that we cannot look up, nor beyond the present evil. We feel forsaken of all—and help, there is none. Our Father hath forgotten us, and earth and hell have leagued against us. But God hath not forgotten to be gracious. Our Elder Brother, "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," is near, and when the waters gather around us, when we are "ready to perish," His hand, though unseen, supports us still, and delivers us from the swelling flood.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His wonderful works to the children of men."

"It is all over now, father. I can do no more, and we must go home," said Mary to her father, after the first violent shock, consequent upon the intelligence of William Dormer's death, had passed away.

And the two made ready and set out on their sorrowful return.

The light of love and hope had gone out in Mary's bosom, and life was now far darker to her once bright and happy heart than was ever the outer world to her sealed eyes.

She did not murmur. Her grief was too deep for complaint. Her voice, once so cheerful, had sunk into a sad monotone which pierced her father's heart to hear. The rose had faded from her cheek, the sweet smile died out from her lips, and her step, once so light and buoyant, had become heavy and sluggish. Sighs proceeding from the pent-up agony of her bosom escaped her whenever she thought there was no one near to listen.

For the sake of her dear father, whom she knew suffered so intensely on her account, she strove to hide her grief. But oh, how vain the effort. It had written itself in unmistakeable lines on every lineament of her lovely face—in every movement of her fragile body.

The father looked upon her as day by day she listlessly traced the long and weary way to Bedford, and his heart was seized with dreadful forebodings. From the dawn of her being she had been his earthly idol. He had loved her for her very helplessness, which

had caused her to cling so closely to him. He had seen her struggles to support the family during his imprisonment, and while she was scarce yet twelve years of age. He had watched her development into womanhood with feelings of deep gratitude to God for such a precious gift; and then when God, according to his purpose, and of his sovereign love and mercy, beget her to a new life in Christ Jesus, the bond of union became stronger and dearer. Their souls were knitted together by indissoluble ties.

Bunyan had hoped and expected that Mary would survive him. He had been thankful when she made a selection of William Dummer as a companion for life, for he felt that in him she would have a kind friend and noble protector.

But now William was gone. Had suffered an ignominious death, and the blow that had laid him low had also reached the heart of his darling Mary.

How fully his bowed soul realized, as he trod the weary miles of his return, that man's days are full of trouble. Sorrow after sorrow had fallen upon him since the time he had forsaken the world to follow Jesus. "In this world ye shall have tribulation." It is the inheritance of the children of the Most High.

He had lost the wife of his first love while yet joy and affection smiled along their way, and, dying, she had bequeathed to him four helpless little ones, one of whom was hopelessly blind. He had married again a woman of God, and a helpmeet to him, but scarce two years had passed when the hand of rigorous vengeance dragged him from the bosom of his loved wife and darling children, and unjustly immured him in a loathsome prison for twelve long, weary years. And when at last the vengeance of his enemies was sated, and the prison doors were unlocked, and he came forth once more to enjoy the sweets of liberty, persecution, and that, too, from his own brethren, met him, and he was traduced and villified, and all endeavors made to cast out his name as evil among men—and temptation and trial had succeeded temptation and trial, until even his great soul was ready to burst under its heavy burden. And now that disappointment which knows no alleviation, that sorrow which but deepens with each succeeding moment of our existence, had fallen as a deep dark pall over the heart of Mary, enwrapping her in rayless despair.

On the fourth day after setting out from Dorchester, they reached the little cottage-home at Bedford. The mother and Sarah could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of surprise as they beheld the changed appearance of Mary. They bore her to a seat (for she was weary and worn), and ministered as best they could to her comfort. They needed not to question. The sad tale was too plainly told in that pale, meek face, and that hopeless voice. Joseph came in from his day's engagements. He was startled as he beheld his sister, and would have questioned as to her altered looks, but his father motioned him to be silent. The little ones around the hearth-stone looked on—their childish hearts filled with wonder and mystery as they beheld the strange, sad scene.

No questions were asked in Mary's presence. Not the most distant allusion was made to the painful subject. They would spare the fading lily each rude blast. But eye spoke to eye the language of each heart, and that language was one of deep, dark dread.

The evening meal was spread and silently despatched. There rested over that once glad household a feeling of deep dread which forbade even usual conversation. It was the hushed stillness which precedes the fearful storm.

Evening closed in. Around the altar of prayer the afflicted family gathered. As once before when sorrow encompassed him, the man of God read the ninetieth psalm: "O Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God," &c. When he had finished reading, Bunyan made a few remarks on the immortality of God, his nature and his promises, and exhorted his little family to trust Him who was the same forever, knowing no variableness nor shadow of turning.

A simple hymn was sung, but Mary did not join in singing. She sat, as was her wont, beside her father, her hand resting on his knee; but her lips were sealed, and her pale face wore a look of hopeless agony. They bowed around the altar. Once, during that fervent prayer, allusion was made to the horrid scenes just passed through. A low sob burst from Mary's aching bosom. A moment more and all was still, save the father's pleading voice.

"Be firm, and trust in God, my child," was all the father could say as he imprinted the good-night kiss on the marble brow. The mother and Sarah accompanied her to bed, their hearts breaking to see the poor girl's sufferings, and they longed in some way, if possible, to alleviate them. Every little kindness that their anxious hearts could suggest was bestowed, oh, so tenderly—and at another time their deep sollicitude and kindly offices would have been repaid by many a sweet smile and grateful word—but now Mary could not smile. It was to her a sacrilege, and words of thanks a very mockery.

The mother, after seeing the last offices performed, prepared to render her comfortable for the night—bent over her pillow and imprinted a tender kiss upon her cheek. "God bless you, my child, God bless you," she said, and turned away with streaming eyes. Sarah went to the bedside, and, kneeling, prayed for her sister.

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CHAP. XXXVIII.—ELIZABETH GAUNT.

Erect the stake! Bring the straw! Pile high the faggots! See that the cords are strong to bind the unhappy victim! Let the loud shout of the infuriated multitude deafen the heavens while the work of death goes on.

Why all this fearful preparation? Why this wild rush of incensed people? Why this vast assemblage at Tyburn, on October 23d, 1685?

It is the execution-day of Elizabeth Gaunt, who is to die!—and for what? For this: She ignorantly harbored a man, John Burton, who was accused of being engaged in the Rye-house plot. A wretch, who, under the cloak of Non-conformity, had gained shelter under her hospitable roof, and then with that unparalleled meanness which characterizes the vile and cowardly, turned king's evidence, and arraigned before the heartless, fiendish Jeffries, the woman who had saved his life and protected him and his family when fugitives from justice. Base, ignoble creature! Merciless judge! Infuriated rabble! Day of fearful retribution!

Look! there she comes, guarded by those savage-looking men. Her face is pale and wan, and her steps slow. She has been above a month in prison, and no one has ministered to her as she was

always went to do to those in prison who were hungry and naked. Like the great proto-martyr, even the Lord Jesus, her mien is meek and humble, for she bears within her bosom that same spirit which was also in Christ Jesus. The jeers, and taunts, and gibes of the crowd fall on her ear. She reviles not again, but rather prays, "Lord, lay it not to their charge."

Slowly she moves along, wearing her prisoner's garb, and on her head a clean, white cap. She heeds not the multitude that crowd around her, each eager to catch a glimpse of the unhappy victim. Her thoughts are with God, to whom she commends her spirit, and whose forgiveness she seeks for those who are shamefully going to put her to death.

"Make way! make way!" the guards shout as the wild, restless mob close up the avenue leading to the fearful stake.

"Make way! make way!" is repeated in fiercer tones of command, and the prisoner under escort moves on through the narrow aisle, made by the parting of the densely crowded ranks, towards the heap of straw and faggots. Many there are in that vast assembly moved to tears at her Christian bearing, and the heavenly expression of fortitude which marks her countenance, while others shout, in fiendish malice, "Let the traitor die! God save the King."

She reaches the stake, and, quietly folding her hands across her bosom, submits, without a word of complaint, to be bound thereto. The men perform their hellish work with jests and bursts of savage laughter. She heeds it not. She is looking to God for aid in this her hour of dark trial. Her countenance is serene, and over it there plays a look of heavenly light which strikes with awe the crowd of spectators.

The work of fastening is done. She speaks not, nor looks affrighted as the men approach the pile with lighted torches.

As they are about to apply fire to the heap she looks pityingly upon them, and the petition, "Father, lay it not to their charge," escapes her lips. Then, casting a glance on the vast multitude of curious faces gazing upon her, "Father, forgive them—they know not what they do!" she prays, and closes her eyes. The pile is lighted. Slowly it burns at first. But see! the straw and light wood have caught! Now the crackling flames mount higher and

higher. They have reached the hem of her garment. Already her feet are enveloped in the fiery sheet. Will the martyr cry for aid as the heat cinders her limbs? Ah, no! See her there—calm and collected—looking to Jesus for His grace to bear her through the trial. How beautiful with divine trust is that placid face which knows no contraction nor writhing, though the flames have reached her waist and are every moment becoming hotter and hotter. What meekness in that attitude, fettered as is the poor, consuming body, and what heavenly pity in those eyes as they are bent on the eager mass about her. Look! She moves. Has her stay failed her?—and is she striving to loose herself from her tortures. Ah, no! God's grace is sufficient. She is only adjusting the straw about her that the horrid work of death may be the sooner over.

The crowd gaze upon her, awe-struck. How is it that a timid woman can thus add to her tortures? Hear her answer: "I can bear all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Ah! this is it—Christ's right arm to support, His loving voice to whisper words of cheer. "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Hundreds weep at this manifestation of heavenly fortitude. But the martyr is alike insensible to their tears as to their jests and taunts. "Behold I see," said the martyr Stephen, "the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Has she not a glimpse of the same glorious vision?

Higher and higher ascend the raging fires, until soon the whole body is enshrouded in an intensely, glaring, flame sheet. Tears of wonder and horror are streaming down the faces of all the spectators. Such a sight has never before been witnessed by any present, for Elizabeth Gaunt is the first to suffer by fire during the reign of the brutal James.

Will she not now shriek and cry out with pain? See, the fires are all around. No, no. Not one word of complaint escapes her.

The three Hebrew children passed through the fires unhurt. The angel of the Lord was with them. And Elizabeth Gaunt went up to heaven from the faggot and the stake without betraying the least fear or suffering. The presence of the covenant angel sustained her.

A few moments more, and the work is done. The body, roasted and marred, is taken from the stake, while the affrighted spectators



close their eyes in horror. She has witnessed for God, who is her everlasting portion, and now her spirit sings the song of Moses and the Lamb in the holy city—the new Jerusalem.

And did she leave no testimony behind her save what she gave in her death?" Let us turn from the stake to the prison-cell, in Newgate, where she was confined. Here is a folded paper, written by her own hand. Let us open and read:

"Not knowing whether I shall be suffered, or able, because of weaknesses that are upon me, through my hard and close imprisonment, to speak at the place of execution, I have written these few lines to signify that I am reconciled to the ways of my God towards me; though it is in ways I looked not for, and by terrible things, yet in righteousness; for having given me life, he ought to have the disposing of it, when and where he pleases to call for it. And I desire to offer up my all to him, it being my reasonable service, and also the first terms which Christ offers, that he who will be his disciple must forsake all and follow him. Therefore let none think hard, or be discouraged at what hath happened unto me; for he hath done nothing without cause in all that he hath done unto me; he being holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his works, and it is but my lot in common with poor desolate Zion at this day.

"Neither do I find in my heart the least regret at anything I have done in the service of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, in securing and succoring any of his poor sufferers, that have showed favor, as I thought, to his righteous cause; which cause, though it be now fallen and trampled on, yet it may revive, and God may plead it at another time more than he hath ever yet done, with all its opposers and malicious haters. And therefore, let all that love and fear him not omit the least duty that comes to hand or lies before them, knowing that now Christ hath need of them, and expects they should serve him. And I desire to bless his holy name that he hath made me useful in my generation, to the comfort and relief of many desolate ones; that the blessing of many who were ready to perish hath come upon me, and I helped to make the widow's heart leap for joy.

"And I bless his holy name that in all this, together with what I was charged with, I can approve my heart to him, that I have done his will, though it may cross man's. The Scriptures which satisfy me are these: 'Hide the outcasts; betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee: be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler. Thou shouldst not have delivered up those of his that did remain in the day of distress.' [Isa. xvi. 3, 4; Obad. 12, 13, 14.] But men say you must give them up, or die for it. Now whom to obey, judge ye. So that I have

cause to rejoice and be exceeding glad, in that I 'suffer for righteousness' sake,' and that I am counted worthy to suffer 'for well doing;' and that God hath accepted any service from me, which hath been done in sincerity, though mixed with manifold infirmities, which he hath been pleased for Christ's sake to cover and forgive.

"And now as concerning my crime, as it is now called; alas, it was but a little one, and such as might well become a prince to forgive. But he that shows no mercy shall find none; and I may say of it, in the language of Jonathan, 'I did but taste a little honey, and lo, I must die for it'—I did but relieve an unworthy, poor, distressed family, and lo, I must die for it. Well, I desire in the lamb-like nature of the gospel to forgive those that are concerned; and to say, 'Lord, lay it not to their charge!' But I fear he will not; nay, I believe, when he comes to make inquisition for blood, it will be found at the door of the furious judge, who, because I could not remember things, through my dauntedness [confusion] at Burton's wife and daughter's witness, and my ignorance, took advantage of it, and would not hear me when I had called to mind that which I am sure would have invalidated the evidence. And though he granted something of the same kind to another, he denied it to me. At that time my blood will also be found at the door of the unrighteous jury, who found me guilty on the single oath of an outlawed man; for there was none but his oath about the money, who is no legal witness, though he be pardoned, his outlawry not being reversed, also the law requiring *two* witnesses in point of treason. As to my going with him to the place mentioned, namely, the Hope, it was by his own word before he could be outlawed, for it was about two months after his absconding. So that though he was in a proclamation, yet not for high treason, as I am informed; so that I am clearly murdered. And also bloody Mr. Atterbury, who hath so insatiably hunted after my life, though it is no profit to him, yet through the ill will he bears me, left no stone unturned, as I have ground to believe, till he brought it to this, and showed favor to Burton, who ought to have died for his own fault, and not to have bought his own life with mine. Captain Richardson, who is cruel and severe to all under my circumstances, did, at that time, without any mercy or pity, hasten my sentence, and held up my hand that it might be given. All which, together with the great one of all, [James II., who had just come to the throne, carrying on his brother's proceedings,] by whose power all these and multitudes more of cruelties are done, I do heartily and freely forgive as against me; but as it is done in an implacable mind against the Lord Jesus Christ, and his righteous cause and followers, I leave it to Him who is the avenger of all such wrong, and 'who will tread upon princes as upon mortar, and be terrible to the kings of the earth.'

“Know this also, that though you are seemingly fixed, and because of the power in your hands are weighing out your violence, and dealing with a spiteful mind, because of the old and new hatred, by impoverishing and every way distressing those you have got under you; yet unless you can secure Jesus Christ, and also his holy angels, you shall never do your business, nor shall your hand accomplish your enterprise. He will be upon you ere you are aware; and therefore that you would be wise, instructed, and learn, is the desire of her that finds no mercy from you!

“ELIZABETH GAUNT.

“P. S. Such as it is, you have from the hand of her who hath done as she could, and is sorry that she can do no better; hopes you will pity, and consider, and cover weaknesses and shortness, and anything that is wanting; and begs that none may be weakened or stumble by my lowness of spirit; for God’s design is to humble and abase, that he alone may be exalted in that day. And I hope he may appear in a needful time and hour, and it may be he will reserve the best wine till the last, as he hath done for some before me. None goeth a warfare at his own charges, and the Spirit blows only where and when it listeth; and it becomes me who have so often grieved it and quenched it, to wait for and upon his motions, and not to murmur; but I may mourn, because through the want of it I honor not my God nor his blessed cause, which I have so long loved and delighted to serve; and repent of nothing but that I have served it and him no better.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MRS. F. E. GARNETT.

NO. VIII.—INSTABILITY.

“Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.”—*Bible.*

This was one of the prophetic declarations of the dying Jacob. It was spoken to Reuben, his first-born, who, because of flagrant disobedience, was deprived of the dignity and privileges of his birth-right.

The text contains a sentiment equally true, either in reference to mere mind or morals in general.

Instability is the great impediment to pre-eminent excellence, and is, alas, a characteristic of many.

Man, to accomplish anything, must be as true to his purpose as

the needle to the pole. Many who eagerly set out to obtain a liberal education fail, entirely, for the want of stability of purpose and concentration of thought. They pursue their studies attentively for a time, but anon become weary, toss aside their books, and away to 'the resorts of pleasure. Ah! they have forgotten that the temple of knowledge is only unlocked with the key of perseverance, and its "Pierian waters" quaffed only by those who, with a firm purpose, have toiled up the rugged hill of science, their eye steadily fixed upon its summit.

Think of this, young lady, young gentleman, and if you desire to be educated that you may be more useful, bring your thoughts to this point; concentrate your efforts *here*, and firmly pursue the object of your desire, nor suffer ought to divert your attention from it. Thus may you hope to attain the eminence to which you aspire. Without this, nothing is accomplished. Decision, constancy, and perseverance are essential to success in any vocation. The man of business cannot succeed without stability. Take for example the merchant, who brings on his supply of goods for the fall market, but in a short time becomes weary of the business—concludes to give it up and study law. Pretty soon he tires of this, also, and pursues something else. Can he accomplish anything, think you? By no means. At the expiration of the year he would probably be bankrupt. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

We have often met with those on the great thoroughfare of life, who are constantly bustling about from point to point, always busy, and yet accomplish nothing. They lack stability of purpose. Do not devote their time and energies to *one* business, but diversify, so that no result of their labor is ever seen.

Instability of purpose is ruinous to the temporal interests of individuals, but most ruinous when its blasting influences are brought to bear on their spiritual nature. Many have, no doubt, landed in the world of interminable woe because of instability. They hear the word of life, conviction is produced upon their minds, and they resolve to yield themselves to God. These feelings are often combined with prayer, great anxiety, mental conflict—and they determine that they will at once give themselves to

God; but worldly pleasure decoys them, or perhaps domestic duties, or a press of business, and it is deferred.

Conviction again visits them, resolves are made as before. It is again deferred, and perchance the opportunity is never theirs again. The messenger comes, but they are not ready. "Unstable as water," nothing is accomplished. The soul is lost by instability.

We sometimes find this characteristic in professed Christians—and it is often manifested in searching the Scriptures.

There is one pure fountain of knowledge—the holy Scriptures. We are commanded to search them. It is our duty and privilege to be familiar and mighty here: but how many are distinguished by instability and inequality in their search after Scripture knowledge. Instead of having stated periods for studying the sacred volume, with which no business is permitted to interfere, they read by snatches when it suits their convenience, and perhaps permit days, and even weeks, to elapse without unclosing its lids. The consequence is, they remain children in understanding, babes in wisdom, when they ought to be approaching the stature of men in divine knowledge. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Christians often do not excel in self-government through instability in moral discipline. The evil of our nature is only partially removed in regeneration.

The "old man" is crucified, but still is not utterly extinct. He frequently exhibits signs of life which require constant watchfulness. We are commanded to "mortify our members, crucify the flesh, bridle the tongue," &c., but how often is our moral feebleness displayed? We are almost as passionate and frivolous, morose and childish, as when we first made a profession of religion. The reason of this is the instability of our moral government. We curb our nature by fits and starts. Now we draw the bit tightly—anon we permit the reins to lie loose upon the necks of our passions, and thus, "unstable," we cannot excel.

Another reason we do not excel, is instability in the means of grace. Our conflicts in this world are many, our trials great. They often weaken us. The world does not afford us strength. It ever fails to impart comfort amid our afflictions. Our Father, knowing our necessities, has afforded the means of grace for our

support and for our growth in the divine life. All Christians have, no doubt, realized the soul-cheering effects of those heavenly restoratives: Prayer, reading His word, and visiting the sanctuary. But have not some failed to attend to those duties promptly and regularly? They have. Instability in all these necessary and gracious appointments cause spiritual barrenness and sterility. They may, for a time, visit regularly their secret place of prayer, but business, company, and pleasure, so arrest their thoughts, that a day, or perhaps many days will elapse, and the place of prayer not visited. Can this be so? Can a child of God dare to go out and meet the world's conflicts *one day* without first seeking an interview with his Father, and asking Him to take care of him, and shield him from temptation? Examine your own selves upon this point, and if you are fluctuating in your devotions, seek the spirit of prayer, that you may attend your closet more promptly, thus renewing your spiritual strength. Are you unstable in your attendance at the sanctuary? Perhaps you are there when the weather is pleasant and your business is all arranged to suit your convenience; or, perhaps you are one of those who are there promptly if there are difficulties to be brought up for adjustment. There is a class of church members who are always at their post on such occasions. Wonder if it is *I* or *you*; or, can we say with David, "My soul longeth—yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. We repeat it, if we are unstable in the use of the means of grace, we cannot grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.

There are others who are unstable in their religious opinions—"driven about by every wind of doctrine." For a while they appear firmly established in the truth; but let some flashing declaimer come around with a new doctrine, gilded and sugar-coated, and they are certain to be carried away with the plausible theory, and will be found among its most ardent advocates until something else arrests their attention. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Family prayer is another means of grace, in the use of which much instability is shown.

Have any of God's children whom we now address torn down the family altar, reared it, and torn it down again?

Oh! my Christian friends, re-build it upon a more permanent

basis. Family religion cannot flourish without family prayer. Make now a firm resolve, and adhere to it, to keep up regular family prayer. Will you do it? God will bless you in the deed.

Another reason why we do not excel in usefulness, is instability in the cultivation and exercise of our talents. An active, persevering employment of our talents is essential to usefulness. If we have but *one*, we have no right to bury it in the earth, but should improve it. Let us, then, seek the field in which we can labor most successfully, and apply ourselves to its cultivation—concentrate our talents and efforts—then may we hope to excel in usefulness.

It is evident that instability casts a light upon the happiness, interests, and usefulness of individuals and communities; and as it is the prominent characteristic of many, let us inquire into its existence and the remedy.

With some persons, it is, no doubt, constitutional. 'Tis the besetting sin, the peculiar feeling. Vaccillation is often attributable to the temperament and the peculiar development of the individual. It is not, however, beyond remedy, but will require more skill, determination, and labor to master it. It is often the result of inconsideration. We do not think as we should—are not governed by such rules as God will bless. A more contemplative habit of mind would free us from much of the evil resulting from it. It is sometimes caused by a lack of watchfulness. We are often off our watch-tower, and the adversary, ever on the alert, takes advantage of all occasions to draw us aside from the narrow way. Hence the great necessity of guarding carefully every avenue through which he can approach.

After an examination of this subject, are we convicted of instability? Let us seek, by prayer and watchfulness, to rid ourselves of the evil habit, thus laying the foundation for greater usefulness and happiness.

NEW LIBERTY, KY., Oct., 1859.

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A FREE Literature, if not guided and guarded by Christianity, merges into license; just as freedom, when abused, lapses into anarchy.

## A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY HATTIE HEATH.

One evening I gazed on a star,  
That shone with a glory so bright,  
I thought it must be near the gates  
Of the heavenly Kingdom of Light.

Then I slept, and I dreamed of the star—  
And there came from its portals of gold  
A being with radiant face,  
And garment with white, shining folds.

Unfolding his beautiful wings,  
He floated adown through the air,  
Till he stood by my side, and I felt  
His soft hands laid so light on my hair.

I looked up in his face, and he smiled,  
Then I trustingly gave him my hand,  
And he carried me up to the star—  
To the gate of the Beautiful Land.

As I passed through the portals of pearl,  
Such a ravishing scene met my view,  
That a feeling of ecstasy wild,  
With a thrill swept my soul through and through.

And I gazed with my vision entranced,  
On the city surpassingly fair—  
Where the glory, in showers of light,  
Fell down through the rich, golden air:

Where a sweet burst of music arose,  
Till the arches of heaven were full,  
And the anthems of angels rung out  
Till their melody flooded my soul.

'Mid a throng of those glorified ones,  
Who dwell in that bright land of rest,  
I saw my sweet sister, whose brow  
Wears the radiant crown of the blest.

She wound her dear arms round my neck,  
And kissed me, and smiled as of old,  
And we walked through the palace of light,  
And over the pavements of gold :



And down by the river of Peace,  
 In the odor of unfading flowers,  
 And talked of her glorious home  
 'Mid the fragrance of amaranth bowers.

Then I told her I longed so to stay,  
 Living ever in God's cloudless smile;  
 But she answered in accents so sweet,  
 "Nay, thou must wait patient awhile."

"None *crowless* can dwell with us here,  
 And, sister, thy crown is not won;  
 There's a mission on earth for thee yet—  
 'Our Father,' will know when 'tis done.

"Be true to thyself, and to God—  
 Be earnest, and faithful, and strong;  
 And then shalt thou see the rich things  
 That to vision immortal belongs."

I gave her a silent embrace,  
 Then turned away sadly and sighed,  
 For I heard the soft voice of my guide—  
 My beautiful star-angel guide.

He tenderly bore me to earth,  
 But when he returned to the star,  
 From the depths of my sad, burdened soul,  
 I sent back an agonized prayer.

ATHENS, Sept., 1859.

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## A REMINISCENCE OF VIRGINIA.

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It was drawing near night. The evening meal had been postponed for the arrival of an expected guest. Just in front of the blazing logs a round-table was drawn, between two females, who sat silently gazing into the fantastic blaze watching the spiral smoke ascending the extended mouth of the chimney. They were nearly the same age, but apparently bearing the appearance of a much greater disparity of years than really existed. The younger one sat silently gazing into the fire, as we have said, her attitude one of extreme dejection; but although grief had made a visible impression upon her countenance, there was no outward demonstration, however, in her manner, farther than a passive acknow-

ledgement. Her face was regular in outline, and the placidity of her emotions enhanced the beauty of her style of feature. Restlessness characterized her companion. Frequent glances towards the window denoted uneasiness regarding the rigor of the weather to which the expected guest was exposed.

"Sister Alpha, how can you be so quiet? Are you—no, I know you are not indifferent to the probability of Willie's being lost in this storm?"

"Lost, sister? You exaggerate the danger. Willie is too self-efficient to be frightened at a snow-storm." Drawing her watch from her side, she remarked, calmly: "He will, I dare say, be here by eight. It is now only six. I will go up and sit with Uncle until he come. Call me then, if you please."

Increasing in violence, the wind howled and roared around the sharp angles of the antiquated building in doleful cadences, pouring through the key-holes, saddening and darkening the heart to harmonize with the gloomy prospect abroad. Heavy curtains, in voluminous folds, draped the high, narrow windows, shutting out the dreariness and cold. Alpha stood very near the great arm-chair, in which her uncle sat, ere he became aware of her presence. Laying her hand softly on his white hair, she said:

"This is a wild night, dear Uncle. Have you any uneasiness about Willie?"

"My impression is, he will remain in the village to-night. Let me see. It is about twenty miles from here, and as the violence of the wind and cold was equally great this morning, I think he was prudent enough to wait there, and not attempt the narrow, shelving road along the sea."

"His mother is much excited, and suffering with anxiety on his account."

"She is of an excitable temperament. Her son, fortunately, is differently organized; and you, Alpha, are as unlike your sister as if born of different parents. The trials through which you have passed would have killed her. Faith in the power of God supports the heart which otherwise would be overwhelmed in despair."

Aunt Alpha had moved toward the window as Major Bassett, her uncle, addressed her. She said, as if speaking to herself, "Without faith in the blessed promises of God, what would I be? Like

a wild beast bereft of its young, I would turn and destroy all in my way. Oh, my boy!—my beloved and beautiful boy! How noble he looked when conscious of my approbation. Those large, blue eyes! I see them now, beaming with light and love. Ah! the scene changes. I hear his wild cry—wild cry of terror—his eyes dilating with horror, and oh! God, I hear his groan!—I see his crushed skull!—struck by his drunken father—

“Alpha!”

“Oh, Uncle, this meeting between mother and son, to-night, harrows up the scene I have so often besought heaven to reconcile to my darkened vision. My boy—my noble boy—to be felled to the earth by my own husband! Does heaven war with reason, and expect me to say ‘Thy will be done?’ Does religion, in the face of reason, say to the maternal tide of affection, ‘Because the Lord wills it, cheerfully resign him?’”

“The Lord gave him to you for a season. He forgets not his appointments.”

“But the manner—oh! dreadful sight.”

“Alpha, come near the fire. There—sit down. Let this storm of grief subside. Look up. Over the billows the Lord Almighty can walk, and bids you do so too.”

Heavy footsteps resounded along the passage leading to the chamber they occupied.

“That is Willie, said Major Bassett, rising and opening the door. A youth of noble and dignified mien entered; eagerly embracing his uncle, and more sedately approaching his aunt, said: ‘Aunt Alpha, are you well?’”

“I am, she said, low, but composedly. I am glad your arrival was not deferred until morning. Your mother’s anxiety would have made her ill.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Lawson, coming hastily through the hall, I was almost frantic. I was sure he would be cast into the boiling sea.”

“Well, madam, had God so willed it,” said Major Bassett, “your anxiety would not have averted the blow. It would only have incapacitated you from rendering assistance if aid had been called for.”

“Uncle, the same Providence, or God, if you like the term better, who ordained he should come safe, or be lost on his way, made me just as you see me.”

"Nay," said the old man, "there are circumstances over which we have no control, but to curb the perversity of the heart is the peculiar task of man. He is arbiter of his inward jurisdiction; but accountable to a higher tribunal. We are called to walk over troubled waters to see how boldly and firmly we undertake the attempt. The Lord is ready to save the sinking."

"Well, Uncle, we can unravel this knotty point some other time. Tea is waiting below. Shield the candle, Willie, the breeze is pretty strong in this hall."

"The supper-room was very comfortable, and the tea-table put aside as well as their fears. Mother and son drew near the fire. Major Bassett rising to leave the room, Alpha said: "I will take advantage of your light through the hall." Reaching his own door, he said:

"Come in—I know you will not sleep with such a roar about your chimney."

"I do not dislike this combat of wind and water. I have often opened my windows to listen to the ocean's wild wail when the spray actually dashed in my face. But, changing the subject, how very unlike Willie is to his father, and so very, very much like my husband, his Uncle Wyott."

The old man seemed not at first to have heard her remark—deliberately taking a pinch of snuff. At length, turning, he said:

"Alpha, do you remember my brother John, Dr. John, as he was always called in the family?"

"Distinctly," shuddering, and drawing her chair nearer the fire. "God forbid Willie should be such."

"Were two men ever more dissimilar than he and myself?"

"I doubt if ever."

In a low tone Aunt Alpha said: "Willie will never drink, I feel satisfied, but I will tell him, some day, how life was made dark and miserable to me by his uncle's love of liquor. No, he will never fill a drunkard's grave."

"Circumstances have been in his favor. Uncle Wyott's ungodly course and untimely end will never be forgotten by him. He was young, but it made an impression which he will never forget."

"But, Uncle, there is a requirement exacted of mankind, by the Creator, which every individual, however diversely formed, is ab-

olutely capable of conforming to—simple, and left to his conscience to fulfil. I can't see how rational human beings can so degrade themselves as to fall below the level of brutes by the indulgence of liquor. They have some cool moments of reflection, and are able to draw the comparison between sobriety and inebriation."

"To what particular requirement had you reference?"

"Oh, I forgot what I was saying. It is a great pity the Bible is not more often referred to as a law, or doctrine, for the ordinary avocations of life. We all know God has placed a King, his Son, over the universe, demanding an oath of allegiance, and certain performances, previous to the enjoyment of certain privileges. There is no speculation in this provision, for the All-wise Creator says, if you will do so and so, I will do so and so; for instance, 'Ask, and you shall receive.' 'Come, you who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Each one, conforming, knows what he has carried by what he brings away."

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Lawson, with her son, entered—the latter saying, "Go on with your remarks, Aunt Alpha, I heard the conclusion of your speech."

"I was saying, Willie, every one can conform to the Word of God. No excuse for a dereliction of duty."

"I understood you to say we could tell the amount of work we had done by the wages we received. I do not exactly understand you."

"I meant this, Willie: If we obey the divine commandments, a peace and joy will follow, which the disobedient never feel. The fulfillment of God's law brings reconciliation, and a contentment to wait on the Lord. Each person receives from God his just due. One cannot tell what another enjoys—this is a profound matter between the recipient and donor."

"You are right, Alpha," said the old Major, "and this is why we are told not to judge each other. Now some persons attend to this all-important matter as loosely as they do the banking business of the devil—aye, greatly more so; if they enter the cabinet of the King of Kings, they are indifferent about the capital they invest and the legal interest due."

"And," pursued Aunt Alpha, "many are astonished when pay-

day comes. There is nothing due where so much was expected, having only *pretended* to do the Lord's work. But God knows the sinister working of the heart."

"And such often rail out against Providence, when they alone are to blame," said the old man, stirring the fire, "having failed to comply with the contract. Come, Mrs. Lawson, let us test it by your conscience. Let us try this sum first: Do you love God with all your soul, and your neighbor as yourself?"

Mrs. Lawson looked serious, and said: "I can't say that I do."

"Well, if you have carried nothing, how can you expect to bring anything away? But suppose we try another sum: Do you always do as you would be done by? Turn to your conscience; remember, that is the test. Ah! blank again?"

"Sister, the Lord's precepts are all practical. Those who obey them have religion, that much contested point, but those who disobey can never understand. There is neither light or peace for such. This work is left to the conscience, by which we perform our duties and measure our due."

"But," said Major Bassett, "the conscience must have a Bible education, which is the guiding point. What do you all say to my reading out to you to-night something to the point we have discussed?"

"Do, do, Uncle," they each cried, simultaneously.

"Well, stir the logs, my boy, and drop the curtain close, for the ocean roars as if it were turned bottom upward."

"In a far off country I beheld a great enclosure of ground, and a mighty multitude engaged in toil. On an elevated throne sat a monarch, in whose right hand was a flaming sword, mounting higher and higher, until reaching the empyrean into which no mortal eye could penetrate. Clouds and darkness enveloped his left hand, from whose depths resounded dismal groans, and forked flames of sulphurous fire wreathed the inky blackness. In many parts of the ground were deep, gloomy forests, with rugged, devious paths leading into yawning caves, and streams of turbid water whose precipitous banks, covered with sliding sands, threatened quick destruction. But these were enchanting spots of varied light and beauty, contrasting with sombre shades of coloring, enhancing their loveliness.

"Stretching away were interminable plains of undulating soil, with here and there clumps of waving, plume-like trees, bending

their wreathed tops in the balmy, odorous breeze. Far, far away were seas of water, serene and blue, gently laving shores of choral shells and flowering shrubs. Beyond all this prodigality of beauty arose lofty peaks of ponderous mountains, point above point, piercing the steel-gray clouds above them, draping their snow-capped summits; and, going on, far, far away were frozen shores bordering the empty places. The wearied eye comes slowly backward. The dwellers of this vast territory are running to and fro, seeking eligible places for their labor. Each one pursues his way, making the distance great between themselves and the original light, which gradually at that point subsides into twilight. Monstrous uncouth shapes come up from the hidden places in the earth, seeking and gaining intercourse with the children of man, and initiating them into their diabolical rites. On they go, congregating in vast herds, pretending they have the promised light divine, which can be bought and sold. They form a mighty throng of gaudy robes and tinkling bells, building lofty piles, rising and spreading over the broad plains which swell upon the bosom of the earth. In gorgeous masses the fruit of their labor stands before the great monarch as so many proofs of their folly and presumption. They seize the righteous, trampling down their holy shrines, dying their robes in the blood of the innocent, whose lamentations reach the ear of the Almighty.

“And there is silence commanded in heaven! The meditation is ended. The suspended strains resound again: Glory! glory be to the Most High, who sends his Son to redeem mankind. The heavens shall behold a new earth. The angels sweep the chords of their golden harps: Glory! glory be to God for such loving kindness. Earth rekindle ten thousand lamps, and through the celestial light—listen! It is Heaven’s echo: Peace on earth, and good will to man.

“Rejoice, O earth, a Saviour comes, whose eternal light the vapors of hell can never quench. The sword is turned aside. Roll back, ye devouring, raging waves of liquid fire!—heaven reclaims your food. A Redeemer is born on earth: the morning star attends his coming; a voice from heaven declares it is the Holy one. From him every man shall receive a lamp to guide his steps through life. Let it burn, that all seeing its light may be constrained to guard their own lamp, that its light may guide their footsteps.

“If through trials and dangers your way should lie, and the great adversary of God overcome you, insomuch your light grows feeble, rekindle it at no man’s lamp, but wheel, turn about, and get a new supply of oil from the fount from which you first received it. For there will be false lights, so brilliant they will deceive even those bearing the true light. But, know them by this test: they are forever receding from the first real cause. They increase by their own rank strength.

"Bravely those true laborers go on, struggling to shield their holy censors from the adverse currents to which they are exposed. Some kneel, and fix their gaze with adoration on their precious gift, until all else seems dark around. They see no loveliness from the brilliant glitter of counterfeit lights, for they have made diligent use of their time, and have learned it is all a phantom to try their faith and allegiance. Oh, how earnestly they plead with the giddy passer-by to halt and examine for themselves. In vain they tell of the serpent lying in wait to destroy the deluded victim, casting away his lamp to lighten his speed through the frightful confusion and increasing gloom, only relieved by his expiring taper, rapidly sinking into total darkness.

"Busily the work goes on to make habitable the whole face of earth, beautifying it to suit their carnal appetites—tradition alone reminding them of the potent lamp whose sparks possessed the power to kindle the cold, dreary homes they have invented; strife and menaces tell peace and love abide not in their midst. Their hearts have become hardened and they perceive the truth no more."

The old Major closed the volume, saying: "My children: Elevated beyond their mightiest Babel, cold, and profoundly still, death irresistibly checks their mad career." Turning to Alpha, he continued: "Beautiful skies! canopy! peaceful retreats, where, burning softly and steadily, the true light reveals little mounds, covering those beside whom their lamps burn as brightly as when placed there by the Holy One. They have never flickered by the winds of this earth. Pure and clear, upward they point, from whence they came and whither they go."

Aunt Alpha, with streaming eyes, arose and stood before her uncle, saying:

"There is a spot, of all the spots most dear to see,  
Where a little grave reveals this precious light to me;  
Be this my constant guide through life,  
Unharm'd, I'd pass amidst its strife."

Major Bassett arose, saying: "God bless you, my children. May he protect you through this wild night, and as he has mercifully brought our Willie through its terrors to his earthly home, may he guide us all through this life, until we meet where there is always safety."

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

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**MEN** left wholly to their appetites, with little sense of moral or religious obligation, can never be confidently trusted.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The courts have decided that leaving a paper uncalled for at the post-office, or removing to another location without notifying the publishers, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

*New Subscribers.*—We have received during the three weeks which have transpired, in October, one hundred and twenty-two new subscribers. To Elders Dowden, Coleman, Ellis, Bryce, of Ky., and Elder Hazard, of Louisiana, we acknowledge our thanks.

*Notes of Travel.*—I have an unconquerable dislike to the chronicling of my trips and travels. I have never thought that my goings or comings could interest my readers; nor is such chronicling always free from an odious egotism and puffery. I have, on these accounts, abstained from it. But circumstances induce me, at present, to deviate from my usual practice.

I have visited Missouri. During the burning months of June and July, I passed over those grand prairies, the wonders of the West, as they will soon become the homes of a vast and intelligent population. The railroad is finished from Hannibal to St. Joseph, and the termini are large growing cities. At Hannibal I met with the noble and benevolent William Carson, at whose hospitable mansion I had passed a pleasant evening in my boyhood. He has filled many a post of honor, and is now land agent and general superintendent of the Hannibal & St. Joseph R. R. A scurrilous attack was made on him by one Hobson, (I think his name is,) a blustering Campbellite proclaimer. It is an evidence of his worth. Bro. Carson has three sons-in-law Baptist ministers. Elder Green, pastor of the church at Palmyra, Elder Williams, at Louisiana, Mo., and Elder Modeset, of Marion county. These are all actively engaged in the cause of Christ. The latter brother, Modeset, has been shamefully persecuted, and traduced, and pamphleteered by this same man, Hobson, or some such name.

*William Jewell College.*—Liberty, Mo., was the next place of special notice. I arrived there after the commencement exercises were ended, and too late to deliver the address to the literary societies. To my surprise I learned, on my arrival, that the doctorate had been conferred upon me by men who had known me long. Of this I shall say nothing; but "I neither sought it, thought it, or bought it."

It is a charming place. The College edifice stands on an eminence, overlooking the beautiful town, and is superior in size, architectural beauty, and conveniences, to any similar institution in the West. Its President, Dr. Thompson, is one of the most companionable, artless, and lovable men I ever met with. With large acquirements, and clear and powerful intellect, he surpasses any public speaker I ever listened to, either from pulpit or rostrum.

The College is in a flourishing condition. Its agent, Elder Link, has nearly completed the endowment, and to the faculty has recently been added one of the best general scholars in the West, Dr. J. E. Owen, formerly of St. Louis.

Baptists of Missouri, endow and sustain that College. It is a credit to you, and will be a blessing to the cause of truth.

*Saline county* is the best body of land, I should suppose, in the State. The rolling prairies are interspersed with strips of wood-land, and mostly occupied, and highly improved. Hemp of the best quality is produced, and the land sells at from twenty to fifty dollars an acre. A more beautiful county it would be difficult to find. There are several strong churches in this county. Dr. Thompson accompanied me to several of them, where we preached to large and attentive audiences. I found the *Repository* was taken by almost every Baptist head of a family in the county. Miami is the river town of Saline county. There is a church and church-house here, and Elder W. Bell, one of the most efficient and liberal men in the State, resides here. In the fore front of the Baptists of Saline, is A. P. Williams, a man whose logical and theological power is little known outside his own State—a real sterling, strong man. He once argued for the validity of ALIEN IMMERSIONS, but we still hope his clear head will see the fallacy of his reasonings on this subject.

*Lexington* was the next point visited—the Athens of Missouri. There is a noble set of Baptists here. They have recently built a handsome and commodious house of worship in the central part of the city. It is superior to any church building in the place, and would do credit to any of our large cities. Brother W. W. Warder is the useful and acceptable pastor of the church. To meet him was like meeting a brother indeed. I preached twice there on Sabbath to crowded audiences. I found that a large list of *Repositories* went to Lexington, yet Bro. Warder added twenty new names to the list. I have visited few places with more pleasure and interest than I enjoyed at Lexington. The warmth and deep interest manifested by the brethren and sisters there, will long be remembered. I must not fail to mention that the Baptists have a flourishing Female College at Lexington, belonging to the church. It is, at present, under the charge of J. B. Hollis. The brethren, during the last year, paid \$8,000 to clear it of debt, make additions, &c.

*Kansas City*, on the outskirts of Missouri, looking over into the territory, was our next stopping place. Dr. Thompson had to desist from preaching, by the advice of his physician. So I preached twice in this city of a *hundred hills*. A few years ago it contained about two hundred inhabitants, and was the landing place for Westport, some four miles in the interior. It has now a population of about 8000, and bids fair to be the second city in the State.

In contemplating my trip to Missouri, there was one pleasant anticipation which made me long for the time to arrive. It was the expectation of meeting with one whom I loved as a father. But the first news I heard on landing at St. Louis was, that ROBERT S. THOMAS *was no more!* I visited the place where he had lived in Kansas City. I felt a mournful pleasure in con-

templating the scenes where he had passed his last days of serenity. But of this friend of my youth, my guide and father, I shall speak again. When he retired from the presidency of William Jewell College, he settled at Kansas City, and was its pastor till his death. The church is strong and considerably efficient. They have a large, well-built house, the best church building in the city. Dr. Lykins, who labored for years among the Indians, resides there, and is a "mainstay" to the church. They have recently settled among them Elder E. S. Dulin, formerly of Lexington, Mo., a learned and efficient man, and under his labors the church is rapidly growing.

I also spent a Sabbath at Plattsburg, Clinton county, where I have many old acquaintances—a thriving little place. I preached several times to crowded congregations in the Reformers' meeting-house. I learn that these *friends* have been answering me ever since. Surely they did not expect me to accommodate my principles to the circumstances. Elijah Williams is pastor of the Baptist church there. Seven were received into it during my stay.

*The General Association* has been noticed heretofore. It was unusually large. There is considerable talent in the Missouri ministry. Dr. Howell, who was there, remarked to me that he was pleasantly surprised at the marked ability evinced during the discussions in the ministers' meeting. By the way, this meeting is conducted in a much better manner than it is in Kentucky. The sermon is not postponed till night because the audience is not large in the day time. Every minister is called on to give his opinion, beginning at those nearest the chairman. When all have spoken, the chairman makes his criticism. Then the preacher is permitted to answer, and the criticisms cease. Each essay read is remarked upon in the same order. Two days are allowed for the ministers' meeting. It was full of life and spirit. I preached at ten o'clock on Sunday, and Dr. Howell followed. There was preaching, also, at College Chapel by Dr. Reed of Alton, and Elder Bayless of Tennessee. Brethren Smith Thomas and Robt. Kirtley of Kentucky, and Elders Fuqua and Anderson of St. Louis, also preached.

*Owen County, Ky.*—On my return from Missouri, I found I had a string of appointments in Owen county, leaving me but four days intermission. But from the cares and burdens of two years' constant confinement, and an over-taxed body and mind, I felt greatly refreshed. I had seen the companions of my boyhood and youth; had met their eyes and found them lit with the same genial light. Many a true hand had grasped mine, and many a loving heart had blessed and prayed for me. I "thanked God and took courage." After preaching at New Liberty, Popular Grove, Muscle Shoals, Owenton, and Long Ridge, I started with Elder Boswell Garnett for the Elkhorn Association. It is a rough and lonely road from Owenton to Stamping Ground. The land is poor and broken, and but few houses along the road. But the time passed happily. I was with a *brother in Christ*. Our conversation was mainly concerning the cause in "Sweet Owen," the banner county; for we venture the assertion, that there is no county in America where there are more Baptists

to the population, than in this. It has (I think) 23 churches, and about 3000 members—and they are genuine Baptists, too—sound, liberal, and thriving. There are two or three small Reformed societies in the county, and two Methodist. I preached once in Owenton, on an ordinary occasion, when there were 14 Baptist preachers living in the county to hear me. New Liberty numbers over three hundred members, and I know of no more active, loving church anywhere. Lewis Alexander, the pastor at Liberty, is a father in Israel, wielding a wide and blessed influence over the county. The land in Owen is strong and productive. The staples are corn and tobacco.

We arrived at Stamping Ground on Thursday night. It is a little town of some five or six hundred inhabitants. Its name was given to it by the pioneers, because it was the gathering place of the buffaloes. It is associated with the early history of the Baptists of Kentucky. Here Elijah Craig preached, and Joseph Reading was pastor, as also Wm. Hickman, and Jas. Suggett, and James Black; and here joyous and disastrous scenes have transpired, affecting at this day the denomination throughout the West.

We entered the village the night preceding the meeting of the Association, and drove immediately to the meeting-house. The old house, around which so many memories cluster, has been entirely removed and a new building erected. I could not gaze on the remaining relics of the past without a sigh. Pity it was torn down. But they have erected a fine, commodious house of worship which does credit to their taste and liberality. George Hunt is pastor. They had recently enjoyed refreshing showers from the Lord, and some seventy had been united to the church, making about 500 members. They have preaching once a week.

On Tuesday morning, the 17th of August, the Association met. The introductory sermon was preached by John Smith, of Jessamine—an excellent sermon. Y. R. Pitts was elected Moderator, and Wm. M. Pratt, Clerk. The Association appropriates the second day to preaching. James Kirtly of Boon, Lewis Alexander of Owen, and myself, were chosen to preach at the stand. It was a beautiful place, and an immense crowd was gathered. I was informed by the Moderator that it was a general desire that I should preach on the history of the Baptists, with which I complied. Never was I received with heartier congratulations or more cheering evidences of affection. My very heart was moved. I blessed God for the sweets of true friendship and brotherly love. The promptness of the Moderator carried all business through by ten o'clock on Thursday. Y. R. Pitts is one of the best Moderators I am acquainted with. On Thursday, sermons were preached by Brethren Varden, of Paris, and V. E. Kirtly, agent of the Mission Board. This Association permits *no collection* to be taken up at its anniversaries. The delightful services were closed by a sermon from the venerable Dr. Ryland T. Dillard. This venerable man of God is regarded and loved as a father throughout all that country. By all classes respected and revered for his nobleness, his dignity, his piety, and talent, there are few men in any country more generally and devotedly esteemed. In closing his sermon, he alluded to the past. Remembered when

the stand was occupied at that same spot years gone by, and those who occupied it: John Taylor, and James Suggett, and William Hickman, and Silas M. Noel, and Edmund Waller, when he was comparatively a young man among them. They were all gone. Their graves are around us, their spirits resting above. He referred to his age and infirmities—the oldest minister, and nearly the only old minister in the Association. A new generation of preachers has sprung up around him. He would soon sleep with the pioneer ministers of Kentucky. He could hardly expect to meet with the Association again; but he rejoiced to hear his young brethren preach the truth as they had during that meeting. He exhorted them to be firm, immovable. He closed with an eloquent appeal to the members and brethren to labor for God and truth, and, closing with a hymn, gave the parting hand amid a scene of affectionate tenderness which will be long remembered. Never in my life (I think) was my feelings so deeply moved. *Loved man of God*, never will that fatherly farewell be forgotten. Never.

I had been invited to remain at Stamping Ground, and preached Thursday and Friday nights to large congregations. I left that lovely place with *material* evidences of their appreciation.

I expected to have returned at once, but the solicitations of the brethren at Dry Run, Georgetown, and Cane Run, and Great Crossings decided my stay in Scott county till Tuesday. I accordingly preached at Dry Run on Saturday and Saturday night. This is one of the old churches of Kentucky, and has all the evidences of its antiquity. Since James Black's removal to Missouri, it has been under the charge of Bro. B. F. Hodges. On Sabbath I went to Georgetown. Bro. A. W. La Rue had resigned the charge of the church, which I found was much regretted. Dr. Campbell had not then returned from Europe, and all were anxious for his health and safety. There was, as I learned, a determined opposition, if not hatred, among the Reformers, to him and the College, as also to Professor Farnam's school; but in greater than inverse ratio are the confidence and determined energy of their friends. The only possible hope of affecting or injuring the College or its officers, is rancor, suspicion, or disaffection among Baptists. This *may* be attempted, but the envyings and heart-burnings of restless, ambitious spirits, are getting to be so well understood by the people that nothing of this kind can succeed.

Professor Farnam conveyed me in his carriage, in the afternoon, to Cane Run meeting-house, near Lexington, where I addressed a large audience, and again preached at Georgetown at night. On Monday I was conveyed by Elder Y. R. Pitts to his hospitable mansion, and preached at night at the Great Crossing church, another of the oldest churches in the West. With this church I was not personally familiar, yet many things connected with it, made it dear to me. With one of its old pastors, James Suggett, I was for years associated. He emigrated to Missouri in 1834. I became acquainted with him soon afterwards. He was a man of "infinite humor"—such a stock of anecdotes and personal recollections. And I was, though a youth, just as fond of hearing anecdotes as he was of telling them. Many a time have I

known him to talk a whole company out of the room, leaving me his only listener. And I treasure many of them up. He would tell me of the old fort at the Crossing; the Indians lying in ambush in the cane brake; of his own hair-breadth escapes; of the Craigs; the big meeting at the "Crossing" and "the Stamp." Then of his conversion and first exercises in public; of Stone and the Stoneites, and the battles that were fought. How he was a Major in the War of 1812, and how they fought, and how they suffered. Indeed, the old father, long since gone to his reward, made the Crossing a familiar place to me. And there a lovely being, who went forth from our embraces to return mantled in death, passed her sunny childhood, and there rendered her vows to God and his people. Sad is it to realise that the bright form, blooming with the light of love, of intelligence, of spiritual beauty, is seen to-day giving her young heart with its wealth of affection at the bridal altar, looking out on the broad field of usefulness and longing for the work of good, suddenly fading like the star of morn in the dark storm-cloud of death. Sad, sad. But there is a clime where the stars never fade and the clouds never darken. And thou art there, Sister!

I cannot thus dwell on the many points we have visited; yet, as this is the first time I have thus indulged, I shall more hastily proceed.

*Franklin Association* was the next place of gathering. It met Tuesday morning. The rain fell in torrents. I had preached twice a day for weeks—sometimes three times, and a great deal of it in the open air—and was beginning to feel a little fatigued. But the Association was to be held at the Forks of Elkhorn church, of which Elder Pitts was pastor. So he geared up, and away we started through the rain. We had some 15 miles to go, and did not reach the meeting-house till about 1 o'clock. Elder Tharp, of Frankfort, was preaching. The place is about 5 miles from the capital of the State. He was preaching on the term *Christian*—what constituted this character, &c. He said, among other things, that "Christian" was the general name of all believers; Baptist, Presbyterian, and the like, specific names; and when all came right, and took the Bible, &c., "Christian" would be the only name. Tharp is a sound, good man, but I felt like asking him who told him all would be called Christians. Why did not the Apostles, in addressing the churches, call them Christians, and Christian churches? I believe this word "Christian" is the best abused word in our language. Where is *Christian* baptism, *Christian* church, *Christianity*, *Christening*, *Christendom*, and their correlatives, found in the Book?

Elders Varden, Pratt, and the writer, were appointed to fill the stand Wednesday; Elders Berry, Foree, and Thompson, of Shelbyville, on Thursday. It was a pleasant meeting. Difficulties have occurred in it not yet healed, but, it is hoped, will soon be forgotten. Henry Wingate, of Frankfort is the Moderator.

Concord Association was interrupted on account of the rain, yet we saw many true and dear friends there. Preached at Owenton on Sunday morning, and at the house of Bro. Garnett at night. By the way, while traveling through

the State, I found considerable inquiry for Sister Garnett's book. It ought to be placed in the hands of every young Baptist. The home of its author is the sweetest spot in "Sweet Owen." With all her cares of home, servants, and family, her heart is alive to the cause of Christ—and the last we heard of her she was accompanying her husband among the hills of Eagle Creek, visiting the houses of the poor to preach Jesus to the destitute.

The following day we attended the Sulphur Fork Association. The session was mainly engaged in debating the question of receiving "Alien immersions," that is the immersions of Pedobaptists and Reformers. It was decided that such immersions were *invalid* and ought not to be received. This is pretty much the general sentiment throughout Kentucky, and growing stronger yearly.

*Long Run Association.*—This body comprises the churches of Louisville, and Jefferson and Spencer counties, and most of the churches in Shelby. It has long been considered one of the largest and most efficient associations in the State. For several years back a scene of conflict and disagreement has been witnessed at its sessions. A disposition to Northernize it, turned it into a general debating society—passing useless strings of resolutions and recommendations to the General Association made it anything but a useful or pleasant gathering. It had, therefore, dwindled down into a two-days' business meeting in the week, without feeling or interest. The following is the *Western Recorder's* account of the last meeting :

"*Long Run Association.*—This body held its fifty-sixth annual session with the church at Floyd's Fork, Jefferson county, (not far from Louisville,) commencing Tuesday, Sept. 6th. Elder John Dale, of Shelby county, a venerable man of God, beloved by all who knew him, opened the services with prayer, after which Elder S. H. Ford, of Louisville, by previous appointment, preached the introductory sermon to a large and attentive audience with great acceptance and effect. After refreshment, the delegates repaired to the house for the transaction of business. Letters from 25 churches were read, giving a cheering account of the state of things within the bounds of the Association. Total number of delegates present, 96; whole number of ministers, 23. Elder Smith Thomas was re-elected Moderator, and the proceedings of the entire meeting were unsurpassed for harmony and brotherly love.

"*This meeting of Long Run Association, as was remarked by all who are acquainted with associational meetings in our State, may be regarded a model session in every particular, and gives the most positive assurances of a beginning of a new order of things, which will eventually, by the direction of God, be instrumental in the accomplishment of much good. Spirituality only abounded. Brethren, very properly, forgot SELF, and aimed to devise liberal things for the spread of the truth.* V. E. Kirtly, agent of Indian Missions, was present, and raised one hundred and nine dollars for Home Missions. Liberal contributions and payments were also made for the General Association of Foreign Missions, the Waller monument, and the education of poor young men at Georgetown College, who have been called to preach the Gospel. The *Western Recorder* and *Christian Repository*, as usual, were well remembered and endorsed unanimously by the Association, and recommended to all as *highly worthy of the most liberal patronage*, thus setting aside the old adage that "a prophet has no honor in his own country." Elders Berry and Ford were chosen by private vote to fill the stand on the last day of the association. The preaching was at the stand, and the *audience was immense*. The close of the meeting was peculiarly interesting, and it was with much reluctance that the vast congregation parted after giving each other the right hand of fellowship."

Such was our Association. Such a session it has not enjoyed since I have been acquainted with it. An Executive Board was appointed to employ a missionary, which, we trust, has by this time been done. It will be gladdening to thousands abroad, in this and other States, to know that the Association to which the Louisville churches belong is a strong, conservative body, moving on in unity and peace.

*The Daviess County Association* embraces the churches lying along Green River, from the Ohio River as far back as Ohio and McLean counties. This is comparatively a new country.

In company with Elder E. G. Berry, (Moderator of Sulphur Fork Association,) and several of his family, we took boat for Owenton to attend the Daviess county Association, which was to meet October the 1st. After a pleasant trip down the beautiful Ohio, we landed, in the rain, at Owensboro, and met, on landing, a dear old friend, Elder Isham Allen, who took me in his buggy, and we started at once on our way to the Association. This was Thursday evening. The meeting commenced, some 16 miles out, on the following day. So we went, by request, to Elder J. G. Howard's to spend the night. He is the Moderator of the Association, and has been since its organization. He is a native of North Carolina, but has been one of the pioneers of this region. Age has not dimmed his ardor, nor the accumulation of wealth his simple and genial hospitality—a staunch, true Baptist, destitute of jealousy, rejoicing at the ability and success of the rising ministry that has grown up around him. "He is a lover of good men," and is beloved by all. We started the next morning with these venerable brethren to Whitesville, and arrived there as the delegates were assembling. It was an inclement day, but the meeting-house was filled. Elder J. M. Dawson, the author of that most excellent tract on the Final Perseverence of the Saints, preached the introductory sermon on the importance of the work of Home Missions. It was timely and practical, and was discussed in a clear and effective manner.

The Association demurred greatly at the action of the Board of the General Association in laying down the terms of auxiliariyship. I explained the matter to them, and especially the 25 per cent. plan, which they finally adopted. Bro. Berry and the writer preached at the stand on Saturday, while the delegates met in the house. Elders John Bryce, J. C. Coleman, and the writer were elected to preach on Sunday. We met that night, with Bro. Ellis, and the question was proposed what subjects we would handle to-morrow. The unpleasant effects of three diverse subjects, one after the other, leaving no distinct impression on the mind of the audience, was the subject of remark. It was proposed that we take the same general theme, and the "commission" was proposed as the text. Bro. Coleman proposed to take "the heel of it"—"*Teaching them to observe all things,*" &c. Bro. Bryce said he would take "*Baptizing them,*" &c. I was asked if I would be willing to lead off with the first clause, "*Go teach all nations.*" It was agreed on, and we all retired, for it was then nearly midnight. The morning broke bright and warm. We met at the stand at 10 o'clock, and *such a concourse!* I heard it estimated that there were at least five thousand persons on the ground. When the hum of voices was hushed by the singing around the stand, the exercises commenced by singing, and prayer by Elder Isham Allen. To describe the preaching at such meetings is usually unnecessary, but everything at this one was peculiar. The sun, by some mismanagement in the erection of the stand, shone with power on the spot were the preacher must stand. A brother stood beside me holding an umbrella to shield me from its rays while I was going to preach to that immense crowd, among whom were some thirty preachers, from a text on which I had never written, or preached from. It was, take it all in all, a specimen of Western life. I announced to the audience our plan of preaching from the three clauses of the text; how we came to agree on it, and that



all was extemporaneous, and each speaker limited to an hour. I then commenced. \* \* \* Elder Bryce followed on "Baptizing them." Elder Bryce is the second oldest minister in Kentucky. He is 75 years of age, and has been fifty years a preacher. He was pastor of the first church in Richmond many years ago, and succeeded Spencer H. Cone, at Alexandria. For eight or nine years he has been pastor of the church at Hendetson, a large and influential body. He preaches twice every Sabbath, and rode over forty miles to attend this Association. His stately form, some six feet three inches in height, is not bent with age. His locks are black as the raven. He stood there in the midst of that attentive audience with his benevolent countenance and clear voice, pleading, like an aged patriarch, for the simple ordinances of the Gospel. It was a grand sight. His hour having expired, a hymn was sung, and the next was Bro. Coleman. The announcement of the plan had actually chained the audience. They had become fatigued with sitting on uncomfortable seats for now nearly three hours; but instead of moving off, there was a continued rising to the feet and gathering nearer and nearer to the stand. Bro. Coleman has the most powerful voice of any man I know of in the West. He is the present Moderator of our General Association, and by all means the most powerful preacher of his age in the State, I think. "*Teaching all things whatsoever I have commanded you.*" He struck with rapidity and power at the perversions of truth introduced by *human authority*.

In company with Bro. Coleman, I visited Panther Creek, in Ohio county, where we both preached two succeeding days. Returned to Whitesville on Wednesday, where I preached at night. Started for Goshen, and filled an appointment on Thursday at Friendly Grove, where Brother Isham Allen is pastor, and where I met with six or seven ministers, among them Bro. Howard, on their way to Goshen.

*The Goshen Association* once embraced all the churches now in Daviess. It was formed from the Salem Association some fifty years ago. It covers parts of Mead, all of Breckenridge, Hancock, Hardin, and portions of Ohio counties. Bro. D. Dowden, of Litchfield, is Moderator, and Bro. English, Clerk. On arriving at the Union meeting-house, I found it had been requested by the brother appointed to preach the introductory sermon, and decided by the brethren, that I should fill his place. I complied, and preached on the *Unity of Brethren*. The Association appointed delegates to the Southern Baptist Sabbath School Union Agency to pay their traveling expenses, as did Daviess County Association also. On Saturday night, after preaching by Bro. W. Head, the Moderator very unexpectedly stated there were four ministers in the Association, who were too poor to take the *Christian Repository*, and he wanted, at once, the amount made up, and the magazine sent to them. It was responded to immediately. It was a thoughtful and generous act.

I preached again on Saturday, and Bro. Coleman on Friday night. On Sabbath we again preached to a large assembly; but though the house was very large, not more than half the people could get in. At night we went to Hawsville, on the Ohio River, and enjoyed the kind attentions of Bro. Stone and his lady. Hawsville is a quiet, intelligent community; but it is darkened by the recent Low tragedy, in which that desperate man was massacred in the jail.

When we arrived at the Baptist church, we found it pretty well filled. It had been understood that I was to have preached there on Saturday night, and Bro. Coleman Sunday night; so that this was his appointment, as I got Bro. J. English to fill my place. But it was urged that we both preach, and, being assured that the congregation would hear two sermons, we consented, and both preached. The congregation continued to increase till the house was filled, and, we learned, all the denominations in the town were pretty much present. We preached on *Conversion, Baptism, Church Polity, Communion*, and the like—full, out, and fearlessly—and the audience did, sure enough, listen with deep interest for over two hours. Nor was our Baptist preaching offensive, though, it was, as we heard, unusual there.

Our appointments were still ahead for each day through Daviess county. I preached at Yelvington on Monday night, where they have a beautiful new house and a strong church. Bro. Hays is their pastor, and Dr. Bennett and Bro. Jesse are licentiates. We enjoyed the hospitalities of Bro. Edwin Haws, and started, next day, for Southampton, where I preached at night, and again met with Elder Howard, and slept beneath his roof. At Macedonia Bro. Coleman preached in the day time, and at night I addressed quite a large congregation at Bethabara, the strongest church, I should suppose, in all that country. Pity they haven't preaching every Sabbath. They are well able to have it. Bro. Haynes, an estimable young brother, is their pastor.

Our next appointment was at Owensboro. Here they are building a splendid church-house. I went with Bro. Charles Moorman to take a look at it. It will surpass any house I know of in the State, belonging to the Baptists, out of Louisville. By the way, the Baptist houses, through all this county, surpass the houses of the other denominations by far. A fair was going on near Owensboro, and we visited it. It gave me a more correct and a *better* opinion of the prosperity and wealth of the surrounding country. But I concluded that it was about the last fair I would ever attend. They are getting so numerous, and have so many appendages of shows and sights, that their influence must be evil.

I found that at Owensboro, the list of the *Repository* numbered sixty subscribers—and all its warm friends. Pretty well for Owensboro.

We passed on towards Little Bethel Association, having met at Owensboro Brethren Howard, Allen, Ellis, Dawson, and Miller, and that night I addressed a full house at Bethel, Henderson county. The following morning, Friday, the Little Bethel Association convened at Grave's Creek, Henderson county. I had now traveled nearly three weeks with Bro. Coleman, conveyed from place to place in his buggy, drawn by "faithful Charley," and had preached each day, and sometimes twice a day without intermission. I began to feel wearied. On driving up to the meeting-house we were met by Father Bryce, with his genial smile and warm greeting. He stated that the brother appointed to preach the introductory sermon was absent, and he was alternate, but could not preach, and that one of us must go right into the pulpit and preach. I insisted that it must be Bro. Coleman, as I had pretty well preached myself down, and had preached the introductory sermon at the last association. He consented, and preached a most powerful sermon. "*Let us go up and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it.*" Yes, it was a *powerful* sermon. I thought at the time, I should like to hear him preach that sermon in some Boston or New York pulpit. If it wouldn't make the people stare and fairly jump from their seats, I am mistaken. He dwelt, towards the close, on the duty of Baptists to go up, in the strength of God and truth, and take the land. To battle all the time; every sermon, every hour, debate, discuss, proclaim, war with every error, and fight, with the spiritual weapons of truth and prayer, vigorously, fearlessly, constantly—and we will take the land—the world. "We are able in the strength of God to overcome it." And this man has reason to know that God blesses the uncompromising advocacy of truth. He has baptized more Methodists and Presbyterians than any preacher of his age (I presume) in America. And if they had been Immersed by Pedobaptists, he baptized them again; for he publicly declares that Alien Immersion is not baptism, and he has no church fellowship for its subjects. God speed the time when the denomination will be a unit on this.

But to the Association. John Bryce was elected Moderator, and J. Morris, Clerk. The Association embraces the churches of Henderson, Hopkins, Marion, and parts of Muhlenburg counties. There is a great destitution of preachers in it. Two useful men, Elders Morrison and Withers, have recently fallen asleep in death. There are few more destitute fields in Kentucky, considering the number of churches and population, than this Association. All was harmony during the meeting. A protest was entered against the action of the Board for enacting, as was thought, a law regulating auxiliarieship.

It was agreed that the Executive Board was not a law-making body, and had transcended their duty as an executive. I endeavored to convince them that the Board had no such design; but as I had not read the action of the Board I could not make a defense, but prevailed on the body to adopt the plan of inviting the agent, and allowing him one-fourth of his collections for the General Board. With Brethren Coleman and Mathews, I was appointed, by private vote of the Association, to preach on Sunday. The day was cold, yet the audience was large; but I found it difficult to preach in the chilly, open air with a keen wind blowing in my face. I managed to speak an hour, and was followed Bro. Coleman, who took up a subscription amounting to some two hundred dollars for missionary objects. Bro. Mathews followed with an excellent sermon. At night I had the pleasure of listening to Bro. Pope Yeaman, at the meeting house. He was a Methodist till a year ago. He was, also, a lawyer of ability and influence. Under the preaching of Bro. Coleman, he renounced his Methodism, Armenianism and all, and was baptized by him. He was soon after licensed, and has been since ordained; has given up all for Christ. He has recently been called to the church at Nicholasville, Jessamine county, Ky. He is a most promising young minister. May they make him a bright and shining light.

The Association closed on Monday. Father Bryce was appointed a delegate to the Southern Baptist Sunday School Union, his expenses to be paid by the Association. The Association closed amid tears and sad farewells. Many brethren were there from churches which had had no preaching for a year. Brethren left that meeting to go home and meet with opposition and ridicule from circuit riders and proclaimers, with no minister to defend the truths which Baptists hold. They had come there hoping to secure some helps. I saw one manly looking brother pleading with brother Coleman to visit them. When, at last, after telling all his engagements, he said it was impossible, the brother burst into tears, and said, "What, what shall we do?" Is there no way of supplying that country? Ought not the General Association or some other organization locate some one in Hopkins or Union county?

It was thus we parted. Brother Coleman, with whom I had now spent near three weeks in constant and cheering labor, bade me adieu, pressed me to his very heart, and wept aloud. God bless him—and Father Bryce, that dear man of God, and father in Israel! I never, I think, parted with brethren with such feelings of tenderness and deep affection. May we meet above, far from toil and persecution.

*Louisville* was in the same place when we returned, with all its fuss and feathers, its noise and confusion, its piety and infamy. It is still here, and in it thousands of true and loving hearts beat—men and women whose religion is not mere fashion and sham, but who love principle better than partyism. And here, on Sabbath, among those we love, we sat down to hear a strong and affecting sermon from our pastor brother, J. M. Bennett, and partook of the sacred feast in memory of the Redeemer's love. Ah, there is no place like home. And thus, indulgent reader I have told you some of my labors and travels, of the sights I have seen, and the things I have heard, while trying to gain rest from the crushing burdens I have struggled under the past two years. I might have spoken of other "sights and sounds"—but, enough. In future I shall concentrate whatever energy or ability I may have on the *Repository*. I believe, from present indication, that it will not be long before it reaches ten thousand subscribers. I shall not, however, while strength holds out, cease to preach the ever-blessed Gospel—and am willing to preach every day of my life, and die in the glorious work.

S. H. F.

# The Christian Repository.

NO. LXLVI.—DECEMBER, 1859.

## THE WATER WALL.—No. III.

“FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY;—the greatest of these is CHARITY.” Charity (that is love) never faileth. When faith and hope, when symbols and ceremonies are lost in the ineffable realities of heaven, love will still flourish, unimpaired. It lives through all time—through all eternity. It is the breath of heaven. It is the smile of God.

To be destitute of this, is to be destitute of all that is essential to a Christian. Whatever may be a man’s pretensions or professions, if there is no love to God’s children in his heart, he is but as sounding brass—a tinkling cymbal. A love for the brotherhood, for all who love the Lord Jesus, and bear his image, is the evidence of a spiritual change. He that says he loves God, and has no love for his children, is a semblance—a counterfeit.

Now, it has been charged that those who will not commune with acknowledged Christians, because believed to be unbaptized, are destitute of love for them. That any denomination which refuses to commune with other Christians have no Christian love for any but themselves, and that the conclusive proof of such want of love is this refusal to commune. It is a most serious and oft-repeated charge. It is one, which, if true, is so heinous and overwhelming, that thousands of loving hearts have trembled lest it might be true, and that a refusal to approach the sacred supper, when spread by other denominations, was a proof of guilt. *Guilt of What? Why,* of such a state of heart and course of conduct as proved that they were in the very gall of bitterness. For if the Lord’s Supper is a test and evidence of Christian love and confidence, and if a refusal to meet all God’s people at the supper proves a destitution of love for them, then is the whole denomination of Baptists unchristian-

ized—having neither part or lot in the matter. We insist upon this legitimate conclusion. Those who tell us that restricted communion is restricted love,—that as the Supper is confined within the wall of water, so is our charity,—do, in fact, charge us with falsehood and hypocrisy. We deny it all—both the premises and conclusion. Christ did not institute the Supper as a test or evidence of Christian charity or love. He did not say *as often as ye do it, ye do show forth your love for each other till I come*. He did not tell his disciples to do this in token of brotherly or Christian love. The design was, and is, different altogether; and those who speak or argue about it as though it was to be observed as a test of Christian charity, *pervert its meaning, its object, its design*.

The confusion and difficulty experienced by so many are caused by this perversion. “How can I refuse to show my love for these Christian people? Is it not hard to debar such pious persons from the Table, and thus refuse *the token* of Christian charity?” Let it once admitted that the design of the Lord’s Supper is to show forth our love for God’s people, and the wall which he has erected round his church will be passed by the bounding heart fired with the all-embracing love of Christ. Here, in fact, lies the whole difficulty in the minds of any among us troubled about strict communion. “*Can I confine my love for God’s people to the unbaptized?* Is that love, which I feel to all who bear Christ’s image, to be circumscribed by the Wall of Water? Is such the spirit of Christianity? Can such narrowness be Christ’s will and law?”

To all such we answer, no. Let not your love be limited. Let its warm gushings flow out unchecked, reaching every lover of Jesus, and wrapping him in its embrace. But let it be remembered, that *to make the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper a medium, evidence, or symbol of love to Christians, is to change its design, pervert its meaning, and degrade it to a useless and meaningless ceremony, and is to disregard the teaching of Christ*.

Let it be said, “you profess to bear Christian love for an individual, believe him to be a converted man, whom you hope to meet in heaven, yet you will not admit him to the Lord’s Table because you believe him unbaptized.” Well, let this specious argument be applied in another way. *You profess to love an individual, believe*

him to be a converted man, whom you *hope to meet in heaven*, AND YET YOU WILL NOT ADMIT HIM INTO THE LORD'S CHURCH BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE HIM UNBAPTIZED. Is not the reasoning as good in the one case as in the other? If it shows a want of Christian charity to refuse communion to the unbaptized, does it not show it as fully to refuse church membership to the unbaptized? Can you love a converted individual and yet refuse him admittance into the church till he is baptized? Will the Methodists admit an unbaptized person into their church? The Methodist Christian Advocate, in a recent article, says :

“In our issue of 25th August, we stated that our church (the Methodist Episcopal, South) held baptism as pre-requisite to communion. We then clearly stated in effect that we never heard of a well authenticated instance among us of the unbaptized being invited to the communion. It is our custom, when unbaptized probationers are present on a sacramental occasion, first to baptize them there, and then to proceed to the communion.”

Is this evidence of a want of love for these unbaptized persons, to whom they refuse membership? Surely not. None will so assert. Well, would the Methodists invite to her Communion Table those to whom she refuses church membership? Will Christians commune with the unbaptized? Says a leading Methodist Journal of the South: “*No Christian Church would willingly receive to its communion even the humblest and truest believer in Christ who has not been baptized.*” Would this prove a want of Christian love for the humblest and truest believer in Christ? The fact is, Christ has prescribed the terms of admission into his church, and to the Supper. To violate these terms in order to show our love is unwarranted and wrong.

“Did we believe,” says the Congregational Journal, “that only believers, who have been immersed, are baptized, we should believe and practice strict communion, and should almost consider it an insult to be requested to give it up without a change of views on the subject of baptism. We, as Pedobaptists, are Close Communionists, and we hope we shall never cease to be such. The only legitimate subjects of controversy between us and the Baptists are the subjects and mode of baptism.”

These are the concessions which every candid Pedobaptist must

make. They will not, if they are true, consistent men, commune with those they esteem *unbaptized*. Can they, without offending us, ask us to do what they would not do themselves? They cannot. We must impute it to ignorance, or regard as an insult.

For, Baptists cannot, with the Bible before them, admit that infant sprinkling or adult sprinkling is baptism. But it is agreed upon, by both Baptists and Pedobaptists, that the unbaptized have no right, and should not be admitted to the Supper. Now, *What do Pedobaptists ask when they urge Baptists to commune with them, or request to commune with Baptists?*

1st. An acknowledgment that they are baptized. Without baptism, there ought to be no sacramental communion. All Pedobaptists agree with Baptists in this. A Presbyterian, for instance, invites a Baptist to the Lord's Table, and says, in effect: "You believe, if you are sincere, that you ought not to commune with the unbaptized, and in this you are right. You also believe, if you are sincere, that we are unbaptized; but if you commune with us, it will be saying in that act, we are baptized; you will thereby *give the lie to your own convictions.*" Can a Presbyterian give a Baptist such an invitation without insulting him? A Methodist wishes a Baptist Church to invite him to the communion table. He thereby wishes that church to falsify its own belief—that *the Methodist is an unbaptized man*—and acknowledge by such invitation that his sprinkling or pouring is baptism. Can any sensible, honest Pedobaptist expect or desire such dissimulation as all this would be? Surely not.

Let it be remembered by Baptists, *that to commune with Pedobaptists, is to acknowledge the validity of their baptism.*

2d. Suppose a Pedobaptist man to accept such invitation, or a Baptist man to accept such invitation from Pedobaptists? It must be on one or the other of these grounds—that the Baptist believes that no unbaptized person ought to commune, and that the Pedobaptist is unbaptized; yet, through policy or duplicity, he will violate his professed principles and commune with the Pedobaptist; or else that the *unbaptized* may celebrate the Supper, and therefore he will commune with the Pedobaptist. Now, if the Pedobaptist reflect a moment, he would feel dishonored and insulted by an invitation on *either ground*. The cunning duplicity which would vio-

late an avowed principle, he would reject with scorn. The invitation which is based on the presumption that he is unbaptized, and yet may commune, would be rejected with equal promptness, for to accept it would be to acknowledge himself unbaptized. In either case hypocrisy and falsehood mingle with such unauthorized communion. Let a Pedobaptist approach the Lord's Table as an *unbaptized man*, the invitation being given to him on that ground, while he believes he is baptized, and we affirm, he approaches *with a lie in his right hand*. The conclusion is inevitable.

But the caption of this article intimates (and there is nothing in the arguments or illustrations that seems to conflict with it) that all within this Water Wall, all who have been scripturally baptized, have a right to the ordinance of the Supper, and should be invited to the Lord's Table. It is admitted, understanding, however, that

THE LORD'S SUPPER IS A CHURCH ORDINANCE, AND SHOULD BE ADMINISTERED TO NONE OUTSIDE OF A CHURCH.

This hardly needs a word of proof. It is almost universally admitted. We are told in Acts, 11 : 42, that the three thousand who gladly received the word were first baptized, and then added to the church. "*And they continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine, and in breaking of bread*"—a privilege consequent upon their being added to the church. In 1 Cor., 11, : 20, the apostle tells the church "*to come together into one place, to eat the Lord's Supper,*" and "*to tarry one for another.*" Why such instructions, if it were not a *church ordinance*? The same evidences are found in 1 Cor., 10 : 15-22, inclusive. Farther, there is not a single example in the New Testament of the celebration of the Lord's Supper, except by a church congregated for worship. *It is a church ordinance.*

This being admitted, it is agreed that without baptism there is no church membership; that an unbaptized assembly, however pious, is *not a gospel church*. But Baptists hold that sprinkling or pouring is not baptism, and consequently a congregation that has been sprinkled upon, or poured upon, is an unbaptized assembly, and therefore not a *gospel church*.

Now, the fact that a man *has been* immersed by an officer of such unbaptized assembly, and remains a member of it, entitles him to no rights in a baptized church, or claim to participation in its or-



dinances. He belongs to an *unbaptized assembly*, not to a gospel church. For the very people to whom he belongs believe that there can be no church without baptism. He, by his own act (having been immersed), has condemned sprinkling as unauthorized—as no baptism. Then, by his own confession, the people he belongs to are no church, not having been baptized, but sprinkled or poured upon. He is not, by his own showing, in a church. But the Supper is a church ordinance. How, then, can he claim a right to it? Waving the invalidity of an immersion by an unbaptized officer of an unbaptized assembly, it is evidently most inconsistent to unite in a church ordinance with one who prefers an *unbaptized society* to a *baptized church*.

Here is the incontrovertible fact. Christ has instituted baptism as a Wall of Water, within which *only* is found a gospel church. "A church is a company of *baptized* believers." The Lord's Supper is a church ordinance, and therefore should be administered to none but members of a gospel church—those belonging to "*a company of baptized believers*." This is Bible teaching. It is common sense; it is incontrovertible.

Charles C. Spurgeon says that the Lord's Table is as free as the blood of Christ. Grant it. Is not the *Church of Christ* also as free as the blood of Christ? Is not the Lord's Church as free as the Lord's Table? Mr. Spurgeon could not deny this. Well, free as the church is, Spurgeon will receive no one into it unless he is baptized—immersed. Is this bigoted sectarianism in him? He would answer "No." Christ has placed that as one of the indispensable terms of entrance into the church, and it is free as the church is, and as the blood of Christ is.

Well, if rejecting from church membership the unbaptized is consistent with gospel freedom, rejecting from the ordinance of the Supper cannot be inconsistent with gospel freedom. If the one is, so is the other. If refusing to commune with the unbaptized is narrow and bigoted, then refusing to receive the unbaptized into church membership is narrow and bigoted; and therefore all professed Christians are thus narrow, and the New Testament is thus bigoted, for all reject the unbaptized from church membership. The truthfulness of this reasoning neither Spurgeon nor all the powers of earth can ever impair; and he who insists on baptism as a term of church mem-

bership must insist on baptism as a term of communion, or contradict both himself and the word of God.

There is yet a question lying behind all this, which must be investigated before the objections to restricted communion are stated and answered. It is the question of baptism itself.

#### HOW DID THE APOSTLES AND FIRST CHRISTIANS BAPTIZE?

This is the important question, which, if satisfactorily answered, would settle all controversy on this matter forever. Baptists affirm that it was by a total immersion in water. Pedobaptists deny it. Now, let it be remembered, that nearly all the church historians have practiced sprinkling, and were themselves sprinklers. If, then, in their investigation, they found that their own practice was condemned, and notwithstanding all their prejudices, they were forced to acknowledge that the Baptists are right, their testimony, under such circumstances, ought to settle the question forever. *Here, then, is the testimony of Pedobaptist historians.*

*Neander's History of the Christian Religion*:—"Baptism was originally administered by immersion; and many of the companions of St. Paul allude to this form of its administration. The immersion is a symbol of death, of being buried with Christ; the coming forth from the water is a symbol of a resurrection with Christ; and both, taken together, represent the second birth, the death of the old man, and a resurrection to a new life. An exception was made only in the case of sick persons, which was necessary, and they received baptism by sprinkling."

*Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History—1st Century*: "The sacrament of baptism was administered in this century without the public assemblies, in places appointed and prepared for the purpose, and was performed by *immersion* of the whole body in the baptismal font.

"The sacrament of *baptism* was administered publicly twice every year, at the festivals of Easter and Pentecost or Whitsuntide, either by the bishop or the presbyters, in consequence of his authorization and appointment. The persons that were to be baptized, after they had repeated the creed, confessed and renounced their sins, and particularly the devil and his pompous allurements, were immersed under water, and received into Christ's kingdom by a solemn invocation of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the express command of our blessed Lord. After baptism, they received the sign of the cross, were anointed, and, by prayers and imposition of hands, were solemnly commended to the mercy of God, and dedi-

cated to his service; in consequence of which, they received the milk and honey, which concluded the ceremony. The reasons of this particular ritual coincide with what we have said in general concerning the origin and causes of the multiplied ceremonies that crept, from time to time, into the church.

*History of the Church, by George Waddington, M. A.:* "The ceremony of immersion (the oldest form of baptism) was performed in the name of the three persons of the Trinity; it was believed to be attended by the remission of original sin, and the entire regeneration of the infant or convert, by the passage from the land of bondage into the kingdom of salvation."

*Text Book of Ecclesiastical History, by J. C. I. Geiseler:* "The custom of considering certain doctrines and rites as mysteries (in the 3d and 4th centuries) would naturally have some effect on the mode of admission to the church. Baptism was preceded by a long preparatory course, during which the catechumens (*katechoumenoi*) were gradually led, from general religious and moral truths, to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, by teachers appointed for the purpose (*catechistes*), and must pass through various grades (*audientes, genuflectentes, competentes*), before they were deemed fit to be actually admitted. This course usually occupied several years, and often the catechumens voluntarily deferred their baptism as long as possible, on account of the remission of sins by which it was accompanied. Hence, it was often necessary to baptize the sick, and in that case sprinkling (*baptismus, clinicorum, tou klinikou*) was substituted for the usual rite. The baptism of infants became now more common. The use of exorcism is distinctly mentioned, and all who had been baptized, even the children, partook of the Eucharist."

*Cave's Primitive Christianity:* "The action having proceeded thus far, the party to be baptized was wholly immersed or put under water, which was the almost constant and universal custom of those times, whereby they did more notably and significantly express the three great ends and effects of baptism. For, as in immersion there are, in a manner, three several acts, the putting the person into water, his abiding there for a little time, and his rising up again, so by these were represented Christ's death, burial, and resurrection; and, in conformity thereunto, our dying unto sin, the destruction of its power, and our resurrection to a new course of life. By the person's being put into water was lively represented the putting off the body of the sins of the flesh, and being washed from the filth and pollution of them; by his abode under it, which was a kind of burial unto water, his entering into a state of death or mortification, like as Christ remained for some time under the state or power of death. Therefore, as many as are baptized into Christ, are said to be 'baptized into his death, and to be buried with

him by baptism into death, that, the old man being crucified with him, the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth he might not serve sin, for that he that is dead is freed from sin,' as the apostle clearly explains the meaning of this rite. Then, by his immersion, or rising up out of the water, was signified his entering upon a new course of life, differing from that which he lived before, that, 'like as Christ was raised up from the dead to the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.'"

GROTIUS: "*Buried with him by baptism.* Not only the word, *baptism*, but the very form of it, intimates this (immersion). For an immersion of the whole body in water, so that it is no longer beheld, bears an image of that burial which is given to the dead. There was in baptism, as administered in former times, an image, both of a burial and of a resurrection."

BISHOP TAYLOR (Episcopalian): "The custom of the ancient churches was not *sprinkling*, but *immersion*; in pursuance of the *sense* of the word (*baptize*) in the commandment and example of our blessed Saviour. Now this was of so sacred account in their esteem that they did not think it lawful to receive him into the clergy who had been only sprinkled in his baptism, as we learn from the Epistle of Cornelius to Fabius of Antioch."

ARCHBISHOP USHER: "Some there are, that stand strictly for the particular action of *diving* or *dipping* the baptized under the water, as the only action which the institution of the sacrament will bear; and our church allows no other, except in case of the child's weakness; and therein is expressed our Saviour's baptism, both the descending into the water, and the rising up."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND: "'As we be *buried* with Christ by our baptism into death, so let us daily die to sin, mortifying and killing the evil motions thereof. And as Christ was raised up from death by the glory of the Father, so let us *rise* to a new life, and walk continually therein.'" In the directions for the 'Public Baptism of Infants,' the Book of Common Prayer says: "Then the priest shall take the child into his hands, and shall say to the godfathers and godmothers, "Name this child.' And then, naming it after them (if they shall certify him that the child will endure it), he shall DIP it in the water, discreetly and warily, saying," &c.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*: "The Muscovite priests plunge the child three times over head and ears in water."—*Art. Russia.*

RICHARD BAXTER (Presbyterian): "It is *commonly confessed* by us to the Anabaptists, as our commentators declare, that in the apostles' time, the baptized were *dipped over head* in the water, and that this signified their profession, both of believing the burial and resurrection of Christ; and of their own *present* renouncing the world and flesh, or dying to sin and living to Christ, or rising again

to newness of life, or being buried and risen again with Christ, as the apostle expoundeth (Col. 3, and Rom. 6); and though we have *thought* it lawful to *disuse* the manner of dipping, and to use less water, yet we presume not to change the use and signification of it.”

BOSSUET (Catholic Bishop): “The baptism of John the Baptist, which served for a preparative to that of Jesus Christ, was performed by plunging. When Jesus Christ came to John, to raise baptism to a more marvellous efficacy in receiving it, the Scripture says, *that he went up out of the water* of Jordan (Matt., 3 : 16; Mark, 1 : 10). In fine, we read not in the Scripture that baptism was otherwise administered; and we are able to make it appear, by the acts of councils, and by the ancient rituals, that for *thirteen hundred years*, baptism was thus administered *throughout the whole church*, as far as was *possible*.”\*

DR. WHITBY (Episcopalian): “It being so expressly declared here (Rom., 6 : 4, and Colos., 2 : 12), that we are *buried with Christ in baptism* by being buried under water; and the argument to oblige us to a conformity to his death, by dying to sin, being taken hence; and this immersion being religiously observed by all Christians for *thirteen centuries*, and approved by our church, and the change of it into sprinkling, even without any allowance from the Author of this institution, or any license from any council of the church, being that which the Romanist still urgeth to justify his refusal of the cup to the laity.”†

DR. WALL (Episcopal): “Their (the primitive Christians) general and ordinary way was to baptize by immersion, or dipping the person, whether it were an infant, or grown man or woman, into the water. This is so plain and clear by an infinite number of passages, that as one cannot but pity the weak endeavors of such Pedobaptists as would maintain the negative of it, so also we ought to disown and show a dislike of the *profane scoffs* which some people give to the English Antipedobaptists, merely for their use of dipping. It was, in all probability, the way by which our blessed Saviour, and for certain was the most usual and ordinary way by which the ancient Christians did receive their baptism. ’Tis a great want of prudence, as well as of honesty, to refuse to grant to an adversary what is certainly true, and may be proved so. It creates a jealousy of all the rest that one says. As for springling, I say, as Mr. Blake, *at its first coming up in England*, ‘let them defend it who use it.’ They (who are inclined to Presbyterianism) are hardly prevailed on to leave off that *scandalous* custom of having

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\* In Mr. Stennett against Russen, p. 175-76.

† Note on Rom., 6 : 4.

their children, though never so well, baptized out of a basin, or porringer, in a bed-chamber, hardly persuaded to bring them to church, much farther from having them dipped, though never so able to bear it.”\*

“In the case of sickness, weakness, haste, want of quantity of water, or such like extraordinary occasions, baptism by affusion of water on the face, was, by the ancients, counted sufficient baptism. France seems to have been the first country in the world where baptism, by affusion, was used ordinarily to persons in health, and in the public way of administering it. There has been some synods, in some diocesses of France, that had spoken of affusion, without mentioning immersion at all, that being the common practice; but for an office or liturgy of any church, this is,† I believe, *the first in the world*, that prescribes aspersion absolutely; and for sprinkling, properly called, it seems it was, at sixteen hundred and forty-five, just then beginning, and used by very few. It must have began in the disorderly times after forty-one. But then came *The Directory*, which says: ‘Baptism is to be administered, not in private places or privately, but in the place of public worship, and in the face of the congregation,’ and so on. And ‘not in the places where fonts, in the time of popery, were unfitly and superstitiously placed.’ So they *reformed* the font into a basin. This learned Assembly could not remember, that fonts to baptize in, had been always used by the primitive Christians, long before the beginning of popery, and ever since the churches were built; but that sprinkling, for the common use of baptizing, was really introduced (in France first, and then in other popish countries) in time of popery; and that accordingly, all those countries in which the usurped power of the Pope is, or has formerly been, owned, have *left off* dipping of children in the font; but that all other countries in the world, which had never regarded his authority, do still use it; and that *basins*, except in case of necessity, were never used by Papists, or any other Christians whatsoever, *till by themselves*. What has been said of this custom of pouring or sprinkling water in the ordinary use of baptism, is to be understood only in reference to the western parts of Europe, for it is used ordinarily nowhere else.”‡

MR. JOHN WESLEY: “Mary Welsh, aged eleven days, was baptized according to the custom of the first church, and the rule of the Church of England, by immersion. The child was ill then, but recovered from that hour.§ ‘*Buried with him*,’ alluded to the ancient manner of baptizing by immersion.”||

\* Hist. of Infant Baptism, Part II, chap. ii, p. 462.

† Referring to Calvin’s “Form of administering the Sacraments.”

‡ Hist. of Infant Baptism, Part II, chap. ix.

§ Extract of Mr. John Wesley’s Journal, from his embarking for Georgia, page 11.

|| Wesley’s Notes on Rom., 6 : 4.

THOLUCK'S (Lutheran) Romans, 6 : 4 ; "In order to understand the figurative use of baptism, we must bear in mind the *well known fact*, that the candidate in the primitive church was immersed in water and raised out of it again."

WINER (Lutheran), "in Manuscript Lectures on Christian Antiquities, says : 'In the apostolic age, baptism was by immersion, as its symbolical explanation shows.'"

OLSHAUSEN (Lutheran) Com., vol. i, p. 158 : "John's baptism was, in all probability, like Christian baptism, not only because the administrator immersed the candidate, but because a formula was used at the immersion."—p. 176.

"The one half of the act, the immersion, represents the negative part, the removal of the old ; the other half, the immersion, represents the positive, the introduction of the new." So Bengel and Usteri.

BRETSCHNEIDER'S Theology, vol. i, p. 684 : "The apostolic church baptized only by immersion."

GUERICKE'S Ch. Hist., vol. i, p. 100 : "Baptism was originally administered by immersion."

RHEINWALD'S Archæology, of 1830, p. 303, n. 1 : "Immersion was the original apostolical practice."

HAHN'S Theology, p. 556 : "According to apostolical instruction and example, baptism was performed by immersing the whole man."

Starck, in his History of Baptism, p. 8, says : "In regard to the mode, there can be no doubt that it was *not by sprinkling*, but by immersion."

J. H. Fritsch, Bib. Theology, of 1820, vol. iii, p. 507 : "With infant baptism; still *another* change in the outward form of baptism was introduced, that of *sprinkling with water*, instead of the former practice of immersion."

VON COELLN : "Immersion in water was general until the thirteenth century ; but among the Latins it was displaced by sprinkling, but retained by the Greeks."

"That it was in *cases of sickness only* that immersion was superseded by application of water in some other form, the following authorities will suffice :

SALMASIUS : "The clinics only, because they were confined to their beds, were baptized in a manner of which they were capable ; not in the entire laver, as those who plunge the head under water, but the *whole body* had water poured upon it. Thus Novatus, when sick, received baptism, being *perikutheis*, *besprinkled*, not *baptistheis*, baptized."

PAMELIUS : "Whereas, the sick, by reason of their illness, could not be immersed or plunged (which, properly speaking, is to be

baptized), they had the salutary water poured upon them, or were sprinkled with it. For the same reason, I think, the custom of sprinkling now used, first began to be observed by the western church, namely: on account of the tenderness of infants, seeing the baptism of adults was now very seldom practiced.”\*

VON COELLN: “Baptism was by immersion; *only in cases of the sick* was it administered by sprinkling. It was held necessary to salvation, except in cases of martyrdom.”†

RHEINWALD: “Baptism was administered by immersion, *only in cases of necessity* by sprinkling.”‡

NEANDER, vol. i, p. 361, remarks: “*Only with the sick* was there an exception” in regard to immersion.

WINER, in his Lectures on Archæology, in manuscript, says: “Affusion was at first applied *only to the sick*, but was gradually introduced for others after the seventh century, and in the thirteenth became the prevailing practice in the West. But the Eastern Church has retained immersion alone as valid.”

STROTH’S EUSEBIUS, vol. i, p. 506: “Baptism was administered to those on beds of sickness by sprinkling and pouring; in other cases it was at that time by immersion.”

DR. TOWERSON (Episcopal): “The first mention we find of aspersion in the baptism of the elder sort, was in the case of the *clinici*, or men who received baptism upon their sick beds; and that baptism is represented by S. Cyprian as legitimate, upon the account of necessity that compelled it, and the presumption there was of God’s gracious acceptation thereof, because of it. By which means the lawfulness of any other baptism than by immersion will be found to lie in the *necessity* there may sometimes be of another manner of administration of it.”§

SIR JOHN FLOYER: “The Church of Rome hath drawn short compendiums of both sacraments; in the Eucharist they use only the wafer; and instead of immersion, they introduced aspersion. I have given now what testimony I could find in our English authors to prove the practice of immersion from the time the Britons and Saxons were baptized, till King James’ days; when the people grew peevish with all ancient ceremonies, and through the love of novelty, and the niceness of parents, and the *pretence of modesty*, they laid aside immersion.”||

DR. R. WETHAM: “The word baptism signifies a washing, par-

\* Apud Forbesium, Instruct. Hist. Theo. L. X. C. v. § 57.

† Hist. Theol. Opin. vol. i, p. 459.

‡ Christian Archæology. Berlin, 1830, p. 302.

§ Of the Sacram. of Baptism, Part III, p. 59, 60.

|| Hist. of Cold Bathing, p. 15, 61.



ticularly when it is done by immersion, or by dipping, or plunging a thing under water, which was formerly the ordinary way of administering the sacrament of baptism. But the church, which cannot change the least article of the Christian faith, is not so tied up in matters of discipline and ceremonies. Not only the Catholic Church, but also the pretended reformed churches, have altered this primitive custom in giving the sacrament of baptism, and now allow of baptism by pouring or sprinkling water on the person baptized. Nay, many of their ministers do it, now-a-days, by fillipping a wet finger and thumb over a child's head, or by shaking a wet finger or two over the child, which is hard enough to call a baptizing in any sense."\*

We add to this list by the following admission of Dr. Woods, Presbyterian, of Princeton, New Jersey—an opposer of immersion, yet forced to bear this testimony in favor of his antagonists. He says :

“Our Baptist brethren undertake to prove from ecclesiastical history that immersion was the prevailing mode of baptism in the ages following the Apostles. I acknowledge that ecclesiastical history clearly proves this. And I am very willing to acknowledge, also, that immersion might be one of the modes of baptism, and perhaps the prevailing one, used in the time of Christ and the apostles, and that the Christians in the following ages probably derived it from them. This is acknowledging quite as much as can be fairly proved.”

A volume of such testimonies, from almost all the ecclesiastical historians that ever wrote, might be produced. But if these will not suffice, “neither will they hear though one rise from the dead.”

But clear, as though written on the heavens, is the evidence that Christ instituted baptism as a term of church membership,—that baptism is immersion,—and none are members of a church, or have a right to the Lord's Supper, unless they have been buried with Christ by baptism.

S. H. F.

NOTE.—In our next we will present the *plain English of Baptizo*.

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\* Annot on New Testament. Matt., 3 : 6.—A catholic author, surely an impartial witness. This, and several of the preceding quotations, are from Booth's *Pedobaptism Examined*.

## COMMUNION WITH OPEN COMMUNION CHURCHES.

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Public attention has recently been called to the propriety or impropriety of communing at the Lord's Table in an open communion Baptist Church. It is well that attention has been turned to this matter; for, unless we have been misinformed, and are greatly mistaken, *there has been usage* among Baptists in regard to it, and that usage has been *wrong*.

1st. *There is usage in regard to it.* For what do we mean by usage? Undoubtedly the usual course pursued in given circumstances. The usage among strict Baptists in regard to communion with open communion churches can only be known from the course pursued by those who have been thrown in company with those churches, and have had opportunities for occasional communion. Now, we state it as an undeniable fact, that those ministers who have visited England and Ireland, and mingled with the open communion brethren, have, whenever the opportunity offered, communed with them.

This is true of Archibald Maclay. It was true of Dr. Sharp, of Boston. It is true of Dr. Howard Malcolm. Dr. Armitage, President of the Bible Union, as we have been informed, communed with Spurgeon in London. The same was done by Dr. Magoon, of Albany, N. Y. Numerous ministers, still living, communed with Dr. Carson; and more still with John Howard, Hinton, and Baptist Noel. Oncken has frequently communed with these open communion churches; and we have been informed the same was frequently done by Judson.

I shall not now canvass the reasons for this course, but it is beyond all question that this has been the *usage*.

But farther. When Drs. Cox and Hobey visited this country, they were everywhere invited to the communion in our churches, though their open communion sentiments, and the fact that both belonged to open communion churches, were well known. Isaac Taylor Hinton, author of the "History of Baptism," belonged to an open communion church in England. Joseph Belcher, editor of Fuller's works, was once pastor of an open communion church; and though both of them communed with open communion churches,

they never were questioned about its propriety. I have seen, in many instances, persons received "by letter" from English and Irish open communion churches without a question—receiving such persons on the faith of a *letter from a regular Baptist Church*. And this I understand to be *the usage* in the Northern churches, where such applications are frequently made. If what is usually done constitutes usage, then it *has been Baptist usage* to commune with English open communion Baptists.

But farther. The Mount Vernon Church, Woodford county, Ky., was for years a declared open communion church. In 1840, it applied for membership into the Elkhorn Association. The Minute reads: "The Baptist Church at Mount Vernon, by letter, and her messengers, as above recorded, applied for admission into this Association; which letter was referred to a committee of three, viz: Brethren Wm. F. Broaddus, Dillard, and Waller, who immediately reported unanimously, that the application be granted, and the right hand of fellowship extended to her messengers."

The church had been, for twelve years, out of the Association. In the Minutes of 1828 it is recorded: "Agreeable to the desire of the Mount Vernon Church, as suggested in her letter, she is no longer considered a member of this Association." The church desired to be dropped because of her open communion sentiments. Her pastor, Dr. Fishback, wrote and preached in favor of open communion. The Association answered him in the circular letter of 1828. Yet this same church, in 1840, was unanimously received back into the Association, without any recantation or change in her avowed sentiments, or without a challenge in regard to them.

Farther. She continued for years to act out and advocate those views, and her pastor, Lyman B. Seeley, now of Richmond, Virginia, was an *avowed open communionist*, alone, yet prominent in the Association. And never was there an instance of any of our ministers refusing to commune with this church. J. L. Waller frequently did it, knowing that Pedobaptists were admitted and welcomed to the Table. And J. M. Frost, and Wm. Craig, and J. D. Black, have done the same.

The consistency or propriety of this usage is another question. But what I now insist on is, this has been *the usage* in regard to open communion churches abroad, to their ministers when visiting

this country, and in the case of most persons, *the* usage in Kentucky, and some other Associations in the Southwest.

But there is a higher or broader meaning to the term *usage*. Baptists understand by it, not only what has usually been done in given cases, but also the general approval by the denomination (avowed or tacit) of such course in certain circumstances. This is what is called Baptist usage. Now, I affirm that Baptists have had *no usage*, in this proper sense of the word, in regard to *orthodox Baptist Churches in Europe*, or in regard to their *ministers when visiting this country*. That is, THE PRACTICE of communing with them, or inviting them to the Table, has never been opposed or condemned by the denomination, nor even questioned or discussed till recently. It will not do to introduce the case of Free Will Baptists (though our Northern brethren frequently commune with them). It is an undeniable fact, that many of the *Free Will* Baptists of England are close communionists, and that the Regular Baptists refuse communion with them because of their rejection of the doctrines of Predestination and Election. It is all a mistake that the General or Free Will Baptists are distinguished by their open communion sentiments, for, in fact, many of them are close. Usage in England has been *not* to commune with them because of their Arminianism. But in regard to the Regular Baptists, who, whether open or strict in communion, co-operate together as one people, there has been no usage (in the proper sense of that term) among American Baptists. I challenge a single instance or example showing Baptist usage in the premises.

But let us inquire, secondly, in the absence of avowed usage, has this practice been correct? Have Magoon, Maclay, Sharp, Armitage, Malcom, Stowe, Oncken, Judson, and Waller, Black, Frost, Seeley, Broadus, and Campbell, together with the whole of Elkhorn and other Associations, violated the order of Christ's house in acknowledging as Baptist Churches, and in communing with, those open communion churches? Baptists will not shrink from the investigation of this question because of the array of venerable names sanctioning such usage. Truth with them is everything, human authority nothing. The question will be decided by many on the ground that it is not inconsistent to commune with

a BAPTIST CHURCH ; that is, a church which is sound in the doctrines of grace, and receives none into its membership except spiritual, converted men, who have been immersed on a profession of faith ; that to commune with such a church is not an acknowledgment that *all* who participate are proper subjects of the ordinance; that it is communion with a *Baptist Church*, and nothing more.

To test this mode of reasoning, let it be affirmed that it is proper and right to commune with an orthodox Baptist Church, although *it is known at the time that persons whom you believe unbaptized are invited to and will participate*. Suppose, then, that you believe (as the great majority of Baptists do) that Pedobaptist and Campbellite immersions are not baptisms ; that those thus immersed are no more Baptists than if they had been sprinkled ; that they are, in fact, *unbaptized*. Now, is it proper or right to commune with a Baptist Church when it is known *at the time that such persons* (whom you believe are unbaptized) *are invited to and will participate in the ordinance* ? That is to say, if a man commune in a Baptist Church with those whom he believes to be unbaptized, he affirms, by his act, the proposition above.

It does not help the matter that those persons, whose immersion you believe to be a nullity, are now members of a church. The act of a church cannot turn a nullity into a valid ordinance no more than it can turn sprinkling into immersion.

A Baptist comes to Louisville, and visits a Baptist Church in which he knows there are individuals whom he believes to be unbaptized. He participates or assists in the communion, knowing that those individuals whom he conscientiously believes unbaptized will participate. *On what ground can he consistently aid or join in the ordinance* ? Or a man visits London, and participates or assists in the the communion, knowing that those whom he conscientiously believes unbaptized will participate. *On what ground can he consistently aid or join in the ordinance* ? Each will plead, it is with the church he communes; that he is not responsible for the presence of those unbaptized individuals.

Now, looking at this matter in the light of scripture and consistency, I cannot but condemn both the practice and the plea. It is inconsistent to commune, knowingly, with those who have never been baptized, whether they are members of Baptist or Pedo-

baptist Churches; and the only scriptural ground is to keep the ordinance in its proper place. It is a church ordinance, to be observed by each church for and by itself; and to which none outside that church have any more right than to vote and act in its local administration.

S. H. F.

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### SPURGEON ON COMMUNION.

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THE appearance of this extraordinary man was hailed by all, and more especially by Baptists, as the dawn of a brighter day on the British isle. The sermons of no man, in any age, have had such a wide circulation, or have been read with more interest. Nor is there wanting abundant evidence of his great usefulness on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is with mournful sadness that we indulge the fear that his erratic course may cause many to stumble, and spread confusion and disaster. We allude to his wild and unscriptural views of the ordinance of God's house. That these may be seen fully by our readers, we insert the following :

“ I am frequently receiving letters containing this question— What is my opinion upon communion? And once for all, to save all further loss of postage to my transatlantic brethren, let me say, I am pastor of a Baptist Church, into which none can be admitted unless they are believed to be obedient both to the doctrine and precept of the Lord Jesus. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, is a brief epitome of our religious union. We altogether disapprove of churches which bear a divided testimony on so significant a point as Baptism. In this we are one, and hope ever to remain firm in our profession that the immersion of believers is the primitive Baptism of the Church of Christ, and that none other is worthy the name of Christian Baptism. We are, therefore, strict in discipline, and thus enjoy the blessed consequences of union in sentiment and heart. But as for Communion, it seems to us that this is no more at our disposal than the blood of the Redeemer, which he has shed for all his people, whether immersed or not. We believe restricted fellowship to be impossible among the saints of God. With all the church we do and must commune. The Spirit of the living God has established an irresistible Communion among all the regenerated, and no church act can limit or restrain the divine impulse. Respecting the consciences of those who hold a limited fellowship, we do most solemnly protest against this error. Every member of the visible Church of Christ is invited by us to show forth publicly

his fellowship with Christ, with the whole blood-bought family, and with us who believe ourselves to be a part thereof. As often as we break bread, we have the pleasure of seeing Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, represented at the table, and members of all truly Christian communities are there also. This I mention, not as a matter of controversy, but simply in answer to inquiries. And, I must add, that a difference upon this point never can be sufficient to make me cease to love and commune with the most stern Baptized Brethren.

May the day soon come when all Pseudobaptism shall cease, and then the much vexed question of Communion must end also.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of the Father, and the fellowship of the Spirit, be with all the people of God for ever. Amen.

Brethren, I am yours ever truly.

C. H. SPURGEON.

London, September, 1859.

Before we comment on the above, we wish our readers, and Mr. Spurgeon himself (for he will see this article), to see in what esteem his views are held even by those whose favor he would conciliate, and who taunt regular Baptists as "bigoted close communionists." We copy from the remarks of the "Presbyterian of the West" the foregoing letter of Spurgeon.

"This is a singular manifesto. We learn from it—

"2. That 'strict discipline' consists in excluding *unbaptized* persons, or *Pseudobaptists* from membership in the church, though they may be freely admitted to the fellowship of the church. Or, it consists in admitting none to membership in the church but those who 'are believed to be obedient both to the doctrine and precept of the Lord Jesus,' while many may and should be admitted to the communion of the church who refuse to be immersed, and so disobey what he regards an important precept of the Lord Jesus.

"2. That, not regarding communion at his disposal, Mr. Spurgeon cannot adopt any regulation concerning it which edification may seem to require, though he regards the Church of Christ so much at his disposal that he can adopt a rule by which many, whom he regards as redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, are excluded from membership in his church. He can administer an ordinance which is designed to 'put a visible difference between the church and the world,' to many whom he regards as unworthy of a place in *his* church!

"3. That Mr. Spurgeon regards the question which relates to the *mode* of baptism of such paramount importance that all other differences among Christians, whether in matters of faith or practice, are as nothing compared with it; insomuch, that if this question were settled, the 'vexed question of communion' would be at an end.

"4. That Mr. Spurgeon, like many others who have much to say on both sides of the communion question, has not yet carefully surveyed the ground on which he stands."

The strictures of the "Presbyterian" are suggestive. No Pedobaptist, who understands his own avowed principles, can do otherwise than condemn such unscriptural and illogical views.

Spurgeon thinks that the communion table "*is no more at our disposal than the blood of the Redeemer, which is shed for all his people, whether immersed or not.*" Now, we should like to know, is the church any more at his "disposal" than the Table is? Is the church any more at his disposal than the blood of Christ, which was shed for all his people, whether immersed or not? By what authority, or by what mode of reasoning, does this man arrive at the conclusion that the church is *at his disposal*, and therefore "*none can be admitted into it*" unless they have been immersed, while the Table is "*not at his disposal*," and therefore he cannot insist on its pre-requisites?

But let it be observed that he says, "none can be admitted into the church of which he is pastor, unless immersed." Now, if he has any reason at all for this regulation, it must be that immersion is essential to church membership. If it is not, how can he refuse an unimmersed child of God? Then the unbaptized are not (according to his own sentiments and practice) church members, nor their unbaptized assemblies churches.

Yet he gives as his reason for *outside* communion: "Every member of the visible Church of Christ is invited by us to show forth publicly his fellowship with Christ." What confusion there must be in this man's mind when he can admit none as church members who have not been immersed, and yet call them "*members of visible churches!*" If a man can be a member of a "visible" church without baptism, by what authority can none be admitted into Spurgeon's church without it?

Ah! Mr. Spurgeon's answer is, "None can be admitted into the church unless they are believed to be obedient both to the doctrine and precept of the Lord Jesus." But in approaching the Lord's Table, such obedience is a matter of no concern. To admit none to the Lord's Church without it, is right enough; but to admit none without it to the Lord's Table, would be claiming to have it at "our disposal." Beautiful reasoning!

S. H. F.



## PROPHECY AND HISTORY.

## DANIEL.

“Behold, there shall stand up yet three kings in Persia; and the fourth shall be far richer than they all; and by his strength through his riches, he shall stir up all against the realm of Grecia.”—Daniel, 11 : 2.

This communication was made to Daniel when he had reached a very advanced age. He had studied, fasted, and prayed, that he might understand the vision which forecast the history of the world. “And whosoever,” says Bishop Newton, “would attain the same end, and excel in divine knowledge, must pursue the same means, and habitude himself to study temperance and devotion.” The Lord did not charge him with unlawful or unhallowed curiosity, but commended his spirit, and assured him that he was “greatly beloved.”

It is not our intention to make extended comments on this portion of prophecy, but rather to place before the reader the historic facts which are the key to it.

This communication was made to Daniel in the third year of Cyrus (Chap. 10 : 1). Now the order of the Persian Kings, according to Ptolemy, were Cyrus, Cambyses, Smerdes, Darius, Hy-staspes, Xerxes. So that the fourth, who was to be “richer than they all, must be Xerxes, as his riches is celebrated by Herodotus, who gives this incident of his prodigality: “Xerxes, advancing on his road, found a plane tree so beautiful, that he decked it with jewels of gold, and appointed of the band called ‘anointed’ to be its guardian.”\* But his vast armaments against Grecia show fully the extent of his wealth.

“And by his strength, and through his riches, shall he stir up all against the realm of Grecia.”

We will now let history speak.

## HERODOTUS.

“After the reduction of Egypt,” says that ancient author, “Xerxes, before he led his army against Athens, convoked an assembly of the principal Persians, both to learn their opinion, and to make known

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\* Taylor's Herodotus, Book viii., sec. i., p. 490.

his purpose to all of them. Xerxes thus addressed the assembly: ‘Persians! I introduce nothing new among you, but only follow the practice received from our ancestors; for, as I learn from the ancients, never since we obtained the sovereign power from the Medes, when Cyrus deposed Astyages, have we been inactive; but, the divinity so leading the way, we have followed in the course of continued succession. You well know, nor need I recount, the exploits of Cyrus, and of Cambyses, and of my father Darius; or tell you what they achieved, and what nations they added to our empire. For myself, ever since I ascended the throne, it has been my study not to be inferior to my precursors in glory of conquest, nor less than they to extend the boundaries of the Persian domination. And, on mature deliberation, I find that we may at once win for ourselves an increase of glory, and obtain possession of a country not inferior to that we now inhabit—a country by no means despicable, and eminently fertile; while, at the same time, we execute vengeance on our enemies. I have, therefore, convoked you, that I may impart to you my intentions. I propose, after joining the Hellespont, to lead an army on the European side into Greece, that I may punish the Athenians for the injuries inflicted by them upon the Persians, and upon my father. You know that when Darius was setting out to invade the people, he died, and so failed to avenge himself. But I on behalf of him, and of the Persians at large, will not desist from my endeavors till I have captured and burned Athens; for the Athenians have been the authors of wrong against both me and my father; first, when with Aristagoras of Miletus, our slave, they advanced upon Sardis, and burned the sacred groves and the temples; and then, what they did when our army under Datis and Artasphernes invaded them, you all perfectly well know. On these grounds, therefore, I am resolved to make war upon them. But besides these reasons, I find that signal advantages offer themselves also to us, for if we vanquish these people and their immediate neighbors—the inhabitants of the country of Pelops the Phrygian—the Persian empire will only be limited by Jove and the heavens; nor will the sun behold any land that shall form our boundary. With you traversing the whole of Europe, I will form of all countries a single empire. I am informed, that if the people I have mentioned be subdued, there is not a city nor a nation at all capable of contending with us in the field; and thus, with rightful cause, or with none, all shall alike receive the yoke of bondage. It remains, then, for you, in executing my purposes, to merit my favor. At the time which I shall fix, use, *all of you*, your greatest diligence to be in readiness. Upon him who shall come attended by the best appointed troops, I will bestow such gifts as are most highly valued among us. This, then, is to be done.’

“All the Persian princes who had been convoked immediately

returned—each to his government, and each using the utmost diligence to acquit himself of the task imposed on him, *in the hope of obtaining the promised gifts*. THUS *did Xerxes draw together his forces, by making requisitions from every country of the continent*. Reckoning from the reduction of Egypt, four full years were occupied in training the levies, and in collecting the supplies. In the course of the fifth he set forward at the head of a vast multitude. Of all the armaments that we have known to be collected, this was by far the largest. For what people of Asia was there which Xerxes did not lead against Greece? Or what streams, excepting only the largest rivers, were not consumed by his army? While some of the nations provided ships, others furnished men for the infantry, and others the cavalry; some supplied transports for horses, besides men for the army; some prepared large vessels for forming the bridges; and others provisions, and ships, also, to convey them.”

The following is the account given, by the same historian, of the passage of this vast host across the Hellespont into Europe :

“The same day preparations were made for the passage of the army. The next was waited for, and the rising of the sun eagerly desired. Meanwhile, incense of all kinds was offered to the gods upon the ridges, and the roads were strewed with branches of myrtle. At the instant of sun-rising, Xerxes poured a libation from a golden cup into the sea, at the same time addressing a prayer to the sun, entreating that no accident might prevent his continuing to vanquish the nations of Europe until he had reached its utmost limits. As he finished this prayer, he threw the cup into the Hellespont, together with a golden vase, and a Persian sword of the kind called a scimitar. Whether this was done as an offering to the sun, or whether, repenting of the stripes he had inflicted on the Hellespont, he wished to make amends to that water by those gifts that were thrown into it, is a question I cannot certainly determine.

“These ceremonies finished, the whole of the infantry and cavalry passed over that bridge which was on the side of the Euxine, while all the attendants, with the sumpter beasts, passed the other on the side of the Ægean sea. The march was led by the ten thousand Persians, all wearing crowns; then came *the promiscuous host of all nations*. The march of these occupied the first day. On the second day came, first, the horsemen, and those with their lances lowered, these also crowned; after them the sacred horses, and the sacred car; then Xerxes himself, and the spearmen, and the thousand horse; and following them, another host. While the army passed the bridges, the fleet also moved over to the opposite side. I have, indeed, heard it affirmed that the king passed over last of all. When he reached the European side, he witnessed the passing

forward of his army under the lash.\* Seven days and nights, without a pause, were occupied in bringing the host across the bridges. On this occasion, when Xerxes had passed the Hellespont, a certain Hellespontine is reported to have exclaimed, 'O Jupiter! wherefore is it that, assuming the habit of a Persian, and taking the name of Xerxes, thou dost lead all mankind after thee to subvert Greece, when without them thou mightest easily do the same thing?'

"What might be the precise number of each division of the army, as furnished by the different nations, I am not able to state, for these particulars have never been mentioned. But the entire host is known to have amounted to one million seven hundred thousand men. The numbering was managed in the following manner. Ten thousand men were brought together in one place, and being crammed as close as possible, a circle was drawn around them; this done, the ten thousand were removed, and a fence was reared on the circle about as high as a man's elbows. Then another set of men was stuffed into the enclosed space, and so on in succession, until in this manner the whole host had been numbered. After the numbering, the host was divided into bodies, according to the several nations included in the army."

Thus far Persia, the second great empire, was permitted to sweep on, subjugating all before it. But the eternal fiat said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Grecia stood as a bulwark against the onrushing wave of Asiatic despotism and barbarism, and the mighty hosts of the Persian were rolled back from Europe in confusion and disaster. The mighty armament and its defeat were as clearly seen and foretold by the inspired seer as by the Greek historian.

*"And a mighty king shall stand up, that shall rule with great dominion, and do according to his will."* This and the following verse refers to the conqueror of Persia—Alexander the Great. Thus wrote he to Darius:

"Your ancestors entered into Macedonia, and the other parts of Greece, and did us damage when they had received no affront from us as the cause of it; and now I am created General of the Grecians provoked by you, and desirous of avenging the injuries done by the Persians, have passed over into Asia."

The prophecy and history of this Alexander, and of the third empire, will appear in our next. S. H. F.

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\* It was the common practice of the Persians to flog their armies on the march, and into the field of battle.

CONSECRATION OF A ROMISH CHURCH AT  
WASHINGTON CITY.

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THE practice of consecrating houses of worship with pompous ceremonies, amid clouds of incense, and burst of music, is consistent with the whole system of Romanism. The Ancient Temple was consecrated, and its stone and wood considered *holy*, therefore should our temple be. So reasons the Romanist. In the Jewish building were golden altars, burning tapers (day as well as night), rich incense, and vested priests. In our Catholic temple we have the same. In the former was instrumental music and chosen singers. We have our organ and orchestra. The reasoning is correct. Jewish worship is our pattern, and if its ceremonies have never been abrogated, and those who argue for an instrumental music in Christian worship because instrumental music was used in the temple, admit thereby the reasoning of the Romanist—that Christianity is Judaism extended or expanded. We deny it all. The *essence* is spiritual worship—is simplicity. The gorgeous shadows of a preparatory dispensation have been succeeded by the Sun of Righteousness.

But the object of this article was to present to the readers of the *Repository* the pomp and circumstance of Roman ceremonials which so many Protestant and even Baptist assemblies try to imitate.

DEDICATION OF ST. ALOYSIUS' CHURCH.

Yesterday the dedication of St. Aloysius' Church took place in the presence of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Washington. From even an early hour in the morning the streets leading to the church were thronged by people until the hour for the commencement of the services. The day was a lovely one, and therefore attracted people from every section.

One can scarce pass down either of the three aisles which lead from the vestibule to the chancel aisles of the amplest dimensions, and as he looks over the vast rows of spacious pews—many elegantly fitted up—as he casts his eye above to the chaste frescoing—as he turns to the altar with its statuary, its paintings, its columns, and all its sacerdotal fixtures—and as he remembers the object of all these fail to feel the softening influence which the successful array of such artistic beauties ever wields beneath the roof consecrated to divine worship. Nor will he gaze long upon the

chancel without markedly noticing its magnificence. On either hand lofty columns support two small balconies imbedded in a wreath of carving; at the rear a painting, from biblical history, stands forth to life; groups of statuary adorn the right and left; a chapel of white marble, exquisitely wrought, lifts its tiny self a pace in front; twelve candlesticks, of burnished gold, glisten around, and from them so many wax candles emit a mellowness of light which illumines the holy place. The whole is shut in by panel-work, while two other paintings relieve the otherwise vacant spaces which jut from either wall.

The principal or center altar piece represents the first communion of St. Aloysius and his family, the picture embracing twelve fine life-like figures. This was executed by Brumidi, a well known artist of this city. On the right of the altar there is exhibited another splendid painting, of the Immaculate Conception. On the left, one corresponding in size styled "The Good Shepherd." The two latter were designed and executed by a young brother of the Jesuit order in Cuba, and presented to this church.

Just over the altar is a plate of azure, with this Latin inscription cut in gold:

"MINUISTI EUM PAULO,  
MINUS AB ANGELOS."

From the altar you are presented with a clear, unobstructed view; no galleries (save those above the door), no colonades to hide the wide arena. You see a great room—long, wide, and elevated, and you are sensibly impressed with the grandeur—such grandeur as a temple of worship should possess—massive, simple, but rich and complete.

#### THE CEREMONIES OF DEDICATION.

The ceremonies of the dedication commenced at precisely 10 o'clock, at which time the church was filled in every available portion.

Immediately in front of the altar, on the north side of the principal aisle, sat the President of the United States, accompanied by Miss Lane; Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, and lady; Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, and lady; Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, and lady. On the south side the Hon. Senator Douglas; near by the Mayor of Washington, members of the Diplomatic Corps, Col. Harris, of the United States Marine Corps, and other distinguished gentlemen and ladies.

The orchestra was selected by Prof. Lewis Weber, of the Marine Band, and was led by Prof. Mahr, of Baltimore, who had been engaged for the occasion. Among the vocalists were Messrs. Dawson, French, and King, Mrs. Cecelia Young, and other performers of reputation.

The priest, habited in cope and stole of white color, and, accompanied by several other priests and clergymen, one of whom bore the cross between two others with lighted candles, proceeded to the principal door of the church, where, standing turned towards it, with uncovered head, he recited a prayer in Latin.

Then he began the Antiphon—

“Thou shalt sprinkle me with hysop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.”

The attending clergy then chaunted the psalm *Miserere*, during which they proceeded around the exterior of the church, the priest sprinkling the walls above and below with holy water, saying, “*Asperges me, Domine hysopo*” (Thou shalt sprinkle me with hysop, O Lord). On re-entering, the procession chaunted a psalm.

On returning to the place where the procession began, the Antiphon was repeated by the clergy, and the priest, turning towards the church, said the following prayer:

“O Lord God, who, although the heavens and earth cannot contain thee, art pleased to have thy dwelling on earth, in which thy name may be perpetually invoked; we beseech thee, by the merits of Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, of St. Aloysius, and all thy saints, visit this place with thy benign clemency, and purify it by the infusion of thy grace from all defilement, and preserve it undefiled; and O Thou who didst satisfy the devotion of thy beloved David, in the performance of his son Solomon, be pleased to hearken to our petitions, and banish hence all spiritual wickedness. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen.”

Having finished these prayers, all entered the church, in couples, and proceeded to the high altar, where the Litany of the Saints was chaunted in a most imposing manner, during which the priest beseeched—

“That thou vouchsafe to purify and bless this church and altar to thy honor and the name of thy saint Aloysius. We beseech thee to hear us.”

During this recital he blessed with the sign of the cross the church and altar, and again knelt until the chaunters finished the Litany.

After further prayer, he began the Antiphon—

“Bless, O Lord, this house erected to thy name.”

Then the cxix, cxx, and cxxi Psalms were chaunted. During this they moved down the right aisle, headed by Francis McNerhany, President of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, who cleared the aisle. The priest followed with the clergy, sprinkling the interior walls with water, and repeating the same ceremony as that observed on the outside of the walls. On returning to the altar, a prayer was recited.

They were attired in their appropriate vestments. The cross was borne between two lighted candles, and the whole under escort of the Young Catholics' Friend Society.

The altar was then decorated for the celebration of the

#### SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

At 11 A. M., the holy sacrifice of the mass commenced, with the "Grand March of the Prophet" (Meyerbeer), performed by the choir in a most impressive style.

During the performance by the choir, the forty-second Psalm was repeated; the priest kissed the altar, blessed the incense and the sign of the cross, and taking the incense from the deacon, baptized with incense the altar; and afterwards the deacon, receiving the censor from the celebrant, incensed him. The priest, going to the book, read *The Introit*.

He remained standing at the middle of the altar, until the choir finished singing the words which they began at the entrance of the priest. The music having ceased, the priest read in Latin, intoning the first words, while the congregation arose to their feet, the choir taking up the "Gloria in Excelsis." When they finished the priest went to the middle of the altar, and kissing it, turned to the people. He then went to the book and read the collects for the festival and the Sunday, making commemoration, also, of the saint whose festival fell within the present octave.

On the conclusion of the mass, the deacon incensed their priest, and he knelt before the altar.

The choir then performed "Gaudemas," a quartette by Diabelli, which was sung by Mrs. Young and Messrs. French, King, and Dawson, in a most acceptable manner.

Such is the pomp and nonsense of Romanism. Who could imagine, from reading the above, that the perpetrators of such meaningless ceremonies professed to imitate the apostles and their simple spiritual worship? Yet Hughes and his admirers would argue the propriety of all that from the services of the Jewish temple. But those who apologise for the *unchristian* practices of the use of organs and instruments in Baptist Churches, have no right to find fault with the shallow shows which Catholics call worship. The argument for all is based on the same false assumption.

S. H. F.



“LOUISIANA BAPTIST” AND OPEN COMMUNION.

THE Editor of the Louisiana *Baptist*, Bro. H. Lee, is a sound and clear-headed man, not prone to run into extremes on any subject. There are not many of our cotemporaries on whose judgment we would sooner rely, or whose opinions carry more weight with us. We were therefore struck, though not surprised, with his remarks in regard to communing with unbaptized persons. He lays it down as a scriptural and invariable rule, that to commune knowingly with unbaptized persons should be made a matter of church discipline. To this we enter no protest or objection. But we ask, what shall be the course pursued towards those who commune with churches in which are members, whose Pedobaptist and Campbellite immersion you consider just as invalid, unscriptural, and just as much a nullity as sprinkling or pouring is? What will Bro. Lee think of a church where Reformers, without ever renouncing their heresies, are the prominent members and officers?—persons immersed for the remission of sin?—and what course should be pursued towards those who commune with such a church? Does such a state of things exist in Louisiana?

To hold that Campbellite and Pedobaptist immersions are *no* baptisms, and yet commune with churches when it is known that persons who have received no other baptism will commune, is just as inconsistent and just as censurable, as communing with persons who have been sprinkled for baptism.

To say, that in the case of “alien immersions” there is a difference of opinion among Baptists; that many “otherwise sound” Baptists and Baptist Churches look on such as scripturally baptized, or that they are in a baptized church, behind which we cannot go—all such evasions cannot help the matter an inch. The same may be said of open communion. Baptists and Baptist Churches, otherwise sound, have believed it scriptural. But no true man can give up his convictions to preachers, churches, associations, usage, or any thing else. If he is convinced that those outside immersions are not baptism, that those thus immersed are *unbaptized*, how can he, as a conscientious, consistent man, commune with them?

Bro. Lee is a sound, consistent Baptist, in whose judgment and conscientiousness we have great confidence. His solution to the foregoing questions we will look for with interest, and will lay before our readers.

S. H. F.

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## CONVICTION AND REGENERATION.—USE OF TERMS.

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A pure speech among those who desire to strive together for the faith of the gospel, and especially among ministers who labor together, is certainly most desirable. Disputes and vain janglings about *terms* often result in aberrations and confusion. Whether regeneration precedes repentance and faith, or whether it is the immediate consequence of faith, has long been, and still is, a question debated, often with considerable feeling. The doctrine that the first work done for the sinner, in the process of conversion, is his *regeneration*, and that he is then, and may continue long, a *regenerate unbeliever*, appears to many sound Christians an evident absurdity. And yet, if, as is acknowledged, the sinner is "*dead in trespasses and sins*," how absurd to speak of his exercising living, saving faith, before he has been made alive, or regenerated!

The supporters and opposers of each of these statements or doctrines have unsparingly exposed the inconsistencies or absurdities of the other. The logomachy has been continued and is almost endless. Logic and metaphysics have been brought into requisition to draw distinctions without a difference; and to-day, the introduction of the question in a company of preachers, or a ministers' meeting, will awaken interest and debate sooner than almost any other subject.

In the present article the aim is not so much the thorough investigation of the subject as to call the attention of ministers to the use of terms which will convey the meaning of the inspired word, without at once suggesting to the mind a train of objections and arguments against a supposed theory. In fact, if Bible terms for spiritual things were invariably and scrupulously used, a pure speech would in almost all cases be followed by a pure theology.

There is one great fact, one momentous truth, in connection with

this controversy, concerning which all Christians are agreed. They know from God's word; they know from their own inner and outer history; they know from every page of the world's history, and from every-day's observation, that man is depraved, deeply, ruinously; and that without an entire change, he is lost, ruined forever. Concerning this there can be no question among Christians. They are farther agreed, that, "except a man be born again," or from above,\* as the original reads, "he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This change, all *Christians* agree, is spiritual. It is wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit. It is an internal, spiritual renovation—"a change of mind, of heart; taking effect on the understanding, when it is enlightened; on the conscience, when it is convinced; on the will, when it is subdued; on the affections, when they are refined and purged; on the whole man, when he is renovated by the renewing of his mind, and created anew in Christ unto good works." About all this, *converted* men and women entertain but one view. They "*know* they have passed from death unto life," and that the Spirit is the author of this gracious and glorious change. To enlighten the darkened understanding, to awaken the slumbering conscience, to subdue the stubborn will, to break up the great deep of the heart, to make willing in the day of His power,—this is the work of the Eternal Spirit, effected through the word.

Now, the question is,—by what terms are his merciful operations on the soul designated in the inspired word? The result of his agency is, most undoubtedly, a new, holy, and glorious life. But the incipient workings on the conscience, the understanding, and heart—producing compunction, conviction, repentance—what terms shall we use in speaking of these? Now there *are* serious objections to the use of the word *regeneration* when speaking of this first awakening of the sinner to a sense of danger and of sin. The principal and most serious objection is, that the Bible *never uses this term to describe it*. Indeed, this objection is sufficient to lead to an entire abandonment of the use of the word *regeneration* in this connection.

Regeneration occurs in all the scriptures *but twice*. In Matt., 19 : 28, we read : "And Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily I say

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\* Greek, *anothen*—from above, *seeperni*.

unto you, that ye which have followed me in the *regeneration*, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

The word translated, regeneration properly means, in the language of Bretschneider, "*itera generatio, qua incipit nova vita.*" It is a compound of *palin* (again), and *genesis* (born, or generated). But it had a secondary use among the Jews—that of a renovated, national state. It is thus used by Josephus. The context shows that the Lord did not use the term in its primary sense. It was not "the grace of regeneration," says Gill, "in which they could not be said, with propriety, to follow Christ; and one of them was never a partaker of it; but the new state of things in the Church of God, which was foretold, and is called the time of Reformation, or setting all things right, which he gave upon the sealing up the law and the prophets, and the ministry of John the Baptist and of Christ." "Now the twelve apostles followed Christ herein, preaching the gospel. Now this new dispensation is called the regeneration, and which more manifestly took place after our Lord's resurrection and ascension, and the pouring down of the Spirit." "Agreeable to this, the Syriac renders it, *in the new world*, and so the Persiac. The Arabic reads it, *in the generation or age to come*—the gospel dispensation." (Gill's Com.)

"We are accustomed," says George Campbell, "to apply this term to the conversion of individuals; whereas, its relation here (Matt., 19 : 28) is to the general state of things. The return of the Israelites, after the Babylonish captivity, is so named by Josephus. The principal completion will be at the general resurrection, when there will be, in the most important sense, a *renovation*, or regeneration of heaven and earth; yet, in a subordinate sense, it may be said to have been accomplished when the old dispensation was utterly abolished, and succeeded by the Christian Dispensation."

With these agree most commentators; and the evidence is conclusive that this passage can have no reference to the direct operation of the Spirit in conversion. It was not of this that Christ was speaking when he used the word.

The only other instance where the word is used is in Titus, 3 : 5: "The *washing of regeperation.*" From this much disputed

passage little can be learned in regard to the use of the term *regeneration* (*paliggenesias*) without entering into a discussion of the passage transcending the limits of a single article.

In that *heretical* commentary, which purports to be Olshausen's, *loutron* (washing) is interpreted, "*the means of regeneration.*" That is, the *loutron* bath of regeneration is baptism; a bath which brings about regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. He argues, that it being admitted that *loutron* (washing) refers to baptism, it follows "that there is a real connection between the *loutron* and the *paligg* (new birth). In a word, that the bath is the birth—Baptism is Regeneration.

We understand the passage to have not the most distant reference to baptism, but to the purifying agency of the Spirit in producing and sustaining a new and holy life. By "his mercy he saved us; by the cleansing and life-giving energy of the Holy Ghost; the cleansing and renewing influence of regeneration, carried on through life, and consummated in glory.

It is, therefore, evident that the term in this passage is not used to denote the first movement of the Spirit on the chaotic, sinful heart, but, rather, refers to His whole gracious work in the salvation of the soul.

We have thus examined the only places where the term *paliggenesia* (regeneration) occurs, and in neither case does its usage warrant its application to the first work of the Spirit on the awakened soul. From this we conclude that it is incorrect to say that the sinner is first regenerated, that he then penitently seeks Christ, and exercises faith in his finished work.

To find *the term* which should always be used to denote the Spirit's first effectual work upon the heart, as well as the order of that gracious influence, let us turn to the sixteenth chapter of John, where more is said concerning the mission of the Spirit than in all the Bible beside.

"Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove (margin, *convince*) the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." The word *elegzie*, translated "reprove" in the text, and "convince" in the margin, has a

stronger sense in the original. It means, to convince unto conviction. Coverdale and Cranmer, translators, have it *rebuke*. It is the same word used by Paul to Titus, 1 : 9 : "That he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to *convince* (*elegzein*)."  
Also thirteenth verse : "Whereupon *rebuke* (*elegxe*) them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith." That is, convince them *cuttingly* (*apotomoos*). The word translated *sharply* is figurative—borrowed from the surgeons, who, in curing their patients, are sometimes obliged to cut their flesh in such a manner as to give them great pain. Titus was to *convince* with an earnestness, "whereby the consciences of the offenders being awakened, would sting them bitterly" (*Mc. Knight*).

Here, then, is the meaning of the word used by Christ to describe the work of the Spirit on the sinner's heart—"He shall convict of sin, because they believe not in me." That is, "frown upon, or convict by proof." We therefore conclude that the first part of the Spirit's work in conversion, is to produce in the mind a deep conviction of sin and guilt, and consequent danger. "HE SHALL CONVICT THE WORLD OF SIN."

The experience of every Christian accords with this teaching. The first light that gleamed in upon the darkened understanding was the conviction that we were sinners, guilty before God. The first awakening of conscience was the utterance of its decisions, *condemning*. To stand trembling before God a convicted sinner, helpless, ruined, is what every converted man has experienced. This may be called "*quicken*ing," being begotten, and such other figurative terms ; but it is, in *fact*, a conviction of guilt, and condemnation, and to call it by that name would avoid all the confusion which the figurative words introduce. The convinced and converted sinner will fall before God and plead for mercy. Convicted of sin because he believes not in Christ, he is led by the Spirit, through the instrumentality of truth, to Jesus the Lamb of God, in whom is righteousness and life. None but the convicted sinner will repent ; none but the convicted will believe. He that "believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is BORN." For "we are the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ."

This article must here close, with the expectation of investigating more at length this important subject.

S. H. F.

## Family Visitant.

### LYDIA: OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

#### CHAP. XXV.—THE WEDDING.

And so it was all arranged at last. On the 12th of September, 183—, Lydia had pledged herself to become the wife of William Norton. All her trials, and sorrows, and seemingly insurmountable difficulties were swallowed up in the glorious prospect before her. Never, in all her life, had she been so entirely happy as since that evening when William had gone out on the farm in search of the father.

The marriage had been so long expected by the community that it had now become a matter of doubt and speculation. Some prophesied “that it would never take place, because they knew that Lydia Lovelace would never have William Norton, now that he would not join Mr. Anderson’s church.” Others said the fault was all William’s. He never intended to marry as long as his mother lived;—that *they* very well knew. Others wondered how the matter would end. Some offered one solution, and some another. The great puzzler seemed to be, that the two young people continued on terms of the closest friendship. William was known to be a frequent visitor at Mr. Lovelace’s house, and was often seen with Lydia in public, while she always appeared to receive his attentions with the greatest satisfaction.

In the midst of all these positive assertions and vague surmises, the intelligence flashed forth upon the community that the two were certainly to be married, and that in the course of a month or two. It was certainly reliable information, but no one could tell why reliable.

One intimate friend *knew* of several new dress patterns that Mrs. Lovelace had bought for Lydia, and among these a plain white silk. But when questioned as to whether she had seen these articles of dress or not, she was compelled to answer negatively; “but

then there was no doubt about it, for she had it from good authority." One circumstance after another seemed to give a growing air of certainty to the rumor, until, in a few days, it became with all the knowing ones a settled matter.

Bro. and Sister Anderson, who were quite in the secrets of the family, when asked about it, always smiled, and answered evasively. This was "confirmation strong."

Lydia went from home but rarely. It was understood that she was much engaged preparing her *trousseau*. She always filled her seat in church. William, too, was a regular attendant. He was beginning to reinstate himself in the favor of the disappointed brethren, who, now that it was known he was so soon to be married to Lydia, began to conceive large hopes of him. But they wisely deemed it best to "hide their time," and wait patiently the consummation so devoutly wished for.

The wedding day came at length. It had been long and most ardently looked forward to by many of the young people of the neighborhood as a time of great enjoyment. Weddings in the country usually create a great sensation. They are occasions of *general interest*. They break up the great monotony, and for a time change the whole current of affairs.

It was a beautiful day—the 12th of September, 183—. A slight shower had fallen in the early morning, through the light fleecy clouds of which the uprising sun had burst in resplendent beauty.

Everything in nature seemed attuned to the joyousness of the occasion. The seers of the neighborhood predicted a most brilliant future for the young pair about to be united.

Great preparations had been making at the old family mansion during the week for the event, which was to take place on Thursday evening. Every room, from attic to cellar, had been swept and garnished. Snowy curtains draped the windows. Snowy counterpanes wrapped the beds, and vases of sweet fall flowers perfumed every room of the house. All was activity and blissful expectancy. There was not the most "intangible shade" to throw its airy form across the enchanting scene.

The evening came, with its soft, glorious loveliness. There was scarcely a family in the whole length and breadth of the neighborhood but what was a friend to either William or Lydia. And



no one had been overlooked who had any claim at all to an invitation.

The hospitable mansion of Mr. Lovelace was thrown wide open at an early hour. Lights shone out through every window; and the yard, which was thick set with locust and other trees, was highly illuminated. The whole scene was one of surprising beauty.

At the appointed hour the guests began to arrive, and soon the house was filled with fairy forms and happy faces. Joy and gladness presided over the scene.

It had been many a long day since such a concourse had been assembled together in the neighborhood of C——. Everything seemed to conspire to render the occasion one of pre-eminent interest. The evening was deliciously lovely. The mild, soft air, balmy as the breath of June, swept gently through the open windows, and the stars looked down from their great depths of blue above with tender eyes of living light, while the crescent moon, with gentle beam, gilded the cloudless heavens.

And then it was, what the world denominates, "a suitable match." Even the most captious could find no hook on which to hang an objection. The parents of both parties were well pleased, and the young people themselves were deeply in love with each other. Under this culmination of happy circumstances, what shadow of sorrow or discontent could intrude?

The marriage hour came. The bride, attired in a plain white silk, with no ornament, save the bridal veil, with its wreath of orange bloom, leaning on the arm of him she loved, and accompanied by four maidens dressed in snowy white, stood before the officiating clergyman. There was breathless silence throughout the crowded assembly. The voice of Mr. Anderson was low and subdued as he lifted it in prayer. The ceremony was said slowly and impressively, and the two young loving hearts were united, henceforth to pass through life together, to share its joys and sorrows; together to strive for each other's advancement in all that is good in this life, and prepare for that which is to come.

Sobs were heard throughout the room, and many an eye, which but a moment before laughed in sunny gladness, now looked out through dewy tears.

Congratulation followed congratulation, until each guest present

had kindly pressed the hand of bride and bridegroom, wishing them all the prosperity and joy that life can give.

Of all that gay throng of youths and maidens, with hearts wildly beating with blissful excitement, there was none happier than the two whose destinies had just been linked together.

Lydia's face was radiant with calm, sweet smiles, and William's manly brow and handsome countenance beamed with the consciousness of the worth of the prize he had sought and won.

Refreshments were served with that ample hospitality which characterizes the wealthy farmers of our western States. Everything was in lavish profusion, and the guests partook of the kindly cheer with right good will.

Youths and blushing maidens walked beneath the soft moonlight and talked of love. Farmers discoursed of their fall prospects, and doting mammas of their rising responsibilities. A trio of gentlemen were grouped on the front porch, apart from the other company. They were Bro. Anderson, Deacons Mason and Fitzgerald. They were closely engaged in a low conversation. Their words and manner were characterized by earnestness. It was evident they were discussing some important point.

"Indeed, I do not know, Bro. Anderson; it's hard to tell what influence it will have upon him," and Bro. Mason's face assumed a doubtful expression, consonant with his words.

"She is a girl of great good sense and judgment, and I look for success from her steady influence over him. It is very evident he idolizes her; and now, you know he will be so circumstanced that he cannot, from the very nature of the case, act as independently as he did before. It is the husband now, not the wilful lover."

"Certainly, certainly, Bro. Mason; it is just as Bro. Anderson says," chimed in Deacon Fitzgerald, who looked upon his pastor as a very Solon. "I think we may reasonably now expect the fulfillment of our desires. But it is my opinion, Bro. Anderson," and the Deacon looked wondrous knowing, "that *we* ought not to do too much ourselves, for fear we spoil the whole matter. Best to leave it to the wife, and we will give her all the encouragement possible."

"I think with you, Deacon," was the pastor's encouraging reply.

"But," said Bro. Mason, "we will now have to watch the wife. She will be subject to a very strong Baptist influence. Mrs. Norton is a very prudent woman, yet, I tell you, she is as fixed in her notions as anybody on earth could be. She wont say much, and wont oppose at all, but somehow she will make her young daughter-in-law feel and think as she does. Here is our greatest fear, in my opinion."

"I think you mistake, Bro. Mason," quickly replied the preacher. "If I have not misjudged the character of the two, the daughter has as much will as the mother. I think I have never seen more determination, in one of her years, than Lydia possesses; and yet it is so unobtrusive that no one finds it out until they come in actual contact with it. I'll risk Lydia. However, it will be nothing amiss to watch this point; but we ought to keep very silent about it. If a suspicion should go out that we have any fears about it, it will injure our cause."

The Deacons bowed assent to the superior wisdom of the preacher.

"Will they live with Bro. Lovelace, or with Mrs. Norton—you know, Bro. Mason?" asked Anderson, after a pause. "A great deal depends on this."

"Oh, with Mrs. Norton, of course; and this is the reason I expressed my fears. It would all be right if they could live here with Bro. Lovelace, or even go to house-keeping to themselves. But I know Mrs. Norton, have known her for many years, and I may safely say, I never saw a quiet woman have such an influence in all my life."

"Well, well, as Bro. Anderson says, we'll have to guard this point. Mr. Norton would be a very valuable accession to us. And, beside, it would be such a blow to the Baptists! How they did rejoice when he did not join us! But maybe the tables will be turned upon them before long. We must be hopeful and active. By the way, did you hear that old Mr. Wilson is quite sick?"

"Yes; he has been feeble for some time, and for the last week, until yesterday, quite sick; but he is much better to-day. I went over to see him this morning myself. The old man baptized me, and I felt it was my duty to go to see him, as he was so sick. So my wife and I rode over, and sat an hour or two."

"And is he really better, Bro. Mason?"

"Decidedly better than he has been for some time, Dr. Overstreet told me. The Doctor says the old man may yet live for years."

"Indeed!" was the only remark made in answer to this information.

While Mr. Anderson and the "Deacons" were arranging the matter on the front porch, Mrs. Anderson had assailed the young pair on the same subject in a manner of playful badinage.

"To be sure, Mr. Norton, we shall have you to join us *now*?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, madam," replied the young husband, willing, in his happiness, to please the whole world.

"And it wont be long, I suppose? You know, Mr. Norton, 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' And, moreover, you know that we have been in a state of expectancy sometime already."

At this allusion to that sad disappointment, the young bride's face turned suddenly crimson, and her eyes sought the floor. She did not know how her husband would receive it. It was a subject that had never been called up by either since the evening of the explanation and final adjustment. Lydia dared not look up until the answer of her husband dispelled her fear.

"The old adage is true, Mrs. Anderson, but with regard to uncertain events we should never make positive promises, you know."

The light, playful manner, relieved Lydia, but served somewhat to embarrass Mrs. Anderson, who, though she spoke jestingly, was yet deeply interested in the subject of her remarks, and intended every word she said.

"I will place him under your care, Lydia," she added, after a moment's hesitation. "You must see to him. You know you have a right now to look after his welfare. You must perform your part well."

Lydia, confused, did not know how to reply. William, perceiving her dilemma, answered quickly:

"Yes, she shall be my guardian angel, and I shall not err very widely, I think, if I follow her teachings."

"What is that you are remarking about guardian angels, William?" asked old Mr. Cunningham, in his quiet voice, stepping up to the side of the trio of his former pupils.

"Mrs. Anderson, deeming that I now need tutelage, has placed me under the care of Lydia, and I, all willing to submit to her dis-

cretion, and also being desirous to express such submission, replied by saying, 'yes, she should be my guardian angel.'

"Fair promiser of the present hour," the old gentleman responded. "I advise you, Lydia, not to trust too implicitly to these beautiful words. Men will sometimes forget."

"I think I can trust William, Mr. Cunningham," answered the young wife, a look of love and confidence beaming from her sweet, glad face. "And, beside, I am not so sure but that in this matter he ought to decide for himself. I do hope he will go right, however."

"And what is this given case, Lydia?"

"Joining the church, Mr. Cunningham. Don't you think a man *ought* to belong to the same church his wife does?" responded Mrs. Anderson, quickly, and with animation.

"It is undoubtedly better, if they can both think alike. But religion is a matter of conscience—or at least should be;—a responsibility man owes his Maker, to whom alone he is accountable, and he should be permitted to act untrammelled by outward influences. This is my view of the matter."

"And certainly a correct one, Mr. Cunningham. I know that Mrs. Anderson and Lydia must assent to it."

"I do, most fully," readily answered the young wife.

Mrs. Anderson bowed affirmatively, yet her manner plainly indicated that there was some doubt in her mind with regard to the particular case in question.

Just at this juncture, Mr. Anderson joined the party, and William, not willing to extend the conversation farther, passed with Lydia into another part of the room. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson remained a few minutes, talking to old Mr. Cunningham; but Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, coming up in a little while, relieved them, and they walked out into the yard, where they joined the "two Deacons," who had taken a seat beneath a large elm tree, apart from the remainder of the company.

Mr. Anderson asked his wife relative to Mr. Cunningham's remarks, a sufficient portion of which had reached his ear to give him a clue to the conversation. She repeated the old man's words, and also that startling remark of Lydia, "and beside I am not so sure but in this matter he ought to decide for himself."

This disclosure confirmed Deacon Mason in his opinion, who

again expressed his anxiety. The words of the young wife seemed rather portentous to the whole party, who, after discussing the matter, gravely concluded it was best to be as quiet as possible, at the same time keeping a watch upon events, lest, unhappily, at any time the young wife might be influenced to join the much-dreaded Baptists."

Everything now, in their estimation, depended upon keeping Lydia in the straight way. Should she be the least biased in her views, the most disastrous consequences to their cause might ensue. Not only would the hope of William Norton be forever gone, but the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, and the younger members of the family, might be influenced to withdraw themselves.

"The only one we have to fear in the matter is old Mrs. Norton. You know, Annie, what a silent power she has over every one that comes within the range of her influence. I tell you, Bro. Anderson, she is a remarkable woman in this particular. She says but little, but her daily walk is such that none can resist her."

"She is very consistent, is she not, Bro. Mason? I have always regarded her a model woman. My acquaintance with her is limited, it is true, but my impressions of her are very favorable."

"You are right, Bro. Anderson, in your notion of her. I have known her many years, and I am confident she is a Christian and a lady. I would rather have her influence in our church than that of any two women I know. She is very much devoted to her son. Ever since the death of her husband, she has appeared to have nothing else to live for. And I have all along hoped that possibly she might be won through him. But it is all over now, so far as I can see."

"Oh, do not despair, Bro. Mason," spoke up Deacon Fitzgerald. "It is by no means a hopeless case; though, as you say, there is room for fear. But is it a settled question that the young pair are to live with Mrs. Norton?"

"I believe so."

"I should think young Mr. Norton would prefer to follow his profession. He is certainly a young man of talent, and could have influence at the bar. It would be a fortunate thing if he and his young wife should move into C——. They would then not only

be removed from any deleterious influence, but would be brought under such as might, and no doubt would, prove a great blessing."

Mr. Lovelace, approaching to invite them in to partake of a second course of refreshments, put an end to this very wise and foreseeing conversation.

It was really a festive occasion, and the evening passed most agreeably to all. There were many plans laid for the future by the young people, a few of which found their finale in marriage, while the majority resulted only in disappointment and chagrin.

At a late hour the company, taking leave of the young pair and of their hospitable entertainers, with many kind wishes for the future happiness of all, dispersed to their several homes.

#### CHAP. XXVI.—PROGNOSTICS.

After a series of entertainments, William and Lydia settled down in their home, to enter, as two sensible people, upon the realities of life. Lydia inclined in her feelings to house-keeping in a small cottage on that portion of her father's farm which he allotted her, but the destitute situation of Mrs. Norton, and more particularly the care of the farm, demanded of William that he should remain with her. And Lydia, like a loving, sensible woman, as she was, yielded to her husband's desires and the necessity of the case without a murmur, though her heart turned yearningly to "Woodbine Cottage," which nestled down so quietly in a little skirt of woods that bordered the prairie.

It was deemed best that Mrs. Norton should retain the management of house-hold affairs, assisted by Lydia. The servants were accustomed to her manner, and all very much attached to their mistress. Undoubtedly they would have looked with jealous eye upon any one who dared intrude upon her rights as supreme controller of the whole domestic machinery.

It was with feelings solemn and peculiar that Lydia, for the first time, sat alone in her room at her new home. It was a beautiful chamber, large and airy, looking out, in the rear, on the glorious sunrise, and in front, on the evening twilight. It had been fitted up with the greatest neatness and taste.

A large tester-bed, with snowy, muslin curtains, and a spread

of marsailles, stood between the two front windows. The floor was covered with a new, bright carpet, in which the colors beautifully blended, giving a cheerful but by no means glaring aspect to the room. Before the hearth lay a rug, on which a large Maltese cat reposed in graceful attitude.

A bureau, with its handsome, embroidered satin cushion and little white mats of marsailles, neatly fringed, stood to the left of the fire-place, while to the right was a mahogany table, with a crimson and black cover, on which rested several books, a vase for flowers, and a beautiful work-box, a present from William's Uncle Henry to Lydia. Over the mantle-piece, whereon rested a pair of small silver candlesticks, which Mrs. Norton had brought with her from Virginia, hung a beautiful picture of the Madonna, a purchase William had made while at Yale.

A large rocking-chair, comfortably cushioned, with a little square footstool before it, stood in front of the fire-place, to the right, while an arm-chair, similarly cushioned, without rockers, stood to the left. One was designed for Lydia, the other for William. Washstand, wardrobe, chairs, &c., completed the furniture of the room.

William had been called to C—— that morning on business. Mrs. Norton was engaged with her morning duties. Lydia sought her chamber, and drawing the rocking-chair nearer the fire, seated herself to *think*. It was the first solitude she had had since her marriage. What crowds of thought came rushing through her mind, as she turned to the past, dwelt upon the present, and cast furtive glances towards the future! The needlework, which she had taken out to while away an hour, dropped from her fingers to her lap. Her head rested on her hand, and her eyes were fixed unconsciously on the wood fire, which burned brightly on the hearth.

Thought followed thought, until her head bowed low upon her bosom, and large round tears gathered in her dreamy eyes. She had stepped forth from her childhood's home, never again to return as in days of yore, a free, thoughtless maiden; had assumed weighty responsibilities in linking her life to that of another. Could she meet these obligations, and discharge them satisfactorily to herself and to others? She knew and felt, oh! so deeply, that the future weal or woe of her husband depended, in a great meas-



ure, upon her. And she would rather sacrifice life than place any obstacle in his way to happiness and prosperity. She knew that William possessed talent of no ordinary stamp. She knew, too, that his was a manly, generous heart. But she was also aware that his temperament was ardent, and his will indomitable, while his energy was untiring. Such a disposition and such talent, rightly controlled and directed, would make him a most useful member of society, and secure for his family a position second to none.

But then, William was not a member of any church, though very moral; and his mother was a Baptist, and he that way inclined in sentiment. That fearful dream, which had so wildly haunted her brain, and brought with it such dread consequences, rushed up before her in all its hideous thunderings, and she sprang from her chair, and turned to the window. The clouds, which all the morning had looked *moisteningly* down, had now begun to dissolve themselves into a slow, heavy shower of rain. The prospect without was cheerless, and the young wife, with saddened heart, turned again to the fire.

She made an effort to resume her work, but it was fruitless. She took up a volume of Byron, which lay on the table beside her. The sentiment of the verses was too consonant with her feelings, and she put it aside. She endeavored to divert her mind from its gloom by studying the beautiful form of the Madonna before her, but that enchanting face and faultless form could not charm away the spell of melancholy which enwrapped her.

She resorted to many little devices to distract her thoughts from that horrid dream, but all endeavors failed. She had to *think*.

Poor girl! she was learning that life has its shades as well as its sunshine. Flowers do not always cover the thorns, for flowers fade and fall, but thorns grow the stronger and sharper from year to year.

Her only relief was in tears. Why had *she* to weep? Was she not the child of fortune and happiness? Ah, yes. But what can shield the poor human heart from sorrow! Surely, no earthly surroundings. It has within it a fountain of tears, whose bitter waters must needs be troubled by the Angel of Grief. The blight of sin rests on all, and there is no escape from it while we sojourn here

William returned from C—— to find his wife sad and dejected. He asked the cause of her sorrow. She could not tell. So he did not press the matter, but with more wisdom than older heads often manifest, strove to divert her from her sadness by directing her thoughts into other channels.

After delivering in an unusually gay and facetious way the many little messages that had been sent her by friends whom he had met, he told her of the intended visit of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson to her on the following day.

“And whom do you think I saw in town to-day, Lydia, as inclement as the morning has been?”

“Indeed, William, I cannot tell, unless it be poor old Aunt Jane Hughes. It seems to me she is the person most unlikely, in the whole neighborhood, to be out such a day as this.”

“No. It was dear old Father Wilson. You know he has been sick for sometime. He now looks quite feeble, but told me he felt better than he had done in months. He came to meet a young man—a preacher—who is going to preach several times for him during this and next week.”

“A Baptist preacher? Why, who is he? It has been so long since we have had one to preach for us, it is quite an event. But what is his name?”

“Johnson, I believe Father Wilson called him, when he introduced him to me.”

“And how does he look? Is he an old man?”

“Oh, no; quite young. He looks to be under twenty. I think he is only licensed. I should think, from his appearance, that he is a youth of some ability, though he is plain in his manner, and plainly dressed.”

“I should like to hear him, William. When will he preach?”

“To-morrow night the meeting commences.”

“Shall we not go to hear him? I expect mother would be glad to do so.”

“Certainly, if you wish. But are you not afraid, Lydia, in doing so you will get your notions wrong? Bro. Anderson, will, no doubt, think you lost if you should do such a thing.”

“Oh, I hope he has more confidence in my promises than that, William. I am not afraid to trust myself. I think we will go.”

The morrow came, and brought Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and several other friends, to pass the day with Mrs. Norton and Lydia. As William had prophesied, Mr. Anderson was quite disconcerted at the intelligence of Lydia's intention to go to hear the backwoods Baptist preacher. He remembered the suggestions of Deacon Mason on the wedding night, and he had a faint fear that his words might prove too true.

He gave Lydia a word of warning in a pleasant way. He wished to guard her against seeming danger, but he did not intend to betray his anxiety. So he spoke very lightly, but looked very significantly.

Lydia, however, went with her mother and husband to hear the young preacher, and returned quite well pleased with him. There was something about his manner, as singular as it was, that pleased her, and she decided to go again the next night. And so she did, and so on until Sunday. When the Sabbath came, she was in quite a strait betwixt two. They were all delighted with young Johnson, and she knew her husband wished to go to hear him, and she, too, felt inclined to do so. But then the thought came up—what will father, and mother, and Mr. Anderson say? There was no reason why she should go to the Baptist Church if she did not desire it. Mrs. Norton had long been accustomed to going in her carriage alone. Lydia was aware her friends knew this, and she saw that if she did go, it would necessarily be imputed to a wish on her part to do so.

She finally decided, however, after much doubt and hesitancy, that she would accompany her mother. And sure enough, as she had anticipated, it aroused the worst fears of her Reformed friends.

Mr. Anderson was over early the next day to see if *sickness* had prevented her from attending church the day before. And her father, also, came to inquire into the cause of her non-appearance in her usual seat.

She blushed as she confessed that she had been to hear the young Baptist preacher. Why should she blush? Certainly, there was no misdemeanor in this. She could go, without sinning, into another church than her own.

Bro. Anderson expressed a warm desire to see her at church during the latter part of that week, as he and Bro. Williams were

Bro. Anderson expressed a warm desire to see her at church during the latter part of that week, as he and Bro. Wilson were going to hold a meeting of some length, to begin on the following Friday. The invitation was also extended to her husband, who very readily consented to attend if his wife wished it.

The meeting took place; and William and Lydia were present on almost every occasion. The fears of the anxious were thereby lulled to sleep.

The autumn and winter passed, and spring came. Lydia had frequently attended the Baptist meetings, and was always much pleased. There was a home-feeling that stole over her whenever she caught a glimpse of the old church and the Academy hard by, and she was a child again as she sat in the old building and listened to the familiar tones of dear Father Wilson's voice. But she did not neglect her own meetings. Her seat was usually filled. And thus, while the fears of her brethren were sometimes excited, her general course was such as to encourage them to believe that she would prove steadfast in the sentiments she had so openly avowed and so warmly advocated.

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#### CHAP. XXVII.—THE CHANGE.

William Norton had, for sometime, felt very desirous to enter upon the practice of his profession, but he had been so absorbed since his return from College in the affairs of the farm, as to preclude the possibility of his doing so. And, moreover, there was no opening in C—— that he could avail himself of. During the winter it had been a topic of frequent conversation in the little family, and it had been decided that an overseer should be procured, who could take upon him the oversight of the farm, thereby leaving William at liberty to turn his attention to the law whenever he might deem proper to do so.

William greatly disliked the idea of leaving his mother, but he felt there was now no time to be lost, and there occurring a fine opening in F——, a town some miles distant, he resolved to remove thither, and devote himself to his profession.

He took a beautiful little house in the suburbs of the place, to which William and Lydia removed the May following their marriage.

Mrs. Norton, whose health had grown more delicate during the

past winter, and who had become greatly attached to her daughter, gave them up reluctantly. It was only the consideration of her children's good that enabled her to bear the separation.

Lydia's Campbellite friends looked upon the change as one of the happiest things that could transpire. There was no Baptist Church in F—— at all. Lydia would therefore not only be removed from under the influence of Mrs. Norton, but from all Baptist influence whatsoever. It would be her salvation and that of her husband. All apprehensions with regard to her change of views were now banished from the minds of even the most doubting. They had a large and flourishing church in F——. Many of the most wealthy and influential members of society were members of it.

The storm was past! All was now safe! Lydia was charmed with her new home. It was a beautiful brick building, just in the outskirts of the town, situated on an eminence, which commanded a full view of the place. It was surrounded by grounds handsomely improved, and the yard was tastefully ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. It had been built by an old gentleman only a few years previous, and designed for his own use. But death came, and bore him from his possessions, and his widow had gone to a neighboring town to reside with her daughter.

It cost Lydia much time and considerable labor to get her house fitted up to her taste. The furniture of her beautiful room at Mrs. Norton's was placed in a similar room at her new home, which she took for her own apartment. She wished to feel as home-like in her new abode as possible.

Her parlor was fitted up with faultless taste. Not extravagantly, but handsomely, as were also her sitting-room, bed-chambers, dining-room, &c. Everything passed under her own immediate supervision; and garret, cellar, pantry and kitchen, were arranged with as much care and appropriateness as parlor and bed-chamber.

It was a lovely season to begin house-keeping. The earth was filled with beauty, and the heavens smiled gloriously through a soft, balmy atmosphere, laden with the perfume of sweet flowers.

Lydia was exultant in the possession of her new home, and her heart glowed with increased love and gratitude towards him who had provided for her this prized treasure.

Friends flocked round her, for William Norton's name commanded influence wherever known, and Lydia's sincerity, amiability, and ingenuousness, won the respect and admiration of all.

The Campbellite minister of the place and his lady called to see her at an early day, and insisted that she should obtain her letter as soon as possible, and connect herself with the church. He also advised her to use her influence with her husband to unite with them at the same time.

"Bro. Anderson has written me, Sister Norton, respecting Mr. Norton. He thinks he should certainly unite with us. He regards him in every way fitted to be a member of the church of Christ. And I think it your duty to urge this matter upon him."

Mrs. Norton bowed assent to the preacher's last request, promising to procure her letter as soon as practicable, and present it to the church.

"Do, Sister Norton," said Mrs. S——, at the same time bowing and smiling very pleasantly. "You will be much happier, more useful, and can exert a much greater influence for our cause. We shall be glad to welcome you and Mr. Norton into our midst. We have a very agreeable and prosperous sewing-circle among our sisters, and a singing class, for the improvement of our church music. I hope you will find great enjoyment in your new home, and that you may never regret your change."

"Oh, I am sure I shall be happy," Lydia remarked with enthusiasm, as she looked round on the wealth of beauty spread out before her. Her yard was a garden of sweets, and the sun shone radiantly from the blue heavens.

Mr. and Mrs. S—— bade her good evening, and departed.

Lydia asked herself the question, "Ought she or ought she not to use her influence with her husband to join the church?" The question involved her in great difficulty, and an hour afterwards, when Mr. Norton returned home, she was still pondering it.

"What is duty? What is duty?" she asked herself a dozen times. But she could not decide. Never, in all her life, had she been more puzzled.

The sequel will show how she decided, or rather how she was directed by God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.

### CHAP. XXXIX.—THE DEATH SCENE.

In viewing life as it really is, aside from the gloss of the imagination, and the deceitful halo which earthly hope throws round it, we find far more of sorrow than of joy. "Man is of few days, and full of trouble." This is the teaching of Holy Writ; the declaration of Him who created us; the sad, sad lesson of experience, which, sooner or later, all must learn. And well it is for us, if we, as children, sit at the feet of Jesus to learn of him, so that when the storm come we shall find safe covert in his cleft side. The "Lord uses his *flail* of tribulation to separate the chaff from the wheat." Happy is that man who recognizes his hand, and bows submissive to his chastening rod.

"Frail flower! Earth's winds for thee too chill,  
Thou fadest here,—to bloom in heaven."

Throw open the windows! Let the glorious sunlight of heaven look in upon the peaceful scene, and the rose and hawthorn breathe their sweet fragrance round the dying pillow!

The silver cord is loosing—the sands of life fast ebbing away. Tread lightly! 'Tis a sacred, solemn hour. A mortal is about to put on immortality—a captive to be freed. A pilgrim stranger, who has long journeyed towards the heavenly city, is about to lay down the staff, and exchange the tattered garments of earth for the glorious vesture of heaven. Angels, on invisible wing, are hovering over the scene. They wait to bear the ransomed soul, escaping from its house of clay, away from earth—up, up, beyond the shining sun and the pale, solemn stars, to the paradise of God. And as they wait, they sing in sweet, soft strains that reach the dying ear, choruses of heavenly melody. They sing of the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem; its shining streets; of the "pure river of water, clear as crystal;" "the throne of God and the Lamb;" "the tree of life;" of the redeemed clad in robes of dazzling white; of cherubim and seraphim, and God and the Lamb in the midst thereof. What enrapturing strains! Wonder we that the sweet, calm face,

lights up with more than earthly beauty, and the pale, quivering lips murmur, "come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

The Master had called Mary Bunyan, and she had listed his voice. So she went about putting her house in order, that she might be ready for the change which awaited.

She had been fading, fading, through long weary months. Ever since the fatal blow she received in William Dormer's death, the light of life had been waning. She knew when the autumn flowers passed away that she had looked upon them for the last time. And when "merrie Christmas" came with its sports and carols, and invited her to its enjoyments, she turned not aside at its call of mirth; she was journeying towards the heavenly city, with her eye steadily fixed upon its ravishing glories. Could she, for a moment, forget them for the dull, cold scenes of earth?

Spring flowers bloomed. And nature, clad in all her gorgeous loveliness, enticingly wooed her to its banquet of beauty. But her pulse was slow now, and her step tottering, and she could only walk, supported by the arm of Sarah, across the little close in front of the house to the hawthorn beyond.

Her father saw with aching heart the slow and painful change. He did not deceive himself, as is often the case, with flattering hopes of the spring's recovering influences. He knew that his poor blind child, who had so bravely fought the fearful battle of life, was now about to lay aside the armor of warfare, to rest peacefully. And the mother, and sister, and brothers, too, were bowed beneath the fearful weight. Even the little ones had caught the fear, and their laugh was less ringing, and their footfall lighter as they came into the presence of the pale, meek sufferer.

Frequent were the conversations of father and daughter on the subject of the approaching change. Bunyan spoke with unwavering faith of the promises of the gospel, and the dying girl's heart responded "Amen." The Spirit bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God, an heir to all the promises of the Eternal.

It was a sweet, fresh evening in May, that Mary, leaning on the arm of her faithful sister, walked to the hawthorn hedge, and seated herself beside it.

"O come, sister," she said, in a sweet, calm voice, "for the last



time to this little seat." Her pale hand rested on the lap of Sarah, while the feeble head reclined against her bosom.

"O Sister, you are not worse. What makes you talk to me so?" replied the loving girl. Yet her heart misgave her. She felt her sister's words were too true.

"I know it, Sarah, I know it. My days on earth are almost over. A few more hours of suffering, and then I go away to Jesus."

Sarah's heart was too full. She could make no reply. She pressed the invalid more tenderly to her bosom, while the tears streamed down her saddened face.

Bunyan came across the fields from Bedford, where he had been preaching. Approaching his daughters, he saw the change that had come over Mary.

"Come, children," he said, "we will go in. The air is getting damp, and Mary must not be exposed to it, lest she take cold."

He gently raised her from her sister's bosom, and supported her slow, languid steps to the cottage door. She passed its threshold. It was the last time.

Gently the father placed her on her low cot, and tenderly he smoothed back the hair from her marble forehead, and chafed the attenuated hands, while the big tears stood in his sad blue eyes.

Day by day fled by, until six were numbered. The dying girl suffered much, but no word of complaint escaped her. All that parental care and kindly sympathy could suggest was done to alleviate her pain. The father was untiring in his watchfulness and attentions, and his words of heavenly instruction were a great stay to Mary's failing heart.

"Yes, yes, father," she would say, as the old man would repeat to her the promises. "I know these words are true. He will never leave nor forsake me. I once dreaded death, but now I find it has no sting. Jesus has removed it by suffering for me. I long to go to be with him, where I shall see him as he is. Father, don't you think I shall see in heaven?"

"Yes, my child, I do. There is no affliction there. You will look upon Jesus, Mary, for yourself; shall see him who died for you."

"It is a glorious thought, father, that these poor eyes, that have

so long been sealed, shall there see the King in his beauty. Oh, how I long to go! But I must wait patiently until my time comes," she said, after a pause.

"It will not be long, my child," said the father, in a broken voice.

"Not long, father. Already I seem to be going."

The father took the motionless hand in his, and felt the thin wrist. It was almost pulseless. Grief filled his heart, but he heaved no groan, uttered no sigh. "It was the Lord's doing;" and while he yearned over his first-born with all the tenderness and sympathy of his great, loving heart, he knew that his afflicted child was on the verge of that heavenly glory which "eye hath not seen."

It was the morning of a calm, sweet Sabbath, that Mary and her father thus talked. Cheerfully and beautifully she spoke of that rest on which she was so soon to enter. Her face brightened up, and her darkened eyes would turn heavenward as she dwelt upon the joy that was just before her.

The day wore on, and with it wore away the life of Mary. Fainter and fainter still grew her breath; feeble, and yet more feeble, her life-pulse.

The sun was low in the West. The sweet, fresh air of heaven stole in through the open windows. On a low cot, where the rays of the setting sun fell over the thin, wasted form, lay Mary Bunnan with closed eyes, her bosom scarcely moved by the slow, faint breath. The stricken family stood round. In silent grief they were awaiting the exit of the escaping spirit. All was hushed, solemn. No word was spoken. Each looked steadfastly on that loved form so soon to pass from their gaze forever. Ah! it was a moment of sad trial, but it was also a time of humble submission.

The thin hand moves upward. The sightless eyes open, and turn to heaven. The pale lips murmur, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Then there steals over the pallid countenance a smile of ineffable beauty. The hand falls motionless on the bosom;—a gasp—a breath—and all is ended.

The wasted form is there. The spirit, borne by angels up through the realms of ether, is ushered into the presence of the Great King. Now the poor blind girl sees even as she is seen, knows even as

she is known. A crown and harp are given her, and she joins with rapturous ecstasy in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Subdued weeping is heard throughout the room. The holy man of God kneels beside the inanimate form, and prays the blessing of God upon himself and stricken ones.

The next day the neighbors and friends gathered in, and the remains of the poor blind girl were borne from the little cottage at Elstow, and deposited beside those of her mother in the burying-ground of the church at Elstow. From this sad event Bunyan never entirely recovered. It was a dark shadow all along his pathway until he, too, came to lie down peacefully in the silent tomb.

Who can outlive the shadow that death throws around our way? Is not life changed from the time that the Dark Angel comes and from our bosoms bears away our loved ones? Whatever may have been the world to us before, it is now changed, changed. The hand of time can never wipe out from our pierced hearts the remembrance of the first death.

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CHAP. XL.—A BRIEF GLANCE AT BUNYAN'S LIFE AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM BEDFORD JAIL—HIS DEATH.

Sixteen years elapsed from the time of Bunyan's release to the time of his death. During this period he was a man of toil; not that he worked at his trade as a tinker,—of this we have no evidence,—but he was a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

As we have before said, Bunyan had been chosen pastor by the church at Bedford, "to whose edification he had long administered,"\* more than a year before his imprisonment terminated. His confinement could not, at that time, have been as rigid as the law required. We are assured that he found a sympathising friend in the jailer, and to this we must ascribe his privileges.

This pastorship continued uninterrupted up to the time of his death. But his labors were not confined to the people of his charge. He went "everywhere, preaching the gospel," and that, too, at his imminent peril.

So severe were the enactments against Dissenters under the reign

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\* Life of John Bunyan. Published by Am. S. S. Union. Page 270.

of the cruel James, that they were compelled to worship God under the cover of night, with sentinels placed round the building to give the signal of alarm if any stranger approached. Every precaution possible was resorted to to elude the merciless grasp of the bloody monster. Hymns were dispensed with entirely in their worship, and means were used to lessen the sound of the preacher's voice, as he exhorted his brethren to remain steadfast and immovable.

Often the midnight hour found the people of God assembled in some lowly spot—some isolated dwelling, or the silent forests of Hitchen, to call upon the name of the Lord Jehovah, and supplicate his mercy. And oftentimes the first faint light of the gray morning dawn saw them returning to their homes after having listened to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus from the lips of the beloved Bunyan.

Bunyan had oftentimes to disguise himself in the smock coat of a teamster, and thus attired, with a cartman's whip in his hand, he would be admitted through the back yard, and then through the kitchen door, and thus introduced to the little band of disciples who eagerly received from him the bread of life. And sometimes, too, he had to escape thus disguised through back doors and windows, that he might not fall into the hands of his rapacious pursuers.

Bunyan's labors were not confined to his own immediate vicinity. He went on missionary work into the counties of Hereford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, portions of the kingdom less favored with the gospel than was Bedford.

But Bunyan did not employ his time wholly in preaching. He wielded the pen of a ready writer, and devoted many of his hours, during the later years of his life, to authorship. He was sixty years old at the time of his death, and he had produced sixty works, one for each year of his life. Many of these productions were written after he left jail. The number of them shows him to have been a man of devoted energy to his undertakings. He must have written both late and early thus to have given to the world such a large collection of manuscript, in addition to his work as pastor, and tinker, and preacher. Beside all this, he had his family to care for. In his faithful Elizabeth he had a help-meet indeed; but Bunyan did not choose to let the whole burden of domestic duty rest

upon her. He was still poor, though enabled, through the frugality of his wife and his own industry, together with the kindness of those to whom he administered in spiritual matters, to enjoy a fair competence, thus being relieved from the canker of poverty, which had so worn upon his strong heart while he was in jail.

His preaching was greatly blessed of the Lord. It was of that practical, searching nature, that no one could remain unmoved under his sermons. He did not gloss over the truths of the gospel, thereby keeping men in carnal security merely to please their sinful fancy, but spoke as one who would declare the whole oracle of God—warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come; arousing by earnest appeals the careless professor, and building up in the most holy faith the children of God.

He was also a peace-maker—a character that his great goodness of heart and superior judgment admirably fitted him for. And the last act of his life was one which entitled him to that promise of the Saviour, “Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

A father, residing at Reading, beyond London, had become very greatly displeased with his son, who lived in the neighborhood of Bunyan. The son understood that his father was so highly incensed as to be about to cut him off from any share in his property. Knowing his father's unyielding disposition, he feared it was too true. Not wishing to be thus unjustly dealt with, and yet not daring to approach into the presence of his injured parent, he hit upon Bunyan as the only man who could likely effect a reconciliation. Bunyan, with that great desire for good which so strongly marked the years of his eventful life, on hearing a plain statement of the facts, readily undertook the case.

He visited the father, and by his earnest persuasions and truthful representation of the demands of the law of Christ, succeeded in effecting his object. The father not only forgave the son, but reinstated him in his favor and fortune.

Bunyan's work of reconciliation being accomplished, he set out to return home by way of London. It was in the month of August, 1688. A heavy, chilling rain fell throughout the day. But on he rode, anxious to reach the bosom of his family. He did not dream that he was nearer heaven than home.

No doubt the great truths of eternity were much in his mind as he journeyed along alone on that fatal day. It was his meat and his drink to do his Master's will, and we may readily conclude that his great heart was engaged devising means to extend his Master's kingdom. And then the dear family at Elstow must have claimed a portion of his thoughts. Bunyan was a devoted husband and father. Perhaps the scenes of his past sufferings came vividly up before him. It was a day consonant with his thoughts and feelings. He perhaps looked back to the time when he, in tears and sorrow, laid the wife of his early love beneath the green sod, and turned to his desolate hearth-stone to meet the tearful eyes of his four motherless babes, who had none on earth to look to but him. And then that fearful November day, when he was torn from his heart-broken Elizabeth and four starving little ones to be immured in a felon's cell. And then the long dreary hours of that twelve years' imprisonment! This alone could furnish food for hours' reflection. And then came the remembrance of the bitterest pang of all—the loss of his poor blind Mary. Ah, it was enough to bow even his great soul! He had been led in a way he knew not; fiery trials had been his lot; sharp thorns had beset his pathway; clouds and deep shadows had gathered round his earthly pilgrimage. Yet above all shone the bow of promise. He looked up, and saw it, and read beneath it, written with God's own finger, "I will *never* leave nor forsake thee." There was the stay of his soul. He could anchor in this haven and feel secure. The storm might rage, the tempest howl. Christ, the great Captain, had promised him deliverance, and his was the sure word of promise, one jot nor one tittle of which should ever fail.

Perhaps, with his own toil-worn Pilgrim, he was enabled by faith to look on the Delectable Mansions, and dwell in the goodly land of Beulah, and have enrapturing visions of the New Jerusalem.

God oftentimes vouchsafes to his children joys and consolations of the most ecstatic character when all things earthly seem darkest and most opposed. He takes from us the support of the arm of flesh that we may learn to lean on him. And where can the child of God find such happiness as when, looking up, he can say with steadfast heart, Abba Father?

Late in the afternoon, Bunyan arrived at the house of a long-

tried friend, a Mr. Strudwick, grocer, of Snow Hill. His clothes were completely drenched with the rain that had been falling continuously through the day. His health had been somewhat poor for several months past, and soon after reaching his friend's house, he was seized with something like an ague fit, which continued to increase until he was forced to take his bed. Everything was done for his comfort and relief that love could suggest. But his indisposition continued to assume a more serious form, until a violent fever set up. He then felt that his days on earth were numbered, and so told his kind host.

Great anxiety was felt throughout the circle of his acquaintances in London when it was made known that he was ill, and many were the prayers that went up for his recovery. But God, who doeth all things well, had ordained otherwise. The Master had need of him. His poor pilgrim had been buffeted and tossed on the rough sea of life long enough. He had fought a good fight. He must now go up to receive his reward, even a crown of everlasting joy and glory.

And let us look at the worn soldier, as he lays aside his armor and prepares for rest. How does he bear himself, now that the battle is fought, the victory won? What is his hope and consolation in view of the great change through which he is so soon to pass?

We are told that "His prayers were fervent and frequent; and he even so little minded himself as to the concerns of this life, that he comforted those that wept about him, exhorting them to trust in God and pray to him for mercy and forgiveness of their sins, telling them what a glorious exchange it would be, to leave the troubles and cares of a wretched mortality to live with Christ forever, with peace and joy inexpressible; expounding to them the comfortable Scriptures by which they were to hope, and assuredly come unto a blessed resurrection in the last day. He desired some to pray with him, and he joined with them in prayer, and his last words, after he had struggled with a languishing disease, were—'Weep not for me, but for yourselves. I go to the Father of our Lord-Jesus, who will, no doubt, through the mediation of his blessed Son, receive me, though a sinner, where I hope ere long we shall

meet to sing the new song, and remain for everlastingly happy, world without end. Amen!"

"Now while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him; and after he had said, 'Take me, for I am come unto thee,' the Lord took him, and he ceased to be seen of men.

"But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and fifers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the Beautiful Gate of the City; and on it was written, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates of the city.'"

On the last day of August, 1688, at the age of sixty, the good man died. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, then in the suburbs of London.

All that now remains to mark the spot of his burial is an ancient square tomb, whose inscriptions have all mouldered away, save this simple one:

"MR. JOHN BUNYAN,  
AUTHOR OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.  
*Obt. 31st August, 1688, æt. 60."*

In three short years the faithful Elizabeth followed her faithful pilgrim to dwell in the celestial city, in the presence of her King and her husband forever.

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LITTLE do we know what is for our permanent good. Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy his liberty, he, no doubt, would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field-preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he would have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison-doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul; and inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's lips with fire, he composed the noble allegory, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the refined critic, and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church.



## ESHCOL.

[For the Christian Repository.]

For many years I sojourned in the wilderness of Paran, according to "My Father's Will," but my abode for many long, weary and bitter months has been in the Valley of Baca. You who have dwelt there, know that its waters are bitter to the soul, and its fruits, like the apples of Sodom, turn to ashes in the grasp—that tears, and sighing, and anguish are the portion of the inhabitants of that mournful valley.

But I have been permitted by my Father to visit the vale of Eshcol, and then to return with the fruits thereof, and pitch my tent upon the border of that goodly land. Oh! how my heart rejoiced when I received my dear Father's message, brought by my beloved elder brother, who had interceded for me, permitting me to go up out of the Valley of Baca.

With joy did I prepare for my removal. My brother brought several gifts from my Father for my journey—a beautiful girdle richly embroidered with his eternal truths, wherewith to gird up my trailing garments—a pair of shoes made of the preparations of the gospel of peace, to protect my feet from the burning sands, or the jagged rocks over which I must pass—a strong staff made by his own hand of everlasting love upon which I might constantly lean, with the assurance that it would never fail me, and a lamp, a most rare and beautiful lamp, of such exquisite workmanship; called Faith, which I was to keep burning day and night, for my path lay through a dark land where I would constantly need its light.

Oh, how gladly did I leave my wretched dwellings in the Valley of Baca and go forth to seek Eshcol, which my Father said was like to the land of my inheritance.

For many days my path was through the wilderness of Zine, a place of great coldness; so chilling that my feet grew benumbed, and stumbled in the darkness, for my lamp burned but dimly, and sometimes I feared it would go out entirely; my hand became so chilled that at times I was fain to let go my staff. In the midst of this darkness and coldness, and bitterness, I became bewildered and knew not which way to turn. Then I bethought me of a little

guide-book my brother had given me, and which he said was similar to one Christian had used on his journey to the Celestial City. Faint with sorrow, I trimmed my little lamp and consulted my guide-book. I found that I had gone many leagues out of my way, and that I must turn about and go to the southward. Much comforted I retraced my steps, and this time, holding my lamp and book together before me, I journeyed on. My lamp now burned more brightly and my path became less rugged.

At one time I encountered a terrific storm; the thunder rolled in horrible growling over me; lightning flashes came so sharp I feared they would divide my soul in sunder. The blackness of darkness surrounded me, and through its depths came up railing sounds as of despairing spirits. My heart quaked within me, and in my great fear, I should have fallen powerless but for my good staff.

In my great struggles I found shelter beneath an overhanging rock that was "higher than I," and my little lamp grew brighter and brighter until the storm was passed away, and then I went on my way rejoicing. The storm, terrifying as it had been, purified the air, and I breathed an atmosphere so fragrant, I was sure it must have floated over the flowers which grew in my Father's gardens. Soon I found my path to go through broad green meadows, where the sunlight lay like a robe of golden tissue, and soft breezes moved the shining foliage above my head, and the quivering shadows on the grass were soft and cool to my feet. Bright-winged birds flitted around me with songs of joy, while doves cooed their soft notes of peace, and my heart which had long been too sorrowful for music, began to answer these melodies, and thus I came to the valley of the brook Eshcol.

I had heard much of goodly land, and now I rested beside the murmuring stream, and slaked my thirst in its cool waters. On the borders of the brook there grew a vine, oh, so beautiful, so wonderful and glorious, called in my guide-book the True Vine, and the clusters which grew thereon were most rare and luscious.

My heart rose in thanksgiving to my Father as I sat beneath this wondrous vine, eating of the fruit which grew so beautifully upon it, inhaling the sweet odors of strange and beautiful flowers which bloomed in profusion around me, listening to the entrancing

mellow harmonies that filled the air, and tasting the waters that flowed peacefully and musically at my feet. I longed to dwell there forever, but it was not so to be. My Father had kindly permitted me to visit this lovely spot, and now I was to go on, and dwell in the border of this goodly land. But he allowed me to take of those rare clusters of grapes, also of the pomegranates and figs—the bright flowers with their ravishing perfume. A pure white dove which rested in my bosom, and other birds which sung sweetly, and most strange and wondrous, sung throughout the night, to gladden my dwelling place on the borders of the land.

And if I keep the broidery of my girdle bright from contact with the dross of the world, my shoes free from the mire and clay of evil paths, my lamp ever burning, and my blessed staff ever in my hand, my Father in his great love for me has promised me frequent visits to this lovely valley of Eshcol, which he says contains only a foretaste of the blessed things he has in store for me when I have finished the work he has given me to do.

HATTIE HEATH.

ATHENS, Penn., Oct. 10, 1859.

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### A SUGGESTIVE PICTURE.

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A little child sat beside a mound of fresh earth, clutching the head-stone with her tiny fingers. Her head was thrown upward, revealing a pale countenance, but one of exceeding beauty. Her deep sobs mingled with the low wail of the evening wind as it swept in mournful cadences through the sombre evergreens which interlaced their heavy boughs overhead. A sudden gust of wind lifted the tangled masses of dark hair from her bare shoulders, causing her to shiver and stand erect, muttering, "It is very cold. Oh, mother, it is well you are covered up in the bosom of the earth, you are better off than your little Nellie, for you are at rest." Looking down suddenly at her naked feet she cried, "I must not stand here any longer, or my feet will be frosted—that would be dreadful indeed. I wonder if freezing is a hard death; I've heard them say you fall asleep first. Oh, how bitter cold it is growing," again crouching down beside the grave, "and yet the moon shines

just as bright, and the stars seem as joyful as if all the people on this earth were happy—as if all we poor children had plenty to eat and wear.”

“Who has not enough to eat and wear, child?” said a voice near.

“Oh, how you frightened me,” cried Nellie, starting up from the ground, shivering as much from fright as cold, as she encountered the eyes of the stranger.

“But you are not frightened now,” holding out his hand.

“No; but what are you doing here?”

“I might with more propriety ask you that question, child.”

The girl looked down, and her eyes filled with tears as she replied in a low broken voice, “I come to sit beside my mother’s grave to weep.”

“Why do you weep?”

“I feel happier afterward. I think God will hear my prayers from this holy spot. All day I go from door to door begging for work, and some times for old clothes, longing for night to come, that unobserved I may come here and cry. Do you think God listens to the prayers of we poor beggars,” she asked, abruptly, looking curiously into the gentleman’s face.

“Of course he does, if you are in earnest.”

A thoughtful expression had gradually stolen over the man’s face, and he touched the tips of his gloved fingers to his eyes. Then he said, “You called yourself Nellie, wont you come home with me Nellie, you can then tell me all about yourself. Perhaps I can find a comfortable home for you; you are too thinly clad to be exposed to such a blast,” he continued, as his eye wandered from her beautiful face to her naked feet, and drawing a worsted comforter from his own neck, he adjusted it carefully over her head and about her neck,—“come with me child.”

A low, plaintive song had stirred the air for some time in a warm chamber, but suddenly it ceased, and a young girl lifted her recumbent form from a luxurious sofa, and said, “Mother, what in the world can keep father so late?” There came no immediate answer, for the individual addressed was absorbed in scrutinizing an article of female attire of rich and costly material. She had thrown it gracefully about her shoulders and watched the effect as she

moved slowly to and fro in front of a tall mirror. Oh, how superbly grand was that high ceiled room! How splendidly it glared by gaslight! How many miserable beings could have been relieved from physical suffering by the proper dispensation of the cost of half the useless decorations of that chamber. A blaze of light flooded the polished mirror whose faultless reflection told too plainly of one well satisfied with the pomp about her.

Again the low query was repeated, "I do wonder what keeps father?" This time the words fell faintly upon the tympanum of the mother's ear, for she turned from the bright reflection which had so completely enthralled her fancy, and moved majestically toward the center of the room, saying, "Meme, do get up, and tell me what you think of this mantle."

"Mother, you do look beautiful, oh, so very beautiful! But you are always pretty," she continued, tenderly caressing the jeweled fingers of her mother. There was a slight curl of the lady's lip as she, drawing herself aside, said, "I was not speaking of my personal charms, child, I meant the mantle. It is the most elegant piece of velvet I ever saw. I am glad this cold weather has set in. I will now have the opportunity of wearing it right off. To-morrow, I dare say, will be as cold and bright as to-day was."

"It is exceedingly cold," returned the girl. "The wind howls savagely along the halls. I have placed this chair for father," she went on, pointing to one in front of the glowing anthracite. She moved toward the window and elevated the sash, but the fierce gust which rushed into the rarified atmosphere of the heated chamber caused her to turn precipitately away. But a sudden glow lighted her face as, springing forward, she cried, "O father, I am so glad you have come."

A strange vision met Meme's gaze. Shrinking in the shadow of the gentleman, the beggar girl peered, eagerly forward. Intense surprise was visible in her gray eyes, and involuntarily she whispered, "This is as pretty as heaven." Her wondering look fell upon Meme. A stronger contrast could not have been drawn than exhibited itself between these two young girls. Health and beauty reigned on the face of Meme, and her light brown curls harmonized softly with her gay silken dress. There was beauty on the face of the other, too, but care and sorrow overshadowed it. The gray eyes

peering through the tangled masses of dark hair were painfully bright as they rested for a moment on the figure of Meme, who, in eager anticipation, awaited to hear her father tell something about his companion.

"Where did you find her," she whispered.

"In the grave yard," he returned seriously. "Give here a seat by the fire, she has been out long in the cold, and I am suffering with hunger," he laughed, turning to his wife, who stood silently gazing at the uncouth figure of Nellie, who had taken a seat offered by Meme. The scornful curl of the woman's red lips spoke volumes to the prejudice of the beggar girl. Approaching her husband, she said, "Edgar, what nonsense is this, give her a piece of money and let her begone. Come, tea has been waiting some time," moving off in an imperious manner, concluding her husband would follow. But he bent over his daughter's shoulder saying, in a subdued tone, "Will she do, darling?"

"O yes, father, she will be a nice companion. When I begged you to get me a playmate, I never dreamed you would get me such a beautiful girl."

"Well, I am glad you are pleased. Take her to the bath-room and have her nicely dressed."

When the door closed after the form of the gentleman, a low, piteous cry broke from the beggar child. Looking wildly around the room she cried, "Oh, how dreadful it will be to go out to-night." Coming close up to Meme's side, she said in a timid voice, "You do n't know how dreadful it is to be out alone in the dark; there is danger you never dreamed of, and oh, it will be so cold," shivering at the bare idea.

"You are not going away to-night, little girl," taking her hand kindly, "come with me, I wish to make you more comfortable, and then you can go down with me to supper." Nellie wiped her eyes quickly, putting her face nearer her companion, "Will the fine lady let me stay all night?"

"She is my mother—when you are bathed and properly dressed she will think better of you." A shade of mortification passed over the beggar child's brow, as putting her discolored hand upon her hair, she said, "I have no comb to make my hair tidy, the pumps were all frozen this morning when I——"

"Do you wash yourself in the streets?" Meme asked recoiling.

"I am a beggar, little lady. If the pumps could speak, they too would drive me away, I reckon; I have no place, no friends," bursting into tears.

In a moment the young girl's arms were around the other's neck, "Come, don't cry, I am your friend, I am going to be your sister. Here, Aunt Clara," she continued, as a negro woman came along the hall, "this is the companion I told you father was going to get for me."

"La! honey, I thought you was fooling your old nurse, and aint she a real beauty. I mean after I have washed her nicely and—— But what am I to put on her, child. Your mother sent me to come in the parlor, and told me to come and make her decent and bring her there." During this colloquy she had stood with her great arms akimbo, looking steadfastly in the distended eyes of the astonished beggar girl.

"My clothes will just fit her, Aunt Clara. Don't be afraid Nellie to go with Aunt Clara, she will be very kind to you. Many, many nights has she staid with me when mother was absent. Indeed you are my dear, good black mama," she said, throwing her arms around her neck.

"Yes, honey, but it is so cold, you should not stand out here."

"Take here then, Aunt Clara, to the bath-room, I will come in a moment with her clothes—'rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes," she sang, tripping off. But on reaching the upper landing, she looked over the balustrade, crying, "Aunt Clara, there, stop a moment, I forgot to tell you father found her in the grave yard, wasn't it funny?"

"In the grave yard?" screamed back the voice of Aunt Clara, looking up at the laughing face of Meme peering down from the stairs, "Funny, no child, it is not funny at all. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away. She was sent on purpose to take your cousin Willie's place. In the grave yard! Well, come along dear little one. Yes, old Clara will make your outside clean. But I guess the Lord will tend to the inside."

A few days previous to the occurrences which we have related, Meme Dixon, who was a delicate child and the idol of her parents, had, in the presence of her father, complained of ennui, wishing she

had a companion of her own age to romp in the halls with her and while away the long dark winter evenings.

"Well, daughter, I will look out for one. Will you please to designate which sex will be the most desirable?"

"Oh! I would love to have a good brother," the girl answered promptly. "But a strange boy! Oh! no, not a boy, dear father, get a pretty little girl, she will not tease my wax-doll and pull her hair straight, like little Willie did. But I reckon all boys are alike," she said, in a sorrowful tone.

This conversation was duly considered by the father, and we have seen the happy result of his determination. The death of an infant son by an only sister, who was a widow, made it necessary for Mr. Dixon to attend to the arrangement of the tomb-stone which would identify the sacred spot where the boy's remains were deposited—the meeting with the pretty beggar girl was accidental.

Mrs. Dixon sat alone in her cosy chamber. The vision of the crimson mantle contrasting with the snow-covered pavements still flitted through her imagination. But the disagreeable reflection too obtruded, she had expressed in the hearing of her pure-minded daughter a satisfaction that the weather was cold, merely because it harmonized with the color which she thought best suited her complexion, disregarding of the suffering of those of her fellow beings who could not procure fuel to expel the vigor of the weather. Hanging just below this precious velvet mantle was its counterpart, but it had been purchased the previous winter, and was a shade darker from the unavoidable accumulation of coal dust. Whilst viewing the beautiful article, the cost of which had been a matter of indifference, some how, seeing the woe-begone countenance of that beggar girl, her dearth of necessary apparel, her actual need of shelter and food, the sum required to purchase the mantle assumed a magnitude of importance. In the beggar child's hands it would prove the "open-sesame" to all her wants. The following day was the Lord's day. Mrs. Dixon was preparing to attend divine service; but, reader, she did not stand before the polished mirror and secretly admire the sweeping outlines of the heavy velvet around her superb form; tears dimmed her beautiful eyes as she buttoned across her heaving breast the old mantle, but they were tears of contrition, softening her heart where pride was



lifting its hydra-head to the gentle warning which fell from her pastor's lips, "She stretcheth forth her hands to the poor, yea, she giveth unto the needy.

MRS. A. O. SMITH.

St. LOUIS, Mo.

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[For the Christian Repository.]

STABILITY — WHAT GIVES IT.

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Amid the varied vicissitudes in a life of years, we are brought to consider more or less of the *stability* or instability of those with whom we deal or have to do. And there are none, let their notions, feeling, sentiment, course, or dealing be as it may, that we can get along with so easily to ourself as the man of *stability*.

He has fixedness of purpose in whatever comes before him. No vascillating of action with him, and we know how to meet him. But let there be instability, and then what? What, indeed!! The pencil of an artist could not paint the various shaped faces caused by the different countenances as the results following the unstable man! An individual who has no stability is ever to be shunned, his company avoided. In every-day dealing we wish nothing to do with him. In social intercourse he is treacherous. In religion transient. He thinks not as do others. He talks every and any way. He acts as he best can! Such company is at one time pleasing—at another disgusting. Success seldom ever attends the efforts of instability, because flattery and false presentation are always in its pathway. *Stability*, however, is not so. Were we to make an attempt to describe what follows it, we could tell but little. Eternity only will develop the whole; nevertheless, some things are told here; for every thing reports for itself to a greater or less degree. So Stability speaks for itself. And strange to tell how it speaks sometimes; it speaks in a *low still voice*, and anon in a voice comparable to the *seven peals of thunder*. The influences of stability, how *varied*, soft, smooth, even, and caressing, refreshing the soul and spirit of every one it touches. Then athwart it comes with coldness, firmness, hardly pressing everything to itself, and moulding everything *for the time* only, perhaps, after itself. Stability, what art thou? *I am*, it would reply, what every one needs. Me possessed, all actions would be consistent

with themself and regular. All language would be noted as truth. Thought would be more chaste and systematic. Disappointment would forsake man, only where Providence would step between, and then he would make his steps fewer. Confidence would be restored. Lying would be but seldom received as truths; and hence, deception would almost leave the world. Were I possessed, a line of demarkation would soon be drawn between evil and good, for the good would, by me, seek for its like and *vice versa*.

I am opposed to shifting, vascillating changes. And, strange to tell, I can be possessed by ALL, the good, the bad, the old, the young, the great, the small, the bond, the free, the sage, the peasant, the parent, the child, the king, the subject, the noble, the ignoble!!! I would make commands firm, binding, and obedience quick, regular. I would give ease, peace, harmony amidst every sphere of life—political, social, religious. Yes, *even I, Stability*, would, if permitted to exist and remain, do all this! And beside, if possessed, by the evil, would spread consternation and dread in front, around, and be the watchword of such. But I appear the better with the good. With them I am a virtue desirable, lovely and beloved; but with evil a curse, a curse of curses, dreaded and feared, hateful, obnoxious, dangerous.

Since thou art thus, O *Stability!* from whence doth thou arise. What gives thee birth? My parentage is honorable, desirable, *Stability* would reply. Heaven has so decreed. Unaltered and unalterable. Wisdom and knowledge are my parents justly. I might be claimed as *innate*, self-existing, natural, but it is not so—“Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times.” (Isaiah 38: 6.) Heaven has said; so you see that from these I emanate. Without either, *I*, “*Stability*,” could not be. Well, stability, we have heard of knowledge, we have heard of wisdom. Knowledge is “a clear and certain perception of that which exists, or of truth and fact; the perception of the connection and agreement or disagreement and repugnancy of our ideas. And wisdom we understand to be, “The right use or exercise of knowledge; the choice of laudable ends, and of the best means to accomplish them.” How, if you think it not too inquisitive, do you, *Stability*, become one of their progeny? *Stability* would reply, you are truly inquisitive,

but not too much so. And while I am aware that you cannot tell of your conception and birth, I will, nevertheless, try to explain mine. You have rightly understood knowledge, my mother; and so of wisdom, my father. Now, if there be "truth and fact" clearly existing, there is a focus to which all must concentrate; *that* I will denominate end—that end held in view as the talisman. Wisdom then devises the best means to reach it; in other words, wisdom begets by knowledge the *best means* to accomplish the end." Now, as every one will always hold on to the *best*, the *best*, by wisdom, having been begotten of knowledge, produces me, even *Stability*. When I arise from this source—and from this only can I arise—I serve the best of purposes with the good, and think I have given no false description of myself. Then, *Stability*, to possess you, is to possess more or less of wisdom and knowledge? Verily, so! If such is just reasoning, how important that all should possess knowledge and wisdom. S. M. BILLINGSLEY.

Mt. ARIAL, KY.

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### THE LESSON OF THE GARDEN.

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A garden is a beautiful book, written by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them, and join them, and then go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing else—grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to me like over-dutiful children; tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.—*Jerrold*.

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THE faith of Christendom reaches to a period when Jesus will come again to be the joy and consolation of such as love and obey him. Suppose it were now said to each of you, "The Master is come and, calleth for thee," could you act as *Mary* did—go quickly to meet him?

## SUNSHINE.

Oh, for more of it! We need it in hearts, lives, homes, churches—everywhere. God causes *his sun* to rise upon the evil and good. So let *us* scatter sunshine on *our way* as far as we can. Away with this eternal scowling, this everlasting blue-light. Let us have sunshine, warm, mellow, rich, and cheering. “Ye were some time *darkness*, but now are ye *light* in the Lord. Walk as children of the *light*.” “Ye brethren are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of the day.” Walk, then, in the light, and scatter it far and wide. “Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength;” not the joy of the *world*, but “of the Lord.” Oh, be full of this holy joy, and then reflect the divine sunshine on all around. Do not go groping in darkness longer. Heaven’s brightness is but just before you. The master cometh, “And unto you who fear his name shall the sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings.” Ah! there shall be sunshine, and *that sun* shall no more go down. Reader, will you bask in that sunshine?

H. L. H.

WORDS.—We use them for the glitter, the blossom, the beauty, that dazzles the eye so that it cannot peer down where the graves we have made in our souls are so carefully hidden. They are the impenetrable draperies about the heart to hide its holy of holies from the gaze of the human eye. Oh, words! weaker are ye than the breath of the dying, stronger than the whirlwind of heaven!—vibrations of sound, whose echoes pass over the river and die not in an eternity of life, and yet no lip trembles with the utterance.  
*Home Monthly.*

To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath.—*Horace Mann.*

## SUMMER THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. SARAH LYKINS RUSSELL.

The odor of Summer flowers  
 Perfumes the balmy air,  
 And a rain of sweetest fragrance showers  
 From their petals pure and fair.  
 They lift their dewy eyes  
 From leaves of glossy green,  
 Up to the sunny summer skies,  
 So peaceful and serene.  
 If thy heart is weary grown  
 With the toils of the busy day,  
 Come sit with me on this mossy stone,  
 And list to the wild bird's lay;  
 See how from shrub to tree,  
 Exultingly he springs,  
 The blessed sunshine glancing free  
 Upon his gorgeous wings.  
 No monarch on his throne  
 Is half so blithe as he;  
 The very air around him thrills  
 With his gushing melody.  
 The balmy evening breeze  
 Is murmuring soft and low,  
 And on its wings it seems to bear  
 The sounds of "long ago."  
 With summer's suns and showers  
 Come thoughts of that fair clime  
 Where never more shall affection's flowers  
 Be chilled by the frost of time.  
 Where the holy hopes of youth—  
 Its aspirations pure,  
 Its fearless faith, its honest truth,  
 Forever shall endure.  
 Since last the summer flowers  
 Shed fragrance on the air,  
 Within our saddened home has stood  
 A little vacant chair.  
 Yet oft in midnight dreams  
 My child again I see;  
 And from her heavenly home she seems  
 To watch and comfort me.

No clouded skies are there,  
 No faded, withered flowers,  
 And never comes the weary care  
 Which blights this world of ours.  
 The white-robed Seraphim  
 Around the great white throne,  
 The never-ending praises hymn  
 Of God, the holy one.

No rays of sun or moon  
 Illume that bright abode;  
 It rests beneath a fairer light,  
 The glory of our God.  
 Oh, thorny is life's road,  
 And long the weary way;  
 Yet leads it to that land of bliss,  
 Where shines eternal day.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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*Close of the Volume.*—In issuing the last number for 1859, we feel conscious of having come short of all we attempted a year ago. It has been to us another year of *deep, sad trial*. Often with bleeding heart have we prepared it for the public eye, praying God's blessing on its humble mission. To all this we allude simply to remind our friends of what may have impaired the freshness and vigor which we hoped would have characterized our efforts. And yet we close another year's labor not without assurances of hearty favor, and not without evidences of increased usefulness.

Another year is opening upon us. With fresh ardor and inviting prospects we enter on its work. The Repository, we fondly hope, will, in the future, be laden with richer fruit and adorned with brighter foliage.

Brethren and Sisters, we ask your prayers, your co-operation, your aid. Your influence, exerted in behalf of our circulation, will double it during the coming year. That influence we ask. *Shall we ask in vain?*

Brethren in the ministry, will you speak of the Repository in your congregations, and forward us a few new names in January? Brethren in the churches, who have given us their cheering words of commendation in private letters, will you speak of it to your neighbors and your brethren? Friends to truth, to the cause we plead, will you aid us in circulating a work devoted to the advancement of that truth?

*Sisters*—you can do much to aid us in this way. Will you show the Repository, and speak a kind word for it, and forward us a club of subscribers—one, if no more? It shall be gratefully remembered.

*Rev. Wm. Vaughn.*—We announced, a year ago, sermons by this eminent and venerable divine. Domestic afflictions have prevented his fulfilling his promise, but we may still look for their appearance in our pages.

[In the absence of the Editor the following portion of a correspondence, with Dr. Campbell, came to hand. We assume the responsibility of making it public, although it may appear too familiar for such a purpose. S. R. F.]

REV. S. H. FORD, LL. D.:—*Dear Bro.*—Your welcome note is received. I am pleased to hear from you. Let me congratulate you on the "Doctorate." May you wear it with credit, and *feel* none the greater for it. I had received notice of mine several days before I dared to mention it, even to my wife, so ashamed was I. But it got out in the Recorder, and the agony was over. I have never felt that it added a single additional idea to my stock of knowledge, or a single grain of wisdom to what I might have had without it.

I have no apprehension about this "teapot tempest" on the subject of my communing with Spurgeon's church. If the church is a *Baptist* Church, I did *no wrong*; it was perfectly *lawful* to commune with her. If she is *not* a Baptist Church, but is on a level with a Campbellite or a Pedobaptist Church, then, mistaking her true character and status, I *did wrong*; it was *not lawful*. The question is—does the single error in her practice, viz: that she admits Pedobaptists to occasional communion with her—she is as sound a *Baptist* Church in every other respect as I ever saw—I ask, does this single error destroy her character and status as a *Baptist* Church, and place her in the same category with Campbellite or Pedobaptist Churches? Whoever affirms this, should certainly prove that such a church has generally been held in the *past* history of our denomination as *no Baptist* Church. He should be able to show the fact by an adequate detail of uniform facts in our past history. Mere assertion would be no proof; a mere burst of feeling would be no argument. Theories recently broached, and positions recently assumed by a few brethren however good and zealous, are not admissible in deciding a point of this sort; for these theories and positions may be themselves matter of dispute between equally good and able brethren. Any fair reasoner will concede the justice of these demands in the settlement of this question.

The character and status of Spurgeon's church must not be confounded with that of a class of churches which have existed, and to some extent still exist, in England, founded and conducted on the peculiar views of John Bunyan and Robert Hall, in which baptism by immersion is not made a condition of *church membership*, but in which Pedobaptists and Baptists equally mingle. Such mongrel congregations, however pious, can, with no propriety, be recognized as Baptist Churches. To commune with such, would certainly be *unlawful*. To the reasoning which lies at the base of these spurious churches Dr. J. L. Waller replied with masterly success in his work on Communion, published since his death, and which I have fully endorsed in an Introduction to it.

Not such a church is Spurgeon's. Membership in her is strictly conditioned on immersion. An intelligent Pedobaptist gentleman, who is a great admirer of Spurgeon, and who has been a member of his congregation for more than three years, told me that the only reason why he had not long since become a member of the church was, that Spurgeon and his church insisted on his immersion as an indispensable condition of membership, and that he could not conscientiously comply.

The position of Spurgeon's church is precisely what that of the Mount Vernon Church, in Woodford county, was from her origin until within a few years past, when I took the care of her, and induced her to change it. Yet, in 1840, the Elkhorn Association received her as an open communion church, when such brethren as R. T. Dillard, Edmund Waller, W. F. Broaddus, W. C. Buck, Wm. Vaughn, J. L. Burrows, J. L. Waller, J. D. Black, E. G. Berry, and many

others of the best brethren then in Kentucky were present, as the Minutes show. It has been a well known fact that this church not only practiced open communion precisely as Spurgeon's church does, but had for many years an avowed open communion pastor, yet she and her pastor were received, not only in the Elkhorn Association, but also in the General Association of Kentucky. The question is—Have not the Baptists of Kentucky, by fellowshiping this open communion church, pronounced her a *Baptist* Church? Have they not always mingled with her, and treated her as a Baptist Church? Yet the Elkhorn Association, the General Association, and the Kentucky Baptists, are *close communion* Baptists. If it was right or lawful to commune with the church at Mount Vernon, it is right to commune with Spurgeon's church. If the one was a *Baptist* Church, so is the other. The Mount Vernon Church has not, for five years, extended her invitation to Pedobaptists, and her former open communion pastor is now the able and beloved pastor of a close communion church—one of the very best churches in a sister State. Such, I believe, would soon be the result with Spurgeon's church under proper treatment.

You will perceive that "the usage" of the denomination in Kentucky, and I might say the same of some instances elsewhere, is with me, and not against me. I am not one of those who thoughtlessly commit myself in such matters. I generally try to know what I am doing. The thunder of our good Editors does not therefore effect me very much. I have regretted that some of them did not seem to understand the matter, and that consequently they were betrayed into an unworthy exhibition of temper. But such things are human, and are to be occasionally expected. I am glad to see them so zealous for the orthodoxy and purity of the churches. A little more practical knowledge and wisdom in treating such questions might be desirable. But I, at least, will not fall out with them for their little foibles. Victory is not in getting angry under every instance of bad treatment.

The only question fairly open in such a matter as this is, whether it is, on the whole, *expedient* to fellowship or commune with such churches as Spurgeon's and Mount Vernon? Discussed in this point of view, much might be said on either side without securing harmony of views or of action. Still, the question would be fairly debatable. If the inexpediency were pressed in any given instance on the score of giving offence to good brethren, I believe that I would be among the foremost in acquiescing on the principle laid down by Paul, Rom., 14 : 21. My brethren would never be opposed by me, except where conscience impelled, and it could not be avoided.

On the question of the *right* of a church, as a gospel church, to practice open communion, I yield to no one. I cannot see where any Baptist Church gets the right to admit an unbaptized person to communion with her. I therefore condemn her practice, and labor to teach her "the way of God more perfectly." If she invites an unbaptized person to her communion, it is her sovereign act, not mine. The wrong is hers, not mine. In communing with her *as a church*, I neither sanction her error, nor commune with her irregular and disqualified guests. I never did, and never will commune with such a church without defining my position. I did so with sufficient distinctness in Spurgeon's church, and I did so in taking the charge of Mount Vernon Church. Nobody, that knows me, doubts my soundness on the communion question.

Some good brethren cannot see how I can commune with such a church without communing with her irregular guests, and therefore charge inconsistency. The apostle met this case in Rom., 14 : 2, 3, 5, long ago. Should such communion on my part, however, such use of my liberty, become the occasion of a weak brother's stumbling, he lays down another rule equally plain in verses 15, 17, 21, and which, as I have already said, I should at once regard as binding and operative.

You will see that I have very frankly given you my views on this newspaper affair. I have no concealment about it; and I have very little *feeling* about



it. I think I understand Baptist interests and Baptist principles tolerably well, and I have no doubt of my own fidelity to them. It is therefore with me a small matter what a few Editors may say in their haste. Editors ought to be very wise men, though they are not always so. We have to bear with their infirmities, as well as with those of Presidents of Colleges. May we all have more grace and wisdom given us by Him "that giveth all blessings, and upbraideth not."

Yours affectionately,

D. R. CAMPBELL.

*Resignation of R. T. Dillard.*—At the October meeting of the East Hickman Church, brethren D. T. Carr, Fleetwood Smith, George S. Mitchell, and John M. Hunt, were appointed a Committee to draft resolutions by way of expressing our regret in receiving the resignation of our beloved pastor. That Committee now beg leave to report.

WHEREAS, Our beloved pastor and brother, R. T. Dillard, has presented his resignation of this church, therefore

*Resolved,* That we deeply sympathise with him in the affliction under which he is laboring, and which he thinks incapacitates him from the further discharge of his pastoral duties.

*Resolved,* That we receive his resignation with deep regret, and that we feel we sustain a heavy loss in being deprived of his useful labors, which have been so greatly blessed to the upbuilding of our Redeemer's kingdom through almost thirty-seven years of uninterrupted harmony and peace, during which time all our present membership, excepting two or three, have been received under his ministry, so that we can but regard him not merely as a brother, but as our father in the gospel.

*Resolved,* That we bear our testimony to his exemplary Christian walk and the faithful discharge of his duties, and that we accord to him that highest commendation (which we trust he may receive from a higher tribunal), "Well done, good and faithful servant."

*Resolved,* That we will follow him with our prayers, that, if in accordance with the divine will, his life may yet be spared for usefulness, and that grace may be given him in sufficiency to his day.

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be given to Bro. Dillard, and that they be spread upon our church-book, and be published in the Recorder and Repository.

At our November meeting the above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

JOHN M. HUNT, *Clerk.*

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## OBITUARIES.

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Died, in Franklin, Ind., on the 6th inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M., Mrs. Ophelia L., consort of H. L. McClellan, in the 24th year of her age.

It is a sad thing to record the death of one we loved so dearly; yet such is life in the hands of our Father who does all things well.

The deceased was a native of Louisville, Ky., and a member of the Baptist Church in that place.

She has not been with us quite three years. Yet such was her purity, Christian character and amiability, that to know her was to love her. She has left a mother, a devoted husband, and many near and dear relatives to mourn over our loss. Also, a little daughter, not two years old, unconscious of its sad loss.

We mourn not as those who have no hope.

Her death was a triumphant one, notwithstanding her sufferings. When the angel of summons came with the rustling of wings, she obeyed the call, and calmly passed from earth to heaven.

“She has gone to heaven before us;  
But she turns and waves her hand,  
Pointing to the glories o'er us,  
In that happy spirit land.”

Yes, Ophelia lives in heaven, the guardian angel of her husband and Alma. Our grief and eulogy cannot reach her now; but her counsel we can keep, while her memory will long be green in the hearts of those who loved her.

C. K. M.

The following lines, addressed to the aged mother on the occasion of her sad bereavement, are published with this notice by *special* request:

THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

Here rest the dead. The cold, pale forms,  
Who've ceased to battle with the world's fierce storms.  
All wrapt they lie in that deep, still repose,  
Which knows no waking. What rec they if those  
Whom they have left behind—

Bedew their grassy graves with mournful tears?

The living heart is kind,—

The dead no sorrow heed, nor flight of years.

Calm rest the dead. The sweet babe on its mother's breast,  
Called hence unto a life of blissful rest.

Here, too, is youth. To them, bright rose-hued life  
Paled out. They know no tempest night of strife.

They, too, who battled long  
With fearful, shrinking heart, through doubt and care,  
Now mid the angel throng  
Swell high their praises. Naught know they of fear.

And she to thee, sad mother, who was life's sweet gift,

All pale and cold, has come to lie beneath the sod.

Yet dwell not here in grief. But lift, oh lift,

Thy tear-brimmed eye away to that abode

Where, mid seraphic choirs,

In bliss she swells to God her grateful praise,

And with hymnings of angelic lyres,

She'll join in rapturous song through endless days.

Died, on the sixth day of August, 1859, in Ghent, Carroll county, Ky., of bilious fever, after an illness of seven weeks, Willie P. Threlkeld, aged two years, four months, and twenty-one days.

And on the thirteenth day of the same month, his little brother Eddie died, having been sick sixteen days with brain fever. His age was four years, eleven months, and eight days.

In the death of these two lovely boys (all the children their fond parents had) we are led, in amazement, to contemplate the inscrutable ways of God. But amid all his dealings with us, how consoling the consideration, that he is too wise to be mistaken, and too good to be unkind.

Oh, how delightful the consolation drawn from his character revealed in his own blessed word of truth! Yes, when pain and anguish wring the heart, to remember that our heavenly Father says, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." In this sad bereavement, brother and sister Threlkeld have manifested the true Christian spirit, the meekness and temper of the children of God. Therefore the conclusion, that, although they cannot tell now why their heavenly Father took their little Eddie and Willie away, by-and-by it will all be made plain to them.

And even now, how much comfort is left to them in their deep sorrow, as they remember the sweet disposition of their departed boys!—when they think of their little Eddie, as he would sit by his mother or grandmother and talk of God—of his goodness, and of heaven, until tears of holy joy would run down his cheeks! And in his last sickness, leaving all his pain and suffering, so as to convince all who saw or heard him that he possessed a mind far superior to his years, he often spoke of heaven, and of "going to that good place."

Surely, our dear brother and sister have much to console them in their great bereavement. Oh yes, the delightful thought, that, after a few brief years at most, father and mother, and Eddie and Willie, and grandfather and grandmother, shall all meet again in their heavenly Father's house above, there to drink the unmingled cup of bliss together.

"Till then, farewell, dear Eddie,  
Our loved and darling boy;  
And you, our sweet, sweet Willie,  
A kind, but brief good-bye.

---

Died, at the residence of her parents, in Dallas county, Arkansas, on the 17th of September, 1859, Martha D., infant daughter of David C. and Martha Hull, aged four years, one month, and five days.

"Earth's loved ones are passing away." "Missie," the favorite of her devoted parents, and loving little brothers and sister, is no more on earth, but sweetly sleeping in Jesus. Her angel spirit was a minister of happiness here for a while; and it is hard to part with one so dear, but it has gone to mingle with kindred spirits in the paradise above. The chasm created in the hearts of her fond parents can be filled alone by the consoling reflection that, uncontaminated by sin, she awaits them in that bright world above, where only saints and angels dwell.

"Friends, I have there who have pass'd on before;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore,  
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

T.

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