

The Gospel messenger  
Williamston, N.C. [s.n.]

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No. 1.

THE GOSPEL MESSENGER  
AND  
PRIMITIVE PATHWAY,  
BUTLER, GEORGIA.

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*All Letters, Remittances and Communications, should be addressed to J. R. RESPESS, Butler, Ga.*

*Money should be sent by Money Order or Registered Letter.*

*Be certain to write names and post-offices plainly.*

*Subscribers not receiving the Messenger should notify us.*

*Any one sending us Five Dollars for five new subscribers, shall have one copy of the Messenger for one year free.*

McCONDY, MISS., Nov. 30, 1890.—*Dear Old Brother*: I have concluded to write a few lines for our family paper, the GOSPEL MESSENGER.

THE MESSENGER comes to us regular and we are delighted with it. We see nothing in it but what is calculated to comfort, edify and strengthen the children of God, except the subject of Predestination, and this ought not to render any one unhappy, for none of us believe that God is the author of sin, neither do we believe that anything takes place by chance; but in some way best known to himself, He is connected with all the transactions of men in time, whether we are able to fully understand how and for what purpose or not, except His own glory, for which He has made all things. He hath made all things for himself, and then for himself all things are and must to that one particular end un-failingly come. For the Lord God or hosts hath sworn, saying, "Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed, so shall it stand." Surely he must have thought of all things, for He that is alwise could not but do so. O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out; who hath recompensed to him, and it shall be recompensed to him again; for of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen!

It is certain that God well understands the depth of this problem, this ocean of mystery, and will guide all things to its appointed end, and will be glorified by all of his works, as well the least as the greatest. For he is God, and there is none else; he is God and there is none like him, declaring the end from the beginning—from ancient times—the things not yet done, saying My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. He doeth his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. Thou wilt say, then, unto me, Why doth he yet find fault, for who hath resisted his will? will be the question of some. Nay, but O, man, who art thou that replieth against God! Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hath thou made me thus? will be the answer of the apostle. The wickedness of the act of killing the Saviour was purely the wickedness of those who put him to death; the purpose to be obtained by it was purely God's. They meant one thing by it, God another. The robbers of Job meant one thing, God something else; Joseph's brethren meant what they did for evil, God meant it for good. So the people of to-day mean many things contrary to what God means by the same things. There is a work in all the works of time that is God's work, and another that is man's work; the part that God performs is good, the part man performs is evil. But we are not to do evil that good may come, but God often brings good out of evil, sweet out of bitter, light out of darkness, et cetera.

Please change my address from McCondy, Miss., to Jones' Prairie, Milam county, Texas, and others addressing me may make the same change.

Yours in hope,

W. M. LITTLE.

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To any reader of the MESSENGER: I would be glad to know where I can buy a Jones' Church History  
A. M. LOPER.

*Hurst, Coryelle County, Tex.*

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# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 1. BUTLER, GA., JANUARY, 1891. Vol. 13.

## CHURCH AND MINISTER.

I have read with interest a communication in the MESSENGER from the pen of Eld. H. Bussey—a well written article, and one which I have no doubt will receive the attention it deserves. There may be more need for correspondence upon the points discussed in his letter than I have been aware of, and if so, it may be admissible to add something to what he has so well said. There is no better teacher than experience, and as he has written mainly from this source, I propose to do the same. After occupying a position in the pastoral relation for thirty-two years, one may speak from the proofs of every proposition or suggestion to which he would call the attention of his brethren. It has not been my lot to encounter all the troubles, either in the ministry or in the churches, that others complain of. I will not question the justice of the charge that Eld. Bussey makes against ministers, nor the propriety of his making it, holding them responsible, as he does, for the shortcomings of some of the churches, because of unfaithfulness on their part in putting the brethren in remembrance, etc. I will, however, speak for myself. It has seemed to me as though I had been, as a general thing, prompted by the admonition of Paul to Timothy, "Take heed to thyself." Not, perhaps, because the apostle so taught, but rather, perhaps, because the word had a place in my own heart. In my intercourse with the Lord's people I have found a willing and obedient spirit to deal with, inquiring and ready to learn what the Lord would have them to do. It has been a sign to me by which to discern his people, as they hear and attend to the Good Shepherd's voice. Bro. Bussey

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cites the apostle's suggestion in regard to feeding a flock and eating of the milk of the flock. I suppose most of those who have ever fed a flock, or had one to feed, have observed that the better they are fed and cared for, the more abundant the yield in every respect in return; and that fault-finding and cudgeling does not result in any permanent improvement. It seems to me where pastoral qualifications abound, and a man is devoted to the health, prosperity and comfort of the church, he will soon command the respect and confidence of his brethren, and they will soon see and feel the measure of their obligation to him. It is not the proper time or place to lecture people or make complaints from the pulpit. We should know nothing else in the stand but preaching Christ and feeding his flock. It will appear to people like taking an improper advantage of them to reprove and admonish them when and where they cannot be heard. Business matters belong to business meetings, and should be attended to there. I have confidence in my brethren that they love the cause, and that its honor and prosperity are dear to them; and I presume that they know and feel that I love them. I have no need to speak other than kindly to them and let them understand that it is for their sakes, and not mine, that I call their attention to any neglects or unfaithfulness. I desire fruit to abound to their account. The apostle goes on, "Take heed to thyself and to the doctrine," and assures us that in so doing "thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Old Paul seems to see the way all plain and the happiest results readily obtained. If we allow that the apostle is correct about this, all the trouble may be ended, and that difficult problem solved at once between ministers and churches that has so long disturbed their peace. Taking heed to myself and to the word, I will save myself all this trouble that so many preachers are complaining of, and also save the churches from dissatisfaction or complaints against them. So much is made of this little sentence, it may be proper to discourse somewhat upon it. As to the doctrine, I presume that every one who attends our meetings at all frequently, understands distinctly every important point of doctrine that is maintained, and that every member is fully established and settled in the truth.

But I have not felt to institute debates and disputes, or to take extravagant position, to show that I was especially sound, or to raise a contention over sentences or phrases that the inspired writers have never used. I want that the doctrine of God our Saviour should pervade every sermon as its spirit and life; and that fruit should appear in testimony that the doctrine taught was according to godliness. I have all along felt to sympathize with my brethren in regard to the temporal burdens they have had to bear, and to relieve them whenever and wherever I could. As to the relation of church and pastor, all through this section of country among our Baptist people, the contributions are entirely voluntary. The members may have some understanding among themselves, or there may, in some instances, be a church resolution as to contributions to the pastor, but a stipulation or contract with a pastor is unknown among us. All the pastors that I am acquainted with have some business or employment to which they devote their leisure time, in order to secure themselves and their families to such extent as they may be able to, and thus lighten the burden upon the churches they serve. I have acted in this respect as I have felt, and from my own choice, and have not one word of complaint to make against my brethren. In taking heed to myself, it has been as an injunction upon me that industry and economy should pervade my household, and that in this respect an example should be set that would commend itself; and that my family would not have the appearance of adding to the burdens of the church. Churches have a right to see and feel that their contributions do not tend to encourage idleness, extravagance and dissipation in their pastor's family. If there ever was a time when the life and character of gospel ministers and their families should not only be a commendable example, but a standing reproof to the idleness, extravagance and general profligacy that abound, that time is now. I have seen churches that would remind me of "the fields of the slothful, and of the vineyard of the man void of understanding," being grown over with weeds, and the stone wall thereof broken down, and a general appearance of desolation. But in the course of time the vineyard became abundantly fruitful, and rejoicing and salvation

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succeeded to the desolate condition that had long time prevailed. While I was witness to this interesting change, I could not see that it was the result of admonition or censure on the part of any of the preachers. There was nothing new or different in the preaching that I am aware of. Such as it was, it came down as the sunshine and the rain, to warm into life and growth and fruitfulness the dormant plants, and to water and nourish them as showers water the earth. People enjoyed their meeting, and they cheerfully and promptly met all the necessary expenses. In the matter of hospitality and readiness of mind in entertaining at our extra meetings and associations, I know of no other religious order that can show any pretense of comparison with our people.

Now, in what I have written, I have been speaking from my own observation and personal experience, and I do not fear any charge of over-coloring or of misrepresentation. I think it may be allowable to speak sometimes from one's own experience, although I find it not altogether pleasant. I have, however, in this, included several others in my mind.

I have doubted whether churches becoming wealthy as churches, was a real benefit to them; I mean as a general thing. There are instances where a little revenue income to a small, weak church has appeared to be a great relief and benefit to them. Old School Baptists might be wealthy if they would not set their hearts upon it. When they have been ambitious to become rich it has sometimes proved a snare to them. "He satisfied their request, but he sent leanness into their soul." This has seemed to come about as the natural effect of success in acquiring wealth. They have gained of the world, but have sacrificed their spiritual comfort, and the esteem and confidence of their brethren, that all the money of the Indies would not buy back again. The smaller churches, and the members of moderate means have, as a general thing, been the most fruitful in spiritual things. There are some notable exceptions. Some brethren who are wealthy seem to regard themselves as stewards, ready to lay what they have at the Master's feet, and to be glad that they are able to do what is needful to the cause in this way. I have heard of a few instances of men of abundant wealth who

stand as members, and yet utterly refuse to contribute anything at all. I don't know any such personally, but if there are such, I think the churches would be better without them. "If a man seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, *how dwelleth the love of God in him?*"

Bro. Bussey has called attention to a number of important matters that we would all do well to consider. If we are separated from those strangers whose mouth speaketh vanity, and whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood, and our sons and daughters fill their places and abound in the word and work of the Lord, our oxen will then be strong to labor; there need be no breaking in nor going out, nor any complaining in our streets. I know of no reason why the Lord's people should not be in such a case. There is no lack in the provision he has made for them. And happy the people who are in such a case, yea, happy that people whose God is the Lord.

In gospel fellowship,  
*Slate Road, Del.*

E. RITTENHOUSE.

DEAR BRETHEREN AND SISTERS OF FRIENDSHIP CHURCH: Since I moved here I have been so far away from you that I could not visit you often, yet I remember you all, and the many pleasant privileges of worship we have enjoyed together.

1 Peter, ii. 4: "To whom coming as unto a living stone; disallowed, indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious."

I have been thinking of this text this evening and wish to give you some of my thoughts.

By the words "living stone" in the text is meant the "Gracious Lord." In verse 3 He is called a stone, first to denote his durability. There is no decay or waste about him; time proves and wastes everything; human love and human help and strength will not support us, but all will decay and come to nothing; but in Jesus we find a lasting friend, a friend in all ages. Our fathers proved him; they leaned on him, and in their old age he was still their support and we, too, have found his

love is lasting. Ours is cold and changing, his is ever the same.

Second. He is called a stone on account of his strength. The temple of old was built upon great stones, capable of bearing all the pressure that could be laid on them. "Upon this rock I will build my church," the Saviour said, referring to himself. Jesus is the rock of our salvation. All our weight is upon him; we do not support ourselves, but he supports us, and holds us up while others sink in the mire and go down to hell, his people will be helped and supported. "He hath taken me up also out of the horrible pit of mire and clay and placed my feet upon a rock."

Christ is this rock and the feet of all his people will rest on him, and he will sustain them amidst all their cares and toils, and in death, and beyond it, and in the great day of the resurrection, he will not forget them, but still support them. But with all his goodness and sweetness, with all his charms, he is disallowed of men. How terrible is the spell that holds the world, under which the world will not choose our Redeemer. Poor, fallen men, choose the world and its vanities, set their hearts on that that is soon to pass away, and reject the only name under Heaven that can save. Then Jesus is rejected of men and no power of earth can change it. The poor old prophet said: "I am left alone and they seek my life." Noah was alone; the prophets were nearly all put to death, and the Apostles, too. Jesus also was crushed by the world, but while the world despised him and saw nothing in him to love, yet God saw much in him to love, much to fix his heart on, and what the world loves and delights in God has ever hated. We cannot love the world and have the world love us and yet have God love us. God's judgment is contrary to the world. But it is comforting to hope that our hearts are fixed on God and Heavenly things; that we are glued to his doctrine and his people. I do believe that you have chosen the same Jesus and that he is precious to you. Let me exhort you to be patient and faithful; let the world see by your lives that you have chosen Jesus; that you are deeply in earnest, and that you are looking forward to the time

when all else will fail you, with the hope that Jesus will support you.

I pray God may bless you all and keep you. Remember me in your prayers. Your poor, unworthy brother,  
*Waveland, Ind.*  
 J. H. OLIPHANT.

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Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.—Ps.

As one of the striking features of the Book of Truth, its rich and instructive imagery is worthy of the highest consideration. To every heart and pen that shared the gift of inspiration, it was given to know the use and power of emblematic language, and truths the most wonderful and salutary were set forth in types and shadows that possess an indescribable charm for all circumcised ears.

In both the Old and New Testaments this method of disseminating truth is frequently employed. In God's later revelation, the Lord of Glory is often represented in a typical manner, more forcibly, perhaps, than any other description could give; and in the Old Scriptures, the great Jehovah condescends to permit the use of symbols with reference to himself, that greatly magnify his mercy, goodness and parental character.

David seems to have explored every field of research, and appropriated all things worthy and precious, to symbolize the excellences of Israel's God, whom he delighted to honor. With what sacred fervor did he exclaim: "The Lord God is a sun and a shield; he will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." As the circumstances of his life unfold yet more and more of his trials and necessities, followed by new deliverances of mercy, so would his ascriptions of praise manifest the highest degree of adoration and grateful love. The Lord became everything to him that was helpful, durable and good. The Lord, says David, is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Again, he is the lifter up of my head, my refuge from calamities, the helper of the fatherless, the judge of widows. He declares in a single verse: "The Lord is my rock and my fortress, my deliverer, my God, my strength, my buckler, the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." Isaiah pictures the Lord as a strength to the poor and needy in distress

a refuge from the storms, a shadow from the heat, a covert from storms and from rain.

In like character of heart-cheering truth, we may safely estimate the beautiful metaphor with which Moses, the Man of God, introduces the xc. Psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." That the word dwelling-place is figurative and is used here to set forth the Lord's all-pervading providence and unceasing care of his people, there can be little doubt. It is emblematic, just as God in the different manifestations of his mercy and goodness may be symbolized by a shield or tower, a hiding place, a shadow or a rock. It includes all temporal good, but to discover its full meaning and consequence, we must bear in mind the spiritual blessings that spring from the same great source. The meaning of the term, then, may apply to all that the Lord is to his people, all that he has done and will do for them. It was doubtless to Moses the most comprehensive symbol by which the God of his fathers might be commemorated, and by which he himself might attest his own personal experience of divine mercy and gracious favors. No other word seems so comprehensive to our minds as that of a dwelling-place, the cherished locality where we abide—our home. The heart of every intelligent being turns unconsciously to his home as the spot most endeared to him of all the earth. It seems to comprehend in one word the substantial and necessary requirements of a pleasant life. The place of our dwelling is the place where our blessings are concentrated, and to be bereft of house and home at once suggests a poor, aimless, vagrant state of existence. All homes have not the same degree of peace, plenty and security, but the one that is well appointed and complete is the one we would select to exhibit the boundless capacity of man's abode to bring contentment and permanent happiness to his bosom. Let us then conceive of an abode that would minister to every want and every desire of a good man, and one that is, as it were, boundless in its resources for safety and delight, and we shall have the emblem by which Moses would illustrate the excellent portion of the people of the Lord. Happy is the man thus favored of God. He can say with David in the confidence of his heart: "Thou hast made my mountain to stand

strong—I shall not want. The munitions of rocks are for his defense; bread shall be given him and his waters shall be sure. Whether Paul, Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life or death, or things present or things to come, all is his, and he is Christ's, and Christ is God's."

To rightly apprehend the comforting truth that Moses would convey to our hearts, let us briefly consider some of the advantages and blessings connected with a dear earthly home or dwelling-place. It is our shelter from heat and cold, from storm, tempest, the sun's withering rays, the winter's piercing cold, the hail coming down on the forest, the blast of euroclydon, are kept at bay. It is the place of our defense. Its sacred walls interpose between us and violence and danger from without. It is our castle, where we may stand for our lives. It is as the tower of David, whereon hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. It not only shields from warring elements and more hostile human foes, but it is also a sweet asylum of rest to our weary souls. It is there we retreat from the fierce conflicts of the world to restore wasting energies and failing strength. Think of it! Rest, shelter and defense! What accumulating good belongs to the dwelling-place of man! Nor is this the sum. Our dwelling-place is the storehouse of all needful supplies. Our daily portion and substance is at our homes. Our food and raiment are there. Our purse and scrip, our bonds and covenants are there. Our treasures, precious stones and jewels are there also. The home of man is the shrine of social joy, sympathy and love. It is there we receive and entertain and commune with our friends. It is there we desire to be when the heart overflows with joy, and to this dear sanctuary we cling in all our bitterness and grief. The most important and solemn events of human life belong to the home. It is there we receive our earthly being; there we give and are given in marriage, and there, at last, when life's fitful fever has spent its force, we long, amid dear, familiar faces, to close our eyes on all things here below. Such are the joys, the privileges, the solemnities associated with our dwelling-places; and as our thoughts dwell on them, and on our own experience of their value and extent, we may discover the mystical meaning and force of the emblem chosen by God's servant to set forth the enduring, far-

reaching goodness of his Creator, Benefactor and Friend. It must be manifest to all that in looking upon the Lord as our dwelling-place, we ascribe to him the authorship and gift of all that a dwelling-place comprehends. He is the fountain and source of all that is good, and what we have of comfort, happiness and security we owe to him. If, then, we would look upon the Lord as our dwelling-place and we feel assured of protection, food and raiment; of comfort, happiness and love, of rest, ease and liberty; of sustenance for the present and abiding stores for the future; if, in short, like Israel of old, we have the Lord on our side, to provide all things needful for this life, and a preparation for the better country, it is because the Lord has placed the favor of his love upon us, and in the fullness of his grace become all things to us and for us, and means that he will never leave nor forsake us, world without end. The Lord is our refuge and strength, therefore we will not fear what flesh can do unto us, and though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, and though an host encamp against us, while the God of Israel is our tabernacle and dwelling-place, we shall never be moved.

It seems peculiarly fitting that Moses should have been the author of this figurative language so suggestive of the marvelous and unceasing care and mercy of God. He was the world's single historian for five and twenty centuries. His pen alone preserved the annals of his people through the obscure ages of a bookless world. By inspiration he could review the history of a long ancestral line, whose generations all gave witness to the striking and peculiar providence that enfolded them as a habitation, that preserved and directed them in their wanderings, when for long ages they seemed like homeless exiles, without continuing city, country or estate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Some men serve God that they may serve themselves upon God. He loves not religion sincerely, who does not love it superlatively.

## WONDERFUL.

“Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.”

MY BELOVED BRETHERN: The beloved disciple of Jesus, the Apostle John, who wrote these wonderful words, “was in the isle that is called Patmos,” and he “was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day;” and the things which he wrote were, “the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him.” And the most wonderful of all this wonderful revelation, which “he sent and signified by his angel unto his servant John,” was the revelation of the son of man himself in his glory. John saw him in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks: “And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun, shineth in its strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, fear not; I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth, and *was dead*; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.”

Now the idea that this one (thus glorious in might, majesty and dominion, at the sight of whom the beloved apostle fell at his feet as dead), comes and knocks at the heart of the puny sinner for entrance, is very silly.

This son of man is God’s holy child, Jesus, of whom Isaiah said, “For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.” Behold this wonderful crown of most wonderfully glorious names, by which this child and son shall be called, the first of which is WONDERFUL, ascending to the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the last, crowned THE PRINCE OF PEACE! “To HIM be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.”

FOR it was this one “that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood.” Therefore, our Jesus was as we are; for he came down to our low estate, and was a *child*, a *son*, a *man*, and shed his blood for our sins. But Jesus was also as God is; for he shall be called “The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father;” and

“being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be *equal with God.*” And so, last of all, in the *union* of these excellent and glorious names in the ONE PERSON, as expressive of *who* and *what* he is, this child and son, God and Father is the glorious PRINCE OF PEACE! It required all these names and their meanings and relations to fit and qualify the blessed Jesus to be the Prince of Peace, to wash us from our sins in his own blood, and to make us kings and priests unto God.

Therefore, his personal name is JESUS, the God-man, the son of God and the son of man, Emanuel, God with men, “the MEDIATOR between God and man.” Jesus is equally related to both God and man, and equal to both; therefore, he is equally interested in and devoted to both God and his people, and has an equal regard to the claims and honor of the law of God, and to the redemption and justification of his people. It was necessary for our Jesus to be one with us in the flesh, to shed his blood and die for us; and it was as necessary for him to be one with God in the spirit, to give atoning merit to his blood and redeeming value to his work as Mediator, and to arise again and swallow up death in victory. For no mere man could have accomplished all this, neither could God himself as such; for God alone could not die, and man alone could not wash away sin and arise from the dead; but Jesus, who was both God and man, the Holy One and the Almighty, could do both. For his work of obedience and righteousness and redemption was the work of God in the flesh; and yet, as a MAN, he obeyed and suffered, bled and died; therefore, as JESUS, the God man, he atoned for our sins, fulfilled all righteousness, and obtained the everlasting victory over death.

Now, all this glorious work and wonderful achievement of him who shall be called Wonderful, was in union with us, and *for us*; and we who are his are his bretheren and joint heirs in all that he was, in all that he obtained, in all that he is, and in all that he is to come.

“*Unto Him that loved us.*” How wonderful that the Wonderful, the Mighty God loved us! Yet, this high and holy one, who was glorious in his apparel, and traveled in the greatness of his strength, and spoke in righteousness, and was mighty to save, was the “brother

born for adversity," the friend of sinners, the near kinsman of his father's people, whom God gave him; therefore he loved them, because they were the chosen of his father, and because they, though now a sinful people, shall be "holy people," and his own brother forevermore. The father loved them, and the son loved them, even as the father loved him, and as he loved the father. "*God is love.*"

"*And washed us from our sins in his own blood.*" This was wonderful love, that Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God, should lay down his life for us! It was for the sake of his great love wherewith he loved us, that the holy son of God came in the flesh as our brother, was made under the law where we were, was made to be sin for us, our sin bearer, suffered and bled unto death for us, "and washed us from our sins in his own blood." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"The wages of sin is death;" but now, that Jesus "loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," he shall save us from our sins, and from death; for he not only put away our sins by the sacrifice of himself, and so made an end of sin, but he "hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Therefore the beloved John could say, "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from *all sin.*" And Paul could write to his brethren in Christ and say, "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." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, *through Jesus Christ our Saviour.*"

Not only is this salvation from sin and death all of God, through Jesus our Saviour, but it washes, sanctifies, justifies and saves us from our sins and delivers us from death. This is the glory of Jesus, and it is the glorious meaning of his name JESUS, Wonderful: "He shall save his people from their sins." "And they shall call them the holy people, *the redeemed of the Lord.*"

"*And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father.*" This is the end and the crown and the glory of the love of Jesus, "The Prince of Peace," in thus pre-

senting his loved and washed, redeemed and holy people unto God and his father, as a glorious nation of immortal KINGS! and as a divine and Heavenly brotherhood of PRIESTS! to reign and triumph over sin and death, and wear the crown of life in God's holy Heaven! and to offer up the holy and happy sacrifice of sweet devotion, worship and praise forever and ever!

*"To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.* O, let all the redeemed of the Lord say, "AMEN!" For *he* loved us and washed us; *he* accomplished our warfare, and obtained the victory over sin and death, the devil and the grave, for us; and *he* "hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father."

When he was about to pour out his precious blood to wash us from our sins, having finished the work which his father gave him to do, he prayed, 'And now, O father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.' "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; *that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me.*" His prayer was heard, for the father always hearest him; and all the blood-washed people of his love shall evermore be with him in glory, and write in the heavenly and sweet refrain, "TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOREVER AND EVER. AMEN." In this love, your brother,

Newcastle, Ind., Nov. 22, 1890.

D. BARTLEY.

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DEAR BROTHER: Another year I have been favored with that interchange of thought, and enjoyed that sweet communion with the saints, afforded by our GOSPEL MESSENGER, which no other means can afford. Being thus favored by will of God to form close acquaintances with the brethren and sisters distantly situated, and to receive food and strength from their exercises, it would seem ungrateful to neglect promptly bearing that small proportion of cost allotted to me for this inestimable privilege. So please find inclosed the amount due for 1891, and also this feeble attempt to express my thankfulness to you as burden-bearer, and gratitude and praise to God who reigns a sovereign, removing hindrances, overcoming all, and richly bless-

ing his saints. But as I thus write on business, I feel a desire to say to the many readers who are thus favored:

“Let us go forth, therefore, to him without the camp, bearing his reproach. For here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come. By him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name. But to do good and communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”—Heb. xiii. 13-16.

Many of us, dear brethren, know what it is to suffer reproach, to be in a world full of religion, yet for religion to suffer reproach, to feel a deep sense of humility, feeling to be nothing and less than nothing, even vanity. Yet, for all this reproach as being opposed to progress, behind the times, hard-shells, etc., so that in a social sense we feel separated from the world, yet being in the world we feel lonely, and like the prophet cry out, Lord, who hath believed our report; unto whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? But were we not thus used how could we have the testimony that though in the world, the Lord has called us out of the world, and the power of the word of God to separate the precious from the vile; how could we otherwise understand that by his glorious sovereignty all things were made to work together for good to those who love God, and are the called according to his purpose? But brethren can all appreciate these testimonies, and receive from them the rich assurance that we individually are as fully concerned as if the address had been made personally to us? If not, why not? Is it not because that each member is a component part of one grand whole, and that unto each is given that especial gift that will wisely constitute the whole into one whole and perfect stature in which it is designed that the image of God may appear, and thus appearing, may be glorified. Each distinct member is supported, furnished, protected and directed by the life dwelling therein, and thus in each member the image only of the director is presented to the observer. But in whom self rules, the image of the man of sin is presented, seated in the temple of God, exalting himself as God, and demonstrating himself as the mystery of iniquity. Yes, mystery, because beyond the power of human reason to detect and understand, and can only be revealed by the clear shining of the Son of Righteousness (spirit of truth) in the heart who,

by the brightness of his coming shall destroy him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they receive not the love of the truth. But we are bound to give thanks to God, brethren, for many of you who write in this blessed MESSENGER, because God hath, from the beginning (yea, in that everlasting covenant ordered in all things are sure,) chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth; yea, your obedience to the commandment of God, by Jesus Christ, viz.: in denying this self and choosing suffering, reproaches, persecution, your heritage in this world, rather than to disobey the command, "Let your light shine," that very light that revealed that self of yours and the workings of darkness in the same, and thus enabled, yes, gave power, to show your love of truth, testifying that you were begotten again, not by corruptible, but incorruptible seed, even the Spirit of God as a grace, a wonderful favor, given as a power by which you are enabled to manifest yourself to your brethren, members of the same body, that each, though differing as members, are united in one by the self same spirit which animates each, and thus constitutes and binds by the sweet cords of love and communion the many into one, from whom the Lord, even our father, from whom this spirit of adoption, which can and does so effectually work in an Adamite and over the law of sin and death as to free him from that and place him in possession of the great legacy of all the good things of this world, and also the immortality and uninterrupted triumphs of the Spirit of Truth in the world to come, of which that sweetest of sweets to the saints, viz: the family communion with each other, is but a foretaste. O, then, let us watch and labor to enter into that inheritance, for it surely remains for us; and notwithstanding the decree has gone forth all shall eat of the fruit of their own way, that what we sow that shall we reap, in order that our way may not be the way of the world, nor our sowing a corruptible seed, the Lord, our gracious Ruler, reigns within, so as that his way becomes ours, he in us working accordingly. As the prophet speaketh, "O, Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou hast wrought all our works with-

in us. O, Lord, our God, other lords (rulers) beside thee have had dominion over us, but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." Work, my brethren, good or bad, cannot fit us for heaven or hell; can only testify of our fitness for one or the other of these places. Let us watch, therefore, for the savory influence is honoring or rejecting God, and of the servant of God he requires the savory influence, the effect produced by works as testimony. Hence, by the inspired apostle, he says, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. How easy, when we deny self and by a spirit crucify him, to show that spirit which does the work. My space is filled.

Yours, in much love,

B. L. LANDERS.

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### TRIALS HERE.

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Some of the scenes of this life are very trying. In connection with the many temptations and conflicts that we are heir to in consequence of the sins of the flesh, we have many sore disappointments, insomuch we find ourselves scrutinizing even our most delightful seasons in the worship of God, to see if there was not something in them contrary to the command of our Lord. In reading his holy word we find many precious promises to his obedient children, but it is seldom we can claim them for ourselves, even when we have felt to be on Pisgah's top. And often I find myself inquiring how is it? Has the good Lord forgotten to be gracious, or am I so vile and polluted in all my doings and thoughts that I dare not claim a blessing? Sometimes I try to ask forgiveness and thoughts arise forbidding even the mention of a favor in my behalf. Then I think of past days in which I enjoyed much peace and comfort in the service of my master, but now they are gone apparently to return no more. Most all my time passes thus, and to add to my griefs I meet with so many temporal disappointments that I think after more than a score of years in the ministry I must at last lie down in sorrow, if not in shame. But in all these trials I realize hope, from the fact that many years ago, when all hope was gone, Jesus revealed himself to me as my Saviour. So now, in musing over the past, I have hope

(2)

against hope. Although the floods overflow and I sink in the deep, dark waves, I feel sure if Jesus is there he will save me. Oh, that I could trust him. My poor, sinful nature forbids me coming into his holy presence. But, again I feel I can but perish. I will venture to beg for mercy and grace. And I amazingly precious a few moments and in feeling that all is well, and he who replenished the widow's oil will not forget my needs, though I forgot his benefits. But these seasons do not last, and many days and nights without sun or star to guide me, do I pass in deep sorrow, not knowing that in all this darkness that the good Lord was with me; but I am so blind and benighted that I stumble against great boulders, and have so many bad thoughts and misgivings that I conclude God has given me over to those things which are not convenient. I might ask is it thus with you? and you should answer it is, I don't conclude that it would help me, but would enlist sympathy in pitying you. However, in this I may be mistaken. I have often thought that if a man had nothing in view in trying to preach but the relief of his own mind, he had better be silent, for God's children needs comfort and instruction. But I reckon in writing this I have departed, for I do not feel that I have anything in view by this but a relief of my own mind in laying some of my feelings open before the saints. I do not feel that they are either instructing or comforting. So, Brother Respass, I hand this paper to you and shall submit to your decision as to its publication. But in closing, let me say that I desire with yours the prayers of all saints. Unworthy and in affliction,

*Fort Worth, Texas.*

J. S. COLLINS.

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The flowers of paradise would quickly wither on earth, if they were not watered with drops from heaven. How have the mighty fallen when the Almighty hath not stood by them! The devil would soon put out our candles if Christ did not carry them in his lantern. "Be not weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." To see a ship sink in the harbor of profession is more grievous than if it had perished in the open sea of profaneness.

## EDITORIAL.

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J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

*Beloved of God:* A new year is upon us again; and we are, each and all of us, "nearer our home to-day than we have ever been before; nearer the bound of life, where we lay our burden down; nearer leaving the cross; nearer gaining the crown!"

Our mortal lives are spoken of as a night. Our wrestlings here are as the wrestling of Jacob, with whom a man wrestled until the breaking of day. So shall we wrestle until the day breaks. With many of us the night is far spent, and the day is at hand, and with some of us, whose eyes now rest upon these lines, there will be an event that has never been with us before, and will never be with us again. Some of us shall die before the year closes. But death, to the Christian, is but the putting off of mortality and the putting on of immortality; the coming to pass of the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory!

We may safely predict that the year into which we now enter will be, in the main, as the years through which we have passed. There will be seed-time and harvest-time, winter and summer; there will be births and deaths, and sin and sorrow. With us who are growing old, will be increased infirmities of mind and body. As we ripen for the grave, we become more and more detached from the world and are made to look more toward the land that is very far off, where we shall see the King in his beauty. And then, as the mellowed apple, we drop to the ground, and as sheaves of ripened grain, we are gathered into the barn and are gone. The wisest and best shall be missed by few, and not for long by them. The world will go on as it did when they were in it. In the church, the mantle of Elijah shall fall upon Elisha, and as it was in the past, so shall it be in the future.

As to the MESSENGER, if it is of God, he will care for it, and if it is not of him, none would be more willing to see it go down than myself. It is committed to Him.

We wish to avoid in its pages, more and more, anything that would gender strife. And as to predestination, we think that enough, and more than enough, has been said, and we wish nothing on that subject on either side. The London Confession on that subject is plain enough for any and all. There can be no misunderstanding it; it is as plain as 2 and 2 are 4, that man's accountability is not impaired in the least by it. We accept it because it is according to the scriptures, and have held to it for years. And when other brethren say that they, too, accept it, that is enough for me; and I believe them. There should be no strife about it.

God be with his people evermore.

R.

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### MYSTERIES.

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A mystery is that which is hid and beyond our comprehension. We may have the most undoubted evidence of its existence, and yet not be able to understand or comprehend the cause, the manner or mode of its existence.

Everything in the heavens or in the earth are mysteries to men. We know that the sun, moon and stars exist, but we cannot comprehend how it is so. We know there is light and heat, and that there are winds, clouds, rain, hail and storm, but how they exist, and what is their use and effects in every particular is beyond our comprehension. We know that "all the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full," but we cannot understand or tell why it is so any further than to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

The earth is full of mysteries. Not an atom, herb, tree or plant, not an animal, insect or a worm, a hill or a mountain, but what is enveloped in mystery. Yea, human life itself, death and eternity, are all mysteries beyond our comprehension. But shall we deny our own existence, or that of anything else, simply because we cannot unravel the mystery, or fully comprehend all about how and why they exist?

But there are, in a religious sense, two great leading mysteries set forth in the scriptures. Both of them

are incomprehensible mysteries. One is the Mystery of Godliness, and the other the mystery of iniquity. "Great is the Mystery of Godliness," says the Apostle. 1 Tim. iii. 16. And in 2 Thess. ii. 7, he says, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work."

The whole gospel system of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, and every part of it, is a marvelous and wonderful mystery. It is the mystery of God and of Christ. It is the mystery of God's will revealed and made known unto his people according to his good pleasure which he purposed in himself.—Eph. i. 9.

But not only is the Gospel of our salvation a mystery, but the preaching of it is also a mystery. "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory."—1 Cor. ii. 7. The preaching of Jesus Christ is "according to the revelation of the *mystery* which was kept secret since the world began."—Rom. xvi. 25. And the apostles and all gospel ministers are to be "accounted as ministers of Christ and stewards of the *mysteries* of God."—1 Cor. iv. 1. And what a mystery it is to the minister himself that he has been put into the ministry. How wonderful and mysterious have been the dealings of God with him to bring him to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. And how sweetly mysterious it is that he is at times enabled to speak with such ease and freedom, and then again how sadly mysterious that his mind is dark and unfruitful, so that he is as one "shut up and cannot come forth." At times how poor and ignorant he does feel. He is humbled and his soul made like unto a weaned child, to accept thankfully what is given him, and even to ask his poor brethren to pray for him, that God would open unto him a door of utterance to speak the *mystery* of Christ's love, power and grace.—Col. iv. 3. Under a feeling sense of the greatness of the mystery of preaching the gospel, even the Apostle Paul, with all his endowments, was so humble as not to be ashamed to say to his brethren, "Pray for *me*, that utterance may be given *me* that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the *mystery* of the gospel."

The experience of every Christian is a mystery from his first convictions for sin down to this present hour. There are many things he cannot solve or account for,

yet he knows they are existing facts which he has seen, known and felt. They are mysteries of the kingdom of heaven and of God that are given him to know, while to others it is not given.—Matt. xiii. 11, and Luke iv. 11. And even this difference which God has made between one man and another, is also a mystery. We know it to be a mystery, but can we comprehend and explain it? And if we are not to believe anything which our eyes see, our ears hear and our hearts feel, until we can comprehend, understand and dissolve all its mysteries, then there are but few things that we can believe or receive as truth. Can we comprehend how God was manifest in the flesh? We cannot. Yet we believe it upon the testimony of God's word. We receive and believe many things as revealed truth, even though we cannot explain, comprehend or tell how they are so.

But we wish now to speak a few words with regard to the Mystery of Iniquity. It is a great deep, and though not pleasant for any child of God to dwell upon, it is doubtless needful that he should know something of its exceeding sinfulness that he may be guarded against its bewitching influence.

Iniquity is usually defined to be sin and wickedness in their most aggravated and worst form. It is a sinful rebellion against God, or a wicked invasion of the rights of men by fraud, deception or violence. But it is in matters of religion or worship that its deepest mysteries and most abominable features are set forth in the scriptures. Its work is satanic, and its coming is after the "working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish."—2 Thess. ii. 9.

And here we would do well to notice that this mystery of iniquity has great power over the minds of men by reason of signs, lying wonders and apparent miracles which it performs. "It deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the *means of these miracles* which it had power to do in the sight of the beast."—Rev. xiii. 14. What a mystery of deception there is in false religion! It often imitates that which is genuine and true. It performs wonders, and in order the better to deceive it has the power of performing miracles, and even to make fire come down from heaven on the earth in the

sight of men. It looks to men as though it were the real fire of heaven without the mixture of man's work, and yet, strange to say, it is all deception. "It deceiveth them that dwell on the earth," but it does not deceive those who dwell in heaven.

Earthly Religion, like earthly wisdom, "descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish—for where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."—James iii. 15.

But if the reader wishes to investigate this mystery of iniquity more fully, we refer him to the careful reading of the New Testament, especially the Book of Revelations, where those who are deceived and run most greedily after the "lying wonders" of this mystery of iniquity, are invariably spoken of as on earth, or *dwelling* upon earth, in *distinction* from those who dwell in heaven. This distinction is worthy of special notice, and we would gladly enlarge upon it here, but time and space forbid.

The "dwelling-place" of the saints of God is not now, nor never has been said to be, upon earth. "Lord, thou hast been our Dwelling-Place in all generations."—Psa. xc. But false worshipers are dwelling upon the earth as their only hope or foundation. "All that *dwell* upon the earth shall worship the beast." "He *deceiveth* them that *dwell* on the earth." What a mystery!—Rev. xiii. 8-14.—M.

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### COMPULSION.

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And they gave them drink in vessels of gold and royal wine in abundance, according to the state of the king, and the drinking was according to the law; NONE DID COMPEL; for so had the king appointed to all the officers of his house that they should do according to every man's pleasure.—Esther i.

The religion of Christ is not one of FORCE. The royal wine at the king's feast was forced upon none; it would have been a violation of the king's law to force it upon any; for the law was that every man should drink it according to his pleasure. If any man felt the need of it, the wine was free to him, free without money or price; and if he did not want it, he was not compelled to drink it. It was forbid to none and forced upon none. A man deserved no praise for drinking it, and

merited no censure for not drinking it. It was like God's grace in the gospel, that is for all who may feel the need of it. It matters not how vile and sinful the man may feel to be, he is not forbid to go to Christ. And, indeed, the more conscious he is of his sinfulness and the more he feels the need of the royal wine, the more he appreciates the king's grace in providing it for him; and the more is displayed in him the riches of the glorious kingdom of grace.

All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him,  
This he gives.

The king made no requisition upon the poverty of his subjects to aid him in providing the feast for them, but he taught them as God taught Paul when he said to him, my grace is sufficient for thee; he taught them that he was rich enough and loved them enough to bear all the expense of it for them. The feast was designed to show the riches of his glorious kingdom. And that is what God's grace does; it shows the riches of grace; that God's grace is rich enough to save a sinner, a dead, helpless, bankrupt and impoverished sinner, one who has not only not a good thought or desire to contribute, but who is a willing subject of sin and an enemy to God. God's grace is rich enough to save just such a sinner; and if it is not that rich, then not one sinner has ever been or will ever be saved.

#### IT IS ANTI-CHRIST TO FORCE IT UPON ANY.

Christ did not force himself nor his religion upon anybody. When a certain Samaritan village would not receive him, he went with his disciples to another village; nor would he destroy them for it, though solicited by James and John to do so; but he rebuked them for making a request so contrary to his spirit.—Luke ix.

If the king's officers had forced the royal wine upon any who did not want it, it would have been making them profess a need that they did not feel, and have been either deceiving them or making them hypocrites. And this sort of religion can be of no possible good to the world, but is bound to be in the long run, with all its show of moral and mental training, a positive injury to mankind. The effect of the royal wine upon the two different characters—upon the one who felt the need of

it and the one whd did not—would be as oppoosite as day and night. The needy one it would cheer and strengthen, but the other it would inebriate, and stimulate his fleshly righteousness. Those who receive the doctrine of God's grace in their salvation in the spirit of the Lord, are humbled by it; they are made more prayerful, more careful, less presumptuous and more diligent, and in fact are made to abound more and more in the fruits of the spirit; whilst those who receive the doctrine of grace in the letter only, are made more self-confident, arrogant, vain, exaacting and unmerciful than ever before. This was the case with the Jews; with all their righteousness, they were filled with all manner of excess; were unmerciful, hard, unrelenting, and self-confident. They hated Christ and his disciples without a cause; they finally crucified him in their blind zeal for God; they stoned Stephen to death, and Paul himself had a hand in that cruel deed. That is the spirit of the religion of force. It has shed almost rivers of Christian blood. And there is whence it sprung, from drinking the king's wine with no sense of need; from professing religion destitute of the spirit; and from force of some sort, either from parents, friends or ministers; or from carnal, worldly or social influences. There is no disposition in a Christian, when he is in his right mind, to force his religion upon anybody. Nor do Christians ask aid from governments to propagate their religion; for they know that it cannot be propagated by the power of men or governments. All they ask is to be let alone in their religious privileges.

There has been recently a good deal of talk by religious people about Sabbath keeping; and a disposition is seen to force men to keep it as a religious institution. Now is that of the spirit of God? All men in this country are required by law to keep Sunday, because it is a civil institution. But if religious people wish to keep it as a Sabbath, or religious institution, none could object; it is their privilege; but it is not their privilege to force a man against his will to keep it religiously. M. A. Gault, of Blanchard, Iowa, has said upon this subject:

“Whether the Constitution (of the United States) will be set right upon the question of the moral supremacy of God's law in the government, without a bloody revolution or not, depends upon the strength and resistance of the forces of anti-Christ.” [He calls

opposition to the religion of force anti-Christ, when the truth is, that the religion of force is anti-Christ.] "Don't think," he said, "that we are advocating war; but if we are not successful in the use of other means, as it was with the anti-slavery question, after they had agitated, and petitioned, and used the ballot, they drew the sword; so shall we, as a last resort, be compelled to use the sword and the bullet."

This Mr. Gault wants what he calls a Christian constitution, one making Sunday a religious institution, binding upon all citizens, and thus forcing all to the meeting-houses, and to the support of religion. This is a feature of anti-Christ. I have no doubt that all Christians would be much more suitably and profitably employed on Sunday in worship, or in religious reading and meditation, than in newspaper reading and social pleasures; but if other men, who abstain in obedience to law from labor on Sunday, wish to spend their time otherwise, it is their privilege; they violate no law in doing it. The most of towns have a Sunday mail; and sometimes a minority of citizens in a town wishes a Sunday mail, but perhaps a majority of religious people forbid it; and is that doing the minority right? Is not that *force*? Should religious people deprive others of a legal privilege that does not violate their conscience? I think not. Christ would not have done it.

Sam Jones, in one of his sermons at Cartersville, advised his hearers to use dynamite in suppressing the liquor traffic, so Eld. Thrash told me. Would Christ have taught his hearers to do such bloody work as that? Let the liquor traffic be as evil as Sam Jones thinks it is, Christ would never have put such words against it in his mouth as those quoted. Because that was the spirit that crucified Christ and stoned Stephen.

The plea is that this is a Christian government; but that is not true, for there is but one Christian government, and that is the government of that kingdom that is not of this world. This is a civil, and not a religious government; a government of all sorts of people—black and white, Jew and Christian; believer and unbeliever—one in which the rights of the Jew are secured as well as the Christian, the unbeliever as well as the believer, and in which they are each and all members of the same civil body and equals before the law. It is asserted that Christianity is a part of the common law.

“And this assertion,” said Chief Justice Clayton, “may be liable to misconstruction, and has been misunderstood. It is a current phrase,” continued the Chief Justice, “among the special pleaders that the almanac is a part of the law of the land; by this is meant that the courts will judicially notice the days of the week and other things properly belonging to an almanac, without pleading or proving them. So we apprehend any court in a civilized country is bound to notice in the same way what is the prevailing religion of the country. If in Delaware the people should adopt the Jewish religion, as they have an unquestionable right to do if they prefer it, the court is bound to notice it as their religion and respect it accordingly.”

Dr. Wharton, in his *Criminal Law*, says:

“We make blasphemy of Christianity indictable; but this is because such blasphemy is productive of a breach of the public peace, and not because it is an offense against God. We treat a disturbance of Christian worship as indictable when such disturbance amounts to a private assault or public disorder; but we give that same protection to non-Christian assemblies. And in no State does the government interfere to prosecute offenses consisting of a denial of Christian dogmas (creeds) or a rejection of Christian sanctions. Nor in any State is Christianity in such sense part of the common law that the State can determine what are the dogmas (creeds, doctrines) of Christianity. That which is part of the common law can be changed by statute, but as the tenets of Christianity are beyond the reach of statutes, we must hold that they are not part of the common law.”

It is one of the chief glories of our government that it is one in which religion is free; and it becomes every citizen of the country, whether religious or irreligious, to see that it is kept free, and that there shall be under no guise not even the semblance of a union of Church and State. It will not do to give undue influence and power to any religious denomination, whether Protestant or Catholic. “It is good,” said the eminent historian, J. L. Motley, in his *Dutch Republic*, “that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured in the sacred name of God. It is good that these crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered.” The Roman Catholics, when they controlled the religion of the world, let no mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow creatures to suffer escape them.

“Men, women and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake.

Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, and starved and buried alive. Their skins, stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many, who had died a natural death, were exhumed and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities are almost beyond belief. Unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers. A poor Anabaptist, guilty of no crime but his fellowship with a persecuted sect, had been condemned to death. He had made his escape, closely pursued by an officer across a frozen lake. It was late in the winter, and the ice had become unsound; it trembled and cracked beneath his footsteps, but he reached the shore in safety. The officer was not so fortunate; the ice gave way beneath him, and he sank into the lake, uttering a cry for succor. There were none to hear except the fugitive he had been hunting. Dirk Williamzon, for so the Anabaptist was called, instantly obeying the dictates of a generous nature, returned, crossed the dangerous and quaking ice at the peril of his life, extended his hand to his enemy and saved him from certain death. Unfortunately for human nature, it cannot be added that the generosity of the action was met by a corresponding heroism. The officer was desirous it is true of avoiding the responsibility of sacrificing the preserver of his life, but the burgomaster sternly reminded him to remember his oath. He accordingly arrested the fugitive, who on the 16th of May following was burned to death under the most lingering tortures."—See Motley's Dutch Republic.

Motley was not a religious historian, and may therefore be credited as free from religious bias.

These results follow in the wake of religion that is forced upon men. It grows up slowly and insidiously at first, but eventually gets control of men and governments; and then, in the name of Christ, it persecutes, oppresses and murders all who do not bow the knee to it.—R.

[CONTINUED.]

When Philip enquired of Demosthenes whether he was afraid to lose his head, he answered, "No; for if I do lose it, the Athenians will bestow an immortal one upon me."

## IGNORANCE OF RESULTS NO EXCUSE.

In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.—Ecc. xi. 6.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: It is not my purpose to comment upon the above text, but there is a little incident in my own experience and some suggestions growing out therefrom which seems in some degree to illustrate the truth of the text that we "know not" what shall be the result of our labors, but we know that the word of the Lord saith, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. xi. 1. About forty years ago I had become greatly afflicted so that I gave up the care of the four churches I had been serving as pastor. My bodily and mental sufferings were great beyond all power to describe, and to add still more to my distress my mind became dark as to the reality of my hope in Christ, and of my call to the ministry. For two weeks in 1851 there was not a solitary promise in the Bible that I could claim with any comfort. One day my wife was at the spring washing our clothing, and the little children with her, which left me alone at the house. I was very feeble, and desired above all things that I could have one evidence from the Lord or one promise that I could lay hold of by faith as applying personally to me.

Opening the Bible, I read, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."—Psalms cii. 17. It seemed as though the Lord had spoken to me, and he gave me faith to lay hold of that blessed promise, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute." I knew I was destitute of every comfort, and when He spake to me that he would not despise the prayer of the destitute my soul leaped for joy. Darkness of mind fled away, my hard heart was melted, and I wept for joy before the Lord.

Now, I wish to say a few words as to some of the results of this incident in my life which have occurred since that time. A few times, when suddenly called on to preach, I would feel so destitute of any fruitfulness of mind in the gospel that this text would come to my relief, "He will regard the prayer of the destitute," and I have used it as a text on such occasions about four

times in my life, with sweetness and comfort to myself and possibly to others. And now, after near forty years have past, feeling very destitute one day, I thought I would write a little upon "God's promise to the destitute," but after writing awhile I felt that "my heart was smitten and withered like grass," (Psa. cii.) and all my comforts were gone. Looking over what was written, it seemed as nothing and unfit for publication. It was thrown aside, but by mistake it was sent with other editorial articles and correspondence to Eld. Respass, and when the June number of the MESSENGER for 1890 come to hand I was surprised to find on page 214 that very article, contrary to my design, had found its way into the MESSENGER. I read it, but it still seemed to be a dry, formal thing. But in about fifteen days afterwards a sister who had long been in the furnace of trial wrote me that she had long been in great spiritual destitution, and taking up the June MESSENGER, the thought came forcibly to mind that I had suffered many things, and perhaps something had been written in that number that would help her a little. She found that very article that I did not intend to have published, and the Lord applied it with great comfort to her. After about another month had passed away I received a letter from another sister living in Southwest Georgia, in which she says: "I want to tell you how much I appreciate the MESSENGER. It is indeed a great comfort to me. Your editorial in June number on 'God's Promise to the Destitute' seems as though it was written expressly for me, for it speaks of just what I have experienced. I want you to remember me and my little family in your prayers." After pondering these things in my heart for some days, and wondering what they could mean, I received another letter on yesterday from an aged sister in Texas, in which she says: "I am so glad you wrote upon the subject of the destitute, in the MESSENGER of June, 1890. It found me in a poor, destitute condition spiritually, and I am often thinking what am I that God should have been so merciful to me, as I know he has been? I do sympathize with you and sister Mitchell in your many afflictions."

Now, Bro. Respass, if the simple statement of these things should appear to partake too much of the childish

whims of a weak-minded old man, you will please withhold them from the readers of the MESSENGER. I am fully conscious of the Bible truth that it is not "him that commendeth himself that is approved, but him whom God commendeth."—Cor. And I also have good cause to say, "If I must needs glory, I will glory in the things that pertain to my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."—2 Cor. xii. How intimately and mysteriously does one thing connect with and grow out of another. We cannot see all the links in the chain of God's eternal purposes. In view of even the limited knowledge I have had of a few things in past life, the text heading this article seemed to be somewhat illustrated by some of those occurrences. And as gospel preaching is illustrated by sowing seed, I trust that gospel ministers will sow both morning and evening, or whether in light or darkness, and leave the result with the Lord.

W. M. MITCHELL.

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### EXTRACTS.

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GREENFIELD, IND.—*Dear Eld. Respass*: I have thought so much and so often of you since your visit among us last summer, and how very much we all enjoyed your talk that evening at Bro. D. H. Goble's. We all knew you were scarcely able to talk, yet we felt so reluctant to go away without hearing you; seemed that we who had not seen you before, could not leave; therefore you consented, and sat in your chair and talked so comforting. You looked like the teacher, while we, the little pupils around you. I verily believe it revived us as the gentle rain does the parched grass. We each and every one went away rejoicing, for we felt that we had been to a feast of love—a place where we could alike enjoy what we heard.

I sometimes think the Primitive Baptists ought to be the happiest people on earth, because they know and love the Lord. And to know him is life everlasting. I have no doubt about that; my only doubts are, do I know him? Am I one of the favored number?

"Do I love the Lord or no;  
Am I his or am I not?"

Then at times I feel confident I am one of that number. Is that vanity, or a delusion? Not vanity, surely, when I feel that in my heart I love the household of faith. My worst enemy, I sometimes think, is my frivolity. If I hear a good sermon I do

not feel sad, but light-hearted and happy. Then comes to my mind—

“Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.”

We have our Wednesday night social meeting, held at our residences, which are attended with much interest and harmony. Our very dear minister, Eld. R. W. Thompson, is always one of our number. Your sister, I hope, in Christ.

MRS. L. M. HENDRICKSON.

CANTON, MISS., Sept. 28, 1890.—*Eld. W. M. Mitchell*—*Dear Brother in Christ*: My heart was lifted with gladness and joy to receive a letter from you in answer to a little note of inquiry I had sent to you to know something more about your afflicted family. But when I read it, my heart went down to hear of your afflicted son, and of your daughter, with her seven children, and her poor husband in the asylum. My eyes filled with tears—and so with all the rest of us, for the same afflictions were with us—right with me. You have our deepest sympathies. I have been in great distress of mind. One of our sons became religiously concerned and joined the Missionaries, and his mind soon became so seriously impaired that we had to send him to the asylum, where he has recently died. I had much trouble of mind—so much so that I thought surely the Lord had cast me away, and I asked the Lord to take me out of the world. I was in good bodily health, but sick in mind. I am surrounded by good white neighbors, both Protestants and Catholics. Two Catholic widows would tell me of my son's goodness, and two Methodist ladies had lost husbands and children. I had heard of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER, and had been trying to get it, and eventually, while in this low state of mind, received it. I was greatly strengthened and encouraged to see by it that other Christians had the same afflictions. I was lifted up in spirit by the soothing words of the writers in the MESSENGER. And I love the whole household of faith, and thank the Lord for raising me up, for I was as one drowning and going down the last time, when I was lifted up. None of the writers knew the good they were doing, neither did I till the Lord lifted me out of my distress. He can heal all our infirmities, and give grace to bear them. Lord, help my unbelief.

And now, Bro. Mitchell, tell your poor, desolate daughter that we do feel for her and her little ones; but there is nothing that escapes the eyes of the Lord. He sees it all, and in his own time and way will bring all things right. It has seemed to me that the first article in the MESSENGER of October, 1890, was preached and published for my special benefit. The explanation of the “Pelican, the Owl and the Sparrow,” suited me so well that all through the discourse it seemed as though we were talking together, and the speaker was telling me what was in my heart. And the ed

torial by Bro. Respass, page 378, under the heading, "Holy and Reverend is His Name," spoke what was in my heart, and I had been trying to give utterance in words, but could not do so as Bro. Respass has done. I love to read all the writings of the correspondents, but as I have read more of your editorials, I am made to love your teaching, for it gives all the praise to the Lord. He has taken care of you near fifty years in the ministry, and if you should live fifty more, he is still able to keep you, for he is a "stronghold in the day of trouble, and knoweth them that trust in him."

I am glad to know that you and Sister M. and your afflicted son are living with your son-in-law and your oldest daughter, as you can be helps one to another. I am now about 60 years old, and have always had good health, for which I am thankful.

I enclose a little mite for your desolate daughter, as I have known something of the same kind of distress, and I desire you and her to accept it, for I feel that it is due you, and I know you are welcome, as I have been impressed for two or three years, but did not know how to get it to you.

MRS. SARAH BARTLEY.

REMARKS.—I do not know when I have ever been so affected, and my hard heart so melted as I was in hearing the letter of twenty-six pages read, from which the above extract is taken. Eld. W. R. Avery being at our house, was requested to read the letter, as I had been to meeting, and was much fatigued. We could not refrain from tears, and felt in our heart to thank God and take courage. What wonders the Lord hath wrought for his people in all ages of the world, and what wonders he is still working! The article in the MESSENGER to which Sister Bartley refers as speaking the words and sentiments of her heart, was a sermon preached by a man in England, taking for his text "The Pelican, the Owl and the Sparrow," as found in cii. Psalm, and yet, here is a poor colored woman, more than three thousand miles away, feeling the burning truth of every word in her own heart, as though she had been always acquainted with the preacher, and were then together talking to each other. Truly the Lord's people have One Great and Infallible Teacher in all ages, and in every part of the world, and can lift up their voices together and sing praises to the Lord.

The letter of Sister Bartley was not written for publication, but we hope she will not feel embarrassed, or take it unkindly for the above extract to go abroad to all who love and serve our Lord Jesus, as it does seem to us to be of such general interest in setting forth the glory of God's grace, that it would hardly be right to put it under a bushel, or under a bed, to hide it. Let the blessed work and truth of God's love and grace shine forth to all who are in the house of God.

We do feel greatly humbled in accepting the "little mite," as Sister Bartley calls it, and pray God that we could receive it under

the promptings of the same spirit in which we have reason to believe it was given; not that we desire a gift, or that we are drumming for it, but we desire spiritual fruit that may abound to the credit of all the Lord's people, in whom he works to will and to do of his own pleasure. And if he has worked in them, and so impressed their mind for "two or three years," to make a certain contribution, who am I, that I should withstand God, or say they should not do it? And I trust I do now feel in my heart the spirit and force of Paul's words to the church more than I ever did, when he said, "I receive it as a sacrifice acceptable and well pleasing to God."—Phil. iv. 18.

Sister Bartley is an entire stranger to us in the flesh, but we have reason to believe we are kindred in Christ, and though we have been taught in the school of adversity, yet we trust "It is the Lord's doings," though marvelous in our eyes. Praise ye the Lord: praise him in the heights above and in the *depths* beneath.

W. M. M.

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BISSELL, PENNSYLVANIA, Oct. 29, 1890.—*My Dear Brother Respass*—If indeed one so unworthy as I, should call one of the Lord's chosen ones brother or sister. For if I am one at all I am surely the least one of all. Very often I think maybe, after all, it is but a thing of the imagination with me; but sometimes I hope that I realize his precious love within me, and then I am thankful and full of joy. In regard to our churches here, the Plum Run Church has but one living member, the others all having been called home to their rest. The members of the Cortell Church have all been gathered to their peaceful home in heaven. And the Ruff Creek has also gone down, but three members, I think, living at this time. The members of the Newtown Church have all gone home to their blessed Saviour. My foreparents were members of that church. My grandfather John was deacon of that church until he became too frail to attend to it, and then his son James was put into his place. My father and mother were members there before my recollection. Grandfather John raised five children, and four of them united with the Primitive Baptists, and the other regretted much on her death-bed that she had put it off until it was too late. My dear companion, my sister-in-law and myself have our membership in Meadow Run Church, Green county, Penn. This church had also gone down, having had for a long time no preacher, until dear Bro. Philip McInturff came from West Virginia, when it was reorganized. I was not a member until sometime after dear Bro. McInturff came to Pennsylvania. He served us as a true minister of Christ until he was called home to receive his crown. And then we were like lost sheep in the desert until our much esteemed brother, Eld. Thomas Alderton came. He lives in West Virginia, about 160 miles, and he comes twice a year—June and October. He surely is one of the Lord's chosen ones to feed the sheep and lambs. I am sorry to tell you that we

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have not a minister in this part of the State. Dear brethren and sisters, pray for us that the Lord would raise up among us some of his true ministers, or send one to us, as he did dear Bro. McInturff. We have a plenty of so-called preachers, who preach for the money, but not the truth; neither can they bear to hear it.

Yours in hope,

DAVID JOHN.

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### HELP NEEDED.

SEVEN FOUNTAINS, SHENANDOAH CO., VA.—*Dear Brother:* I regret very much to ask what I am going to ask of you, and if you think I ought not to do it, I will not be hurt by your declining it. I was going to ask if you could not ask, through your paper, if some of the brethren, who are able to do so, would not give me a little assistance, and thus aid a suffering brother to give himself medical attention that might result in the improvement of his health? Being a stranger to you, I will say that Bro. Purifoy knows me—was present when I was baptized—and he told me, concerning my health, that it would never be good. It is much worse now than when he said so, several years ago. If you say anything about this matter in the MESSENGER, put it in your own words. If you think I am wrong, don't do anything about it. I feel ashamed to send you this, but my needs and sufferings have prompted me in doing it. Affectionately your brother,

NOAH MCINTURFF.

I am a nephew of the late Eld. Philip McInturff, of West Virginia.

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CYNTHIANA, IND., Dec. 3, 1890.—*Dear Bro. Respass:* Your paper is very warmly appreciated by those who are taking it here, and I pray the Lord may keep you in his protecting care, and that your labors may continue in the future, as they have been in the past, a source of comfort and encouragement to the Lord's poor and tried little ones. May the Lord's richest blessings be given to guide and instruct you. Dear brother, remember us at the throne of mercy. Yours, unworthily,

JOS. R. WELLBORN.

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SEWARD, NEBRASKA, Nov. 26, 1890.—*Esteemed Brother:* Though I am a stranger in the face to you, yet I do hope we are "No more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." I have just returned home from an extended tour of over five months among the churches in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky. I have returned to the churches of my regular charge, though how long I may remain seems uncertain. It may not be known to you that I was called to give up my dear wife last March by death. I did not remember whether her obituary had been published in THE GOSPEL MESSENGER or not until to night I got the December number from the post office, and I see it has not been sent to you. I was

so distressed in mind at her death that I determined, as soon as I could close out my business engagements, I would start on a tour among the churches. So on the 16th of June, after getting permission of the churches I was serving, I set out, not knowing whither I went. I continued my journey to the eastern part of Kentucky before I began to retrace my steps. As before stated, I am now here again, among the churches I serve, but feel that I shall again ask them to allow me another absence during the winter. If I do not change my mind, it is now in contemplation to visit the churches in the South, leaving here in January. If I do go, I will be pleased to receive correspondence from the brethren in Southwestern Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia.

It was my good fortune to meet with Bro. W. P. Thompson, of Tuskegee, Ala., while at the Mt. Pleasant Association, in Kentucky, the fifth of September last. I gave him a partial promise that I might visit that country during the winter. While I was passing through Indiana, I filled appointments at several churches where you had been during the earlier part of the season. This seemed to increase my desire to visit you at your home in Butler, which desire still remains with me; though when I read Eld. Mitchell's editorial in this last number of the MESSENGER, page 461, I was made to reflect over the matter, and it occurred to me that possibly I had better stay at home. How dearly do I love this dear old brother for his faithfulness in the cause! I will, however, here say, that the Lord was good to me, and preserved my life, and gave me strength to enable me to travel during the summer and fall considerably over three thousand miles, and filled every appointment, speaking one hundred times on the way. I realize that it was of God's goodness that kept me up, and I now have the pleasing thought that He kept me from wounding the feelings of the saints among whom my lot was cast. If what I was enabled to say gave offense to a single one of God's dear children, they failed to let me know it. I hope it was not that I shunned to declare the whole council of God with just the ability that God giveth, but I do hope it was that He, in His love and mercy, directed me in the way; and when God's people are kept by him in the way, peace and fellowship abound.

Dear brethren editors, I need not say to you that I highly appreciate the conduct of the MESSENGER, and also endorse the doctrine that it defends. With Eld. Rittenhouse, I can say sometimes the brethren imagine differences when really none exist. All Baptists North and South, I do believe, hold alike to predestination, election, and the sovereignty of God, and that his saints will, through grace, certainly persevere to eternal glory. Then, brethren, let us all endeavor to keep the unity of faith, and seek for that that maketh peace, leaving "railings" to the ungodly.

One of the least of the family, if one at all,

JAMES M. TRUE.

PINE LEVEL, ALA., Nov. 3, 1890.—*Dear Brother:* I want to tell you that I went to Union Church yesterday. Old Brother Misdeldine and Brother Gibson preached, and I believe the Lord was with them. Bro. Gibson baptized three ladies yesterday and three the first of October. I don't think he misses a meeting but what he baptizes one or more, so you see our church is in a flourishing condition. I thought yesterday that I did not ask a greater blessing than to be able to attend church in my feeble health. Pray for me and my afflicted family. May the Lord bless you.

Your sister, I hope,

M. J. HADEN.

FROST, TEX., Nov. 6, 1890.—*Dear Bro. R.:* I am at home after a five months' ramble in Central and Western Texas. It was one of the most enjoyable times of life. I passed through the following counties: Navarro, Hill, McLennan, Coryelle, Hamilton, Mills, Brown, Coleman, Runnells, Taylor, Eastland, Stephens, Palo Pinto, Hood, Parker, Tarrant, Johnson and Ellis. I met quite a number of brethren and friends in my travels, some of whom I had not met before in twenty years. To write all I saw and heard, it would fill a considerable volume. I attended a three days' meeting in Coleman county, met Elders Jackson, Needham and Graham, also, another old brother, but I cannot now recall the name. Eld. Graham is a grand son of the late Eld. Jesse Graham, one of the most promising young gifts I ever met in life—perfectly sound and orthodox. Bro. Needham is rather an old man, but a young gift, and a very promising one. Eld. Boyett has been in the West for sixteen years. The Lord has wonderfully blessed his labors. He travels and preaches to the destitute, organizing churches in the West. What was the most gratifying to me, was the peace and brotherly love that prevails among the churches. They have no strange gods among them; no fine-spun theories. Jesus and the Resurrection is their theme; the final redemption of all God's people. It is gratifying to know that we of the West are not bothered by the doctrines and commandments of men which is troublesome in some other portions of the United States. The growth of the church in the West is steady. The principal growth is from the Missionary Baptist body. I am much pleased with yours and Bro. Mitchell's editorials, and the tone and sentiments of the correspondents of the MESSENGER.

Wishing you and the readers of the MESSENGER God's greatest blessings, I will close.

I am sorry to hear of the sickness of Bro. Mitchell's son; hope he may soon recover. Yours in Christ,

J. H. MILLER.

SOAP STONE MOUNT, N. C.—*Dear Brother:* Our Association, the Abbott's Creek Union, was held with our church (Sandy Creek) last August. We had a nice meeting, favorable weather, and a large assemblage of people, and nine able preachers. Although there are only two members of our church that live near

enough to take care of an Association, yet I think none lacked for a home. One reason was, though, so many brought their homes with them. My mind went back in imagination to the days of our forefathers, the first settlers of this country, when Shubal Stearns and sixteen others came here and formed themselves into a church and named it Sandy Creek. They went into all the surrounding counties, preaching and baptizing believers and forming churches, and in order to have union and correspondence, church with church, they formed themselves into an Association, and agreed to meet first with the mother church (Sandy Creek). I suppose the Baptists in those days were generally poor, and lived in small houses, and knowing there would be such an immense assembly of people come to the first Associations, Stearns and others advised them to "come in covered wagons, and camp on the ground." And that was the way a large number came to our Association. The hill was dotted with covered wagons and tents, and all seemed cheerful and happy. As for ourselves, we felt sad and lonely. What of our old members that had been there at Associations for fifty or sixty years, that have not gone to their long homes, were too old, and feeble, and helpless to come out. We wanted our old fathers and mothers there to make the dear brethren and sisters feel themselves at home. We felt incompetent to do that; we felt weak and sickly among so many live, healthy Baptists. Eld. W. P. Williard preached the introductory sermon. He had not been among us since our old members ceased to be there; when our church was alive. At the sound of his voice past remembrances and fond recollections flashed over my mind and caused a flow of tears I could not restrain. Eld. J. R. Rowe, from the sea coast, followed in power and demonstration of the spirit. Next was Eld. J. T. Stewart, from Alabama, whom we all felt to honor for his work's sake. Then there was that precious old brother, Eld. Wm. Ross, who we never expected to see in this rough hill-country again. He sounded loud his gospel trumpet, as he always does, without an uncertainty about it. And Elders Hardy, Adams, Wootten and Harris all spoke of that Highway, and the way and the path that no fowl knoweth, no unclean beast shall pass over it, but should be for those; the wayfaring man though fool shall not err therein.

Since I wrote to you last, about a year ago, death, with his sharp sickle, has been at work again in our family and cut down a precious and lovely sister in the flesh, Mrs. Emily Jones, our oldest sister. She was not a member of any church, but had expressed herself as having a hope, and desiring to join at Sandy Creek, but living a distance from it she neglected her duty. She died so suddenly and unexpected that it seemed a greater trouble than the death of our dear mother. I had not met with her children and husband since I parted with them at her grave when she was buried last April, at Sandy Creek, until they gathered in at the Association. Of course, the sight of them brought all

things connected with her to our remembrance, and we had that trouble all to go over again. But perhaps we are wearying you with our troubles. One more and we will be done.

I saw once, or thought I saw, a very precious brother drifting down into the tide of error, not intentionally, but ignorantly and unthoughtedly. I took occasion to let him know his fault, which I then believed was my duty to do, and yet believing it, I heartily repented it in a short time. It caused me more trouble than anything I have ever had to contend with yet. As I contended, scriptures would present themselves to my mind, such as, "See thou hast not the oil and the wine," then, "He which converteth the sinner from the errors of his way shall save a soul from death," and on, and on, and on, until I rehearsed the whole of my past natural life—how that I had suffered the loss of eight brothers and sisters (we were once such a happy family!) and I assisted in carrying a very lovely brother off the field of slaughter, shot down in the late war; I stood by the bed of a dear dying father, and closed the eyes of a precious mother; but I said to myself, this is the worst of all. And so it is through great tribulation we are to enter the kingdom, and I sometimes hope, when the trials, turmoils and temptations of this life end, I shall be admitted into that peaceable and happy kingdom by the imputed righteousness of a merciful Saviour, to reign with him forever and ever. May the God grant it! I am sure of one thing: that if it depends upon my own goodness, my perfections or my own efforts, I shall never get there.

Hoping, Bro. Respass, your great spiritual strength will bear with a weak one, I subscribe myself your humble sister,

VANDELIA E. JONES.

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## OBITUARIES.

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### NATHAN RAY.

Bro. Ray was born in Columbus county, N. C., July 10, 1800, and was ninety years, two months and fourteen days old at the time of his death, which took place September 24, 1890. Bro. Ray professed a hope in Christ and he and his wife, Sister Ray, joined the Baptist church at old Mt. Zion, Columbus county, N. C., in 1830, and was baptized by Eld. Job Goodman. He was raised by a stepfather, and, according to his statement, he had a very hard time until he was twenty-one years old, at which time he commenced work for himself, in the fall of 1822. In October he was married to Miss Ailsey Baton, and they had born unto them fourteen children, all of whom preceeded them to the grave but three—two sons and a daughter—who are members of the Primitive Baptist church. The writer got acquainted with the old brother in October, 1858. I do not know that I ever was acquainted with a sounder Baptist, although he could not read a word in the Bible, but it certainly was a gift from high heaven to understand the Scriptures.

Bro. Ray moved from North Carolina in November, 1854, and landed in Arkansas December 17, 1854. When he came to this State he was decoyed off with and joined the Missionary Baptists. One preacher by the name of Edward Haynes, from Georgia, made him believe they were the Primitive Baptists; but just as soon as he heard a Primitive Baptist preach he went to their church in confession, and told them that he had heard his Father's bell and he was going to it, and he wanted his letter, for he was not of them, and he was going home. They told him they could not give him a letter, and he told them he did not want a letter from them, but wanted his old North Carolina letter, and they gave it to him, and he went into the constitution of Oak Grove Primitive Baptist church.

He was confined to his bed five weeks with slow fever, and he would not have a doctor, for he did not want to get well, but wanted to die and go to Jesus. Monday after the fourth Sunday in August, on my way from our district meeting, the writer tried to preach at the house where he was staying, for his comfort, and again on the fifth Sunday. I was with him during his illness, and talked with him on the subject of death. He talked freely and said he did not dread death. He was perfectly ready and willing to go; that he was just waiting for summons. I never heard him complain or murmur during his whole sickness. He was a man that provided well for his family as long as he was able to work. He never had any business in court of his own in his life. In his death Siloam church has lost a father in Israel. He was a good neighbor, a kind and loving husband and father.

On the 24th of September, at 4 o'clock P. M., he fell asleep in Jesus. His remains were interred the next evening at twilight at the Pleasant Hill graveyard, prayer by the writer; and the writer tried to preach his funeral the third Sunday in October from John xi., 25, to a large congregation of sorrowing friends. But we sorrow not as those that have no hope, for we believe our loss is his eternal gain, and may the Lord bless and sanctify this sore bereavement to the good of our old and aged sister the few remaining days she has to live on earth, and may the children take courage and try to live and imitate the example of their dear old father, that when they come to die they may die as their father died, is the prayer of one in hope of a better resurrection.

*Willisville, Ark.*

L. M. COOK.

#### DEACON R. M. J. MITCHELL.

Was the son of Druey and Rhoda Mitchell, and was born January 25th, 1804, in Green county, Ga.; moved to Jones county, Ga., and was married to Miss Martha Driver in 1827; moved to Houston county, Ga., and was baptized into the fellowship of Glorious Hope Church by Eld. John McKinzey, in 1830, and soon after elected clerk. He moved then to Marion county, Ga., and put his letter in Mt. Zion Church. About this time his first wife died, by whom he had raised ten children—three sons and seven daughters—of whom four are living, one son and three daughters. He then, in 1844, moved to Taylor county, Ga., and was in the constitution of Prosperity Church. About this time he was married to Miss Rhoda Ann Elizabeth Howell, and he then, in 1858, moved to Butler county, Ala., and was in the constitution of Elizabeth church, of which he was a orderly member up to his death. He was ordained Deacon in 1863 by Elds. John Kington and J. M. Miller. He departed this life September 1st, 1890. By his last wife he had raised nine children—two sons and seven daughters—of whom five are living, two sons and three daughters. He leaves a widow to mourn the loss of her loving and kind husband, nine children to mourn the loss of a dear father, forty-four grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and the church the loss of Deacon and an orderly member, who was faithful and tried. He was a delegate to the Association when the Old and New School Baptists divided in Ga., 1833,

and he was able to give advice to the church. His neighbors lost a friend indeed. We will say to the widow and children, weep not as those who have no hope, for we believe our loss is his eternal gain; that his spirit is now at rest with his parents, and wife and children, who had been called before him to their final resting home in the Father's mansions of eternal bliss, waiting the last trump for mortal to put on immortality, and death to be swallowed in victory. Then we can say with the Psalms, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness. May God through his tender mercy fit and prepare all Brother Mitchell's children to meet their father in heaven, where sickness, pain, and death, is done away, and parting is no more. May Sister Mitchell and the humble writer join the happy band to sing redeeming grace and neverdying love.

Yours in hope,

G. W. LEE.

WM. BARNES.

WILSON, N. C., Dec. 2, 1890—*My Dear Brother:* Bro. WM. BARNES died in Wilson yesterday, in his 80th year. He had been married fifty-seven years, and baptized about eighteen years. He had been afflicted with dyspepsia fifty years. He was an upright, honorable and benevolent man. Having no children of his own, he had raised seventeen orphan children. His wife survives him. Yours in love,

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

The life of this departed brother affords stronger evidence of the truth of Christianity than a thousand controversies on predestination. Plato, when dying, thanked God that he had lived in the days of Socrates, and may we not thank God that we have lived in the days of a few such Christians as William Barnes?—R.

LINSON ADOLPHUS LOARD.

This darling babe, and only child of L. F. and Letitia A. Loard, was born at Graham, Appling county, Ga., Nov. 3, 1889. Its whole life was one of suffering, but more intensely for the last three weeks with typhoid fever, and on the night of Oct. 5, 1890, the angles came with 'snowy wings' and took its spirit home. On the following evening, October 6th, followed by a large concourse of weeping relatives and friends, and after a most sincere and heart-felt prayer by Bro. Thos. Morris, its little form was laid to rest in Graham Cemetery, there to await the command of its Heavenly Father, and bid thee come up higher. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Of such we know the infants are, hence we should cease our fruitless tears and be resigned to our Heavenly Father, who has only took a loved one home.

Now, Bro. Respass, from this you see more of my troubles of late, this being eight of my family past from time to eternity within the past few months. At a throne of mercy I desire to be remembered by you and all God's saints. Yours in tribulation,

JOHN W. LOARD.

SARAH ANN HUBBARD.

My dear mother, Mrs. SARAH ANN HUBBARD, daughter of Archie and Mary Whitten, was born Oct. 8, 1826, and departed this life July 1, 1890, having been confined to her bed eleven days with consumption of the bowels. She had been very feeble for a year, but kept up most of the time; but at last had to take her bed, never to rise again in this life. She was the second wife of Eld. William Hubbard, and was the mother of five children, three having preceded her to the grave; also, her dear companion, six years previous to her. She had been a member of the Primitive Baptist church for many years. She has always been a faithful member, filling her seat when it was possible for her to do so. Her Bible and GOSPEL MESSENGER were her daily companions, in which she took great deight. Her home had been with me for eight years, and I can truly say I never saw any one with more Christian fortitude, her disposition being mild and quiet, she scarcely ever was heard to murmur. Much could

be said about her many good traits, but as briefness is required, I shall desist. No one will ever know how much I miss her, but I hope the Lord will enable me to bear it. I hope I shall meet her again. She was laid beside her father and mother, at Chickasawhatchie Church yard. Burial service being conducted by our pastor, Eid. W. T. Everitt, in the presence of a large number of friends and a few relatives—myself and brother being all that was near. She leaves many friends and relatives in different States, for whose benefit I write this. I solicit the prayers of the brethren and sisters who shall read this. Unworthily, your sister,

SALLIE J. BUCKHALT.

P. S.—Please find ten cents for one copy of the number this is published in, and send to Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Cox's Mill, Ala.

SALLIE LOU MITCHELL.

The lovely little daughter of Ira B. and Virginia Mitchell, died at their home in Russell county, Ala., Nov. 13, 1890, in the third year of her age. She was our grand daughter; and in about one hour after hearing of the death of the dear child, we received a note from one of our daughters at Columbiana, Ala., stating that

ESTELLA FINLEY,

Another little grand child of five years old, had died suddenly of spasm, at the home of her dear parents, James T. and Euphemia Cumi Finley, in Shelby county, Ala. This was indeed a lovely and promising little daughter, and our hearts were made sad indeed to hear of the sudden death of two of our grand children in such quick succession; but in less than half an hour after hearing of their death a messenger was sent requesting our attendance at the burial services of a dear niece,

MRS. TALULA MITCHELL.

She was the wife of our nephew, John H. Mitchell, of Lee county, Ala., and died at their home Nov. 13, 1890, leaving two precious little children, a son and a daughter, a distressed husband and numerous other relatives to feel the sad loss of such an amiable, quiet and unassuming lady. We have reason to believe the Lord had been gracious to her for some time before her death, and in her last days of affliction she expressed her desire to depart and be with Jesus. We suppose she was about twenty-eight years old, but as we have just heard of her death, a few minutes before this writing (Nov. 14th), we cannot give particulars, but hope her mother, Sister Wm. F. Thompson, or her sister, F. M. Whatley, may supply, if necessary, any deficiency in this hasty notice.

W. M. MITCHELL.

W. J. HAMMOCK.

BRO. W. J. HAMMOCK was born May 21, 1834; was married to Miss R. V. Hollis, Jan. 27, 1853, with whom he lived happily until his death, Oct. 28, 1890. To this union eleven children were given, nine of which yet live. Bro. Hammock was baptized at Upatoie Primitive Baptist Church, where his remains now rest, in 1863. He was a member at Mount Nebo, Taylor county, from the time of its constitution until his death. In youth and middle age Bro. Hammock was a stout, healthy man. He was kind, amiable, generous and gentle; in fact, one could hardly have lived a more commendable life than did the deceased. As a husband, he was certainly as near without a fault as one could be. As a father, he was tender and affectionate. As a neighbor, he was a friend to all and an enemy to none. As a professor, he greatly adorned his profession by a meek, quiet life and godly conversation. Universally beloved by the brotherhood, not only at Mount Nebo, but throughout the Upatoie Association, his meat and drink was salvation by grace, and to do the will of the Father. His wife, Sister Hammock, is a *widow*; she has lost a husband in the full sense of the word; his children are orphans—they

have lost a father, the church a most worthy member, and the community a safe and valuable citizen. Bro. Hammock, some years back, was smartly troubled with asthma, but later with dropsy, and asthma seemed to abate; but the latter prevailed in spite of the tenderest nursing and untiring care and the best medical skill, until it had completed its work in death. He died sitting on a chair, leaning on his left hand. No doubt can be entertained of his acceptance in glory. Therefore we can say to the heart stricken widow and orphans, weep not as those who have no hope, and to the dear children, whose feet are now treading the slippery path of youth, remember the worthy example of your dear father; and may He heal all your wounds and prepare you by His grace to meet in glory.

J. G. MURRAY.

#### MISS MARTHA JANE THOMAS.

By request, I send for publication in the MESSENGER, a notice of the death of MARTHA J. THOMAS, daughter of John B. and Lucinda G. Thomas. She was born in Lee county, Alabama, and died at her father's home in Elmore county, Ala., Nov. 4, 1889, in the sixteenth year of her age. She was sick but a short time, and died with typhoid fever. She had never joined the church, though she gave satisfactory evidence of her acceptance with Jesus to those around her bed during her affliction, and frequently spoke of a desire to be baptized. Martha was a lovely and dutiful daughter to her parents, as well as kind and affectionate to all her associates.

Bro. Respass will please send a copy of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER containing above to Mrs. Lucinda G. Thomas, Eclectic, Elmore county, Ala. You will find ten cents enclosed to pay for it.

G. H. PARKER.

#### KITTIE E. ANCHORS.

My dear sister, KITTIE E. ANCHORS was born in Jones county, Ga., March 26, 1853; she died in Butts county, Ga., Nov. 10, 1889. She was the daughter of S. D. and Margaret Juhan. She was married to J. D. Anchors Feb. 1, 1883. In her death we have lost a dear and true sister; she was a devoted daughter, a faithful, loving wife, and one of the tenderest, truest mothers I ever knew. In October, 1875, she joined the church. She has talked with me a great deal about her hope; she said her conversion was not bright like a great many, but that she gradually ceased to love the world and its pleasures, and her heart was filled with love for God and his dear people; that when she joined the church it was with fear and trembling she went forward, she had so little to tell. The evening after she had joined, she shed many tears, for fear she had been deceived, but when she went down into the water, she realized a feeling she never had before; she felt that God had said "arise and be baptized and wash away your sins." She spoke so often of her little hope, but it proved a strong hold in the day of her death. At first it was a hard struggle to leave her four little helpless children without her loving and watchful care; all night long she lay and prayed for submission to the will of God. At last she said she was willing to leave them and her dear husband in the hands of the God she had so loved and trusted. When her hands and feet were chilled with death's icy touch, without assistance she arose from her bed, and kneeling down beside it, prayed in a clear, sweet voice for her loved ones. She asked some one to move aside the curtains that she might once more look upon the earth and its beauties (she was a dear lover of nature); she gave one long look and said, "surely this is a foretaste of heaven."

Several years ago we lost a precious brother; she nursed him tenderly to the last; and when all hopes had fled, and he lay dying, she knelt down beside him and prayed that she might meet him in heaven; that she might see him in her last hours and know him. She has often prayed

that she might be perfectly calm and conscious in her dying hours, if God so willed it. Just before she died, she called her husband to her side and said, "Joe, there is Bud, he is coming for me," and threw her arms out as if to embrace his loved form. She drew her husband down to her and kissed him three times, saying, "Joe, one is for you, one for ma and one for pa." She passed away like one asleep, thus fulfilling the sweet words:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

We feel assured that her spirit has at last found the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Mr. Gresham, I have tried to write before but have failed, and now it seems that the half has not been told, but you have known her, and as her dearly beloved pastor, must have understood her, spiritually, far better than I. This much will I say, I never knew any one who seemed to have such love for the church, and who contended more earnestly for the faith that "was once delivered to the saints." She was ever ready to attend to the sick and suffering, and to speak comforting words to the troubled and distressed. If you will bear with me a little longer, I would like to tell you of a dream: I dreamed she came to my bed-side one night, and her face was bright with a heavenly light; I know it was heavenly, for I have never seen such peace on any face on earth. There were others in the room, but she would walk among them and come back to me. I arose in bed and put my arms around her, yet I could not feel her form, but her sweet face seemed to almost touch mine. She talked with me, and when I begged her to pray for me, she would not reply, but continued to look at me with a sweet, happy smile; her very presence made me happy. At last she left the room, and passing a window near my bed she looked in on me again. She seemed to be mixing a salve in a little cup in her hand, and I wondered what she was going to do with it, for I knew she had no need of it in her happy heavenly home. With the same sweet peace upon her face she left me and went off toward the Ridge, her church. Remember me in your prayers. Very truly yours,

MELLIE WILSON.

Eld. Gresham adds to Sister Anchor's obituary the following:

She was a faithful and devoted Christian until her death. She was for some length of time, so she could not attend her meetings where her membership was, but she never forgot her church and pastor; though she could not attend, she would send something for her pastor, and for some one to keep the church house cleaned up. We also wish to relate one incident that occurred the last time she attended her regular meeting where her membership was: She seemed to enjoy the meeting very much, and so expressed herself to us, and at the close asked the writer to give out the song and sing it, which begins thus, "My Christian friends, in bonds of love," etc., if we pleased, and then asked to be remembered in our prayers; and when she returned to her father's and mother's, before she left, said to them when she died she wanted to be brought home, and pointed out the place in the room where she wanted her remains to be placed, and the writer to be sent for to preach her funeral; and went out to the grave yard and showed the spot where she wished to be laid, beside her only brother in the flesh. All this was done as she requested, and we tried to speak comforting words on the occasion to a large concourse of mourning relatives and friends as the Lord gave us the ability; but we mourn not as others without hope, for our loss is her eternal gain.

J. H. GRESHAM.

HANSON, KY., Dec. 2. 1890.—*Dear Brother*: Inclosed you will find one dollar for the MESSENGER for the coming year, 1891. I am just in receipt of my last number, and I don't think I can do without it; it is next to the Bible with me. I have been taking the MESSENGER ever since 1884. and have been trying to get one subscriber for you, but I live in an Arminian neighborhood—a great many claiming pure holiness. My dear brother, if they are right I am wrong, for I can see my imperfection day by day, and there is a continual warfare between the flesh and spirit; for I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. My dear brother, I am oftentimes made to ask, am I a child of God or not? Surely no one born of the holy Spirit has so many wicked thoughts as I have. We can only live here by hope, but my hope is so small at times that I almost despair; yet I would not take ten thousand worlds like this for that little hope I received in 1858. I thought at that time my troubles were all over, but alas! for poor me; how soon the tempter came and suggested that I was deceived. So I have had my ups and downs ever since. Remember me at throne of grace.

MARY C. DAME.

Eld. J. S. Collins' postoffice address is changed from Fort Worth, Texas, to Arlington, Texas.

Eld. M. M. Mattox's address is now Belknap, Bryan county, Ga., instead of Fido. Eld. T. J. Head's is now Woodbury, Ga., instead of Griffin, Ga.

WAVELAND, IND., NOV 22, 1890.—*DEAR BROTHER*: Allow me to announce in your paper that my postoffice is now Waveland, Montgomery county, Ind. I still have a good supply of my books on "REGENERATION," in pamphlet form. I am now sending them by mail for 15 cents per book

J. H. OLPHANT.

## DROPSY TREATED FREE.

**Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.**

Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all the symptoms are removed. Send for **FREE BOOK** of testimonials of miraculous cures. **TEN DAYS** <sup>treatment</sup> **FREE** <sup>furnished</sup> by mail. If you order trial, send ten cents in stamps to pay postage.

**DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.**

Please state what periodical you saw our advertisement in.

[Sep-91]



## SUMMER OFFER

BUY in August, September, or October and pay when crops are sold. **Spot Cash Prices.** The Lowest known. Just a little cash down, balance December 15th. **No interest.** Our entire stock—any make—price or style. **BEST Summer offer we ever made.**

Write for Circular—**SUMMER OFFER 1890**

**LUDDEN & BATES, SAVANNAH, GA.**

[Aug-91]

## THE OLD PATHS.

Eld. Hassell has published **THE OLD PATHS**, (as in November MESSENGER), in neat pamphlet form of fifteen pages, and they may be had of him, post paid, as follows: One copy, 5 cents; three copies, 10 cents; eight copies, 25 cents; eighteen copies, 50 cents, and forty copies, \$1.00. Address him, Elder Sylvester Hassell, Williams-ton, Martin county, N. C.

# The Great Mystery Solved,

After years of study and research to get a remedy to destroy the germs of disease, and to build up the broken down Nervous System—to give new life and vigor, so you will feel that life is worth living for. This medicine is a gentle Cathartic; also, a great Nerve Tonic, which builds up the nerve tissues and destroys that tired, languid feeling. It works through the Blood, Nerves, Liver and Kidneys, which are the main springs of the whole body. This remedy is the great

## 4 B. B. B. B. Medicine.

It is Nature's Remedy, to work in harmony with Nature and build up the organs of the human body.

4 B. B. B. B. is tasteless. Fifty capsules in each box. Twenty-five to fifty days' treatment in a box. Medicine delivered C. O. D. to any part of United States, or by mail. Price \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5.00. Agents wanted in every town, county and Territory in the United States. Call on or address H. C. BRAGG, or 4 B. B. B. B. Co., Connersville, Ind. Eld. CHAS. M. REED, General Agent. Box 136, Connersville, Ind.

The following is a list of persons of the Primitive Baptist Church who have either used or sold 4 B.'s, and can cheerfully recommend them to their brethren and mankind in general, and to these we refer you: Eld. J. E. Goodson, Jr., Macon, Mo.; Eld. E. Stephens, Erlanger, Ky.; Eld. Jas. J. Gilbert, Winchester, Ky.; Eld. Daniel Hess, Lebanon, O.; Eld. Corwin Reed, Franklin, O.; Eld. E. W. Thomas, Danville, Ind.; Eld. Harvey Wright, Sexton, Rush county, Ind.; Eld. Archie Brown, Rushville, Ind.; Eld. Wm. Lundy, Cabell, Carroll county, Va.; Eld. P. L. Thomas, Clayton, Ala.; Eld. Jacob Cloud, Nevada, Mo.; Eld. J. T. Oliphant, Fort Branch, Ind.; and for further reference we call attention to our circulars, which are sent free on application.

Those receiving Circulars, will confer a favor on the afflicted by distributing them among brethren and friends. [jul-91

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# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 2. BUTLER, GA., FEBRUARY, 1891. Vol. 13.

## “WORSHIP.”

DEAR BRETHREN: It has been some time since I have written anything for the MESSENGER, but this has not been because of any lack of interest in the theme of salvation by grace, or because of indifference to the welfare of your acceptable paper, as it continues to defend and uphold this one only way of salvation for perishing sinners. My correspondence has been generally neglected during the past four months, because of continued absence from home, filling appointments and attending associations in various places.

To-day I feel drawn somewhat to the consideration of the word “worship,” and will try to pen down a few thoughts concerning it for your perusal, and if you shall judge best, for the perusal of your readers. The theme is exceeding broad, and I can at best present but a few things concerning it. I have no desire to speak of worship in its broad sense, or the sense in which all mankind are worshipers of something, either seen or unseen, animate or inanimate; but of the worship of the one true and living God, by those who are “born of him,” and who are “partakers of the divine nature.”

The word “worship,” “worshiping,” etc., is used about seventy times in the New Testament, and perhaps twice that many times in the Old Testament, and it always conveys the idea of ascribing divine honors to the Being who is worshiped. We worship God by ascribing to him his true attributes and his true character, in our prayers, praises, songs, adoration or preaching. We withhold from him the worship which belongs to him when in any of these ways we fail to ascribe to him the

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character or attributes which he bears, or the works which he does.

It seems manifest then, that two things are essential to a right, and proper, and acceptable worship of him. One is, that we must know him, and the other is, that we must have a willing heart to render to him what we have learned to be his due. To know him is, evidently, to know what are his attributes; his character, his works and his will; for our view of him can be formed in no other way; and this is to be gained only from the Holy Scriptures, wherein is recorded all that Jehovah has been pleased to reveal of himself. Whatever, therefore, our fancied view of him may be, it is all false, unless it be found in harmony with his revealed word. Let us always say, therefore, "to the law and to the testimony: If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." And to have, in the second place, a WILLING HEART to render suitable worship to God, is not ours by natural birth. This only comes by being born again, "of God," "by the word of God," "of the Spirit of God." Revelation of who God is, and what are his attributes on the one side, and the quickening of the dead sinner on the other, are, then, both essential to the true worship of God. All other worship is either open idolatry—such as bowing down to things visible to the eye, as stocks and stones, or trees, or animals, or stars—or else it is the forming of a God in man's own imagination, and giving divine honors to it, which is as truly idolatry as the other.

It is also true that the people of God may, themselves, be largely ignorant of the true character of God, and so fail to render to him the honor which is his due. But they differ from the rest, in that they do believe in the one true and living God, and desire to know more and more of him. It is true that as long as we are in this imperfect state we shall see but in part the glory of God, and so our worship will be imperfect. But as one says "When I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought." There is a vast difference between not knowing God at all, and knowing him even in the least degree.

The Bible is for the instruction of all those who have the fear of God in their hearts, that they may learn of him more and more, and how to worship him aright.

The Bible tells us of his omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, of his sovereignty, power, goodness and truth; of his justice, holiness and mercy; of his creation and daily providence; all of which, when we ascribe them to him, are parts of a worship that is acceptable to him, and full of gracious blessings to ourselves. For our daily comfort, growth in grace, strength to bear our daily crosses and to lead us to obedience, it is needful that we know these things. And the more we know of them, the more shall we be blessed, and comforted, and strengthened on our way. The Bereans searched the scriptures daily to see if the things they had been hearing were so. Our very experience can give us no help, and we OUGHT not to rest in it unless it be in harmony with the word of God. Our view of God is wrong, all wrong, unless it be in harmony with the scriptures. And all scripture is given by inspiration of God (literally God breathed), and is profitable—"that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works." There are lessons concerning God in every line of the Bible. And if we have known anything of God—if He, by his Spirit, lives in us and has enlightened us; if we be indeed partakers of the Divine nature—there will be a cry within us for God, that we may appear before him, and learn more of him, and that we may worship him in spirit and in truth. And that we may worship him aright and not blindly and ignorantly, we shall want to study his most blessed word, in order that when we attempt to speak his praise, we may speak the thing that is true concerning him.

It is no doubt true that the real spirit of devoutness and of worship does dwell in many hearts who have not the Bible. God can reveal himself to-day, as he did unto Abel, and Paul, and to many of old. But if we have the love of God in our hearts, we shall want to know what he has said concerning himself, that we may say nothing and think nothing concerning him that is not true. And so, if we are favored with his revealed word in our own mother tongue, we shall want to believe what it teaches concerning God, and abide by its commands. Having the desire to obey first of all in our hearts, and then looking to our chart to guide us, we shall be found glorifying God in our bodies and in

our spirits, which are his. And in our praying, singing, preaching, and in all our acts of devotion, we shall be found praising him from whom all blessings flow.

(Concluded next month.)

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Continued from January Number.]

\* \* \* Moses stood in relation to Israel as no one else ever did. Abraham represents the day of small things in Hebrew history, but Moses came upon the scene when the stars of heaven were outnumbered by the seed of the patriarch. But though so numerous, Moses found his people but sojourners in a strange land. The house they occupied was the house of bondage, and yet four hundred years of servitude did not destroy or diminish them, for the Lord was their dwelling place. His mercy overshadowed them in every extremity; his gracious promises sustained them. He saw them in their desolation and heard their cry of distress. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. He gave them Moses for a deliverer, and made his lips as the mouth of God. Moses was, himself, the child of Providence, who could trace every blessing to the Lord.

The king's unmerciful decree to consign every newborn Jewish son to the destroying Nile, had fallen upon Israel when Moses was born, and only the Lord's omnipotent care saved him from its fury. It was the Lord's gracious providence that rescued him from the ark of plaited rushes, when an outcast from his mother's bosom. It was the same divine intervention that upheld and guided him in all his achievements and all his journeyings, and the Lord's hand at length buried him on the Mount of Nebo, unseen by mortal eyes. So intimately was God's power interwoven with all his leadership of Israel's hosts that he loses sight of his own participation in it and ascribes all to Jehovah. It was the Lord, he declares, who brought the people out of Egypt and from the house of bondage; who led them through the great and terrible wilderness; who gave them honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; who fed them in the wilderness with manna, and gave them quails from the winds of heaven; who gave healing power to the brazen

repent, and made sweet the waters of Marah. It was he who guided them by day with the cloudy pillar and by night with one of fire. He led them for forty years in the barren wilderness, while their clothes waxed not old, nor their shoes upon their feet. They lacked nothing in that land of fiery serpents, and scorpions and drought, and the Lord bore them on eagles' wings and brought them unto himself. It was under such circumstances as these, and the experience of such a life that Moses was pressed to say in gratitude, sincerity and love, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." May not every confiding child say, in the same rich experience, He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

An interpretation is sometimes given these words of Moses that seems, from many considerations, to be visionary and destitute of probability. It is thought by some that "the dwelling place in all generations" teaches that the Lord's people existed before the mountains were brought forth, even from everlasting to everlasting; but a glance at the character of Moses, and the harmony of the subject before his mind, will but once show such a version to be fanciful, unnatural and strained in the highest degree. Moses was lowly of heart and submissive to the Lord. The Lord said of him, that he was very meek above all the men that were upon the face of the earth. He wrote in a plain, simple manner of the origin of man and all inferior creatures. He was content to call this the beginning, and never did his pen betray the least desire to cross his boundary line, or pry into the secret things of the Lord, or speculate upon the mysteries of eternity. He declared, in the most solemn manner, that secret things belong unto the Lord, but the things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever. He was plainly satisfied with revealed things and showed no restlessness or curiosity concerning that

which was before time. He wrote simply of the world and its affairs, of the memoirs of our race, and of God's handiwork in all terrestrial things. His extensive writings reveal no temptation to penetrate the hidden mysteries and counsels of the Lord. These things were said by Paul to have been kept secret since the world began; they were hid in God and called his hidden wisdom. It would controvert Paul's words and be a reflection upon the meek, submissive Moses to assume to gather from his writings such a bewildering theory as we have alluded to; nor is there the least support for it in the circumstances under which Moses uttered the language of the text. He had no thought to instruct, please or astonish his fellow creatures. He was not speculating on past mysteries, but his heart was groaning under present and pressing realities. He was breathing forth his soul in solemn, earnest prayer, and instead of declaring to the Lord the eternity of himself and his progenitors, he was humiliated before his Maker in sorrow and contrition—a beggar at the door of mercy, he was abased at the thought of his frailty and sinfulness. Could there mingle with his burden of sorrow the desire to claim an existence co-equal with his Maker? O, no; this is not the prayer of pardoned sinners. They get very low before God; they cannot boast or exalt themselves; they give all exaltation to the Lord; they see in himself greatness—it is he whose name is holy that inhabiteth eternity, not themselves. It was in this manner that Moses prayed. Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world—even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. \* \* \* For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thus he recognized the years of the Most High, but for himself and fellow worms he found the grass of the field a fit emblem of their frailty; in the morning it groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withered. He says in this prayer, that we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years, he laments, are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away. He asks the

Lord to teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

What a contrast between the words of the humbled, penitent Moses and of him who would claim the years of eternity for his own! And as the broken-hearted petitioner contemplates nothing so irrational as the thought of eternal children, so the single expression we have considered equally condemns the unprofitable theory. The language used demonstrates that there is no reference to eternity. Moses settles this point by the words, "in all generations," or, as in the margin, "in generation and generation." Generations applies to time alone; it belongs only to this world; it cannot refer to a period or a state when generations were unknown. It would be trifling with language, as well as vain and foolish, to speak of generations before time began. If the Lord was the dwelling place of his people, it was in this life where only generations are known. Moses, almost at the outset of his vast history, declares, "This is the book of the generations of Adam." He tells how long Adam lived until the second generation began. Adam was the first man, and the first beginning of the first generation. Even "the book of the generation of Jesus Christ" is traced no farther back by inspired writers than to Abraham and Adam; besides, to call the Lord the dwelling place of his people in all generations, would indicate nothing eternal about them, because the children of one generation give way to the children of another. It is only the Lord that endures and remains the same to his people in all generations. If they continued, as some infer, it would be but one generation; but the wise man declares that one generation passeth and another cometh—

"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,  
Now borne aloft, now withering on the ground."

And like the verdure of the forest, they rise successive, and successive fall. This prayer of Moses says, "We spend our years as a tale that is told; we are soon cut off and fly away." The thousand years that would be to the Lord as yesterday would comprehend many generations. O, then, what a delusion, and what detriment to poor, way-faring men, whose breath is in their

nostrils, to beguile themselves with dreams of fancied greatness! How unprofitable and vain it must be to direct our minds into such fields of mystery. While we should evade none of the truths of God, we will do well to shrink from an unbecoming freedom with obtruse and unexplained points that rest chiefly upon inference and far-fetched reasoning. The scripture of Moses, when accepted in its obvious meaning of unceasing and special good, which the Lord manifests to his people in all generations, becomes a well-spring of comfort. Why should we cast it aside, or waste its power for real good upon a dream of fancy? Why should we take the simple expression of an humble praying man and weave it into a bewildering theory that savors of self-exaltation and spreads confusion?

Brethren of the dear, good hope, you who have come in spirit to him that is meek and lowly in heart, let us remember that the path of humility is safest for believers. God's word declares that it was Lucifer, son of the morning, who said in his heart that he would ascend into heaven; that he would exalt his throne above the stars; that he would ascend above the heights of the clouds; that he would be like the Most High. It tells how the man of sin would exalt himself to God's place; it tells how the novice may be lifted up with pride, only to fall into condemnation; it tells us that the Lord will bring down the high tree and exalt the low; that he will dry up the green tree and make the dry one flourish; he will put down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree. All those that walk in pride he is able to abase, and he will abase. May Israel's God restrain our hearts from all loftiness and pride; may he keep us back from presumptuous sins. It was when Ephraim spoke, trembling that he was exalted in Israel, for it is to the poor man the Lord will look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at God's word. We are commanded to be not high-minded, but to fear. O, that we might forget the things that are behind and reach forth to those things that are before.

When the Lord's people were in Egypt their eyes were upon the wilderness; when they reached the wilderness they looked forward to Canaan. May we, like the pilgrims and strangers of the past, show that

we desire a better country, that is a heavenly one, and may it be in our hearts to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Harken, O, daughter, and consider and incline thine ear; forget, also, thine own people and thy father's house. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

With love to the brotherhood, S. B. LUCKETT.

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### TO THE SISTERS IN CHRIST.

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DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST: It has come to my mind at this time to address you concerning ourselves, if we are truly the spiritual daughters of the Lord. For of old time He said, "They shall be my sons and daughters." Also, he calls them "men-servants and maid-servants." A servant is one who serves another—one who is of use or service to the one having authority over him or her. And dear sisters, do we not sometimes feel that we are very weak and unprofitable servants at best? Do we not sometimes feel that we are under the commandment and impressed with the deepest sense of duty, to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and yet to feel our weakness, and fearfulness of exceeding our bounds, that we shrink from whatever is before us, and think can it be that the Lord truly requires anything at our hands? How ready was Mary to say, "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord, be it unto me even as thou hast said," even though at first, she felt to ask, "How can these things be?" and how wonderfully she was made to rejoice, and her soul did magnify the Lord, for, said she, he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden, &c. We know this was spoken concerning her who was no other of our Lord, and it may be thought that it is not for us to take unto ourselves; yet if we find ourselves rejoicing in spirit, and find expression in the words she used, I don't see how we can help it. And we can also consider that in other places we are spoken of by the same word or name. For the prophecy was that "He would pour out his spirit upon all flesh, and the hand-maiden should prophesy," so we feel that if we are his, we are entitled to the name, with all that it implies; that as hand-maids of the Lord, we may be

made to greatly rejoice, and also, we may be pierced with many sorrows, just as our path before us and the place we are to fill, shall be marked out for us by Him who appoints us all our work that our hands shall find to do as an hand-maid of His. And O, sisters, when I have fallen beneath the bitterest censure from those of whom I would expect the most, I have felt I could not bear it if not strengthened by the thought that I was doing but the bidding of the Lord; that though the way was dark, the cross most heavy, it was appointed by Him—I dare not disobey. How I have been cheered by remembering how Abraham obeyed the Lord; how he went forth at His word, not knowing whither he went. He only knew that the Lord said Go, and he must obey, regardless of consequences. We might again consider that Abraham was a man—one possessed of courage and strength well calculated to do the bidding of the Lord and venture forth at his command. We cannot think of him as weak and shrinking. But when we consider some weak and faltering hand-maid who has, as it were, to take her life in her own hand and do that from which the brethren shrink back, then we may truly learn what it is to still obey the voice of the Lord; to lean and stay ourselves upon our God, feeling that we must obey Him, and follow what He has taught us as right, though we cross the judgment of those who might be considered as counsel for us. We may feel that it is so sweet to follow the Master, to be waiting upon him as a Mary who sat at his feet, or like a beloved John, who leaned upon his bosom; sweet to follow in heavenly places, to feel his love o'ershadowing us. But O, we must remember that he was also followed to Calvary. What a precious thought it is to me that women followed Him all the way, even when He was bearing the cross. In former years, while reading this place with breaking heart, I have said: If I had been living then I would have followed him then, too; yes, would have rather been one of those women who were with Him in His walk here on earth than to have filled any other place. In history I read of the woman who gave Him her handkerchief when He fainted beneath the cross, and wished I could have been her. O, I thought I was ready to go with Him even to bonds and to death. But as my life goes on I find that truly I am

called upon to bear a cross so heavy that if I were not strengthened by that strong, loving hand—I am the one who needs Him now—I must sink down to rise no more. Again, when I have read of those who were on the dark waters in the night, I have thought, If I could only have been there, just to have realized the power, and love, and watchfulness of Him who came to them walking upon the waters. But little did I know the stormy scenes awaiting me.

Of late I can truly say, "I have been in perils of the deep," where such storm and tempest came upon me that I never thought but I must be lost to all that was like peace or rest; without were the wildest raging passions I had ever been called on to meet—within were the most tumultuous struggling for what my own heart felt to be right. Never had so wild and terrible storm beat upon such frail vessel before, and I never once thought of the Master—never once thought of anything only, How could I ever become quieted and rested again, when so quietly, so sweetly, a presence drew near, like as a hand was placed upon my beating head; like as a beaming, loving face looked down in mine; like as a sweet voice said, "Be not afraid, 'tis I." Could it be so? Could it be the Lord? Was it possible that he was in the wild, raging storm I had just passed through? I arose and got my hymn-book, for my thoughts were still so unsettled I could not think how the lines were set in the verse, and I read:

"When storm and tempest loudly howl,  
And clouds obscure the sky,  
When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,  
Be not afraid, 't is I."

O, brethren and sisters dear, it is thus we learn that He does not come to us with his "Peace, be still," his "It is I, be not afraid," only when we are in storm and peril. How sweet to learn that we can never be beyond His care and watchfulness; to feel that even a poor hand-maiden may be precious in his sight; that He will still comfort her and plead her cause. How swiftly our thoughts go over his promises, and we remember that the bow was not set in the clear, calm sky, but in the "cloud." The dark, lowering object that filled us with so much dread; the cloud which sends forth the lightning flash, from which rolls the dreadful thunder; the

awful blast which makes us tremble, and makes us fear that we will be swept out of our place; even the earth shakes and trembles as the cloud and storm pass over us; but after it has passed over, we look and behold there is a bow in the cloud. We remember then what the Lord has said: "I will set my bow in the cloud."

"Should the sky remain serene,  
This bright arch were never seen."

And the sweetness of it is, the Lord has placed it there. He knew just where to set it; just where it would most cheer and comfort his storm-tossed children here. We may feel that we are alone, without any earthly guide or instructor, yet we can remember Him who has promised "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

At our Visitation Meeting in October, we were visited by Elders Sherwood and Wymun, and since then by Elders Yorder and Purris, and we feel that the Lord has indeed been mindful of us and greatly refreshed us by their coming. It seems that I must be so situated as to learn many strange lessons, and called to consider many things. Among the rest, I have had thoughts concerning those who are engaged in the ministry. What a blessing they can be made to us, and how much we look to them for. They are to be ensamples to the flock, even to "all" the flock. Let us consider how the brethren should be in all honor and sobriety, yet they are to be an ensample to these. Let us consider the sisters, how pure, sober and chaste they should be, yet they are to be ensamples to these. In all that the membership should be, yet we understand that the pastor is still to be the ensample to them all; and sometimes we have to learn how dear and precious they are to us by their loss. It has been a source of comfort to me to reflect that as a general rule, the pastors and teachers of our order have been so circumspect in all their walk. Often have I noticed in the Obituary Department, where the deaths of our Elders are recorded, they tell us how they have lived and died, and through grace given them, have maintained the confidence and love of the brethren through all their long

and useful lives. It would be a sad reflection if we had to say, with an old poet:

“Except a few with Eli’s spirit blessed,  
Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.”

How happy we are that we can be persuaded better things of our dear and precious brethren, and things that accompany salvation, for little can they realize in themselves what a blessing they are to us when they are given us after the Lord’s own heart, according to His gracious promise.

Yours in the great deep,  
Woodstock, Mich. KATE SWARTOUT.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I submit the enclosed brief comment to you, though it falls so far short of what I could wish; but how shall we ever sufficiently glorify Jesus? For He is not only our brightest glory, but He is also the brightest of His Father’s glory, and the glory of all the heavenly hosts who dwell in glory. I would love to speak to you of the excellent glory of His *Person as the Man* whom God anointed above His fellows, and yet *for them*, their Prophet, Priest and King, and their Brother in the flesh, as they are His brethren in the Spirit. — It is in this reciprocal and sacred relationship of the spotless and lovely Jesus with us that He is the precious Christ, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely, while He is also the well beloved and highly exalted Son of God. For it is thus, in His flesh and in His manhood, that the glorious Jesus is our own very Brother, and therefore our sympathizing High Priest, and our compassionate Redeemer and loving Saviour. As thus related and endeared unto us, His people, the loving Jesus, as a *Man*, shed His atoning blood for the remission of our sins, and met death for us, and swallowed up death and the grave in victory on our behalf, and as the Captain of our salvation. As thus risen from the dead, to die no more, my faith and love embrace Him in His *living body* and GLORIFIED MANHOOD, as the first-born from the dead among many brethren, and as *my Brother*. For I am thus a *joint heir* with our Jesus, and *shall be as he is*. In this way sin

and every foe, even death, were met and destroyed for me, and for you, *in Him*, and we shall know the power of His resurrection, and the glory of His triumphant ascension to His Father in Heaven.

O, my brother! I realize such a divine fullness of grace and salvation in this view of Jesus, as well as such a sweetly sacred nearness and living union with Him! For as he is my Resurrection, so is He my Life; and because He lives, I shall live also. O, how sweetly I believe, and trust, and rest in Him now, in my late serious illness! I have realized that through Christ, death has lost its sting, and the grave has lost its victory; and that because He is with me, and is my Shepherd, I shall walk *through* the valley of the *shadow* of death, and fear no evil; and the grave is made an open gate-way into life and heaven. Yea, the bright angels came down and lighted up the tomb with glory, and out of it our buried Brother went up into heaven for us as our *Forerunner*; and we shall likewise arise and follow Him. O, blessed and Holy Jesus! how we love thee! for thou art the Way, the Truth and the Life. He came down to us and to our level as the Child, the Son and the Brother; and from our standpoint He went down into death, as related to, acting for, and representing us. So, likewise, for us and as our Brother, He arose out of death; and on heaven's side of the grave He ascended up to the throne of God, and was crowned the King of Glory! And so the lowly son of Mary is the Son of the Highest; and so also through the Man Jesus, and in Him, and with Him, we are the sons of God, the heirs of the everlasting Father, and the brethren and joint heirs of the resurrected and immortal Jesus. And though we are not yet resurrected and glorified, as He is, yet we shall be; for He shall come again and raise us up at the last day, and we shall be glorified together with him. O, how blessed to thus behold the crucified and glorified Man! and to experience union with Him in His righteous life! He gives me this abiding faith and hope in Him, and gives me His sweet peace. Therefore, if my departure is at hand, tell the household of faith, dear brother, that my soul makes her boast in the Lord, even Jesus, my Prince and Saviour; and that *all is well*. "For yet a little while and He that

shall come will come, and will not tarry;" and we shall all then shout, "Thanks be to God who giveth *us* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In love, farewell, D. BARTLEY.  
*New Castle, Ind., Nov. 22, 1890.*

## THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

- "True faith produces love to God and man,  
 Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?  
The gospel plan.
- "Must I my faith and love to Jesus show  
 By doing good to all, both friend and foe?  
Both friend and foe.
- "But, if a brother hates and treats me ill,  
 Must I return him good, and love him still?  
Love him still.
- "If he my failings watches to reveal,  
 Must I his faults as carefully conceal?  
As carefully conceal.
- "But, if my name and character he blast,  
 And cruel malice, too, a long time last;  
 And if I sorrow and affliction know  
 He loves to add unto my cup of woe—  
 In this uncommon, this peculiar case,  
 Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?  
Still love and bless.
- "Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a dove;  
 Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love.  
Nothing else but love.
- "Amen! With all my heart then be it so;  
 'Tis all delightful, just, and good I know,  
 To practice now shall I directly go?  
Directly go.
- "Things being so, whoever me reject,  
 My precious God me surely will protect.  
Surely will protect.
- "Henceforth I'd roll on Him my every care,  
 And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer,  
Embrace in prayer.
- "But after all the duties I have done,  
 Must I in point of merit then disown  
 And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?  
Through Jesus' blood alone.
- "Echo, enough. Thy counsels to my ear  
 Are sweeter than the flowers—the dew-drop tear;  
 Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well,  
 I'll go and practice them. Farewell, farewell.  
Farewell, farewell."

—FRED. W. KEENE.

BRO. WM. MITCHELL: I hope, in my weakness, I have been trying to serve my heavenly Master near unto sixty years, and, if not deceived, I hope I love him, his people and his word, and I feel, if I am his, the least of all; and can say with the apostle, the chief of sinners, and why I am made to feel and desire, as I hope, the peace and happiness of my brethren, the Lord knoweth. I fear we have got to where Moses and the children of Israel got when the Lord turned loose the fiery serpents upon them for their unbelief; they had to look upon the brazen serpent to be healed of its poison. So, Bro. Mitchell, we have nowhere to look to be saved from our weakness and sins but to the purpose—Predestination and election of God, as brought to light through our Lord Jesus Christ. It seems to me our brethren should stop, stand still and look to God and see what he is, so far as he has revealed himself; and examine what man is, so far as God has revealed him, and what we see manifest in him. I am persuaded our brethren would feel as Job, when he answered the Lord and said, "Behold! I am vile, what shall I answer Thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth; once have I spoken, but I will not answer: yea! twice, but I will proceed no further." He also answered the Lord and said, "I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withheld from thee; who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? Therefore have I uttered that I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak—I will demand of thee and declare thou unto me. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

God has never called upon man for his counsel, nor for man to protect him in his perfection of justice, mercy and judgment, and if not it seems to me presumption to do so, and we thereby become transgressors. Paul, in view of the afflictions brought upon the Jews, Pharaoh, Esau and Jacob, says, What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God's? God forbid! He winds up with an exclamation, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out, for who hath known the mind of

the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor! Who hath first given to him and it shall be recompensed unto him again, for of him and through him and to him are all things, to whom be glory forever. Amen!"

Ought we not to put our hands upon our mouth? And what God has revealed to us as our duty in all the relations of life, we should observe and practice. God is perfect in all his attributes, just and holy, and what the Lord doeth is right. Can we accept him as that character by faith? If so, where do we find authority to strive about what he has done, or may do? What is man by nature? The enemy of God, not subject to his law, neither indeed can he be. Already condemned, Jesus told man that he was of his father, the devil, and his works he would do.

The Lord raised up Pharaoh and made him king of Egypt. Was his condition any worse before God after Moses had delivered the children of Israel from under his reign than it was before he delivered them? So, also, in the case of those that had Daniel put in the lion's den, and the Hebrew children in the furnace of fire. Was their case before the Lord any more unsaveable after the act than it was before. So with those that put our Saviour to death. They did the work of their father, the devil, in doing that that God had before appointed to be done. And if it was not for the protecting care and power of God, his church and people would be cut off from the earth. There is nothing but the purpose—Predestination and everlasting love of God, applied by his holy spirit to the hearts and consciences of poor sinners—that can save them from the bondage of sin and death. Well may it be said, "They that glory, let them glory in the Lord," for what have we that we have not received from him? Yea, my brother! it will not be long with us that we will be kept subject to the vanities of this mortal life, but will soon pass as our fathers have done—to receive the reward of our faith and hope.

Your brother, as I hope, in Christ, G. W. HEAD.  
Flat Shoals, Ga., Dec. 17, 1890.

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A singular action of a Christian is, to bring up the bottom of his life to the top of his light.

(2)

## EXPERIENCE.

DEAR SISTER BRAZELL: I will tell you some of the Lord's dealings with me, but it is with fear and trembling that I make the attempt, knowing my weakness and inability. I was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity in Jackson county, Alabama, in 1836. But I knew nothing of my guilty distance from God until he revealed it to me in 1854.

About the night of the 29th of May, I was caused to dream that I was going to die, and that I was preparing my grave in the field, while there were two other persons preparing their graves by mine, and we threw up the dirt in a ridge. I went to the house to die, as I thought, and I began to feel very bad and thought I should die soon. About this time my father awoke me, for it was daylight. That dream caused me to have serious reflections about death and eternity, and I felt that if I should have to stand before a just and holy God, in the condition I was in, that I should be forever cast off. I had serious reflections about these things, and thought I would try to offer up my prayer to the God of heaven in behalf of my poor soul. My mind was exercised in this way about six weeks, and on the 16th of July following, in the evening of a beautiful Sunday, I was alone where I supposed that no mortal eye beheld me, and there, for the first time in my life, I fell before God. My whole frame shook like a leaf and I had no power to stand, neither had I any will to stand; I was perfectly reconciled to His will and words came into my mouth, my tongue was loosed and I rejoiced in God, my Saviour. I did not know what I was going to say, but these words, "O, Lord God, forgive me my sins and iniquities I pray thee," were uttered. Now, dear brother and sister, there was a shaking of the dry bones, and in a few minutes I was rejoicing; I looked toward the setting sun and all nature seemed to be praising God; my pen fails to express my feelings. But I could not claim this as a hope; I thought it was only a conviction. I commenced reading the Bible and trying to pray, and went on in this way about five years; sometimes I was made to rejoice, but I was so weak that I could not understand it as being a hope in Jesus.

In 1859 I was caused to dream of seeing a great eagle sitting on a dead tree which stood by my field, and the next day while I was plowing, I stopped my plow to try to pray, and then started again. I had not gone far before I felt as I did at first; I could not speak to the animal that I was plowing, but had to stop it by pulling the lines, for my tongue was engaged in the praise of such a glorious Saviour that was revealed to me. I know not how long I lay on the ground, but I know one thing: when I did rise my heart rejoiced and my tongue was glad. It seemed to me that the trees of the field were clapping their hands for joy, and I think I was as happy a mortal as ever lived on earth; I felt that I could fly away and be at rest; and mortal tongue fails to express the joy I received. Then I was enabled to mount upon eagle's wings and soar away to that world of endless day, and as the poet says—

“On the wings of His love I was carried above  
All sin and temptation and pain,  
And I never should suffer again.”

I then rode on the sky, feeling justified; everything looked beautiful, and I rejoiced in God, my Saviour. This world seemed a heaven below, and I felt like I would never see any more trouble here on earth. I could hardly stay in my field, but desired to go to the house and tell my companion, but I remained until nearly night, and by that time it did not look so bright, and I could hardly tell it to my wife. Then I felt it my duty to go to the people, the Old Baptist—for they were my choice—and tell them what great things the Lord had done for me, in bringing me from darkness into his marvelous light. So I went and told them, in my weak and imperfect manner, some of the things that I have here written, and I was received and baptized June 12, 1859, by Eld. J. S. McKay. Two others joined at the same time by letter, and these two reminded me of the two who were preparing their graves by the side of mine. Now, my sister, from the time that, I trust, the Lord had shown me that I was a sinner, to the time I joined the church, I went to hear all other denominations in the country, and attended their exciting meetings, but I could not get any comfort, for they said that dead sinners had to do something to live on, and that did not correspond with what I felt the good Lord

had taught me, and I would go home cast down, for I knew if I had anything to do to get to that world of bliss I would fail to reach that happy shore. Then I would go to hear those old despised Nazarenes and they would lift me up, for they told that the Lord was wonderful and mighty to save, and when he began a good work he would perform it, and they told the riches of his grace and the mighty power in the salvation of poor lost sinners, and I would go home lifted up and glad of such a wonderful Saviour as I had heard of.

Now, dear sister, I have tried to write a few thoughts relative to my hope in Jesus, but I feel that I have come far short of telling it as I can see it with an eye of faith. I have felt too unworthy, and still feel so, and I wish that I could express myself in a few words. I desire before I close this imperfect letter to give you, my dear sister, some of the evidences of my call to the ministry, if indeed I have a call to that high and wonderful work. I feel that I came so far short of my duty as a Christian, that it makes me groan within myself and exclaim, O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!

Not long after I joined the church I had impressions to go and tell sinners that salvation is of the Lord, and not of men, as it was being told by preachers of the world. But when these impressions would come that I must preach, it seemed that I could not bear the idea of approaching the sanctuary of the most high God; more excuses would present themselves to my mind to hinder me from making the attempt to preach than I now have space and time to present. My dear brethren in the ministry doubtless know something of the conflict that I had to pass through, since they have traveled the same road; it is a rugged one, but Jesus says be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. This impression to preach was, at times, very forcible, but at other times I could scarcely realize it at all, and then I would conclude it was all a notion. I was tossed to and fro for many years in this way. Sometimes I would dream of preaching and of a congregation in front of me, and I then felt that I could speak of the glory of His kingdom and talk of His power. Sometimes while riding along the road my mind would get to running and meditating upon the glorious plan of salvation by

grace, and I would often utter words; and at times, when I read the Scriptures, it seemed that the plan of salvation was opened to my mind so clearly and wonderfully that it put such a feeling on me that I cannot describe. The prophet can describe it better when he says, "It is as fire shut up in my bones, and He could not withhold."

My mind was much exercised in this way, doubting and halting between two opinions. I often thought that if I could preach as some ministers, that I would give the world, if it had been mine. I thought I would rather have the gift of an able minister than have been on a king's throne and have the world at my command. But, my dear sister, all the excuses that ever came before a man, I reckon, would present themselves to me.

This conflict went on till August, 1875, when I made the attempt to speak in public in Jesus' name, and have been ever since, when opportunity offered, trying in my weak way, to proclaim Jesus the way, the truth and the life. On the third of March, 1877, I was ordained to the work of the ministry.

My dear sister, sometimes I am on eagle's wings, and sometimes in the valley. I have given you but a small sketch of the reasons of my hope as it is in Jesus, and also of my call to the ministry. Hoping and trusting that God may lead us in wisdom's narrow way, and crown our travels through the dark valley and shadow of death, with the bright eternal glory of another and better world, I remain your unworthy brother, in hope of life eternal,

W. B. McADAMS.

*Blanco, Texas.*

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## CONTENTMENT IN AFFLICTIONS.

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As my room now reigns in tranquility, and my moments are softly gliding by, I feel impressed to write a few words to the dear kindred in Christ. The words that I here write are written by a very feeble hand. I have been, up to date of this writing, confined to my house for two years and some few months, and I have spent about nine years of my life confined to my bed and house; and I am now thirty-six years of age. I

deeply sympathize with the afflicted: I often times, while lying upon my bed, ponder and wonder what such afflictions are for, but when I do, I am referred to the Scriptures which read: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," (Rom. viii. 18) and we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.—Rom. viii. 28. O, how solacing it is to meditate on such portions of God's word. Sometimes, confined in my house as I am, I see other people going about attending to their affairs, blessed with health to do so, until it causes the wish to arise in my mind: Oh! if I just had such a privilege. It seems like I would be one among the happiest of beings if I was only able to work for my family, which is quite small—a wife and one child; and was only able to attend the good meetings that I can hear talked of, I would be so happy! So my mind at times drifts on in this way, from one thing to another, until I forget myself and begin to become passionate within myself at the condition I am in; and when I do, something seems to tell me, "Why art thou so encumbered about the privileges of this life? Drink from the Spring of Contentment." And this brings my wandering mind back again, and makes me see how frail and helpless we all are, even at the best. Let us love contentment. When we are in, as we think, a grievous state, should we become discontented, are we right? No, indeed; because Paul, the inspired apostle, made mention of this, and said that he had learned to be content, and it seemed that he meant that contentment should be embraced by all believers in Jesus. Let one be in what condition he might, to be content. O, how neglectful we are, and ready to complain at our situation, especially when it seems, as we think, to be grievous. We should carefully and frequently examine ourselves, and not forget the loving words that speak in this wise: "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—Heb. xii. 6. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?—Heb. xii. 7. O, what disobedient children we might be were it not for the chastening hand of our heavenly Father. It

forces me to say, how precious are all his gentle strokes and how amiable are all his ways.

My dear brothers and sisters, I have just told you about my affliction, about having to keep in my house for about nine years. My first sickness was about seven years, my last over two years; but I can only say it is good, yea, it is all for the best. Peradventure it has required those gentle strokes to make me heed to that which I would not have done without. Our afflictions here may seem to be long and very grievous, but let us consider them good. Lord, increase our faith, and make us to rest content with what the day may bring. O, how good and merciful the Lord is. For he hath not despised nor abhorred the afflictions of the afflicted; neither hath He hid His face from him; but when he cried unto Him He heard.—Ps. xxii. 24.

Yours, in hope of eternal life,  
Hilaryton, Ala.

L. H. HAMMONS.

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DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS: In taking my pen to write a few lines, I feel to wish you grace and peace in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. That he is truly *our* Lord and *our* Saviour, we have professed to have a hope; and I find with myself (which I have no doubt is true, also, with you), that this hope which the glorious and gracious God has given us, is the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil. By this comfortable hope we are held fast, anchored to the ark of the covenant, the mercy seat within the veil; to Jesus, who is the substance of all the types and figures of the law. We are able to out-ride all the storms, and winds, and tempests, and it is our comfort to believe that there cannot anything or power assail that will ever be able to dislodge this anchor, or break asunder the cable that holds us secure—"more happy, but not more secure, the glorified spirits in heaven." All is "sure and steadfast," based upon "two immutable things"—the promise and oath of God, who cannot lie. He is without variable-ness or shadow of turning.

I have been favored of late to suck honey out of the rock in my meditations upon the character and attributes of the Lord of Hosts. You will remember it is

written of those who feared the Lord, that they "thought upon his name."—Mal. iii. 16. Well, with my soul, it has been in the midst of affliction—in the midst of the distresses of my heart, which have been, in measure and in nature, such as it hath pleased God to allot me. That I have been brought by the goodness of God to meditate upon God, and without exaggeration, to the praise of the precious name of the Lord, I can truly say, "My meditation of Him has been truly sweet."—Isa. civ. 24. How full are the riches of his grace, overflowing with everlasting love, are all the ways of the Lord! But this is not to be seen by our natural sight, but is the vision of that faith which is of the creation of God.

Years ago I used often to sing a very precious hymn beginning with the words, "Indulgent God, how kind are all thy ways to me." During those days I was favored with much of the sunshine of the Sun of Righteousness, and in feasting upon the mercy and love of the Lord to my soul, I journeyed on as one whose pathway is fragrant with sweet smelling flowers and the air vocal with the singing of birds.—Song of Solomon, ii. 12. But since then stormy winds have come, chilling blasts and wintry nights have set in; the flowers disappeared, the songsters were hushed, and desolation seemed to be spread over all. Then, like Job, "I went mourning without the sun;" and what seemed to aggravate my desolate estate was to find the thorn and the briar (Isa. lv. 13) come up in such rank profusion that fears began to arise that my condition was nigh unto cursing.—Gen. iii. 18; Heb. vi. 8. In all this I learned by bitter lessons the plague of my own heart—1 Kings viii. 38. Thus I knew my own sore and had my own grief (2 Chron. vi. 29), and to this day O, how much bitterness is mingled in my cup, because of the vileness of my carnal nature!

"My nature discloses to view  
More vileness than I can declare,  
And were not the promises true,  
I'm sure I should sink in despair.

"But Jesus, my Shepherd and Friend,  
My constant protector will be;  
And thus through his mercy I sing,  
He saved a sinner like me."

When we are favored to reap "the peaceable fruits of

righteousness," which are the result of afflictions that have been blessed of God to our souls, then we can view the bitterest trials, the sharpest conflicts that we are brought through, and can bless God for the very tribulation that his sovereign and fatherly hand has appointed us. Yes, we can see the kindness of God in the adversities, as well as in the prosperity that God "has set" as the heritage of his people.—Eccles. vii. 14. "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."—Psa. xxv. 10. But we are so often short-sighted and our knowledge so imperfect, that when brought into adversities—when day after day we have to wade through bitter things "in the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom"—we begin to wonder how the mercy and truth of God can be in such things; and before we can triumph in these afflictions, we have, by faith, to have revealed to us "the end of the Lord" (James v. 11), in thus showing us great and sore troubles (Ps. lxxi. 20); then we can believe that "the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." Such gracious manifestations in the midst of our trials fill us with courage; out of weakness we are made strong; our love and adoration flow forth toward our heavenly Father, and we feel to surrender our all to his guidance, and are willing to endure and suffer all that he sees fit to appoint as our portion. O, what fervent longings we find in our hearts that God's grace may be exceeding abundant, with faith and love in Christ Jesus (1 Tim. i. 14); that we might thus, as "*a Christian*," glorify our heavenly Father in the fires.—Isa. xxiv. 15. O, I know, dear sister, that in all the called of God there is that which lives on, notwithstanding all obstacles. Though in daily conflict with sin that dwelleth in our members, though harassed by the adversary (the devil), though assaulted with fiery temptations—through all the tribulation, all the trials and troubles appointed us—this divine principle (manifesting in us that we are, in truth, partakers of the divine nature—1 Peter i. 4), endures, survives, and lives on in constant longing for communion with the Lord, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, sighing and mourning over iniquity, and begetting in us the burning desire (which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown), to glorify our

gracious God; to declare his praises, to walk even as Jesus walked. Yes, this that is in us is certainly divine. "It is," saith the Apostle Paul, "Christ living in me—for me to live is Christ," (the very epistle of Christ.)—2 Cor. iii. 3. He writes in Gal. ii. 20, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me*, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Such views, dear sister, have I had of late of the power and wisdom and wondrous love of God, that I have felt my soul exclaiming, "I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; he also is become my salvation." I have felt ashamed that I should doubt the kindness of God to me; that I ever have felt the least murmuring against the providences of the Lord, and while blessed, as I have been, in my "meditation of him," I have felt so satisfied with all the ways and all the things that have hitherto fallen to my lot, as proceeding from our Father in heaven, the Lord God omnipotent, who reigneth. The divine doctrine of Jehovah's predestination, of his supreme and universal government, has been full of sweetest consolation to my oft distressed and bowed down heart. I have felt to desire to rest in the Lord; to confide my life and my all in his hands. In the immutable attributes of the immutable God, O, what solace I have found! and I feel, even now, to say, "because Thou hast been my help, therefore, in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

I have thus drawn a few outlines of the way that I have lately been walking; in the remembrance of the occasional seasons of communion with you, dear sister, in the things of our dear Redeemer is still with me, and I can say—

"Midst scenes of confusion and creature complaint,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home."

They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another. Let me, therefore, receive a few lines, that I may know how you, as a wayfaring one, are fareing. Having you

in affectionate remembrance in Christ Jesus, and desiring your prosperity in the things of his kingdom, I am, I hope, your brother in Him,  
 FRED. W. KEENE.  
*Sutherland's Corners, Ont.*

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## EDITORIAL.

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J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

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### THE LORD APPEARED TO A CHILD.

And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh, for the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord.—1 Sam. iii. 21.

There is something very remarkable in the expression so often used in the Bible that "the Lord appeared" unto such and such an one, at different times and under different circumstances.

1. As we do not intend now to enlarge upon this point very extensively, we merely suggest to the reader for consideration that there is a Bible sense in which God cannot be seen otherwise by any man, woman or child, than as he is pleased to appear by a special revelation of himself to them.

2. Samuel was but a child in nature, as all other children are, but his religious training from the day he was weaned from his mother's breast was under Eli, an aged priest of the Lord. He was girded with a sacred girdle, to signify his consecration to the service of God, and so far as the letter and form of service was concerned, he "ministered unto the Lord before Eli, the priest," and "the child grew on and was in favor both with God and with man."—1 Sam. ii. 11, 26.

3. That Samuel was a good, moral, upright and faithful child, obeying his parents and Eli, the priest, we have no doubt, but yet he did not know the Lord by a personal and special revelation of the spirit, as the Lord afterwards appeared unto him. He was a child of promise.

4. We may also learn from this record concerning the child Samuel, that men, women and children may know that there is a God of infinite wisdom and almighty power, from the light of nature or from instructions given them by others, but this knowledge

is not supernatural, but natural, not a personal revelation by the Spirit, but a knowledge that God hath shown in the works of nature to all men, so that they are "without excuse" when they "worship and serve the creature more than the Creator."—(Rom. i. 24.) "Devils believe and tremble" because of the knowledge they have of the existence of God; yet they have had no revelation of his character in the work of salvation. He has not thus appeared unto them as he did to the child Samuel, or as he appeared in the smoking furnace to Abraham, or in the vision of a ladder to Jacob, and in the burning bush to Moses.

5. When the Lord appears to any one by a revelation in the sense of which we are speaking, he is then known in a sense which before was totally unknown. And not only this, but man, in his natural state, is entirely incapable of knowing that which is revealed by the Spirit. He receiveth not the things of the Spirit, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.—(1 Cor. ii. 14.) Neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the conceptions of man's heart the things that God reveals by his Spirit.

6. When the Lord appears by a revelation, as he did to the child Samuel, he gives spiritual powers of perception to behold the character of God as a "Just God and a Saviour." The sinner is passive and helpless, yet he sees and feels that he is a vile and polluted sinner before a just and holy God. He may have read the written word of God from childhood, and have been taught like Samuel and Saul of Tarsus, after the perfect manner of legal forms of worship, but no such knowledge of the character of either God or man can be attained in this way, as is attained when the Lord appears by a revelation of his spirit. The spirit searcheth all things, and the whole work of a spiritual birth is his work from first to last. Not one of these spiritual things can be known or accomplished by the light of nature, by science, by philosophy, by the light of history, or by even reading and studying the letter of the Bible, itself, though it is right to read and search the scriptures. We may know, as we have seen, and as we have been taught, that the Sun is the great fountain of all created light; that there is a moon and millions of smaller lights in the natural heavens; we may know

something of the natural laws concerning the clouds, the rain, snow and hail, the earth, air and seas, as well as of the natural instincts of various animals and insects. We may know and learn much that is useful to men about these natural things, because we have a natural capacity for attaining unto such knowledge, without any supernatural power or spiritual revelation. That which is said to be revealed by the spirit to any one personally, is far above all these natural attainments "as the heavens are higher than the earth." So are the thoughts and ways of God higher than the thoughts and ways of man.—Isa. lv. 9.

7. The appearing of the Lord by a revelation at any time is a free, sovereign act of his own. It is a gift as freely bestowed as his everlasting love, or as a gift of his only begotten Son to die for their sins. "With him he freely giveth us all things."—(Rom. viii. 32) He giveth grace, even the grace of faith, repentance, humility and prayer. "Speak, Lord," says the child Samuel, "for thy servant heareth." The poor soul is then willing to wait for a "Thus saith the Lord" for all he doeth—"Speak, Lord," is his motto; "I will wait to see what God, the Lord, will speak." Beyond this he dare not go. He waits for the revealed word and for the spirit to search out and unfold that word to his understanding. Yea! the Lord gives and opens the understanding, that he may understand the Scriptures.

8. Another and closing thought for consideration is that the Lord reveals himself sometimes to very young and small children. Samuel, it is true, as well as all others to whom the Lord thus appears, was a chosen vessel of mercy, conceived, brought forth and born into the world in answer to a fervent spirit of prayer which the Lord had put into his mother's heart; and as she had received him as a special gift from the Lord, she felt an assurance of faith that he was the Lord's, and not her own; and, therefore, she consecrated him to the Lord.

The Lord is, no doubt, often dealing with children when they are very young. He quickens them by his life-giving spirit, even before they have ever known much about bad practical sins, and consequently they cannot tell, like some older persons, when it took place, when they began to feel concerned, or of great mourn-

ing, repenting and sorrowing over the bad conduct of their past life. They are but children, and they know nothing of the horrors of that guilt which others feel who have long been leading a sinful, profane and profligate life. The Lord appears to them by a revelation, as he did to the child Samuel; but, like him, they do not know what it all means. They need to be instructed and told by those who do know that it is the Lord's work. The Apostle Peter knew that Jesus was the Son of God, while many other men with better natural opportunities could only say that he was Jeremias, or one of the prophets, but Peter needed to be told how and from whom he had obtained that superior and truthful knowledge. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee," says Jesus, "but my Father, which is in heaven."—(Mat. xvi.) Peter had the faith and knowledge of Jesus as the Son of the living God, but he did not know, till Jesus told him, that it was a revelation from God, the Father; and had he been asked whether he ever had such a revelation he could not have referred to the very day and hour when it took place. So we doubt not that there are many who cannot tell the precise time of their first convictions for sin, or of their deliverance, or even when they first begin to love the Bible, or loved to hear the gospel preached, or hear Christians talk, but they know they love these things and these people, and hate sin and sinful ways. Surely, then, they have passed from death unto life, and these are some of the fruits of it, though they may never be able to tell when it took place.—M.

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### EVANGELISTS.

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In this MESSENGER there is an extract from a letter of Eld. J. H. Purifoy to Eld. Bussey, in regard to Evangelists, to which the attention of the reader is called. It is a subject that it would doubtless be profitable to discuss in a brotherly way.

What is an evangelist? An evangelist is defined by Kitto to be a Christian teacher who is not fixed to any particular spot, but who travels for the purpose of propagating the gospel. In Ephesians iv. 11, evangelists are distinguished from pastors and teachers as a separate

class of ministers. The points of difference seem to be that evangelists are itinerant, and pastors stationary. Evangelists were employed in introducing the Gospel where it was before unknown, while the business of pastors was to confirm and instruct the church stately and permanently.

But whether they were apostles, prophets, pastors and teachers or evangelists, the object of their ministry was one and the same; it was—

“For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ: so that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning of craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive,” etc.—Eph. iv.

Within the last twenty-five years there has arisen among us ministers who do not serve churches, but who travel and preach from church to church—churches that are supplied with pastors and teachers. They claim to be evangelists. Many look upon it as a new thing and do not favor it, while others regard it as a good work. It is, therefore, a matter requiring investigation for the peace of the church.

These traveling ministers are impressed to do this work and therefore they do it. As far as I am acquainted with them, they are sound ministers; and I have no doubt they have prayerfully tried their impressions by the word of God, as we are taught to do in 1 John iv. There is no other way of trying the spirit we are under, but by the word; and if we are impressed to do a work not authorized by the word, we have no warrant that it is of the Spirit. We dare not be governed by the spirit or impressions only so far as they agree with the word. The word is the test. There are many spirits, but the true Spirit accords with the word, and the word is one. There is danger of doing something under a spirit that we may feel to be right, and yet a thing in violation of God's word.

But to return more directly to the subject: Of these traveling ministers, Eld. Purifoy stands among the foremost; he is a minister of ability, and, what is better,

a man of irreproachable private character; and he has made the subject a special study, and his views are, therefore, entitled to consideration. It is his opinion that Barnabas and Paul were ordained by the church at Antioch to the special work of evangelists. That they were ordained to a special work to which the other teachers in the church of Antioch were not called, is certain, let the work be what it may have been. The other ministers in Antioch church were impressed by the Spirit that Barnabas and Paul were called to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. I have conjectured—it is but a conjecture—that each of those teachers had it upon his mind before they ever uttered it to each other, that Paul and Barnabas were called to preach to the Gentiles; and they kept it each to himself, because it contravened the prejudices and education of even Christian Jews to associate religiously with the Gentiles, and therefore it would subject them to persecution. Peter, himself, after having preached to Cornelius, the Gentile, dissembled about it. But when these teachers ministered to the Lord, they found that each of them had the same impressions and were confirmed, and the church also, that it was the Spirit's work; and Paul and Barnabas were, therefore, sent forth to the work by church authority.

Now, we know what the work of Barnabas and Paul was; that it was the work of preaching the gospel to the heathens, and planting churches among them; and if that sort of work is the work of evangelists, then the work of our traveling ministers cannot, as yet, be called the work of evangelists. Because the work of our traveling ministers is confined to preaching to churches only, whilst Paul and Barnabas traveled and preached where there were no churches. Paul made five or more tours in his work, staying many months at times in one place, and each time, generally extending his work further and further, as he was enlarged or enabled to do so by the churches he had already constituted. Now, here is the hitch, in my mind, about the work of our traveling ministers, in this day, being in accordance with the Scriptures. Are they yet, even if impressed of the Lord, doing the work of evangelists? If Paul and Barnabas were evangelists, Mark, Silas and Timothy

were evangelists also; for they at times, if not at all times, traveled with them.

If our traveling ministers preached generally in destitute places and even where the gospel had not been preached, it would seem to be more scriptural. In last MESSENGER there is a letter from Bro. David John, of Bissell, Penn., in which is given a gloomy account of church destitution. There is not what we call a gospel minister in all that region; churches have died out, and only one seems to have survived, and it has preaching only twice a year. Are none impressed to visit such destitute places? There seems to be a famine there, while other places have plenty and to spare, and even seem to fare sumptuously every day, and these poor brethren lying, so to speak, at our gate. But it may be that there are no more of the Lord's people there, and if not, then it is not likely that the Holy Ghost will send a minister there. But there are a few there now, and they are crying for help; and how dwells the love of God in our hearts when seeing our brethren have need and we shut up the bowels of our compassion from them?—1 John iii. 17. They suffer for the bread of life, and we heed it not; but if they were suffering for natural bread we would help them at once. If these brethren are unable to pay the way of one of our ministers to them, would it not be my privilege, and your privilege to aid a God called minister to go? Of course it would. And might not a traveling minister stay months with them, if the Spirit so instructed him, and labor among them for his own support whilst with them, and constitute churches, if necessary? Would not this be the Lord's making the wilderness and the solitary places glad, and making the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose; to blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing; and be strengthening the weak hands and confirming the feeble knees? Would not the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing, and waters break out in the wilderness and streams in the desert; and the parched ground become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water?—Isa. xxxv. I should delight to see such a work. And there are many just such destitute places in our country—more than enough to occupy most of the time of all our traveling ministers.

If it is right to aid our brethren in a famine of natural food, it certainly would not be wrong to do it in a famine of spiritual food. When Agabus signified by the spirit that there would be a great dearth throughout the world, the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judah; which also they did, and sent it to the elders by Barnabas and Paul—Acts xi.

There was, in olden days, such a thing as "fullness of bread and abundance of idleness," when the "hands of the poor and needy were not strengthened."—Ezek xvi. And may it not be that something of the sort in this day is the root of so much fussing among us? If we should scatter our bread more, and even cast it upon the waters, we should perhaps gather that again which we now waste. We should feed the hungry with the surplus which now, in all probability, we should do better without. If we have a surplus of preaching at any one or more places, it must be that other places are destitute and suffering. For there is nothing given us to waste; the fragments are to be gathered up that nothing be lost.

It seems to me that if a church should have a minister or teacher whose work seemed to be of the evangelistic order, and the Holy Ghost so impressed her, that it would not be wrong for her to let him go forth to that work, giving him a certificate of good private character and soundness in the faith. We have no account of Antioch having consulted with the church at Jerusalem about this matter. They made no Board to sustain Paul and Barnabas in their work, but committed them to God, who called them. None of the other apostles made any complaint about the work of Paul and Barnabas, as if they were doing too much, though they—the other apostles—did not do it because God had not called them to it.

This article is written more to elicit the views of other brethren, and to call attention to the subject, than for any other purpose; for I confess that my mind is not clear on the subject.—R.

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Eld. Hassell and his son, little Frank, arrived at my house on Jan. 5, 1891, to spend the winter with us, and a blessing came to me with him.—R.

OPELIKA, ALA., Dec. 26, 1890.

DEAR BRO. RESPASS: As you and other brethren and friends, from time to time, have enquired after the health of our afflicted son, I am thankful to say that he is greatly improved. In addition to "lateral curvature" of the spine, caused by a fall, as supposed, he suffered excruciatingly from an abcess internally. But Saturday before the fifth Sunday in last August, the doctor opened his side, and as the matter discharged copiously, it gave him great relief, gradually diminishing, so that in three months it ceased entirely to run, and the opening healed, and his general health improved, his flesh increased, his crutches were laid aside, and he now walks much more erect than we once thought he ever could have done, though it is not to be expected that he will ever again be able to labor on the farm as he has formerly done. We have reason to be thankful to God for even partial recovery or temporary relief, and we do greatly appreciate every token of kind remembrance of us by our brethren, sisters and friends, and for their information you will please give this hasty note a place in the MESSENGER.

Your brother,

W. M. MITCHELL.

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### THE POOR.

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Hear what the Lord says to us: Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. xli.

Bro. Chambliss, Bro. Durham and Sister W. E. Zellner have contributed \$9 to aid in sending THE GOSPEL MESSENGER to the poor brethren and sisters who are unable to pay for it. And now, if there is in any of your families, churches or neighborhoods, any brethren and sisters, or spiritual friends, unable to pay for the MESSENGER, just make up the money and send it on for them, and they shall have it for half price.

Remember what the Lord says—Blessed is he that considereth the poor! It must be sent for them, and not by them.—R.

## EXTRACTS.

CARTERSVILLE, GA., Dec. 20, 1890.—*Dear Bro. Respass:*—Please find enclosed \$5. I wish \$1 to renew my subscription to the MESSENGER, and the balance to pay subscription of any widow or minister who may be unable to pay you for their paper. If there are none such, please accept the \$4 as a Christmas present from your unworthy brother,  
F. M. DURHAM.

DEAR BRO. BUSSEY: While you have ably and clearly set forth the duty of the church to her pastor, like many, if not the majority of Old Baptists, you seem to ignore God's gift to the church of Evangelists—traveling preachers, as they are commonly called—and think the church ought to give to the pastor what she gives to the traveling preacher; or it may be that you have not clearly expressed yourself on this point. The church ought, indeed, to recognize the gift, as the church at Antioch did in the case of Paul and Barnabas, when she set them apart specially to that work by fasting, prayer and laying on of hands, so that they were sent away to travel and preach by church authority. But we have no testimony to show that Paul looked to Antioch for support, but looked to the Lord, and the Lord put it into the hearts of his people—at least some of them—to minister to his necessities, and they did so, as before shown by the Phillipians and others. This is a matter in which the people of God in general ought to take great interest, for it is their privilege and duty to minister to the temporal support and encouragement of the true Evangelist, whom God, I believe, has burdened with the necessity of giving up all worldly pursuits in order to devote his whole time to traveling and preaching, and be dependent upon it for support, and that must come from those among whom he labors, or from brethren and friends in general. But I have long been convinced that our churches, sooner or later, will be compelled, for their own protection, and the good of the cause in general, to come to some understanding as to whom they will recognize as Evangelists and support as such. The matter can be very easily settled if they will take the action of the church at Antioch as the pattern—which indeed it is, in my opinion—and let the home church of the Evangelist set him specially apart to such work, and give him credentials to that effect, and then publish their action abroad in our papers for the information of the people of God in general. The neglect to do this has been a great hindrance and draw-back to me, and has caused many to look on me with suspicion, as they do in general upon traveling preachers. The Evangelist is as much *compelled* to travel and preach as any and all true servants of God in the ministry are to preach at all. It would be just as easy for them to give up preaching entirely as it would for the true Evangelist to give up traveling and preaching. The backwardness and slowness of our people to believe this,

adds greatly to the hardships and distresses of the Evangelist, for let them say and do what they will against him; let them refuse to invite him, or recognize him as an Evangelist; let them give him the cold shoulder, call him a "money hunter," or "gleaner," or a "self-appointed Evangelist," as is being done by many home preachers and laity; it makes no difference with him, as far as stopping is concerned, but with deep groanings that cannot be uttered, and the deepest and keenest mortification of feelings because of such coming from brethren, where he had the right to expect better things, he *must* go on, though the pangs of hell hath gotten hold of him. He wants to stop—would gladly do so—indeed, he would have never begun such work if he had not been *forced* to it. I assure you I would gladly retire to private life, never to travel again, nor even ever enter another pulpit as long as I live, if I dared. Yea, I am made even to prefer the grave than to be compelled to go on and have to endure the privations, hardships, suspicions and oppositions that I have passed through in the past, and yet I *must* go on. The work has possession of me, and compells me to go on, whether I would or not. To give you some idea of the privations I have had to endure in the past, I will give you an instance or two of it. I have in some places been compelled to go for days and weeks without getting barely enough to pay traveling expenses, and this is about all the brethren in general seem to think of doing, or feel a duty bound to do—to give just barely enough to pay my traveling expenses—never thinking one moment that my family must be seen after by me, or that they must live, or that I would ever need clothing, and this brings me into great distress. I have given you one instance only out of many of my sore privations, brought about by the failure of God's people to do their duty by me. I do not name this to censure them, nor to blame them even, or from the way they have been trained in the past, I could not expect any better of them. The ministry is to blame for it. Just as the preacher is, so will his church be. Say what we may, and believe as we may, I find that the people of God, as a general thing, learn all they know, practically, of the Bible, and everything else religiously, from their preachers. "Like priest, like people" is just as true of the Old Baptist as it is of any other people. Where the preacher is all right, the church is all right too, but where the preacher (the pastor) is all wrong, the church is all wrong, too. My hope only is in the Lord, and if he did not put in the hearts of some of his people to minister to my temporal necessities I would be in the greatest misery and despair nearly all the time. Thanks be to his great name, though his people, as now obtained, would let me starve and come to nothing, in laboring alone for their good, he remembers me, and gives me a little relief now and then. He knows that I need more than enough to pay my traveling expenses, and he has it given to me at times in

sufficient amounts to relieve our sorely pressing needs for the time being. Affectionately yours,

J. H. PURIFOY.

OCALA, FLA., Dec. 22, 1890.—*Dear Bro. Respass:* I send here in check on New York for \$5. You may give me a year's subscription to the MESSENGER and keep the balance on your large free list. There has never been a number since I was a subscriber but what did me good. I am glad for myself, and for the good of our people in general, that you have been able to produce such a periodical. It comes near to perfection in both its mechanical and spiritual make up, according to my standard.

If there is a word I could say, it would be for brethren to quit quarreling. Bro. Chick's letter in the November issue is argument good enough for me, no matter on which side the Predestination question I might be. Yours in gospel love,

Z. C. CHAMBLISS.

## OBITUARIES.

### LAURA F. HOLDER.

LAURA F. HOLDER was born May 27, 1862, and died February 17, 1882. She was baptized by Eld. Carr into Mt. Carmel church, Wilkinson county, Ga., May 6, 1882.

DANIEL HOLDER.

#### HER EXPERIENCE.

In my early youth I became concerned about my poor soul, and tried to pray, but my prayers seemed to avail nothing. It seemed to me that I was hanging over a gaping hell. In this condition I cried unto the Lord what he would have me do; and it seemed that my burden grew heavier and heavier, until I could hardly walk, and death seemed to be my portion; and I became willing to die if it was the Lord's will, so it seemed. But I went and tried to pray one more time, in a secret place, and returning, I fell across my bed and folded my hands to die, for I thought it was right and just. I called my sister, but she was asleep and I would not awake her, for she would be frightened and tell my mother, and I did not want mother to know I was going to die. Whilst lying there, I pleased the Heavenly Father to send a still, small voice into my soul, saying, Arise and go to Mt. Carmel and tell your experience and be baptized; and I said, I do not know what to say, and he said, What made Mary and Martha say to Christ that if he had been there, that he would have saved their brother? and I said it was faith; and he said, Do you believe? and I said, Yes, Lord; and he said, Thy faith hath made thee whole, for you are one of my little ones enrolled in the book of life. I saw the book and the writer with a pen of gold, and my eyes never looked at such a book before nor since. And I was filled with joy—joy beyond utterance by my poor tongue—and I sang when I was sinking down, sinking down!

Beneath God's righteous frown  
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

And I shouted aloud; and all the Lord's people seemed like lambs, and the table was spread and they were feasting and washing each other's feet.

After this, I was again caught up into a heavenly place and brought back; and then carried down to torment, where there was no joy nor peace, but fire and fierce heat; and then I was returned to the heaven

place, where I desired to ever remain. When by his goodness and mercy he raised me up and put my feet in the path, he said, follow me, I am the way, the truth and the life, and none cometh to the Father but by me. This path I have prepared for my little ones to walk in; and ever since that day I have tried to walk in that path. Thus I was led to baptism, at which I thought all my troubles were ended. But the enemy was still in the land, and doubts began to array themselves against me. So it has been.

#### JOHN THOMAS MEADOWS.

Departed this life on the 26th of November, 1890, JOHN THOMAS MEADOWS, son of Moses and Didema Meadows. He was born November 25, 1849; married Miss Lonedy Smith, to whom was born five children. "Thus has passed away one of our best citizens," was the universal remark of the community. The community manifested great interest in his recovery. He was born and raised near where he died. While we can but mourn his loss, we can but rejoice to feel that the restraining grace of God had enabled him to live a life clear of reproach, and leave to his parents a record of which they may be proud and thankful, and to his grief-stricken companion and dear little orphans, a name they may esteem a legacy. But it was the pleasure of God to take him to Himself, and knowing He does all things well, we desire to bow in humble submission to His divine will, and humbly pray that He who tempers the winds to the shorn lambs, may guard and direct the bereaved wife and care for the orphans, and finally gather them all to Himself, where parting is not known forever.

*Fish Pond, Ala.*

A. G. HOLLOWAY.

#### MRS. LILLY U. JOHNSON.

Mrs. LILLY UGENIA, wife of Bro. Elliott Johnson, of Hampton county, South Carolina, and daughter of Bro. Jacob and Sister Priscilla Rentz, of Coleton county, was born September 22, 1875, and was married to the above named brother June 29, 1890, and died of brain fever July 9, 1890, making her stay on earth fourteen years, nine months and seven days. A very comforting discourse was delivered by Eld. A. J. Harrison at the family burial ground, where her body will await the resurrection. She had the best medical aid, and the husband, father, brothers and sisters nursed her with the tenderest care, but God, in His infinite wisdom, saw best to transplant her to the better land. Lilly was a kind and affectionate girl, loved by all that knew her, the baby and pet of the family and the dearest object of her husband's love. We mourn, but not as those that have no hope, for we trust to-day she is basking in the sunshine of God's everlasting love, with her dear mother, who passed away only two years (lacking three days) before her, and whose bituary is in July number of MESSENGER for 1889. Now, we turn to the evidence where we base our hope. While she made no public profession, it was detected under the preaching of the gospel; she was interested, and being confident of this very thing—that He who had begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. On the day after her burial, it was found written in her day-book, in her own and writing, five verses of the ninth chapter of the Psalms, commencing with the 10th verse and ending with the 14th. We feel that none but the people of God can, in reality, enjoy those verses; and may God, in His infinite mercy, grant sustaining grace to the bereaved, and a happy uniting with the loved one that is gone before in the sweet bye and bye, is the prayer of the unworthy writer.

Dearest Lilly, thou hast left me;  
I thy loss do deeply feel,  
But it is God that hast bereft me—  
He can all my sorrows heal.

But again I hope to meet thee,  
When this day of life is fled;  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

W. S. SULLIVAN.

## B. F. AKIN.

Bro. Akin was born in Greenville district, S. C., January 7, 1815, and the next year his father moved to St. Clair county, Ala. In the summer of 1836 he was married to Mrs. Jenny Tidwell. They never had any children, and in the winter of 1840, they moved to Arkansas, and settled in Bradly county. In 1846 he joined the Primitive Baptists at Harmony, and was baptized by Eld. Washington Smith. In 1851 he moved to Columbia county, Ark., (now Nevada) and he wrote back to Harmony for his wife's letters. He also wrote to the church that he was going to join the Masons; so the church did not send his letter, but sent his wife's letter. He did join the Masons, and was an excluded member from the Primitive Baptists when the writer got acquainted with him, which was the second Sunday in October, 1858. The writer hired to him and took charge of his business the first Monday in November, and lived with him until the first day of January, 1860. Now, let me say right here that I never was acquainted with a more Christian-hearted man in all my life. Notwithstanding he was excluded, his house was a home for the brethren at all times. The Lord blessed him and he accumulated a good deal of property. I do not think that any person ever went to him for a favor but what they got it; I know they did not while I lived with him, and I lived with him fourteen months. He told me less than a year ago that he had lost over a thousand dollars by his sympathy, but said he did not care for it; just so he had enough to live on as long as he lived was all that he cared for, which he did.

Now I come to the most interesting part of his life. In 1836 he had a long spell of sickness, and just as he was getting up from the spell of sickness he was paralyzed, which injured his speech and affected his nerves so that he could hardly get about. He told the writer that he believed that his affliction was a judgment sent on him for disobedience; so just as soon as he got able to ride, he got on his horse and rode about eighty miles, to Harmony church, to make his confession, but when he got there the weather was so bad they had no meeting, and not being satisfied to go home without seeing the brethren he rode around and saw every member of the church, and made his confession to them for doing wrong by joining the Masons. So at their next meeting his letter was granted. He told that when he left Bradly county on that trip that he left the heaviest load that he ever carried for twelve years. Just as soon as he got his letter he put it in Friendship Primitive Baptist church, and when, in 1874, Siloam church was constituted (that being the nearest to him) he went into the constitution of that church. There he lived an orderly and upright member until the day of his death, which occurred on the night of December 6, 1890. His remains were interred at Friendship church the next day at twilight, and as it was such a cold, rainy evening, there was no service at all. Bro. Akin had been in feeble health for two years, not being able to get to meeting. I was with him often during his illness, when his whole talk would be on the subject of religion. He seemed to be entirely weaned from time and time things, and one time when I was there he told me he had been praying to die but he quit it, for he knew if it was God's will for him to die he would die; and at another time when I was there, as I was going to leave him, about an hour by sun, he told me if he could know for a certainty that he would be a corpse by sundown he would shout glory to God!

In the death of Bro. Akin, Siloam church has lost a good member, the neighborhood a good citizen, neighbor, and a friend to the poor. May the Lord bless and sanctify this sore bereavement to our good, that our last days may be like his; that we may meet death with calmness and meet the old brother in the sweet bye and bye, is the prayer of a poor old sinner.

L. M. COOK.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 3. BUTLER, GA., MARCH, 1891. Vol. 13.

SOUTHAMPTON, BUCKS CO., PA., Jan. 5, 1891.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I read with much interest and comfort the letter of Eld. Mitchell addressed to you, and published in the January number of the MESSENGER, in which he relates a special exercise of mind about forty years ago, in a time of great affliction; his recent attempt to write something about the precious promise that was then applied to him with power; his failure to write what was satisfactory to himself; his determination to throw it aside; the mistake by which it was published, and the word sent to him by dear kindred in Christ that the Lord had blessed it to their comfort. It was with much surprise, but with especial comfort, that I read this language: "Now, Bro. Respass, if the simple statement of these things should appear to partake too much of the childish whims of a weak-minded old man, you will please withhold them from the readers of the MESSENGER." Is it possible, I thought, that Bro. Mitchell has such questionings as these? Does he ever have to hesitate, finding himself at a loss to know whether he has not been prompted in some degree by the flesh? I must acknowledge I was glad to see the intimation that he was not without such trials, of which I have so many.

Since reading that letter I have meditated much upon this subject, and am impressed to write some of my thoughts. What is there that any one has to present, in writing to the people of God, which is of any real value, except what he has experienced? "The husbandman must first be partaker of the fruits." "The word of the Lord" must come unto one before he can be prepared to publish it. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it." One may study much upon scriptural subjects, and bring

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forth results that will be very interesting to "theologians," and even to the natural minds of spiritual men; but when one is in the condition of the Psalmist when he said, "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is," such results will be of little if any interest or value. However beautiful the thoughts and consistent the theories, they cannot satisfy the soul that is "early seeking after God." There is no refreshing dew in them to revive the drooping plants of grace. They furnish no wine to cheer the fainting heart, nor do they provide the words of that Song which "the inhabitants of the Rock" love to sing.

"The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." What has been felt with power in the heart of one who speaks or writes, will be sure to reach the heart of those who have been in like manner exercised. Words of truth are not always words of power. The manifestation of power in them depends upon by whom and to whom they are spoken. A portion of scripture may have been long familiar to us, and have been counted most beautiful; but when the Lord applies it especially to us, we find that we had never before known its real power and beauty. It is then new to us.

I said a good while ago, and still hold it true, that "a man may hear a comforting gospel sermon, and repeat it to a congregation word for word, but from his lips it will not be a comforting gospel sermon." This is one of the unsearchable mysteries of which Bro. Mitchell was speaking not long since. What has been searched out, gained by study, or gathered from others and held in memory, may be very true in the letter, but there will be no power in it to those whose souls are thirsting after God, "as the hart panteth after the water brooks." The Lord has not left the door into the work of the ministry so loose upon its hinges that any one may enter according to his ambitious desire. Gospel sermons cannot be manufactured, learned or stolen by any man; neither can any of the sweet words and spiritual expressions by which fellowship is established and maintained among the people of God, and mutual comfort communicated and received by them. They must be the direct gift of God. His words can only be known as they are put into the heart and into the mouth; and

when that has been done they can never depart from that one, though spoken a thousand times a day.—Isa. lix. 21. They must have been found and eaten, and then they remain forever the joy and rejoicing of the heart.—Jer. xv. 16. Men of the world may hear and repeat them in the letter, but their power and charm cannot be heard or repeated by them. The essential spirit and virtue are beyond the reach of the natural understanding. This is “the secret of the Lord” which “is with them that fear him.”

The promise which was applied to Bro. Mitchell forty years ago, was given to me, I think, in a time of great soul trouble, some twenty years ago, as I related in a former communication in the MESSENGER, and it has been a very sweet promise to me ever since. It seemed as though the word “despise” had been placed there just for me, for I had been thinking that it would be no use for me to try to pray, because a holy God could not but despise the prayers of one so vile. Instantly these precious words dropped into my soul, “He will hear the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.” Many a time since then a text has been given to me, and opened to my understanding as that was. Poor as my preaching has appeared to me in comparison with that of others, and heartily ashamed as I have been of my inability many a time, yet I could say it is what the Lord has been pleased to give me, and has not been learned of another; and I know the truth of it, for I have felt its powers in my own soul. It has been only the word of the Lord to me that I could preach, and when that has not been received, no one, it seems to me, can be so destitute and helpless as I. But when I have felt the power of the word there has been a feeling of inexpressible joy and praise in my heart while speaking it, though with a stammering tongue.

Just now another portion comes to my mind that was given me as a morsel just in time to keep me from fainting with hunger, and sinking in despair: “If Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.”—Rom. viii. 10. The meaning of that and the declaration that follows, was then shown to me with no uncertainty. They were words found by my soul, “and I did eat them,” and they became strength and joy to me.

And shall it be counted as self commendation to relate any of the solemn and holy communications of the Lord to us? Shall the devil make one of the Lord's servants, or any of his dear children, fear that it may be only a childish whim prompting them to tell to those that fear God, what He has done for them? Can the things of Jesus be shown to one who loves him without creating in his soul a desire to let the household of faith know of the wonderful, unexpected favor? The words of the Lord, through which new covenant blessings are given, cannot be received by the poor, surprised sinner with the cold and quiet self-complacency of a man of the world. They come with divine power into his soul, and make a child of him, a glad, loving child. "He shall return to the days of his youth; his flesh shall be fresher than a child's."—Job xxxiii. 25. The bountiful provisions of grace thus richly ministered to him in the wilderness will cause him to "sing there, as in the days of his youth."—Hosea ii. 15. He cannot at any time experience "this day of good tidings," without wishing to "go and tell it to the King's household."

I have read discussions of portions of scripture and points of doctrine sometimes with much interest, and have felt that I had been benefited by having new views presented, and some kinks and tangles taken out of the views I already had. It seems like a very good thing to have a straight, clear, untangled thread of scriptural truth in mind, running from one end of the Bible to the other. I have never felt that I had much prospect of attaining to that, but have been at times ambitious in that direction, and have wished that I could read all the good things that have ever been written. But when I have engaged in such reading and study I have soon flagged, and have sometimes become so hungry for some word from the Lord directly to myself that I have lost all interest in the subject before me, and have been made willing to be a little ignorant child if I could only be privileged to feel the everlasting arms around me again, and "taste the good word of God." Sometimes I have been left a good while to myself, to get smaller and weaker; and there have been times when at once I have felt at liberty to ask and receive, to seek and find, to knock and have it opened to me. What I have received in that way has been all I have

ad to preach. Sometimes how little and poor my flock seems; and sometimes it is too great for any words of mine to tell—too great for the world to contain.

When reading essays, discussions, treatises, how quickly the soul feels the change in the current when the stream begins to flow from some special exercise of soul in the writer. Now there is light, and life, and power in the language, and the heart of the spiritual reader beats a glad response. The dear Saviour, who spoke to him who writes, speaks through his words in some measure to him who reads, and he feels the flow of the Spirit of Truth, though the stream may be deeper than his present experience enables him to reach with full understanding. "The words that I speak unto you," said Jesus, "they are spirit, and they are life."

There is a good deal of fleshly zeal, no doubt, even among the people of God, in discussing controverted points of doctrine; and there may be sometimes something fleshly in the desire to have the discussion cease. When discussion descends to personalities, and deals in ungentle expressions concerning those of different views, it is doubtful if any good can result from it, except to give additional evidence of the deceitfulness of our carnal nature. When the Lord lays a subject upon one's mind, he will have a feeling of solemnity and meekness and love in connection with it, and so will be raised above that spirit that would inspire an unbearing, ungentle manner in presenting it. The word of the Lord given to any one of his servants will have free course and be glorified." Whatever point of doctrine may be involved, it will be presented in such a way, by the direction of the spirit, that its solemn power will be seen and felt by the brethren.

I remember an associational meeting where there were some powerful preachers who held different views upon a certain portion of scripture, and the points of doctrine involved, and who had, at times, had some wrong contention on the subject, though, of course, with the courtesy becoming their dignified profession, not with the full manifestation of that love which "is the bond of perfectness." A young minister who was there for the first time, and who had never taken part in such controversy, read that scripture for a text, evidently not knowing or thinking of it as a battle

ground. He preached the gospel, expounding the text not as a debater, but as a gospel preacher. They listened, and smiled, and nodded at him, and at each other, and gathered about him when he was done, with loving speeches, acknowledging gladly that he had preached the truth.

When the Lord gives a word to one of his servants there is no one to say, "You must not present that subject; it has been discussed enough." The one that is hungry does not say, "We have had enough of this kind of meat; keep it off the table hereafter." No one says, "We are satisfied now what the fragrance of the rose is like, and therefore you need not be continually handling it." If the gospel meat could be put upon the table with a desire to make a show of wealth, or the rose of Sharon could be exhibited with a vain spirit as may be done with natural meats and flowers, then we might say, enough of that. But it cannot be. If the Lord gives a word to any one to speak, it is something which his brethren need to hear. The loving and prudent editor who, with a desire to avert discord, has said, "Let us not discuss that subject any more," is ready to acknowledge the authority of the Lord's word and to say, with his readers, "*That kind of discussion is not, and should not be, prohibited.*" Though we may not see clearly all that is presented, yet there is something that commends it as according to the oracle of God, and nothing to mar the peace of any, nor to hurt the tenderest feelings. One who stands guard over some assertions of his own, determined to defend them, may be stirred up to battle, but he will be surprised and thankful to find himself alone hurt with his own blows; for one who loves the truth cannot maintain a battle against the Spirit of Truth. On whatever subject one speaks or writes by the direction of the Spirit of Truth, he will still obey the exhortation, "Let brotherly love continue."

Your brother in love and fellowship,

SILAS H. DURAND.

P. S.—Among the many good things in the MESSENGER, I want to mention the experience that our aged Sister Pursley was compelled to write and send, and which was published in the December number. I believe in that kind of compulsion, and rejoice that the Lord

does work with irresistible power in and with his people. I was glad to read her experience for the interest there was in it, and also, because I was with Eld. Pursley in Georgia and in North Carolina, and esteemed him highly. I like your editorial on Railing.

S. H. D.

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### “WORSHIP.”

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[Concluded from February Number.]

“Now, if we have the desire to worship God, and our eyes are turned to the scriptures to guide us in our worship, it is time to begin to enquire what do they teach concerning Him and His dealings in providence and grace concerning us? And right at the threshold of this inquiry, we would do well to think of the words of Job: “Lo! these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion of him is known. But the thunder of his power who can understand?” After all that we have seen or known, we have not comprehended the smallest thought of Deity. “The foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men.” Yet we may come and enquire in His temple, and are bidden to meditate upon Him. He has used language (the language of men) to reveal what is needful for us to know concerning Him. And it is not wrong to humbly, and reverently, and prayerfully consider what he has said. Let us not be as some, who say of certain portions of the word which present teaching they do not like, “Oh! it is not meant for us to understand such deep things. There are simple things enough in the Bible to occupy us, without meddling with these mysterious things.” “ALL SCRIPTURE is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable,” etc.

I have long been convinced that if we do not believe any more concerning the Lord our God than we can comprehend, we shall believe nothing at all. His judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. In this many inspired writers, in all parts of the Bible, concur, in varying language. And yet Paul wrote of him, who is past finding out, and so did prophets and apostles, and so may we. What can we say of him, in any of his ways, but this, “such knowledge is too won-

derful for me, I cannot attain to it." And so the most common words by which we are made acquainted with some of the ways, and will, and words, and attributes of our Creator and Lord, are words which we cannot begin to comprehend. Who, in thought, can grasp the words "eternity," "immortality," "creation," "Spirit," "the Three who are One," "omnipotence," "omniscience," "omnipresence," "God manifest in the flesh," "unchangeability," and many others that I might name, relating to Deity? Take any one of these words and try to embrace it, and mark out its boundaries in our most far-reaching thought, and see how impossible it is. And yet these are common Bible words, and we have a right to use them, knowing that they express the truth concerning our God; and yet we cannot see into them to discern but a little of their meaning. If we must not speak the praises of God till we understand any part of it wholly, we shall never offer him our devotion at all. And it is an expression of highest worship when, with heart and voice, in spirit and in truth, we confess that we cannot measure His glory, and yet ascribe to him blessing, and honor, and power, and glory, and might, and dominion; to Him and to the Lamb forever.

He will not have a divided worship. He alone is worthy to be worshiped, and he will brook no rival. He ALONE is Creator of all; Upholder of all; Preserver of all. In him alone ALL THINGS live, move, and have their being. He alone is Sovereign of the universe. There is nothing that can escape his will. Him alone angels, men and devils obey. There is no power but what he ordains. He alone sees all things, knows all things, and declares the end from the beginning, saying, "my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." He is omnipotent, "possessing all power, so that there is no power but what is of him, even the wicked having no power except it be given them of God." He is omniscient, that is, always, each and every moment beholding all things in the infinite universe. He is omnipresent, that is, he is wholly and equally in all places and things. So large that he fills all immensity and yet so small, as the little boy said, that he wholly dwells in this poor heart of mine. He is unchangeable in all his attributes; in knowledge, will, purpose and power. All these are eternal, and there can be no

change in eternal things. Time things change, but that which is everlasting, never. As His knowledge, will, purpose and power embrace all things, so it is the peculiar glory of them that they embrace the election, calling, keeping, and final salvation of his people. It is, as it were, a purpose within a purpose, a knowledge within a knowledge, a power within the "ALL POWER" of God that is here brought to view. While with awe and reverence we remember that he made all things, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil, and endures with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, that he may thereby make his power known, we also remember with gladness and joy that he said of Israel, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." He has *made them also* in a peculiar sense. While he raised up Pharaoh for the purpose of showing his power in him, though Pharaoh meant it not so, he has most gloriously raised up his believing people, and made each one willing and joyful in the praise of God. They show forth his power in loving and willing obedience. To confess and acknowledge all these things, or any of them, and many other things which I cannot name now; to confess them in spirit to God, and in word and action before men, is to worship God. It is to ascribe to him what he has revealed as being true of himself in his word. The people of God lovingly and joyfully confess all these things, finding in them all their salvation and desire. Their praise and worship are largely voiceless, because they have to do with things which cannot be uttered. Their worship rises as sweet incense before God, and is made all the more fragrant when those who offer it are passing through the fires. One said, "though he slay me; yet will I trust in him." Surely this contains the very spirit of true worship. For myself, I can say that affliction has led me into deeper experiences, and more clear confessions of the power, goodness and sovereignty of God than has ever been my lot to know in the hour of prosperity. There is not an event in all the universe, at any time or place, but what in some way, "is working for the good of those who love God." This is my joy and my hope as I write to-night. For his I would worship and serve God.

Now, lastly, let it never be forgotten that all worship

must be rendered in the name of Jesus Christ. By him we have received favor to come to God, and by him we come. The Father accepts no prayer unless offered in the name of the exalted Saviour. This would always keep a child of God from joining in the form of worship held by most worldly secret societies. For in prayer they make no mention of the ONE NAME.

I remain, as ever, your brother in a precious hope,  
*Reisterstown, Md.* F. A. CHICK.

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### HOLINESS OF BODY REFUTED.

On no one point are the minds of men professing some measure of truth so sensitive as upon that of the believer's personal sanctification. You may be three-parts an Arminian, and four-fifths of a Pharisee, and men will speak well of you and of your religion; nay, many even of God's children will think favorably of you. But be in their eyes one-tenth of an Antinomian, and they will unchristianize you in a moment, if you had the experience of Hart, the gifts of Huntington, the godly life of Romaine, and the blessed death of Toplady. Now, nothing so much exposes a man to the suspicion of secret Antinomianism as his denying the sanctifying of the flesh. The cry is at once raised, "You are an enemy to holiness; you turn the grace of God into licentiousness; you allow people to live as they list; you encourage men under a profession of religion to continue in sin." Who does not know the changes which they ring on this peal of bells against all who assert that the flesh is incurably corrupt, and cannot be moulded afresh, or new modelled, or sanctified, or conformed to the image of Christ, but remains to the last what it was at the first, "the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts?" We may oppose to these clamorous reproaches a godly life, a gospel walk, a spiritual-mindedness, a heavenly conversation, a filial fear, a tender conscience, a separation from evil, a liberality to the poor and needy, and a deadness to the world, of which our opponents profess little and manifest less; but all in vain. The very suspicion that we deny the holiness of the flesh, present or possible, makes us viewed by most of the "very relig-

as" people of our day much as the Protestant heretic looked upon by the staunch Papist—a kind of horrid being, who may, perhaps, by a death-bed conversion to their views, and a full recantation of his own, escape hell, but who, at present, is in a very awful and dangerous condition.

But leaving these poor ignorant creatures who speak evil of things they know not, and who are actuated by such the same principle and spirit as those of old who said of the Lord, himself, "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" let us look for a few moments at a very different class of persons, to whom the mystery of the two natures is but little known. These are the honest and sincere, the tender in conscience and broken heart of the children of God, who, for want of divine light on this point, are often deeply tried and perplexed, and sometimes almost at their wits' end from what they feel of the inward workings and strength of sin. They are told, and their naturally religious mind, their traditionary creed, and their unenlightened understanding, all fully fall in with what they hear enforced on their conscience, that the sanctification of the soul (without which there is no salvation)

is a gradual progress from one degree of holiness to another, till, with the exception of a few insignificant remains" of sin, which, from some unknown cause, obstinately resist the sanctifying process, the believer becomes thoroughly holy, in body, soul and spirit. Now, they are told, may occasionally stir up a bad thought or two, or now and then a carnal desire may almost unaccountably start up; but its power is destroyed, the rebellious movement is immediately subdued, the hasty spark, which straight is cool again, is put out at once without further damage, and the process of sanctification keeps going on as harmoniously and uninterruptedly as before, till the soul is almost as fit for heaven as if it were already there.

Beautiful theory! but as deceptive and as unsubstantial as the mirage of the desert, or the summer evening pond bathed in the golden glow of the sinking sun. And so those sincere, honest-hearted children of God find and feel when "the motions of sin which are by law," stirred and roused from their torpid inactivity by

its application, work in their members to bring forth fruit unto death.

The doctrine of progressive sanctification, implying as it does, in the mouth of its strenuous advocates, the gradual extirpation of sin, and the moulding of the carnal mind into the image of Christ, is to the honest and tender conscience a torturing doctrine, pregnant with guilt, bondage and despair. To a man who merely plays with religion, all doctrines are pretty much alike, none cause him trouble, and none cause him joy. The holiness of God, the spirituality and curse of the law, the evil of sin, the helplessness of the creature, the sinfulness of the flesh, the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart, as long as they are mere doctrines, have no more effect upon the conscience than a narrative of the battle of Alma or an account of the fight at Inkermann. To a professor of religion dead in his unregeneracy, the fall of man is nothing like so stirring as the fall of Sebastopol; and the recovery by Christ does not give him half so much pleasure as the recovery from a bad cold. These are the men to preach progressive sanctification, and none urge it so continually, and press it so forcibly, except, perhaps, those that are living in sin, who are usually the greatest advocates for holiness, either as a mask of their practice, or on the principle of a set off, that, having none of their own, they may get as much as they can of other people's. "In for a penny, in for a pound," is the maxim of a man who runs into debt without meaning to pay. And so, if a man mean to pay God nothing of the obedience and holiness which he urges upon others, he thinks he cannot do better than get into debt as deep as he can. None set the ladder so high as the master who stops at the foot and urges his man on to the topmost round. None lay such heavy burdens on men's shoulders as those who themselves never touch them with one of their fingers, and none wield so unmercifully the whip as those who have never felt the end of the lash. To all such miserable task-masters the tried and distressed in soul may well say, "What is play to you is death to us; you are in jest, but we are in earnest; you are at your ease, we are laboring to attain unto what you only talk about. The holiness that you are preaching we are striving to practice. Your flashes

of exhortation are but summer lightning, and your denunciations but stage thunder, whilst we are at the foot of the mount that burned with fire, and where there was blackness and darkness and tempest. The sanctification of the flesh that you urge may do for you who have learned your lesson at the academy, and preach what you neither know, nor understand, nor feel—blind leaders of the blind, as you and your tutors are. Such a doctrine lies with no more weight on your conscience than the preacher's gown upon your back, or the gold ring upon your little finger; but it is not so with us, who are daily and hourly groaning beneath a body of sin and death. It is the load of sin that so deeply tries us, and our utter inability to bring forth the holiness that you urge upon our sore and bleeding consciences. It is our base backslidings, our sins against love and blood, our barrenness and deadness; the dreadful depravity of our hearts; our getting every day worse instead of getting every day better, that so deeply tries us, and your doctrine rubs salt into our bleeding, gaping wounds."

To such tried and distressed souls as these, who have been harassed almost to death by the doctrine of progressive sanctification, how reviving and encouraging it is when the mystery of the two natures is opened up to their spiritual understanding, and sealed upon their conscience by the Blessed Spirit!—*Philpot, in Gospel Standard.*

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## EXPERIMENTAL.

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ELD. J. R. RESPESS *and the dear readers of the Gospel Messenger who are of like precious faith:* I would love to speak a few words to you, but as I cannot see you, I will, by your permission, speak to you through our blessed medium, the GOSPEL MESSENGER.

My mind this morning has been contemplating our several experiences, noting the great variety and contrast, yet the comforting harmony, all the work of the same Spirit in preparing each one for his several duties and burdens; "For God hath set the members in the body as it hath pleased him." While we do, in a sense, bear one another's burdens, yet, in another sense,

"Every man shall bear his own burden." When we hear the experience of one who is laboring under some affliction that is light, compared with what we suffer, we are prepared to comfort him and bear him up; yet again we read of the affliction of another that is so much greater than ours that we are made to forget ours, and a feeling of sympathy arises, whereby we are comforted. So all our afflictions are for our own good and the good of the church. I am, lately, inclined to think that there is more lasting benefit to be derived from chastisement than from the sweet comforts of joy. Have you not noticed that those in affliction speak, as it were, in the presence of God, and their words are precious to us? We must needs be humble, but joy does not humble us. God comes to us according to our necessities; therefore, he is in our deepest sorrows as well as in our happiest moments, for he has promised never to leave nor forsake us. If I were to conclude that God was with me only when I could see him, then I would have to say that I know him not; for my moments of joy are so few and so short, and my vision so dim. How true and appropriate are the words of Job when he says, "Behold! I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him, but he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." If I ever knew him, my acquaintance with him began in sorrow—weeping over a consciousness of sin from which I had no power to escape. I was made to know that my sin was so great that the world did not contain a sacrifice sufficient to redeem me, and that I had nothing to give in exchange for my soul. Then Jesus appeared as my "Daysman," to stand between me and the offended God. He turned, as it were, the wrath of God into love; his vengeance into mercy, and his judgments into blessings. He removed my filthy garments; he washed me clean; he purged me within; he clothed me in a beautiful robe, spotless and white, and tacitly said, "Thou art mine." Then, I knew that he was with me in my deepest sorrow; when I thought I was alone, he had heard my prayer when struggling in despair, and my affliction, which I thought to be unte

death, I found to be unto life. I, like the disciples at the mount of transfiguration, wanted to dwell there with the Lord, but could not. I have traveled a long way from that lovely spot; had many trials, joys and duties, and may yet be a long way, in the same sense, from a peaceful and sweet dwelling with Jesus and the prophets. Each day's journey reveals some new scenery, and a new lesson is learned; and if I were not so forgetful, I might be wise, but only the mere essence or impression is left, and that must be impressed again and again by new trials, sorrows and joys that it fade not away.

God has given an infallible rule of life for his saints, yet he has not so arranged his dealings with them that they may calculate the measure of their punishment for disobedience, the extent of their joy in obedience, or in what manner he will answer their prayers. A servant of God prayed earnestly that the Lord would give him humility; then he tried to preach, and sat down in such deep humility that he sought solitude and bemoaned what seemed to him a sad failure. His prayer was answered, and he had, in addition, received a convincing evidence that the ability is not in man, but of God. So far from God giving us a rule for calculating our joys and sorrows, it is seldom that we know, at the time, why it is thus. As a dear sister, now in glory, said, in a moment of extreme physical pain, "O, what have I done that I must suffer this way!" Yet God, in his own time and way, reveals the cause; and it is this phase of my own experience that prompted me to commence this letter. Your brother in Christ,

*Greenfield, Ind.*

W. N. THARP.

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### THEY THAT FEARED THE LORD, SPOKE OFTEN ONE TO ANOTHER.

DEAR BRO. MITCHELL AND BELOVED BRETHREN: INAS-  
much as many brethren have availed themselves through  
our "cheap medium of correspondence," THE GOSPEL  
MESSENGER, to speak to the dear saints, and as I have  
been much comforted and instructed in reading the  
editorials and communications found in the MESSENGER  
from month to month, I feel a desire to pen a few  
thoughts this morning. "They that feared the Lord,

spoke often one to another," etc. I feel sure, that which comforts or instructs the dear saints here, will be profitable for the same people in any portion of God's vast domain; for all, everywhere, are taught of the Lord, and should be governed by the same infallible rule; that rule, or law, given by Him who is too wise to err, and who knew perfectly well what His people would need clear down through the annals of time. And it seems to me to be presumption for men to claim that the law that governed the apostolic church and primitive Christianity, is not sufficient to govern the church now. Human governments may rise and fall, and their laws change to suit carnal men, but God's rule of government is as immutable as He is who rules all things by the word of His power. For men to even try to add one single thing to the rule of His government, is a dire reflection upon his wisdom. We know that it is often said that the religion of Christ must be progressive, as the people are so much wiser now than they were a thousand years ago, and must have a progressive church—one that is up in every particular to the spirit of the age—and their rules be such as are adapted to their broad, liberal and scientific views. They are not willing to come under the jurisdiction of a tribunal that strips them of all glory.

Primitive Baptists are often censured with bigotry, fogyism, narrow contractedness, one hundred years behind, Hardshells, and other names that tend to embarrass the young Christian. But I would say to all such, Be of good cheer, for thus they spoke of Christ and the early disciples. We should prefer to follow the "Ancient Land Marks" and receive the taunts of men, rather than form a confederacy with the world, with all its shining allurements; for in so doing we could only expect to receive the applause of men, and not God's approval. Again, young Baptists are told that the Missionary Baptists are the original Baptist Church, and the *Hardshells* will soon be numbered with the things past; that it is only fifty or sixty years old, and hence can have no connection with the apostolic church. Such arguments coming from the oily-tongued advocates of the modern mission system, are likely to put young Baptists to their witts' end. With love to all and malice to none, I want to write a few things that I

think establishes our claim beyond a doubt, although it is already established by the New Testament:

“The Church,” Dr. Buck says, in his *Lexicon of Theology*, “is a congregation of faithful men and women, in which the *true* word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly” (and lawfully, I add) “administered according to Christ’s ordinances, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.” These faithful men and women, having been born of an incorruptible seed, prefer to be governed by the laws of Christ, although the anathemas of men be heaped upon them mountain high. I am here speaking of the church militant. Notice the simplicity and equality of the early saints. They “Had all things common,” not being burdened with so much surplus lumber, that would have tended to clog the wheels of Zion, and have impeded her progress. They were of “one mind and one heart.” Who, with any knowledge of the history of the Old School, or Primitive Baptists, can have the affrontery to say that in every age of the world, these people have not been nearer of one mind; preaching and practicing what they find taught in the New Testament. They are not divided upon the subject of Missions, Sunday-schools, Theological schools, and institutions of various kinds, founded upon the wisdom of men, since the separation of the Baptists fifty-four or five years ago. Our Missionary friends are. We find no such things taught in the Scriptures, or practiced by the church in her incipiency, and hence we stand aloof from all such, and claim this as one of the many proofs existing that our claim is well founded. We had better be called bigots, fogies, one hundred years behind, etc., and have the Scriptures to support our principles, than to be divided in sentiment, or have the praise of men in view, rather than the glory of God. Again, the church is illustrated as a city compactly built—a perfect square building, and resting upon that sure foundation—Christ the chief corner stone—and built of select or chosen material. The design of the building was drawn by the Great Architect of the universe, in which He never made a single mistake. If so, all may be mistaken, apostles, prophets and all. The foundation of a building may be ever so good, but if we erect a structure thereon of wood, hay and stubble, or other

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inferior material, such an edifice is likely to be overthrown by the winds that may beat upon it.

The many plans concocted by our Arminian friends to swell their ranks, that they may boast of their great numbers, are sure to bring in the wood, hay and stubble. If our Missionary friends are not as much divided in sentiment as any people on earth I am much mistaken. One reason is, that their order, as claimed and admitted by some of their own people, is largely composed of wood, hay and stubble, or unconverted material, and hence the evidence is against them.

Again, if this building is perfectly square, as we are informed, how is it possible for us to add one single thing to this grand structure without throwing it off a square, or casting reflection upon the Great Architect?

Who has added Sunday-schools as helps to the church, to assist in training up children, or preparing them for membership in the churches? Echo answers, not we. It makes no difference how harmless these auxiliaries may seem to men and women, if not according to the Scripture, they are wrong, and we know they do not authorize any such. Such have a tendency to place the inventions of men—inventions of a modern date—above the atonement of Christ. I prefer to remain a thousand years behind such theories, and be called by all the hard names possible, rather than to advocate, or be identified with them.

Again, our city is a city of solemnities. The church is often spoken of so lightly, with so much irreverence, one is ready to conclude that it is no more than any other body of men gathered together to transact the common affairs of life. The true church feels, when gathered together, that they are in the Sanctuary of God, presided over by Him that purchased their redemption with His own blood. It is too solemn and sacred to do anything that would cast reflections upon His adorable name; too solemn to do anything her Head and Husband has forbidden. I cannot believe that the true church, in the face of all this solemnity, could be induced to organize church fairs, masquerade balls, weighing parties, kissing parties, auctions, where young ladies are put up and sold to the highest bidder, and numbers of other schemes, cunningly devised by men, all for the purpose of raising money for "*church*

*purposes.*" No, I cannot think the church would consent to such, so derogatory to the solemnity of this city. Neither do I think her ministers will indulge in unchaste language, slang phrases, funny anecdotes, in order to charm the audience and gather the multitude. Again, I prefer to be two thousand years behind all such, carried on in the name of religion.

May God save us from modern priestcraft.

*Stroud, Ala.*

W. R. AVERY.

REMARKS.—Lest some reader might think that the picture which Eld. Avery has given of religious fairs, festivals, auctions and picnics, is rather overdrawn or too highly colored, we will here append a brief extract or two from Hassell's Church History (page 584). Speaking of some of the corruptions of worship in this nineteenth century, we find the following, viz:

"The multiplication of almost all worldly amusements in connection with the so-called 'churches,' for the retention and entertainment of the young members, who, having no spiritual life, cannot partake of Spiritual food, and raising money for pretended religious purposes, such as strawberry and ice cream festivals, oyster suppers, concerts, burlesque hymns, comic songs, Sunday-school excursions, picnics, and banners, and emblems, Christmas trees, Easter cards, charity balls and church fairs, with their rafflings or gamblings, mingling sham trade with sham charity, obtaining money under false pretenses, teaching the selfish and thoughtless how to be benevolent without benevolence, charitable without charity, and devout without devotion, and how to give without giving, and to be paid for 'doing good,' thus attempting to serve God and mammon, and turning what is claimed to be God's house of prayer into a house of merchandise and a den of thieves."

The historian in the above extract is simply stating facts as he finds them; and on page 600 we find the following candid admission from a Presbyterian minister:

"Mr. Alfred E. Myas, a Presbyterian minister, of Owasco, New York, says, in his pamphlet on the Sociable, the Entertainment and the Bazaar: 'A church which has recently received a number of young people into active membership, is the scene of humorous enter-

tainment. A stage is laid over the pulpit platform and over the place lately occupied by the communion table, and *there* the young converts, with others, are required to perform for the benefit of the church. At another entertainment, a group of young men go through the form of selling at auction a young lady to the highest bidder. At another of these diversions, and in the presence of people of education and refined taste, a professional musician renders a roustering drunken song, with startling energy. Clergymen and their wives figure in costume as George and Martha Washington; one minister reads humorous selections, another sings comic songs, others make droll speeches. The pulpit is sometimes removed and Santa Claus and his chimney occupy the platform. Again, in just such a position, along with other attractions, we have an organ-grinder with a wealthy, middle-aged citizen sustaining the dignified position of the monkey, passing the hat for pennies. The superintendent of a Sunday-school, chalked and painted, poses as an ancient king, and teachers amuse an audience with a semblance of stage embraces. Under the auspices of a Sunday-school, a college glee club provokes great merriment. In the 'Old Folks' concert, solemn hymns are sung in a drawing style, to raise a laugh."

The foregoing extracts, with others that could be given, are candid admissions of the shameful and sinful pollution of worship in which every sect professing Christianity, whether Protestant or Catholic, are directly or indirectly engaged, except the Primitive Baptists. They are indeed more than eighteen hundred years behind all these desecrating things, and it is hoped and believed they will remain so until the second coming of Christ. They know the voice of the Good Shepherd is not in these church entertainments, and a stranger they will not follow.—M.

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Deliver my soul from the wicked, who have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure. The things of the world are the only happiness of the men of the world. None of their flowers grow in Paradise. They are anxious for the creature, and indifferent about the Redeemer.

## COMPANIONSHIP.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS: Only that I have had such a sense of my unfitness to pen anything to any of God's dear children, I should have written you a few lines before this. Even now I ask myself, What shall I write upon this page? Well, I know from what has taken place between us in times past, that if now I were with you, and we were in the spirit, the theme of our communion one with another, would be "the things of Christ" Our little visits one with another come up as sweet, desirable remembrances, for I well remember how my poor, tried soul, several times, burned within me, as we communed one with another, and I feel I am right in believing that Jesus was with us as we journeyed along. Companionship in the things of Christ! what a precious and desirable inheritance! It is the gracious work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers that brings them into such sweet accord, and while they are found walking in the spirit they "fall not out by the way."—Gen. xlv. 24. Is it not a wonderful thing, dear brother, that we have (as we humbly hope) been brought into companionship with the dear Lamb of God, our precious Redeemer? I catch glimpses of myself, and what do I see? A vile, loathsome sinner, deserving hell—meriting, by my sins, the everlasting frown of the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity! Yet, I have a good hope, through grace, that I have been called into the fellowship of God's dear Son. O, I do feel it is not wrong, it is not presumptuous, for me thus to express myself, but it is a wonder of wonders to me; I am a miracle of Jehovah's grace! We read in the Song of Solomon (1 vii. 8, 13) of "Thy companions;" and those who are with the Lamb, the Lord of lords, and King of kings, are called and chosen and faithful (Rev. xvii. 14), and victory over all enemies is assured to all the companions of Jesus, the Captain of our salvation. How contrary to all the anticipations of the carnal mind it is to be a companion of Jesus! He was the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and do we not know, dear brother, that in being called into the fellowship of God's dear Son, we are called to know the fellowship of his suffering? He was stricken and smitten, wounded

and bruised, under our load of sins he smarted; so we have, even now, to be "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life, also, of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life, also, of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh"—2 Cor. iv. 10, 11. In our companionship with the Son of God, our Saviour suffering is our portion. We are called to continue with him in his temptations (Luke xxii. 28); but though we experimentally bear about with us the dying of our dear Redeemer, as Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ, *nevertheless I live.*" "*The life, also, of Jesus is made manifest in our mortal flesh*" Our cruel sins oft bring us into sore distresses; Satan and his hellish crew fiercely assail us; into the deep waters with Jesus we must go, *but the life, also, of Jesus is made manifest in us, as our everlasting consolation.* Emmanuel triumphed over our sins, and perfected our salvation through his sufferings. He cried, "It is finished," bowed his head, gave up the ghost, triumphed over hell and the grave, and reigns on high our Saviour God. O, my brother, triumphant joy fills our hearts in this knowledge of the power of his resurrection. We are risen with Jesus, by precious faith, above our sins, above the curse—far removed from all condemnation. Every note of accusation is hushed; our sorrows are assuaged; the lightnings no longer flash; Sinai's thunders are stilled, for Christ hath died for our sins. Yea, rather is risen again for our justification, and ever liveth at right hand of the Father and maketh intercession for us. Yes, our companionship is with Jesus in his sufferings and dying, and with him, also, we are risen and walk in newness of life, all of which is so beautifully set forth in our putting on Christ in our baptism.—Rom. vi. 3, 11. If, for a time, our Beloved is veiled from our sight, then disconsolate we wander, for our fair and sweet Lord Jesus is the desire of all regenerated nations, and we shall not be wandering solitarily and alone very long before our heart will be crying out, "Tell me, O, thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest? where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon? for why should I be as one that is turned aside from the flock of *thy companions?*" His felt presence dis-

perses our gloom and makes all within us rejoice. On him we often feel to lean, while his melodious voice in our souls drives all our fears away, filling our hearts with good cheer. Then, though the way be rugged, though sore temptations press us, though despised of men, though in pain and poverty, the felt companionship of our dear Lord Jesus keeps our head above the waters. Underneath are the everlasting arms—we shall not sink. You have many times, dear brother, found it to be so, and even when our spirit was overwhelmed within us, our faithful Companion—our blessed, unchangeable Friend who, in all our afflictions, was afflicted—knew the path.—Ps. cxlii. 3. As our tender Shepherd he bore us and carried us, and in his own time and way he brought us deliverance, and brought us forth into a wealthy place. It is the presence of Jesus—his Spirit and doctrine manifest in his people—that make them meet companions, and constitutes the bond that unites them; and in all the sweet and comforting companionship that the redeemed of the Lord are blessed with in one another, Jehovah Jesus is ever present. The center to which we are all attracted, in whom we are drawn into oneness, our beloved Emmanuel is the Chief among ten thousand, and with united voice all the ransomed company, the ten thousand, proclaim him to be “altogether lovely.” Ah! our faltering tongues can never tell the preciousness of the Saviour of sinners. Amid all the vexations and trials that we are appointed to undergo, when earthly friendships prove inconstant, when we feel that “cisterns are broken and creatures all fail,” then, Oh! what consolation! what a haven of rest is our blessed Redeemed! Oh! indulge me, thou blessed Comforter, to cast all my cares upon the Lord, to unbosom all my griefs, to seek that grace I so much want in times of need. “I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.—Ps. cxlii. 2. O, have we not many times proved that our God understood our trouble; that he did not misinterpret our woes as those three companions of Job; O, no! The Lord knows all our maladies, and proves himself our compassionate High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and succors us in all our distresses, and supports us under all our temptations. All life’s

journey Christ Jesus is the Companion of his people, for he says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

I have been thinking, dear brother, of the companionship of God's dear people in the churches of Christ. The Apostles Peter and John, when released from prison, "went to *their own company*, and reported all that the chief priests and elders had said unto them," (Acts iv. 23); and in 1 Cor., v. 11, it is written, "I have written unto you *not to keep company*, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one do not eat." Thus, the members of the church of Christ, under the New Testament, are companions. Their companionship is in the precious doctrine of the gospel. When dead in trespasses and sins, the heirs of salvation had their companions in the paths of iniquity, but when it pleased God to call us, dear brother, by his grace, to reveal his Son, Jesus Christ, in us, we found such associates no longer congenial. We shunned vile company, now so distasteful, so painful to endure. As poor, vile sinners, yet separated from the world, we found ourselves isolated, and not until Jehovah's pardoning love was felt in our souls could we feel fit for the companionship of any one under the sun. Not worthy to rank with Christ's flock, we felt ourselves as veiled aside from the companions of the Chief among ten thousand.—Song of Solomon, i. 7. But when the Holy Spirit favored us to know that our sins were pardoned in the blood of the Lamb, O, then it was not presumptuous for our hearts to say, "I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of those that keep thy precepts"—Ps. cxix. 63. The fear of the Lord in the hearts of God's elect is the secret bond that unites them, and according to which they are made meet to live, and walk and suffer together. "Ruth said to Naomi (for she clave unto her), 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more, also, if ought but death part thee and me.'"—Ruth i. 16, 17. They were truly companions.

What a bitter ingredient was that in David's cup of grief when he spake of Ahithophel! saying, "It was not an enemy that reproached; then could I have borne it, neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then would I have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God *in company*."—Ps. lv. 12, 14. "Precious are those seasons when the saints assemble in sweet accord, in the fellowship of the gospel, and rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord one to another."—Judges v. 11. They are companions in their joys and sorrows, in prosperity and adversities, "companions in tribulation," (Rev. i. ix.); "companions of the persecuted and suffering family of God."—Heb. x. 33. Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. When such companionship is realized among the redeemed of the Lord, their communion one with another will be to edification. I have proved and tasted, my dear brother, something of the preciousness and comfort there is in the fellowship of the saints in the gospel. In the companionship of sinners saved by the sovereign grace of God, O, may I be favored to walk and dwell while sojourning in the world.

If an assembly called a church are not *companions* in the glorious and soul-comforting truth, as it is in Jesus, then they fail to present the beauty which inseparably belongs to the church of Christ. As companions in the kingdom of God, the members of the body of Christ will be fellow-helpers, bearing each other's burdens—thus fulfilling the law of Christ, the Chief among ten thousand. Our fears, our hopes our aims are one, our comforts and our cares. We read of Daniel and his companions (Dan. ii. 17), and surely there is some truth in the proverb, "A man is known by the company he keeps." "O, may I ever be counted, dear Saviour, one of thy companions."—Song of Solomon i. 7, 8, 13. May I ever hearken to thy voice, continue with thee in thy doctrine to the end of my pilgrimage, and then, when done with earth and time is o'er—when raised in immortality in resurrection glory—may I, with all the ransomed company, be forever with thee. Amen!

Well, my dear brother, I have jotted down these thoughts, having in my mind pleasant remembrance of some moments, at several times, when we were bosom companions together—fellow-travelers in the afflictions and consolations that it hath pleased our heavenly Father to appoint us. May the blessing of the God of Israel rest upon you, and favor you with enjoyable and profitable companionship with the dear household of God, among whom your lot is cast. This is the heart's desire of one who is, I hope, your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

FRED. W. KEENE.

*Sutherland's Corners, Ontario, Can., Jan. 1, 1891.*

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Neither pray I for these alone, but for them, also, which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one in us, that the world may believe thou hast sent me.—John xvii. 20, 21.

DEAR BRO. MITCHELL: I have read Bro. J. S. Collins' letter in the MESSENGER, and had a mind to write to him privately, but concluded that, if I might be the means of giving him a mite of consolation, that if it was made public, possibly some one else might get a morsel.

It seems that we are all heirs to trouble and disappointments. If we always made our appointments to correspond (which we cannot do) with God's appointments, we would never be disappointed. But it does seem to me that we must be the characters referred to in the Bible, that are short-sighted and cannot see afar off. To think that I, myself, who have been a reader of the Bible for over forty-five years—not a syllable of it escaping my eyes—and having once had a glorious view of my Redeemer, and that I, notwithstanding all of this, should grovel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death as though I had no eyes! This is, indeed, one of those mysteries. It looks to me sometimes as if I have had more real cause for trouble than any one I know of; and again it sometimes seems that I have had much cause to rejoice.

I read in the MESSENGER of some who are sorely afflicted, even worse than Bro. Collins complains of, but hardly any that was afflicted worse than Job was. Oh, how weak, how sinful, how short-sighted, to think

that a Christian can, with all of the precious promises before his eyes, complain! And to think that our dear Saviour prayed for us, as in the text quoted and he also says that his Father always hears him. Job suffered greatly, and for a considerable time, yet it was but a moment compared with time, to say nothing of eternity. Not only Job, but thousands have suffered the most torturing pain that man could invent, and that for the defense of God's truth; "Yet justice and judgment is the habitation of thy throne, O, God."—David. I was once asked the question, by a minister, how God could be just in Job's punishment, and Job a perfect and upright man? etc. My answer was that, although Job was a perfect and upright man, yet he was, by nature, a sinner, and if God saw fit to give him full measure in punishment for his sins, it was no more than justice. Then, if he sees fit to exempt us from such punishment, it is through his mercy. We have, sometimes, wondered how the disciples could speak as they did. "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."—Luke xxiv. 21. Then, it is no wonder that he should say, "O, fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, ought not Christ to have suffered?" etc. Then, if those two disciples were fools and slow of heart, what are we? He also says, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe, also, in me." He also says, "I go to prepare a place for you;" and "In my Father's house there are many mansions." We sometimes doubt these promises being to ourselves, but I have often come to this point: that if the hope I have is vain, I cannot possibly help it; and the decrees of the Almighty are unchangable, and if my lot is eternal punishment, it is just; and if I am saved, it is of God's mercy, through the merits of his dear Son; and it seems to me, sometimes, that in either case I could say, "Just and true and holy are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty!" Then, let us murmur less and praise him more, and press on for the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ, our Saviour. All we can do is to do our duty and trust Him for the balance, and look forward to the time when our bodies will be raised, spiritually incorruptible—raised in glory, in power; yea! in the likeness of Jesus—to be forever with the Lord; yes, forever!

Then will all of his prayers for us be fully answered, and all of his promises fully realized. Let us pray for each other.

*Regency, Tex.*

J. D. K. ALLDREDGE.

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### EXPERIENCE.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: At the request of my dear cousin (Eld. A. V. Simms) I attempt, with fear and trembling, to give you the reason of my little hope for publication, provided, however, you think it worthy of such notice; for I feel as I write that I should not be in the way of older and more worthy writers.

I was born of God-fearing and God-loving parents; both are members of the Old Baptist Church, and were before my earliest recollection. I am now in my 17th year. I never had any serious trouble about myself or my sins until in August, 1888, and the fourth Sunday in that month was the beginning of sorrow with this poor worm. Till this time I had not known what trouble was; my life had been one of ease and pleasure. But on the day named above, while the church was engaged in washing feet, I had for the first time, a clear view of my depravity. Such was the remorse of my poor heart, that it was with much difficulty that I could conceal my emotions. I was so much afraid some one would take notice of me. This was the first time I felt to need the mercy of God; and now I was sorely in need of it; I was made that day to beg for mercy. While those dear, good people were giving each other the parting hand that evening, I had a great desire to offer my unworthy hand and ask them to pray for me, but could not; I felt that

“The rest for which I sighed,  
Was not for such as I.”

I went home with an aching heart, and I tried to read the Bible, but all I read seemed to point to my condemnation. I could see how others could be saved, but saw no chance for myself. At this time I was going to school, and our teacher would have us to read in the

Bible at school. I was glad of this, for I could read it at school, and no one would suspect anything unusual with me. But at home I was cautious, and did not want papa and mamma to catch me with the Bible in my hands.

“I read, the promise met my eyes,  
But would not reach my case.”

When we had company at our house I would sit around, trying to appear indifferent, but at the same time anxious to hear every word; but with all my anxious listening I heard but little to comfort me. Thus I passed away the time until Friday morning before the fifth Sunday in June, 1890, when trouble left me, but I have never known how. Mamma and I were fixing for the General Meeting, and that morning the general appearance seemed to change; the birds sang sweeter, and the trees—everything was most glorious in its appearance. But I kept the whole thing a profound secret from mamma and every one, and I was praising the Lord in my soul all that blessed day. Saturday and Sunday I went to meeting, and the good Old Baptists looked better than I had ever seen them before. Sunday afternoon I found trouble again, but not the same kind I had previously undergone; I was in doubt as to the reality of what I had seen and felt, and I took a walk with two of my cousins, and I was so much dejected and cast down in spirit that I feared they would detect it. On my return home the cloud of darkness that over-shadowed my soul seemed heavier, and my trouble greater, until I began to fear I would die before I reached home. I have been made to hope since that it was only for the trial of my faith. Next morning, while in this doubtful, despondent frame of mind, Jesus appeared to me (whether in imagination or how I cannot tell) hanging on the cross, with His head drooped over his right shoulder, and I felt then that it was to assure me that my sins had been washed away by his blood. This caused me to rejoice and hope again that I had been partaker of his mercy. I now found myself desiring a home among the Lord's people; I could now see a beauty in their fellowship I had never been able to see before, and I loved them most dearly, yet could not believe they could love or fellowship me.

I did not think Christians felt their unworthiness as I did, and I was almost persuaded to believe that when I offered they would reject me. But these words would ring in my ears:

“Why will you longer lingering stay,  
When Jesus says there's room?  
Now is the time—the accepted day—  
Arise, He bids you come.

“Stay not within the wilderness,  
Nor waiting at the door;  
Sweet Jesus will your woes redress  
Were they ten thousand more.”

These words would ring in my head occasionally for two months. Some times I would try to throw them all away, and try to enjoy the world again, but, ah me, I got so badly hurt at this that at last I gave it all up. But the good Lord brightened my evidence again. On Saturday morning, the same day I joined the church, I was going to the well before the sun rose (I don't know why), but I looked towards the east and saw on the beautiful sky these words: “Go ye, therefore, and tell the people what Christ has done for you.” It looked like it was written with gold; so I could again rejoice, and on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in August last, I went to the church at Old Harmony and told them a little of what I have written, and to my joy was received into their fellowship, and was baptized with two others next day, by Eld. A. V. Simms.

Dear Bro. Respass, I must say now, that that day has been, up to the present, a green spot in my memory. I felt that I had obeyed Christ, and was at home among my own people. And I hope, dear brother, you will find it in your heart to pray for me, that I may ever live right, and never stain my garment.

I cannot close without saying to all my readers who are on the wilderness side of the river, that if you only knew how sweet the grapes are on the other side, I would surely stimulate you to cross over. It is a wide turbulent stream, I know, but it is an easy one to cross when once you have set your face toward Zion. You will learn that one day in the courts of the Lord's house is better than a thousand away from home.

Your little, unworthy sister,  
*Okapilco, Ga.*

MEMIE MOORE.

## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, Wm. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON..... EDITORS

I would ask subscribers to look at your dates on the printed slip of your MESSENGER. You have either paid to that date or owe from that date. Say the printed slip is J. R. Respass, Dec. 91—that means that J. R. Respass—and put your name instead of mine—it means that it is paid to December, 1891. If it should be J. R. Respass, Dec. 89—put your name in place of mine—it means that you owe for a year. If it should be Dec. 88, it means that you owe for two years. Whatever the month and year may be, you have either paid in advance to that date or owe from date.—R.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The relation of husband and wife is a very near relation, and should be held in sacred regard by both parties. It is of such a nature, and of such binding force, according to divine standard, that no man on earth, or set of men, whether kings, presidents, governors, legislators, judges of earthly courts, or any other power, has any right to dissolve, disturb, or interfere with, from the very fact that the God of heaven has established it in the original creation of man upon the earth, and has given this as an all-sufficient reason that "no man should put asunder what God hath thus joined together." And from the importance that is given it in the Scriptures, and the authority by which it is established, we may well infer what a great curse will and does fall upon any man or woman that shall either disturb or break this union that God has established between the husband and his wife, not only for their own good, but for the good of their children and society in all time to come. Wherever the relation of husband and wife is disregarded, disturbed or set at naught, it will prove a great curse to families, communities and governments, in a social, domestic, moral, political and religious sense. Families once happily united and prosperous in their social, domestic and church relations, can no longer be cheerful when the loving tie that

binds husband and wife together is weakened or broken by petty dissensions or little family troubles.

That troubles of some kind will and do come upon most of families, may reasonably be expected, but so long as the husband and wife remain true to their solemn marriage vow, which they have taken before God and man—true to themselves and to their children, and true to the church of Christ—no kind of trouble can greatly mar their peace or disturb their joy. Nay, verily, these troubles rather tend to bring them nearer to each other in the common fellowship of suffering and trial. But let the loving tie once become weak or broken, whether from one or both parties, and there are then a thousand evils at the door ready to enter the once peaceful household and turn all joy into darkness, hatred, confusion and distress.

It is a heart-sickening thought, and one on which we do not delight to dwell, to think of the worm of discontent, shame and remorse that is daily eating up the peace and happiness of families and churches where the husband and wife are not living on good terms together. Angry words, evil surmisings, evil speaking and quarrels in families, especially between the husband and his wife, are terrible things; but terrible as they are, or as they may be, they are sure to come with seven-fold more evils if the least encouragement is given them by that evil surmising spirit so common in human nature, and with which some wives and husbands are greatly tormented.

It may be thought by the reader that this is rather too delicate a subject to write upon, and we confess to feel the force of that suggestion to such an extent that nothing short of the importance of the subject, and a sense of duty to call attention to it, could induce us to bring it before the readers of the MESSENGER. It has been said by some one that "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure;" and it may be that where any of these relations have been disturbed and liable to be forever broken by want of patient forbearance, or from any improper conduct, a word of warning might be blessed of the Lord to cause the offending parties to "Search and consider their ways, and turn again unto the way of the Lord," as given in holy writ, Lam. iii. "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright," but

the ways of men are weakness and death to their peace.

And now will the reader suffer us to say that if there is one solitary case among Primitive Baptists where there are unpleasant feelings between the husband and the wife, we entreat them for Christ's sake, for the sake of the church of which they are members, and for the sake of their children and the community in which they live, to stop and think, and pray God for help in this hour of peril and need.

Even aside from the near relation of husband and wife, the relation of Christians in the church is so near that there are frequent warnings to "Let brotherly love continue," "Let nothing be done through strife, or vain glory," to be kind, piteous and tender hearted one to another, letting all bitterness, wrath and evil speaking be put away from them. Now, if this is the true principle of Christianity (as we know it is) written by the Spirit in the heart of every Christian, and so strongly enforced in the written word of God upon each one of them in his or her church relation, is it not doubly important that it be heeded by those who stand in the doubly binding relation to each other of church members and also as husband and wife? "They are no more twain, but one flesh." From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female, and for this cause he has proclaimed his law respecting the marriage relation, that "a man shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife." God hath thus joined the husband and wife together in the original creation, and by a positive law has forbidden any man to put asunder or separate that which he has thus joined together as one flesh.—Mark x. 6-9.

The husband is to render unto his wife that benevolence and honor that is due her as the weaker vessel, and the wife is to see that she fills her place in giving that reverence to the authority of her husband that is enjoined in the Scriptures.—Eph. v. 23, 24; 1 Cor. vii. 3.

The Apostle Paul says: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." And the Apostle Peter writes as inspired of the Lord, that "Wives be chaste in their manner and conversation" in order that erring husbands who "obey not the word" as Christians, "may be won" to obedience by the kind and chaste conversation of their wives.

—1 Pet. iii. He cites the godly example of Sarah, the lovely wife of Abraham, and other godly women of olden times, who trusted in God and obeyed and revered their husbands. "A meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price, and it is far more likely to have his blessing upon it in winning the respect and obedience of an erring husband to the right way than the mere "outward adorning" of "braided hair," bracelets, jewels, or any other "costly array" of finery that could be put on. One of these apostles writes to Timothy that it is "Becoming in women professing godliness that they be adorned with good works, sobriety and modest apparel."—1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.

Whatever may be the relation that Christians sustain to each other, whether as component members of the same church, or as husbands and wives, parents and children, there is nothing better calculated to promote and maintain the unity and pleasantness of these relations than kindness of word and deed to each other. Let them nourish, cherish and carefully cultivate these Christian virtues by "giving all diligence to add to their faith, virtue, temperance, patience, godliness and brotherly kindness," and they will soon see and enjoy the good results by an individual peace of mind, peace between husband and wife, peace at home and abroad, and peace in the church of Christ. Cultivate these Christian virtues, and where any one is tormented with that foul spirit of evil surmising that slyly lurks in human nature, let him or her strive in prayer against it, and pray God to cast it out from him so as to enter no more. Little as this evil spirit of surmising may at first seem to be, it is susceptible of rapid growth when nourished or cultivated, and soon it will become a monster of iniquity, transforming vain and imaginary evils into fixed and solid realities. Flee from it, and follow after the things that make for peace, and "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."—Rom. xii. 18.

*Opelika, Ala.*

W. M. MITCHELL.

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One reason why Christians do more than others, is because they stand in a nearer relation to God than others.

## COMPULSION.

An infidel once said, "It is hard for a Christian to be tolerant;" and why should he have said it but for the fact that so many so-called Christians have been, and are now, intolerant? And so learned and eminent a man and historian as Macauley, has said, "the doctrine of all sects, when condensed into a few words, is simply this, 'I am in the right and you in the wrong. When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate the truth; but when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error.'" Macauley judged as the infidel did; he judged all Christians by the tendencies and acts of the most numerous, wealthy, learned and influential bodies of so-called Christian men, and hence his conclusion; and it would be the conclusion of all thinking men. But the truth is that no real Christian can be intolerant, because it is a fundamental principle of Christianity "That all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," (Matt. vii.) and "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—Luke vi. And Christ said, also, "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore as wise as serpents and harmless as doves."—Matt. x.

What Primitive Baptist would persecute any man for his religion, however erroneous he might know it to be? There is not one that would. There is not a Primitive Baptist church anywhere that would hold a member in fellowship who would join in burning or destroying the property or otherwise injuring a Roman Catholic on account of his religion. Not one would; though knowing, at the same time, that the Catholics have in the past, drawn, quartered and hanged many of our brethren. Stephen called down the blessing of God upon those who stoned him to death, and Christ prayed for those who crucified him. Surely the religion of Christ is not of this world.

No body of Christians can, in Christ's spirit, seek by law or force to harm any class of men, whether believers or unbelievers, either in person or property. But all denominations of Christians in this country, so far as I know, except the Primitive Baptist, seek to mix, to

some extent, church and state. They all favor chaplains in the Federal and State Legislatures, men who are paid to pray by the civil government—paid by taxing Jews and unbelievers as well as believers. It is superfluous to ask if that is according to Christian principle, for it is too plain that it is not. They also favor the exemption of all church property from taxation, which is just, as far as religious people are concerned, but it is not just to citizens professing no religion. Christ did not design that his religion should be a burden to any man nor can Christians in his spirit make it so.

An Ohio Supreme Court held (American Law Register), "that there is no such thing as 'religion of state.'" "When Christianity," continues the Court, "asks the aid of government beyond a mere *impartial protection*, it disowns itself. Its laws are divine, not human; its essential interests lie beyond the reach and range of human governments. United with government, religion never rises beyond the merest superstition; united with religion, government never rises above the merest despotism; and all history shows that the more widely and completely government and religion are separated, the better it is for both. If it be true that our law enjoins the teaching of the Christian religion in the public schools, surely all the teachers should be Christians. Were I such a teacher, while I should instruct the pupils that the Christian religion was true, and all other religions false, I should tell them that the law (the law requiring religion to be taught in the schools) itself was an unchristian law. One of my first lessons would be to show the pupils that it was unchristian, and that lesson would be, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them. I could not look the veriest infidel or heathen in the face and say that such a law was just; I should have to tell them it was an outgrowth of false Christianity, and not one of the 'lights' which believers are to shed upon an unbelieving world."

How then can Christians ask, according to Christ's teachings, for their church property to be exempt from taxation? or in other words, how can they ask that non-professing tax payers be taxed to support their religion? That certainly is not Christian. Take, for a single

example, Trinity Church, in New York city, which church owns a property a quarter of a mile wide by three-quarters of a mile long, and worth twenty-five millions of dollars, and which taxed equally with other property, would contribute \$750,000 a year to the support of the State, but being exempt, that amount goes into the church coffers; and the people of New York—believers and unbelievers—are taxed this extra amount to make good the deficiency, paying, it is estimated, \$2,000 a year—the State virtually paying it—for the religious instruction of each attendant at Trinity Church. And this, too, when the State or Sheriff would sell the hut from over the head of a poor washerwoman for taxes to support Trinity Church, with its rich stores, warehouses and offices.

Now consider the value of all the church property of all the denominations in the United States, of the Episcopalians, Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, and running up in value to hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars, exempt from taxation, and the deficiency, aggregating millions of dollars, that is forced out of the non-professing tax payers to support the so-called religion of Christ, and that in a government boasting of religious liberty, and a complete separation of church and state!

I confess that it may seem that these things are too trifling and unimportant to notice; but when we consider their tendency, they become matters of grave import to lovers of real Christianity and religious liberty, as well as lovers of free government, whether religious or irreligious. It was the beast that had two horns like a lamb, that spake as a dragon—Rev. xiii.

I will here conclude for the present.—R.

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Eld. Rowe was excluded from the Butler church for contempt in withdrawing from us and joining another body upon confession of faith, as if we had been no church at all. Predestination had nothing to do with it. Eld. Rowe is now preaching, of course in disorder and contempt of Christ's law, with the Towaliga churches. And in dismissing the matter finally, as I hope, from the MESSENGER, I will state that the church here felt, and now feel, that Eld. Rowe, and each member of the

church equally with him, was treated wrong by the *Signs*, and the Middletown and Warwick churches, in their declaration of non-fellowship for Eld. Rowe. Because if those churches refuse communion with him they equally refused it with us who continued in communion with him until he violently broke off from us. The church never accepted the charge as true, nor the order of it as right, but sustained Eld. Rowe against it. The church was, and is to this day, grieved at the treatment she has received; nor can those churches help knowing that, when they assemble at the Lord's table in communion, they have excluded each member of this church from their communion, and that as they have treated us, so they have done unto Christ.

We leave this matter with the brotherhood everywhere, and especially with the churches of the Warwick and their corresponding Associations, and we submit and suffer henceforth in silence.

J. R. RESPESS.

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### PEACE.

God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints.—1 Cor. xiv. 33.

In accordance with the brotherly invitation of Elder Respass, I am spending the winter with him in his hospitable and Christian home at Butler, Ga., my infirm health for the past year seeming to require a milder and drier winter climate than that of my native place and usual residence, Williamston, N. C.

A letter just received by Eld. R. from a ministering brother in Texas has been handed to me with a request that I should write a short reply for the pages of the GOSPEL MESSENGER. This brother (Eld. Paul E. Gorbet, Georgetown, Texas,) writes in a gentle and humble spirit, deploring the contentions and divisions prevailing, in his section, among Primitive Baptists in regard to the doctrine and discipline of the church. He says: "Crimination and recrimination are all the go in this part of Texas. What is the matter with the dear old people, the Primitive Baptists? It seems that they have thrown away the teachings of the blessed Son of God. I often think of what Jesus says and what the apostles taught among all the churches, 'Little children, love one another.' Now, we are taught that 'love casteth out fear;' and further, that 'charity hideth a multitude of faults.' We may differ on some minor points of doctrine. No one is perfect in this life. There is one life that is perfect, the life which is hid with Christ in God. Therefore,

considering that we are all finite beings in this world, we should always bear in mind that there is something in our own eye as well as in our brother's eye. My only reliance is that the God of all grace can bring order out of confusion, if it is but His holy will. John says, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'—1 John v. 21. Now, if I am a child, I am a very little one, and I think there are some pet things which some of us have made idols of. I will not attempt to say what I think those idols are; yet I do not want to follow a multitude to do evil. Therefore, I will have to be alone yet, only depending on Him who is able to keep that which I have committed to His charge. To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Now, where there is so much talk about order, do we manifest the love of Christ? I am aware of the fact that we are not to keep company with 'fornicators, covetous, or extortioners, or railers, or drunkards, or blasphemers.' But I know that when we sin so against the brethren, we sin against Christ."

The friends of Zion are deeply pained to know that, not only in Texas, but in nearly all parts of our widely extended country, similar strife and bitterness and divisions, springing from carnality and idolatry, as in ancient national Israel, are rampant among those whom we have called our brethren. Not only in the world, but also in the churches of the saints, Satan, our great adversary, is busily going up and down, seeking whom he may devour (Job i. 7; 1 Pet. v. 8); and he is never better pleased than when he can get the people of God to biting and devouring one another.—Gal. v. 15; 1 Cor. iii. 3; Jas. iii. 14-16. It makes no difference to him upon what particular subject they quarrel and fight and consume one another, whether it be a point of doctrine or a point of order—the Trinity, predestination, eternal vital union, regeneration, the resurrection, the laying on of hands, feet-washing, or anything else, if only he can infuse his spirit into them, fill them with pride, selfishness, intolerance, malice and revenge; induce them to misrepresent, slander, vilify and unchristianize one another, to raise the black flag, and declare everlasting war to the knife against their former brethren. Thus, if the Almighty would allow him, Satan would rule or ruin, would reduce to primeval darkness and chaos, not only the little kingdom of light set up by the Lord on earth, but also the heaven of immortal glory. But, thanks be unto God, the Father of lights is infinitely above the Prince of darkness, and He will restrain and subdue the evil passions of men, and, in His own best time and way, even though it be after the purifying fires of the last day, fill the earth with the glories of His heavenly king-

dom of light and truth and righteousness and peace.—Num. xiv. 21; Ps. lxxxv. 10-11; Is. xi. 9; 2 Pet. iii. 13; Rev. xi. 15, xxi. 1.

In regard to the great mysteries of Divine revelation, none of us can ever understand them in our present imperfect state, (Job viii. 9; Psa. cxxx. 1; 1 Cor. viii. 2; xiii. 12); and even though we understood all mysteries, charity or love is of infinitely more importance.—1. Cor. xiii.; 1 Peter iv. 8; 1 John ii. 9-11; iv. 7, 8. While we are to “contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints,” (Jude 3) we are not, in order to maintain our own peculiar notions of Divine mysteries, to fight proudly and madly against our brethren who have the same experience of grace as ourselves, and thus rend in pieces the churches of the saints. And while we are to esteem the honor of our Lord above every other consideration, and cannot and must not fellowship the unfruitful works of darkness, we should not unchurch our churches, and require the re-baptism of their members and the re-ordination of their elders and deacons every time they get some disorder among them; for there is no New Testament authority for such a procedure. The plain and simple requirements of the Scriptures, in the case of an offending member or church, is that the wrong should be repented of, confessed, and forsaken by the erring, and *then* be fully forgiven by their brethren.

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

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### EXTRACTS.

GRAHAM, FLA.—*Dear Brethren:* Having recently made a tour visiting the saints and friends in Florida, and having been asked to give a hearing through the MESSENGER after my return home consequently I now do so. The visit was mostly in the Suwanee and Mt. Enon Associations, and as I met with so many dear elders, brethren, sisters and kind friends, who conveyed me from place to place, and also made me a sharer in their generous hospitality, with many other acts of kindness, that to mention names would be too much consumption of space. Previous to this visit my health was bad, and through solicitations of friends, I left home to visit the White Springs, Fla, for my health. I also thought of visiting some dear saints near there, but had no thought of taking half the trip in distance that I did. Notwithstanding I was very feeble, the dear brethren kept work ahead for me most of the time. On the tour I visited the extreme Baptist church in South Florida. The ever merciful and good Lord, I trust, was present at most of our efforts to worship, and the dear saints generally seemed edified. Evidences were realized of many, old and young, not professors, and some of other orders, that they were made to feel their poor hearts swell within, while the dear elders and saints preached, talked and sang of their precious

Jesus. I hope to long cherish the memory of many dear elders, saints and poor suffering-hearted ones with whom I met.

Dear brethren and sisters, some of your dear children unbosomed their trials and struggles and, as they called it, their little hope, saying "I never told it to any one before." I know you love your dear children, and may the good Lord lead them to the house of their friends; and Oh! dear tempest-tossed ones, our God loves the broken-hearted and the poor in spirit; he loves his children, wise or unwise. This reminds me of my little boy babe; he, a moment ago, came for me to smell a rose he held in his hand, and tried to say, Papa, it smells sweet, but he got it out, "Papa, it mells heat;" and surely I could not love my babe better if he could talk more plain.

On arriving home I found wife and others very sick, though all are better now. My wife and I are generally poorly. Our love to all who sincerely love Jesus. Yours in gospel bonds,

J. C. WILLIAMS.

In a mountain the law was propounded to Moses, in a mountain the law was expounded by Jesus; the former to a man of God, the latter by the Son of God; the one to a prophet by the Lord, the other by the Lord of the prophets.

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## OBITUARIES.

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### L. P. SCALLORN.

L. P. SCALLORN died in Hartley, Hartley county, Texas, on the night of November 22, 1890, of tonsiletis. He was born in Tennessee, July 11, 1837, and his parents moved to Fayette county, Texas, when he was but nine months old. He spent four of the best years of his life in the late war for the Confederacy, for a cause he deemed just. During his career as a soldier he was never reprimanded, but was always regarded as one of the bravest and best soldiers, and always at the front in time of danger, and ministering to the sick and wounded when in camp. After the war ended he returned to his home, and in 1865 married Miss R. M. Purcell, who survives him, and who ministered to his many wants during his last illness, not leaving his bedside day or night. He was a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist church, having been a member since 1878. He moved with his family to Hartley county in February, 1890, where he remained until his death. Eld. J. W. Shook preached his funeral. In his death the country has lost a valued, honest and upright citizen, his friends a true and faithful friend, and his family a devoted and loving husband and father. The bereaved family, wife and eight children, have the sympathy of the entire community in this their sad bereavement.

What is it for a saint to die;  
That we the thought should fear?  
'Tis but to pass the heavenly sky  
And leave pollution here.

EMMA V. SCALLORN.

## MRS. FANNIE LASENBY.

MRS. FANNIE LASENBY, nee Fannie Hays, departed this life October 26, 1890, after a few days of great suffering. She joined the Missionary church two or three years ago. She was young and handsome, and a prettifer corpse the writer has never seen. She was in the bloom of youth, just seventeen years and a few months of age. She was kind and affectionate to her husband and her acquaintances; he was also as kind and good to her as he could be. To get acquainted with them was to love them. Our deepest sympathies go out to our young friend, and I think we ought to say brother, for I believe he is a child of God, although he has never joined the church. This is the third one of his family he has seen put away. On the 17th of October, 1890, they buried his little babe, just nine days before its mother. So he is left alone, just as he was two years and ten months ago, when his first wife was taken from him almost suddenly. It seems like he is somewhat having the trials of Job; but the Lord says "Fear not, for I am with thee." If they were the redeemed of God, when the trump shall sound then shall these rise up side by side to see Jesus Christ their Saviour coming in clouds of great glory, and their mortal bodies shall rise immortal. May the God of heaven and earth be with our young friend to comfort and console him. And the Lord ever be with the parents, and brothers and sisters of the departed one, and may they feel that their loss is her eternal gain. While we know your troubles are heavy, we would say cheer up, "For behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face," and this is God drawing you nearer him instead of casting you off, my friends; so if we are what we profess to be, we know we will be like him and that is enough.

Your friend,

J. H. HITCHCOCK.

*Leakton, Newton Co., Ga.*

## ROBT. TOLLER.

Bro. ROBERT TOLLER was born in Anderson county, South Carolina, October 20, 1832, and died November 27, 1890, at the home of his niece, Mrs. Nan Morgan, in Navarro county, Texas. The deceased left South Carolina in 1844, and went to Pickens county, Ala., where he married the widow Duckett, whose maiden name was Sanders, by whom he had five children. Only one daughter survives her father; his wife and four of his children preceding him to the other world. I had known Brother Toller for two years. He was very mild in disposition, and old Uncle Bobbie was loved by every body. I saw him a short time before he died; he was a great sufferer, but seemed perfectly resigned. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends, and the writer tried to speak words of comfort to his aged sister and only daughter. He was buried by the side of his aged mother, to wait until the resurrection morn.

J. H. MILLER.

P. S.—Please send a copy of the MESSENGER to the address of Mrs. Nan Morgan, Frost, Texas.

## MISS LANEY JONES.

Death has visited the home of Henry B. Jones, at Sibley, Dooly county, Ga., and taken from our midst our beloved sister, LANEY JONES, who departed this life at 7 o'clock P. M., December 19, 1890. Sister Jones was born September 21, 1810; aged eighty years, two months and twenty-seven days. Sister Jones joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Elam, Jones county, Ga., 1838, and has lived a good Christian life ever since. At the time of her death her membership was at Mountain Springs, Jones county, Ga. Verily an aged lady and good Christian has passed away. May we all live in the faith, and be prepared to meet her in our Father's house.

A. E. DUDLEY.

## MRS. ANGELINE R. NORRIS.

SISTER ANGELINE R. NORRIS, widow of H. F. Norris, died of paralysis, at her home near Columbiana, Shelby county, Ala., January 4th, 1891, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, and as she and her husband, brother "Frank" Norris, as he was generally called, were well known in other parts of Alabama and Georgia, their children request this notice to be given.

The maiden name of our aged sister was Jones. She was born in Jasper county, Ga., married in 1832, and in 1851 she was received into the fellowship of Primitive Baptists, at Macedonia, Chambers county, Ala., near where they then lived. Subsequently they moved and became members for several years at Concord, Tallapoosa county, till they moved to Shelby county and became members at Mt. Olive till death. Sister Norris was a devoted mother in Israel, and her house had for many years been a welcome and pleasant home for Baptists. She now rests sweetly with Jesus. M.

## MRS. TALLULA F. MITCHELL.

Mrs. TALLULA F. MITCHELL, wife of John Henry Mitchell, and daughter of William A. and E. J. Radney, was born in Troup county, Ga., January 19th, 1863; departed this life at her home in Lee county, Ala., November 14th, 1890, making her age twenty seven years ten months and twenty-five days.

Tallula never made any public profession of her faith in Christ her Saviour, but seemed to give evidence that a change had been wrought in her for some time previous to her death. She had been in feeble health all the year; two weeks before her death she was entirely confined to her bed. She seemed willing and even anxious to go, exclaiming several times, "Rest! rest!" in a way that we all understood to mean a rest beyond this life. She said that she was not afraid to die. Three or four days before she died she begged us to quit giving her so much medicine; told the doctors not to do anything more for her, as they could not do her any good. She loved to sing, and sang several different songs the last hours of her life. The only one that I could understand was, "Over Jordan we shall meet by and by." I was cooling her parched lips with water, and she said very distinctly, "Drink of that fountain of living water." I took her precious cheeks in my hands and kissed her. She turned to Johnny and said "Kiss me, too." When he did so she said, "That is right." She could not talk much, but seemed to know her end was near. She was a kind, intelligent and obedient daughter, a loving wife and a kind, affectionate mother, loved and respected by all who knew her. She leaves a loving husband and two precious little children to mourn her loss, besides a mother, step-father, one sister and six half brothers. Her remains were interred at Mt. Olive; funeral services by Elder W. M. Mitchell. May we all be prepared, by God's grace, to meet her and all the redeemed of God in a brighter world on high, is the desire of her sorrow-stricken mother.

ELIZA J. THOMPSON.

## THOMAS B. WILSON

Was born October 29, 1820; was married to Miss Mary Brown, October 26, 1842; died June 20, 1890; was a beloved and faithful member of the Primitive Baptist church for more than forty years, leaving his aged and beloved wife and several children, his brethren, sisters and a large circle of friends to mourn his departure. He left abundant testimony behind to comfort the mourners who do believe that he is gone home to rest. Yes, gone home to Jesus, there with him to dwell in peace forever. O! what a blessed hope in the Christian's life.

In attempting to write this brief notice of the death of our dear brother, I freely confess my inability to speak of his true worth to his

family, to his church, and to the whole community. He was one of nature's noblemen—not rich in gold, but vastly rich in faith and in all good work of charity. What he possessed in this life of this world's goods he left to his companion and children, and is gone to enter into the enjoyment of his inheritance in heaven. Dear sister and children, O may you humbly submit to the will of the Lord. Kiss the rod that has thus smitten you, and say it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good. Dear brethren of the church at Eagleville, his home, and to which he was so fully devoted, I know you miss Brother Wilson whenever you enter your house of worship—you see the work of his hands, those seats, that beautiful pulpit; yea, the table where the sacred bread and wine rests, all are there, the work of dear brother Wilson, which call up his memory; but now you miss him more than your pastor. O, Lord, help us all to be resigned to thy righteous will, is the earnest desire of your unworthy pastor. O, sister and loving children, let us wait patiently to be called home to those dear ones gone.

J. E. FROST.

#### MRS. LUCY BRITTAİN.

Our beloved sister and mother in Israel, Lucy Brittain, widow of Eld. Emanuel Brittain, deceased, was born January 22, 1821, and joined the Baptists at Big Creek, Oglethorpe county, Ga., in 1833, and was married to William E. Smith in 1836. She was left a widow April 7th, 1854, with six children, four boys and two girls, and was married to Elder Emanuel Brittain, August, 1864, who died in 1875. I became acquainted with her soon after her marriage with Elder Brittain, and she was a Baptist indeed, always ready and anxious to attend their meetings far and near as she had opportunity. And as to faithfulness, I fear there are but too few among us who are trying to emulate her example. I have often thought that she was one whose last days were her best days. She seemed to be cut loose years before her death, and it was plain to the spiritual eye that the tendency in her case was upward. She was living in 1889 with John E. Watkins, her grand son, at Banning, Carroll county, Ga., and on the 6th day of September of that year she went into her room, according to her daily custom, and as far as the family knew in her usual health, to take a nap of sleep. She remained longer than usual, and was looked after and was found cold in death, nothing indicating that a joint or muscle had moved. Thus one of his beloved and tried ones fell asleep in Jesus. Blessed sleep!

E. C. THRASH.

#### DAVID F. YAWN.

DAVID F. YAWN, son of Lewis and Piety Yawn, was born October 17, 1872, of honorable parents, and died May 12, 1890, at his father's residence, Appling county, Ga., being a little over seventeen years old. Thus passed away a jewel of the family of our dear friend Lewis Yawn, and also of the neighborhood in which he lived. After a very few days' severe suffering he passed from the kind embraces of father and mother, brothers, sisters and kind friends, to, as we trust, the kind embrace of heavenly relations. David was said to have ever been an obedient and morally good boy, and in the family circle, and also among his associates. I learn that he was generally willing to disfigure himself to oblige others. In his last suffering he seemed willing to leave this world of trials and afflictions to go, as he said, home. He died seemingly in full triumph, and was buried at a selected place of his father, near his residence, before unknown as a burying ground. Some weeks after this his funeral services were conducted by Eld. A. Mincher, in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends, from the text, 1 Cor. xv. 56.

Graham, Ga.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 4. BUTLER, GA., APRIL, 1891. Vol. 13.

## SALVATION IS BY GRACE.

Sister S. F. West, of Goldthwait, Texas, desires an explanation of Acts xvii. 26: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." And Mr. W. D. Smith, of Jennings, Ala., wishes an explanation of Acts xvii. 30, and Romans v. 18: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." "Therefore, as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Bro. Respass has referred these texts to me with a request that I should give my views upon them.

Unless Christ, by His Spirit, opens our minds and hearts to understand and appreciate the Scriptures, all our investigations of them will be of no avail.—Luke xxiv. 45; Acts xvi. 14. And, as the true scientist sits in humility at the feet of Nature, and seeks to understand her teachings, whatever they may be, and is perfectly willing to modify or abandon his own preconceived opinions or theories, as false and misleading, which he finds to be inconsistent with the *facts* exhibited to him by Nature; so, in a much more humble and earnest manner, does it become the true child of God, who sits at the feet of Jesus to learn of Him, who approaches the Scriptures to learn their teachings, and who is by nature ignorant, and weak, and sinful, to throw aside all his carnal prejudices, to say with the little boy, Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," (Sam. iii. 9, 10), and with David, "I will hear

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what God the Lord will speak," (Psalm lxxxv. 8), and with Paul, "Let God be true, and every man a liar," (Rom. iii. 4), to believe that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," (2 Tim. iii. 16), to be careful not to wrest or pervert any Scripture from its evident meaning, to the injury or destruction of himself or of any of the people of God (2 Pet. iii. 16; Rom. xiv. 15), to "compare spiritual things with spiritual," (1 Cor. ii. 13), and desire to have his mind and heart perfectly open to learn and receive "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," being well assured that nothing but the truth, whatever the truth may be, can do him or any other human being any real and lasting good.

The first two passages quoted above, Acts xvii. 26 and 30, are parts of Paul's discourse at Athens. In that discourse, the inspired apostle of the Gentiles administers a tender yet unanswerable rebuke to the self-conceited and philosophic Athenians for their idolatry, national vanity and corruption. He tells them that God, who made and sustains the universe and all things therein, including all living beings, cannot be like a dead graven image of metal or stone, and cannot need anything at the hands of His dependent creatures; that He formed all mankind from one pair of human beings, and is the sovereign disposer of all men and nations and events; that He is near every one who desires to seek after Him; and that, though in the past He suffered all nations to walk in their own ways of idolatry and sin, He now, above all else, by the earthly ministry, the teachings, the sufferings, the death, and the resurrection of His incarnate Son, commands all men everywhere to repent, because He has appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by Him. The people of Athens are said to have had many thousand pretended images of their false gods in their city; and they had erected many costly and magnificent temples in their honor, and frequently brought splendid offerings to these imaginary deities. They also boasted that they were better and wiser than any other people, and that, instead of being related by blood to other nations, whom they stigmatized as barbarians, that their forefathers were autochthonous, that is, had sprang from their own soil. Paul was bold enough and kind

enough to tell them the truth about themselves and about God.

The declaration of the Apostle in the 26th verse of the xvii. chapter of Acts is in perfect accordance with the whole tendency of the teachings both of the Scriptures and of science. All the innumerable varieties of the human race were undoubtedly descended from a single pair; and the bodily and mental diversities among them have been produced by the operation of such differences as those of climate, soil, and occupation for thousands of years. The intimate connection between physical geography and human history is now universally recognized. The God of creation and providence, who made the whole earth for man, and who commanded him to replenish and subdue it, has, in accordance with His eternal purpose, located each of the varieties of our race in its appropriate country, and has generally separated each from its neighbor by mountain, or desert, or river, or lake, or sea.

The statement in the first clause of the 30th verse of the xvii. chapter of Acts is the same in substance as that contained in 2 Chron. xxxii. 31; Psalm lxxxi. 12; Mark i. 34; v. 13; Luke iv. 41; viii. 32; Acts ii. 23; vii. 42; xiii. 18; xiv. 16; Rom. i. 24, 26, 28; ix. 22. The word translated "winked at," means literally "overlooked," and, by implication, "suffered," or "permitted." But, though God endures sin in His creatures, He holds them to an accountability for it. He is Himself infinitely holy, of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and "cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man."—Isa. vi. 3; Hab. i. 3; James i. 13. And He has declared that He will bring everything into judgment.—Eccles. xix. 14; 2 Cor. v. 10; Rev. xx. 12, 13. God is holy, and cannot change (James i. 17); man is unholy, and must change, or he cannot be happy after death. Everything in nature, in providence, and in Scripture, calls mankind, in general, to repentance; but it is especially by the life and death and resurrection of His Son, that God commands all men everywhere to repent. Even when the holy Jesus bore sins representatively, His Holy Father could not pardon Him without an infinite atonement rendered to Divine justice; much less is it to be supposed that God can or will pardon rebellious and impenitent sinners without

such an atonement. His holy law, which is but the transcript of His holy nature, commands the obedience of every one of his intelligent creatures. Though all the human race, being contained seminally and federally in Adam, sinned and fell in him, and thus have rendered themselves unable to obey the holy law of God (Rom. viii. 7, 8), still God cannot change, and He cannot, without compromising and staining His holiness, abate, in the slightest degree, the stringency of His holy law, which requires perfect and perpetual obedience in thought, and word, and deed.

How then is it possible for any child of Adam to be saved? This brings us to the third text under review, Romans v. 18. It is only by the free gift or grace of God through Jesus Christ. The "all men" upon whom "by the offence of one, judgment came to condemnation," are, as shown by verses 12, 15, 19 and 21, all who sinned and died in Adam, that is, the whole human family; while the "all men" upon whom "by the righteousness of one, the free gift comes unto justification of life," are, as shown by verses 1 to 11, believers in Christ, and as shown by verses 15, 17, 20 and 21, they are those "to whom the grace of God abounds," and in whom "grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." Thus the meaning of the 18th verse agrees with that of the 19th verse, which declares that "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." In Rom. iii. 23, 24, Paul says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God, being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;" plainly teaching that all mankind are sinners, and that those who are justified are justified freely by his grace through the redemption of Christ. We learn, from Rom. iii. 26, that it is the *believer* that is thus justified; and from Rom. iv. 16, that "it is of faith that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed," just as "grace" and "faith" are used synonymously in Rom. iii. 24, and v. 1. So we learn, from Rom. viii. 29-34, that it is the "*elect*" whom God justifies—the "*vessels of mercy*," as Paul calls them in Rom. ix. 23—"the travail of His soul, those whose iniquities He bore, His people, for whose transgressions Christ was stricken,"

as Isaiah calls them (liii. 8, 11). And as, in Elijah's time, God reserved to Himself seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to the image of Baal, even so, says Paul, "there is at this present time, a remnant according to the election of grace. And if by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more of grace; otherwise work is no more work."—Rom. xi. 4-6.

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

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## EVANGELISTS.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I see an article in the February number of the MESSENGER from you with regard to evangelists, and from some cause, I feel inclined to try to express some of my feelings about it. This subject of traveling preachers, or evangelists, has caused me much serious consideration (even before I read your article in the MESSENGER), and I fear that I was deceived and had deceived others. I do not feel at all qualified to define the word evangelist, but I desire to write some of my convictions about gifts, which I feel are substantiated by the word of God, and with which I sometimes feel that my experience is in harmony. Last summer my mind was directed to go South. I did not know where to, nor how far; and my greatest trouble was, for what purpose. And from the time that the impression came on me, I began to fail in preaching at home; but previous to that time, I had enjoyed good liberty in speaking in His name, though in a weak and stammering way; for I was, and am yet, nothing but a boy, and had been in the ministry (if in it at all) but about a year and a half. And sometimes I had felt his power, I believe, in my soul, and I enjoyed telling it to others above all things else. But when my mind was directed away from home, my liberty was taken away, and O! my brother, here set in a warfare. I tried to preach, but all my efforts failed, and I would quit, feeling that I was a fool, and had disgraced the name of my God. This continued every Sunday, and sometimes Saturday, for two months, for I went far and near, trying to find relief for my troubled soul; but I found none in trying to preach, nor in hearing others. Finally I told the

brethren that I thought it was best for me to stop, and if my mind did not change, I would never try again. But that did not ease my mind, for the impression to go South grew stronger, and it seemed that I must go; but when I would begin to reason upon it, so many things would step in my way, that I often exclaimed "I can't go!" A sick wife and two small children to leave behind to do the best they could; my crop on my hands and no money to start with. And more than all, where was I going, and what for? I was young and inexperienced, ignorant and weak, and I thought that if I could not preach at home, how could I among strangers? The brethren at a distance did not know me, and perhaps would not receive me. But my home was no longer home for me; it had lost all its charms for me, and I was miserable when there. Go where I would, I could not get rid of the impression, so that finally I agreed in my mind to try it. If the Lord prospered my journey, I felt that all would be well, and if I failed, perhaps I could stay at home satisfied. But now another obstacle presented itself, what would my wife say to being left alone so long? for I had never said a word to her about my troubles, fearing that it was all of myself, and hoping it would pass off. So one night after supper I told her that I might leave her shortly for awhile, and she asked me where to, and I told her of my impressions, whereupon she calmly said, "I have been expecting it for some time." I told her I did not see how I could leave her and the babies alone for so long a time, but she said, "The Lord is able to take care of us." Then I told her I was too weak and ignorant to undertake such a trip, but she said, "He is able to give you strength and wisdom," and I found that she had been making preparations in her mind for my departure, even before I told her. And I thought I had cause to believe that the Lord was working in the matter, and I wrote to Eld. J. W. Loard, of the New Beulah Association, my feelings, and told him if he thought proper, to arrange appointments through the Association and turn them over to some one else on down South. He did so, and turned them over to Eld. E. W. Dilbon, of the Alapaha, and he arranged on to Florida, and turned them over to Bro J. S. Johnson, of the Suwannee. I did not know how the appointments ran further than Geor-

gia, nor who I would meet, now how I would be received. But even through all this, as the time drew near for me to start, I became anxious, for my spirit was stirred within me, and I could not stay. So, on the 8th day of August I started, I knew not where, only something within me whispered, "all is well;" and though I had but 75 cents to start with, I did not fear that either I or my family would suffer. That did not trouble me at all. The only trouble was, "Is the Lord sending me?" or "am I his servant?" The Lord blessed me to visit parts of the New Beulah, Alapaha, Union, Suwannee and Mt. Enon Associations, and I felt then, and do yet, that He was with me on many occasions, and blessed my visit in many places, and I returned home and found my family all well, and could stay in peace.

Now, my brother, I do not set up my experience as a standard, nor as the experience of an evangelist, pastor, nor of any one particular thing, and I often fear that I am nothing, yea, worse than nothing, yet I feel from experience, and from the teachings of God's word, that wherever God calls a man to preach, it is a certain man to preach certain preaching for a certain effect upon certain individuals, and all the world combined cannot hinder that effect from being produced. We may call them prophets, apostles, evangelist, pastors or teachers, or what we may—the work of our God is going on in his own way. But, my brother, I do not believe that all the preaching done among us is ordered of the Lord for our edification, nor do I believe that all our preachers are called of God. But where our God calls a man to preach he takes care of him. "Doth God take care of oxen?" I know by experience, if not deceived, that where God blesses a man with the spirit of preaching, that some one is comforted, and has a desire to help the man if he is in need, but if the Lord is not in the matter, they are apt to be slack about it. Paul says, "If we sow to you spiritual things, think it not strange if we reap of your carnal things." Notice—"If we sow unto you spiritual things." But oh! how many things are sown among us which are not spiritual. It seems that there is a class of preachers who think that their preaching ought to be received at all times, everywhere, and that the brethren are bound to support them and

their families, because they are widely known as evangelists or traveling preachers. They never fail to preach and though you may often hear them say their whole dependence is in the Lord, they will select their text suitable to the occasion, and treat it very systematically, even telling, sometimes, what points they are going to treat upon, and in what manner. They are very careful to place every sentence with great dignity, inasmuch as they can, so as to resemble a gifted orator, and many fix up a flowery discourse. But now, is there any spiritual food scattered around for a poor famishing lamb who does not desire to see any "show-off" in the church of God, but desires to see all things done in spirit and in truth? I don't know how to define this class of preachers, but they are, to my mind, either self-made preachers, or have been turned over to Satan for a season. One thing, however, is certain, to my mind, that their preaching is not profitable to the body of Christ, though some one may receive it for a time.

But now, my dear brother, this does not hinder those whom He hath sent, and when you hear one complain that the brethren neglect him, you may rest assured that he is not preaching under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, declaring the whole counsel of God. Our God works all things after the counsel of his own will; "He saith unto one go, and he goeth, and to one come, and he cometh;" likewise, if he says unto one give, he gives, if not, he withholds. We do not get all we want, nor do we want all we get. We often want many things that are unlawful for us, and would be to our hurt, and we often get stripes, privations, necessities and distresses in many ways that we do not want, yet they are for our good; and one thing is certain, "He will supply all your needs according to the riches of his grace." Let them be evangelists, pastors, or whatever they may be, if called of God, let us rest assured that they will go where he will have them, and that his purpose will be accomplished in his own way, no matter what we call them.

With love for the body of Christ, if not deceived, your brother, I hope,

*Summit, Ga.*

R. H. BARWICK.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1891.

“Think, oh! think, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past;  
I cannot stay much longer here,  
And this may be the last.”

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: The glorious, or awful, truth of the above verse seems to claim more notice from me this morning than I have ever given it before. The certain ending of this mortal life is not conjectural—it is a solemn reality. I must go to the grave and be forgotten by all but God. When will it be? Next week? Next month? Next year? When?

I am now a young man, and free from the many diseases that hasten humanity to the grave, yet I feel that my time on earth is short. I may live the allotted three score and ten, but 't will be short. But I do not feel that I shall live to need eye-glasses and walking-canes. But although the brittle thread that binds me to earth is shortly to be broken, and deserves serious consideration, yet it appears a very small matter when I compare it with the question, Will I be ready for death when it shall come? The shortness of this life is enough to annoy the worldling, but should not cost the saint a tear, nor give him one moment of trouble. Indeed, they ought to rejoice that it is so short; because in this life is tribulation, trial and hardship. “We have no continuing city here, but we seek one to come.” Here we suffer trial and bear reproach, and life is almost burdensome, and grows more so the more we suffer. We bury our friends and loved ones one by one, until after awhile we have more friends on the other side of the river than we have on this, and then

“The joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls you home.”

This will be the happy lot of all God's children, I know, but will it be true of me? Am I a redeemed sinner? Did Jesus shed his precious blood for me? Is my name in his book? Did he pray for me? For fifteen years—long years of trial and sorrow—have I sought to know whether this be true, and yet to-day it is shrouded in much uncertainty as when at the beginning; aye, at times it appears more so. A knowledge of our acceptance with God can only be estimated

in proportion to the evidence He has given, and our cold hearts can only be warmed by the blessed sunshine of His love. What, then, are my evidences? Oh! they are few—too few, I fear—to base a hope upon. I know there was a time that I mourned and grieved over sin, but was it because I had been quickened into life? I know there was a time when I rejoiced in soul, and believed I was a Christian, but was it not upon vague and doubtful evidence? Were not my joys premature? Oh! Lord, decide the doubtful case. If I am a Christian, why is my faith so wavering, my love so cold, my heart so hard? Can one filled with the hope of that “rest that remains to the people of God” become so despondent, and complain at trial and hardship as I do?

If I am a child of God's love; if I have been born again, then God's promise to be with His children in all their fiery trials, is a promise made to *me*. While He has not promised all I want, He has promised all I *need* if I am His. The high and turbulent waves of adversity may roll over me, I cannot perish so long as my Head (my Jesus) is above the wave. Here I may be forsaken in the day of trial by those I love, and may, like dear old Paul, have to do with false brethren, but it will all be forgotten in eternity. Paul's trials, various in nature and abundant in number, trouble him now no more forever. And I, too, shall quit the walks of men and lay this tired, sin-cursed body down to sleep—to sleep that blessed sleep of death—and though my flesh shall slumber thousands of years, and all the visible marks of my grave be lost forever to human view, yet it will only appear as a moment when it shall be awakened by the still, small voice of God, and fashioned by His own heavenly hand like unto His own glorious body, and summoned home—yes, home indeed, where all will be love, and the inhabitants will never more be heard to say, “I am sick.” And oh, blessed Jesus, it will then be *me*. Now, this will be the final ending of all God's children; but is it true of me? Dear Bro. Respass, is this religion? Is this Jesus? Can you, from your heart, fellowship such a poor worm?

Your little brother, I hope,

Nankin, Ga.

A. V. SIMMS.

Dear brother, I wish I was as you are.—R.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Apostolic teaching is: "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." The true husband regards his wife as himself. Antagonistic natures are often brought together in wedlock, but that is no reason why they should not live together agreeably. It is the duty of the husband, as the stronger, to carefully and lovingly study the defects of the weaker vessel, and labor to comfort her in her tribulations. We do not mean by this that he should encourage her in folly of any sort, but in sweet affection instruct her in her many duties as a wife and mother, endeavoring to supply her necessities therein. He should love her as his own body, and ever keep in view the instruction of the apostle, saying: "Husbands, love your wives as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify it and cleanse it, with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Now this is very plain; think of it; did not Jesus, in love and pity, bear all the failings, follies and pollutions of his church? Just so we are in tender pity, and in untiring fidelity, commanded to nourish and comfort the helpmeet the good Lord has given us. Many homes would be brighter to-day were it not that there are so many unfaithful husbands in the land. Where is the husband whose heart has been renovated by God's grace, but who in retrospect, feels the keen arrows of reproof piercing his conscience? Then, brethren, if we feel this, let the closing of this present year close out our unfaithfulness, and with the new, begin a new life at home. The apostle teaches "that the wife reverence her husband;" love, respect and obey him in all demands as husband, protector and preserver. She should regard him as the stronger in every emergency, and do nothing of a business nature without his knowledge and consent. If she discovers in him prodigality, let her remember that she is a helpmeet, and with tender affection reclaim him. Scolding will in every instance arouse the bad passions of his nature, but a soft answer will turn away his wrath; and when he realizes the loving faithfulness of his companion, he feels ashamed of his conduct, and perhaps will leave it

off, at least to some extent, and try to amend his ways; and in the course of time, when about to follow some bad way, he will call to mind that loving and faithful wife at home, looking to see him come and provide her necessities. Even "the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife" much more than that husband who is also a believer. We feel sure that love's influence will overcome when all else fails, and, as a rule, the wife need have no fear when she approaches a furious husband with humble affection. "There is no fear in love." Then the love of husband and wife is, or should be, mutual throughout life, and this being the case the home, however humble the food and raiment, is brightened by sunshine and peace.

Then dear sisters who have husbands, try to lighten the burdens of life in cheerfully doing the part of help-meets in sweet affection and due reverence to him on whose arm you lean for protection and support, and God will bless you abundantly.

*Arlington, Texas.*

J. S. COLLINS.

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### THE CALLING OF GOD.

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DEAR BRETHREN *in the Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ, if one who feels so unworthy as I, may so address you:* The call to the ministry is a matter of great importance to me; a subject that I would be glad to understand for my own satisfaction. For more than forty years my mind has been burdened with the matter, sometimes to such an extent that I would cry out from deep agony of soul, O, Lord, what shall I do? O, Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do? I would feel so greatly distressed because I felt it my duty to go and tell the people what a precious Saviour I had found; and at the same time feeling that I was not qualified in any sense of the word; nothing but a poor, unworthy sinner, destitute—yea, destitute of everything but sin—and knowing that if saved it must be by free and unmerited grace. Sometimes I would rejoice to myself and praise God in my poor heart for His goodness and the riches of His grace to one poor sinner. I am still of the opinion that grace is sufficient to save the chief of sinners when applied to him. My judgment is that the

Spirit only is sufficient to the work of applying that grace to the saving of the soul; so also I believe God, by His Spirit, calls sinners, and His grace qualifies them to believe in Jesus; also, I am of opinion that God is as much glorified by the faith of one as another; they bear the same relation to Him; for all are the children of God by faith, and are equal in the call to be saints: called from darkness to light—"translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son"—"passed from death to life." Blessed grace, yea, glorious grace, that saves poor sinners from sin.

Now in regard to the call to the work of the ministry: The same Spirit by the same grace impresses it upon the mind of the sinner saved by grace, to go and tell to others everywhere, and to everybody. "Preach the gospel to every creature," (not apply the gospel), remembering that he whom you preach is with you, "Lo, I am with you." If the preacher preaches self, self is on hand, and will be very apt to let you hear from him—telling what you must do, or you cannot be saved. But O, how sad it is to be loaded with a load that one cannot carry—to be required to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ—to preach Jesus—preach invisible grace, incomprehensible knowledge—preach the *hidden* gospel, and tell the people God alone must or can give eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a heart to understand. O, Lord, who is sufficient for these things? "I thank thee, O, Father, Lord of heaven and of earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto these, but my Father which is in heaven," (yes, I say so too) "Thanks be to him who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, bless His holy name, He can save the vilest sinner by His grace and make him a child of God according to His will; also by His grace loose the tongue and cause him to preach Christ, the way, the truth and the life; and at the very same time, while he is preaching and ministering to them in spiritual things, God, by His Spirit, directs them to care for him in temporal things. Still the poor minister feels thankful for His goodness to me, poor, unworthy me. O, how happy I would be if I only knew the good Lord had called me to the work of the ministry; then I would know that he had called

me from death to life; from darkness to light; then in the place of complaining, I would rejoice when persecuted, and be exceeding glad when evilly spoken of. But such is life and its trials; and this much more, dear brethren, I do wish to say: the good Lord knows my heart; he knows the motive that has ever prompted my heart; and bless his holy name for all his grace manifested to one of the very least! If I have done wrong in traveling far and near in trying to discharge my duty, I hope he will forgive me; and if I am altogether mistaken, and have never been called from sin by grace, I can but say, O, Lord, pity, pity a poor deluded mortal, and save a poor sinner like me for Jesus' sake, I pray. Still will I glory in thee. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in his name; yea, his name is all my glory; in his name will I put my trust forever and ever. "The Lord is my shepherd; I will not fear what man can do to me."

J. E. FROST.

*Shelbyville, Tenn., Feb. 4, 1891.*

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## AN EASY SOLUTION OF DIFFICULT QUESTIONS

God said to Solomon, "Lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart." Then came two women before him with a child, both claiming to be the true mother of it. The statements of both were equally plausible; neither could bring a witness or any circumstances to break the weight on either side of these even-balanced statements. Which of these two women is the true mother, was the problem for Solomon to solve. Books, precedents and counsellors could not aid him. Solomon reasoned for a moment; love will decide this question; which of these two women have that? She who possesses it, is the mother. Bring a sword and divide the child between them. They can't complain at that; although it costs the life of the child to do this, yet it is the only seeming way out of it. But the latent love of the true mother will manifest itself, and that love will not permit this to be done. Divide the child, said he to his servant. No, said the true mother, let her take it; I can't bear to see the life of my darling taken in this way; I had rather see the other woman triumph than to suffer this to be done. Not so with

the false, would-be mother; divide the child between us. I had rather have one half a dead child, which could not, I know, do me any good, than to see my rival triumph over me. Love made the truth manifest. It made the true mother willing to submit, and give up her child to another, rather than to see its life taken. This disposition on her part made her love manifest. Love made her willing to submit to a great wrong rather than see her child suffer. The life of her child, even in the hands of another, was preferred to its death to defeat her rival.

Many questions are arising in the church, difficult of solution, the arguments on both sides of which are strong and forcibly put, by men of ability and equal influence, and often both sides are charging the other with things destructive of the life and peace of the church, the very thing both sides say they are contending for, thus presenting questions as hard to settle as that as to which of the contending women were the mother of the child. Arguments, precedents, books and ancient practices, all seem to be unavailing to a proper solution of the question as to who are right. Great wisdom and knowledge of the Scriptures, backed by deeds of zealous service, charity, and self-denial, does not do it; all these are but as a sounding brass and tinkling symbol. There is one way of settling the dispute, and this is a sure way. Which of these contending parties has love for the peace and order of the church? Both claim it, as the two women did the child. Now fall on some plan to find out which has true love for this child—peace and order—and when you discover this, you will find out who is the true friend of it. Now in the case of the women, Solomon said divide it, kill it and give each woman her half. The false mother says yes, that is fair, but the true mother said oh, no; let her take it; I can't stand that. Just so with those who have true love for the Body, the church; if it comes to that, I will give up, I will say no more about it, and the other side will say let it come, this is the only way to settle it, etc.

Thus true love and true relationship to the Body of Christ is made manifest. If we apply this simple rule, which is within the comprehension of the most feeble minded, we shall be able to discover the

truth, and come to a correct conclusion as to who is right in these abstruse questions which are being presented. The foregoing remarks are intended to be applied to the spirit which actuates men, rather than to the men themselves. Try the spirits, whether they be of God. We may well watch that spirit which resorts to the sword. Peter was quick to take the sword and to use it, but Christ rebuked him, and told him to put it up. Peter's act spoke loud for his zeal for Christ, but it betrayed the spirit that prompted it. Under the lead of that same spirit he denied Christ in the hour of trial. He doubtless felt strengthened in his convictions of loyalty to Christ by his act, and felt that though all others might forsake Christ, yet he would not. This was evidently a fleshly feeling, which had to be sifted out of him, and Satan seems to have been appointed to this work, and when it was done, Peter was exceedingly weak, and greatly ashamed of himself, and doubtless felt less belligerent than he did before. I imagine he followed along saying to himself, what a fool, what a fool; oh, if I could only occupy some humble place near Christ I don't think I would have any more use for the sword. I will not boast any more of my great valor and love for him. Like Job, he was ready to say, I am vile. There is no danger in us when in this condition; we don't feel very belligerent, or that we are wiser, or more holy than others. He who is in the possession of this spirit does not see many faults in others. Love hides them. Instead of trumpeting the faults of our brethren abroad, we cry over them, and go in prayer to God for them, just as we do when one of our fleshly household does a bad act; we want to hide it, and speak of it softly and in whispers, lest an enemy catches it and publishes it abroad, to the hurt of our child and ourselves. When one of our eyes becomes weak and inflamed, and does not properly fill its function, we don't pluck it out because it is hurtful to the body, and cast it from us, but every other part of the body that can be used in restoring it to its proper functions, and to recover it from its feebleness, is brought to its aid. Thus it should be in Christ's Body, which is the church.

H. BUSSEY.

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A question proposed, What do ye more than others?

## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, Wm. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

## LIMIT OF ISRAEL'S BLINDNESS.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I would like to see an article in the MESSENGER from you on the following text: "For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits, that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."—Rom. xi. 25.

*Martin, Tenn., Dec. 1890.*

THOS. J. HIGGS.

The above request has been sent by Eld. Respass to me, at Opelika, Ala., requesting that I would write upon the text, which I will now endeavor to do, according to the ability the Lord giveth:

It will be seen by the text, as well as by other parts of the epistle to the Romans, that the apostle addressed his brethren in Christ who were "beloved of God and called to be saints," whether Jews or Gentiles. And in no part of the divine record have the inspired writers more clearly and boldly set forth the unlimited sovereignty of God than Paul has done in this epistle to the saints at Rome. But while it is a fact that the unlimited sovereignty of God is boldly proclaimed, showing conclusively that "God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth," the accountability of man to God is also set forth in equally clear and unmistakable terms, declaring that the "wrath of God is revealed from heaven against *all* ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness;" that "By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned;" that "Whatsoever the law saith, it saith to those who are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped and all the world become guilty before God." This being the condition of all men everywhere, and in all ages of the world, there is no possible salvation for any of them save by the sovereign will, sovereign power and discriminating grace of God, as manifested in his sovereign choice, and thereby making one to differ from another just as the "potter hath power over the clay of the same lump to make one

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vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor.”—Rom. ix. 21. So also, it is written in this xi. chapter, that “Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for; but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

We find, then, that the sovereignty of God in election obtains for lost and sinful men, great and eternal blessings which are impossible for them to obtain for themselves, and, “Except the Lord of Hosts had left,” even unto national Israel, a very small remnant of that great nation, they all to a man must have been as Sodom, and been made to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire as Sodom and Gomorrah, and the other wicked cities about them did suffer when God rained fire and brimstone from heaven upon them. Now, this is no far-fetched thought or mere scare-crow idea but it is a divine revelation that is given to the church of God by inspiration, as may be seen in Isa. i. 9, and Jude i. 7.

These wicked cities, which are set forth as an example in suffering the vengeance of heaven for their sins, were no worse by nature than that remnant according to election of grace, whom God hath “appointed to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.”—Rom. xi. 5, and 1 Thess. v. 9. “Election of grace” has done wonderful things for wretched sinners in obtaining salvation for them, while all the world of mankind, Gentiles as well as Jews, that do not obtain salvation from sin in that way, will remain in blindness and perish in their sins. Now this is one of the mysteries of God and of Christ that the inspired man of God would not have his beloved brethren in Christ to be ignorant of, lest they should be wise in their own conceits. There are thousands of mysteries connected with and embraced in all the works of God, whether in nature or in grace, which no created intelligence is able to comprehend; and when brethren in Christ are ignorant of this, or any other thing as a hidden mystery, it will be to their hurt in some way or other, either in puffing them up with self-conceit of their own ability to unravel the mysteries of God, or by stifling a candid and careful investigation, and thus they will be led into many vain imaginations and gross superstitions

The pointed expression of the apostle when he says, “I would not, brethren, have you ignorant of this mys-

tery," shows the danger of such ignorance. The wise man, Solomon, was inspired to write that if we should see a "man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."—Prov. xxvi. 12. It is a disgusting sight to an humble Christian to see a self-conceited man in religious matters and hear him talk of his ability, understanding and goodness. No one can instruct such a man, nor will he ascribe any force to what others may say on any subject, when it differs from what he has first proclaimed. There is hope of instructing one who is feeling conscious of his own weakness and ignorance, but who can instruct one who is wise in his own conceit? The self-confident Jew who made his boast of his knowledge of God's will in the law, so that he could be a guide to the blind, and as a light to those who were in darkness, on the subject of salvation, was himself in hopeless blindness, and the apostle says of him: "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"—Rom. ii. 21.

Blindness was upon the heart of the Jews and they could not see, nor can they yet see to the end of that which is abolished by the atonement of Christ, when by one offering he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and thereby blotted out the handwriting of ceremonial ordinances, and made of Jew and Gentile one new man in himself. In the gospel system of salvation by grace, he is not a Jew who is one outwardly in the flesh, though he has sprung from the fleshly lineage of Abraham, but he is a Jew who is one inwardly in the spirit, and whose praise or approval is not of men but of God.—Rom. ii. 28. That poor heathen Gentile sinners should be made heirs of God and fellow citizens with the saints is a great and wonderful mystery, that had been for ages and generations hid in the eternal purpose of God. And when it was revealed by the Spirit to the apostles and prophets, it was still a mystery of faith. To be ignorant of this mystery, that blindness in part had happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, might puff up the brethren with vain thought that they were in some way better and more deserving of salvation than others who had been left in blindness. This is the vain and self-conceited thought of all conditionalists and Arminians until this day, and the apostle would not have Christians

so ignorant of the mystery of salvation as to fall into this gross error. "Blindness in *part* has happened to Isaael," but only in part, not to all of them, for Paul says: "God hath not cast away his people whom he foreknew."—Rom. xi. 2. And of this people Israel, a part of whom are blinded, the apostle says, "Even at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace."—Rom. xi. 5. If, therefore, blindness in part has happened to Israel, the other part is the "Remnant according to the election of grace," and but for this election, there would not have been even a remnant left.

But there is one other thing that we will now notice, and that is, there can be no happen-so's, chance matters or accidents with God. All things in heaven and earth are naked and open to him at all times and places, whether evil or good. His wisdom and knowledge are perfect, and nothing comes unawares or by chance to him. But there are so many things fulfilling in the wisdom and purpose of God that are unlooked for by men, that though they are appointed in the predestinating purpose of God to come and be fulfilled in the very way, time and manner in which they do come, they are said to happen, or come by chance, or accident to men, because they come so suddenly and so unawares to them, and in a way that man's wisdom, knowledge or foresight never could have provided for their coming. Hence, so far as relates to any wisdom "under the sun" among men, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither bread to the wise, nor yet riches to the men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance *happen* to them all—Eccl. ix. 11. Blindness in part is said to have *happened* unto Israel, because it came in a time, way and manner that no human wisdom or creature intelligence had foreseen or provided for. True, it had been predicted by the Lord's prophets that they should be blinded against the truth, and these prophesies were repeated by both Christ and his apostles, but still they were as blind to their real meaning as though they had never been spoken. How often it is that men look for light and behold darkness come upon them; and when they say "peace and safety," then sudden destruction comes upon them and they cannot escape.

That Christ should come into the world as he did come, be crucified, and rise from the dead the third day, were mysteries so far beyond the understanding of finite wisdom, that when these things had come to pass even the two disciples of Jesus that journeyed to Emmaus, sadly spoke of this grandest and most wonderful of all events that ever had occurred in the world, the resurrection of Jesus, as a thing that had "*happened.*"—Luke xxiv. 14. But while it was but a happen-so to the wisdom of men, it was the exact fulfillment of the eternal purpose of God, which he had purposed in himself before the world began.

In speaking of these blinded Jews in the light of infinite wisdom, our Lord says, they "Believed not, that the saying of the prophet might be fulfilled, He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts."—John xii. 40. The apostle also refers to the same prophecy in Acts xxviii. 27, and in Rom. xi. he says: "God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see." Hence we may see that the blindness that has happened to Isarel, is no happen or mere chance matter with God. To men, things happen or come by chance, but with God there is no new thing under the sun. It is certain that this blindness of Israel will remain upon them until the limit God has set for its removal—"until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." That is, God has a chosen people among all the Gentile nations, who must be born into the world, called by grace, and come to the knowledge of the truth before this blindness of the Jews can be removed. The limit for the continuance of this blindness is set in the eternal purpose of God, and it cannot possibly be removed from them till all God's elect people among the Gentile nations shall be converted to Christianity. These are the "other sheep" which Christ spoke of in John x. 16, that were not of the Jewish fold according to the flesh, whom he must bring, so that there should be but one fold for both Jew and Gentile in the gospel church state, and but one Shepherd. It has been quite a marvelous thing to many why the Jews continue to reject Christ, and why they are so blind as to regard him as a base impostor instead of a Saviour of sinners. But considering the predictions of the prophets of God that have gone before with regard to their blindness

and unbelief, it would be far more marvelous if they should believe in Christ one moment sooner than the time God hath set, that is, "until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." And no man knows when that shall be any more than he knows when the world shall come to an end.

The marvelous preservation of the Jewish people as a separate and distinct race for more than eighteen centuries after their temple worship has been abolished and their national government destroyed, is strong proof that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, has something great and wonderful in store for that people. And owing to these spiritual blessings yet in store and to be manifested to them, God's long-suffering and providential care are over them, so that they have never intermingled or intermarried with any other people to such extent as to lose their identity as the fleshly descendants of Abraham. This is another mystery of which Christians should not be ignorant, because it is one of the strongest and clearest evidences that is visible and tangible to our natural senses, of the truth of all the testimony in the scriptures. The Israelites are here, as they are all over the world, in blindness and unbelief, as God said they would be, and their preservation, though in blindness as to Christianity, should greatly strengthen the faith of every trembling, faltering child of God to feel an "assurance of faith" that every word of God is true, and that every threatening, as well as every blessed promise, will be faithfully fulfilled. No other people on earth whose government has been destroyed, have ever been known to exist but a short time till they are swallowed up among the other nations where their lot has been cast. Not so with the Israelites, of whom Christ came according to the flesh. They are here as a hissing and a by-word, as our Lord said they should be, and no power in heaven or earth will ever remove their blindness and unbelief in Christ till the time the Lord hath set to bring them into the gospel church. The Mighty God of Jacob hath something glorious in store for that people. They will yet receive the gospel and its ordinances from Gentile churches, even as Gentiles first received it from the Jews. Apostles and other gospel ministers of Jewish descent, were called of God and sent to preach the gos-

pel, administer its ordinances and establish churches among the Gentiles; and now, when the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, God will send forth gospel ministers from among the Gentiles to preach to converted Jews, who will then be prepared of God to receive the gospel and its ordinances from Gentile churches, just as readily as the Gentiles first received it from the Jewish church at Jerusalem. And so it shall come to pass that all gospel Israel shall be saved, whether from among Jews or Gentiles in the flesh. All shall be made one according to the prayer of Jesus in John xvii., as God the Father and Christ the Son are one. They shall all come to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, whether Jew or Gentile. The Lord shall send, and hath already sent, his angels or gospel ministers with the sound of a great trumpet, and they are gathering together the elect of God from one end of heaven to the other.

Thus we have written on the text submitted, but whether satisfactory to Brethren Higgs and Respress or not, it is the best we can now do. We regret it is so lengthy.

W. M. M.

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### EXTRACTS.

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CANTON, MISS., Feb. 4, 1891.—*Dear Bro Mitchell:* For three months past I have desired to write you, but as I have to get others to write for me, I am hindered.

I received a letter from your daughter—Sister S. J. Moore—near Columbiana, Ala., with many thanks for the little mite I sent her. I am so glad and thankful that my blessed Lord has blessed me with a heart that longs for and desires the comfort of the children of God. I was glad to learn that your afflicted son was rapidly improving in his general health, and hope that your wife is not suffering so much from catarrh, and that each member of your family is well.

I am not sick in bed, but I am low in spirit, and sometimes weep till I can hardly see through my glasses. Nothing save my hope in Jesus keeps me from sinking in despair. I had la grippe, and it has so affected my eyes that I cannot read to satisfy myself. There have been numerous deaths here, of both white and colored, from la grippe.

When I began to read your and Eld. Respress' writings I thought you were both together, but as he wrote much on the Book of Esther, I could not understand his writings as well as I

did yours. I had never read that book much and could not so well understand the explanations given. About ten years ago I discovered, in reading the Book of Esther, that the name of God, nor Lord, or any other name by which the Lord hath been named elsewhere, is absent in that book. Will some one please explain this?

I carried the MESSENGER around some time ago, and some of the women among the Missionaries seemed to like it, but the men generally were against me, and made remarks that I do not care to repeat, as their hard words might hurt your feelings. I came near getting into dispute, but, in reading Christ's sermon on the Mount, I was kept back. He says, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." This satisfied me, for I was about ready to quarrel with one, and in a rough manner at that. I knew the MESSENGER was a good little book, and I wanted the people, young and old, to read the truth. In my deep trouble, I had the Bible and MESSENGER to comfort me, and felt like I could not do without them.

When I brought my poor dead son out from the asylum I wept aloud; it seemed that my heart was torn in pieces. But suddenly it came into my mind and heart as if some one had spoken three times, "Be still and know that I am God."—Ps. xlv. 10. I sank down and tried to hush, as a little child in obedience to a father, feeling that "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job. I remembered that my Lord suffered on the cross, and if there was gall I then had to drink it.

I read an obituary in the MESSENGER of a man's daughter dying in the asylum about the same time that my son had died, and the poetry that accompanied that notice suited so well that I thought if any knew my condition they would speak a word of sympathy to me. I then wrote Elds. Respass and Mitchell, and requested words of comfort and instruction. I waited and looked anxiously for the MESSENGER to come, but found nothing in direct reply to my request. When I desired another letter to be written for me I was told I "had better wait till they answer your first request." I was raised under oppression, and felt timid to say more, lest it might be treated with indifference. Finally, it came forcibly into mind that if these ministers are ever comforted, God must do it, and that I am as near the Lord as they are, and of themselves they have no comfort to send you. I was almost afraid to breathe, lest I should do wrong; but it came to me that the good Lord had guided me by his Spirit and the Bible for thirty years, and why should I now be looking to men? I had been trusting to age and experience; but then it would be presented to me that if they were an hundred years old they would still be as helpless as myself, unless the blessed Lord should help them, for he giveth to whom he will. Eventually, I

had some pleasant dreams, and hope if there is any good in them the Lord will show it to me. So I quit murmuring about the MESSENGER'S not giving me instruction and comfort, as I felt to need.

On the 2nd day of February, I attended a funeral, and there I had the heaviest assault against my faith I have ever had from man. I did wish that some of the brethren were there to take my part and pray for me, for if any poor soul needs the prayers of the righteous it certainly is me; and I ask the brethren and sisters of the household of faith to pray for me, that I may be able to stand fast in the faith in the day of trouble. I feel that I am one alone down here in this place, and I pray that I may be guided as the poet so beautifully sings—

“Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah,  
A pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Save me with thy powerful hand.”

And now, in conclusion, I say, Eld. Mitchell, if you think this letter will be any comfort or help to any one, I desire it published. With love to all the household of faith, I hope I am your sister in Christ,  
MRS. SARAH BARTLEY.

ROSBY ROCK, W. VA., Jan. 28, 1891.—*Dear Editors:* I often wish I could write as others do, but my mind seems dead to spiritual things, and that which I should do, I do not. The changing scenes of time have brought around another year, which still shortens our journey here and hastens us to our home beyond. I am truly thankful that I have been spared. But for what? perhaps I cannot tell, but God knows best. I was left an orphan from my infancy up and none to trust but God alone, and, thanks to his holy name, he has always provided a way for me. He has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless, and truly he has been a father to me—one whose tender mercies I shall not forget, for I deserved his wrath more than one little ray of his tender mercy. There never was a time, from my childhood up, that I did not feel myself a sinner, and I trust that God, in his own time and by his unchanging love, wherewith he loved poor, fallen sinners, of whom I am chief, brought me to acknowledge him before the world; for Jesus says, “Whosoever desires to learn of me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me;” and “Marvel not if the world hate you, for it hated me before it hated you;” and “Blessed art thou when men shall revile thee, and persecute and say all manner of evil against thee falsely, for my sake.” And O, how sweet it is to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season!

I have been a member of the Old School, or Primitive Baptist, church, for only two years, and let me say, I don't regret my

home among them, but feel so unworthy of their kind treatment and brotherly love toward me, a vile sinner. We have a few Baptists around here, and they are all sound in the doctrine of salvation by grace

I was born and raised in Marshall county, West Virginia, and my husband's grandfather, Eld James Jefferson, used to preach at the church of my membership, but he has been called home years ago to receive his crown. I prayed, after his death, that, if it be God's blessed will, that he might raise up a minister of Primitive order at the same church; and truly he answered my prayer, for his grandson, J. V. Jefferson, has since been called to the work of the ministry. I can truthfully say I do know him to be a man of God, and one who shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God, claiming no merit of his own. He has preached several able discourses for us, and O, how my heart goes out to all such dear servants in Christian fellowship; for except a man be called and sent of God to preach the gospel I can have no faith in his preaching. Blessed are those servants who preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things; and blessed are those servants whom, when the Lord cometh, he shall find watching. Verily I say unto you that he shall gird himself and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them; and if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants; for "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."—Matt. xii. 30.

There is a scripture that I desire to understand, and, if it is not asking too much, I would like to have the views of some one. It reads, "Wherefore all sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."—Matt. xii. 31. The question is, What is sinning against the Holy Ghost? This passage of scripture may be easily understood by some, but I am not educated, and there are many things in the written word of God I do not understand, but if I know my heart's desire, it is to be guided by the truth, and to follow God's commandments, rather than the commandments of men. I have no faith in man, except his faith be given him from God. God says it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps, and that the best estate of man is altogether vanity and vexation of spirit

I close with love to all the readers of the MESSENGER, and in hope of life beyond the grave.

MARY V. HOLMES.

ALLEN, TEXAS—*Dear Brother in the Lord:* I have great comfort in reading God's blessed word; and THE GOSPEL MESSENGER is filled with such good letters and experiences; and I can read them, and read out my own feelings so much better than I can relate them myself, and to be satisfied that there are thousands of others that have the same like troubles and trials that I have

experienced myself. And they don't seem to want to be comforted without their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in him put their trust. I can feel and lament with them, and ask the dear Saviour to bless them, and say yes I know that he will and has blessed them. Sometimes when reading, my heart leaps for joy, and I can scarcely refrain from shouting aloud, glory, glory to God on high. I have been taking the MESSENGER for two years, and it don't seem to me like I could get along well without it, and I would have several more subscribers for it if I could get them: I have tried to get several to read the MESSENGER and subscribe for it. Dear, good old brother, I want to tell you how much I appreciate reading the editorials, if I only could. I have read them and enjoyed them so much that I feel like I am well acquainted with you and Bro. Mitchell. God bless him ever. I am so anxious to see you both, and shake your hands, and hear you both talk and preach. I would love to write some for the MESSENGER, if I could write like the good sisters and brothers that have written. If I was just as good as they are I could write, but I can't have confidence enough in myself to pretend to write anything to be mixed up with the letters of other good sisters and brethren. May the God of heaven ever bless them every one. I have not heard a Primitive Baptist preach since the first Sunday in last September. It was the Pilot Association, at Wiley, and oh, how I did enjoy that meeting I could not express.

Your poor little sister, as I hope, in loving remembrance to your families.

MARY A. T. GULLEDGE.

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Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor.—Ecc. x. 1.

Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks.—Eph. v. 4.

I am not in the habit of writing for publication, and I have no intention at present of burdening the pages of the MESSENGER or the patience of its readers with a lengthy comment upon the above passages of Scripture. But as I have often felt the sting of remorse in violating them, and if I have proper light upon the subject, have seen others engaged in the same conduct against which they speak, it impresses me with the duty of calling the attention of the household of faith to these Scriptures, and let them speak and warn for themselves. For how often is it the case when we are assembled together, instead of "having our conversation in heaven," we branch off into anecdotes, jesting and foolish talk, thus casting the precepts of divine revelation behind us. Some may think this of little importance, but the apostle says "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

But of what profit are any of them to us if we do not heed them? And what consolation can foolishness be to the broken-hearted saints who are not in the visible church, but lingering around to catch a few crumbs of comfort? "If thy son ask of you bread will you give him a stone?"

May the Lord keep us out of the dark alleys of filthiness, and guide our footsteps along the highway of holiness.

*Grand Junction, Tenn.*

G. H. DUNBAR.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: THOS. W. McLemore, of Opelika, Ala., has been a prompt paying subscriber and anxious reader of the the GOSPEL MESSENGER for several years, though, in a denominational sense, he is connected with the Missionary Baptists. Compared with many others, he is quite a poor man, but makes an honest living for his family by his own labor, and has a liberal heart towards the poor and needy. And having read the touching letter of Sister Malinda Cannon, of Olney, Mo., as published on inside of the cover of the MESSENGER for March, 1891, he determined to pay one year's subscription for her, and has handed me a dollar for that purpose, saying that he had so often been instructed, refreshed and comforted in spirit by the MESSENGER, that he wanted all who enjoyed it as he did to have the privilege of reading it. Please publish this, that Sister Cannon may know that the Lord gives her sympathizing friends.

W. M. MITCHELL.

NIMROD, TEX., February 9, 1891.—*Very Dear Brethren:* I wish to express a few thoughts on the subject which was introduced by Eld. Bussey, and followed by Eld. J. H. Purifoy, of the duty of the church to traveling preachers (evangelists). I did not understand Bro. Bussey to ignore the gift of evangelists, but that he was calling attention to the fact that the pastor was sometimes neglected in order to contribute to the traveling preacher. I believe I have witnessed cases of this kind that would justify Bro. Bussey, or any able brother, to call attention to; and yet I do not ignore the gift of a traveling minister to supply the destitute places, as was Barnabus and Saul, when the church has the evidence that was present in the Church at Antioch. "As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabus and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."—Acts xiii. 2. The Holy Ghost does not make mistakes, but "guides into the way of all, truth. Who could call in question the right of a church to send a preacher where the Holy Ghost has directed it to send him, if he acknowledges impressions to go? But this certainly does not imply that each, or any number of churches should come to a different understanding with themselves about this matter. As

the Holy Ghost was the Guide in the example that Bro. Purifoy refers to, it occurs to me that it should be in all cases. Our Saviour told his disciples that repentance and remission of our sins should be preached, in his name, to all nations, "but tarry ye in the City of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." This was the understanding that the church seems to have had in the apostles' day, and I verily believe it is the understanding of the true gospel church now; and when the church is guided to an understanding by the Holy Ghost, it is certain not to err. And if the churches have a lot of preachers that they recognize as preachers licensed to travel over unlimited territory, and others that they do not recognize as such, it would form two classes, and I fear it would cause some confusion among the brethren, as there is a principle in man that does not like to be restrained, and we are not always prepared not to confer with flesh and blood. Now, those that are not recognized as preachers liberated to go and preach wherever they feel impressed, or whenever or as often as they feel it their duty to go—pray te! me what kind of credentials the church would give them? I will say nothing of the duties of the church to those whom it sets apart to the work of the ministry.

I commit this short, ill composed article to your consideration.  
Your unworthy brother in affliction, W. B. JOHNSON.

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LAGRANGE, Ga., February, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Mitchell:* I feel impressed to write you a short letter, and if you think best to lay it aside and not publish, all will be right.

Sometimes I am enabled, by faith in Jesus, to rejoice in spirit, and then again I am full of doubts and fears, and made to mourn and lament. So this makes me fear that one so vile and subject to change in feelings should not write anything to come before the public. But whether prompted by the spirit of Christ, or by a carnal spirit, the Lord knoweth. We are taught in the Word, "If there come any unto you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed, for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds."—ii. John. We are, I know, liable to be mistaken in many things, but we should always be willing to be governed by the word of the Lord, for we never are misled by the correct meaning and teachings of the Bible. To be enabled by grace to do as we are taught in the Word, and let alone what is forbidden, is certainly right; and I think that teachers and ministers who are taught of God, especially those who set themselves up as evangelists, should be very careful as to the theory and ways which they teach and set forth to such little, ignorant ones as I feel myself to be.

Allow me, brethren, to say that I am fearful that while there are some traveling ministers, or evangelists, among us who travel around

to do what God has called them to do, they, at the same time, expect to attend to something of themselves and for themselves, and if they don't get that kind of pay that they seek after, they go home dissatisfied. As to Paul and Barnabus, who were sent out by the church at Antioch, can we find where they murmured at the churches for not paying them for extra services? or can we find where any were taxed extra for evangelists' services? or where they were hindered from accomplishing the work whereunto God had call them, for lack of food and raiment? or that they failed to do the work assigned them for want of money? Or is there anything in the teaching of Christ, in the scriptures, authorizing his disciples to make extra charges that they might have something to lay up for to-morrow? If that be the case, I am not a Primitive Baptist! I admit that I cannot see far and know but little, and I hope that all such ignorant ones as I am will read the Bible for themselves, and if they see that I am wrong, tell me my mistake. The apostle says, "I rejoiced greatly that I found thy children walking in the truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father."

Love to you, Bro. Mitchell, and all the household of faith,

H. L. STEVENS.

The following extract is from a private letter of an aged and gifted minister:

\* \* \* And while I am led to write this, I also am led to offer a few thoughts in regard to the office of evangelists. This, I conclude, with that of apostles and prophets, has passed away, for the essence of its meaning seems to be one who, by oral or written word, publishes the gospel. This seems to have been done first orally, according to the testimony of the prophets and apostles, by the thousands who were scattered abroad and went everywhere preaching the word; and afterward was written and published in the printed scriptures, which are now found in almost every house in our land. So it seems to me that the evangelist's work has gone out, and is done wherever the scriptures have gone. And now the pastors' and teachers' work remains for them to instruct the people in the things furnished them by the evangelists from the apostles and prophets; so there is no new message or tidings for an evangelist to bear, unless they go to heathen lands, where their testimony has not gone. But this does not forbid pastors and teachers to travel from place to place, to instruct the people in what the evangelists have taught, nor do I feel competent to lay down a rule to govern their going, but the church is a better judge than themselves, I conclude, to decide this matter, whose rulings should be obeyed. I am, here, only speaking my own convictions, for I, also, had inclinations of mind to travel, but the brethren have required my labors at home in the care of churches, so that I have served as

pastor much of the time for nearly forty years, four churches monthly. Yet, I have traveled and preached in our own and adjoining States—in eleven, perhaps, altogether—and I now conclude that I have traveled, likely, all that I should have done according to the will of the Lord, and of the brethren, who, I believe, have the mind of Christ in regard to our work, for I doubt whether our own inclinations of mind will always be a safe guide. I had rather submit mine to the judgment of my brethren. But, if I follow my own inclination of mind and will, without consulting their's, and travel from place to place, it would be very unbecoming in me to complain because they did not give me more than they thought I deserved. No; I should rather go at my own charges if I act in a self-appointed capacity, but if the brethren demand our time and labors, their duty is very plainly taught; and I believe the Lord works as much in the one as in the other, to direct them in their duty. Therefore, I conclude that we should submit ourselves one to another in the fear of the Lord.

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303 BROAD ST., SELMA, ALA.—*Dear Bro. Respass:* For the last few years I have seen great trouble, such that pen cannot describe. Since I last wrote to you, I have united with the church at Antioch, Dallas county. I went there, it seems, from necessity, to relieve my burdened mind, and I had peace for a few days, and great joy; but the scene has changed; my trouble is about as great as it was before; because I have united with a people that I believe to be the children of the living God, and I such a vile mortal, so depraved and prone to sin, that it is very seldom indeed that I can find a heart to ask God for his matchless mercies. My heart is as stone, and it seems that after all, I am entirely shut off. For why should I go groping in such darkness if I ever felt a Saviour's love? O, that I could be and feel as some of the dear children of God; they can tell of a time of deliverance—can recall that day as the one above all others—while poor, miserable me, I cannot. This sorely grieves me—causes me to feel that my poor heart has not been wrought upon by the dear Son of God; though for two or three months I could feel the fires of hell leaping in my very bosom. This did not leave me suddenly, as it did with others, but gradually, and now I get in such darkness—such tormenting doubts, fears and temptations—that I lose all hope; almost ready to faint by the way in despair; to give up all as lost. Tell me, dear brother, when you were young, did you ever have such feelings as these? If I can find another that has experienced such, it will be a great relief to me. I am oftentimes encouraged by reading the Psalms of David; he felt at times that the mercies of God were clean gone forever. I don't know whether any of the children of God ever went as

deep in sin as I did; truly if I am ever saved, it is by the unmerited grace of the son of God.

My dear brother, if all are taught of the same spirit, and be of the same body, why is there so much wrangling and striving about words, to no profit? If our preachers are to be ensamples to the flock—if they are to feed the lambs—why do they not do it? This is very discouraging indeed to one who is trying to find out the truth. O, why do they not use the gift that God has given them to the edifying of the saints, and help and encourage the weak and feeble, that they faint not, nor despair by the way? How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It seems to me that we are not doing our duty when we are not striving to this end. I believe it is just as easy to dwell in unity as it is to dwell in confusion, and a great deal more God honoring, but in the latter times we need not expect anything else. It is a sore complaint that the little ones can no longer look to the older ones for encouragement; it is sad indeed. O, may the loving Saviour watch over, care for, and protect his flock. May it be not far distant when he will see fit to put a stop to so much wrangling. I believe that its bounds are set, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." He will come in his own good time.

Dear brother, pray for me when it goes well with you, that I may yet come out on the bright side, and not fall into any of the errors of the day, but to know the truth as it is in Jesus. This is my whole heart's desire, to know the truth and serve my Master. I feel the need of the prayers of all the people of God. If you could find time to write me a good long letter, relating your experience, and trials by the way, it would be such a feast to me, for it is listening to the experience of a way-worn pilgrim that does our souls good. This new-fashioned religion has but a grating sound, and does a child of God no good. I do not know that I am one, but the doctrine that Old Baptists preach is the only kind that does me any good.

I had better stop; I can't tell you what I want to, as I have been a church member only two months. Pray for me that if I have ever been born of the Spirit I may grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

May the good Lord enable you, give you health, strength and grace to go one with the good work that you are now engaged in. I love the doctrine that the MESSENGER advocates.

Yours in tribulation,

J. W. PURIFOY.

Certainly the Lord is leading you, dear brother.—R.

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"The crown is fallen from our heads, woe unto us that we have sinned!" Sin is not only a monster that unmans us, but it is also a tyrant that uncrowns us. Nay, it not only takes the crown from off the sinner's head, but it also entails the curse upon the sinner's soul.

## OBITUARIES.

H. C. LEE.

## EXPERIENCE AND DEATH.

I was born in Jasper county, Ga., May 31, 1813. My parents moved from Jasper to Walton county, Ga., remained two years, thence to Fayette, and finally settled in Coweta county, Ga., in 1825. The county being very sparsely settled, there were no schools or churches near us.

Thus in my twelfth year, I began to be seriously concerned about myself. I really did not know what was the matter with me, although my troubles were great; so much so I almost despaired of life. I tried every means that my youthful mind could suggest for relief, but all to no purpose. Father owned a very religious negro woman whom I loved to hear pray and sing. One day we were placed in different portions of the plantation to work. My whole soul was bound in sorrow, and as a last resort I went to talk with the old negro woman—for I could not work—but all that she could say availed nothing. It seemed the last stick was removed and I lost forever. On my way back I knelt by a small oak to try to implore the mercies of God one more time. While thus engaged, there appeared to my astonished vision the most lovely sight I ever beheld; my burden was gone; I could but shout forth the praises of God. Although over three score years have come and gone since that eventful moment, yet it is as bright in my mind to-day as then. I then felt drawn to the people of God in love, and greatly desired to be baptized and live with them, although in the meantime doubts and fears often disturbed my mind. I had never heard an experience related, or seen any person baptized, and I was fearful that I was deceived, and did not wish to deceive others, whom I looked upon as the people of God. I never had the pleasure of attending meeting often, as there was no church near us. One church was organized by this time (1827); it was a great distance from us in Coweta county, Ga.

Thus years came and went, and I began to seriously doubt the reality of my hope in Christ. I wanted to hear some one talk of their hope, and I went to see a Methodist preacher, but no relief could I get from him. I was taken sick in 1837, and in the fourth week of my illness I was given up to die by every one that saw me; I felt sure my time had not come. About this time the power of speech left me, and it seemed that I was brought to the gates of the New Jerusalem, and then I beheld another glorious sight; so much so that tongue or pen would fail to portray it. I laid my hand on the gate of the Temple, and the keeper informed me that my time was not yet, and hence could not enter. I soon recovered, and my great desire was to be baptized. I attended preaching as often as I could, and I could feast on the doctrine, but just as soon as conference convened, and the door of the church was opened, I was as a wounded deer fleeing from its pursuers.

The division among the Baptists came up, and some went one way and some another, which greatly distressed my youthful mind. I did not know which was right, but I believed the Primitives adhered more closely to the Scriptures, and upon investigation I became thoroughly convinced of the soundness of their doctrine and practice, and have held to that faith ever since. White-oak Grove Church went with the missionaries, which was the only church near us. While I had a strong inclination to join the church, I had no desire to go with White-oak Grove. After coming to Alabama, I would often go to hear old Eld. J. M. Duke and others preach, and oh! how I delighted in the doctrine they advocated. The Mission party would heap bitter epithets upon old Elder Duke, accusing him of Antinomianism, etc. I would often accompany him to his appointments when they were held in my

section; I still having a strong desire to unite with the church. My unworthiness, and such other excuses as Satan would suggest, kept me from doing what I felt to be my duty. I am now seventy-seven years old, and feel sure that my days on earth are few, and will perhaps never hear another gospel sermon, or have another opportunity of discharging my duty. I have lived a long life in disobedience, yet my little hope is a "Bethel spot" to me. If I am saved it will be a poor sinner saved by grace. I fully realize the sufficiency of God's sustaining grace now while my life is ebbing away. I would not exchange the hope I have of a blessed immortality beyond this vale of sin and sorrow for a thousand fleeting worlds like this.

Now, Mr. Mitchell, I have tried to have written some of my trials in life. While I have never been identified with you in a church capacity here, I hope we will meet in heaven, where our trials and sufferings will be over forever.

I am, as ever, your true friend,

H. C. LEE.

DEAR BRO. MITCHELL: I was called to see Mr. Lee while he lay very low. He desired to send you his experience. I wrote the above as he dictated. Mr. Lee passed away after being confined to his bed a long time. I was called to preach his funeral Friday, January 9, 1891, but failed to attend, on account of inclement weather. He had no fears of death. His little hope, as he expressed it, seemed sufficient in his last days. Your brother.

*Stroud, Ala., Jan. 20, 1891.*

W. R. AVERY.

#### T. A. WEAVER.

Our brother-in-law, T. A. WEAVER, was born in Fulton county, Ga., December 5, 1855, and moved to Johnson county, Ark., January, 1877, and to Van Buren county in 1885. He was an active and devoted member of the Missionary Baptist church since his sixteenth year. To his friends he was faithful to the end, leaving some gentle message of love and prayer for each, which will be to them always a heavenly message. Only a few days of agonizing suffering preceded his death, but no murmur ever escaped those pallid lips. He told his wife as soon as he was taken that his time had come to leave this world, and that he was ready and willing to go. And in the midst of his greatest pain he was given grace to say: "Dear wife, it is well; I am ready to go, so do not grieve for me." Soon the angel of death bent over the suffering form and mercifully freed the frail body from its mortal anguish and bore the chastened spirit to the God who gave it, and to the loved ones in their heavenly homes beyond the misty clouds. He departed this life September 7, 1890, at his home in Scotland, Ark., and on the 8th he was laid gently away from the sight of those that loved him so well, to await the resurrection morn. It is hard for us to part with our brother.

*Lutherville, Ark.*

MRS. P. H. LEAVELL.

#### MRS. THEODOSIA DUKES,

Daughter of Joel G. and Mariah Moore, was born in Jefferson county, Fla., May 24, 1858. She was married to Bro. J. M. Dukes January 9, 1881, and died March 5, 1890, and was buried at Harmony Church Cemetery the next day, when Elder J. C. Rogers spoke words of comfort to her kindred and friends, as she had given him evidence of her acceptance with God, which gives us much comfort to feel that our dear friend is at rest in Jesus. She left five small children (four boys and one girl.) One boy, Eddie Shearwood, has since died, only staying ten days after his mother's departure—one year nine months and nine days old. Docie, as most of her friends called her, suffered a great deal, as she was in feeble health for some time before she was stricken down with typhoid dysen-

tery, but everything was done that loving hands and two good physicians could do to stay the cold and icy hands of death, but her Father had called and she was ready to obey. She stated to her father a few days before her death that she did not expect to get well and did not wish to, but was prepared to go. And a few minutes before the breath left its tenement of clay, she said: "Oh, how sweet it will be when I breathe the last tiresome breath." She loved to read the GOSPEL MESSENGER which often gave her much comfort. She had never united with the Primitive Baptist church, but gave strong evidence that it was her desire to do so. May we all be prepared to meet the loved one around the throne of God.

A FRIEND.

*Okapilco, Ga.,*

## JOEL CARTER,

Was born April 15, 1810, in Twiggs county, Ga., and died December 19, 1890, at his son's home near Troy, Pike county, Ala., at the age of eighty years, eight months and four days. At about fourteen years of age he came with his father to Crawford county, Ga., and grew to manhood; was twice married, his first wife was Millie Ann Bentley; to them was born three children, two of whom are still living. His second wife was Elizabeth Roe; to them was born thirteen children; seven of them still living. He united with the Primitive Baptist church at Ebenezer, Upson county, Ga., and was baptized by Eld. John Dickey in 1850, and was ordained to the office of a deacon in 1854. At the time of his death he was a member of the church at Beulah, Pike county, Ala. He leaves a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his loss, but we are consoled with the thought that he is at rest. A true husband and good father is gone, and we will bow with submission to the will of the all-wise God.

C. L. BRANNEN, }  
H. M. SNEED, } Committee.  
JOHN KENDRICK, }

*Troy, Ala.*

## MRS. MARY F. HUGULY.

MRS. MARY F. HUGULY died in Monroe county, Ga., June 27, 1890. She was the second daughter and youngest child of Johnathan and Matilda Holmes, who have both passed away. She was born August 1, 1847, making her age at the time of her death forty-two years, ten months and six days. She was married to Z. T. Huguly, October 16, 1871, who survives her, and to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathies in his great bereavement. They had no children of their own. Cousin Mary was a lady possessed of many good qualities; she was kind and pleasant, industrious, modest, pious, always cheerful, and many other virtues which constitute a noble woman. She has always been a very near and dear cousin to the writer of this notice, and in her death we can but feel to share in the grief of the bereaved husband, brothers and sisters. Words fail us to express our appreciation and love for her many good traits of character, and it would be unnecessary in this short notice, for none knew her but to love her. Cousin Mary joined the Primitive Baptist church at Sharron, and was baptized by Eld. D. W. Simmons in October, 1873, and lived a consistent and faithful member up to her death, and while we are made to feel so sad and to mourn our loss in her death, yet we have the comforting assurance that she has gone from a world of sin and death to one of life and peace, where trouble and sorrow will be known no more. She only has two brothers and one sister left, (the family seem to be passing away,) and I would say to them and to the lonely husband: "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Try to imitate her walk, live as we believe she has lived, trusting in Christ, and when death shall come it will only be the gate to endless joy and happiness, where you can again unite with the loved one that has gone, together with all the saints in singing songs of praise to God

for ever and ever, amen. Eld. Thos. Bentley preached on the occasion to a large congregation of relatives and friends from Rev. viii. 20: "Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first resurrection, over such the second death hath no power." After which her remains were laid away in the Huguly family grave yard, there to await the resurrection morn. May the good Lord bless us all, and prepare us for his kingdom is my prayer.

D. G. McCOWAN.

*Signs of the Times* please copy.

#### JOSEPH OLIFF

Departed this life December 28, 1889. He was born October 23, 1825; married March 16, 1848, to Miss Rebecca Lauier, of Emanuel county, Ga. He was born and lived in Bullock county, Ga., up to his marriage, since which he lived in Emanuel until his death. He united with the church at Elbethel, Emanuel county, Ga., at the March meeting 1848. He was baptized by Eld. Elijah Coleman. Bro. OLIFF was not a perfect man, but he was as good a man as lived in his community and church; he was prompt to attend his church meetings, and ready to every good work at all times. He suffered bodily affliction—several years before his death, but he was not heard to murmur and complain but little, and when he died, he died without a struggle. At the time of his death he was a member of the church at Rose Mary. The church has lost a dear brother in the person of Bro. Oliff and the community a good citizen, his wife and children a kind and affectionate father and husband; but the church bows in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father in his removal from this vain world to his home, as we believe, in heaven above.

Grant oh Lord thou gracious Saviour,  
Grant that when life's trials over,  
We may join with them to praise thee,  
On the bright eternal shore.

A. A. TURNER, }  
M. E. CANON, } Committee.  
BENJ. OLIFF, }

#### ELD. ANSEL PARRISH.

ELD. ANSEL PARRISH was born 7th July, 1824, and died at his home in Berrien county, Ga., the 16th of January, 1891; leaving a widow and seventeen children, three dead and fourteensurviving—eighty grand children. He was married to Molly Knight December 15, 1842. Bro. Parrish was a farmer and provided well for his family. He fed as many Baptist and other people as any man I ever knew. He divided with the needy, was punctual to all his contracts, and always had a plenty. He joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Pleasant, in 1843, in his nineteenth year, and was baptized by Eld. Westberry. Sometime afterward it was manifested in him a gift to preach, and he was ordained a pastor March 18, 1854. The writer was acquainted with him twenty-six years before his death, and I was as well acquainted with his history as a Christian and a preacher as any one perhaps in the circle of his acquaintance. I can say that Bro. Parrish lived unspotted from the world; he lived a model life as a Christian and a peacher, such as was worthy of imitation. He was unshaken in his belief as a Primitive Baptist, and believed and preached the doctrine that was accepted by all Simon-pure Primitive Baptists. Bro. Parrish's preaching was greatly to the comfort of the saints throughout the circle of his acquaintance. He was a gifted sheep-feeder. He was much afflicted for a number of years in the latter part of his life, and his afflictions were being a cripple in his legs, but he faithfully went on to his appointments upon his crutches, the brethren at h s meetings would help him in and out of his buggy, he either sat upon a table or a large chair to preach, (as he could not stand) but he continued faithfully till

within a month or two of his death. He was taken with blisters under the bottom of one of his feet, which appeared to be erysipelas, but was not. He also became diseased in his chest—heart-dropsy I think. Nine days before his death I was with him, and he was suffering intensely; he told me that his time to stay here would in a few days be out. He then said, Tim, I am as ready to go as I shall ever be this side of death. When I went to part with him I said, "I will try to come back again in a few days." His answer was to me, "I don't think we will meet any more." On Monday after the 3d Sunday in January, on my return home from Antioch church, I heard of his death, and I rode along and cried for several miles; and I must say it was a mixture of joy and sorrow. But I felt sad and grieved that I should see him no more, and yet I rejoiced to know that an old way-worn soldier, one that had suffered a great deal for the cause of the Lord and the Primitive Baptist had been discharged. He will be long remembered and greatly missed by our people in this country. We hope it has been given us to pray for his bereaved wife, and also his children. We would say to her and his children, and likewise the Baptist, that Bro. Parrish has been discharged from this present evil world according to the will of God, and as such he is gone from the evil to come.

T. W. STALLINS.

#### DR. W. H. TYLER.

BRO. TYLER was born in Jasper county, Ga., June 15, 1824, and died near Camp Hill, Ala., on the 19th of December, 1890. He came to Alabama at about the age of twenty-one years, and perhaps the same year 1845, united with the Shiloh Primitive Baptist church, Tallapoosa county, Ala., and was baptized by Elder James Carter, where he remained a member till the constitution of Canaan church, near Waverly, Ala., and was one of the constituent members of said church, of which church he was a member at the time of his death, and the *last one* of the constituent members of said church. Bro. Tyler was twice married. The first time to Elva Miller in 1845. To them were born fifteen children, nine of whom are still living—three boys and six girls. His first wife died about thirteen years ago. He lived single about twelve months and was again married to Mary L. Pugh, who together with four sweet little children survives him. Bro. Tyler's first wife was a member of Canaan church and also his second wife. None of his children so far as I know belong to the Primitive Baptists. Sister Tyler informs me that Bro. Tyler was once excluded from the church for joining the Masonic fraternity, but only remained so for about one year. Was again restored to fellowship in the church, and ever afterwards lived in the esteem and fellowship of his brethren. It was my privilege to enjoy the acquaintance of Bro. Tyler but a short time before his death, but I have heard various brethren speak in the highest terms of him both as a Baptist and citizen, so we feel safe in saying that a good man is gone. Bro. Tyler had a stroke of paralysis a short time before his death, which also deranged his mind, and he died very suddenly. I visited him and spent a night with him about four weeks before his death. He seemed more like a little funny child than anything else, yet he expressed a desire to go to Concord to meeing. Bro. Tyler's remains were carried to Canaan church the next day after his death, where the writer tried in much weakness to preach to the comfort of wife and children, brethren and friends from the words of our Lord to his Disciples: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you," etc., after which his remains were laid away in the silent tomb to await the resurrection of the just. When this "mortal shall put on immortality and this corruptible shall put on incorruption," and "death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Yours, in affliction,

H. J. REDD.

## F. A. ZELLNER.

On February 7, 1891, in Monroe county, Ga., at the advanced age of sixty-nine years, Bro. F. A. Zellner, after patiently enduring severe and incessant bodily affliction for nearly half a century, was quietly and almost imperceptibly transferred to that blissful rest which he had so long coveted. Being endowed with unwavering faith in the gospel promises to the believer, and resting his hope for salvation entirely upon Christ, "the propitiation for the sins of men," he was enabled to welcome death as a merciful visitation. In his early manhood he professed a hope in Christ, and was admitted to membership in the Primitive Baptist church at Smyrna, near Forsyth, Ga., but soon after changed his residence and moved his membership to Sharon church, where he, in connection with old Bro. Benjamin Haygood officiated as deacons, as long as he was able to attend his church meetings. Something over forty years ago he became severely afflicted with asthma, and soon thereafter with a complication of bodily diseases, which, to the day of his death prevented him from sleeping, otherwise than in a sitting posture. In all that age of suffering he never once laid down to rest or to take a nap of sleep. His life was one continual round of physical treatment and suffering; always ready and willing, but patiently waiting for the Lord's time to be laid at rest. His patience and entire resignation to his fated lot and condition in life were remarkable, forcibly reminding one of the Bible account of the famous case of Job the Uzite. Regardless of all circumstances and conditions he considered it his duty, and hence his pleasure, to abide the Lord's time for relief, believing and frequently repeating "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." His only son, a young man of exemplary morals and a perfect model of industry and domestic business habits, after returning from the late war between the States, with shattered health, and assisting in the raising of a few crops for the support of the family, had to succumb to bodily infirmities, and was lost to his parents, who so greatly needed his assistance. Our now deceased brother, then daily expecting his own demise, delivered to the writer, as expressive of his sentiments and feelings, his autograph copy of the hymn in Mercer's cluster, beginning with the line,

"Consider all my sorrows Lord,"

And fifth verse, as follows:—

"I know Thy judgments Lord are right,  
Though they may seem severe,  
The sharpest sufferings I endure,  
Flow from Thy faithful care."

He had very decided opinions and convictions (and was ever ready to express them) upon almost any text of scripture that might be named to him, and greatly enjoyed the company and scriptural conversations of the ministry of our order. Before dying he requested the writer to convey expressions of his thanks to Brethren J. R. Respass and P. D. Gold, for their kindness in sending him (gratis) THE GOSPEL MESSENGER and *Zion's Landmark*. Isolated, as he necessarily was, these publications afforded him great comfort and consolation, and much of his time was passed in reading, considering and commenting upon the communications of the different correspondents. And to the last scriptural topics were always first and uppermost in his thoughts and conversation.

*Forsyth, Ga.*

B. H. ZELLNER.

P. S.—Please send the number containing the obituary, to J. O. Tarp-  
ley, Lamont, Monroe county, Ga.

B. H. Z.

## W. P. THOMPSON.

DEACON W. P. THOMPSON died January 15, 1891, at his home in Tuskegee, Ala., after a short illness of a few days with pneumonia. Bro. Thompson was in his fifty-second year. He was born in Talladega, Ala., but from the age of twelve years till his death he had lived in Macon county, Ala., as an honorable, high-minded and useful citizen. In 1860 he was married to Miss Mary W. Jordan and unto them were born fourteen children, five of whom have passed away, while seven sons and two daughters yet survive. Through grace our dear brother was brought to see and feel his condemned and lost condition before God and to obtain a good hope in Christ whose laws were written in his heart so that he conferred not with flesh and blood, but straightway went to the Primitive Baptist church at Bethlehem, giving a reason of his hope in Christ and was received by the church and baptized by the pastor, Eld. J. L. Baxley, in 1885. From that day till his death the Primitive Baptists had none among them more peace-loving, devoted and zealous than W. P. Thompson. He was soon chosen by the church as deacon, which office he filled to the best of his ability, stirring up his brethren to promptness in every duty and to cheerful liberality in all church expenses. Our lamented brother had but a short time to remain here as a Baptist, but during that little space he had accomplished much and had manifested more spiritual fruits of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith and charity, than are seen in many others even in a long life. Never have we known any brother who seemed to enjoy religious services, gospel preaching and godly conversation of Christians more than he did. Blessed with a liberal share of this world's goods he made these things servants to contribute to the godly joy and comfort of the church and ministry. Living ten or twelve miles from his church and desiring to have Primitive Baptist preaching in Tuskegee, he had mostly by his own exertion and liberality, just completed a neat and comfortable house on his own lot, and when taken sick, arrangements were being made for the first religious services to be held in the house, not knowing that the first services were to be his own burial services. Such, however, was the case, and to a large, attentive and sorrowing congregation, Eld. B. H. Pearson preached an instructive and comforting sermon, after which the earthly remains of W. P. Thompson was laid in the cemetery at Tuskegee. Our dear sister Thompson is but young as a Baptist and we trust the God of all comfort will comfort her and throw around the children and family the shield of his protecting arm.

W. M. MITCHELL.

Eld. Respass will please send eight *extra* copies of this number of the MESSENGER to Mrs. Mary W. Thompson, Tuskegee, Ala.

## MRS. SALLIE ABERNATHY.

SISTER SALLIE ABERNATHY, wife of David Abernathy, of Chambers county, Ala., died of consumption at her home Sunday, February 15, 1891, leaving a disconsolate husband, several children, numerous relatives, friends, brethren and sisters of Macedonia and other churches to mourn the sad loss. We greatly sympathize with our bereaved brother and family.

W. M. M.

## MRS. EMMA B. BARFIELD.

Died July 29, 1890, Mrs. EMMA BAYNE BARFIELD, age forty-three years seven months and twenty-four days. From the very girlhood of this noble woman, it may be said she was a child of sorrow and grief. In her sixteenth year of age, her mother and father were taken away in death, leaving her to care for seven orphans younger than she, and one but a month old. This was in the fall of 1863, when ruin threatened the South. Her father fell at Ocean Pond near the time her mother died. The news of his death was long in reaching her, and came in a letter addressed to

her mother from a relative. While yet hopes were entertained of the father's return, the house he left them in, then being demanded, she secured a cabin, where she and the little orphans remained waiting his coming, but instead came the news of his death. Up to this time she had shown the greatest patience and fortitude, and kept hid from the orphans as much as she could, their real condition. With that news, came despair to this devoted, wonderful girl, in a land of comparative strangers, who seemed almost unfriendly. She was without means and without hope of life. She was then a Christian, and a member of the Missionary Baptist Church. Well does the writer remember, though then quite young, an incident which showed her absolute faith and dependence on God. While living in that cabin, one night just before the orphans had retired, a high black negro was seen sitting on the end of the sill which extended out from the side of the cabin. The orphans were greatly frightened, and clung to their sister. The door was closed, and she calling her little brothers and sisters around her, at the cradle of the infant she knelt and prayed God to be to them a father and protector. And He was. Her faith must have saved her and them from harm. There were no men in the community who could have given her aid or heard a cry. Another bitter sorrow was in store for her. She was told by the older heads in the community, that she could not live there alone with the orphans, after her father's death. She knew that then the orphans must separate, and hunt for homes wherever a home for each could be found. One gloomy morning in January 1864, she gathered for the last time her little brothers around her, and with almost broken heart, she instructed them where to go to find a home, one having been sent for from an adjoining county. She then came to an aunt's in Bibb county, Georgia, bringing with her the two baby girls and the writer.

In 1866 she was married to F. Marion Barfield, of Bibb county, from which union she became the mother of seven children, who live to mourn her loss. During part of the years '74 and '75, the writer lived at her house, where he had many conversations with her alone, in regard to her spiritual condition. Then she was greatly disturbed, and was greatly alarmed from fear of becoming a skeptic. In one of these conversations she once said: "I believe I have lost all hope." Looking at her the writer saw the utter despair pictured on her sad, honest face. To him it was painful to see her in such agony, and with as much emphasis as he could summon to his aid he replied: "Sister, there is a reality in religion." At the words she burst into tears; we had a spiritual love feast never to be forgotten by the writer; she seemed again happy in the hope of a Saviour for her. Soon she joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Union, in the Echeconna Association, and was a member when she died. She lived an humble, Christian life, beloved by all who knew her. During her whole life it can be said, she harmed no one by word or deed, following the golden rule in her practical life here. Free from prejudice, she harbored malice against none. Generous and forgiving, she never had an enemy. In her latter years she was greatly afflicted, and was confined to her room the most of the last three years of her life. With all her affliction, she never murmured at her hard lot in life, but would talk sweetly about the goodness and mercy of God toward her. She was both sister and mother to the writer. Many times did she cheer his weary erring soul by words of comfort, and by pointing to him the "Way of Life." In grateful, loving remembrance of her noble, grand, yet humble life, does he pen this in token of the deep love he bore for her, who will ever live, with her beautiful character, in his memory while it lasts. May the separated orphans, with her own bereaved, meet her "beyond the river" with the household of God.

*Macon, Ga., Feb. 16, 1891.*

MARMADUKE G. BAYNE.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 5.

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DEAR BRETHREN: I have been thinking of the apostle's suggestion to his Hebrew brethren, to "leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on unto perfection."—Heb. vi. 1. If we can rightly understand the apostle's meaning, his admonition must certainly be worthy of our attention. The apostle who is generally supposed to be the author of this letter to the Hebrews, in his preaching and in all his writings, has been rather distinguished, even among the apostles, in exhibiting the principles of gospel doctrine. It will not do to suppose that he now proposes to abandon these principles, or that he would recommend them to do so. I believe that the apostles all regarded these principles, or points of doctrine, as vital and fundamental, and that everything else depended upon them. These constituted the foundation upon which the church rested, and if the foundation was destroyed, what would the righteous do? He is particular to tell just what he means by principles of doctrine, and speaks of them as having been dwelt upon in laying the foundation of the visible organization of the church. He says in connection with the proposition to pass on to the consideration of other things, "Not laying *again* the foundation," etc. This certainly implies that the principles of doctrine had been fully presented and maintained, and that when the foundation was thus laid, they might with propriety go on to the consideration of other things. This the apostle taught by example as well as precept. And so we may find him in all his epistles in the opening chapters, presenting quite fully the fundamental points of doctrine, and then going on to see that the doctrine was adorned. First, as of first importance, he has as one of those principles, "Repentance from dead works." I am glad

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that the apostle has given us this qualification of the term repentance; as, although the word occurs frequently as embracing a foundation principle, yet it is not elsewhere qualified as it is here. Here, it is repentance from a state of death and from the works performed by those in a state of death, or destitute of spiritual life. In another place it is called *repentance unto life*. He follows this with another of his principles, *Faith toward God*. We must not understand that this faith toward God is of secondary importance because it is named second, but that it follows in the order of Christian experience under Divine teaching, and that there cannot be faith toward God while we have faith in our own dead works. The developments of the Christian life are called *fruits*, because the fruit of a tree or vine is from the life and nature of the tree or vine that produces it. The tree is a living tree, and its life is shown in the fruit, as the same life is in the fruit. The tree brought forth of itself. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good."

The hope of reward or the fear of punishment, either one, may induce people to perform services or to make sacrifices in which they have no interest. All religious services and duties performed outwardly, whether to obtain the favor of God or the applause of men, must be characterized as dead works. Things without life may give sound, but the sounding instrument enters not into the sentiment or spirit of the song, neither is it charmed by the melody of the notes. Men may say prayers, and give alms, and go to mourners' benches, and do many other services supposed to be religious, while they are as destitute of life in these services and duties as the musical instrument is of life in the music. Repentance from such works is ceasing to depend upon them. The living tree will bring forth fruit of itself. I am enlarging somewhat upon these points that the text admonishes us to leave because that so many people fail to see what seems so evident and plain. The dead tree will never be any better for all the good fruit you can put upon it. Will the man be any better for the performance of religious services that he does not love, for the utterance of words that he does not feel, and sacrifices made for merely selfish objects? It was long ago said of Zion that all her children should be taught

of God, and hence they will all be taught the truth in their experience, and so will be ready at once to respond to it and receive it when it is set forth. John the Baptist called for fruits meet for repentance, and when these fruits, showing repentance from dead works and faith toward God are manifest, the subjects are properly admitted to the ordinances of the church. If perfection were in this we might continue to dwell upon it. But the apostle says, "Let us *go on to perfection.*" Just as he talked about the Levitical Priesthood; if there had been perfection by it, there was no need that there should arise another Priesthood. He says further on, We will do this if God permit. We do not discover that he was prohibited in a single instance from going on to that perfection that he contemplated. The *perfecting of the saints* may be wrought by ministering unto them in their every need. We have such instructions as these: Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, warn the unruly, be patient toward all men. The end to be attained is called the *edifying of the body of Christ*; and this work of edifying, or building up, adorning and beautifying, is to go on "Until we all come in the unity of the faith, in the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, that we be henceforth no more children," etc. Before Zion comes to this standard of perfection there may be found many things wanting that needs to be set in order. The graces of the Spirit are undoubtedly susceptible of cultivation. The subjects of this faith may add unto their faith virtue, and unto virtue knowledge, and many other Christian graces. They may awake to righteousness and put on and wear their beautiful garments. It is desirable that they be found worthy to walk with their Redeemer in white, with no stain upon their garments.

The foundation is important and interesting to contemplate only as the foundation. It is the edifice that rests upon this foundation that gives importance to it. The measure, and strength, and perfection of this foundation derive their importance entirely from their connection with the grand edifice and their adaptedness as the foundation. Principles are valued only as principles of something that is valuable. A foundation is

of no account only as it is the foundation of something that is of account.

Election, as a point of doctrine, has reference to subjects; it is nothing without subjects. All its beauty and force depend upon its development in the subjects of it. Who are the subjects, and what has election wrought in them and for them? So of other principles. We may talk about predestination and foreordination. Do these terms embrace subjects; are these subjects ourselves? What does predestination embrace or contemplate for us? If we stop upon these words merely as foundation principles, it might be asked, Foundation of what? Principles of what? Are they any more than empty words or unmeaning terms to us? The foundation that is laid is good and can never be superseded, but it is revealed for a holy and blessed purpose. It is that the gold, silver and precious stones may be builded upon it, and that it may grow to a spiritual house, a holy temple in the Lord.

In the message to the seven churches which were in Asia, we find the charge in one case that their works were not found *perfect*. This would seem to imply that some of them were without fault in the fulfillment of their obligations. Indeed two of them are commended throughout, and one of them that was censured was only required to return from whence they had fallen to their first love and first works. The commendations were as much negative as affirmative: "They have not defiled their garments;" "They have not denied my name;" "Thou canst not bear them which are evil." These several expressions will suggest many things that are wanting, and also in what direction we may move on towards that perfection in beauty that is the ultimatum of the Zion of God. This progress in the divine life—this advance towards perfection in the beauty of holiness and the fruits of the Spirit of God—seems to me so important for our own joy and comfort as well as for the praise and glory of divine grace, that we do well to heed the apostle's admonition. It is high time to give attention to the words of the prophet: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O, Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O, Jerusalem." "Arise and shake thyself from the dust; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O, captive daughter of Zion." These beautiful

garments—garments of praise, garments of humility—ought to be so exhibited that their beauty be made to appear. That fine linen, which is the righteousness of saints, should be kept white and clean. I am apprehensive that in some quarters these garments have become defiled, and that they need a pretty thorough shaking from the dust. If the church is a spiritual house, let it be adorned and beautified without and all glorious within. If a holy temple, let there be seen within it the ark of the testimony, with Aaron's rod that budded, and the Mercy Seat overshadowed with the Cherubims of glory. Let the altar with its ever-burning fire appear, and the candle-stick with its seven ever-burning lamps. Let nothing be admitted that defileth or maketh abomination. If a garden, let it be well watered, and no place given to briars and thorns. If a bride—the Lamb's wife—let her be brought to the King in raiment of needle-work. Let her garments smell of myrrh, and cassia, and cinnamon out of the ivory palaces; so shall the King greatly admire her beauty, for he is her Lord, and she should worship him in the beauty of holiness. There seems to me to be so much work needed in the vineyard, in order that the vine may flourish and bear fruit, that I feel to admonish myself with regard to this work of making advances in the divine life, and not waste time and labor unnecessarily in trying to lay the foundation again and again, or in debating questions that may arise with regard to its merits. "This will we do if God permit." Perhaps the apostle meant as he expresses it in another place, By the help of God, or the Lord helping them. Certainly the Lord will *permit*, as he has directed that his apostles and ministers shall take heed to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made them overseers, and the hindrances, if any, will result from the infirmities of our flesh or the temptations of Satan. For Zion's sake let us not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.

E. RITTENHOUSE.

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Reader, take heed of turning a sacred privilege into a privy sacrilege. If God give that grace which is not due to you, will you deny the praise which is due to him?

## THE KEY TO MERCY.

“And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.”—Mark xi. 25, 26.

To cut a child of grace off from going in prayer to God, is cutting off his life. A man will do anything to save his own life; if he will not he is not a man, or in other words, there is something radically wrong with him; he is not himself; his organism is out of fix in some way. Just so with one who is born of God: he is ready to do anything that he may have life—spiritual life. If he is not, then there is something radically wrong with him. “If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the flesh, ye shall live.” The great inquiry with the heavenly born is, how shall I do this? Above all things else give me spiritual life, without it natural life is a burden. I am such a sinner I need pardon every hour of my natural existence. Shut the door of mercy against me, and I become most miserable; I can’t stand it; I had rather die ten thousand natural deaths than to be cut off from a throne of grace. When ye stand praying, or come to the door, remember the key that opens it is forgiveness. Stop at the threshold, in your mind survey the world; have I aught against any? If I have, I must hoist the flag of peace; this is the signal to the keeper of the house; then apply the key of forgiveness and open the door. What does this mean? Can I there hoist a flag of truce to be substituted by one of war as soon as I go in and come out? No; you must forgive—wipe out without any mental reservation. You must then and there commence anew. If you had aught against any before that time, they are forgiven, and it is forever settled. There is no such thing as coming to God for mercy under a flag of truce; it must be a flag of peace. “I forgive you all your wrongs against me. I will not speak of them any more; they are forever put behind me.” This key fits the lock exactly; if there are any bumps of mental reservation on it, you can’t get it to unlock the door. Who then can enter? Every one can enter who is under the influence of the Spirit.

What made Jacob send Benjamin down to Egypt?

Necessity. He was compelled to do so or die. The famine was brought on him to drive him into Egypt where his long-lost boy was. Yes, to do the very thing which was to fill him with great joy—to meet Joseph; and to meet him at a time when he felt the greatest need of him, to preserve the lives of himself and children.

Christ's kingdom is one of peace, forgiveness and charity. In order to be a subject of this kingdom, we must forgive; our life depends on it. The Scribes and Pharisees were always on the watch to find something to condemn in others. They were awfully afraid of some infraction of God's law, or their traditions, which they regarded as such. This disposition marked them as Scribes and Pharisees then, and so it does now. Charity, or a disposition to overlook the faults of others, and forgive trespasses, marks the children of the kingdom of God. We can't have the love of God in our hearts when at the same time it is overflowing with bitterness for others.

Let us then remember when we pray and as often as we pray an acceptable prayer to God, we settle all past matters of a personal nature we may have against any. They are wiped out. And if we, after such supposed prayer, still find ill will lurking in our hearts against them, it should be a sign to us our prayer was not heard.

H. BUSSEY.

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## THE PRODIGAL SON—THE ELDER BROTHER.

LUKE XV.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: I feel this evening like saying something for the MESSENGER upon the above named parable. It has been in my mind of late, with what have been to me pleasant reflections. I desire to limit what I may say to one article, and that not too long for a paper like the MESSENGER, and so will try to suggest but a few of the many truths presented in the parable.

And first, while in all our Bibles it is called the parable of the "prodigal son," it should be remembered that this name has been given it by uninspired men, and not by the Saviour or his apostles. All the headings of

chapters in our Bibles have been placed there by men, for convenience of reference, and were not there originally. The divisions of chapters and verses themselves have been made by men, long since the days of the apostles. And some times the headings are misleading, that is, the subjects contained in the chapter are misnamed; and it has for a long time seemed to me that this parable has been misnamed by men, and should really be called the parable of the "ELDER BROTHER," rather than that of the "prodigal son." It seems to me that the parable was meant more as a rebuke to the class of men illustrated by the elder brother than as a comfort to those represented by the younger brother. I doubt not that both the rebuke to the one and the encouragement to the other are set forth in it; but the uppermost design of the Saviour was to utter a stern rebuke to the Scribes and Pharisees, as appear at the beginning of this xv. chapter of Luke.

In the xiv. chapter a very striking discourse of the Master is recorded, and at its close it is said: "Then drew near to him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him, but the Pharisees and Scribes murmured at it, saying, this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Now, from this murmuring and fault-finding of these *good people, who were holier than others*, as they thought, proceeded the three following parables, viz.: that of the lost sheep, the lost piece of money, and the *lost son*. In the interpretation of any saying of our Lord, regard must be had to what gave rise to it, if we would learn its true force and meaning. This is true not only of the sayings of our Lord, but also of the sayings of any man. The two verses quoted just now are the key to unlock these three parables. In these parables, drawn from the commonest incidents of everyday life, Jesus sets forth the inconsistency and *inhumanity* of these Scribes and Pharisees. They claimed to be the favorites of God; the sheep and the money, not astray nor lost; the son who was abiding at home faithfully serving his father. Jesus elsewhere denies that this is so. He teaches that they were full of pride, vanity, self-esteem, and all uncharitableness to other men. At best they were whited sepulchers. In this instance, however, Jesus does not thus address them, but shows their folly and their inconsistency with what

all men recognize as being right, when they object to his receiving those who, in their estimate, were far astray. If they, themselves, were righteous and near to God, and favorites of heaven, should they not rejoice when publicans and sinners return to the fear and service of God, even as there is gladness and rejoicing among men when a straying sheep, a lost piece of money or a prodigal son is found and brought back again? The ordinary sympathy of even our fallen nature would indicate this as being proper; much more the love and pity of those in whose hearts the fear of God dwells. Jesus would say to them in these parables, "granting that you are holy, and that all these are great sinners, it is inhuman and monstrous that you should find fault because I seek them. Men are of more value than sheep, or a piece of money, and the heavenly joy is infinitely better than the best that a human father's love can provide for a returning prodigal. Surely you should rejoice when these lost sheep are found; when these prodigals come home." Jesus teaches in these parables, it seems to me, as he also does elsewhere, that bad as it is to stray away from the fold, there is yet something still more to be abhorred, and more hurtful to Him, and that is the spirit of these Pharisees illustrated by the elder brother.

There is, it seems to me, a sort of gradation in these three parables. First, the Lord takes lesser things to set forth the truth; a lost sheep, a lost piece of money. How glad men are that find such things as these, when they have been lost! Yet these things are comparatively of little importance. So is there joy in heaven over one sinner who repents, or turns away from his wanderings. And surely it is only right and reasonable that this should be so. From this he goes on to set forth the great value in the sight of God of these same men and women whom they despise. If there be joy over finding a sheep or piece of money, how much more joy would be found in any family when a wandering one shall be restored to them. The first two parables enforce the truth by a contrast, the third by a comparison. If these publicans and sinners are of no more importance than a sheep, or piece of money, still the shepherd and the woman rejoice when they are found; and so is there joy over these. But they are not to be

compared with sheep and money. God looks at them as sons, and receives them as sons. How little of the love of God must be in the hearts of men when they find fault with what God loves and rejoices to do.

Some have thought that by these parables Jews and Gentiles are meant. But the two verses opening this xv. chapter show that this is not their design. The publicans and the sinners were not Gentiles, but Jews by birth. They were brethren of these Pharisees. The Jewish Pharisee hated a publican and despised a sinner. The publican was a Jew who collected Roman taxes out of the people. As they hated Rome, what would they think of any of their number who would accept service under such a power. They would regard such ones with loathing and hatred. And the sinners were Jews also, who did not try to keep all the ceremonial of law, and were therefore regarded as unclean. They were, therefore, all brethren—children of the race of Abraham. The language of these parables itself agrees to this. It was a *sheep* who went astray, a *piece of money* which was lost, a *son* who became a prodigal.

Now, ere I pass on I want to notice one expression in the second one of the parables especially “There is joy in the PRESENCE of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” It does not say the angels rejoice, but “there is joy in their presence.” *It is God himself who is represented as rejoicing.*

There is another difference between the first two parables and the last one. In the first two the joy over the finding is set forth, and no intimation of discord is made; but in the last the Saviour aims directly at their selfish, self-righteous spirit by bringing up the elder brother and his unnatural course toward the returning prodigal. And this now I desire to more especially speak about. The elder brother might allege many reasons for his churlishness. He might say, “my brother’s repentance is not genuine, he is only starved into submission; he will more than likely do the same thing over again; he has been living in excess of eating and drinking, and has enjoyed himself, while I have labored hard here at home; he has shamed us all before all our neighbors, and such joy, and such feasting and merry-making is only putting a stamp of approval upon

his course. Shall his fault be condoned in this fashion? If he is to be received back at all, the most he ought to expect would be to come as a hired servant. At least, he ought to be put on probation." Now all this and more he might urge, and urge very plausibly; but it all would be the cold calculation of an unforgiving and unloving spirit. Love, earnest love, the love of God, true brotherly love, does not talk that way. But the elder brother is represented as saying that more was being done for the prodigal than was ever done for himself. He lost sight of the blessings that were his, and of all the bounty of the father toward him, day by day, and is represented as begrudging the one feast spread for his brother. What an attitude did Jesus present the Scribes and Pharisees as being in!

Now it is time to ask how and where does this lesson apply to-day? Are there any Scribes and Pharisees among the Israel of God to-day as was the case then? We know that there are prodigals; all of us may feel to say, "I am a prodigal." But do any of us have the spirit of the elder brother? If we have not thought of this before, may it not be well if we begin to examine ourselves now? I feel as though the wandering of the prodigal, with all his riotous living and his harlot companionship, is not so worthy of condemnation, nor so dangerous in its results, as the pride and self-esteem of the elder brother. The one acts in the fire and haste of his spirit. What he does soon brings poverty and want, and then comes self-loathing, confession of his sin and return. But the other possesses a self-righteous spirit which leads him to avoid all that will appear evil to men, and that will injure his good name. As he goes on in this way he does not grow sick of it. His living, instead of being wasted, seems always to increase, and he grown more and more satisfied with himself, and at the same time further and further away from the Spirit of the Master, until he has no patience with nor pity for his brother who is weaker than himself. Oh, may it be the prayer of our hearts, as it was of David, in this matter, "Lord, search me, and know me; try my thoughts and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

But one may say, "surely no true-born child of gospel

grace can ever be led by such a spirit as this." It does seem almost impossible, and yet

"The seeds of all the ills that grow  
Are in our nature sown."

And this seed is there as much as any other. It may spring up and bear fruit and we may not recognize either the fruit or the root from whence it springs.

If we have the right spirit—the spirit of brotherly love and kindness—the spirit of Christ—we shall love our brother, even though he errs; we shall long for his return, not only because it will glorify God, but because it will be for his good and to the joy and rejoicing of us all. We shall, if led by this spirit, not only look and long for his return, but shall even seek for him and urge him to come home once more. And when the Lord gives him a sorrowful heart, and repentance is seen in life, we shall think that nothing is too good to bestow upon him that we may testify our joy that he is returning. We shall then hope all things, and believe all things, and bear all things. The joy of the Lord over his returning child will fill every heart where he lives and reigns. It is said that when Naomi, the wanderer, and Ruth, the young convert, came to Bethlehem, from whence Naomi went out full and came back empty, the whole city was moved; wonder, joy and gladness filled all around. So ought it to be, and so will it be now, if we be led indeed by the Spirit of the Master.

But if we be inclined to look at our brother suspiciously and remember his former faults against him when he shows a desire to return to the home whence he had departed, if we demand from him full confession that he has sinned against us as well as against God our Father; if we want to see him cast down and humiliated at our feet as well as at the feet of our Father; if we want that he should confess to *us*\* and ask *our* forgiveness as well as the pardon of his God, then we are surely the "elder brother" of the parable, the Scribe and Pharisee of our day and time. I want to finally say that I have as often seen a wrong spirit in

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[ \* I do not understand Bro. Chick to mean that, if one brother trespasses against another, that he should not confess his sin to him and ask his forgiveness, for this he should do; but where the sin is against the whole church, confession to the church is all that is required.—R.]

my heart toward the erring as I have seen errors in my brethren; and when they come back it is often the case that I feel bound to ask their forgiveness for my wrong, hard spirit toward them, as it is that they should ask forgiveness of the church. Oh, brethren, if we pray that we may not wander as the younger brother did, let us also be greatly desirous that we be not like the elder brother. As the father ran and embraced his son in his hunger, and poverty, and rags, before he even had a chance to confess his sin, so let us be quick to welcome the wanderer as he returns. May God keep us from being like the elder brother!

I remain your brother in the hope of Christ,

Reistertown, Md.

F. A. CHICK.

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### EVANGELISTS.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I like the mild, respectful, kind and brotherly spirit in which the editorials and the communications of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER are written. If we can always manifest such a spirit in our writings, then we may discuss, with safety, any proper subjects in our religious periodicals. This is the way we should write, and talk and preach. Such a course is in accord with the admonition of the apostle, when he said, "Let brotherly love continue." It also accords with his words, "Above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

Now, it is my desire to present a few thoughts in this spirit on the subject at the head of this paper.

Mr. Webster, who is our standard English lexicographer, defines an evangelist as *one who preaches the gospel*. In Latin the word means *one that brings good tidings*. According to these definitions, all gospel ministers are evangelists; and in one sense they *are* evangelists. But still, the word seems to have a distinctive meaning in the scriptures, whether we can come at that exact meaning or not.

Timothy was ordained the first pastor of the church at Ephesus, and yet Paul told him to do the work of an evangelist.—(See Tim. iv. 5. From this it seems that one may be a pastor and evangelist at the same time.

Philip, who was one of the seven deacons, was a

preacher and evangelist.—(See Acts xxi. 8. From this it seems that a deacon may be a preacher and evangelist, unless Philip left the office of deacon and went to preaching, as some of our brethren do now. But still, he is called an evangelist, and one of the seven, right together in the scriptures.

It is a common idea that an evangelist is one that travels and preaches, and I reckon that it is a correct idea, after all. Philip was traveling when he was told to join himself to the chariot in which the eunuch was riding, and when he preached to the eunuch and baptized him. From the case of Timothy, it seems that we may learn that one may be a pastor, and travel and preach some to other churches where he is not pastor. It seems, judging from the way Paul wrote to Timothy, that the gift of Timothy was more than an ordinary one; that it was not only useful in discharging the duties of a pastor, but in preaching and ministering to other churches.

But let us notice that no mention is made of such a thing as Timothy being set apart to the special work of an evangelist. He had, no doubt, been already ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, and that was sufficient. Philip traveled to the south and preached, but he was so directed by the Spirit of God.

Paul and Barnabas were set apart to the work whereunto the Holy Ghost had called them, but it was by the direction of the Holy Ghost, and not by the direction of Paul and Barnabas themselves. And they were set apart to go to the Gentiles, and went as apostles and ministers of Christ. The Scriptures do not say that they were set apart as evangelists.

I do not know that we could have any better understanding among us in this matter than we have already, and have had for years, and that is, to let ministering brethren follow the direction of the Spirit, and go and preach wherever they feel that the Spirit directs them to go, whether it be to destitute places or to regular churches with pastors. If they, indeed, be so directed, they are evangelists indeed, and bring good tidings to God's people, including the pastors of the churches they may visit. Paul visited churches that he had previously planted, and confirmed the saints, and exhorted them to continue in the faith. And I believe that the saints are

now often confirmed and made glad and instructed by the ministrations of visiting and traveling ministers that come unto them bringing good tidings. Pastors of churches, I verily believe, are often greatly benefited by the preaching and conversation of visiting and traveling preachers. If God's ministers are directed by the Spirit they will go to the right places, and will carry the word of the Lord, or will speak the word of the Lord, and it will be in season. And the word of the Lord is not merely the truth in the letter, but it is the truth in the demonstration of the Spirit of God and with power. Jesus said that his words were spirit and life, and so we find them, though they be spoken by his ministers. God's ministers, sent out by direction of the Holy Ghost, "are always caused to triumph in Christ, and by them God makes manifest the savor of his knowledge in *every place*; for they are unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved and in them that perish; to the one they are the savor of death unto death, and to the other the savor of life unto life, and who is sufficient for these things?" When they thus come unto us, how dare we say that they should not come? If they minister spiritual things unto us it is the very best evidence that they are ministers of the Spirit. Surely, when any come thus unto us, they come with the best commendation, that of God himself. And the recipients of the spiritual ministrations of God's ministers are gospelly bound to minister carnal things in turn, and help the ministers along on their way after a godly sort, whether they be pastor or visiting preachers. If any should come unto us and fail to minister spiritual things unto us, then we are not gospelly bound in such cases to help them in carnal things. So we see that the rule God has given in this matter is a simple and just one. But let us notice the order of ministrations. Spiritual things must be ministered first, and then carnal things in turn. This rule will protect God's people from imposition by imposters, as a general thing. God's people are not easily deceived. The modern missionary plan is just the opposite to the scriptural plan in several particulars. The missionary is sent out to a certain place by the direction of man, and must receive carnal things before he goes, and when he does go he preaches not the gospel of

Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes, but preaches the power that sends him, and that is the power of man and money. The Saviour taught his disciples the gospel rule when he sent them out, and told them not to go full-handed, so to speak, as to carnal things; that the laborer is worthy of his meat. But the servant of Christ must first labor in the Lord, and not be weary in well doing, and in due season he shall reap if he faint not. No doubt the servant of Christ, in the proper discharge of his duty, reaps spiritual and carnal blessings sufficiently.

Some of our ministering brethren do not travel much and preach, because, I suppose, they are not so directed. But they should not judge harshly those that *are* so directed. It should be the earnest prayer of all of us as ministers, that God would direct us by his Spirit where and when to go; for we are liable to be misled by fleshly impressions, and to get into trouble by trying to do something that God has not required at our hands. God's ministers are modest, and timid in a certain sense, and are not disposed to thrust themselves on any church where they are not wanted, if they have any reason to believe that such is the case at any time. But I must desist.

Affectionately, your brother in Christ,  
T. J. BAZEMORE.

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#### CAN A CHURCH IN DISORDER DO THINGS IN ORDER?

In THE GOSPEL MESSENGER of January, 1890, pages 23 and 24, there is a letter from Eld. J. T. Stewart, of Lincoln, Alabama, in regard to the troubles in the Mt. Zion Association, in North Alabama; and in the same number of the MESSENGER, pages 32, 34 and 35, Eld. J. R. Respass gives his views upon the subject. In the MESSENGER of February, 1890, pages 53 and 54, Eld. F. A. Chick heartily endorses the views of Eld. Respass.

Under date of February 3, 1891, Eld. Stewart writes Eld. Respass again, and says that the trouble, instead of abating, seems to be increasing; and he asks for additional advice in the interest of righteousness and peace. As Eld. Stewart had previously done, so Eld. Respass now requests me to write an article upon the subject; and all of us would be glad to have, also, the views of other brethren in regard to this important matter, which, in several States, threatens permanent confusion and division among our Churches and Associations.

In the first place, I will present a brief statement of the facts in regard to the Mount Zion and Mount Moriah Associations in North Alabama, and their opponents, the New Hope Association and some of her correspondents in North Georgia. In 1832 the churches composing the Mount Zion Association, withdrew from all connection with the Missionary, or New School Baptists, and so continued for some years; but, after awhile, they became lax in discipline, and for some time received Missionaries on the credit of their baptism. In 1878, however, these churches resolved to return to the old land-marks, by putting away all whom they had received on their alien baptism, and all who belonged to men-made institutions. During their laxity of discipline, Salem Church, one of their churches, had received an Eld. Ballew on his Missionary baptism, and he, after his reception, had baptized several persons before 1878; and in 1878 he and those whom he had baptized, came forward and joined by an experience of grace, and were baptized as though they had never been immersed before. But the baptisms during the disorder, performed by those ministers who had been baptized and ordained before the disorder, were not repeated. After 1878 Mount Zion Association was received into correspondence with regular Primitive Baptists. But New Hope Association, and some of her correspondents, maintain that the churches of Mount Zion Association ought to have re-baptized all the persons who were baptized, during the disorder, by even all her old, previously baptized and previously ordained ministers. And New Hope Association also contends that Eld. J. T. Stewart himself, and his Association (Mount Moriah), are in disorder, because he is a member of, and was ordained (in 1881) by the authority of Providence Church (Blount county, Ala.) which church, although it never had any alien baptisms or institutions in it, was a member of Mount Zion Association until 1874, when he withdrew from it on account of these unscriptural innovations, and joined the Mount Moriah Association, and the latter Association opened correspondence with Mount Zion Association in 1878, after Mount Zion had put away her alien baptisms and institutions; and another reason why New Hope Association maintains that Eld. Stewart is in disorder, and that, therefore, all the persons whom he has baptized should by re-baptized, and all the deacons and elders whom he has helped to ordain should be re-ordained, and all the churches that he has helped to constitute should be re-constituted, is, that of the three elders (J. J. Akers, H. J. Redd and C. Whitworth,) who ordained him, the church to which one of them (C. Whitworth) belonged, had one Missionary baptism in it at that time; this fact, however, being then unknown to Eld. Stewart and to his church, and to the Baptists in general, and even to the majority of C. Whitworth's church, and that member having since received gospel baptism. Eld. Stewart says that the New Hope Association came out, in 1840, from the Tallapoosa Association, a Missionary body, which had had missions in

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it for three years prior to that time, and yet that the New Hope has ever since retained all the work done while among those Missionaries for three years; and that New Hope has received Mount Carmel Church (of Alabama), which was a member of Mount Moriah Association, and, while putting out all work done by Eld. Stewart in that church, retains all the work done, at the same time, by her pastor, Eld. John McLeroy. In conclusion, Eld. Stewart affirms that in all points of Primitive Baptist faith and practice, the Mount Zion, Mount Moriah and New Hope Associations are entirely agreed; and that though they all have been in disorder, neither one of these Associations has, in any of its churches, any alien baptisms or any men-made institutions.

The view of Eld. Respass is substantially as follows: "It will not do to incorporate the gospel with the law, with its endless ceremonies and washings. Under the law, there was no space given for repentance. But it is one of the chief glories of the gospel over the law, that repentance, confession, and doing so no more, puts away all manner of sin, not only of individuals, but also of churches. It is, of course, proper and right to undo all sins that can be undone; but nothing should be unlawfully undone, for that would be but to exchange one sin for another, and to leave the transgressor still under guilt. Many of the apostolic churches erred in doctrine or in order, and were commanded to repent. If a church sins, she should not visit her own sins upon the heads of the innocent members baptized by her authority (Deut. xxiv. 16); and in order that a church may be purged of her sin, she must, like the individual Christian, confess it with penitence, not by force, ask forgiveness, and do it no more, and that is the end of the gospel law. Such things as she can righteously, she could and will undo, and she will know by the Spirit what they are, and there will be peace. I think the churches erred in expelling those members baptized by her authority and re-baptizing them. They were as lawfully baptized the first time as they were the second time. If the church authorized an improper person to do it, that was her sin, and could not attain the innocent members baptized by her authorized agent."

Eld. Chick says: "I approve of your view of the matter altogether. It has long seemed to me that we cannot straighten out the crooked paths made by our fathers; I do not think we are called upon to attempt it. Of one thing I am sure, that if scrutiny were to be made close enough, there is not a church in the whole United States that could show a clean record—somewhere back in the past will be found some irregularities which now would throw a church into disorder. If the case be as Bro. Stewart states it, to declare all these churches and brethren in disorder would practically unchurch almost every church in the United States, and even the very churches ministered to by the apostles themselves. No doubt the brethren who are stirring up this matter are sincere and honest, and believe that they are doing God

service, but they will learn that it is not theirs to set other children of God straight. It would be right, it seems to me, for them to insist that such disorders shall not again occur. As Bro. Respass has said, we are not under the law, but under the gospel. The Spirit is more than the form; to maintain a form we should not destroy the brethren for whom Christ died."

I have tried to examine this whole subject in a prayerful, solemn and impartial manner, and I am not conscious of being actuated, in the investigation, by any other motive than the glory of God and the good of his people. I know none of the members of either of these Associations personally, and I have the same Christian love and esteem for them all. Especially ever since I began to work on the Church History, I have desired, more than ever before, to find out and to declare, on all subjects, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," because the truth, and the truth only, can do any one real and lasting good.

As shown by Exod. xxxii. 15, 35; Deut. xiii. 1, 18; Josh vii. 1, 26; I. Kings xviii. 40; and II. Kings x. 18, 30, the congregation of ancient Israel was to be purged of idolaters; and, as shown by Acts v. 1, 2; I. Cor. v. 1, 13; I. Tim. i. 20; II. Tim. ii. 16, 18; iii. 5; II. Thess. iii. 6; and Titus iii. 10, the Christian church should withdraw from its disorderly and heretical members. As I have said in the Church History (pages 290, 291), "A tender, faithful, scriptural discipline, like that observed by the people of God in the apostolic age, is of the highest and most vital importance for the welfare of the church; the neglect of such discipline is the most potent cause of evil in the church.

"The object of faithful church discipline,' as John Gill well says, 'is threefold. First, The glory of God, whose great and holy name is dishonored by the evil principles, or evil practices, of church members, and whose honor is vindicated by their prompt and proper correction. Second, The preservation of the church from corruption and destruction; the old leaven of wickedness must be purged out to preserve the whole body from infection; evil communications corrupt good manners; lepers were to be put out of the camp, so as not to infect others; and so erroneous persons, whose words eat as a canker, must be removed from the communion of gospel churches. Third, the good of

the offending parties who, if real children of God, are by proper discipline, brought to shame and repentance for their sins, and an acknowledgment of them, when they are to be received again with all love and tenderness, and to be comforted, that they might not be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow.”

The question at the head of this article, “Can a Church in Disorder do things in Order?” seems to me to resolve itself into two other questions: First, Can a church in disorder unchurch a church, so that its administration of the gospel ordinances would be invalid? And second, if so, what kind of disorder? As perhaps all so-called churches now in the world were derived originally from the churches planted by the apostles, every Primitive Baptist would answer the *first* of these questions in the *affirmative*: Disorder may unchurch a church. And as to the *second* question, I suppose that the great majority of Primitive Baptists would say that gross and persistent departure from the doctrine and the discipline of the apostles would unchurch a church, and render its administration of the gospel ordinances invalid.

In dealing with our brethren in our sister churches who, like ourselves, accept the Scriptures as the only standard of faith and practice, and who, like ourselves, believe in the divine Trinity; the doctrine of predestination and election; salvation by grace alone; the immersion of believers only; the supreme headship of Christ over his people, as their only Prophet, Priest, and King; reverent obedience to all his commands, and the rejection of all the religious inventions and institutions of men—we ought prayerfully and earnestly to examine the following passages of scripture: Exod. xx. 1, 3; Deut. vi. 5; Levit. xix. 18; Chron. xxviii. 10, 15; xxx. 18, 20; Ezra x. 1, 17; Num. v. 12, 13; Ps. xxxii. 5; li. 16, 17; lxxxv. 8; cxxii. 6, cxxxiii; Prov. xxviii. 13; Jer. vi. 16; Matt. vi. 15; vii. 12; xviii. 15, 18; xxii. 37, 40; John xiii. 34, 35; xvii. 17, 23; Acts ii. 42; xx. 30; Rom. xvi. 17, 18; I. Cor. i. 10, iii. 3; xiii. 4; Ephes. iv. 1, 6; II. Thess. iii. 16; Pet. i. 22, 23; iv. 8; I. John i. 3, 10; ii. 9, 11; iii. 14; 7, 21. We should abandon the teachings of our own fleshly natures and of our fleshly brethren (who are certainly in the flesh if they oppose the Scriptures), and

follow the teachings of our Lord, who, in these texts, plainly tells us that we should worship Him alone; that we should love him with all our powers, and love our neighbors, especially our brethren, as we love ourselves; that this principle of self-sacrificing love is the one pre-eminent and indispensable mark of true religion, without which all else is as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal; that the Church of Christ is the highest visible authority on earth; that as He forgives and receives all who, by His grace, repent of and confess and forsake their wrongs, so must His church and people do; that forbearance, and peace, and love and unity should be the never-failing characteristics of the elect, redeemed and regenerated people of God.

As baptism is the initial ordinance of the Christian Church, it may be used, in this connection, to represent and include all the other ordinances. For the present occasion, I have made a special and diligent search of all the Scriptures and of the whole field of Church History, and *I cannot find that, up to the time of the separation of the Primitive from the New School Baptists—about sixty years ago—any church of Christ which had had, by its own authority, any believers baptized (that is, immersed,) in the name of the Father, and Son and Spirit, required such believers to be re-immersed.*

In Acts xix. 1, 7, the Apostle Paul re-immerses the twelve disciples at Ephesus, who had been immersed (by whom or by whose authority, it is not stated) unto John's baptism, and who had never heard whether there was any Holy Ghost. John the Baptist (Matt. iii. 11, 12) taught plainly of the Holy Ghost and of Christ; so that these twelve men probably never heard John preach and were not baptized by him, but by some pretended disciple of his. The baptism which John, himself, performed, was of God, and was valid, and is never said in the Scriptures to have been repeated. He baptized Christ and several of his apostles; and the believing and eloquent Apollos, who was mighty in the Scriptures, and who came to Ephesus, also, (Acts xviii. 24, 28) knowing only, but knowing scripturally, the baptism of John, was simply taught by Aquila and Priscilla the way of God more perfectly, and we are not told that he was re-baptized. He was evidently, as a minister of Christ, esteemed highly by the Apostle

Paul.—I. Cor. i. 12; iii. 4, 6; xvi. 12; Titus iii. 13. Excepting the case of the twelve men at Ephesus, who are not at all said to have constituted a church, there is no other mention of a re-immersion of persons in the New Testament.

The Novations, in the third century; the Donatists, in the fourth; the Waldenses, in the twelfth; and the Anabaptists in the sixteenth, like the Primitive Baptists in the nineteenth century, re-immersed all persons who came to them from the apostate Catholic and other so-called churches; but not in a single instance, so far as history shows us, did they re-immense a person whom they, themselves, had already immersed.—Church History, pages 377, 390, 437, 440, 473.

In 1774–1777, some churches of the Kehukee Association (Church History, page 698) re-immersed those of their members who had been immersed in *unbelief*; and to this course, as in Acts xix. 1, 7, no Primitive Baptist would now object; for faith should precede baptism.—Mark xvi. 16; Acts ii. 41; viii. 36, 38; xvi. 31, 34.

The Strict Baptists of England, who most nearly, in doctrine and practice, resemble the Primitive Baptists of United States, do not exact re-baptism on the part even of the members already immersed in belief, who join them from other “churches,” though they require a relation of their Christian experience.—Church History, page 606. We, of course, would consider this practice disorderly, but it shows the strong feeling of our English brethren against the repetition of the immersion of believers.

Nearly all our churches, which were existing at the time of our separation from the New School Baptists, were for a few years more or less involved in at least toleration of men-made institutions; and yet no one of these churches of ours, so far as I have ever learned, required the re-immersion of any of its members who had been received during the period of such disorder. In accordance with the Scriptures, those baptized believers who had done the wrong, repented, confessed and forsook it, and in the glorious spirit of the gospel they were freely and fully forgiven by their brethren. And the sacred ordinance of baptism, which was meant to signify our death, and burial, and resurrection with Christ, was not perverted from its plain and unmistak-

able scriptural meaning, and required to be repeated upon a member because of his disorder; for Christ died but once, was buried but once, and rose from the dead but once; and the apostolic inscription upon the banner of His militant church is, "One Lord, One Faith, and One Baptism."—Ephes. iv. 5.

I cannot but think, therefore, in the light of the Scripture, and of all past Baptist history, that our brethren of the New Hope Association are in error, so far as regards the present trouble, if the circumstances have been correctly reported to me. It seems to me that either they are wrong in this matter, or else nearly all the other Primitive Baptist churches in the United States are wrong in their views of gospel discipline.

May the Spirit of Christ—the Spirit of truth and love—show His people the right way, and restore peace and prosperity to the Zion of our God.

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

Being present at Butler during the consideration of this matter, I concur in the above views of Eld. Hassell.  
(ELD.) J. M. HARRIS, (of Reidsville, N. C.)

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463 NANCE STREET, SELMA, ALA., March 16, 1891.

*Dear Bro. Respass:* I wish, in kindness and love, to address the readers of the MESSENGER on the subject of traveling and preaching, and then I wish them to try what I write by the Scriptures of eternal truth, and if I advance anything contrary thereto, point it out; for if I know my own heart at all, I do not desire to say one single thing, small or great, that would be to the hurt and injury of the people of God. I am but a fallible mortal, liable to err, and I earnestly crave to be free from error, so far as it is possible to be, while in this world of trials and tribulation.

The question I propose to consider is this: Does God now call, qualify and send forth men to travel and preach, and require them to devote their whole time to it or not? I do not ask, is it the duty of the *church* to send out men to devote their time to travel and preach, which, for the sake of brevity, I will call *itinerant* preaching. The church has no authority in the gospel to call men and send them forth to preach. All that is required of the church is to recognize God's authority, power and prerogative to call and send whom He pleases to such work. That is what He did in the apostolic age of the church, and churches recognized God's right and authority in the matter, and received those He sent, and bade them God speed, and these itinerant preachers, which were called evangelists then, were regarded as God's gift to the church, the

same as pastors, teachers, etc., all for the edifying of the church, the perfecting of the saints, etc. If they were needful then for that purpose, why not now? Human nature has not changed at all for the better, but is waxing worse and worse; deceivers and false teachers are not less in number, nor less in cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive the people of God. I feel constrained to believe that God has had men ever since the days of the apostles as itinerant preachers—as hunters and fishers of men. A false church has endeavored to imitate God's plan in this regard, and claim that God authorized His church to call, qualify and send forth men, not to edify and perfect the saints, but to *save* souls from *eternal damnation*. In this way the delusion of modern Missionism sprang up, and has become very popular with the religionists of the world. The world will love its own, and care for it, too. While we rightly oppose men sent out by false churches, and oppose the plan and system by which they are sent out, as false and unscriptural, let us be careful that we do not oppose those whom *God* sends forth to preach. For to oppose them cannot stop them, but only adds to their already heavy burdens. They cannot stop, because "*necessity*" is laid upon them from the Lord. They go because God *compels* them to go; and it is not *love* of the brethren, nor *love* of the cause, nor expectation of a good, easy time, nor the expectation of good pay that *compels* them to go, but "*necessity*" from the Lord *laid* upon them, with a woe sounding in their hearts if they refuse. Love of brethren, love of the cause, and love for God even is not sufficient—not strong enough—to compel a man to give up his business, home, and all earthly considerations, to devote his whole time to itinerant preaching when he knows there is no certainty of even a living in it for him. If there was *money* in it—big pay—then, indeed, "*MONEY HUNTERS*," and "*self-appointed*" itinerant preachers, even among Primitive Baptists, might be very plentiful, and as clamorous as auctioneers. It may be possible even that there are some claiming to be Primitive Baptists whose love of money is so great that they would betray Christ now for a much less sum than Judas charged for his dirty work. There is no telling what men will do for money. But God's plan of edifying his people and sending forth his word is not based upon money, nor bound by it, for the gospel is not bound. God sends it where and by whom he pleases. To oppose that is to oppose God, and foolish indeed is the man that engages in such opposition. How are we to know those whom God sends forth? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Evidence that God has called, qualified and laid the necessity of preaching upon them, even against their desire, is one fruit. Strong and determined resistance to the divine call, is another fruit, for "No man taketh this honor to himself save he who is called of God as was Aaron." Unsuccessful resistance, and compelled at last to submit to the divine call, and the church being impressed with his call so there is no doubt in

their minds about it, and they liberate him, and set him apart to the work of the ministry, is another fruit; and lastly, I notice that soundness in the faith or doctrine, "apt to teach," knowing the doctrine and having the gift to preach it to the comfort, edification and instruction of the people of God, is another fruit or evidence of being called of God. These are the evidences of all whom God calls to preach the gospel, whether at home or abroad; whether as pastor or itinerant preacher; but the latter has impressions that the former have not, to any great extent at least. The itinerant preacher, speaking from my own experience, is constantly impressed that he *must* travel and preach. This impression he cannot throw off, try as he will. He is impressed, too, that God requires him to give up everything that will interfere with travel and preaching, no matter how averse he may be to giving up all for such work. As the reader may remember that in former communications I stated that I was so averse to giving up my business—which was once a very lucrative one—and the comforts and companionship of home, and fearing, too, that I was deceived in the matter, that I prayed to die, and did not submit until I was brought down to the door of death, and a worse thing than death itself presented to my mind, that of being left upon my family for years a helpless paralytic, if I still resisted my impression of duty, to give up all for the sake of Christ and the gospel (being at that time completely paralyzed from my waist down, and from which I have never fully recovered, so that, in a great measure, I am still almost a helpless cripple physically.) Nothing in all my life has given me more constant trouble and distress of mind, and the very fact that my experience, and my impressions of mind, seem to be so out of harmony with so many brethren in the ministry only adds to my distress, making me more afraid that I may be wrong and greatly deceived. So great is my trouble of mind that I often fear that reason, itself, will leave me. If I could know and realize that I am only doing what God has laid upon me, I think I could rejoice under all the bitter things that I am compelled to endure. But haunted with the fear that it all may be self-delusion, and that I have only made myself miserable for naught, makes my soul so bitter with trouble that I become greatly bewildered in mind and plunge into keenly felt darkness.

My impressions will not suffer me to take hold of business again, though I greatly desire to do so naturally, and cease from travel; remain at home in quiet the rest of my days. I seem to stand alone; I beg the Lord continually for comfort and a manifestation of His presence with me, but often fail to obtain either. I beg Him, also, to open up the way by which I may take hold of some honorable agency that will not conflict, but work in harmony with itinerant preaching—an agency that will pay my way and support myself and family, and, Paul-like, be self-supporting; and, at the same time, travel and preach everywhere the Lord will lead me or suffer me to go. If the Lord will prosper me in that

course of procedure, I then will not be burdensome to any, and then will be prepared to visit destitute regions, pastorless churches, and hunt up scattered ones of the flock, and cease to visit, in the main, churches that are supplied with pastors. My impressions are to do all that I do in obedience to God, for the good of Zion, in accordance with the necessity that is upon me. If God is with me the opposition of men to me can only trouble, harass and put stumbling blocks in my way, but they cannot stop me. If God is not with me, opposition may at last overcome and destroy me, and it ought to do it. If my goings are not of the Lord, I deserve and ought to be put down and out quickly. I am in the hands of my Maker; but are my goings of Him? That is the question that so deeply concerns me and troubles me day and night, and from which I find no relief—only as I am actively and constantly engaged in travel and preaching.

Now, will the brethren and sisters, too, everywhere, who may read this article help me, in the light of divine truth, decide this, to me, a' absorbing question, publicly or privately? My address is at the head of this communication. J. H. PURIFOY.

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## EDITORIAL.

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J. R. RESPESS, Wm. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

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## EVANGELISTS.

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In the MESSENGER of February, '91, on pages 74 and 80, the work of evangelists is brought before us for investigation, by Elds. Purifoy and Respass, and it is hoped that such interest will be taken in it by our people that such light may be thrown upon the subject as to result in more uniformity of understanding of it.

There does not appear to be any question among brethren as to the gift of evangelists to the church, as a gift in some respects distinct from that of pastors, teachers and other gifts mentioned in Eph. iv. 12; but the question for investigation now seems to be as to the appropriate work of evangelists? That they are God's gift to the church and in the church, and to be subject to the discipline, authority and control of the church as other gifts are, we presume none will deny; and that they should preach the gospel all will admit. But still the question comes up as to wherein their work differs from that of apostles, pastors, teachers and exhorters?

One distinction generally supposed to be between the

work of evangelists and pastors and teachers is, that they are to travel and preach, and never to have any settled care of churches as pastors and home teachers do. This may be correct, but the church is to be the judge in every case, and she will be far more likely to discern what the gift is, and to what place to assign it, than the brother will himself.

It is evidently a bad sign when brethren and sisters of the church never feel the weight of a brother's gift, or have any strong and prayerful exercises of mind about it till he has to tell them how powerfully he is wrought upon to preach, whether at home or abroad. And it does not appear that this would be in harmony with the pattern given in Acts xiii. 1, for we do not find anything there, or in that connection indicating that Paul and Barnabas, who were to be separated and sent forth to the work to which God had called them, ever once mentioned to the church at Antioch how powerfully they were impressed to go as evangelists, nor did they have to first bring the subject to the consideration of their brethren; but instead of this, the Holy Ghost or Spirit of God and spirit of truth, spoke in their hearts and impressed their mind to such extent that by fasting and prayer to God they laid hands upon Barnabas and Paul, (or as we would now call it—ordained them) to go forth and preach the gospel among the Gentiles and Jews, as the credentials given by a church now generally says: "Preach the gospel and administer its ordinances wherever God in his providence shall cast their lot." We may have been mistaken all our life upon this matter, but whether from tradition or otherwise, we never have regarded it as a good indication that the Lord had called a brother to preach, either at home or to travel abroad, if he had first to mention it to his church and urge upon them to liberate him to the work. True we have heard of some few such cases of late years, even among Primitive Baptists, but it has been so contrary to our feelings, views and understanding of this subject, that we never have felt that our sanction could be given as one of a presbytery to ordain and give credentials to any brother who was so forward to press his claim for such distinction.

Elder Purifoy argues that "evangelists are compelled" to travel and preach, and that the "backward-

ness and slowness of our people to believe this, adds greatly to the hardships and distress of the evangelists." He thinks brethren may "say or do what they will against evangelists, refuse to invite or recognize them as evangelists—give them the cold shoulder—call them money-hunter's, gleaners, or self-appointed evangelists, it will make no difference with them so far as stopping is concerned."

Now we may not fully understand our brother in the above remarks in his letter, but we will say that it has not been our experience, nor our understanding of the Scriptures, from our first effort in the ministry till this present hour, that let brethren say what they would against, and refuse to recognize or invite us that we were *compelled* to thrust our poor services upon them. Nor have we knowingly ever done so, and if the good Lord has required it, then we confess that we have been entirely remiss in that part of our duty. And we know that elders among the churches are exhorted by the apostle to take the oversight of the flock or church of God, "willingly and of a ready mind; but not by constraint or compulsion, nor for filthy lucre, or to lord it over God's heritage.—I Pet. v. 2.

That gospel ministers are compelled to preach, and that necessity is laid upon them, is certainly true, both from the experience of gospel preachers and from the written word of God; but this compulsion is not independent of church authority, or whether their brethren will or not. One of the marks given by inspiration as warning to the church to know who is unfit to be set apart as a gospel minister is that he is "self-willed."—Titus i. 7.

In citing the action of the church at Antioch as recorded in xiii chapter of Acts, Elds. Purifoy and Respass are agreed that church authority is necessary for sending forth evangelists by ordination to travel abroad and preach; but their conclusions as to what particular localities they should go, may possibly differ. Eld. Purifoy says: "Our church will be compelled sooner or later, for their own protection and the good of the cause in general, to come to some understanding as to whom they will recognize as evangelists and support as such. The matter can very easily be settled if they will take the action of the church at Antioch as a pattern—

which indeed it is, in my opinion, and let the home church of the evangelist set him specially apart to such work, and give him credentials to that effect."

If then the proceedings of the church at Antioch is the pattern, as both these brethren correctly agree that it is, for sending forth evangelists, we doubt whether any of our traveling preachers who are engaged exclusively in that way, could show that they had ever been set apart to that kind of work.

And again it is evident, as shown by Eld. Respass, that the work of our modern evangelists, or traveling preachers, differs greatly from that of Paul and Barnabas, who went mostly among the destitute, preaching and establishing churches; whereas our traveling preachers, as a rule, go among what are considered the largest, best supplied, and most acceptable churches, already established in the faith and order of the gospel. Have we then, all things considered, any Scriptural evangelists among us, with any other credentials from the church than such as are usually given to go forth and preach the gospel and administer its ordinances wherever their lot is cast?

W. M. M.

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### THE EXPERIENCE OF A SINNER.

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I have been often asked to publish my experience in the MESSENGER, but have not done it, because there did not seem to be anything in it that would be profitable, even if I should be favored by the Lord to write it in a sincere and humble spirit. It was so little, and that little such a revelation of my depravity, that I was ashamed to do it, as well as loth to lose the respect of God's people by doing it. But I now venture upon it, and "if I perish, I perish."

I was born in Upson county, Ga., on Sunday, the second of October, 1831. I was weak-nerved in childhood, and have been so all my life; and that is probably the reason I was religiously inclined as far back as I can remember. I was religious because I was afraid of death and, therefore, sang and prayed when thunder storms arose, and when I was sick or saw somebody buried. The thought of being nailed up in a box and being covered up and left alone in a deep hole in the

ground was unspeakably horrible to me. In saying I was religious, I do not mean that I was better than other boys, for in some things I was probably worse than the common run of boys. For even in my childhood I was a day-dreamer; and growing older I began, in my youth, to indulge in unholy and filthy imaginations and desires, which grew, to some extent, into a habit, and became a torment to me, and has been, at times, more or less a torment to me all my life. It has been a thorn in my flesh, an iron-charioted Canaanite in the land, before I became a Christian, if I ever have, which I could not, and the Lord would not, drive out, though I have often, with tears, besought him to do it.—Judges ii. 22. I was reared among slaves and never made to work, which contributed no little to my self-indulgence, impurity of thought and filthy dreaming. This infirmity seems to have been, to look at it naturally, the prime source of all my short comings and failures in life. I was dreaming at school, when I should have been studying. I was never greatly addicted to novel-reading, a species of idle dreaming that many indulge in until they become unfit for solid reading and study; but I preferred to dream out my own novels, in which I was generally the hero. Is it possible that a Christian and a minister, and a man of age and family, of many cares and responsibilities, should be so far given up of the Lord as to be let to indulge in such unholy waste of time? It has often made me cry out, O, wretched man that I am! Whatever I may be, I would warn the young, and especially young Christians, against the sinful waste of time of indulging in idle and vain imaginations; for not only is it a waste of time, but sinful thoughts often beget sinful acts, and bring forth death. If this sin be indulged in, it will become a habit, growing with the indulgence until it becomes the master and you the slave, and like the poor inebriate, whose will power is destroyed by long indulgence, you will be bound with fetters of brass and left, as self-indulgent Samson was, to grind to your shame in the prison house of your enemies.—Judges xvi. Even so strong a man as Paul felt the necessity, from a knowledge of his weakness, of keeping his body under, “lest by any means,” said he, “when I have preached to others I, myself, should be a

castaway.”—I. Cor. ix. It is often true that the boy is the father of the man—that is, that the man is like the boy was, as the tree is like the twig. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined or bent. Take a little peach twig and keep it bent until it becomes a grown limb, and it can never be straightened again; or, take a little apple tree and bend it and keep it bent until it is grown, and you can never make a straight tree of it. Take a little boy and let him be an idle dreamer until he has matured into a settled man, and the chances are that he will be more or less that way as long as he lives, and even after he has become a Christian. It will be a thorn in his side, a grief and sorrow, and an enemy to struggle hard with as long as he lives. If he was an unrestrained, self-willed, selfish and hard-headed boy, these infirmities will attach more or less to him as a Christian, and no doubt often overcome him. They will be his weak points, and as the woodpecker makes his hole in the weak spot of the hollow tree, so does Satan attack the Christian in his weak spots. He will tempt him to do what he is most inclined to do.

I had a good father and mother, who cared for my morals and made me go to their meetings of Sundays. Sometimes my father had us children—two older sisters and I—to read in the Testament of nights. That was when I was about six years old. One night we read in Matthew xix. 24, where Jesus said, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God,” and I was exceedingly amazed and alarmed about my father, for he was a rich man for that day and in that community, and I could not see how he would be saved unless he became a poor man. My father was a feeble man, and often walked the hall for hours, uttering ejaculatory prayers, and at times wringing his hands, and it so distressed me that more than once I slipped off and prayed for him, promising the Lord that if he would spare my father that I would be a good boy. I loved my father and feared him, too, and always obeyed him and revered him as long as he lived. He died in my house in November, 1876. I do not mean that I never did anything that I knew he would disapprove of, for I did. One Sunday, I and some negro boys slipped off to the creek a fishing; and I knew he would not have allowed

it if I had asked him, and therefore stole off secretly while he was away, and I got bitten by a poisonous snake for my disobedience. Ed, the biggest boy, toted me home on his back, for I was a little fellow; and I plaintively asked Ed if he reckoned I would get well, and if he had ever known anybody bitten by a snake to get over it. But Ed gave me no comfort, saying that nobody ever "got over being bit by a blunt tail moccasin." But the pain was so intense that I thought but little about death. After a long spell I got well, and was religious as before. I read the Testament often and rarely ever without more or less emotion, and especially of sympathy for Christ, and of prayer for myself; but my most earnest prayers were when my father or I got sick, or a thunder storm arose, and then I often got the Bible or hymn book and sang "Amazing Grace," like my father did. From six to eleven years of age, I read the Scriptures a good deal for a boy, so that in that respect I was somewhat like Timothy.—II. Tim. iii. 15.

In those days the negroes talked a great deal about the world coming to an end; some man had set the day for it, then some months off, and the negroes believed it; and I was much alarmed and prayed more earnestly than ever before. I prayed the Lord to make me a Christian, for I was afraid of hell; and I began to fear that I should never be a Christian, and told a little boy, a cousin, one day that I wished "I had died when I was a baby, for then I could have been saved, but now I had got to be a sinner and can't be saved." I thought I was a sinner only because I did wrong, and had tried to do right and still kept doing wrong, so that there was but little prospect of heaven for me. I had no understanding of my natural depravity, nor of a Saviour for sinners, but only a Saviour for people clear of sin. I did not have that deep conviction for sin that many of God's people tell of, and it has been a great trouble to me most of my life, and especially soon after I joined the church. I used to think then that if I had the conviction for sin that the brethren and sisters told of, that I would know that I was a Christian. One Saturday, about this time, I went away off into the forest and got down under some crab-apple trees and prayed there the greater part of the day; and

it seemed to me that I was enlightened in some way—that I knew something that I did not know before, but I did not know what it was. But the day passed and the world did not end. One day I was lying on a sofa in the parlor reading John xx., where Jesus came, after his resurrection, to his disciples shut up in a room for fear of the Jews, and stood in their midst and said unto them, Peace be unto you; and it seemed to me that I heard a voice speak the same words to me in my heart, and it startled me so that I jumped up and looked around to see, and standing in the parlor door my heart felt soft and I shed tears of gladness. But there was no change in me, as far as I then knew, or know now. I was still a sinner, and went further into sin as I grew older than before these words were spoken to me; but these words remained with me, and do to this day.

When I was about thirteen years old, I was sent to my first boarding school, in a little village, and there I saw, for the first time, men playing cards; I was rooted to the spot and almost lost my breath at the enormity of the sin, as it seemed to me. But passing the store several times daily and seeing card-playing going on, I gradually lost my horror of it, so that before the year ended I had learned to play myself. How easily and insensibly the heart becomes hardened through the deceitfulness of sin! How often men and women are corrupted by pert sayings, such as “there is no harm in it,” and “there are worse things than that,” and as Satan corrupted our first parents, saying, “Ye shall not surely die.” In after years, when in college, I got to betting at cards, and would cheat, if I had a chance, and lie about the game, too. But I would not have believed, when I first saw a game of cards, that I could ever have been led to that. Providentially, I never went far into it, for my father never allowed me the money; but I know of nothing that hardened my heart as betting at cards did. I learned these bad habits, and they grew upon me, and many a time have I gone to my room and sworn most solemnly, upon my Bible, that I would sin no more, and then sin again and again.

When about sixteen years old, an uncle sent his son to the university and I wanted to go back with him, but my father was afraid for me to go; but I wanted to go, not so much for the education, but more to increase

my vanity and self-importance than anything else; and, seeing that my father was against it, I began to pray to the Lord to make him willing to let me go, promising the Lord that if he would, that I would serve him when I got through college. I was full of promises in those days, promising to do things that I then thought I could do when I got ready. And it came to pass that I went with my cousin to college. I had one prayer during my four years in college; that I prayed in my solemn moments (which were few and far between), and that prayer was, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."—Luke v. 12. When I had been guilty of some uncleanness, and was suffering remorse for it, I prayed that prayer. But I was only half in earnest, for while I wanted to be clean, I was not willing, then, to give up my carnal pleasures, or only such of them as injured my health or worldly aspirations. These I was anxious to be freed from, as the drunkard is from the habit of drunkenness, because it ruined his health and character and not because it was a sin against God. In this spirit I bound myself with oaths against secret sins, but, like the Gadarene with his chains, I always snapped them when the temptation presented itself. I was like the little boy who wanted to eat his cake and keep it too, and who knew that if he ate it that he would be sorry, but who could not be satisfied without eating it. That was me! When I prayed that prayer this question would present itself, Do you want to be clean now? or, in other words, Are you willing now to give the world up and serve the Lord, and the response would be, No, not now! but when I get through college, get my profession, marry and settle down in life, then I will be willing to give the world up and be able to live right and serve the Lord. It was as the evil day, to be put off as long as possible. And sad to say, I have, to this day, more or less of that self-same spirit about me; and, strange as it may seem, I have been glad when it rained the day I was to start to fill some appointment at meeting, because it gave me a lawful excuse to stay at home; and yet I wanted the peace of obedience, but drew back from the works of obedience. So I have often found myself, when oppressed with carnality and worldliness, crying to God for spiritual-mindedness,

but drawing back from the suffering, sacrifice and self-denial attendant upon it; as if I expected an increased trust in God without the destitution, trials and helplessness, without which my trust could not be increased; and as if to reap in harvest without having plowed in the cold and sown in tears. Mind you, now, that I am writing the experience of a sinner; of that I have no doubt.

I knew I was a sinner, but was not afraid of hell since those words, "Peace be unto you," had been spoken to me when I was a little boy. I was afraid of death, but not of hell. I frequently asked myself the question, If you should die, would you go to hell? and the response would be no; and the words, "Peace be unto you," would flash into my mind, and they seemed to intervene between me and hell; and then I would ask, Would you go to heaven? and the response would be no, for I am not fit to go to heaven. I had not seen the ladder set up in earth that reached to heaven (Gen. xxviii.), or Christ as the Saviour of sinners; I thought he was the Saviour of good people, and I knew that I was not good.

I believe I will mention a couple of incidents that occurred with me just before leaving college. In the first, I had an experience of the end of time, or how I would have felt had the end really come. There had, late one afternoon, gotten into circulation among most of the students, a rumor of an insurrection of the negroes, but I had not heard of it and retired at my usual hour. About midnight, when I was sound asleep, a squad of students came noiselessly into my room with a light, to arouse me. I slept in a dormitory, and one of them came to my bed and whispered, touching me softly with his finger, "Respass, Respass; get up!" and I sprang up alarmed at seeing a light and hearing, as I understood, one of the boys say Resurrection! (he said insurrection). I felt sure that the end of all things was at hand, and I ran out to them, crying in horror, "What is the matter? what is the matter?" And they said, "The negroes are going to rise," and I was so relieved that I said, "Is that all? Why, that is nothing!" and I felt, indeed, that it was nothing to the resurrection. It was a false rumor.

The other incident was this: One day I was exceed-

ingly sad and found myself shedding tears occasionally during the day, not knowing why; and that night I dreamed of being at home, and that my mother took me silently by the hand and led me to a room upstairs to a coffin and left me. I felt sure that my sister Martha was dead, and leaving for home in a few days, I was met at the station by my brother, but I would not ask him how they all were, for I dreaded to hear it. And he said nothing for two or three miles, but after a long while he said, "Sister Martha is dead!" She died about the time of my sad feelings.—R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## EXTRACTS.

ARLINGTON, TEX., March 16, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Mitchell:* I have just read your exposition of Rom. xi. 25, and feel much edified. I love the doctrine of election; it is the theme of Grace to lost and accountable sinners, and I feel that if the saints (some of them) were more diligent in showing forth the beauties and strength of this God-honoring and soul-cheering theme (election), instead of groveling in darkness and doubt, trying to prove that God, in some mysterious way, has "predestinated all things whatsoever comes to pass," it would be much better for the peace, happiness and fellowship of the inhabitants of Zion.

I love the MESSENGER more and more as I discover in its conduct the principle that acknowledges no master but Jesus, and I pray that the editors and contributors may ever look to Him as their Polar Star—as a sure guide, for the elect from the birth to the grave, and through death to eternal glory. He is the author and finisher of our faith; the author of eternal salvation, and when we feel his presence in our hearts we realize the fact that salvation is come to us—not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by His mercy he saved us. This is the fruit of election and predestination, and God's eternal purpose toward us. Herein is our boasting. We do not need the doctrines of destruction and damnation in order to edification and comfort; but they serve to show us the final end of the world of ungodly sinners in their just condemnation in and for their sins. When we preach the gospel we preach salvation (Rom. i. 16, 17); and this is the commandment of the Lord (Mark xvi. 15); when we do this we feed the church of God.—Acts xx. 28; I. Tim. iv. 16. This, to our mind, is very plain, but when we depart from the instruction given by our Lord and his apostles, discord is the inevitable result.

Our papers are good as mediums of correspondence—in epistles

of love based upon the doctrine of God, our Saviour (which, thank God, has, for the *greater part*, been the office of the MESSENGER); but when they are made vehicles for all manner of brain theology, they are a curse to Zion. I hope and pray that the editors and contributors of the MESSENGER may continue to comfort the children in Zion by giving them digestible diet, seasoned well with the pure, sweet milk of the gospel; ever keeping in view God's absolute sovereignty over all, man's accountability for his sin, and the mediation and intercession of Jesus, through and by which the sinner is saved.

Now, dear brother, I have written this to you: read it and dispose of it as you think for the better. May grace, mercy and peace attend you in all your afflictions. J. S. COLLINS.

FRANKLIN, IND., March 21, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Respass*: I have felt often like writing to you since your visit among us last summer, I enjoyed it so much. There was something in your manner of speech that brought you very near to me; and was it not that I am so far from a correct standard of one that is heavenly-minded, I would indulge the hope that there is a spiritual affinity existing that made your preaching and society so very pleasant to me. But esteeming you so highly, feeling an assurance that you have been made partaker of the spirit of the humble Jesus, who made himself of no reputation, but choose rather to suffer afflictions, sorrows and death with those that were without strength, and even enemies to God and his government, I have to draw a line that seems to exclude me from those that are humble and heavenly-minded, and while this separation gives me much pain, I feel that it is just. Yet I seem to hope as against hope, that this desire to be numbered with those that I love, and be cleansed from my pollutions, so that I might be worthy such brethren, is, to me, an evidence that the loving Saviour has made me know and sensibly feel my vileness and utter helplessness, that I might understand something of the height and depth, and length and breadth of the boundless fullness of the unsearchable riches of his grace.

How inconsistent I am! If I were talking to the little lambs of the fold, I would tell them that, to feel sensibly that you are the chief of sinners and without strength, and so far removed that you are the ends of the earth, yet the Saviour has said, Look unto me and be saved, for I am God, and beside me there is no other. *No other Saviour!* There is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we must be saved. I would tell them that the truly circumcized in heart have to war against the flesh which lusteth against the Spirit, and often brings the Christian into captivity to the law of sin and death, and they cry out, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death! I would say to them these trials which demonstrate to you the strength of the prison

and the weakness of your every effort, lead you to look to Christ; and you, by the Spirit, are constrained to say, O, Lord, I am without strength and shut up in this doleful prison; undertake thou for me. I am in darkness; shine thou in my heart to give me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ! My righteousness is like a filthy, ragged garment; unclothe me and wash me in thy blood and clothe me with thy righteousness! How wonderful are the works of God! Whatsoever his children learn and speak in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that ye have spoken in the ear in the closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops. The little trembling one seeks a confiding friend and takes them to some retired spot, as the closet, and whispers in the ear some of his joys and sorrows that he is passing through. The friend is thrilled with joy and gladness, and tells others that they may be partakers of the good news. Does He betray a confidence trusted in him? Not at all, for the laws of heaven overrule, and this proclamation is made unwillingly.

I send this as a token of my love to you, my dear brother, and dear old Bro. Mitchell, and others of like precious faith.

P. K. PARR.

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## OBITUARIES.

### W. B. GRIFFIN.

W. B. GRIFFIN was born April 23, 1834, and died October 17, 1890, age fifty-seven years. He had been a member of the Primitive Baptist Church twenty-five years, and was a devoted member, a good and affectionate husband and a loving father. He left a wife and four children, with many kindred and friends to mourn his death. He had been afflicted for a long time. For the last ten years of his life he was unable to work any for the support of his family. His sufferings were great, but he bore them patiently. He often told us not to grieve for him when he was gone, for life was but very little pleasure to him. In all his suffering, he said on his death-bed that he could see that nearly all he had done in his past life was wrong, but he thought when he was gone he would be at rest; he said he was ready and willing to go. He could not lie down for three days and nights before he died, and when he died it seemed like he just went to sleep. Ah it was a sad time to give up a loving father never to see him any more! and I will say to all who have a father, they do not know how dear he is to them until they lose him. Children love your father and mother, honor and obey them, for you do not know how soon they will leave you.

M. N. GRIFFIN.

### MRS. MARY A. JOLLEY.

MARY ANN JOLLEY was born December 12, 1804, and departed this life at her home in Cobb county, Ga., November 18, 1890. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Bryan. She was baptized by Eld. Joel Colley, at Harris Spring meeting house December 1819, and was married to Jesse Jolley, (who survives her,) December 11, 1825. Of this union there were nine children born, six sons and three daughters, all living but two sons, who died in the late war. About 1830 she moved with her husband to

Muscogee county, Ga., near Mount Carmel church, where she joined by letter. In 1832 her husband was baptized by Eld. Smith. At the time of the division in the church she stood with the Primitive Baptists, believing them to be the Church of Christ. She was an orderly Baptist, ever ready to give a reason of the hope within her. At the time of her death she had been a member of the church at Bethlehem, Cobb county, Ga., about forty years. She conversed freely on the Scriptures, and always had a thus sayeth the Lord for the position she took, hence her council was safe. She was always present at her meetings, unless providentially hindered. We haven't space to say as much about her kindness as a wife, a mother and neighbor, as we would wish to say. The church at Bethlehem has lost a good member, the husband a good wife, and the children a good mother. Her children are all members of the Primitive Baptist Church, but two. One son and one grandson are deacons of the church where she belonged. The last meeting she attended was the Marietta O. S. Baptist Association, and she enjoyed it very much. She was taken sick in a few hours after she got home from the Association. She bore her affliction with patience, and all was done for her that could be done, by husband, children and friends, until the day above mentioned, when she fell asleep in Jesus to awake in his likeness. On the third day after her death, and after reading some Scripture and a few remarks by the writer, her body was laid quietly away near Bethlehem, where she has so often met to worship. May God bless her aged husband in his lonely condition, and enable him to bow in humble submission to this dispensation of this Providence and say : Lord thy will be done.

*Cobb County, Ga.,*

H. G. MITCHELL.

#### RACHEL L. HARRELL,

Daughter of Bro. James W. and Sister Elizabeth Roberts, and wife of Mr. A. B. Harrell, was born March 8, 1868, married November 29, 1882, and died December 28, 1890. She had been sick for several months, and likely no one ever endured suffering with more fortitude and less murmuring than she did. She was an obedient daughter, a loving sister, a kind and devoted wife and an affectionate mother. She left a vacant place at home, and her memory will ever be cherished by her sorrowing husband and family, and while we feel our loss we rejoice in the hope of her having joined the church on high, to praise the Lord and sing redeeming grace forever more. May our God bless the bereaved family and give them grace to preserve them, and finally save them in that happy beyond, where sickness and sorrow cannot come, is our prayer.

*Valdosta, Ga.*

JASPER MATHIS.

#### MRS. LIZZIE HORN

Was born March 15, 1862, and died January 2, 1891. She was the youngest daughter of Sister Tempy Faircloth. She joined the Missionary Baptist Church about three years ago, and was married to Mr. Willie Horn May 1, 1889. They lived happily together about nineteen months, when he good Lord saw fit to take her. The cause of her death was childbirth. She suffered greatly for about forty hours, and at last the doctors took the child by force, she then lived about two days and a half with great suffering, but gave such strong evidence that she was going to rest that her dear husband, mother and other dear relatives and friends ought not to want her back in this sinful world. She had told her mother that she belonged to God, and when her mother told her that her babe did not belong to her, but that it belonged to God, she replied, "yes, and so I." She said I will soon be with it in heaven. She asked her mother she had always been a dutiful girl, her mother told her she had; she replied, "I am so glad of it." She was indeed almost an exception for a

good girl. She would hug her mother, husband and others, and kiss them even when her arms and lips were cold. She repeatedly said she was not afraid to die, she only regreted to leave her dear husband and mother, but said I am going to rest, and told her husband to meet her in heaven. The unworthy writer was requested to hold services at the burial, which he did by reading the xi chapter of John, down to the 37th verse, but the remarks mainly based on the 26th verse, "and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die, believest thou this." We were mysteriously impressed through a dream, two nights before, to use that good old hymn.

Religion is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below, etc.

After we sang the hymn we then prayed as God gave utterance, feeling humbled in the dust, and then her friends laid her away in the quiet grave to await the glorious resurrection morn, when she, with all the blessed shall rise with crowns of victory and glory, ever more to reign with Jesus. Blessed hope, in much love to all the saints,

D. RICHARDSON.

#### JACOB J. CLEVELAND.

Eld. JACOB JOSHUA CLEVELAND, son of Eld. Rice and Barbara Cleveland, was born in Butts county, Ga., March 8, 1830, and departed this life May 13, 1890, in Coosa county, Ala., being sixty years, two months and five days old. He was married to Mary Elizabeth House, September 28, 1848, from which union was born eleven children, five of whom are still living—three sons and two daughters—six having preceeded him to the grave. He professed a hope in Christ in 1852, and united with the Primitive Baptists at Walnut Creek Church, Henry county, Ga., and was baptized by his father in 1854. He moved to Tallapoosa county, Ala., in 1856, and united with the Primitive Baptists at Smyrna, after which he moved his membership to Fellowship, Tallapoosa county, Ala., May 26, 1866, and was licensed to preach June 13, 1868; ordained November 25, 1870, by Elds. Ben Jowers, R. W. Carlisle and J. M. Dikes.

Truly, a good man has fallen in Israel. The writers were intimate with him for sixteen years. He was confined to his house most of the time for nearly twelve months. His children are about all grown. Eld. Cleveland was a consistent and faithful gospel minister. Our church feels the great loss of her faithful minister, for he was pastor of the church most of the time. May God bless our bereaved sister and give her grace to surmount every difficulty. We exhort his children to imitate his example in all the walks of life, and if it be the will of God, that they may all meet him in heaven, where pain and death are felt no more.

ELD. A. J. WHITTEN,  
A. N. WHITTEN.

Oh! where is now my husband dear?  
Gone home to mansions bright and fair!  
No more he'll shed the bitter tear,  
He's happy in his mansions there.

No more I'll meet him here below;  
His toil and sacrifice are o'er,  
And by the River's gentle flow  
He stands upon the golden shore.

But though I'll meet him here no more,  
Yet I may go to him at last,  
And there we'll sing our troubles o'er,  
When all life's labors here are past.

Farewell, dear husband, till we meet  
Before the throne of God above,  
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet  
And sing the triumphs of his love.

—MARY E. CLEVELAND.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 6. BUTLER, GA., JUNE, 1891. Vol. 13.

## WHERE ARE THE PEACEMAKERS?

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. v. 9.

Having a little leasure since I reached this city (Atlanta), I have thought best to spend a portion of the time in writing to many of the brethren and sisters personally; but to-day I was reading some in the testimony as given by the writers of the Old, and also New Testaments, and when my eyes fell upon the words as quoted above, spoken by Jesus Christ when he was up into a mountain and had opened his mouth and taught his disciples, I felt like I did really desire to be one of the number here referred to. It is so much of the disposition of men to set up a standard of right in all that we say, and if a brother or sister differs with us, say at once they are wrong. In a very early period of time, as we find the records, when one had smitten an Egyptian for his brethren's sake, and was then trying to correct the wrong one Hebrew had done to his fellow, he was asked, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? This may be what some good brother may think of us when reading this. But I desire to say the language of the wise man comes into requisition here when he said, "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse in his lips and is a fool." I also read that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding."

I realize that I am poor, and I do desire to walk in the integrity of the Lord. I also hope the fear of the Lord is with me; therefore, I do desire to be understood by the children of God. With Ruth, my prayer

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is, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." This, brethren, I do believe is my sincere desire: hence my entreaty for peace. The same infallible teacher that used the words that stand at the head of this article said also, "Ye are the salt of the earth." This being the case ought we not to heed the words, "Let brotherly love continue?" It has pained me of late to see dear brethren forgetting this and other similar admonitions. When some have said all are heretics that can't receive the arguments they use to set forth what they feel is the truth as taught in the Scriptures, and go on even so far as to withdraw fellowship from some poor, little trembling one that can scarcely stand alone, much less see through the deep mysteries of godliness—it seems to me this is wrong. Think of the man when his eyes were opened only sufficiently to "see men walking as trees." This I have so often felt, my dear brethren, is my condition. I hope I see, but it is very imperfectly; therefore, I dare not fault my brother for not seeing what God has not, in his wisdom, seen fit to reveal to him, though I may hope, and even be very zealous in the notion I may entertain of a certain truth. Yet, I am sometimes made to reflect that "there is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is the ways of death."

Now, brethren, we all agree on the glorious truth of election by God, through Jesus Christ, and that Predestination is a blessed fixed principle by God, himself, and that our seeing how it is done, or what is its full effect, we never can comprehend while in the body. Revealed things belong to us as God gives us light to see them, but God has not seen proper to reveal himself fully to any mortal. Even when Moses was told to stand in the cleft of the rock when God would pass him; yet he was only permitted to see the hinder parts as he passed. If, my dear brethren, I can realize that I am permitted to see *very dimly* that God is my friend, and I am made to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," I hope I "shall be filled." Here we "know in part only." Then why, O why make a brother offend because he or she cannot see as we see? I do rejoice in the

assurance the angel gave Mary before the conception of Jesus, that "he shall save his people from their sins."

Paul says, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face; now, I know in part, but then shall I know even also as I am known." Just above he says, "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Let one then, dear brethren, that feels his imperfectness very forcibly admonish all to follow after charity, for we read that "charity never faileth." We may be blessed of God with understanding, but "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." May that not be the condition, even now, of some of our heretofore considered ablest ministers? Let us take heed to our way, for sometimes he that thinketh he standeth may fall; yea, before a fall, haughtiness of heart is. Let us, then, pray God to keep us humble, for we read, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Bro. Respass, I regret not meeting with you while in the South, but it seems not to be my privilege, as I go from here in a few days up into Kentucky and Indiana. I desire the prayers of God's people, and I hope I am trying, as Paul said to Timothy, to "hold fast the form of sound words," but I do not desire "to be wise above that that is written."

May all strife and contentions be removed from among us and may brotherly love continue, is the prayer of one of the least in the kingdom.

JAMES M. TRUE.

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## SIGNIFICANCE OF FEET-WASHING.

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In my last article on the subject of feet washing, I promised to write again on its significance, and to submit some thoughts on the Saviour's reply to Peter: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." That he intended to teach them a lesson of humility, condescension and self-denial, is quite plain, but there is a significance in it which is foreshadowed by his word, "What I do thou knowest

not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," which, to my mind, is of great importance, and becoming more so in this day than ever before in the history of the church. And I believe the *hereafter* spoken of by Jesus, is being made manifest, and will become more so in the very near future, as a pointer to the church of Christ and the true disciple. I am fully impressed with the significance of this remark, and a fear lest I make a mistake on this subject, has impelled me to again and again review the Scriptures bearing upon it, and also the ancient practice of the church in this particular. On last Sunday, while reading the last chapter of John, I found some expressions in reference to the Passover Supper. I was fearful I had made a mistake in locating the time when the feet-washing took place, and asked myself the question, suppose I should find I was mistaken in my article in the MESSENGER, would I correct it and publicly admit it? and I at once said yes, most cheerfully. With this view, I again reviewed all the Scriptures from Exodus to Paul's expression in reference to the qualifications of a widow indeed, and was fully established in my mind that what I had written in that article is true. I mention these incidents to show I am not jumping at conclusions, and if possible to beget a like disposition in the minds of others to fully investigate the subject.

John was an inspired witness of the acts and sayings of Christ, and whose testimony is subsequent to all others recorded in the New Testament, and supplying what we might term an omission on the part of the evangelists and apostles, to state what was done by Jesus as to his washing the saints' feet, but the minuteness of detail as to how it was done, and the impressiveness of the injunction of Jesus, that they called him Master and Lord, and that they said well, for so he was, and now since I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet, for I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you, etc., all point to the great significance of the act, the reasons for which would more fully appear hereafter. If the mode of baptism had been as carefully described, and immediately followed by an injunction in the words of the Saviour, doubtless there never would have been a book written

on the subject. The mode of baptism has been the theme of theologians both through the press and pulpit, time out of mind, but who has ever read a book on feet-washing; who ever hears a discussion on the subject only among Primitive Baptists? If those of other orders who claim to be the followers of Christ, ever mention it in a public way, they almost always (so far as I am informed) do so with passing derision; give it a kick and connect it with one of the foolish practices of ignorant "Hardshells." Why so? They readily adopt one of the modes of baptism, plunging, pouring and sprinkling. They all take the bread and wine, so that if a stranger should go out in a country to hunt up a church or congregation who walked in the footsteps of Christ, he would be greatly diffculted in determining when he had found such a people, from their church practices. Their Articles of Faith are so nearly assimilated to the Scriptures, and their preaching so interwoven with truth and error, that it is almost impossible for him to say when he has found the church. Let such an one, who has the "*secret of the Lord,*" and to whom he has shown his covenant, be in the midst of a congregation of *soul savers*, and the subject of feet-washing should be mentioned, the arguments set forth would at once uncover their true character, and doubtless point him to that people whose preaching and practices are in full accord with the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

Read and publicly and impartially offer a legitimate comment on the xiii. chapter of John, and the impressiveness of the Saviour's example and remarks, in the presence of a mixed congregation, and you will hear expressions of surprise why all Christians do not practice it. So it was when Christ performed a miracle in the presence of a mixed multitude. The question went around, is not this a prophet? Can a man who is not a prophet do such things? Is not this the Christ? These miracles were accepted by the people as marks of his wonderful powers, and as indisputable facts tending to show he was the Christ. To those to whom he was revealed as being indeed the Christ, such miracles were supporting and comforting, and made them happy.

Feet-washing is not in the nature of a miracle, but when an account of it is read, and Christ's words and

example comes thundering in our ears, and when we consider the fact that it costs but little to do it, and that it is not a shock to the moral sense, or to health, the question arises, why do not Christians practice it? and the conviction that they should do so obtains and remains in the mind of the hearer until it is plucked out by some one of the many arguments which have been invented to circumvent it. We have many kinds of hearers who are, in my judgment, the elect of God, and for whom Christ died and are comprehended in that innumerable host that was shown to Abraham, and who were, by the death of Christ, forever perfected and sanctified in an eternal sense, who are as pertaining to our time salvation, or rather the practice of those things which secure it—wayside or stony ground hearers. As such I regard many who decline to practice foot-washing.

“Why call me Lord, Lord, and do not as I say?” This rebuke was addressed to the elect of God. It is in the doing of the things which Christ taught, true discipleship is made manifest, and not in presenting the strongest argument against it, but in doing what he did and said his disciples should do. Feet-washing, in my judgment, is one of the outward marks of the church, and of the true disciples of Christ, and one which anti-“*foot-washers*” in the ranks of the Primitive Baptists will sometimes point to, when pressed, as such sign. While the world-assimilated Christian churches will speak of it in derisive terms, and as a practice attaching to the services only of the *most ignorant Hardshells*, yet a very large number of them find it easier to dispose of the inquiries of their flocks as to why it is not practiced, by evading a discussion of the subject in some way, by a semi-acknowledgment that it would be right to do so, and treating it rather as a joke. Christ, in instituting it said, “if ye know these things, happy are ye if you do them.” Whether it marks the church or not might be controverted, but that it marks the Primitive Baptists in the South, cannot be controverted, and here in the South they are more numerous than they are in any other portion of North America, and are less conformed to the ways, fashions, doctrines and teachings of the world than any other place or part of this country.

These are my views, but I am not declaring, nor am

I in favor of declaring, non-fellowship for all Primitive Baptists who do not practice it as I do. The church has never set up such a standard of non-fellowship, and until she does do so generally, I would advise all churches to refuse to do so. I think I should vote against such a move myself, for the reason the Saviour said, you know not what I do to you now, but hereafter you shall know. This remark was made in connection with feet-washing, and was indefinite as to the time when its true significance would be seen and known. If it had been intended it should stand on the same footing with baptism and other ordinances of the church, I think the Saviour would have explained more fully at the time, and besides, it was placed as a sign of something that should be of service at a future time to the church. My feelings are, if one of the members of our own church, where my membership is, should decline to wash feet, I should not feel toward him as if he declined to take the Communion. But to be a consistent feet-washing Baptist, I think we should wash feet every time we commune. To do otherwise, looks as if we were in doubt about it, or as if we did it reluctantly. The church should strive to be a unit in such things, but if any cannot yet feel the significance of feet-washing, and be unwilling to engage in it, I don't think he should be dealt with as a violater of the established ordinance of the church. Until there is an ordinance or law declared by the church, making feet-washing, or anything else, a question of fellowship, no layman, elder or church has the right, singly, to do so, and every attempt at such a thing will bring confusion and strife.

H. BUSSEY.

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ELD. J. R. RESPESS—*Very Dear and Highly Respected Brother in the Hope of Eternal Life*: It has been quite a long time since writing you; I have been waiting until I would learn more about the Primitive Baptists here. We are yet in Riverside. This is a beautiful valley of several thousand acres, surrounded on all sides by towering mountains, some of which are snow capped. It is a great orange country; the orange groves—called here ranches—extend for miles, and on all sides a beautiful landscape; a delightful country and climate.

Providence has, apparently, been prodigal in his blessings here; man only is vile, knowing only Arminianism.

I see that predestination is still controverted among our people. I have heard and read much on the subject—the various opinions entertained—some advocating the absolute predestination of all things, either good or bad, while others deny and contend for the predestination of the elect, and others something else, and others will have none of it. I have given the subject much thought and investigation that I might satisfy my own mind upon this troublesome subject. Brethren have even gone so far as to declare non-fellowship for opinion's sake; I say opinion, I can give it no better name. Now I wish to give my opinion, and if it will be of any benefit and make for peace, it is at your disposal. In all I have read or heard, I have failed to hear the word defined, and now, brethren, before we quarrel about God's predestination, let us be wise enough to first learn what it is; not your or my opinion, but what is the scriptural meaning of the word, and then, perhaps, that will determine all else. The original, the Greek word, translated predestinate, is *Proorizo*, compounded of *pro* and *orizo*; the prefix *pro*, means before, and *orizo*, from *oros*, means boundary, border, limit, end, termination, etc.—Graves' Greek, etc. *Orizo* is used eight times, and is translated determined, ordained, declared and limited; *proorizo* occurs six times, and is translated four times predestinated and determined, and once ordained before. Now what does it mean? *Orizo*, from *oros*, to bound, limit, terminate, to prescribe limits, set bounds to, marked out, etc. It does not mean to impel or compel an action, but to limit, set bounds to it, to prescribe it. Therefore, the scriptural meaning is, to set bounds, to limit all things, acts and events. Then, with that understanding, is there an Old Baptist to be found but that can and will heartily sanction and endorse the predestination of all things, either good or bad, and especially wickedness and sin? That God permits sin in the world, we must all admit, and that he could prevent all sin we believe; and that he foreknows all things we also believe. He knows the end from the beginning, being infinite in knowledge, wisdom and power. If you ask why does he permit sin? I answer I cannot tell; can the finite measure the

infinité? Can eternity be measured by time? Can we tell how God could make the worlds out of nothing? We can tell none of these things. There is a limit and bounds set, beyond which man cannot go, or do, or think, and by searching we cannot find out God. It is no more a question with me what God can or cannot do; but the all important question with me is, does God care for such a poor, unworthy worm of the dust as I; has God predestinated or set bounds and limits to Satan and to all wickedness; has he set bounds and limited the powers of all wickedness? If not, then I may be overcome, although God be for me. But if he has, I know that if he loves me and I love him, and am called according to his purpose, he will work all things together for my good, because he has predestinated, or set bounds and limited all things whatsoever, the wickedness of the wicked, or that of the good, and in his infinite knowledge, wisdom and power, he reigns supreme. But I ask myself the question, Why does God permit such terrible wickedness when he can prevent it, and knows of it before hand? Can any good come out of it? My God knows. Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.—Psa. lxxvi. 10. If I am what I profess then am I a child of God, and predestinated conformed to the image of his Son, and nothing can prevent that limit, or change the boundary; Satan, sin, and all the wicked or wickedness are limited, and bound, and prevented from breaking the boundary between us. I can go only so far; all my enemies can go only so far and no farther. And I am then safe; not able of myself to sin to my destruction, neither the wickedness of any other power can effect me to my hurt, but only for my good. I am glad and rejoice that God, in his infinite knowledge, wisdom and power, has predestinated all things—set bounds and limited all things, acts and events. Now, if I am correct in the meaning of predestinate as meaning to set boundary, to limit all things, events, actions, and not to induce, impel, compel, appoint, or encourage things, then we can see how God can predestinate all things and yet be without sin. And if predestination means to set bounds and to limit, is it not apparent that God has set bounds and limited all his creation? He set bounds to the sea, he has

limited man, with all else, in knowledge, wisdom and power, so much and no more. He has set bounds and limited the devil, sin and all wickedness. The bounds or banks of a river are not the cause of the water's running, but keep it from running over the country. The bounds to the sea does not make the water, neither cause the waves, but keep them within certain limits. So also God's predestination does not make man sin, but sets bounds thereto.

Now, dear brother, I have had my say, and I hope it will be read in the spirit in which it is written. If any brother sees any error in what I have here written and will write me, showing the same, I will gladly make the correction.

Mrs. Hess joins me in love to you and Sister Respass and all the lovers of our dear Lord and Master.

Yours, most respectfully and truly,  
*Riverside, California.*

DANIEL HESS.

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### CONSIDER.

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DEAR BRETHERN EDITORS: I will again send you some thoughts for the brethren to consider. And first, brethren, "consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus; who was faithful to Him that appointed him."—Heb. iii. 1, 2. Consider Him in this, that He was *faithful*—faithful to God who appointed Him. Consider, therefore, that we should imitate His example, and endeavor to be *faithful* to our God, as Jesus was; that is, faithful in fulfilling the places to which God has appointed us in the Gospel kingdom, whether as members, deacons, exhorters or elders. Consider, brethren, what your God and Father has appointed you each one to *be*, and to *do*; then try to be faithful in that place, and faithful to that trust, whatever they are; for so was Jesus, your Leader, whom you are commanded to consider and follow, and be as He was—that is, be faithful. Whatever you are called to do, do it faithfully; for He was faithful to His Father who appointed Him.

Consider that Christ Jesus is the APOSTLE and HIGH PRIEST of our profession, unto which holy office and sacred trust God appointed Him; and consider that

He was faithful as our Apostle and High Priest, and faithful to His and our God who thus appointed Him. Consider, brethren, that all the faithfulness of Christ Jesus to Him who made him High Priest forever was *for us*; that we, therefore, receive all the benefits and blessings resulting from his faithfulness to God, in all his office and work as *our* Apostle and High Priest forever. Therefore, consider Him as our eternal High Priest who, after having made one perfect offering for the sins of his people forever, sat down on the right hand of God, where He ever liveth to make intercession for them, as their faithful advocate with the Father; and is able, also, to save them to the uttermost, even from all their sins, and death, and the grave.

Consider Him, too, as the Holy Apostle of our profession, who preaches righteousness in the great congregation, and declares unto his brethren his and their Holy Father's name. O, consider that he loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood; that he redeemed us from the curse of the law; that he redeemed us from all iniquity; that he called us into the liberty and joy of the gospel of salvation, and made us his priestly brethren and followers; that he will redeem us from death, and ransom us from the power of the grave; and that he, through his faithfulness unto Him who appointed him, will present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. *Consider Him!*

“Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus;” yea, *consider all this*; consider not only that he was thus faithful unto God to usward, but that you are “holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling;” because God “hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together,” so making us partakers of this holiness, life and divine nature. Consider this your *heavenly calling*, by which you are not only called from death unto life, but also from sin unto holiness, and from worldly serving in the flesh unto heavenly service in the Spirit.

Consider, brethren, that you are embraced with Christ Jesus in his faithful and holy Priesthood of righteousness, life and peace, and everlasting Priesthood; that you are, therefore, a kingdom of priests unto

God, and shall serve him in righteousness and holiness all the days of an endless life, clothed in priestly robes of perfect righteousness, as fine linen, clean and white. O, how blessed and holy is this "heavenly calling" of the "holy brethren!" They are joined with Christ Jesus in his holy life and exalted priestly service, as his brethren and joint heirs in all his righteous and glorifying faithfulness unto God who appointed him, and also appointed them to obtain salvation by him.

Therefore, brethren, let us consider that we shall not be the servants of sin, but the servants of God and holiness, through the faithfulness of his holy Son as the Apostle and High Priest of our profession; and with him we shall joyfully serve the Father in the beauty of holiness, world without end, in his holy and blissful heaven.

The sweet consideration of all this, rather than the fear of torment, moves and constrains us to serve the God we love while here in the flesh, "waiting for the adoption, to-wit: the redemption of our body." This hope and trust we have in Christ Jesus, our Apostle and High Priest—the unspeakable gift of God to his people.

In this hope your brother, D. BARTLEY.

*Greenfield, Ind.*

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## EVANGELISTS.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I have been thinking for some time I would write some of my views on the subject of evangelists, but before I commence, I want to use some preliminaries. In the first place, I think it very right and proper in you to invite the brethren to discuss the subject; for in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.—Prov. xi. 14. He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul.—Prov. xv. 32. Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.—Prov. xix. 20. He who claims infallibility for himself or any other man, since the apostolic age, ceases to that extent to be a Baptist, or a Protestant, or a follower of Christ, and renounces those precious principles of religious liberty in defense of which have flowed rivers of the best blood on the earth.—Hassell's Church History, page viii. Again, brethren, we are

liable to differ in many things concerning the Scriptures, in support of which opinion I could give the names of good and able men, such as Elds. Hassell, Chick, Mitchell, and many others. I will again quote Eld. Hassell's History, page vii.: "The best of the interpretations of the Bible are but the interpretations of fallible men." "The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures, is also a fundamental Baptist and Protestant doctrine." And now, brethren, let us be kind and forbearing with one another, and not fall out and want to devour one another because we cannot all agree, and understand every point of doctrine and duty just alike. For Peter says, in speaking of some of Paul's letters, that they are hard to be understood.—2 Peter iii. 13. Now two quotations on liberty of conscience, and we will pass on: "The requiring of an implicit faith and absolute and blind obedience, is to destroy liberty of conscience, and reason also."—Old London Confession of Faith, page 46, verse 2, Fourth Charleston Edition. And the great freedom of conscience granted the Gentiles by the apostles: themselves being Jews.—Acts xv. 19, 20. I notice the brethren are so apt to thrust the sword at one another because one expresses a different opinion as to the meaning of some passage of Scripture, I will quote, on that, Prov. xii. 18: "There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword: but the tongue of the wise is health."

Now we prayerfully take up the main subject: I can say, as to the work of an evangelist, Eld. Respass, in GOSPEL MESSENGER for February, 1891, has set forth so clearly to my mind, the call, duties and work of the true evangelist, as exemplified by Paul and Barnabas, that I just feel to heartily endorse his views. And as those who may read this have read that, I will only cite them to the article. But one brother, in a private letter, but published in April number of MESSENGER, 1891 page 158, thinks that the work of an evangelist ceased with that of prophets. Now, in all kindness to that brother's views, I look at it in a different way. Just before the death of the great and zealous apostle, Paul, when he said his departure was at hand, (2 Timothy iv. 5), he charged Timothy (who was evidently a young man), to do the work of an evangelist; showing clearly that he

wanted the work of evangelists to go on after his death, and have we any proof in the Scriptures to the contrary? If so, let us produce it, and let us not take a position unless we can sustain ourselves by the Scriptures, no matter who does this way or who does that way. We ought to thoroughly divest ourselves of all prejudice, and not be like an old gentleman that I was personally acquainted with, who was once a member of the Legislature of Tennessee, soon after the late war, and party feeling then, as now, was high. On his return home, he was asked by some of his constituents how he voted. He told them (he was a Democrat) that that there was a Republican sat just in front of him, and that he always waited for him to vote first, and then he voted against him. I am afraid we are rather like that old gentleman in some respects, in regard to the actions of other denominations. But brethren, let us not be influenced in the least by the course of others, but if they cast a good vote, let us cast one just like it, but if they cast one the Scriptures will not sustain, let us vote against them. Pardon this digression. Now let us take up the commission, and try to study it with honest hearts and minds, and with prayer, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," etc., and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Now, that says plainly that He will be with them unto the end of the world. There does not seem to be any limit to the work, but is to continue to the end of the world. Of course the Lord knew the apostles could not live to the end of the world, and of course others must take up their work where they laid it down, and so on through succeeding generations to the end of the world. Now, take up the Lord's command to feed the sheep, and to feed His lambs, feed the flock of God, etc. Does the sheep hunt the shepherd, or the shepherd hunt the sheep? Then he has a people in every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. Could Timothy do the work of an evangelist and remain at home? William W. Harding's definition of evangelists is pretty much the same as that given by Eld. Respass, in MESSENGER. Harding says, "Publisher of glad tidings, an order of men in the Christian church. They were not attached to any particular locality, but worked wherever there was a field, by preaching or writing. Philip (Acts xxi.

8; 2 Tim. iv. 5) and the four, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are examples."—Pronouncing Bible Dictionary and Concordance. Now, we will quote another Scripture bearing directly on the subject, from Rom. x. 13, 14, 15: "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things!" He goes on to say that "they have not all obeyed the gospel," etc., and farther on says, "Their sound went into all the earth," etc., showing that they were very zealous in their work, counting their lives or property as nothing; and if I am not mistaken, there was but one or two of the apostles that died a natural death—gave their lives for the cause of Christ; faithful men they were. And, as before stated, when Paul was ready to lay down his part of the work, so nobly performed, he tells Timothy to go on with it. And I believe it is generally agreed among ministers that what Paul commanded Timothy to do, was also meant for them. So, brethren, how can the minister who feels impressions as an evangelist do otherwise than enter boldly into the discharge of that duty? And how kind and encouraging we ought to be toward them, and help them on their journeys, wheresoever they feel impressed to go to carry the glad tidings.

We will quote a little from the London Confession, page 54, Fourth Charleston Edition: "In the execution of His power, wherewith He is so entrusted, the Lord Jesus calleth out of the world, unto Himself, through the ministry of His word, by His Spirit, those that are given unto Him by His Father, that they may walk before Him in all the ways of obedience, which He prescribeth to them in His word. Those thus called He commanded to walk together in particular societies, or churches, for their mutual edification and the due performance of that public worship which he requireth of them in the world." How can they obey Him in all those things, without the ministry of Christ's word by His ministers? And as to helping our traveling preachers or evangelists, it seems to me that there is an

abundance of evidence in the Scripture to sustain this idea of the duty of the churches to the ministry. Or we will take Paul as an evangelist, and just read Philippians iv. 10 to 19. Notice how highly he appreciated their kindness. Verse 15 says: "Now ye Phillippians, know also that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only." This seems to me to clearly show that Paul did not think the other churches had done their duty towards him. In verse 10 he says: "But I rejoice in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity." This seems to show clearly that they neglected him for awhile, but he excused them, because they lacked opportunity; that is, had no chance to send it to him. 2 Cor. xi. 8, 9: "I robbed other churches, taking wages\* of them, to do you service. And when I was present with you, and wanted, I was chargeable to no man: for that which was lacking to me the brethren which came from Macedonia supplied." (Read 2 Cor. viii.) I will quote a little from Malachi iii. 8, 9, 10: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store house," etc. This seems to teach the duty of God's people to contribute of their substance to the use of the Lord. While I know all things are His, yet He requires that we use properly that which He has intrusted to our hands. We will quote a little from Prov. xi. 24, 25, 27: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that dilligently seeketh good procureth favor."

My earnest prayer is, that the Lord would give me wisdom, and the guidance of His Holy Spirit, that I might know my duty, and be a good and faithful servant in the Master's vineyard. I do not feel content to be simply a hearer of the word. James says: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word,

and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass. For he beholdeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." If I understand this correctly, when a man is born of the Spirit, been instructed, baptized and received into the fellowship of the church, he is ready then for service in the Master's vineyard; and this should be the earnest inquiry of each one: Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Bro. Respass, as you will notice, this article is mainly a collection of facts bearing upon the subject of evangelists, and duties of church members. Being a lay member, and never having had any impressions to preach, I feel to express myself freely on the subject. If you think this worth publishing, you can do so; if not, give it a place in the waste basket. I shall feel easier in my mind any way. I have felt like writing for a long time, but have put it off from time to time. I was glad of the invitation in February number of the MESSENGER. I have never written an article for publication before. I appreciate the MESSENGER as a reliable and conservative Baptist paper.

Your brother, as I hope, in the Lord,  
*Mason Hall, Tenn.*

L. D. SPIGHT.

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### ONE BAPTISM.

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Some time ago I received a letter from a brother requesting my views of Eph. iv. 1-5. I was sick and the letter was misplaced and I have forgotten his name and State; but seeing this he will know it as an attempt to comply.

"I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace."

"There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord, one faith and one baptism." And more especially did he want me to dwell on the "one baptism," its nature, etc.

The apostle had just been telling those brethren of Ephesus how God had saved them "by grace through faith, and that not of themselves;" not according to their works, but according to his mercy; and how He

(2)

had called them with an holy calling, etc., to obtain eternal glory. And now he would have them walk worthy of this calling. And the more to impress this duty upon them: he reminds them that it was as "a prisoner of the Lord," and "for you Gentiles"—inasmuch as for preaching to them he was imprisoned; as, also, for obedience to the same faith and calling as theirs, he besought them to walk worthy of the high calling; or, as with all meekness and lowliness, with long-suffering forbearing one another in love. And what traits so fully and clearly declare them worthy? What more beautifully and surely—"manifest the life of Jesus in our mortal body?"

Had there been no danger that even the strong might depart from this lowly walk with Jesus and begin to look not "on the things of others," and "to think more highly of himself than he ought to think," this admonition would not have been given. But that it is so often repeated and impressed, not only forewarns the strong, but also implies that the weak and erring abide. And remember, Jesus does not tell the weak to go get strong and right, but for the strong to bear with his infirmities. Jesus' whole life-work was altogether for others.

Paul, as a man, was pre-eminent in learning and morality, and as an apostle and Christian, was pre-eminent in spiritual wisdom and revelation; and, in proportion, was pre-eminent in meekness and all lowliness with long-suffering and forbearance. His walk proved he loved Jesus Christ, and loving him, he loved his people and sought their good and peace; and a fear lest a heady, high-minded carnal spirit, ignoring the good of others and rending the bonds of peace in the Church might prevail, prompted him so earnestly to beseech them to walk lowly. Oh, that his touchingly pathetic appeals might reach those causing strife and division to-day. Hear him: "I beseech you by the mercies of God." "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ—I, the prisoner of the Lord;" a prisoner for obedience to the faith, beseech you that ye walk worthy, with all meekness, etc., and thus keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace; and the more indispensable, as, "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your

calling;" for this makes the members comprising the one body, members one of another, and members of Christ in particular; and, therefore, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, so to speak. And how can a member dare presume to disregard the good and peace of the body of Christ? How can he be otherwise than meek and lowly, walking in reverential fear, seeing he is a member of Christ? Ah! how can he wilfully sin against a member, seeing it is to sin against Christ? Let all always remember that *whatsoever* one does to another, whether to wound or heal, shame or honor, or what not, is done to Christ.

And this one body knows but the "one Lord, one faith and one baptism." The one Lord is Jesus Christ, "who of God is made unto us (the Church or body) wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." He is Maker, Husband, Saviour, High Priest and sole law-Giver—is "Head over all things" to her.

The one faith is the faith of God's elect. There is more than one faith spoken of in the Scriptures. This "one faith" is necessarily a personal faith, common alike to each member, and that centers in and clings to Jesus Christ for eternal life. It is "to the saving of the soul," and in contra-distinction from justification by the law or other means than Jesus Christ; and is comprised in the assertion of an apostle when he says, "We believed in Jesus that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by works of the law."—Gal. ii. 16.

The "one baptism" is primarily and literally the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus. There are several kinds of baptism spoken of in the Scriptures; indeed, any submerging, overwhelming or burying is a baptism, in a sense, and some Christians may be subject and some not. But this "one baptism" is, and must be, common alike to all; for, in a spiritual sense, it comprises all the principles of eternal salvation. Indeed, the gospel, as the power of God unto salvation, is how that Jesus died, was buried and rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures.—I. Cor. xv. 3.

Jesus, referring directly to his death, said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?"—Luke xii. 50. Such momentous things depended; and such an ignominious over-

whelming! He went down into it, sealing the truth of the covenant of salvation made before the world was; and as making the way whereby God would remain just and be the Justifier of a sinner; and as securing to his people the gift of eternal life, given in him as resurrected from the dead. Hence thus, or Christ crucified became the Author, the way, truth and life.

When Jesus was made of a woman—made under the law, or partook of flesh and blood with his people—it was, as it were, the marriage union with his bride, whereby they were no more twain, but one body; and that he might redeem her from the curse of the law, justify her to eternal life and glory, as transforming her from a natural to a spiritual body—as translating her from earth to heaven. He personally led the way, by this baptism, into death—death to the law and sin and then, as risen from the dead, alive forever more. He laid down his divine life when, and as, forsaken of the Father; gave his human life-blood as the price of redemption; took up his divine life again to his risen body, and thus became the “Beginning of the creation of God,” or bodily workmanship to this eternal kingdom; “the first born from the dead,” showing an after-like following.

Though thus, Jesus, as Husband and legal Representative of his bride, represented her, and, in a sense, she died, was buried and arose from the dead with him, yet each one, personally and experimentally, must follow him in this baptism and resurrection to new life. Each member of the one body must be saved alike upon the same principles; or, as members of Christ, must, as Christ, become dead to the same and sin; overwhelmed or buried beneath the same condemnation and wrath, and by the same power of the Father, be raised up to the same life—and all by and to and for the same purpose of the Father. This is regeneration; it is “to be born again.” And thus each child of God, dead and made alive to, and through, and for, and by the same, inevitably makes “one baptism.” An apostle testifies “in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ, buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of

the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.”—Col. ii. 11, 13.

But what about the body, and literal or water baptism? The body and soul, together with the spirit, constitute the Adam man included in eternal salvation. Each element must die to its first or natural generation and to be regenerated. This, to the body, would end time to it. So, while the soul has been actually baptized with Jesus' death, and as risen, has received the “manifestations of the sons of God,” or living witness of heir and sonship, it still must wait, however, with groanings (Rom. viii. 23), for the like manifestation to the body. Yet, being of the “purchased possession” of Christ, it is, in pledge of actual after redemption and manifestations of the sons of God, admitted into the militant kingdom of God by baptism in water, in representation of its actual death, burial and resurrection to eternal life. It is thus baptised for the dead—itsself as dead.—I. Cor. xv. 29. Also, this baptism symbolizes and answers to the same “one baptism;” it outwardly and literally manifests the same one way, truth and life of salvation to the inner man or soul. In representing its after actual death and resurrection, it represents the same death to the law, and world and sins, and the same resurrection to the same life and glory as Christ and each member of the one body. Paul says to such as are baptized in body, “Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized unto Jesus Christ, were baptized unto his 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; for if we have been planted together”—in this one baptism—“in the likeness of his death”—proving a *burial*, and not a *sprinkling*, is baptism,—“we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection, knowing this: that our old man is crucified with him that the body of sins should be destroyed”—as by actual death;—“that henceforth we should not serve sin, for he that is dead is freed from sin.”—Rom. vi. 3, 6.

He then goes on to tell them, in substance, that though not actually dead in body, yet by virtue of the baptism figurate of actual death and resurrection to newness of life, to *reckon* theselves dead, indeed, unto sin and alive to God, and so walk accordingly; showing that water

baptism outwardly manifests and answers to the "one baptism" to those of the one Lord and one faith.

I have written by "snatches" and very hurriedly, during the affliction of nearly all my little family, yet I hope the brother may find it of some use. Hope to hear from him. Hoping amid many trials,

*Butler, Ga.*

R. ANNA PHILLIPS.

### EXPERIENCE.

In early life I thought when I grew old enough, I would get religion and become a useful man, thinking that without this, none could be so. My parents were religious, belonged to the Methodist Church and were active workers in the church and Sunday-school, and compelled their children to regularly attend. Time thus passed away, and one by one of my associates were, in popular language, getting religion, and I, too, thought I was getting old enough and so made up my mind to set about the work of getting it too, as I had been taught, yet I thought that I was a pretty good boy; I had never sworn an oath, was moral, obeyed my parents and so did not think it would take me long to accomplish the task; I really thought that already I was much better than many members of the church for I had seen them do many things that I would not. The season rolled around and the big meetings come on, and I set to work in good earnest. I remembered that Jesus said to one, "ye must be born again." I believed that I had to undergo some mysterious change, and to effect this I went to the mourner's bench at every opportunity and did all as near as possible, that they told me, and finally joined them on six months probation. But all the while I had an abiding fear of the devil, and often felt a profound thankfulness to God that He had spared my life and saved me from hell. At every meeting some of my associates made profession of religion, but yet that change had not yet come to me. Four long years passed in this manner, trying to the extent of my power, my own prayers, and the prayers of others, and all were so ineffectual that rather than relieving me they seemed to sink me still lower, and thus I was so overburdened with sin and guilt, and cast down that I desired to be alone.

The work that I was doing favored this condition, and now, the very breathings of my soul were, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." Finally, I determined that I would go to the mourner's bench no more; this awful state of mind continued; my prayers and all were fruitless, leaving only, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner." My heart seemed to grow so hard, that though I tried, I could not weep over my helpless condition. I would describe it, but my pen is too feeble. At a meeting of the Methodist Church, the preacher called mourners and I kept my seat, but would often look up at them through tears fast streaming from my eyes. I saw them seemingly enjoying themselves and I with such a load, that my cry was, "What shall I do?" The meeting was closed that night, and I secreted myself from my parents and went four miles home late at night and alone. So extreme was my sense of guilt, that when I went to bed I feared to go to sleep. All hope of relief was gone, no chance to escape that awful hell, my efforts tried, which seemed but to add sin to sin, and as Isreal, I was compelled to stand still. Morning came, and with it a sweet peace of mind, so sweet indeed, that everything was wearing a new appearance, everything seemed to utter forth praises to God, the sun had a brighter luster, all, all seemed filled with the radiance of love and peace. All of a sudden the suggestion came, Where is that deep soul troubled? that sense of guilt and sin? I searched and it was gone though I have desired it that I might know more definitely of it, its cause and its end, yet it was gone, forever gone. But soon the suggestion came, you are mistaken in all this, your associates are differently wrought upon, with them it is all excitement, and overpowering ecstasy, with you it is but a silent, sweet peace and quiet liberty from that dread burden, but I did not mention it to any one, notwithstanding the effect must have been marked on my features, for all were asking what was the matter with me; as best I could. I endeavored to hide my feelings from them and even told them a falsehood in order to hide it from them, but as Peter, I too, was sifted for it. As for the understanding the Scriptures I was in darkness for nine years, but God works and none can hinder, leading us in paths before untrod by us. I married and moved to a neighborhood in which soon was constituted

a Primitive Baptist Church, but I would not go to hear them, for I had been told of them and thought they were altogether wrong; but my wife's people were with them and she would want to go, and for her sake I would sometimes go. In 1872 they had an association at the newly constituted church (New Hope,) and I thought I never saw people love each other as did these. We attended Saturday and Saturday night, and I had been hearing preaching all my life as I thought, but never heard as I heard on Sunday morning by Eld. Z. Thomas. He seemed to understand and tell my peculiar feelings much better than I could myself, in the evening my wife offered and was received, but there were some Scriptures that I did not understand which were yet in my way. The pastor of the church promised to come to my house Friday night before the next monthly meeting, and I had them marked out in my Bible ready for him, but he got hurt before the time and never did come, but I continued to read and re-read until the time, and as I understood the points on which I sought information, I erased my marks, and at the time appointed I had all my marks erased. They all now seemed so very plain that I thought that even I could show it to any one. I finally became so well satisfied with regard to my doubt concerning Primitive Baptists that I went to the house, told my wife to be ready and on Saturday we would go to my father's. All seemed so plain to me I could and would show it to my mother and father that the Primitive Baptists were right. We went and there was a protracted meeting going on at the time at their church and mother did not go, so I remained to tell her, but to my surprise, she told me not to mention the subject to father, lest through his strong opposition to them he might hurt my feelings, but she advised me to do as I thought right, and when we were gone she would tell him, which she did, and by the first opportunity he sent me word never to mention the Scripture to him, which I have obeyed to the present time. He did not visit for a long time; mother would come and requested us for her sake to continue our visits and not forsake her and the children on his account for she could not help it; we have done so, yet with little satisfaction. Yet, will I trust God though they all forsake me. Jesus said, "if they hate Me they will hate you also." The next meet-

ing day at the Primitive Baptist Church, we went, and after preaching by Eld. B. L. Landers, Saturday before the third Sunday in December, 1872, I offered myself, told part of what is here written, was received and baptized; at the same time my wife and four others were, by B. L. Landers, baptized, and have had an abiding sorrow to this present time that I did not ask the brethren and sisters forgiveness for my contemptuous treatment before I was convinced, notwithstanding my father still contends it is a dangerous doctrine. Yet, to me, it is as expressed by the poet:

Of all the themes we mortals know,  
Election sounds the best,  
It makes the heart with rapture glow,  
And soothes the mind to rest.

Election. 'tis a joyful sound,  
To wretched, guilty man,  
The Father, Son and Spirit formed,  
The everlasting plan.

I have never regretted the act of classing myself with those the world despise, feeling indeed, that it is a glorious grace to thus feel that liberty to say in heart, my Lord and my God. While the Scriptures teach and the Spirit agrees to a time covenant embracing that election, by whom through faith alone it is established, I must confess that I have come short of its fulfillment, yet, I must rejoice in the testimony to me given, that I have an interest in that covenant that is ordered in all things and sure of which Jesus is the blessed messenger. To the natural mind these things are foolishness, but to the saint a treasure. Much more I might say, but perhaps have been too lengthy already, crowding out better matter.

Yours, in bonds,

JOHN M. THOMPSON.

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Would it not be well for those who write obituary notices for the MESSENGER, to mention in what state, county or place the deceased had lived or died, so that friends and relatives abroad might better determine whether they ever had known them? Obituaries published in the MESSENGER are repeatedly deficient in these particulars. Who can tell where Bro. W. B. Griffin or Sister Lizzie Horn lived or died from anything mentioned in the notice given of their death in May number of the MESSENGER on pages 206 and 207.

M.

## EXPERIENCE.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: Several years past my dear father, Eld. D. L. Hitchcock, asked me to write my experience for publication, and I have failed to comply with his request, feeling that I was only a poor little one, unworthy to attempt to write; and while I feel impressed to write, and the impression has grown worrisome, there is still an inclination to put it off. But should I tremble to speak of the great things the Lord did for me in giving me a hope that has ever been precious indeed—a hope that has borne me up in affliction, enabling me to look beyond the grave to an inheritance for the people that love God? It has often been an inquiry with me why dear Christians say that they have a little hope, while they would not exchange it for worlds like this. My fears have often been, can such a little, weak one as myself be in possession of such a hope? And while I have had some of the brightest assurances of a Saviour's love, I have felt that all was imaginary, and I had made a sad mistake.

When I was about ten years old, I began to have a feeling of sadness that I could not account for; I could not enjoy myself and feel happy as my little associates and school mates. I had a good father and mother who were very kind indeed, my friends all seemed to love me, and I know that I was not sick, and would often wonder what was the matter. My dear father loved company to go with him to his appointments, and I often went with him. I loved to go to preaching, and to hear Christians talk, but did not know why it was that I preferred such company to my equals. This made me more unhappy, and made me feel, with company all around me, that I was all alone. I soon began to feel that I was a sinner, but I thought there were many others that were sinners, and why would I let that deprive me of all the pleasures of life? I often thought I would dispossess myself of such feelings and be happy as others, but in vain were my feeble efforts. I had never knelt by my bedside in prayer, as some of my little friends did; I thought that prayer was very solemn, and that only Christians prayed. My troubles grew worse, which forced me to ask God to relieve me of such feelings, and as I grew older, and my troubles

continued, I despaired of ever being happy. After I was old enough to be invited to entertainments, it only added to my misery, for I was young, and I thought it would never do to seclude myself from the society of my friends, but when I went and tried to participate in their amusements, how much I would wish I was back at home, or some place where I could have my grief and trouble alone. I did not want any one to know how unhappy I was. Many nights after my sister and I had retired to our room I would seek an opportunity to go to another room, and would read the Bible until late, trying to find something that would comfort me, but could find none there. O, how I would beg God to have mercy on me. I would go to many protracted meetings, where invitations were given to those that wanted prayers, and I would have been glad to have known that one Christian was praying for me, but I could not go to their altars, as that would expose my condition, which I did not want even my own dear parents to know. In December, 1865, we had to give up our dear mother, and while we were standing around her bed, just a short time before she died, she looked up to pa with a sweet smile and said she would soon be at rest. At that time I cannot express my anguish of soul. I so forcibly felt that there was no rest for me, I left the house in the dark hours of night to be alone, to ask God once more to remove that heavy burden, but as I sat down on the steps it seemed to me that it was only adding sin to sin for me to implore God's mercies, and I would never again open my lips. But there was a continued supplication that I could not prevent.

In February, 1868, I married, hoping that making new friends would cause me to look to the future and forget my past life, but I found no relief until in August of the same year. While the congregation at Shoal Creek was awaiting preparations to be made for communion and feet-washing, I realized a calm, quiet feeling, so different to that heavy burden that I had carried so long. There seemed to be presented to me these words: "If you love me, keep my commandments." As soon as the church was ready, Eld. Purington began to tell of the Saviour's love for His people, and I experienced a love that I had never realized before, and the happy faces of those people while they washed each

others feet, I can never forget, and I thought all needed just then to complete my own happiness was to be one among them. For a few days I wanted to tell my husband what peace of mind I was enjoying, but soon began to fear that my troubles would return, and then I would regret it if I had told him. From then I experienced four long years of intense trouble that I thought I was keeping concealed to myself. O, what craving desires I had to be a child of God—to feel worthy of a place among those good Christian people. During the four years some of these good Christians would often ask me why I did not discharge my duty in joining the church. I could not feel that I had any evidence that I was a child of God, and would just put them off the best I could, but it grieved me very much to think they were mistaken about my having a hope. Near the close of the four years, my husband, an old brother and I were spending the night with an uncle, W. S. Montgomery, and the old brother inquired if either of us had a hope, and Uncle W. S. quickly replied, saying he knew I had a hope, and would not claim what great things the Lord had done for me. We retired for the night, but there was no sleep for me; O, how wretched I felt. I had no hope that I could claim, and must I set my judgment against those dear Christians that seemed to feel an interest for me, and if I ever prayed earnestly it was then for God to give me some assurance that those dear people were not deceived in me. And I believe God heard my humble cries, for soon my mind ran back to the trouble of my childhood and to the time I enjoyed that calm, quiet feeling, remembering these words, "If you love me, keep my commandments." O, how my heart had beat with love, but had I kept his commandments? Now my impressions were, "Take my yoke upon you; learn of me; my yoke is easy and my burden is light." I had never felt until then that it was my duty to join the church. The impression was so great I was forced to tell my husband all I had kept from him. Believing I had seen a change in him, I asked him if he would go with me and offer ourselves to the church and he consented, and in July, 1872, we were, with four others, after telling what the Lord had done for us, received by the church at Shoal Creek, Newton county, Ga., and baptized by Eld. Wm.

Beebe. And now, dear readers, language would fail to express how happy I was for many months. I was carried to the height of the mountain tops; I wanted to tell of the goodness of God and to encourage all that had a hope not to deprive themselves of such blessings as I had done; such ecstasy of joy I had never realized before, and I could say—

“Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!  
That saved a wretch like me—  
I once was lost but now am found,  
Was blind but now I see.”

I am an invalid, and have written this in bed. Dear Christians, pray that God may give me sustaining grace, a will of submission, and patience to bear every trial here. Yours in affliction,

Hillsboro, Ga.

LIZZIE CONNER.

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MRS. ANNIE HALL, LUTHERVILLE, GA.—*Dear Daughter:* Yours of Feb. 12th, received, after considerable delay. It is of special interest and comfort to me. I desire to thank the Lord, not only for the hope that he has given, through grace, to you, but also for the schooling that he is giving you to prepare you to comfort others. You remember Jesus said, “Every branch of the vine that beareth fruit the Father purgeth it that it bear more fruit;” and “Herein is my Father *glorified* that ye bear *much fruit*.” The branch is purged and pruned by trial; but I will not follow this line of thought here.

I wish to copy an extract from your letter and make such remarks in connection as may occur to my mind. You say:

“Last night was one of my restless, miserable ones. O, it did seem like the billows would swallow me up. I viewed myself out on a great deep, being sorely tossed and tried. The waves were being lashed all around my vessel and I was so helpless I could not even say ‘Lord save,’ and it appeared that my *faith* was entirely gone. I could not see how I could be delivered. At last I was dashed upon a rock, and there I rested; and it occurred to me that this Rock was Jesus Christ, a sure foundation, and I felt that the storm *could not* blow me off of it; then I felt calm. I now feel so helpless, and even while writing, the tempter tells me I may be mistaken and may be telling a lie. Oh! do you ever have such thoughts? Surely, if I was a Christian, I would not

have so many strange thoughts and feelings. If I am one, I feel to be the poorest of them all.”

Now I wish to consider this foundation, and those built thereon, their trials, etc., and of their final triumph over sin, through Jesus Christ, “who giveth us the victory.” The Lord says: “behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste.”—Isa. xxviii. 16. “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” “Ye are 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.”—Eph. ii. 20 21.

Now, it is evident and clear that Jesus Christ is the foundation of his church—the foundation on which the house of God, the temple of the living God rests, and there is none other foundation but this, and he is the foundation of the Christian’s hope, and *only* in him can we *rest* in hope of the glory of God. And ye, the children of God, are built upon this foundation and are *fitly* framed into it, and this is the reason it grows unto a *holy* temple in the Lord. It must be a holy temple before it can be in the Lord, manifestly, and it must be a holy temple before it can be a fit dwelling place for the Lord. Jesus said, “I in you and you in me, and I in the Father.”

Here we consider the material out of which, or of which, this building is composed, even of the fallen and degenerate sons of Adam. All polluted and defiled no soundness in them—judgment impaired, conscience defiled, hating God and godliness—have no desire even for a knowledge of God’s ways. O, my soul! what material out of which to build a holy temple in the Lord! How is it *possible* that these can be framed into Jesus the foundation and *fitly* framed—framed so that justice may be satisfied, the law of God condemning us be satisfied and, at the same time, mercy extended to poor, fallen sinners. This work can be accomplished only by God’s power, and in accordance with that plan devised in wisdom before the foundation of the world. This material must all be prepared by the great Master Builder. Every piece is prepared to correspond precisely in character with the foundation unto which it is

framed, and every member of the body, or piece of material in this building, is placed there as seemeth good to the Lord. All are taught of the Lord, hence their peace. All are quickened unto divine life; all feel their depravity; all plead guilty and plead for mercy, and all in God's time are enabled to rejoice in God, by reason of Jesus being revealed to them as their Saviour in putting their sins away from them.

It is necessary that every building have a good foundation if it stands the storms, the rain, the floods; and not only so, but in laying the foundation and building upon it, it is also very necessary that there be one *chief* corner. In a literal building we first determine where we build and set one corner as a permanent fixture, and then we square every other corner by that one; and it is worthy here of remark that there can be *but one* such chief corner. If there was, there would be more than one building. Not only must every other corner be squared by this chief one, but every piece of material in the whole building is framed unto and with an eye to this one corner. This is why, in the spiritual building, this corner stone is so *precious* to the believer; to you, therefore, which believe he is precious. Then the children of God should square their lives, their walk and their deportment by Jesus. "As he walked, so also ought ye to walk;" again, as you have received Christ Jesus, so walk ye in him—yes, in him! If, when you first received him, you were humble; were poor, were needy, was of a prayerful spirit, begging forgiveness, feeling to forgive those who had treated you wrong—if you felt this way then, now manifest, by your walk and conversation, that you have been with Jesus and taught of him, and manifest now that the law of grace is written in your heart and that you are conformed to his life and reflect his image.

It appears to me that the whole building would not be *fitly* framed together if the children of God were not conformed to Jesus by being partakers of his sufferings, as well as partakers of his rejoicings. Jesus is an example of suffering, of endurance and of patience; so sure as we are partakers with him in tribulation, so sure in him we have peace.

But, to come to the third proposition, the inquiry arises, Can a child of God have such trials, such doubts,

so poor, so helpless as I? Why, these are the only ones on earth that do have *these* trials. David said of the wicked, "They have more than heart could wish"—feel rich—"and have *not* trouble as other men." The trials of which you complain are peculiar only to the household of faith and are such as the world knows nothing about, because it grows out of a holy principle being implanted within—a hatred to sin and a love to God. It is because the child is partaker of the divine nature by reason of the "Spirit being sent into the heart crying, 'Abba Father.'"

You say it is "strange" you have so many trials. The apostle says, "Think it not *strange* as though something strange had happened. God's watchful eye is ever over his redeemed." This is only weaning from the world and destroying confidence in the flesh, and enabling the heirs of promise to realize that their faith is in God and does not rest in the wisdom of men; and again, to adopt the language of the apostle, "We are the circumcision that worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have *no* confidence in the flesh"

It was the storm, the billows, the waves of trouble that tossed and drove to the Rock on which you found rest. This is one of God's methods of bringing his poor, little, helpless children to trust in this Rock and foundation of their hope. This always gets to him the glory, and we then want to glorify him for deliverance once more. I believe the child of God often feels that he wants more faith and more patience; wants to be nearer to Christ; wants to be conformed more to Jesus and less conformity to the world, but he don't want to be brought through the fire and through the water. We forget that it takes tribulation to work patience and the other graces, but the Lord knows what is for the good of his little ones and for his glory. It is worthy here of note that Jesus comes to the tempted and tried in the *night*. "He maketh it dark and it is night." He went to his disciples on the sea by night, and that after their strength was exhausted, and when sinking, Peter could say, "Lord, save!" So you said in soul, and thank the Lord he knows our desire without a word uttered. "These things work for the children of God a far more exceeding and eternal night of glory." Then may we never murmur or complain, for these are

only purifying the sons of Levi, that they offer an offering in righteousness.

Let us discharge our practical duties as God gives the impression and the ability, resting assured that the foundation of the righteous will never be moved, nor will our evidences of acceptance grow less, but greater in discharge of our duty.

Now, my daughter, is there anything in these reflections and remarks to comfort you? I hope I feel some comfort in them. I can't remain in this tabernacle of my earthly house very much longer, but I am resting in hope of the glory of God, through the merits of the blood of Christ and its application to the cleansing of my polluted soul by the Holy Spirit of promise. May God bless you, my child. From your unworthy father,

*Opelika, Ala.*

JOHN N. HURST.

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## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

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### CHRONIC GRUMBLERS.

In the opening up of the gospel dispensation and in the first few years of the apostolic ministry, there were many varieties of disease and afflictions among the people which baffled all medical aid or human skill to remove. And in almost every instance of these aggravated and desperate cases, the horrid infirmity and the malignity of it, is ascribed to some Satanic power or influence over the poor afflicted one. And in keeping with this idea, if one was deaf or dumb, so that he could neither hear nor speak, he was said to be under the power of a deaf and dumb spirit, just as a noted liar is under the reigning power and dominion of a lying spirit, as all Ahab's prophets were.—1 Kings xxii. 22. These spirits or devils had such power over men, women and children as to seriously affect both body and mind, so that while some were crooked and bowed down in body so that they could not by any means straighten themselves, others had desperate mental afflictions attended with convulsions, throwing them into both fire and water.

Now, whatever these infirmities, afflictions and diseases may have been ascribed to, there is no question but that all diseases of every kind, bodily or mental, have one common origin. All have originated in sinning against God. Sin has brought pain, misery, disease and death upon man. And "whosoever committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning. Sin, therefore, against God is the root and great fountain head of all manner of disease among the people. And though some may be afflicted both in mind and body to such an extent as to render confinement necessary, yet the seed and root of the matter from whence these afflictions come are in all men, though never so fully developed in their most horrid and malignant form in some as in others. It is a great mercy that they are not.

But let us for a moment turn away from this horrid feature of man's sin to the sublime and comforting thought of the never-failing remedy. In all these horrid and malignant cases which were brought to Jesus for healing, there was not a failure to cure in a single case. Fever left the body by the power of his word and devils came out by the same Omnipotent authority. It mattered not how varied the cases of affliction might be, or how severe and aggravated the malady, or what might be the character of the particular devil that tormented and had the ascendancy over the poor afflicted one, whether it was a foul, unclean spirit, a lying spirit, a malicious spirit, or a "legion of devils" in one man, basely debauching his whole character, they were cast out by the power of Jesus. Now without enlarging upon this thought, it seems evident that the effectual cures of all these hopeless and helpless cases are clear illustrations of the merits of Christ's atonement for sin, and the all prevailing power of his word and Spirit to heal, cleanse and purify unto himself the very worst and most desperate cases of sin and transgression with which any of his chosen and redeemed people have ever been afflicted. The very name, *Jesus*, was given to signify "He shall save his people from their sins." But as we have presented these things as a mere passing thought, we now submit them for the consideration of the reader.

So long as even Christian people remain in this world

they are liable to be greatly tormented with some kind of devil—some kind of foul spirit or besetting sin. Sometimes there may be more than one that greatly afflicts them and gives much trouble and distress to others. For the time being, they appear to be subjugated and under the dominion of some particular lust or passion, so that no advice of friends, no labor of their brethren in the church, or any power on earth can heal them but Jesus. Some have a daily fault-finding spirit and are so under its controlling power that nothing at home or abroad suits them. They are always murmuring and grumbling about something or against some body, either in the church or out of it, at home or abroad. Now to say the least of it, this murmuring, grumbling, fault-finding spirit, is quite an unpleasant thing in a family or community, and very unwholesome in a church. It is a bad little devil anywhere you find him, and he will wound, bruise, and sometimes tear and rend families, neighborhoods and churches asunder. And as this terrible disease of fault-finding progresses, it soon becomes more and more obstinate until it gets into a chronic state, and then the poor afflicted one displays unmistakable symptoms of a regular "chronic grumbler." He grumbles at things in nature and providence, the cold, the heat, the wind, the storm, the rain, or the drought. He murmurs at his work, or when he has no work to do, and complains against his family, his wife and his children, the cook and the washer. His diet is never right, and he seems never to be more in his element than when he is fault-finding. He sees faults in all preachers, "some speak too loud, and others too low; some too fast, others too slow;" some go right to their work, making a good start, but soon get off the track and scatter about too much, another is too slow to start in preaching and has too many preliminaries and apologies, and thus he runs through a long catalogue of faults, whether real or imaginary, about almost everything and every body, except himself. When this grumbling-fault-finding spirit enters into a man, and so dwells there as to form his general character, he becomes bigoted and self-conceited, and regards himself as quite sharp-sighted to discover, and pull out little motes from the eyes of others, but he cannot see that large fault-

finding beam of self-conceit and evil surmising that is in his own eye.

Now it is presumable that all Christian people will agree that this evil-surmising fault-finding spirit is a very bad thing, and yet there are but few even among them who are not to some extent afflicted with it.

It is a sore evil "under the sun," and no doubt it is one of the devils that the apostle says, "Resist and he will flee from you."—James iv. 7. God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble, and through grace alone can we hope to triumph over this or any other foul spirit with which we are afflicted. "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?"—Rom. vii. 24. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." This is the only source to which we can hopefully look for deliverance from this or any other evil with which poor frail man is afflicted.—M.

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#### ELD. HASSELL IN MAY MESSENGER.

Bro. Sawyer, of Alabama, and Bro. Temples, of Georgia, write letters in a lovely, Christian spirit in regard to Eld. Hassell's article in May MESSENGER. In the spirit actuating them, we may discuss with safety any subject that concerns the Lord's people. Bro. Sawyer says that Eld. Hassell has made a mistake about the date of the withdrawal of the Mt. Zion Association of Alabama from the New School Baptist; that it was in 1842, and that the New Hope, of Georgia, withdrew in 1840. But that is simply a mistake as to dates that alters no principle involved. If Bro. Sawyer will examine Eld. Hassell's article he will see, on page 191, that he says, "If the circumstances have been correctly reported to me," and that Eld. H. has written from the statements of Eld. Stewart, and not from his own personal knowledge.

Bro. Sawyer says also, "I can't see, for the life of me, why Bro. Respass wants us to take these brethren, when he was opposed to receiving the Towaliga," etc. Now, I see from that remark that Bro. Sawyer has failed, perhaps as many other brethren have, to understand me and the views of other brethren on this subject. My dear brother, I do not want you to receive any body

against your will, nor in their sins; for to receive them in their sins would be our going to them and partaking of their sins, and this we are opposed to. But if we believe they are children of God, and love the doctrine of grace, and were once in order and a church of Christ, and have done all they can do to undo their sins, and have repented of them, and desire to do them no more, and have not become extinct as a church or churches, that we may receive them as Hezekiah did in 2 Chron. xxx. 18:

“For a multitude of people, even many of Ephraim and Manasseh, Issachar and Zebulun, had not cleansed themselves, yet did they eat of the passover otherwise than it was written. But Hezekiah prayed for them, saying, The good Lord pardon every one that prepareth his heart to seek God, the Lord God of his fathers, though he be not cleansed according to the purification of the sanctuary.”

And especially may we do this when we remember that it is more or less with us all now as it was with God's people of old, when it was said to them by the prophet of the Lord—“but are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?”—2 Chron. xxviii. 10. And if so, it should forbid a hard and exacting spirit toward our erring and repenting brethren.

If Primitive Baptists have erred from the faith and repent, confess their errors and turn away from them, we may receive them without imposing upon them any unscriptural burdens. If there have been irregularities for which there is no remedy, we may receive them as Hezekiah did, in a way that does by no means justify these irregularities, nor set them up as precedents to be governed by in future, save in similar cases, for which there is no other remedy.

If we recognize a body as a church at all, even if its disorder is as gross as the disorders of the seven churches of Asia—and their disorder was very great—if it is a church it can repent as a church, and if it can repent as a church, it can do any other church act. The seven churches were admonished to repent, which shows that the Spirit recognized them as churches. If then, a church repents as a church, we may receive them as a church cleansed of their sins. But they are required to repent only of their sins; they are not required to repent of their right acts, their baptisms,

communions, preachings and charities. The church at Corinth was disorderly as holding a member who had his own father's wife, and she was required to repent of it, and she did and withdrew from him; but she was not required to repent of her baptisms—to undo them and do them over. If a church is not a church, she can neither repent as a church nor do any other church act; but if she is a church, her right acts as a church are valid and not to be repented of. The Superior Court may make a wrong decision, but its wrong decision does not invalidate its right decisions, because it holds commission to act from the supreme law of the State, and that law sustains its right decisions and reverses its wrong ones. So it is with the church of Christ as holding authority to act in the name of the Lord; its wrong acts are set aside by the Lord, who, at the same time, sustains its right ones.

A Primitive Baptist church may be disorderly in many things; they may be disorderly in keeping a drunkard in the church, in neglecting to attend to it, and grieve their brethren by such conduct; but she may repent upon admonition and cleanse herself. But if, when she was reproved, she should justify herself and justify drunkenness as a right principle, then she would be in a condition to be withdrawn from, after gospel labor, as heretics. After this, she could be no longer a church of Christ.

A church is a church; I mean by that, that the last member received into the church is as much a member as the oldest member is. To illustrate, say we at Butler have thirty members, and get into disorder, and receive while in disorder, ten members, are not these ten members as much a part of the church when she repents of her sins and confesses them, and turns away from them, as the thirty? Can the thirty be distinguished from the ten in the confession of sin? And are they not as orderly as those who baptized them? Of course they are; and why then should we re-baptize these ten and at the same time receive the confession of the thirty as a church act, and deny the church act in baptizing these ten? That was not a sin; it was a right act, and she was not required to repent of that, but of her sins. The church could have no authority from the Scriptures to re-baptize those ten members; because she had

made a sacred covenant with them from which she could not go back. Such talk as a church cleansing herself of sin by putting away those with whom she has covenanted in baptism, putting them away by force, so to speak, seems mighty wrong to me. Even the law of man forbids such injustice. I cannot think such an act is accepted of God. God does not require us to do wrong to cleanse ourselves of sin. He would not allow the Israelites to violate the covenant they made with the Gibeonites, even though the Gibeonites had deceived them (Joshua ix); and he brought a three years' famine in David's day upon them for Saul's bloody and fleshly work in destroying the Gibeonites.—2 Sam, xxi. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.—Ps. xv. Besides, re-baptizing these ten would be using baptism for a different purpose from that for which the Lord instituted it. It was not instituted as a means of cleansing a church of sin, for if that was true, it seems to me that the guilty members of the church are the proper ones to re-baptize.

Bro. Temples asks hard questions, and I do not feel able to solve hard questions. He asks if Butler church would allow Eld. Rowe to baptize for her while he stands excluded from the church? Of course not; that is simple and plain, for he is not a member of the church. But then he asks, suppose Eld. Murray, of Butler, should side with Eld. Rowe, and he and his church should receive Eld. Rowe and preach him as orderly, could Butler church receive Eld. Rowe's baptisms, performed for Eld. Murray's church, even after Eld. Murray and his church and Eld. Rowe have repented and confessed their sins? If there had been gospel labor—and I do not mean by gospel labor, associational labor, but church labor—if Butler church had labored with Eld. Murray's church, and had, after gospel labor, withdrawn from her, then she could not receive her acts, for she could not act as a church; but if she had not labored with her, then she might, upon confession of her sin, even though Eld. Rowe had baptized for her; for it was not his personal act, but a church act; and not the sin of the members baptized, but the sin of the church, which is put away by confession. Those baptized members could be received as the other members, upon confession of faith. Here are some of the irregularities I have spoken of for which there is no remedy, save as Hezekiah, The good Lord pardon

this thing. For to re-baptize the innocent, and by compulsion, would be no remedy, but would only make matters worse.

Bro. Sawyer makes a good suggestion, I think, and that is for a meeting of the brethren of several Associations, who are acquainted with the troubles of the Mt. Zion and others there, and to investigate the matter and decide it, and if they can do it in charity and in the spirit of Hezekiah, it would, no doubt, bring peace. And it might be a good thing elsewhere. And may God direct us in these troubles for which there seems to be no remedy in the regular way.

I am more and more impressed, as I get older, that churches should be slow to withdraw fellowship from each other; and that no act of an Association at any time should be construed to the destruction of a church. We withdrew from three churches in our Association, but only in the sense of dropping our communion until they should see their error and turn away from it.

R.

It is always acceptable and much appreciated for brethren, sisters and friends to aid in extending the circulation and usefulness of the GOSPEL MESSENGER as they may have opportunity. And we suppose many of them will have frequent opportunities during this year, while attending meetings and associations as well as in their immediate neighborhoods, to aid greatly in this good work. Will they help by procuring new subscribers and encouraging prompt remittances by the old? Work while it is called "to-day" for the night of death will soon come when no man can work.

M.

#### TIME OF UNION MEETING CHANGED.

After consultation with brethren, it is thought best to change the time of the Union Meeting at Mt. Gilead, Lee county, Ala., to Friday before the third Sunday in July, 1891, instead of fifth Sunday in August, as in our minutes of last year. Amongst other reasons, the Union Meeting at Mt. Moriah, seven miles above Columbus, Ga., convenes at that time—fifth Sunday in August—and the places are so near that it would conflict more or less.

\* W. M. MITCHELL.

#### UNION MEETING.

The Union Meeting will be held at Pataula Church, Quitman county, Ga., commencing on Friday before fifth Sunday in May, 1891. Brethren by railroad will be met at Georgetown.

A. A. GARRATT.

If any Christian will carefully read the May number of the GOSPEL MESSENGER for 1891, and not be edified, comforted or instructed in the truth, he certainly is in a cold, barren and unfruitful state of mind. It is certainly profitable, instructing and edifying for Primitive Baptists to exhort one another daily to steadfastness in the truth of the gospel, whether by conversation, preaching or writing, so that the pure minds of Christians may be stirred up by way of remembrance, that they may be mindful of the words spoken by the holy prophets and of the commandments of the Apostles of Jesus. This seems to have been one great design of the labors and writings of the Apostles, so that, not only while they lived but after their death the church and people of God should be able to have these things *always* in remembrance. See 2 Peter, i. 12, 16 and iii. 2. Hence the necessity of all the gifts in the church being in lively exercise to stir us up by way of remembrance of what has been written by inspired men of God for our learning and comfort.—M.

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### EXTRACTS.

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CULLODEN, March 31, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Respass*: I have just returned from the Union meeting, held with Friendship Church, Upson County, where it was my privilege to be with and hear those gifted ministers, Elds. Hassell and Bussey. To me their preaching was truly interesting; they discarded all force in Christianity in the knowledge of Christ, save that of the Spirit, and from the impression of their preaching my mind has drifted to one of the pointed expositions by Christ, of the Jews position, (the people of God,) while He was with them in the flesh; and am at this time thinking of its applicability somewhat, in my mind to the Church of God now, "For ye pay tithe of mint, and anise and cumin, and have neglected the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; these ought ye have done and not to leave the other undone." And here I confess, through negligence, my ignorance of much of the Jewish idea of God, something so necessary to a minister in rightly understanding much of our Lord's teaching and something attainable by us all, with proper industry and inquiry. It was right by His teaching that the tithing of these herbs should be done, but not at the expense of weightier things. He did not condemn the tithing, but contrasted it; but by the contrast their hypocrisies were exposed. Remember their very faithfulness in these things exposed their hollowness in things more weighty, and thereby in these also. A specious form was punctiliously observed in a dead spirit; and to Him who looked upon the heart, how vain and delusive was their specious tithing. Now, this exposure was given to the shadow for the benefit of the

substance. Is the substance, the Church, in this day, profiting by the example, or are we drifting in the same direction, is a question we all should seriously ask ourselves. If we have profited by the exposure, why all the strife and contention among us? We all profess to believe in Christ, and so the Jews did in God. It is not over Christ that we are striving; the Spirit of Christ seems to be lost sight of in the marked advocacy of bare form, and that too, oftentimes, when the form has no higher claims upon us than the traditions of men. What was the tithing without the spirit? nothing, and had the Spirit been in the tithing, then mercy would not have been forgotten, and where mercy is wanting, charity is, and where charity is wanting, all else is. What respect did Christ have for their faithful tithing when they were ready to kill Him? none; and what respect has He for much of our faithful form, when under its mantle there lie all the horrors of strife? I answer, none. Ah! yes, many infinitely less than He have no respect for it. A Christianity that leaves its impress for good upon the heart of man must be one in which mercy, forbearance and patience are closely intertwined. For the very heathen does know that the greater make-up of poor man in this life is to err; he knows that the Christian's God has said that there is no perfection in the flesh; in no man, no rule of man, no organization of man, not even that of the Apostles, and in no system, not even that of Moses is it found. Only in Christ is it found, and even in Him was it so lengthened out by charity that He ate with publicans and sinners and preached in the synagogues of His enemies; and the charity of His perfection has left its impress upon the world for two thousand years; and a church's perfection only through the Spirit can leave its impress upon people now; and wherever a minister or church sets up a contrary rule we may be sure that the Spirit of Christ is wanting.

WILDE C. CLEVELAND.

VIOLET, GA., Feb. 2, 1891.

J. N. HURST—*Dear Father*: I have been very sad of late and, at times, it seems that the burden is greater than my strength to bear. Dark clouds are over and around me, but still the Lord is precious and enables me to get along somehow.

While here alone last Sunday morning, much cast down, I read a part of the Book of Daniel, and I felt somewhat revived and encouraged. When I read of the faith and confidence in God that was given to Shadrack, Meshack and Abed-nego, when they were cast into the fiery furnace and the smell of fire was not left even on their garments; and that the heathen king should say, "Did we not cast three men, bound, into the hot, fiery furnace, and lo! I see four men loose, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God?—I could not refrain from tears of joy. I felt sure

that this fourth man in the furnace with his tried people was Christ, and that he is my friend. This greatly strengthens my faith and encourages me, though the more I see and know of myself, the plainer I can see my weakness and sinfulness.

Dear father, I ask to be remembered in your prayers. I hope to hear from you and mother and the children, and other kindred there. I feel an interest in you all.

Your son,

C. F. HURST.

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## OBITUARIES.

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### MRS. ADDIE ROBUCK AND TWO CHILDREN.

Died, at her home, one mile north of Toccopola, Miss., Mrs. ADDIE ROBUCK, wife of W. B. Robuck, and daughter of W. A. J. and T. A. Steele.

She was born April 2, 1855, and died January 1, 1890, being thirty-four years, eight months and twenty-nine days old. She survived the old year only a few hours, and passed away, like it, never to return, leaving behind an aged mother and father, five sisters and brothers, a husband and seven little children, with other relatives and friends, to mourn their loss, which we believe is her eternal gain. She made no profession of religion, but her conversation, meekness and humility, had we no other evidence, would render void all doubts in the minds of her bereft ones as to her future life, and would cause us to believe that while we lament her departure and weep over her poor little motherless ones, she sings songs of praise to her blessed Redeemer for her safe deliverance. The other evidences of her having passed from death into life eternal, are many, expressed in a diary written in 1875 and '76, in which she says: "I hope that none shall read until my dying day, and then others can see (at least in part) what I have been. Though a poor, sinful creature, yet trusting in Jesus, that Good One, who suffered and died upon the cross that we, through Him, might live. Oh! how my heart thrills with joy when I think of that blissful home above, promised to His chosen people, and I am made to rejoice for the evidence I have of His pardoning grace to my poor and depraved being. God bless us all, is my prayer, through the redeeming blood of Jesus."

These were near her last words in her diary, and since her departure, God has blessed and taken to himself two of her darling baby boys—first, the little infant ADDEY STEELE, that was born December 31, 1889, and died April 5, 1890, he being three months and five days old. He was a very good babe till a short while before his death; he cried very hard at times, which caused them to think he was not well, but at the time of his death, he was thought to be as well as common, and died instantly, while lying in the lap. He had been given to one of our sisters, who had become very much attached to him, but she had to lay her little treasure away, yet her consolation is, he is laid where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor do thieves break through and steal."

Then, on July 16th, our darling little JOHN ERASTUS was called for. He was born January 31, 1888, and was two years, four months and sixteen days old. He was sick only three days, but his sufferings the first and last days were, no doubt, intense. Congestion set in on the last morning, and he grew worse till about two in the evening, when he breathed his last, and John was no more. What grieves me so much is,

on the last day, medical aid could not be obtained till almost all hope was lost. But "God can work and none can hinder." He lay in a stupor almost all day, till just before he drew his last breath, he "walled" up his eyes and smiled, as if getting a glimpse of that blissful shore which he was so fast approaching. Those sweet blue eyes, I can never forget them! But isn't it folly to weep for those who can smile in death? Yea, truly. I believe to be able to smile at such a time is worth thousands such worlds as this.

"Then dear departed ones  
Though you have left us,  
And our loss we deeply feel,  
'Tis God that has bereft us,  
And He, every sorrow can heal."

A SISTER.

### MRS. SARAH ROBERTS.

Sister SARAH ROBERTS, wife of Bro. W. B. Roberts, of Lebanon Church, Troup county, Ga., was born October 25, 1818, and died January 26, 1891, age seventy-two years, three months and one day. She joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Mt. Zion, Troup county, Ga., in October, 1850, and was baptized by Eld. Steven Rowe. She was a devoted and obedient wife, and a loving mother and obliging neighbor, and a model Christian and church member, and was loved by all who knew her, both saint and sinner. And when Lebanon Church a few years back went down until some of its members thought the church was about dead, Sister Roberts and Sister Tommy said that they could not give the church up, but believed God would revive them and preserve their church. It seems that the church was preserved by the faith of these old sisters that that now sleep in Jesus.

There could be much said of this noble Mother in Israel, but space will not admit. She suffered with the dropsy from 1860 up to her death, for which she was tapped 126 times. And in all of her afflictions she was never heard to murmur or complain. And strange, after suffering so long with dropsy, she died with pneumonia. In the hall of her house hung a motto of one word, "Welcome." This was indeed true with her, for it was my privilege to visit her on my way to Lebanon every Friday evening, and she was always glad to see me and give me a cordial welcome. And while it was not her privilege for a long time to attend the meetings often on account of her afflictions, her heart was with them. Therefore, the church has lost a zealous member and the husband and children their best friend. May the Lord comfort them in their bereavement. Yours to serve in Christ, I hope,

REES PRATHER.

### ISAAC CLEVELAND MOON.

ISAAC CLEVELAND MOON, son of Joseph B. and Mary R. Moon, was born near Powder Springs, Ga., July 20th, 1885, and after an illness of three weeks with something like inflammatory rheumatism, departed this life March 22d, 1891. His remains were buried at the family graveyard the following day, Eld. A. J. Morgan holding services at the grave by reading a portion of the fifth chapter of II Corinthians, and the entire fourth chapter of St. John; making some very comforting remarks thereon, singing the hymn

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,"

and offering prayer.

Isaac was a bright and promising child, ever obedient and kind to his parents, gentle and kind to his playmates, and beloved by all. He was going to school when taken sick, and when his school mistress heard of

is death she and all the school started to see him, but too late, his remains were on the way to his tomb. It is sad indeed to give up one whom we loved so much as he, but Jesus makes us resigned, and we should not murmur at whatsoever seemeth good in the sight of the Lord.

'e know you're gone my darling boy,  
To rest with Christ in heaven;  
And though we're grieved, this thought is joy,  
Eternal life is given.

'was sad to take "our loved one,  
And place him in the tomb;  
To realize that thou art gone,  
To thine eternal home.

'was sad to take thy little things  
And put them all away—  
Thy clothes, thy book and all thy things  
With which thou used to play.

'Tis sad to miss thy pleasant face,  
In every thing we do;  
'Tis sad to see thy vacant place,  
When e'er we think of you.

But we believe, my darling boy,  
That God hath need of thee;  
To sing his praise—divine employ—  
And death is victory.

Yes, thou art gone, my darling boy,  
And left us sad and lone;  
But we will meet—(this thought gives joy)—  
Around the Great White Throne.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

#### ELI W. BURNETT.

It is now my sad duty to write you for publication the death of ELI W. BURNETT, which sad event occurred at his mother's home, near Stewart's Mill, Ga., August 7, 1890. He was the oldest son of James W. and Martha J. Burnett, but his father preceded him to the grave. He was born in Covington county, Ala., April 1, 1872. He was bitten by a snake when quite small, which caused an impediment of speech. He was a very quiet, good boy, and seemed perfectly willing to die.

He now sleeps—his work is done—  
The battle fought, the victory won  
But O, we miss thee in that sleep,  
And in silence for thee weep.

Stewart's Mill, Ga.

J. L. RUSTIN.

#### MRS. SALLIE A. COLEMAN

Was born in Waynesboro, Wayne county, North Carolina, Feb. 19, 1824, and died August 14, 1890, after a short illness of two weeks, with typhoid congestion. She was twice married—first, to Capt. William Ott, second, to Mr. T. R. Coleman, and unto them were born three children, one daughter and two sons; two still survive her. There never lived a more devoted Christian and mother than she was. She was beloved by all who knew her. She was ever ready to help the sick and distressed, and comfort them with her kind and loving words and religious conversation—always looking on the bright side and trusting in the Lord. Though she had many troubles, she was always happy and cheerful, never complaining; even in her last illness there never was a murmur heard from her lips—saying the Lord had been good to her, and his will must be done, and blessed be his name. While she was so ill, her son was stricken with typhoid fever, from which he will never recover, his brain being affected. She was concerned about him more than her own life, but said it was well; if he dies it is God's will, and must be done. Truly a good woman has gone. May we so live that our last end will be like hers, *ready to die*, and prepared to meet our God. May God comfort and throw around the children the shield of his protecting arm.

#### MRS. WILLIE A. FLETCHER,

Daughter of the late R. R. and Eliza Renfroe, was born May, 1863, and was married to Geo. F. Fletcher, December 25, 1889, with whom she lived happily a little over one short year, when the Lord saw fit to call her to her eternal home. Oh! how sad, how sad, to say our Willie has

gone from hence away. On December 30th she was taken with jaundice and though she had all the attention that a loving husband, mother, sisters, brothers and kind friends, and two of the best physicians Quitman could afford, we could not stay the icy hand of death, and after seventeen days of great suffering, she departed this life January 15, 1890, at her home in Quitman, Ga. Her remains were laid away the next day by kind and loving hands, in the family burying ground of the Renfro home, near Quitman, Ga., there to await the resurrection morn, when the mortal shall be raised immortal, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of the dear Saviour.

Though she had never joined any church, she had given us evidence of hope that she was chosen of the Lord, and it gives us much comfort to feel that she is at rest with Jesus. She bore her sickness with as much Christian fortitude as I ever saw any one; never murmuring, but seldom often not to grieve; that she was all right, and other such expressions. She did not speak for about two days and nights before her death, but as long as she could speak she kept asking the Lord to have mercy on her and even after she could not articulate the word, she would try to say and praise His holy name. We feel assured, in His loving kindness, that He did have mercy on her.

Oh! how prone we are to forget the Lord and his goodness. On the night before she died, I was thinking of all those that loved her, none of us could help her to go through that dark valley and shadow of death, that she had to go alone; when I was made to forget for a while all this was around me, and I was shown the valley of death that our dear Willie had to pass through, and seemed that it was something like a common bridge, though the passage was underneath. The outside was dark, very dark, but there was a beautiful light that came from the other shore, and shone clear through to my dear sister, and I was made to know, while none of her earthly friends could help her, she had One in heaven that would take her through, and was mighty to save. O, what joy in the midst of sorrow.

Oh, how can we find the language to speak of Willie's goodness? She was a loving and beloved wife, an obedient and loving daughter, kind and gentle sister, and generous to all around her. To know her was to love her, she was so jovial and good. She leaves a devoted husband and one sweet little daughter only twelve days old, a kind and loving mother, five sisters and three brothers, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, but we hope her eternal gain. Though we are made to mourn, we mourn not as those without hope. Oh, may we all be prepared to meet her in that upper and better world, where parting is no more.

*Quitman, Ga.*

#### J. NELSON MATHEWS,

Was born March 2, 1845, in Crawford county, Ga., and after five years of very great sufferings from rheumatism and chronic dysentery, died at home near McDonald, Thomas county, Ga., April 26, 1890, being nearly forty-five years of age. He was married to Miss Rachel Renfro December 25, 1872, with whom he happily lived a little more than seventeen years. Seven children were born to them, four sons and three daughters, one dear little daughter having preceded him to the grave just thirty years; both were interred at the family burying-ground of the Renfro home, near Quitman, Ga. He never made any public profession except to join the Methodists, when young, but became so dissatisfied that he never went back to be received into the church, and since I have known him, if there was anything that he could not tolerate, it was the doctrine that gave to man the power that belonged to God, but of all things that he did love, it was the Old Primitive Baptists and the doctrine taught by them, that salvation is by the grace of God. It was from a feeling

unworthiness that he never joined the church militant here below, but we feel assured he has joined the church triumphant in heaven. The Scripture that says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren," was a source of sweet comfort to him, for he said he knew, if he knew anything, that he did love the brethren, and sometimes would take comfort from it. I have heard him tell how he would look for an Old Baptist on going into a strange crowd, and if he saw one, his love would go out to that one. Many times have I seen him shed tears on account of a feeling of unworthiness, and heard him say, how I want to live with those good people, but I am so fearful that I could bring reproach on the church." I have never known any one who seemed to love to hear preaching better than he did, and often have seen him leave the house when the door of the church was opened for members, he having so little fellowship for himself could not see how they could receive and fellowship him, though all who knew him had good confidence in him. And when it comes to speaking of Brother Nelson's good qualities, we know not where to begin. He was a loving and beloved husband, a kind and indulgent father, a good and generous neighbor—never having anything too good to let a friend or a neighbor have; and to know him was to respect and love him, for he certainly was the most free-hearted; unselfish and philanthropic man I ever knew. He leaves a wife and six small children, two daughters and four sons, three brothers, two sisters, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, but we feel to hope his eternal gain. Oh, may the God who has said He will be a Father to the fatherless, and the widow's God, be a present help in time of need to his wife and little ones. And may you, dear sister and little children, meet him in the resurrection morn around the dazzling throne of God, is the desire of those who loved him.

*Quitman, Brooks county, Ga.*

#### MRS. AMANDA GIBSON.

MRS. AMANDA GIBSON, wife of Wm. N. Gibson, died at her home in Newton county, Ga., December 21, 1890, in the 73d year of her age. She was a faithful and devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church for forty-six years, fifty-three of which were with the church at Harris' Springs. She died with cancer of the face, suffering intensely, but the Lord gave her grace to bear it patiently, and she seemed anxious to be with her blessed Saviour in whom she had so long trusted for life and salvation.

J. M. HURST.

#### WM. H. WHATLEY.

My father, WM. H. WHATLEY, died January 5, 1891, at his home in Lee county, Ala., in the 58th year of his age, thirty years of which he had lived on the place where he died. His first wife (Mary A. J. Curtis, of Newton county, Ga.) and himself were received into fellowship of the Primitive Baptist Church at Mt. Olive, October 22, 1870, and after her death, he married Mrs. Susan M. Estus, who is also an orderly and devoted Baptist, and still survives him. Six sons and one daughter by his first wife now living, and one son and daughter by his last wife. His oldest child is thirty-four and youngest thirteen years old; has one granddaughter and one grandson. Our lamented father was a faithful and devoted church member, promptly attending his meetings and assisting cheerfully and willingly in all needful church expenses. He placed a high estimate on good and honest principle, faithful, prompt and fair dealings with all men, and so taught his children, both by advice and example, and though children may think but little of these things when young, they tend greatly to form their general character, and are brought more fully to bear upon them when they become older and have to deal with the realities of life. Thus they love and appreciate the memory of

such a father, whose desire was to fix up everything comfortable about his home, and as he often said, if he did not live to enjoy it, all would be there for his children and family. On his death bed he gave his last and dying charge to some of the older children to see after and care for their mother and younger children, and spoke of a few small items of business he wanted settled up. And now he is gone forever from his family, but still he lives fresh in our memory, when we daily see much of the labor of his hands and remembering his kind and sympathizing words and devoted Christian life. Being thick of hearing, father was deprived of many comforts, and felt much at a loss in company, consequently much time was spent alone, though he delighted to read his Bible and go to meeting, as he said he could generally hear the pastor, Eld. Mitchell, and understand him better than others with whom he was not so well acquainted.

T. A. WHATLEY.

[In the death of Bro. Whatley, the church has lost one of its most devoted, quiet and model members.—THE PASTOR.]

#### WILLIAM KING COOPER,

Son of J. L. and M. L. Cooper, died January 30th, aged sixteen months. We had to give up our little darling, KING, who I feel is gone to be one of the kingdom of heaven. Why should we mourn for his little sleeping body, or want his living spirit back?

The law commands and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe,  
To suffer little children to come unto me,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

His grandmother,

*Marion, La.*

MARY SIMS.

#### HESTER ANN BRAZELTON.

Departed this life on Oct. 14, 1890, HESTER ANN BRAZELTON, wife of William Brazelton and mother of Cyrus and Charlie Brazelton. Deceased was a great sufferer for over six years, being confined nearly all that time to the house and bed, baffling the skill of six or eight physicians; but never witnessed, in all my life, a more Christian-like resignation. She professed a hope in Christ in her seventeenth year, but says that in her twenty-second year she was given a brighter evidence of a gracious state and what the gospel was and is. Deceased leaves only one child behind (Cyrus) Charlie, her dear Charlie, going on before her some five or six years. Hester Ann, my dear cousin, was a noble woman. She was a model wife, mother, stepmother, Christian and neighbor. Her dear old mother, far advanced in years, forms one of the family circle of four now left to mourn the absence of Hester Ann, to wit: Husband and mother, son and step-daughter, together with several step-sons. I more than once told my dear cousin that if she preceded me to the grave that I would certainly feel that I had lost a second mother. I do sympathize with the family circle of four left to fight the battles of life, while our beloved Hester, no doubt, is basking in the smiles of her Saviour, where there is no sorrow, no sickness, no death, and where no trouble is, and tears are wiped away. Oh, my soul, may I and the family of four meet our dear departed one, is the prayer of

*Maxwell, Tenn.*

ANDREW WOODS.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 7. BUTLER, GA., JULY, 1891. Vol. 13.

## WHO OR WHAT SAVES US?

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: Your late letter was a message of comfort and instruction to me, and my mind is with yours. Your words have led me to inquire, *Who or what saves us?* The answer must be, as you say, "CHRIST." *How* does He save us? All must say, By His LIFE. And this is GRACE—wondrous and abounding grace. God hath appointed us to obtain salvation "By our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him." This shows that He not only died for us, but that He thereby redeemed us from death, and lives again for us, and shall save us from death by His life. Therefore, Christ is *our life*, no less than He is our Redeemer, our Resurrection, and our All in all. "For ye are complete in Him, who is the Head of all principality and power." He "loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." God "hath quickened us together with Christ." "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Knowing this grand truth of salvation by Divine revelation, Paul said, "For I determined not to know *anything* among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The doctrine which Paul taught, and the gospel that he preached, was *Christ*—"how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." And true and heart-felt faith in Christ, as the only Saviour of sinners, was the one sufficient evidence with Paul, to give him fellowship

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for the possessor of this faith; therefore he wrote, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved.*" It was not in the heart of Paul to condemn the believers in Jesus, and reject them from this fellowship because of some technical difference upon some abstruse question of doctrine; for with him, that which availed in Christ Jesus was "*a new creature,*" and the "faith which worketh by love," and "charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Therefore, he wrote to the churches of Galatia, who were contending about works and questions of law and said, "For ye are all the children of God by *faith in Christ Jesus.*" And faith in Christ Jesus established fellowship and perpetuated it among the children of God in Paul's time. It should be so in all times. For neither Arminian works nor predestinarian doctrine are the saviours of sinners; but "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" "Neither is there salvation in any other." "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

Do we—even we ourselves—so believe in Him in our hearts, and with the mouth make confession of salvation in His name? Then, my brother, let us receive those who have also obtained like precious faith in Christ, and who worship Him as our Lord and God. And, while we hold fast the form of sound words, and show uncorruptness in our doctrine or teaching, let us also be careful, lest we make to ourselves idols of certain points of doctrine, and trust in and boast of them, as others do their institutions and works. We should look infinitely beyond and above all these things, to the Lamb of God, and let our one faith unite us in the fellowship of Christ, the one Lord and only Saviour. Why should those who are baptized into the death of Christ, and are risen with Him from the death unto sin, and united in His precious life, reject one another because we see only in part and know in part? Is it Christ-like to do so? Paul said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I

have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am *nothing*." O, how much we need charity! that we may be *something*, and acceptable unto God in Christ.

The lowly and meek spirit, the humble and contrite heart, the clinging faith in Jesus, "which worketh by love and purifieth the heart," and rests in Jesus and His righteousness as the hope of salvation—these are more than all knowledge, tongues and mysteries—more than all ceremonials, doctrines and rituals; "for the sacrifices of God are a broken heart and a contrite spirit." This spirit will not be ready to set at naught and reject the brother for whom Christ died; neither will it prompt its possessor to be a dictator and master over the brethren in Christ; but it will lead to quietness and peace, and prefer the lowly service of love to all the saints. "Therefore, by their fruits ye shall know them," said the holy Master "The work of righteousness shall be *peace*"—not confusion, strife and war. Christ is the Prince of Peace; and the truth of the gospel of peace is as a girdle about the loins, which binds together the members of the body; therefore, there is something wrong in that preaching and teaching which disturbs, troubles and divides the children of God and the brotherhood in Christ. For He prayed to the Father "That they all may be one," and "that they also might be sanctified through the truth." Therefore, the truth of the gospel as it is in Jesus, will have this blessed influence in the hearts of His people—to lead them into unity and happy oneness in heart and soul. When all that the Father gave the Son—all the children of God—attain unto this perfect oneness, they shall then be in heaven, where all is love, and holiness, and bliss, and God is All in all.

In the faith, and hope, and love of Christ, your brother,

D. BARTLEY.

77 East Walnut St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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ELD. E. S. DUDLEY, of Hutchinson, Ky., died May 8, 1891, aged eighty years, three months and ten days.

## EVANGELISTS.

SOUTHAMPTON, PA., Feb. 11, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Respass:* I have read, with much interest, what has been written concerning the work of evangelists, and will now write a little of how my own mind has been led. When I was set apart to the work of the ministry, in September, 1864, there were many churches without a pastor. For some time I felt that I could not take upon me the solemn and responsible duties of that office. It did not seem possible to me that the Lord had called me to so important a position. I could not regard myself as qualified to have the care of a church. I labored among the brethren wherever a door was open, visiting churches only by invitation. When the Lord's time came for me to serve as pastor—which was unsought by me, and unexpected, as the work of the ministry had also been—I think I was made in a very solemn way, to know it in my soul, and felt the necessity of yielding to the expressed wish of the brethren.

Since then it has been my lot to serve from one to six churches at the same time in that capacity, and to continue also to do the work of an evangelist, which I understand to be *visiting destitute churches*, and scattered brethren and friends of the truth, *who are not otherwise supplied* with the ministry of the word. My work has been done with many doubts and misgivings, under a deep and discouraging sense of my unworthiness and unfitness, and under many other trials and afflictions, concerning which it is not my purpose here to speak. While I have never sought places to preach, and cannot understand how one called to the work of the ministry will have to do that, I have felt a necessity laid upon me to try to preach the word wherever a door in providence has been left open, whether there were any manifest believers there or not. In an especial manner my mind has been drawn to places where brethren live far from churches, to have meeting at their houses, or in their neighborhoods when they so desire. Several places for preaching have thus been established, where the ordinances have been administered, and four churches raised up and organized.

Several years ago I visited several times an old man, John Lewis, in Lewisburg, Pa., who was the first Bap-

tist in that place, but who had of late years been left behind by the brethren, who, he said, went too fast for him. He finally heard of the *Signs of the Times*, and through it of many others who had, in like manner, been left behind by the modern workers. I spoke at his house several times, and at some of the meeting-houses of other denominations in the town. One day his son-in-law, a preacher, said to me, "Why do you oppose so strongly the practice of raising money in order to have the gospel preached? You need it as much as we do. Suppose the Lord should call for you to preach in New York, and when you got to the depot you had no money to buy a ticket, what would you do?" I replied, "How do I know when the Lord has appointed for me to preach in New York, except as he opens the way at the same time that he directs my mind? Should I get to the depot and find I had no money, I should conclude it was not yet his time for me to preach in New York. I think I should stop and preach at the depot, and then travel on; and when the Lord's time came for me to preach in New York, I am sure I should be there, for he never fails. 'How shall they preach except they be sent?' And if the Lord is not able to send one, who is?"

When the Lord called me to preach, if he ever did, I had his promise only to depend upon for temporal support as well as for ability to speak in his name. That state of things still continues. But what more could any one have, even if he has thousands of gold and silver? And is not that enough?

If I should see a place where I thought the Lord had work for me to do, but must ask financial help in order to get there and be maintained while doing the work, I should conclude I had made a great mistake as to the Lord's will. He has given no such command, and furnished no such pattern in the Scriptures for supplying his people with the ministry of the word. No doubt brethren and churches are sometimes remiss in regard to the duty and privilege of supplying the temporal needs of those who labor among them in spiritual things; but the one who thus ministers has no need to ask them for more—has no need to ask any one for anything. The Lord, who sent him to them, said, "Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or

wherewithal ye shall be clothed." "Your Heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of these things." Those who neglect their duties and privileges in this respect, will suffer for their neglect. But he who serves them is not the one to chide and reprove them for lack of service to him. His God knows his needs and will supply them in his own time, place and way. He who utterly fails of support where he is laboring, may well take that as an intimation that his work there is done.

I regard the relation of pastor to a church as very sacred and responsible, and I have felt to try to act accordingly. It does not appear to me that any other preacher has a right to interfere where that relation exists, unless there are good, well-defined reasons for it. He is supposed to be better acquainted with the church he serves and all her circumstances, than any one else, and to have a special ability for the work among them. Visits from brethren in the ministry are always desirable and profitable when directed by the Lord. In one part of the country, churches are so scattered, and ministers so few, that it is always a special favor to both church and pastor to have a visit from one. But I have known cases in other parts where visiting ministers came so often that the church would seldom have the opportunity to hear their own pastor if they did not insist upon his serving them. And I have known of a good deal of trouble caused by traveling preachers intruding upon the prerogatives of the pastor, seeking opportunities to baptize candidates in his absence who, probably, would not have been received if he had been present, and endeavoring to enforce counsel adverse to that he had given the church. Much might be written on this important subject, but I will not pursue it farther. Your brother in Christ,

SILAS H. DURAND.

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May 8, 1891.—After so long a delay I have concluded to send these remarks, though so inadequate to the subject. I have read with much gratification and hearty approval, what you and Bro. Mitchell, and some others, have written on the subject.

S. H. D.

## EVANGELIST.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: If I do not misunderstand Eld. Purifoy in his last letter to the MESSENGER, he wishes an expression of opinion from the brethren generally in regard to his convictions of traveling and preaching; and I have concluded in a short way, to give here my feelings in the matter. But, before I do so, will say that I have met and been with him ministerially several times, and that I have ever found in him the highest type of a gospel minister. He is grave, sober, strictly moral (without which no man's preaching amounts to anything with me); besides he is ably gifted in the things of God, and I may say a brother that I highly respect, admire and, I trust, one that I love; neither do I doubt one word of the deep expressions he makes in regard to his impressions in the matter. And here I will say that, while there may be, apparently, a conflict between his letter and that of Bro. Wm. Mitchell, yet, upon study and reflection, I do not consider there is any. If I understand Bro. Mitchell, then I am persuaded that the Bible fully sustains his views, and I heartily endorse them. That evangelists are a gift of God none can deny; and that there is, in some sense, a difference between their gift and that of a pastor (but not in the spirit), I feel is a biblical fact; but I am equally persuaded that this gift should be specially recognized by the church or churches where it is given, and where so given the church should clothe the gift with its authority to travel, or itinerate and preach, and also to recommend it to her sister churches; and without this church action I am satisfied there is no biblical authority for this itinerant preaching. This rule, if adopted by our churches, would, in a great measure, prevent imposition and forever free the possessor of such a gift from the painful embarrassment of becoming a self-appointed itinerant preacher. Perhaps the discussion of the subject is but to exhume a long lost gift to the church, and if so we all can afford to discuss it in a brotherly manner, without censure and without retort.

In my opinion, the 19th verse of the viii. chapter of 2 Corinthians gives church authority for choosing and setting apart a preacher for the avowed purpose of

itinerant preaching; and as the authority is given to the church, I do not see by what authority a preacher can take it to himself or engage in the duties of an itinerant preacher without church action. These remarks do include what is generally known among us as "tour preaching."

Now, in regard to the agency question, I do not want a bit of it in mine; I do not believe in it. God has made no such provision for itinerant preaching. If a brother comes to preach to me I want him to come as sent of the Lord, untrammelled of the wares of life. We can only go by our individual experience—that is all we really know.

In a feeble way, I have been serving churches for the last eighteen years. In that time, a few times, I have gone on short tours of preaching. In so doing I have gone by desire, impression, or something of the kind, and ever did so with great fear and trembling—afraid I would die while away, and ever promising that if I lived to get back I would never go again. But I never went but what the dear brethren and sisters gave me more than I deserved; and while I may have told some of the churches to whom I went of their duty to their pastors, I never, as I can recall, had one word to say about their help to me. I felt if my going was of God, he would take care of me, and had the churches failed to so have done, and not met me kindly, I should have been satisfied that my going was not of him, but of myself, and should have gone home and stayed there; for somehow I feel, by my experience, that the Lord loves and is as good and kind to one brother, in duty, as he is to another, and I do not believe he would send a preacher out among the churches with His things, and then let the churches starve the preacher to death for the need of their things. The churches' hearts are in His hands, as well as the preachers', and if He impresses the one to go, then He will the other to receive and help on in a godly sort. No preacher that is as penniless as I can serve churches, or travel and preach, unless the churches help him, and the Lord knows it, and he has made provisions for the preachers' sustenance, whenever He is in their service; unless the preacher, for the sake of popularity, sets His law aside by telling the churches he does not want their help,

that God has provided for him—forgetting the teaching, that “what a man sows he shall also reap.”

So, in conclusion, I would say to Bro. Purifoy, go to your church and get its recognition and recommendation of your impressions, and then, in faithfulness, put them in exercise, and my belief is, if the Lord is in them, you will be sustained, and if he is not I feel that you do not want to be sustained.

*Culloden, Ga.*

WILDE C. CLEVELAND.

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### FELLOWSHIP.

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Every true lover of Zion is anxious to have peace prevail among us. Each member should labor to maintain the fellowship of the church. Great patience is required to live a consistent, Christian life. We are all more or less imperfect and prone to err. We have our tempers, often ungovernable; and our tongues are often unprofitably employed. Also, we have conflicting interests in worldly things; we must have dealings with each other, buying and selling, borrowing and lending. Our children, with their various follies and imperfections, mingle together in social life. There are a thousand sources for strife to come up among us as a church; besides, each of us is liable to entertain a spirit of jealousy, under which we interpret many things our brethren say and do for evil, when no evil was intended. “With green spectacles on, every thing looks green.” While we have a spirit of jealousy, we can see no real marks of love in our brother. If he treats us well, we are apt to think it is for a purpose. If he visits us, we are apt to suspicion him, and if he don’t, we do the same. We put a bad interpretation on all he says or does; and we are liable at times to be under such a spirit. Envy, hateful as it is, has a place within us; covetousness, malice, strife, hate, all, and more, have their influence upon us; and when we are governed by these, we are plunged into trouble ourselves, and often bring a whole church into trouble. Sometimes a brother or sister steps aside from the path of obedience, and soon imagines that the brethren are feeling unkind to him; interpret everything against himself and becomes wild and shy; acts and feels distant; vacates his or her seat

in the church, and brings a vast amount of trouble unnecessarily. To guard against all these things is the true wisdom of a Christian. From these and similar considerations, it is clear that the only ground upon which we can hope to maintain fellowship, is that of forbearance. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." If we would maintain fellowship, the strong must "bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please ourselves."—Rom. xv. 1. We are to expect our brethren and sisters to err and do things that are wrong, and should not feel disappointed when we have something to bear. "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."—Gal. vi. 1. If our brother errs, we are not to treat him cold and distant, but in a meek and quiet way seek to restore him to the path of duty and to the full fellowship of the church. If your brother does you a wrong, you should think how liable you are to do wrong, and remember that you may, under temptation, do as wrong as he has. Think how tenderly you *would* wish to be dealt with under such circumstances. Remember, too, that he is but a man in the flesh, with all the imperfections of our present state. If he has done you a wrong, you should not, for that, disobey God, who has taught you to deal tenderly with your brother. By looking over your past life, you will, perhaps, see many places in which you have done wrong, and you should be willing to have your life tried by the same rule you use on others, for "with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." So that in trying our brother's case, we should ever remember that we may be tried. These considerations will make us moderate in our dealings with one another. It is a maxim in law that "he that comes into court must have clean hands." He that criticises a brother must himself be above criticism. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." "First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." If these considerations were always duly weighed, there would certainly be much less trouble in our churches. If we consider the weakness of human nature, and the great power

of the wicked one, we may thereby be led to apologize for the sins of our brethren. Our Saviour said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." A temper like this is the richest ornament of a Christian. We greatly desire that God should thus kindly and tenderly deal with us, and how reasonable, then, that we should exercise the greatest patience with one another. We are taught to pray, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."—Matt. vi. 12. How many of us can say that we have manifested the same patient, forgiving temper towards others that we would have the Lord manifest toward us? We cannot go before God in prayer consistently while we entertain an unforgiving temper towards others. I have heard brethren say that if the brethren and sisters can bear with them in their imperfect manners, that they feel sure they can bear anything sooner than have trouble in the church. This is a good state of mind to be in, but it may be, when these same brethren were tried and had something to bear, they refused to *bear anything*; sometimes, perhaps, vacating their seats in the church and remaining away from their duty until the patience of the church was exhausted. Because some brother or brethren had treated them wrong, they would venture to sin against the whole church, and violate the plain word of God, which directs an entirely different course to be pursued. If your brother has injured you, are you, therefore, authorized to disobey God? Certainly not. The wrong of others should prompt us to live nearer and nearer to our duty. The xviii. chapter of Matthew is regarded as being a full directory respecting our duty in matters of difficulty. In verse 15 we read: "Moreover, if thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone."

1st. This seems to have reference to matters of private trespass, or individual difficulty. The pronouns "thy" and "thee," seem to indicate that this instruction is intended to apply in cases where one member has been offended at another.

2d. It is natural for one to say: "Well, he has done me a wrong, and he knows it, and I will wait for him to come to me." But Jesus instructs you to go to the offender and tell him your complaint; don't wait for him to come to you, nor tell your grievance to others;

keep it in your own bosom until you see him. Some times a brother becomes stubborn when he imagines that he has been offended, and quits the church. This is rebellion, and a worse sin against God than others have committed against him. The law directs him to go to the person and tell him privately about it. "Let nothing be done through strife," etc., but "in the spirit of meekness," "considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." It would be well to remember how our Lord dealt with us when he came to us. He told us all things that we had done. He displayed our sins before us, and that in such a sweet and affectionate manner, that our hearts were won by him. We were led to repent of our sins and seek to do right. We were not made angry, although he opened the whole matter to us. Oh! what wisdom he displayed in approaching us, and how successful in gaining us! We may sin in our manner of going, or talking after we go. We must go "in the spirit of meekness," not in a rash, overbearing temper. "Let nothing be done through strife." We need both grace and wisdom to act prudently in a case of this kind, that our brother may feel that our object is good, and that we have not come simply to get ready for a church trial; show that you love him and want to gain him—that you want fellowship; lay all the matter open to him, and patiently hear his side, bearing in mind that you may have done wrong, and in some degree provoked him to do what he has done. Remember that you are fallible and liable to err, and if you gain the object sought, you have gained a great victory. The church need never know there has been a difficulty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## CONSOLATION.

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The drift of all the teaching of what are considered the most intellectual and cultivated minds is, that it is a work of our own that we always be cheerful, pleasant and agreeable, and always looking upon the bright side of everything. They tell us, sometimes, there is no use of our going moping along through life, gloomy, melancholy, cast down, etc.; that noble minds should rise above whatever trials, sorrows and afflictions may come

upon them; that they should master all difficulties, overcome all obstacles and rise superior to, and supremely over, all perplexities, and preserve a calm and unruffled mind at all times. Often have I thought what a wonderful thing this would be if it could only be accomplished. But alas for me! it is something I know but very little about, for mine is a storm-tossed life; not so much in outward appearance, it is true, but in the almost continual conflict that is borne in the mind. Could I always be happy and cheerful under all circumstances I would have to ask what sorrow means. But, dear tried ones in the thorny pathway, I have to tell you that it is not so with me—a heart worn down with trial testifies against it all. Again, we are told that we must not tell our griefs and make ourselves unpleasant by so doing; that we must only speak of pleasant things and make life a pathway of roses, instead of thorns. This might do for those—if there are really such—who find nothing but roses and pleasant things, but the poor and afflicted, the sorely tried children of our God, cannot honestly talk in this way, “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Why did Jeremiah write those bitter lamentations? Because they were realities felt and experienced by himself; and how many tried hearts have bowed in sympathy with the spirit of his words, when they have come home to them in time of deepest trial! “Behold! all ye that pass by, was there ever sorrow like unto my sorrow.” Who can tell the burden of anguish that brought forth the cry, “My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?” Why so eager to talk of pleasure when our evidence demands that we “know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death?” Also, it is in all our afflictions that he was afflicted, and it is the angel of his presence that saves us, that brings us out of affliction. Herein is the consolation. O, let us tell it; let us tell how “we suffer with our Lord below,” we hope, “to reign with him above.” We cannot be like other people if we were to try, neither can I see wherein we should wish to be, for although we must learn what trials are—learn what it is to be “sorrowful even unto death”—yet after the sorrow comes the consolation; and we are also told that the affliction which is but light, which is but for a

moment, worked for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The affliction is considered light, its duration but a moment, the glory is weighty, exceedingly so, and it is eternal—never ending. When we come out to the light a little and consider all this, we think we are ready to endure all that this life can bring of trouble, disappointment, trial, anguish, or whatever can come to us here, if we can only share the glory that is to follow; and when we feel like this, we may know that we are, in some measure, tasting the consolation. But, when the dark hour is upon us, when we are sinking beneath the crushing sorrow, when we are battling with the enemy, when we are hedged about on every side with untold and unlooked for evils—how soon we forget the promise! We cannot even think about the glory that shall be revealed in us; we are stripped of everything here. Our sins and vileness are on every hand; we are full of loathing and bitterness, and we dare not think of comfort. How can we think of glory—such poor, crawling creatures as we are? We seem only as subjects of dissolution, decay and death. Is it possible that glory awaits us? Yet, what words are these! bringing with them a thrill of heavenly joy, “I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.” Who is it speaking these words? It is One who is able to perform all He has promised.

His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises!

He said, Let the wide heaven be spread, and heaven was stretched abroad. \* \* \* Abraham, I'll be thy God, he said, and he was Abraham's God.

O, how sweet it is to feel that the great, the mighty God is so faithful to his word, even to the least and feeblest one. His favor is not toward us because of our worthiness, our importance nor our greatness; but he regardeth those of low estate. We feel assured that in all the things that come to the least and feeblest lamb of the flock of God, the Lord is with them there. Even the hairs of the head are all numbered; and is not every trial noted, too? Our affairs may look so small and trifling to those around us that they may even smile at our sorrows, and think because we are of so

little account it don't matter. The things that befall some great personage are considered of much more importance; but the Father knows ours are just as hard for us to bear. He loves us because we are his; he bought us with a price; he will never leave nor forsake us, for he has said so. Gloomy days may be before us, dark nights await us, but we are told, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" they teach us lessons as they come and go. How often we can remember how such a day seemed; just what that day brought us; just where we were standing; just how all things were looking, when, as it were, some sweet inspiration came to us. On such a day some far-off sweetness reached us; on such a night came, like the falling dew, some heavenly consolation; and although we may look forward with dread when we think of cheerless wintry days, of the cold northern blasts and of darkened skies, yet, as they come and go, we learn to say, we need all the days. How many times I have said it through the last days I have passed, when, at times, I have felt a wish that the days before me were over, as they promised so much of endurance; yet, this wish has been checked by the words, "We need all the days." They are not Scriptural words, yet I know the Scriptures teach us that we need to wait all the appointed time. And sweeter than falling strains of softest music, more pleasant than loveliest flowers and fairest skies that May-time brings to me, have come the words in the dark hours I have been called to pass, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you." Yours in love,

Woodstock, Mich.

KATE SWARTOUT.

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### THE SHIP AT SEA.

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"And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep."

Jesus entered this ship and his disciples followed him. *As a man*, his personal safety was committed to this ship, as well as that of his disciples. He would not have so entered it, had not the ship been reasonably fitted up with all the appliances for a successful and safe navigation of the sea. Its cords, sails, rudder, rudder-bands, and skilled officers and crew were all necessary for that purpose. A tempest arose, and the ship was covered

with the waves, and threatened its destruction. Great fear fell upon his disciples, lest the strength of the ship was insufficient to withstand the great strain upon it. The skill of the officers and crew was also put to a severe test, and all seemingly was about to be lost. In this extremity they thought of Christ, who was also a passenger on the ship, and resorted to him with that agonizing cry, "Lord, save, or we perish!" Their fear made it manifest that their trust was in the ship, its officers and crew.

While they had left all, and followed Christ, saying, this is that Prophet of whom the prophets of old prophesied, and of whom the Psalmist sung, saying, he is Lord of lords and King of kings, the Lord from heaven, whose gracious words and miraculous powers had been exhibited to them, yet all this was forgotten in their present distress. They seemed not to think of him until fear drove them to do so, to save their lives. Doubtless, in the beginning of this storm, they discussed the question of the strength of the ship, and the skill of her officers and crew to carry them safely through it, and felt assured these were sufficient. The number of voyages which she had made, the many storms which she had weathered before, all come up before them to allay their fears. But the storm continued to rage, and they saw but one result, and that the ship would go to pieces and all would be lost. Then, and not until then, did they think of him whose safety seemed imperiled. Not until then did they realize the fact that without him they could do nothing. Could they have considered for a moment, Christ is on board this ship; all power in heaven and in earth is given into his hands, then fear would have been dissipated. But not so, they could not come to him except it was given to them of the Father; and this was the way it was given to them to come to Christ. Certainly it was not a way of their own choosing. They did not come to him with a shout of joy, feeling that his safety would in any way depend upon them or their aid, in helping man the ship, to tie its broken cords, or in bailing out the water that filled its hull, but they came to him as helpless, undone creatures, without strength, as little children, feeling that all human effort was at an end, and to him only could they look for safety. Had it not been for the storm they could not have so felt, but would have gone on in the voyage without thinking of Christ, and feeling that the strength of the ship and the skill of her officers and crew were the main factors of their safe deliverance. This feeling would have been intensified if the ship had gone safely through the storm. But God works out of sight, and the means he employs are always sufficient to the end. All other trust must be removed—he alone will be glorified. So the storm raged not a little, giving them a

good scare, but the waves covered the ship, leaving no hope save in his power. Then they came to him, falling before him, Lord, save, or we perish.

Here is the experience of every one who has been brought to Christ—who has been taught of the Lord. This is the way lessons are learned in His school. Here is the sign of Jonas, the prophet, in the belly of hell, from the depths of despair they cry unto him. To all such the doctrine that salvation is dependent upon the exercise of some power in man, becomes foolishness, a myth, and utterly at variance with God's teachings.

This ship and voyage is not only typical of Christian experience as applied to individuals, but also to church organism. While church organism is good and essential to church unity and government, and is a place of temporal safety, and the enjoyment of the things which pertain to the kingdom, and is beneficial and necessary for the people of God, and appointed and officered of God for his glory, and the comfort of the saints, yet we may look more to the organism sometimes for safety than to Christ, who is with us in it. And for this reason great storms arise, threatening her destruction. And I fear in the storm which now seems to threaten the Primitive Baptist organism, we are inclined to look more to the mending of the appliances of the ship than we do to Christ. While all these appliances are necessary for the safety of the ship, and should be kept in order, yet if the destruction of the ship is necessary to bring us to Christ, it will be destroyed. But I believe Christ is in this ship, and will not suffer its destruction, yet I am of the opinion the storm will continue to rage until we are brought to him saying, "Lord, save, or we perish."

Patching the ship, splicing her spars and mending her cords will not alone save us; we must go to Christ. When those who were on board the ship of the text went to him, their differences of opinion, as regards the inherent strength of the ship, the skill of her officers, and what was necessary to be done in order to save it, were all abandoned. They came with one accord, with one agonizing, last resort supplication, "Lord, save! or we perish."

It looks to me if we, as a people, could only see the signs aright, have come to the point when we must go to Christ or go to pieces. Lord, help us to come in meekness, gentleness, love, fear and in sincerity to Christ; fasting from seeking our own pleasure and honor, not hiding ourselves from our own flesh, not fasting to fight with the fist of wickedness, but bringing to our house him that is cast out, dealing bread to the hungry, breaking every yoke; undoing the heavy burden,

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and, in short, proving our faith by our works, and not by our empty words and long epistles on doubtful questions, such as the immortality of the soul, eternal vital union, absolute predestination of all things, means, and such like questions, which we may sometimes discuss in a friendly way, in a time of peace, when there is no storm raging—without doing much harm. But now, let us lay aside everything but Christ and his injunctions. Come to him in act, in word, in deed, forbearing one another, loving one another, bearing each other's burdens, not seeking to shun responsibilities or casting them on others, under some specious reasons, plausible to our own selves but to nobody else; remembering when we get right ourselves, we do not see so many faults in others; not looking so much to the ship and her crew as to the precepts and teachings of the Scriptures.

The commonwealth of Israel was a type of the church, and I believe it is an admitted historical fact that their prosperity was in exact proportion to their adherence to the precepts and teachings of the Scriptures, and the downfall of that commonwealth was traceable to their departure from these precepts and teachings. They had internal dissensions and sharp controversies about mere theories and traditions, as the Primitive Baptists are having to-day. Now, lest we be likewise overthrown, let us not look so much to the temple and its structure and strength, as to that which comes out of it. The discussion of the theory of navigation, or the rigging of the ship when in a storm, will not calm the sea or the raging of the storm. The storm makes manifest the weakness of the ship and her officers. So, let us not look so much to these things as to Christ, who is able to calm the storm and save the ship. Let us not be like those who were in the ship with Paul—want to jump overboard and abandon her—but let us throw overboard that which is unnecessary and abide in her, trusting in God.

If some have jumped overboard and are floundering in the waves, let us try to rescue them, and not turn our backs on them and say, Let them get back the best way they can; they had no business to jump out. We are willing to rescue them if they will come back, but if they are not minded to do this, let them perish in the waves. This is not the dictates of love; this is not the way we would act if one of our natural children should jump overboard. Oh! no; we would be frantic with fear until we got them back. Let us not be like the son that remained at home and never went astray, whose conduct was seemingly so beautiful, but whose heart was filled with meanness, made manifest by the return of his poor brother, who had gone off and spent all his property in riotous living. But let us

strive to have the spirit of the father—the spirit of love, without which all our seeming goodness amounts to nothing.

If the Primitive Baptist Church is nothing more than a party organization—although the principles for which they contend, touching its inherent strength, may be all right and sound—we are no more than any other party, political or otherwise, if we are destitute of love, save for our party.

Great political parties, the outgrowth of patriotism for good government, have proven a blessing to the governed, so long as true patriotism was the cementing force of such party, but when selfish greed on the part of its leaders becomes such cementing force, it becomes a curse instead of a blessing to the body politic.

“He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.” Love is the symbol of the kingdom of heaven. Any ship sailing under any other, and in the name of Christ, is a pirate, or thief and robber.

Have we this symbol? Being sound in the practices, traditions and outward forms and teachings of the kingdom, are some of the outward works of the church, but we may be as sound in all these as Paul was in that of the law and elders, yet as far from that kingdom as he was before Jesus spoke to him in his journey to Damascus.

H. BUSSEY.

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## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

### THE TEN VIRGINS.

The parable of the ten virgins as mentioned in Matt. xxv., is an illustration of what the blessed Jesus had taught in the xxiv chapter; and though it is instructive to Christian churches in their visibly organized capacity as showing the difference between the humble and obedient and those who are vain and disobedient, yet there is no doubt but in its most direct and primary application it illustrates the difference between those Jews who depended for acceptance with God upon their strictness in the form and letter of the law, and those who observed the same law by faith in Jesus Christ who was shadowed forth by the law. Both classes of wor-

shippers had virgin purity as to the form and letter of ceremonial worship, and as illustrated by the wise and foolish virgins, both journeyed along or slumbered and slept together till Christ the Bridegroom should come to the marriage, and then none but those who were wise unto salvation by faith in Christ Jesus were ready to enter in with him into the gospel kingdom and partake of its joys.

But while this is the primary and most direct application, there is no doubt much that is useful to the church that may be drawn from the likeness of the kingdom unto five wise and five foolish virgins. And whether we regard the foolish virgins as representing disobedient and slothful Christians in the church, or as mere nominal members without grace, the illustration will hold good in either case, that they cannot enter with Jesus to feast upon the rich promises and blessings of the gospel with those who are obedient. Everywhere in the New Testament a distinction is noted between an obedient and a disobedient church or its members. Those to whom Christ gives rest of spirit in believing to the saving of the soul, are commanded to take his yoke upon them, and the blessed promise is they shall "find rest unto their souls."—Matt. xi. 29. And it should not be overlooked that neither disobedient Christians nor mere nominal members, can enter with Jesus or find this promised rest. The "evil servant" who distrusts the coming of his Lord, and smites his fellow servants for their patient waiting, while he himself begins to eat and drink with those who are drunk with the doctrine of Babylon, will suddenly find himself "cut assunder" from the fellowship and communion of the church, and have to take his portion with the unbelievers and hypocrites, though it be done 'with weeping and gnashing of teeth.' It is "*then*" that the kingdom of heaven is likened unto Ten Virgins—a distinction is manifested and a separation has come. And this separation—this final result—is what is mainly illustrated when the Saviour says, "*Then* shall the kingdom of heaven be likened to ten virgins which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom: and five of them were wise and five foolish." Thus we have written hastily by request.—M.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF A SINNER.

I graduated on the 4th of August, 1852, and married the same day. My wife's name was Ella Nora A. Respass, and her mother was my second cousin. I was admitted to the bar and opened a law office right here in Butler, nearly forty years ago. My father gave me a good farm; my fields were fertile, and enclosed in rich hills of original forest—woods without "a stick amiss," and almost as they were when the Indian, Esau-like, took his venison in them. I loved those grand old woods, and when a boy I often wandered over them alone, stopping here and there and gazing for hours at a time on the hills around me, and the valley below, through which the Oakchumpka, a good sized creek, wound its way. I wished no better company than the giant oaks, hickory and walnuts, stretching their limbs up toward heaven as if in praise and supplication to God. I built a house in the forest, on a gentle declivity, around the base of which the Oakchumpka ran its way until it escaped behind the hills. The small-pox broke out in Butler, and I fled from it, leaving my law books and all, expecting to return again and practice my profession, but God knew better than I did. I did, indeed, return again, after about thirty years, but not as a lawyer, but as a prematurely aged Primitive Baptist preacher.

We went to the farm and were happy. I loved my wife and she loved me. With gun and fishing-rod we spent a great deal of our first year on the farm in the woods and on the creek. It was an idle life, but a happy one. There was no curse upon earth to us then, for we had all that our hearts desired. Hardly could Adam and Eve have been happier in Eden than we were. My vows to God were all forgotten. As certainly as God ever gave me any good gift of this world he gave me my wife. I loved her before I ever saw her, and by our mutual love I have been enabled to understand, to some extent, the character of Christ's love for the church. My wife loved me, and though she knew my weakness and depravity, it did not abate her love for me, because it was a love given from above. As for her, there was in my eyes, no spot in her; she was all fair. She is now in heaven; and the Lord gave me her

sister, another good wife. Truly God has been good to me!

The first little cloud that arose on our earthly heaven was from a headache I began to have in the fall. I had it from day to day, and it grew worse until it culminated in the worst form of fever and ague. This clung to me like a leech for eighteen months, and left me almost ruined in health. The next trouble was the loss of our first born and then our only child, a little boy. This blow brought my wife to her knees before God. In the intensity of her grief she desired to die to be with her babe; and then it flashed into her mind that she could not go to her babe, because the babe was in heaven and she was not fit to go to heaven. And thus God began to deal with her, and continued until she was made to cease caring for the babe in the greater care for her own soul; and to desire to be prepared for heaven to be with Jesus. She was a member then of the New School Baptists, and had a strong prejudice against Primitive Baptists, because, as she had heard, they drank whisky. One day, soon after we were married, she saw the late Eld. Dickey (now in heaven) take a dram at my father's house, and she was much disgusted in seeing a preacher do such a thing. And one day at Ebenezer—my father and mother's church—she saw the sisters in their old-fashioned bonnets and dresses, and that also disgusted her. But when the Lord humbled her and poured his love into her heart, Eld. Dickey and those dear old sisters were the ones of all the earth whom she loved, and at whose feet she felt to be. Oh, our dear Lord does indeed work wonders!

The chills and fever reduced me very low, permanently injuring my health, and I became very gloomy, for death was continually in my mind. One day I was talking to my brother James (long ago dead), who was a physician, and who, casually looking into my eyes said, "Why, what's the matter with the pupils of your eyes; they are much enlarged; is anything the matter with your heart?" And that gave me a terrible fright, for I had believed for some time that my heart was diseased, but kept it to myself, not even speaking of it to my wife, that I remember. I became almost afraid to open a newspaper, lest I should find that some body had died suddenly with heart disease. I felt to be a

doomed man, and I was miserable. And thus I began again to call upon the Lord. The burden of my prayer to the Lord was for life; that he would spare me; for I loved life and feared death; death was horrible to me. I did not want to leave my wife, for I loved her, nor to leave the world either, for I loved it. This was my prayer for several months, and was with me night and day; walking, sitting or riding, my cry to God was that I might live. And gradually I began to fear that the Lord would not hear me, and that I must die, so from necessity I was made to cry to God that if I must die that I might be made willing to die, and prepared for death and heaven. This prayer increased in intensity as I despaired of life, so that one day as I was riding through my plantation, with my head hung down in prayer, praying to be made willing to die, I suddenly experienced a mysterious, unexpected and wonderful change in my feelings. It was so sudden and unexpected that I could not understand it, and wished it all done over, so that I could understand it. I suddenly felt like I loved Jesus and every creature made in his image; I thought of the sot, lying outcast by the way-side, that I loved even him, because he was as a man in the image of Jesus. The fear of death for the moment fled away, and grace, I hope, reigned in my heart, and then, as I have said, I wanted to get back into the condition I was before this sudden and unexpected change, so that I could take better notice of how it came about; but I could not get back there. Then this scripture was presented to me: "—sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."—John v. 14. I felt like that meant that I should go to the church, and go at once. The next day I went to Eld. Dickey's to talk to him about it, but he was not at home. On Saturday morning, a day or two after, I went again, and met him in the road, near the meeting-house, and it was meeting day. I talked with him, telling him my little exercises, and that I did not feel fit to join the church, but that it seemed to me that I had to do it, or to die. And he, good man that he was, encouraged me, and I remained at the meeting-house. It was unpleasant weather, in November or December, and the congregation was small. Bro. Dickey preached and I sat waiting, but not listening to his sermon. I sat with

such thoughts as these running through my mind: "You are here to join the church, but you are not fit to join the church, for these are good people; you are not fit because you are ashamed to do it, and if you were fit you would not be ashamed; but do it you must, or you will die—a worse thing will come upon you" I was a monster of depravity; my pride and vanity were a great host against which I had no might nor power; but my fear of death was stronger than my pride, and prevailed over it, and this has been a trouble with me all my life; for it seemed to me that I was impelled to obedience by fear of death, and that the love of God and the church had nothing to do with it; and my obedience has seemed to be only Midianite against Midianite—one unclean spirit against another, fear against pride—and thus I got into the church destitute of the right spirit. This has been a sore trouble to me; and now though an old man I do not seem to be any better than I was then; in fact, do not seem to be as humble as I was then. But it was different with my sainted wife; for when she joined the church she was so filled with the Holy Ghost at the time, that not a wave of trouble rolled across her peaceful breast; and it was so with her for several days.

When Bro. Dickey closed his sermon the door of the church was opened, and a long hymn was sung, and the last two lines repeated, before I could drag my sinful self up to the bench at the pulpit to talk with a stony heart to those compassionate people who received me into the church. The next day was a stormy one, and but few were at my baptism, and I was glad of it, for I did not want anybody to see me baptized. Can it be possible that I am a Christian? If I am saved I am sure it can only be by pure, naked, unadulterated grace. I had no special joy when I was baptized, as other Christians seem to have, and that troubled me. My impressions were to join the church, and baptism was but a step to that end. About three weeks afterward I had feeling of this sort, that I had done my duty, and that was all. The day I joined the church, on my return home, when near my garden, I suddenly felt like I would drop dead, as the thought of preaching flashed through my mind, for that seemed to be more than I could bear. "If," I thought, "I could be a member like

my father and my uncle Worthy, and go to meeting once a month, that I could bear that, but to be going to meeting all my life, and always studying about religion, was too hard, and a punishment I could not bear. And to be an Old Baptist preacher at that! Was there ever such an unsubdued sinner before, who claimed a hope? But I am trying my best to make an honest confession. When I got into my house I was ashamed to tell my wife what I had done; for I knew that she knew me and knowing me as she did, I could not think she could have any confidence in my religion, and that she would be sorry I had done it. Finally, however, looking off from her, not daring to look her in the face, I told her, and to my surprise, she threw her arms around my neck exclaiming, "Oh, I am so glad!"

Now my troubles began and have not ended to this day. There was an old deacon, Mansel Hammock, now in glory, who often closed the meetings with good talks to the church and to the young people, and especially to young Christians, and I had heard him tell about how he felt it his duty, when he had joined the church, to say grace at his table and to read the scriptures and to pray in his family, and it impressed me very much. And it was with me in trying to say grace at my table like it was with Moses taking the serpent into his hands; it seemed to be the hardest thing I ever undertook, though there was nobody present but my wife. I said my father's grace, which was a short one, but it did seem to me that it took me a half hour to say it, and I would not have been at all surprised when I raised my head up, if I had caught my wife laughing at me, but I would not look at her.

But I was mighty needy, and had an old negro brother named Jerry, to come into my house many a night and pray for us, after I read a chapter in the Testament. I felt like I ought to pray myself, but I could not do it, and would get him to do it. Finally, however, one night, after having for several nights read a chapter or two to my wife, and then putting up the book to go to bed, my heart failing me, I that night after reading said, "Nona, let us try to pray," and we knelt down and I said, "Lord have mercy on us," and burst into tears, and she cried, and that was all I said and we got up. That was my first attempt at prayer with my wife. I

got me a pocket Testament, and it was my constant companion; I read it in the fields, down in the gullies on my knees, for I had began to doubt the truth of the doctrine of election, and was crying to God while reading, to show me the truth; and that if it was not true to show it to me; and if I was not a Christian, to show it to me and make me one; and that if the Old Baptists were not the true church to show it to me and give me grace to go to the true church. For when I went to meeting and the preacher preached the doctrine of election, I did not love the doctrine; it seemed to be unfair not to give all a chance to be saved. And then the good old brethren would say, when such sermons were preached, "What a comforting sermon we have had to-day," but it was no comfort to me. So one day I told old Bro. Hammock that I was not fit to be in the church, and that I wanted him to have my name blotted out of the book; and that I feared the Old Baptists were getting to be like other denominations, ready to take in anybody, for they must have known when they took me, that I was not fit. I was very miserable, for while talking and thinking as I did, I was continually studying about preaching, feeling that I had to preach. And again, when the preachers told their big experiences, it would make me feel like I had no Christian experience at all; and I was audacious enough one day to ask a preacher, in the simplicity of my heart, if he did not exaggerate his experience when he was telling it; and it made him mad, and he cut me up, saying "if his was as little as mine, he might wish to do it." All these things were against me. But probably this is as much as the reader can bear at one time, and I will stop now.

R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Reader, when the vessel of your soul has given over sailing, we may conclude the divine winds have given over blowing. He who is omniscient to know your wants, is also omnipotent to grant your request. Are you made a spiritual priest, and will you refuse to offer up spiritual sacrifices? Your affections should soar like an eagle, when your lips cannot move faster than a snail.

## ONE THOUSAND BLACK BABIES.

Under the above heading the *Atlanta Constitution*, of February 10th, gives a brief sketch of a certain Christian banker, as he was considered in Chicago, by the name of Kean, who had so secured the confidence of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," and other religious societies, that they had freely entrusted him with their benevolent funds, and among other deposits for benevolent purposes, were thirty thousand dollars, by Bishop Taylor, for the purchase of "One thousand black babies" in Africa, to be brought to this country to be educated and have their souls saved at much less cost than by any modern missionary plan ever before invented for that purpose. But alas for human depravity! before the funds had been drawn from the bank of this benevolent and Christian gentleman, he failed, as bankers often do, and with him goes a failure for the purchase and salvation of the souls of 1,000 black babies!! Now this certainly is a black business all the way through, and by all concerned in it, but no doubt the indignant wrath of Bishop Taylor and his benevolent friends will be poured out without mixture of mercy upon the head of the defaulting banker, Kean.

Having given the substance of the article above alluded to, we have no comment to make, further than to remind the reader that it is a great mercy from the Lord that the eternal salvation of souls from sin and death does not rest upon such an uncertain, corrupt and sandy foundation as that contemplated by Bishop Taylor, and in looking at the subject of salvation, or of soul-saving, from a Bible standpoint, we ask every candid and well-instructed Christian in the land, if such proceedings as recited above for the salvation of the souls of 1,000 black babies, does not show conclusively to every thinking mind that heathens of the most deluded character may be found much nearer home than in the dreary wilds of Africa? If the salvation of the souls of 1,000 black babies can be obtained at \$30 a head, how much will it require to save the soul of one defaulting banker like Mr. Kean? Better try a little more on him before importing any cases from Africa.

M.

## EXTRACTS.

NEW PROVIDENCE, ALA., April 27, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Mitchell:* As you requested, and as I promised, I will try to write you. I got home safely on Monday after the third Sunday—this day one week ago—after calling on my sister at Browneville, Eld. Porter, Bro. Digby and others of the brethren and sisters at that place. I came from thence to Dothan, Henry county, to see our son who resides there, and on my return stopped over one night at Ozark, Dale county, and met Eld Hancks and other brethren, and from thence came up to Brundidge and filled my regular appointment at Baptist Rest Church. On my arrival home I found my family as well as when I left them, but my farm work somewhat behind; but we have had fine weather and are now pretty well up.

Well, I have had much meditation about you since my visit to your house, and feel that I was benefitted by the visit and by what I saw and heard. I have been thinking of the wonderful providence of God in preserving and sustaining you in his service through so many years of trials and afflictions of almost every nature, and now, in the evening of your life, while you are physically disabled to go much from home, the Lord has provided you a house of worship—a place of meeting—at your door, where the saints can meet you and enjoy your services, and where you are, by the grace of God, enabled to perform, perhaps, the most important and effectual labor of your ministerial life. I have been thinking of the abundant grace bestowed upon you, by which you have, for near half a century, occupied one and the same field of labor to the universal satisfaction of the brotherhood, and to the honor, praise, and glory of the Redeemer. Surely, you have been “strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might,” from the first until now. And yet, with all your excellent gifts and qualifications, you have been kept humble, meek and lowly, and have not fallen a victim to pride, vanity or fleshly ambition. Yes, dear aged brother in the Lord, you stand to-day on the walls of Zion, a living witness of the goodness, mercy and grace of God, with the marks and scars of many a hard-fought battle, bearing the palms of victory and triumph over every opposing element, through the grace which is in Christ Jesus. You can justly say, with Paul the apostle, “By the grace of God I am what I am.”

And now, as the apostle says, “I have confidence in the Lord touching you;” that he will comfort, strengthen and sustain you throughout your precious life on earth “by that grace wherein you stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”

You will excuse the above expressions of what I really feel and think of you, and in connection with yourself I have considered, with equal admiration, the Christian virtues of your helpmeet, whose example is worthy of emulation by the wife of every minister of the gospel. I know something of what she has suf-

ferred for the sake of the cause in which you have been called to labor, and that few, if any, have ever learned to appreciate the service she has rendered the cause in connection with your labors, nor can the sacrifices and sufferings of such women in such position ever be told. The Lord bless and pity the wives of His ministers. Sister Mitchell will pardon this expression, but I mean all that I have said on this subject.

I was over at Beulah (Troy) yesterday and the day before. We had a pleasant meeting, and Elds. H. King and Noah Carroll were with us and bore a part in the services. My charges are scattered so as to involve much fatiguing travel and inconvenience. One church about 30 miles from here, another 18, and another eight, and our home church one mile. I find my strength rapidly failing, and my mind, also, failing in a corresponding degree, and cannot hope to be of much more use to the cause, or to any one. I have hired a man to plow in my stead for a few days, and hope that a little rest may be good for me.

Should the Lord so impress your mind, I would be glad to have your views, through the MESSENGER, of Titus i., 10 to 13, inclusive. Who is Titus required to rebuke sharply that they may be sound in the faith? If it be those unruly and vain talkers, liars, evil beasts, slowbellies, are we to understand that such men were children of God? If not, could the preaching of Titus, or any other minister of the gospel, make such base characters sound in the faith? Or, was it the whole houses or families who had been subverted by those men who were to be rebuked that they might be sound in the faith?

With sincere desire for your prosperity, and a sense of the abiding presence of the Lord whom you serve, I subscribe myself your most humble brother in the bonds of Christian love,

J. E. W. HENDERSON.

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[In my editorial in June issue, I referred to Eld. Temples' letter and extracted the strongest point in it, and now give a further extract from it. I am sorry that Eld. Temples is laid up with his throat so he has to leave off preaching; but I hope he will write for the MESSENGER.]—R.

\* \* \* It does seem to me that if this matter could be shown up clearly by the Scriptures, that there would be no necessity for wrangling or disputing over it, and I hope that some of the brethren, if they can, will, with the word of the Lord, set it forth that we may all see it alike; and I will say here, for myself, that I prefer Elds. Hassell's, Respass', Chick's, and other brethren's views on this subject, or I had rather we would all do what they think is right, if I can see the consistency in it, and the Scriptures that justify it.

There is an application before the churches in our Association now from a church that has been cut off from us since 1867, I think, and we would be glad, or at least I would, to receive them, if we can and be consistent and not violate gospel order. They

certainly are good Baptists there, and they claim to be standing aloof now from all the unscriptural institutions of men. May the blessed Lord direct us all aright in this matter and all things pertaining to the church. May our will not be known in those things, but the Lord's will be done, I hope, is my prayer for the Redeemer's sake, Amen!

H. TEMPLES.

P. S.—I hope to hear from the brethren again on this subject, and from any who may feel to have a word for us in this time of trial.

H. T.

BOX SPRINGS, GA., April 25, 1891.—*Dear and Much Esteemed Bro. Respass:* Time and again I have had a desire to write you, but for fear my promptings were not of the right spirit, I have desisted, but I now write as my mind may direct.

First, I will say the MESSENGER comes regularly, and be assured I appreciate it very much. I hope it is doing good, and, as for myself, I would feel at a loss without it. I sometimes feel like I covet that humble spirit you manifest in all your editorials. When I read your article in the MESSENGER in regard to Eld. Rowe, and come to your words (and I hav'nt ceased to love Bro. Rowe yet), I could but thank God for such a spirit and such brethren, and I hope I thank God for such gifts, for it is nothing but the grace of God humbled you, and surely I feel to be at your feet.

It seems that the subject of evangelists is upon the minds of the brethren at present. Some things that have been written upon that subject are, according to my views, very good, and some I could not say amen to. I think Bro. Bazemore has a very good article on that subject. I do not think it necessary to get up any new plans on that subject, for I fear we are fixing a stumbling block for some humble brother. Not long since I called on a deacon and spent the night with him, and this subject came up, and he stated that a certain brother had been in the habit of preaching for them when passing, but since there had been so much to say on the subject of traveling preachers, he had quit preaching for them. Also, the idea that a minister must have special invitations to visit churches, or ask permission to have an appointment at churches, I hardly think Scriptural; if so, I would be glad to find it.

The fields are white unto harvest, and we ought to encourage such able and humble brethren as Bro. Purifoy with the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel;" but if Bro. Purifoy should manifest any bad spirit, then he should be rejected. But have any of the readers of the MESSENGER ever read an article that displayed more humility than his article in the last number? Surely, nothing but the spirit of God could bring Bro. Purifoy to this standpoint.

Brethren, we should examine ourselves to see whether or not we are in the faith; we must not be like the Indian's tree—so

straight we lean over. I fear we are trying to be more strict than Christ or his apostles intended, and we may, in so doing, become Pharisaical in our devotion. Yours in hope, F. W. BLAND.

REISTERSTOWN, MD., April 1, 1891.—*Dear Brother:* In your comment upon my last letter you were right. I did not mean to deny that it is right for the erring to ask forgiveness when they have done wrong. The erring one in the parable had sought and obtained forgiveness from his father, and when his father was satisfied, it was enough. The spirit to want to see the penitent one down at my feet is of the flesh. That was, in substance, what I meant. I do not want to imply that when a man is penitent he will not feel to confess wherein he has wronged his brother.

As ever, your brother in hope, F. A. CHICK.

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## OBITUARIES.

### MRS. VIOLA WORREL.

Our neice, MRS. VIOLA WORREL, was born Nov. 20, 1872, was married to J. T. Worrel Jan. 23, 1890, and died Oct. 25, 1890. She was the daughter of J. M. and Susan Thompson. Ola was as industrious, modest, quiet, and unassuming daughter as I ever knew; she was kind and affectionate to all of her friends; no one ever knew Ola but to love her. God, in his infinite wisdom, we fully believe, took her to himself because she was too pure and lovely to remain long in this sin-smitten world. Only two days of intense suffering was allotted her before the Lord took her to himself. She leaves a husband, an infant two days old, a father and mother, four brothers and four sisters to mourn her irreparable loss. Oh! that we could be reconciled to the will of our Father in heaven, and say, "Thy will be done and not ours." But it is hard to give up relatives and friends, never to see their faces again on earth. We would say to the bereaved father and mother, dry up your tears and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." We have every evidence to believe it is for your good she was taken. Then we would say:

Dear Susan, weep no more,  
For there is yet a happier shore  
Where kindred tongues shall meet again,  
To sing our dear Redeemer's name.

And we would say to the brothers and sisters, follow in the foot-steps of your dear sister. And may we all be prepared by grace to meet her in heaven above, where there will be no more sorrow, is the prayer of the unworthy writer,  
MRS. M. V. ALLEN.

### IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. SUE M. PATE, PITTSBORO, MISS., WIFE OF MR. L. PATE, DIED JAN. 8, 1891, AGED FORTY-SIX YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS, FIVE DAYS.

After many days of sad watching, we, the many loved and loving friends of Mrs. Sue Pate, saw her quietly and softly close her eyes in death's long sleep, Jan. 8, 1891. With tear-dimmed eyes we turned from that couch where we had witnessed so much suffering, thankful that her mortal body was at last freed from pain, yet with sorrow for our own great loss, realizing how hard it is for frail humanity to say "Thy will be

done, not ours." For twenty years she had been the subject of severe affliction, which seemed to sweeten and ennoble her life, and under this great trial, all the better traits of womanhood shone forth as pure gold shines when freed from dross by the refiner's furnace. As a Christian, wife, mother, sister and friend, she was true. For many years she was a zealous and devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church, true in her allegiance to the church of her choice, yet exercising toward all a kindness, gentleness and loving charity that recognized and embraced in her Christian love all who bore fruits of having been taught of the Lord. Her suffering for eleven years prior to death was beyond description, yet she bore it all with a fortitude that none save those supported by the grace of God could exhibit. Being fully reconciled to the will of God, she often conversed freely concerning her departure, saying, "If it is the Lord's will, I would like to be spared to my family, but if He will to call me now, I have no fear." Blessed words of hope and comfort for sorrowing ones here below! Having enjoyed the sweet privilege of attending this precious sister in her last days, and so often hearing these sweet words of faith and trust as they fell from her lips, I feel to know that her soul was at peace with her God, and that by faith she viewed the change as only the sweeping aside a misty veil and revealing to her something more blessed and beautiful than earth can give. Oh, for such faith and supporting grace for us all when we come to press the pillow in death! How selfish of us to wish her to stay longer in this life of suffering, but the hearts of many are sad as they repeat the words, "she is gone."

To the devoted husband who for so long had faithfully ministered to her wants, sparing neither expense nor fatigue that she might be cared for—how dark now seems the world, for never had man a more loving wife, or children a more devoted mother, while another link is gone which bound together loving brothers and sisters. But the memory of her loving and unselfish life will remain, and may it influence our own, especially her children, two of whom are old enough to realize their great loss and be benefited by the remembrance of her wise counsels. May they ever be impressed to follow in her steps of a just and upright life, and be the true and noble men she so earnestly wished. May God protect and guide them, with the darling baby boy too young to feel his orphanage, and, if His will, again re-unite them with their mother and her other babes gone on before in that better world.

To the bereaved and lonely husband, I would tender the sympathy of a loving sister, who will ever cherish the warmest gratitude for his untiring devotion to the dear departed. Yes, dear brother, well do I know the light of your home is gone out, but look up and be comforted; while we have much to mourn there is much to console. Though we cannot cease to yearn for the loved face gone and the sound of the voice that is still, we feel to know in that better world where the weary are at rest, it is well with our dear one. The veil that hides her from us is dropping softly but surely away, and in a short while we will all follow on. Then may the same strong faith which was hers be ours, when we enter the dark Valley of Death.

Farewell, darling Sue! though we cannot cease to mourn for ourselves, and your home seems so drear without you, we sometime hope to meet you never to part—in that home beyond the skies where sorrows never enter and joy reigns supreme.

ANGIE L. EMBRY.

*Coffeeville, Miss.*

#### MRS. MARY PRICE.

ELD. J. R. RESPESS—*Dearly Beloved Brother in the Lord*: It has become my painful duty to chronicle the death of one of our highly esteemed and dearly beloved mothers in Israel, Sister Mary Price, who departed this life February 15, 1891. The deceased was born in Virginia, December 15, 1831. She came to this State while in her minority, and was joined in

holy wedlock to our dearly beloved brother in Christ, Lewis Price, in 1851, by whom she had four daughters, all of whom are yet living.

Soon after she was married she became concerned in reference to her situation as a sinner before God, which trouble lasted nearly one whole year. But it pleased God to reveal himself to her as her Saviour, and she went, after long and weary halting, before the Mt. Zion Church, in Fulton county, Illinois, on the second Sunday in March, 1863, giving the brethren and sisters a satisfactory reason of her hope in God, and was received as a member among them. As a mother she reared and partly reared five families of children; two of them (orphans) had their home with her at the time of her death. Besides her four daughters, she had three stepchildren, one sister and quite a goodly number of grandchildren, all of whom she leaves to mourn her loss. Sister Price was beloved by all who knew her; she was truly an angel of mercy to suffering humanity, always ready to give to the needy. She once told the writer that she did not want anything too good or too costly to divide with the sick and dying. The writer can bear witness of her kind hospitality, both in her own house by always being ready with open doors for the gospel, and then her free-will offerings for the benefit of the church, and especially her ministering brethren. The writer has known her frequently to send her free-will offerings by others when she found that she could not go. But, bereaved ones, brethren and sisters in church relation, children and grandchildren, friends and neighbors, we sorrow not as those without hope, for she said she was ready to go. Truly "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." At the time of her decease, the weather being very bad, the funeral discourse was postponed until the first Sunday in April, when, agreeable to her last request, the unworthy writer tried to comfort the bereaved and mourning friends from the Apostle's language to the Philippian saints, while speaking to them in reference to his own decease, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. i, 21.

May it be the will of our Heavenly Father to fill the sad vacancy in his church by shedding forth his Spirit upon her children and grandchildren, is the sincere desire of the unworthy writer.

Mother, thou hast gone and left us;  
God has taken thee away;  
May his Spirit who has bereft us  
Of our mother be our stay.

Mother's presence we're deprived of,  
Both at home and in the church,  
Yet, may her past example  
Lead us after truth to search.

*Harmon, Ills.*

CYRUS HUMPHREY.

#### ELDER J. T. RUSSELL.

This precious brother and faithful servant of the Lord was born in Talbot county, Georgia, February 4, 1832, joined the church at Valley Grove and was baptized by Eld. Creed Caldwell in 1853; was married to Miss Agnes S. McDowell November 25, 1856, and moved to Brundige, Pike county, Ala., where he became a member of Baptist Rest Church, and in 1858 was ordained to fill the office of deacon. He remained there until the commencement of the war, about which time he removed his family to their former home in Georgia, and volunteered his services as a Confederate soldier in May, 1862, and served for two years. In 1870 he was ordained to the gospel ministry by Elds. S. D. Terry, David Caldwell and Nathan Bussey, by order of the church at Valley Grove, from which time he was pastor of said church until 1872, when he moved back to Pike county, Alabama, and located near the town of Troy, and remained in this county until his death, which occurred January 5, 1891.

Bro. Russell was, for many years, a practicing physician, how long, or from what medical college he graduated, we are not informed; but this we know—that as such, he was faithful, successful and, therefore, one of

the most popular and reliable physicians in this country. In his profession he was generous to a fault; for, although he was, for many years, almost an invalid himself, he was ever ready to render his professional services to any and all who called upon him, rich or poor, bond or free, pay or no pay—he would do all he could to relieve the sufferings of humanity. If he dealt unjustly, or wronged any one, it was himself.

As a minister he was equally faithful and zealous, and devoted his time and talents, as much as was possible, to the work of the gospel ministry with that ability that won for him the universal esteem and confidence of those who knew him. He was of a meek and quiet spirit, kind and obliging as a neighbor, and as a citizen he was faithful, patriotic and law-abiding; as a husband he was affectionate and devoted, and as a father, kind and indulgent. But now he sleeps in Jesus, and the grief-stricken and almost heart-broken widow, three sons and two daughters are left to weep as none can weep save those who experience such loss. They miss him; yea, and the sick and afflicted miss him, so, also, the church and community.

His health had been gradually declining for several years, but his death was caused by pneumonia, after two days' confinement to his bed, during which time he expressed a desire that some of the brethren would come near his bedside and pray, and called for medical counsel, but from some cause failed to receive either, and so he passed quietly away as one gently falling asleep, without a struggle.

We will close this sketch by quoting the words of our bereaved Sister Russell, in a written communication received since the dear brother died. She writes, "How desolate and lonely our home has been made by his departure! But God has called him hence, and He doeth all things well." Who can fail to sympathize?—H.

#### JOHN WALLACE LUPTON.

Our dear brother, JOHN W. LUPTON, son of Allen and Nancy Lupton, was born August 6, 1826, and died February 10, 1891, sixty-four years, six months and four days of age. He was an exemplary man—one who attended to his own business well, and interfered with no one else. He married Rebecca Mason, who bore him several children, only four of whom survive him. For many years he was troubled with an uneasiness and sense of goneness in his breast, and wherever he was when it took him he had to stop until that feeling passed away. On the morning of February 10, he was trying to get his oyster boat out of the dock in Newbern, but for some cause the boat seemed to go from side to side of the dock, instead of going out. He and his youngest son were the only ones on board. He went forward to shove the boat around. His son heard him make a noise, and going forward found him lying on deck. He called for help and sent for a physician, but all to no purpose, for he only breathed about three times after he reached him. He died as one going to sleep. The doctor pronounced his case heart failure.

He joined the Hunting Quarter Primitive Baptist church in August, 1881, and was ever true to his profession—in trouble and in peace he was faithful to the cause of Christ; and though he was partially deaf and afflicted, as he was, yet his seat was never vacant unless by unavoidable circumstances. He has gone to rest, and we are left to mourn our loss. We are hastening on to where, I believe, we shall meet him with all the glorified saints. He leaves a widow and four children (all grown) to mourn his absence; but we should not mourn for one who is at rest in the Lord. They are better off than we, and we should rejoice for them. The Lord strengthen us! Yours in hope, L. H. HARDY.

## REBECCA GIBSON.

Sister REBECCA GIBSON, wife of our esteemed brother, Eld. M. V. Gibson, of Troy, Ala., died at her home in that city February 22, 1891. Her illness was of short duration, and was borne with fortitude and cheerful resignation. Kind hands of many friends administered every comfort that earth can give, but death conquered and she gave up her life in peace.

Sister Gibson was a faithful wife, and one of the best of mothers, and it is hard to part from her. She was a faithful member of the church of God, and all who knew her loved her. She loved the truth and was firm in the faith of the gospel. She was a wife, indeed, to her husband, who is a minister of the gospel of Christ.

She was the mother of eleven children—eight sons and three daughters. The sons were all present at her death, but her daughters had gone before her, and she has gone to them. Her parents are still living, her father being ninety-seven years of age, and her mother seventy-eight. She was born January 1, 1839, and was married January 10, 1861. Her maiden name was Flamers.

We can truly, though sadly, say a good woman is gone, and though we have the assurance that she has gone to rest, yet her place can never be filled in the bosom of her family. We mourn for her, but not as those without hope. May the Lord grant the bereaved family his grace and reconcile us all to his will.

H. M. CURRY.

## MRS. EUGENIA T. CROOKS.

Mrs. EUGENIA T. CROOKS, daughter of Deacon W. J. Majors, was born in Marion county, Georgia, August 21, 1869, and died February 15, 1891, age twenty-one years, five months and twenty-five days. She was first married to Mr. V. T. Harris, December 13, 1883, and to them was born one son, the 16th day of December, 1885, (Willie A. Harris). Mr. Harris died December 18, 1886, leaving his wife and child, and she, of course, was kindly cared for by her loving parents.

Mrs. Harris being young and handsome, and a perfect lady, did not live a widow long, but was married to Mr. G. G. Crooks in August, 1888, and to them were born, on September 24, 1890, twins; a boy and girl—Carl and Carrie. But in the providence of God, Carrie was taken from them about one month before the death of her mother, thus leaving the two little boys without a mother, but not without some one to care for them. They have a good home with their grandparents.

Mrs. Crooks was not a member of any church, but left good evidence that she was prepared to go when the summons came. She said during her last sickness (which was pneumonia), that she was not afraid to die, but would be better off. She was loved by all that knew her, being kind to all around her. She had many friends and no enemies. She was an obedient child to her parents, a good neighbor and a kind and obedient wife and mother, always ready to assist those in trouble. She leaves a husband, two children and her parents, one brother and three sisters, and a host of friends to mourn their loss. The writer tried to speak words of comfort to the sorrowing ones before her body was consigned to the tomb to await the voice of the Son of God when he will bid it rise. May the Lord give grace to the bereaved family to enable them to say thy will, Oh! Lord be done. May we all remember that we, too, must soon die; but to the child of God it is a glorious thought to realize that Jesus, the blessed Saviour, has lived a life of obedience, died the death of the cross, sweetened the cold confines of the tomb and arose from the grave; gone home to the Father, there to make intercession for the saints according to the will of God. May we all be prepared to say, as did the subject of this notice, when we come to die, that I am not afraid to die, in the prayer of one of the least of all saints, if a saint at all.

Gober, Tex.

J. G. WEBB.

## MRS. J. M. WEBB.

Sister J. M. WEBB departed this life on Saturday March 14, 1891. She was born in Putnam county, Georgia, March 16, 1832; age fifty-eight years, eleven months and twenty-eight days, and was a daughter of John A. Hawkins, of that county. She was married to J. M. Webb on April 26, 1855, and they moved to Monroe county, Georgia, in 1875, where they have made their home ever since. Sister Webb had a partial stroke of paralysis a few years ago, in one side, and never fully recovered from the effects, though she was up and able to look after her domestic affairs. She was only confined to her bed one or two days when the summons came to take her away. She was well aware of the near approach of death; said she was going to die, and passed away quiet and happy.

Sister Webb was a woman of many noble qualities, possessed of a very quiet disposition great energy and care about her household affairs; very kind and always ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and needy, so far as she was able. But better and above all this, she was a dear lover of gospel truth and the church of Christ. She professed a hope in 1868, and united with the church at Smyrna, September 28, 1884, and was baptized by the unworthy writer, where she remained a consistent member until death. She was one of those little, humble Christians who had no confidence in the flesh, but all her trust was in Jesus—salvation by grace!

Sister Webb was the mother of twelve children; three died in infancy; nine living (four boys and five girls), and four are married, all of whom she left, together with an aged husband, one brother and three sisters, to share in the bereavement, and to whom we extend our sympathies. And now, I would say to the children, you are yet blessed with a dear father to protect and care for you, and to whom you can add much comfort and consolation in his lonely condition and old age, by being obedient and good children. You have lost a good mother; remember her counsel and advice. The best lessons ever taught you are the ones taught by a good and loving mother. But she is gone from this world of affliction and pain to join the saints in heaven in singing praise to the Redeemer for ever and ever. You will no more have the benefit of her counsel and instruction, but try to follow her examples and virtues in this life, and the good Lord, in his mercy, prepare each of you to meet mother on the shores of eternal bliss, where there will be no more parting; where sickness and sorrow never come.

The writer tried to preach on the occasion to a large congregation of relatives and friends, from Colossians iii. 1, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," after which her body was laid away in a beautiful grove near the dwelling, which had been selected by herself for that purpose, there to await the resurrection morning. D. G. McCOWEN.

## JOHN BROWNING

Was born in Morgan county, Georgia, January 1, 1799. In 1817 he moved to Baldwin county, Alabama, and in 1824 he moved to Hale county, Alabama. In 1827 he married Clara Anderson, and in 1835, he moved to Sumter county, Alabama, where he lived until after the war, and where he accumulated quite a fortune; but the war almost entirely broke him up, and in 1870 he collected what he had left and moved to Dallas, Texas, where he lived until called home by his Master. He had several children, but only one of them survives him. He had a son murdered by the negroes in Alabama. He joined the Primitive Baptist church about the time he married, and remained a faithful member as long as he lived. He was very zealous in contending for the truth—salvation by grace—and though for some years before his death he was almost blind and hard of hearing, so he could not attend his meetings, yet he was ever cheerful and resigned to the will of the Lord. He was a

life-long Democrat, and next to his faith in Christ he prized his democracy. None knew "Grandpa" Browning but to love him. His life is a witness of the truth of salvation by grace.

He had, for several years, been living with his only living child, Mrs. Patten. It was our privilege to know him for several years. Some two or three months before his death he fell and broke his leg, from which he never recovered, and on the first day of March, 1891, he fell asleep in Jesus, being ninety-two years and two months old. He died in the triumphs of living faith, amid and with his daughter and grandchildren and many friends. On the morning of the 2d day of March we consigned his body to the tomb, amid the tears of many that loved him, there to await the summons of his Lord and Master, when it shall be called forth in the resurrected likeness of Jesus. Till then,

Sleep on, dear father, sleep on,  
We would not call thee back again.  
May God grant that we that weep around thy grave  
May be prepared, as thou hast been,  
When death shall claim us as its own,  
To fall asleep in Jesus' arms.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep."

I love the lines here written.

Dallas, Texas.

W. H. HARRELL.

#### JOHN W. TOMME.

By request we prepare a notice for publication in the MESSENGER of the sad death of Deacon JOHN W. TOMME, a worthy member of the Primitive Baptist Church at Lebanon, Troup county, Ga., near which church he had lived for many years, but while assisting in building a house a large piece of timber fell on his head crushing him almost instantly to death, Feb. 16th, 1881. He was in his 75th year. He was a native of Virginia, but most of his long and useful life was spent in Georgia. His first marriage was to Miss Mary Duren, Nov. 24th, 1831, in Putnam county, Ga., by whom three children were born unto him. In 1836 he and wife were received into the fellowship of the church at Lebanon, Henry county, Ga., and baptized by Eld. Wm. Mosely.

In July, 1839, his beloved wife died, and realizing as he did that "it is not good for man to be alone," he found a suitable "help meet" which the Lord had provided for him, in the person of Miss Judith W. Collins, of Troup county, Ga., unto whom he was married May 7, 1840, with whom he lived happily until death separated them. Six children were born unto them. Our lamented brother was a quiet, unassuming and useful member and deacon of the church at Lebanon, Troup county, Ga., and many of our older brethren and sisters will remember with what hospitality and cheerful kindness he and Sister Tomme always entertained all the dear brethren, sisters and friends who called in with them during any of the meetings or associations near them.

But not only Brother Tomme has been taken to his long home, but also his beloved wife,

#### SISTER JUDITH W. TOMME,

Died at her home October 10, 1890, having lived to the ripe old age of eighty-four years, or within three months of that age. Sister Tomme united with the Baptists in Virginia, and came to Troup county, Ga., and became a member at Lebanon in 1839, and after her marriage to John W. Tomme, in 1840, they remained in that community as useful and beloved neighbors and church members till death released them from every toil of earth. No community or church ever lost more cheerful, useful, quiet and unassuming citizens and church members than did the community

about Lebanon when these beloved old Christians were taken from them. Their influence, godly life and wholesome example will long live and shed forth blessings in forming the character and directing the course of their children.

W. M. MITCHELL.

#### MRS. MARY ANN CHANCY

Died at her home in Pike county, Ala., August 1, 1890. She was the daughter of Mansfield and Nancy Brazil, and was born August 22, 1829, being sixty years, eleven months and nineteen days old. She was married to Masden Chancy in April, 1856. She leaves a husband, three daughters and two sons, besides many relatives and friends, to mourn. She was a true mother in Israel. She took the measles about eighteen months before she died, and never was well again. She was troubled with heart disease after having the measles, which gradually grew worse until her death. She suffered a great deal, but she bore her afflictions with great fortitude. I have often heard her remark, "What are my sufferings compared with the Saviour's?" I lived a near neighbor to her six years; we were very intimate, and I always found her ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and needy. She had been a member of the Primitive Baptist Church for many years, and filled the office of deaconess with Christian zeal. As a wife and mother, her example was worthy of imitation. Her house was ever open to her brethren and friends, and her seat in church was never vacant when she was able to fill it. She was a devoted Christian, esteemed and beloved by all who knew her, and of her it could be truthfully said she had "purchased to herself a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." But at last she is sleeping peacefully; and though dead, yet she liveth, and hath entered into that rest which God hath prepared for all them that love Him.

A. M. BRAGG.

Bro. Respass—Inclosed find 10c. to pay for one copy of the paper containing the above notice. Send it to M. Chancy, Brundidge, Pike county, Ala.

#### SARAH ELIZABETH ABERNATHY.

SISTER ABERNATHY was born June 25, 1849, and died at her residence in Chambers county, Ala., February 14, 1891. She was the daughter of P. M. and Mary Rowland; was twice married, first to D. M. Tomlinson, February 8, 1866, second to D. H. B. Abernathy, November 26, 1874. When quite young she obtained a hope in Christ, and joined the Congregational Methodists and was immersed. After marrying Mr. Tomlinson, she went with him to the Missisary Baptists and both were baptized by the same—afterwards joined the Primitive Baptists and was baptized by Eld. A. B. Whatley into the fellowship of Macedonia Church, Chambers county, Ala. She died of consumption, and suffered long, but was very patient and resigned. The writer visited her several times during her illness, and was greatly comforted to hear her talk of the goodness of God and of her hope of heaven, where all her sufferings would be over. A few days before her death, thinking her departure had come, she called her family, relatives and friends around her bed, and was afforded strength to talk to all, giving to each their portion as she thought they had need, telling them she was happy and not afraid to die. As wife and mother, she filled her sphere with all the gentle, womanly modesty attainable in the flesh. Hers was a life of moral and Christian excellence. She was a striking example of moral rectitude to all with whom she came in contact. None knew her but to love her and speak her praise. Through life her physical and spiritual strength was greatly tested by the cares of her family. When death called away a father, or child, or other loved one, she would humbly bow to the sore dispensation of

Providence, and say, "He doeth all things well; I will trust him though he take from me my loved ones." Though always of delicate health, yet she was busy in administering to the needs of the afflicted. She trusted in that God who was able to drive away all fears, though she walked through the valley of the shadow of death. It is hard to give up such a one, so gentle and meek; yet we desire to be resigned to the will of him who is too wise to err or afflict without cause.

J. T. SATTERWHITE.

She had one child by her first marriage, which died in infancy, and six by her second marriage, five of whom are still living. She was consigned to the silent tomb at Macedonia on the third Sunday eve in February, 1891, after a short discourse by the writer.

J. T. S.

#### CHARLIE C. CRUTCHER.

It becomes our painful duty to chronicle the death of our dear little son, CHARLIE C. CRUTCHER, who was born February 20, 1881, in Madison county, Ala., and departed this life September 30, 1890, in Marshall county, Miss. He was a bright, promising child, and so full of life. We do not claim perfection for him, but do affirm that he was the most patient sufferer we ever saw, of which many will testify. He was stricken down with the fever (which has been so prevalent in this country since August last) the 26th of August, and suffered terribly for five long weeks. The first two weeks his fever ran very high, and but few had hope of his recovery. He would take all the bitter drugs from his physician without a murmur. His fever abated, and we hoped that in a short time he would be up and at play again, but his appetite was gone, and we could not get him to eat enough to do him much good. He began to pick at his teeth and gums, and did this for several days, and they would bleed freely. We called the attention of the doctor to it, and he said but little about it, and did nothing for it. On Thursday I noticed a small sore or ulcer on the inside of his right jaw, near his back tooth, both upper and lower ones, and I began using simple remedies as a wash, but it got worse, and Sunday it was so bad we called in another physician, when on examination he said he could cure it, and told us if we would follow his prescription we would find him much improved by Tuesday. We did so to a letter, but the dear child only grew worse. His sufferings were so great that he was frequently thrown into convulsions. By this time the two ulcers had met and eaten his jaw inside to a pulpy mass, and great tags would hang down between his teeth and would have to be cut off. The doctor still claimed hope for him, and persisted in continuing the treatment. In addition to this he had great boils all over his poor emaciated body, so much so that he could lie in no position without resting on some of them. On Thursday, after two wakeful nights, he took a good, sound slumber of about two hours, and on waking he said his jaw had got soft, and asked me to feel it. (Up to this time it was extremely hard, it was swollen so.) I did so, and in a few minutes a black spot appeared near the dimple of his cheek, and oh, my soul, it was as a dagger to our already breaking hearts, and we could only cry out in the bitterness of soul, My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken us! He noticed me weeping—which I tried to hide from him—and asked me the third time what was the matter? I said, "Mamma's so sorry for you to see you suffer so." He said, "Well, hush, ma, I feel better now." We sent for another doctor; he came, but said he could do nothing, and all that we could do would be to feed him all he would eat. Thus the dear child lay until his jaw all rotted away, and his mouth opened clear back. The other jaw was not affected at all. He was most pitiable to behold. Men whose locks were frosted were melted to tears on beholding him. He seemed so thankful for every attention. In

taking his coffee, which was the only nourishment he relished, he would say, "Oh, that does taste so good." In changing his apparel he would assist us, and say, "That does feel so good." Saturday morning he called his oldest brother to his bed-side and told him he was going home; he couldn't stay with us any longer, and began to sing, "I'm going home," and sang himself to sleep. Sunday morning he said he felt a heap better, rested quietly most of the day, and that night he sang "On the happy golden shore, where the faithful part no more, meet me there." He seemed possessed with supernatural strength to endure his suffering. Monday we saw he was sinking fast, but he still retained his strength until night, when he began to give down. He was a little restless until 10 or 11 o'clock, when he fell asleep and seemed in a peaceful slumber until 3 o'clock, when he was gently borne across the cold Jordan of death without a single struggle. Oh, methinks I could see him as he lands on the peaceful shore of bright immortality and joins in chanting the sweet song of deliverance with his little brother and two sisters, together with the great host of the redeemed that vie around the throne of the Most High God. We humbly pray that God may grant repentance to his surviving brothers and sisters, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and that He may keep us, his parents, low and humble at the blessed feet of Jesus, for we have a hope "That if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We earnestly desire the prayers of God's dear children everywhere, in this our sad affliction, and when we have served our time, and are called hence, may we have grace to sing, as did this sweet child, "I'm going home," for we verily believe that

When the resurrection morn  
Its glories shall unfold,  
Our little Charlie with saints shall rise  
To greet the morn of gold.

His parents,

Cayce, Miss.

W. H. AND R. M. CRUTCHER.

*My Dear Brother and Sister:* I verily feel that the beautiful words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," was sweetly verified in the dying words of your precious boy. Truly the enemy and avenger was stilled, and Charlie could bear that awful suffering and feel that it was naught compared to the eternal weight of glory that was being opened up in his soul ere he put off his mortality. Don't you know, dear brother and sister, that nothing but the felt presence of Jesus in the soul could have made the coffee taste so good to Charlie, passing as it did through such a putrified mass of corruption as was in his mouth, and the clean clothes feel so good to his poor sore, emaciated body? Oh, I do feel that you ought to cease thinking of his sufferings and look beyond to that bright home where you know that Charlie has entered, and in your hearts praise God for His great and fatherly mercy unto you in that He caused Charlie to sing of that happy golden shore, where the faithful meet to part no more. Weep no more for him and Virgia, Macy and Lawler; but rather for yourselves and children that are still left you, weep. Your affectionate sister,

SUE L.

of His Holy Spirit within us, that the Lord says, "I will *forgive* their iniquity, and remember their sins no more." The parable of the prodigal son forms no exception to this invariable order in the kingdom of grace; the father in that parable represents God, and He knew (for He knows all things, and is Himself the fountain of every spiritual blessing) that His poor, wayward son was coming back to Him with a reverent, penitent, and confessing spirit (Luke xv. 17-19) *before* He ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him (verse 20). As for the elder son in that parable, it is perfectly evident that he cared nothing for the misery or repentance or confession of his younger brother; that he did not wish his father to receive him back on any terms; that he had no real love, but only hatred and contempt for the erring one.

Upon repentance, confession and forsaking of their sins, every true child of God is heartily rejoiced to forgive, re-admit into the church, and receive into full fellowship any erring brother or sister.

2. DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.—With all those who have been redeemed by the blood of His Son, and quickened and sanctified by the power of His Holy Spirit, and who lovingly walk in the way of His holy commandments, God dwells in living and loving fellowship.—Exod. xxix. 45, 46; Levit. xxvi. 3-13; Jer. xxxi. 31-34; Ezek. xi. 20; xxxvi. 25-28; Zech. viii. 7, 8; John xiv. 15-23; Ephes. ii.; 2 Cor. vi. 14-18; 1 John i. 3, 5, 6. But if even the redeemed and regenerated children of God walk in disobedience to His commandments, their sins separate between Him and them, and hide His face from them; and if, while they thus walk in darkness, they say they have fellowship with Him, they lie and do not speak the truth.—Deut. xxxii. 19, 20; Isa. lix. 2; Psa. li. 9, 12; Hab. i. 13; 2 Cor. vi. 14-18; 1 John i. 5-10. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all; and unless that holy light dwells in the heart, and shines in the life of His child, the latter will not realize the fellowship of his Heavenly Father, who will never compromise His holy character, and stain His glory by showing the slightest fellowship for sin.

3. HUMAN FORGIVENESS.—Forgiveness is ceasing to feel anger, and ceasing to seek revenge or requital for wrong done one. All human beings are sinful creatures; and we are required, in the Scriptures, as we hope for

taking his coffee, which was the only nourishment he relished, he would say, "Oh, that does taste so good." In changing his apparel he would assist us, and say, "That does feel so good." Saturday morning he called his oldest brother to his bed-side and told him he was going home; he couldn't stay with us any longer, and began to sing, "I'm going home," and sang himself to sleep. Sunday morning he said he felt a heap better, rested quietly most of the day, and that night he sang "On the happy golden shore, where the faithful part no more, meet me there." He seemed possessed with supernatural strength to endure his suffering. Monday we saw he was sinking fast, but he still retained his strength until night, when he began to give down. He was a little restless until 10 or 11 o'clock, when he fell asleep and seemed in a peaceful slumber until 3 o'clock, when he was gently borne across the cold Jordan of death without a single struggle. Oh, methinks I could see him as he lands on the peaceful shore of bright immortality and joins in chanting the sweet song of deliverance with his little brother and two sisters, together with the great host of the redeemed that vie around the throne of the Most High God. We humbly pray that God may grant repentance to his surviving brothers and sisters, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and that He may keep us, his parents, low and humble at the blessed feet of Jesus, for we have a hope "That if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We earnestly desire the prayers of God's dear children everywhere, in this our sad affliction, and when we have served our time, and are called hence, may we have grace to sing, as did this sweet child, "I'm going home," for we verily believe that

When the resurrection morn  
Its glories shall unfold,  
Our little Charlie with saints shall rise  
To greet the morn of gold.

Cayce, Miss.

His parents,

W. H. AND R. M. CRUTCHER.

*My Dear Brother and Sister:* I verily feel that the beautiful words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," was sweetly verified in the dying words of your precious boy. Truly the enemy and avenger was stilled, and Charlie could bear that awful suffering and feel that it was naught compared to the eternal weight of glory that was being opened up in his soul ere he put off his mortality. Don't you know, dear brother and sister, that nothing but the felt presence of Jesus in the soul could have made the coffee taste so good to Charlie, passing as it did through such a putrified mass of corruption as was in his mouth, and the clean clothes feel so good to his poor sore, emaciated body? Oh, I do feel that you ought to cease thinking of his sufferings and look beyond to that bright home where you know that Charlie has entered, and in your hearts praise God for His great and fatherly mercy unto you in that He caused Charlie to sing of that happy golden shore, where the faithful meet to part no more. Weep no more for him and Virgia, Macy and Lawler; but rather for yourselves and children that are still left you, weep. Your affectionate sister,

SUE L.

of His Holy Spirit within us, that the Lord says, "I will *forgive* their iniquity, and remember their sins no more." The parable of the prodigal son forms no exception to this invariable order in the kingdom of grace; the father in that parable represents God, and He knew (for He knows all things, and is Himself the fountain of every spiritual blessing) that His poor, wayward son was coming back to Him with a reverent, penitent, and confessing spirit (Luke xv. 17-19) *before* He ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him (verse 20). As for the elder son in that parable, it is perfectly evident that he cared nothing for the misery or repentance or confession of his younger brother; that he did not wish his father to receive him back on any terms; that he had no real love, but only hatred and contempt for the erring one.

Upon repentance, confession and forsaking of their sins, every true child of God is heartily rejoiced to forgive, re-admit into the church, and receive into full fellowship any erring brother or sister.

2. DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.—With all those who have been redeemed by the blood of His Son, and quickened and sanctified by the power of His Holy Spirit, and who lovingly walk in the way of His holy commandments, God dwells in living and loving fellowship.—Exod. xxix. 45, 46; Levit. xxvi. 3-13; Jer. xxxi. 31-34; Ezek. xi. 20; xxxvi. 25-28; Zech. viii. 7, 8; John xiv. 15-23; Ephes. ii.; 2 Cor. vi. 14-18; 1 John i. 3, 5, 6. But if even the redeemed and regenerated children of God walk in disobedience to His commandments, their sins separate between Him and them, and hide His face from them; and if, while they thus walk in darkness, they say they have fellowship with Him, they lie and do not speak the truth.—Deut. xxxii. 19, 20; Isa. lix. 2; Psa. li. 9, 12; Hab. i. 13; 2 Cor. vi. 14-18; 1 John i. 5-10. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all; and unless that holy light dwells in the heart, and shines in the life of His child, the latter will not realize the fellowship of his Heavenly Father, who will never compromise His holy character, and stain His glory by showing the slightest fellowship for sin.

3. HUMAN FORGIVENESS.—Forgiveness is ceasing to feel anger, and ceasing to seek revenge or requital for wrong done one. All human beings are sinful creatures; and we are required, in the Scriptures, as we hope for

Christ's sake to be forgiven our sins by our Creator, even so to forgive from our hearts, not only our offending brethren, but also our enemies, whether they repent and confess their wrongs to us or not—to leave vengeance with the Lord—to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, to pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us—not to return evil for evil, and thus be overcome with evil, but to overcome evil with good.—Matt. v. 43-48; vi. 12, 14, 15; xviii. 21, 22, 35; Ephes. iv. 31, 32; Colos. iii. 13; James ii. 13; Rom. xii. 14, 19-21; 1 Pet. iii. 8, 9. In Luke xvii. 3, 4, Christ says to us, "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him;" but in the passages just quoted, no mention is made of our brother's repentance, and still we are commanded to forgive him from our hearts, even seventy times seven times—that is unceasingly—for true charity never faileth.—1 Cor. xiii. 8. Without the possession of this genuine love and mercy for our fellow creatures, all our profession of religion is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbol—an empty delusion.—1 Cor. xiii.; 1 John ii. 9-11; iii. 11-22; iv. 7-21.

4. HUMAN FELLOWSHIP.—Gospel fellowship is the mutual interest and delightful intercourse of saints in the truths, blessings, ordinances, and duties of the gospel—the loving union and communion of the children of God with one another in spiritual things, which they together receive and enjoy with one mind and heart. It is not merely that *natural* love and kindness, forbearance and forgiveness which all men should have for one another, but it is that *spiritual* principle, that divine harmony of renewed souls with one another in the belief, enjoyment, and obedience of the gospel, which no power but the Holy Spirit can produce. It is simply impossible for gospel fellowship to exist between one who is and another who is not manifestly a child of God, or between an obedient and a disobedient child of God. Such fellowship may be professed, but it is a vain mockery. Those who are regenerated and influenced by the Spirit of God *cannot* fellowship "the unfruitful works of darkness" (Ephes. v. 11); cannot partake sincerely of the Lord's supper with "any man called a brother, who is a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner."—

1 Cor. v. 8, 11. It is only by "walking in the light that we have fellowship one with another."—1 John i. 7. It was only by "continuing steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine" (including both their declarations and their precepts), that the primitive believers in Judea continued in "fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."—Acts ii. 42. "Righteousness can have no fellowship with unrighteousness, nor light with darkness, nor Christ with Belial."—2 Cor. vi. 14-16. The faithful children of God bear, in this respect as well as others, the image of their Father, who hides His face from His disobedient people, in jealousy for His glory, and in love to them—not to destroy them, but to save them. In loving sorrow, we are to "withdraw from every brother that walketh disorderly."—2 Thess. iii. 6. When we disobey this injunction of the apostle, we dishonor God, corrupt the church, and injure the offending brother. Gospel discipline is neither malice nor pharisaism. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians contains more instruction in regard to discipline than any other part of the New Testament, and yet it also contains, in perfect consistency, the glorious thirteenth chapter on Charity, or Love. Faithful discipline is true, and not false, charity. Without proper government, the church would degenerate into the world, and families, schools, states, and the universe itself, would be reduced to primeval chaos. Faithful gospel discipline has always been a characteristic mark of the true Church of Christ; and its absence has been a mark of Anti-Christ.

The wisdom that is from above has no respect to the persons of men, and is without partiality.—James ii. 1-9; iii. 17; Jude 16. It uses the same discipline towards church members who are learned, exalted and wealthy, as towards those who are ignorant, lowly and poor, and thus proves its heavenly origin.—Deut. x. 17; 2 Sam. xiv. 14; Matt. xxiii. 16; Mark xii. 14.

May the God of Israel mercifully deliver us from that evil spirit of idolatry of self, and man, and the world, which, when it reigns, always confuses and divides His people, and breaks the fellowship of the churches of the saints.—1 Cor. xiv. 33; Ephes. iv. 1-6.

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

“Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded: and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you. Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.”—Phil. iii. 15, 16.

DEAR BRETHREN: I have been thinking much of the divergences of sentiment, and the questions of order, which of late have arisen and are being discussed among the churches in different sections of the country; and I have felt like stirring up our pure minds by way of remembrance of a few things which ought to be remembered at such times. I have not felt much like discussing the questions at issue publicly, because my faith is strong that if we will but wait upon the Lord, he will show us the truth, and also that the truth is never arrived at in a time or in a spirit of debate. I have never seen a country enriched, or in any way advantaged by internecine strife, and so debate among saints does not tend to edification, but to poverty. It has seemed to me that experimental religion is not a subject of debate, but simply of testimony; and the knowledge of it is by revelation. Says John, “That which we have seen and heard, \* \* \* declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us.” What we have seen and heard does not admit of argument; we can only testify of it.

I have long believed that personal assaults upon the views of any brother ought to be avoided in our papers by all. I do not recall ever directly assailing the views of any one, in any of our papers, but once, and then the result was, I believe, not to win the brother, but rather to alienate him from me. It has seemed to me right for each one to give his view of any subject as though no one else had written upon that subject, making no reference to any one by name. I have desired to combat false views rather than the men who hold them; and so I have felt to leave the name out and speak only of the view which seemed to me incorrect. The reason I do this is because it seems to me the wisest plan. Debate, and especially debate in the papers, is the mask behind which, too often, Satan tempts the flesh, and trains his batteries of pride, envy, jealousy and bitter heartburnings against the peace of the churches and the fellowship of brethren.

Oftener than otherwise the matter runs on in this way:

Some brother writes a letter in all good feeling, and in perfect innocence of any intent to provoke strife; and his meaning and his view of the subject may be all right if understood as he means it to be, but some brother sees a few expressions in it that seem to him wrong, and he is stirred up to point out the wrong. And this is all right, only he goes about it in the wrong way. Instead of first seeing the writer, or corresponding with him about it, to see if he has rightly understood him, he writes a rejoinder for the paper. Now, we all have enough of old Adam about us to object to being published to the world as being out of the way. If we are out of the way, we had rather get back to the right way unseen, if possible. And so instead of carefully considering what our brother has said, the impulse of the flesh is to strive to justify ourselves, and at once we make a rejoinder in that direction, and thenceforth the substance of all that each one says is likely to be "I am right, and you are wrong." This ought not to be so, but it too often *is* so. Then one brother uses an expression or two which smells of "I am wiser or more sound than thou," and the other, by his carnal nature, is stirred up to make a counter charge, and so the matter goes on from bad to worse until alienation of feeling is produced, not only between the two original disputants, but also among other brethren, who have taken sides with one or the other in the debate, and years hardly suffice to heal the hurts made in a moment. I have dreaded to engage in debate, lest I should use some word that would hurt a brother for whom Christ died.

It is good also to be impressed with the assurance that our brethren are fully as wise, fully as true, fully as desirous of being right, and altogether as likely to be right, as we ourselves. And if our brother be wrong in one thing, we, also, are wrong in other things. And if God loves him and owns him as His child with all his faults, who are we, that we should not love and bear with him too? We cannot judge ourselves too strictly; we cannot judge our brethren too leniently. The Bible never commands us to watch over our brother; and for this we have a good reason, "*we cannot watch over ourselves.*" Our Heavenly Father **MUST** watch over us all. To remember these things will make us meek, and hum-

ble, and child-like. And always, the CHILD leads the lion, or plays on the hole of the asp, or puts his hand on the cockatrice's den. The humble, child-like man is always the greatest and most useful in the church of God; and no real harm can befall such an one.

A set of rules will not keep Zion in peace. Only the possession of a lowly, meek, quiet, patient spirit can do this. In the absence of such a spirit as this, a formal set of rules may be adhered to, and brethren may become great sticklers for them, and insist upon enforcing them to the very letter; but this way of doing will kill and stifle and weaken, and the silence that follows will be the silence of the tomb, and the peace will be the peace of death. Oh, brethren, let us pray for the power of the life of the meek and lowly one to be felt in our hearts. Here will be the truest union, the truest order, the truest fellowship. Love and fellowship that God will smile upon and approve may exist with many mistakes as regards the order of the house, but the best arranged house will not answer or be pleasing to God if the Son of Peace be not there. Love is the best house-keeper. Nothing is of any real good without love.

Much has been said in the MESSENGER lately about some troubles between some churches and associations. May God help these brethren to love each other first; then the other troubles will vanish into thin air. Love solves a thousand difficulties. If these brethren do not love each other, may God help them to stand still until they do love each other. If any brother finds that he does not love the other, God forbid that he should speak one word or take one step in the matter until his whole heart is alive with love, and he feels that his whole desire is to live and die with that brother. It pleases God better than anything else when his children love one another. If they need chastisement, he holds the rod in his own hand. Let us all be more anxious lest we turn out of the way ourselves, than about keeping our brother in the way. If we cannot keep ourselves, how can we keep him? I daily feel that I want more of this spirit for myself; less watchfulness over others, and more over myself. Love to God and to our brother will solve all difficulties, and lead infallibly into all obedience. If our brethren seem to us disobedient, let us pray that they may have more of that love which is the fulfilling

of the law, shed abroad in their hearts. This is better than scolding and fault-finding, which repels and drives away, while to pray for our brother when he errs is to follow the example of Jesus.

Now, the text which stands at the head of this article seems to me to be based upon some of the very things of which I have been speaking. The connection teaches that we are none of us perfect. In the text, the word perfect is used in a limited sense. It seems to me to mean "if any one have a clear and true understanding of the doctrine and order of the house of God in anything, let such ones adhere unitedly to that truth." In the things in which they see eye to eye, let them mind those things and walk in them. This they will surely do. To-day, all over our land, though many divisions and debates seem to exist, and in some cases declarations of non-fellowship are passed, all Primitive or Old School Baptists are a unit upon the great fundamentals of our most holy faith. All believe in the one God, Father, Son and Spirit; in the Scriptures as an infallible rule of faith and practice; in the truth that God is the Creator and Upholder of all things; that Jesus died for and has redeemed his elect from among men; that the Holy Spirit quickens from the dead and effectually calls all his people; that they are infallibly kept unto final glory; that baptism is of believers and by dipping only. All believe in the absolute sovereignty of God, so that nothing ever thwarts his purpose, and all things work for good to his people. There are differences in the manner of stating and defending these truths, and there are differences of judgment in applying the law of Zion to different cases as they arise; but fellowship should not be broken for these things. Whereto we have attained let us walk according to the same rule, let us mind the same things.

But suppose we do not see eye to eye in anything. Suppose we differ about our way of stating the doctrine of predestination, when in fact all believe it; suppose we differ upon feet-washing, whether it was intended to be an ordinance of the church or not; suppose we differ upon questions of order, as the churches and associations recently discussed in the MESSENGER seem to do; suppose some brother thinks he has new light upon some doctrine or some text which his brethren do not

receive, what then? Why the text gives a rule for all these things also: "*If in anything ye be otherwise (or diverse) minded, God shall reveal even this unto you.*" Here is the rule—wait for the revelation of God. God SHALL reveal even this unto you. We need not be uneasy about it; we need not be uneasy about anything. God will show it all to us soon enough. His time is the best time. Let us wait for it. Brethren, let us contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; but that does not mean turning our Father's children out of house and home because they are not as wise, or as sound, or as orderly, as we suppose ourselves to be. If our brother is weak, let us bear his infirmities and not please ourselves. If our Father has borne with our brother's weakness all his life, cannot we bear with it for a little time? This does not at all mean carelessness, or indifference in doctrine or order, but it does mean love, and forbearance, and confidence that God will show our brother what is right, and we can trust him, and ourselves, and the cause in the hand of God. I leave these thoughts with the brethren. I trust, if published, they may do no harm.

I remain your brother in hope,  
*Reisterstown, Md.* F. A. CHICK.

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## FELLOWSHIP.

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[CONTINUED.]

3d. If he fail to "hear thee, then take with thee one or two more" of the brethren or sisters, "that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established." This should all be done with a view of settling the matter. In selecting the "one or two," pains should be taken to get suitable persons, such as would be most likely to succeed, whose opinions would be heard with respect and without prejudice, and who would feel a great interest in getting a settlement. If he repent, you are requested to forgive him—"If he repent, forgive him."—Luke xvii. 3, 4. "If he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again unto thee saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him." You should, in heart, forgive him and feel the same love to him that you would had nothing

occurred to disturb your fellowship; this you will do, and feel, if he TURN, and you see that there is real penitence of heart with him, and you will love him as well as ever, perhaps better.

4th. If he neglect to hear these, "tell it to the church." Of course this should be when the church is assembled for the transaction of business; and that same meek and tender temper should be manifested by the whole church. He should be kindly pointed to his error, and if he still persists in a stubborn, unyielding course, "let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." That is, let him be expelled. Great care should be taken by the whole church not to manifest a harsh spirit. Do this "in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," and "by his spirit."—1 Cor. v. 4. It is a serious business to expel a member from the house of the Lord and its privileges. To do this in a vain, fleshly spirit of strife is a grievous sin. I have felt as serious when I have seen the church of God withdraw the hand of fellowship from a disobedient person, as I ever did in my life. This should be a last resort with us. Amputation is deferred as long as it is safe to, and is at last performed with great pain to the body. I have known persons who wept over their amputated limbs, and so we may justly weep to see sin control the members of our body so that we have to cut them off.

5th. The great principle of forbearance is taught in Matt. xviii. 23, to end, by the parable of a certain king who took account of his servants. One of them owed him ten thousand talents, which was about ten million dollars, and he had nothing to pay, but this servant fell down and worshiped him, etc. And the lord of that servant forgave him the debt. This ten million dollars represents how great a debt our Saviour has forgiven us; but this same man, to whom so great a debt had been forgiven, went out and found one who owed him an hundred pence, which is less than one hundred dollars, and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat and demanded full payment. This shows that though so much has been forgiven us, yet we are apt to entertain a harsh, unforgiving temper towards our brother. The last verse shows that our heavenly Father will not forgive our sins if we do not, from our hearts, forgive those who trespass against us. Dear brother,

how important that we should feel a tender spirit of forgiveness towards others. How it will embolden us to go to God for the pardon of our sins, to be able to say, "Lord, I freely from my heart, forgive all that ever trespassed against me; I hold malice against none, and pray a blessing upon my enemies; and now I come to thee for the pardon of my sins; my debt of sins to thee is immense, but I implore the pardon of all." Can we thus approach the Lord? If so, he will hear and forgive us, and our faces will glow with love and cheerfulness; but, on the other hand, if we are carrying malice and long-settled hate against others, we shall not be forgiven. "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." And if we are deaf to all the Bible on this subject; if we entertain a low, unforgiving temper, we shall not be heard when we go before God in prayer. Mark xi. 26: "But if ye do not forgive, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Also, Matt. vi. 12: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." We are not likely to feel on a death-bed, that we have borne too much with our brethren. You have a right to bear anything that comes upon you, if it does not become an offense to the whole body; as long as it is a private, individual matter, you have a right to bear it, and go along with it; fill your seat in worship, be kind, rendering "good for evil," and "overcome evil with good." This is heavenly, and the brightest ornament you ever wore on earth; but if you become *sour, sulky and cross*, act stubborn, wear a jealous face and look, your sin is likely to be greater than his who has sinned against you. If we will duly consider what poor creatures of a moment we are, how short a time we have to stay here, and how much sin and evil controls us, it will help us to pass over offenses. Shall we take each other by the throat for every offense? Let each think how poor, vile and sinful he is; let us run over the books to see how much the Lord has forgiven us; compare our sins of *ten millions* against God with our brother's sins of *one hundred* against us, and remember that all ours is forgiven; it will help us to forgive others. Besides, this harsh temper brings trouble to the whole church, and manifests that we are not humble as we should be. *A person easily offended is too proud.* Hu-

mility leads us to bear with each other. Our Saviour opened not his mouth, although he was led like a poor sheep to the slaughter; and shall we open our mouths in charges and complaints when we receive trifling offenses from our brethren? The honor of the church greatly depends upon the fellowship of the brethren. The world is glad when Zion is in confusion, and crowds to our meetings to see our shame and confusion. We never should bring a case up for the church to hear unless it is a very plain one. It is a burning shame to go before the church with a trifling case; all such should be borne in silence. This spirit of forbearance among churches is the safeguard of the church, where "each can show a brother's love, a brother's failings hide." What I have said relates entirely to matters of private trespass. In all such cases, the church should refuse to take notice of them until due efforts have been made to effect a settlement.

6th. In this same—Matt. xviii. 8, 9—we have another class of difficulties: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off," etc. The church is compared to the human body.—1. Cor. xii. And so the church is here addressed as a whole. "If thy hand," that is, one of thy members, "offend thee, cut it off." If you have a chronic sore on your hand, it may become dangerous to the whole body, and in such cases it would be better to cut it off. And so the church may have a member who is so corrupt in his deportment as to be a disgrace to the whole church; his evil conduct is not against one member individually, and therefore he need not be dealt with as above described, but should be cut off, and if his future life proves him worthy he may be restored. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and so, by the law of fellowship we may hold a corrupt man in our fellowship whose presence and association with us may be a disgrace to us as a church. A man guilty of theft or adultery, and whose character is generally known to be bad, would be a disgrace to the church, and should be "cut off." In our Rules of Decorum, this is mentioned as a public offense. No one individually is hurt, but the church as a body is "offended," and as a body she should "cut him off." When a man is guilty of theft, our practice has been to exclude him, although he confesses his guilt and promises to reform. Yet it

is held to be prudent to exclude for such public offenses, and should his future life be prudent, he may, without injury to the church, be forgiven and restored. In 1 Cor. v., Paul directs that the man guilty of fornication be excluded; he does not seek to reclaim him, but instructs that he should be “delivered to Satan,” which is understood by writers generally to signify *exclusion*; his simple promise to reform is not to be taken; let him be expelled, and then, in case he does reform and give evidence of true penitence, he may be restored without injury to the church. By referring to 2 Cor. ii., you will see that this same man mentioned in the first letter was to be forgiven by the church, and so our usage is that for public offenses of this nature—sins that disgrace the person committing them—we do not seek to retain him, but withdraw the hand of fellowship from him until, by a suitable life, he proves himself worthy of a place in our body. So of theft, murder, etc., the uniform rule has been to exclude. We think the honor of the church requires it, and that where she fails to rid herself of such persons, she is a partaker of their sins and justly loses her influence on society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## PREACHING.

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ESTEEMED BRETHREN IN THE LORD: My mind has been exercised of late to write a few lines for your *very* valuable paper, THE GOSPEL MESSENGER, on the subject of “Preaching.” I shall not enter into all the important features of preaching, but there is one important point that I now design, if the Lord will, to impress upon the minds of all God’s servants, and that is, “preaching” by precept or example. Jesus said to the eminent apostle, “As ye go, preach.” I understand the blessed Saviour here means to *preach* by an exemplary walk and pious conversation; preach in all our actions, so that our conduct cannot be reproached. What a shame on the dear Old Baptists to have men professing to be preachers that can talk loud and make a grand display of words, and cause the members to shed tears, and give godly admonitions, that will then go to the saloon and drink with the drunken, and even become intoxicated.

Dear brethren, do you suffer such? O, what a reproach upon the precious cause of Jesus. Such men always claim to have some disease preying upon their body so that they are compelled to drink whisky, but they cannot be temperate. I think it would be a good idea to put such away from us. Is it not a shame to go into the pulpit and the breath of the preacher smelling like a whisky barrel? Paul taught Timothy to be *example* to believers. Peter admonished the elders to be an ensample to the flock. This is preaching by example, or "as ye go." The minister should first take heed unto himself to stop the mouths of gainsayers by his Christian deportment. It is loud preaching to me to see a man that neves enters a drinking saloon; that will not drink with the drunken; that pays his just debts; that tells the truth; that labors for peace; that has a good report of them that are without. Prove by your actions that you do not need a temperance society, and that grace makes you sober, for by your fruits you shall be known.

Let us watch your foot, and see if you preach by that as loud as you do by your tongue. Brethren in preaching should preach by example, or walk as they would have others to walk. Do you want any to walk as you are walking? Does that preacher that drinks too much want his brethren to do like him? Brethren should not allow a minister to continue becoming intoxicated; they should put him away. A hint to the wise is sufficient. It is not right for Baptists to frequent such places. The design of preaching is not simply to make a fuss in the pulpit, or to beget a name as a great man; but to comfort the children of God by administering to them good, sound, wholesome food in gospel simplicity, or as child-like as we can make or express it, and to rectify the wrongs of the children of God by instructing them in righteousness. The minister, in a meek and humble spirit, should point out the wrongs of Israel, and meekly admonish them to quit such, and then he should live as he would have his brethren to live. Can't I leave off many evils that I am subject to? Pray God to enable you to so live that you will not bring a reproach upon Zion. O, that we could preach more by precept, and save the children of God in time from many hurtful snares. Preaching saves us in time, not in eternity.

“Speak thou the things that become sound doctrine.”  
 “Study to show thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.” “Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.”

May the Lord enable us all to live in peace and fellowship, and preach more by example, and leave off everything that is reproachful to the church. May he keep us humble before him, that we may not get up hobbies on points of doctrine, and declare non-fellowship for those that do not use our expressions. It is strange that when brethren get up hobbies that they can't preach anything else. Old School Baptists are one on predestination, if they understood each other, and I do wish that the brethren would quit caviling so much about words, to no profit. They all believe the Scriptures, and none believe in chance—none believe that God influences the wicked to do wickedly. Some get up such hobbies that every time a brother preaches they want him to tell how old the devil is. What concerns me, is Christ, and do I belong to Christ; and is he mine and am I his? If so, God is a sovereign of the universe, and he will keep me in spite of all the opposing powers. “He declared the end from the beginning,” etc. “He doeth his will in the army of heaven,” etc. All believe that he is strong enough, and if we will use scriptural terms it will harmonize the brethren, and strife will cease. Let us not want to use modifying terms to strengthen the Scriptures, or take anything away to weaken it. I love the brethren, and have fellowship for them on both sides of the discussion, and would to God that they would have more forbearance.

Your little brother in hope,

LEE HANCKS.

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#### NEW HOPE ASSOCIATION IN NORTH GEORGIA, AND MT. ZION ASSOCIATION IN NORTH ALABAMA.

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My only motive in writing the article that appeared in the May MESSENGER in regard to the troubles among the Primitive Baptist churches and Associations in North Georgia and Alabama, was to do what I might be divinely enabled towards bringing about a gospel and lasting peace between the contending parties; and for that purpose I earnestly investigated and candidly declared the principles that seemed to me to be taught by the Scriptures, and by Baptist history in connection with the controverted points.

Believing that the general principles enunciated in my May communication are in accordance with the Scriptures, I cannot renounce or modify them; but, during the last month, additional circumstances have been reported to me which seem to modify the application of those principles to the present case. These circumstances I have learned from Eld. Geo. M. Holcombe, of North Alabama, (Walter, Cullman county), who was born and who, until two and a half years ago, lived in the bounds of the New Hope Association, and who is moderator of Fellowship Association, which was organized in July, 1890, and consists of thirteen churches, nine ordained ministers, five licentiates and one hundred and seventy-seven members. Eld. Holcombe writes me in a very mild, humble and loving spirit; and some of the most important additional circumstances that he relates to me are confirmed by the statements of Eld. David Tidwell, of Springville, Ala., and Eld. Enoch Phillips, of Waco, Ga.

Before stating any of these circumstances, I would say that, so far as my information extends, New Hope Association is in unexceptional order; that no other regular Primitive Baptist Association has any objection to her order; that the present question is not at all in regard to her order, but entirely in regard to the order of the Mt. Zion and the Mt. Moriah Associations of North Alabama; and that, like all other Associations, the New Hope has the unquestionable and exclusive right to regulate her own correspondence, and that she should be a better judge of that matter than any other body.

The additional circumstances of interest reported to me are as follows: That the New Hope Association was formed from the Tallapoosa Association in the *same year* (1840) in which modern religious innovations appeared in the Tallapoosa, and has always kept herself entirely aloof from such innovations; that she has never interfered with the Mt. Zion Association, nor prescribed their course to them, but always told them, if satisfied with their order, to remain with it, but, if not satisfied, to make prayerful investigation for themselves and act according to their convictions, regardless of what men might say; that, in consequence, there has been a steady falling off in the ranks of the Mt. Zion Association, nearly all their leading ministers and members going to the recently organized Fellowship Association, and Eld. McLeroy, with his church, leaving the Mt. Moriah and joining the New Hope; that Mt. Zion Association, which was formed in order about 1820, and which withdrew from all connection with the New School Baptists and men-made institutions in 1832, restored such connection in 1840, and remained very disorderly, both in doctrine and in practice, till 1877, receiving New School Baptists on their letters, allowing their members to join secret societies, and permitting ministers of all denominations to preach among them; that, while the great majority of the churches and members in the original Mt. Zion Association remain to this day in

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this gross disorder, a few of them, in 1877, resolved to return to the old paths, and in 1878 they separated from their former brethren and constituted a reformed Mt. Zion Association, and applied for recognition to the Eubarlee Association of North Georgia, which received them on a kind of probation, and which was the only association that ever corresponded with them, except their original correspondence, which was like themselves; that the reformed Mt. Zion Association divided in 1880 or 1881 upon words to no profit, and declared non-fellowship for each other, and remains in this condition still, so that there are now three bodies calling themselves the Mt. Zion Association, meeting the same day and having nothing to do with each other; and that even in the reformed bodies some of the ministers preach conditional election, and almost all sorts of errors from Arminianism to Two Seedism. *With such disorders, of course no orderly Primitive Baptist church or Association can have fellowship.*

The only point of difference between the views of Elds. Holcombe, Phillips and Tidwell, on the one side, and Elds. Respass, Chick, Harris and myself, on the other, is *whether the immersion of believers baptized by a church of Christ should be repeated* and this question seems to resolve itself into that other question *What amount of disorder unchurches a church?* Certainly if a body be a church of Christ, its administration of gospel ordinances is valid. And in deciding what amount of disorder unchurches a church, we should remember, as Eld. Chick suggests, the occasional disorders in almost all our churches, and even in the churches served by the Apostles themselves; and, as Eld. Respass suggests, the gross disorder in some of the seven churches of Asia, which are still recognized by the Spirit of churches, and admonished as churches to repent of their sins, but not of their right acts.

I heartily endorse the suggestion of Bro. Sawyer, approved by Eld. Respass, that the brethren of several Associations who are acquainted with these troubles, meet in a spirit of truth and love and peace, and, looking to the Lord for guidance, endeavor to bring about a gospel and lasting settlement. And, like Eld. Respass, and in accordance with similar examples in the Scriptures, and in church history, I would be glad to see a similar pass over and spiritual coming together in other quarters of our militant Zion.

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

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He who now gives way to the least sin, may be given up to the greatest sins. We are never far enough from lust, while we are on earth; nor near enough to Christ while we are out of heaven. A sound eye cannot endure the least spot. Oh, stand off from the devil's mark unless you would be hit by his arrows!

## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

## THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

Were all men thoroughly impressed in heart with a knowledge of the sovereignty of God, it would tend greatly to hush much of their contention. Everything would then be right which the Lord doeth or appoints to be done by us, to us or for us. Nothing would then be out of joint, and all our murmurings and complainings against God and against each other would cease.

But O, what a conflict and what great suffering we must pass through before we are brought to fully receive and acknowledge the Sovereignty of God! How hard we do battle to have things our own way, and even when we are foiled, disappointed and upset in all our plans and efforts, so that we know it to be impossible to accomplish our purpose, there is within us a carnal, rebellious spirit rising up against God, and charging him with injustice in dealing too hard with us! But when we are thoroughly subdued by adversities and by the sovereign mercies of God, until our soul becomes as passive as a weaned child, or as fully humbled as Job was after he had been stripped of everything he had in the world and had been delivered of the Lord over to all the cruelties that Satanic craft or power could invent or inflict upon a poor, helpless man, then we might be willing to say at least, as Baal's prophets did, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God;" or in a more deeply humiliated and Christ-like sense, to feel and say as Job did, "I have uttered things I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not."—Job xlii.

One of the mysterious things to us is how the righteous God can use wicked men to accomplish his purposes, or to execute his just displeasure against sin, and then hold these wicked men as criminal for their wicked deeds. Or in other words, how it is wickedness in men to do that which is righteous in God to have done by them. And yet we know that such is the case, and that the Lord is righteous in all his works, and holy in all his ways. That God designed that Joseph, as a type

of Christ, should go into Egypt, as a temporal saviour of his brethren, is fully established by the Scripture; but the method by which he went to Egypt, so far as the intention and effort of his brethren were concerned, was wicked in the extreme. They meant it for evil to Joseph, to put him out of the way, thinking thereby to defeat his dreams which the God of heaven had caused him to dream, the interpretation of which brought them to bow as humble supplicants at the feet of this hated brother. They meant all they did to Joseph for evil, and every deed and act grew out of evil intention, but God is Sovereign, and kept all their evil designs so circumscribed and so under his control, as to make all their evil doings contribute to bring to pass his own righteous purpose as well as to contribute to the overthrow and defeat of the evil designs of Joseph's brethren. It was wicked in Shimei to curse David, the king of Israel, but it was just and right in God to chastise and humble David, even by the cursing of wicked Shimei. And further, it was just and righteous in the God of the whole earth to condemn the wicked deed of wicked Shimei for cursing David, because Shimei done it out of the corruption and enmity of his own evil heart, with no intention to fulfill the purpose of God in chastising King David for his sin in the case of Uriah and his wife. King David had sinned greatly against the Lord, and his Sovereign Judge had designed to chasten him sorely by the wickedness of men. David had written a letter to his chief officer in the army, to set "Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die."—2 Sam. xi. 15. This was adding sin to sin, and was designed to cover up his adulterous act with the wife of Uriah, his faithful servant and soldier. The God of Israel designed that these sinful deeds of David should be brought home to him in a way and manner most effectually to sting his conscience and bring his sins to remembrance. King David was already greatly humiliated by the treacherous conspiracy of his own son, Absalom, and while fleeing for his life from his wicked son, and the mob that was under him, Shimei, of the family of Saul, thought it a good opportunity to vent some of the enmity of his heart against the man whom he thought had supplanted his father, Saul, in the kingly office. He came forth

cursing and casting stones, not only at David, but “at all the servants of King David,” and in order that this indignity might be the more humiliating to David, it was done in the most open and public manner, while “all the people and all the mighty men were on his right hand and on his left.”—2 Sam. xvi. 6. It is true that some of these valiant men of Israel, composing the body guard of the king, were ready and willing to ask permission of the king to go over and take off the head of this “dead dog,” who would dare to cast stones at or curse their king. But how did David feel about it? His great sin in the case of Uriah and his wife was being brought home to him, and he felt that the hand of God was in this matter, and therefore he could not take vengeance in his own hand by even forbidding Shimei to curse, or allowing one of his valiant soldiers to resent the wrong. But David said of Shimei: “Let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?”—2 Sam. xvi. 10.

David was then thoroughly humbled before God, so much so that he was willing to submit all things to his Sovereignty, even without a murmuring word. If the Lord has seen fit to chasten us by the wicked deeds of wicked men, who is he that has the right to forbid it, or who is he that shall arraign God at the bar of human reason, and reprimand him by saying, “Wherefore hast thou done so?” This is a heaven-daring question for any poor finite creature to propound to his Creator. Better far to be still and know that he is God, and leave this and all other such sublime things where Jesus Christ hath left them when he said, “Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.”—Matt. xi. 27. There we should stop without a murmur, and without asking why it seemed good in his sight to hide some things from the wise and prudent, and to reveal the same things to babes; or why it seemed good in his sight to predestinate some to be conformed to the image of His Son, while others were left to work out their own destruction with greediness. “Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?” It is the Lord that hath done this, and he is just and righteous in all that he doeth, whether we be able to see it or not. “Great

things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.”—Job xxxvii. 5.

But before closing this article, let us again refer to the case of Shimei. That his cursing and throwing stones at King David was a wicked act and a grievous sin, there is no doubt, though the Lord had bid him, or turned him loose to do it. It is the sovereign right of God to use either good men or bad men to accomplish his purpose, whether in love, in wrath or in mercy. When Saul, the first king in Israel, had sinned against the Lord in sparing the life of Agag, whom the Lord had commanded to be slain, his sin must be visited upon him, and an “Evil spirit from God” was sent to trouble him. Evil spirits as well as evil men are under the sovereign control of the omnipotent God. (1. Sam. xix. 9.) Shimei, an Israelite of the tribe of Benjamin, and of the house of King Saul, had greatly sinned, as he afterwards confessed to King David, saying: “Thy servant doth know that I have sinned.”—2 Sam. xix. 20. He could not excuse the wicked deeds he had done nor shield himself from guilt under the plea that God had bid him, or that he was prompted by any motive of obedience to the command of God. He had done what he did out of the enmity of his own evil heart, with no design whatever of fulfilling the command or purpose of God in chastening David as a father doth his children. But while he had acted “perversely” and wickedly against David, the Lord designed that wicked deed should humiliate David and cause him more and more to feel his entire dependance upon the sovereign power and infinite wisdom of the God of Israel. This did not, however, palliate or excuse the sin of Shimei, and therefore, when King David gives his dying charge to Solomon, his son and successor to the throne of Israel, he solemnly charges him not to hold Shimei guiltless of this sinful act.—1 Kings ii. 9. And in obedience to this dying charge of his beloved father, King Solomon enjoins it upon Shimei to build him a house in Jerusalem, and never to go out of the limits of the city, for in the day he should leave the city his life would be forfeited. Shimei readily assented to this, and all things went along finely for three years, till two of his servants becoming tired of their master, ran away from him, and fled to Gath. Poor Shimei, in his eagerness

to apprehend and bring back these servants to Jerusalem, went in hot haste after them, and on his return to Jerusalem again, he was at once summoned before King Solomon; and Solomon said unto him, "Did I not make thee to swear by the Lord, and protested unto thee, saying, Know for certain on the day thou goest out and walkest abroad any whither, thou shalt surely die?" "Why, then, hast thou not kept the oath of the Lord?" "The king said moreover to Shimei, Thou knowest all the *wickedness* which thine heart is privy to, that thou didst to David, my father; therefore, the Lord shall return thy *wickedness* upon thine own head." "So the king commanded Benaiah, and he went out and fell upon him, and he died."—1 Kings ii. 44. Now, what shall we say to these things? Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance?

But there is a kind of curious, speculative enquiry gets up in our carnal mind, desiring to harmonize what to us seems to conflict with the character and perfections of God and the accountability of man in this case of Shimei's cursing David at the bidding of God, and then to be held accountable to God for the deed as a wicked thing. 'The Lord,' says Solomon, "shall return this thy *wickedness* upon thine own head." It is, therefore, clearly evident that this deed of Shimei was sinful and wicked, and he is justly held responsible for it, and must suffer the penalty of a wicked transgressor, even to the forfeiture of his life. What shall we then say to these things? How shall we solve them, save upon the principle of the infinite wisdom and unlimited sovereignty of God? And here we remark to our brethren that if even an inspired apostle of Jesus, when filled with the Spirit of inspiration, was lost with wonder and astonishment at the infinite height and depth of the sovereignty of God, should not Christians of this day, who have but a small measure of grace or knowledge, lay their hand upon their mouths and cease to strive about that which they understand not? "The judgments of our God are unsearchable, and his ways are past finding out."—Rom. xi. 33. He who is ignorant of this mystery is wise in his own conceit.

W. M. MITCHELL.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF A SINNER.

I had thought, before I joined the church, that I believed the doctrine of election, when I thought about it at all, which was very seldom, for I had never been concerned about it. The matter that concerned me was my condition as a sick man and a sinner before God. And I doubt very much if any sinner, at his first quickening, is concerned about doctrine. The sick man's concern is his health, the deaf man his hearing, the blind man his sight; the thirsty man's concern is water, and the hungry man's is food. It was Ruth's hunger and poverty that prompted her gleaning in the field of Boaz, and Naaman's leprosy that immersed him in the waters of the Jordan. But when I heard our ministers preach it, and the old brethren rejoice in it, it seemed to cut me off from them and cast me out as unworthy of being among them; for I could not rejoice in it, and felt, therefore, as one being where I had no business, like the man without the wedding garment, because when the brethren rejoiced I was speechless.—Matt xxii. And it seemed to me that I was a hypocrite—one professing to believe something that I did not believe, or at least a doctrine that I did not love, but rather disliked. But I think I was sincere in my desire to know the truth, and sought it diligently with my whole heart; sought it in reading and in prayer, day and night. And singular as it may seem, notwithstanding my enmity to the doctrine of election, and my constant prayer to God to show me the truth, and the true church, that I might go to it, if the Old Baptist was not the church, in all these conflicts, preaching was in my mind all the time, and I was promising the Lord after each meeting, that if he would spare me to the next meeting that I would say something in the way of preaching; but what it was I had to say I did not know, but I was impressed that I had to say something or die. I talked with preachers in a covert way, to find out how they had been exercised about preaching, but I could not find one who had been exercised as I then was. Most of them had something to say—something that would not let them hold their peace—but God's word was in their hearts as a burning fire shut up in their bones, and they were weary of forbearing and could not

stay from speaking it.—Jer. xx. But I had no word, but an impression only that was tormenting me day and night. Surely I was the most destitute of all who had ever spoken in His name! I had no revelations about doctrine or order, and though I had been well educated, I was as ignorant of the doctrine and order of the church as a negro. I remember one day, soon after I had joined the church, that old Bro. Madison Middlebrooks, now at rest, asked me how long I had had a hope, and I did not know what he meant, I was so unfamiliar with the language of God's people. Still I was in the church. But I was in dead earnest, and thought of little else than religion, and did little else than read the scriptures and pray. And although I had so revolted at the idea of preaching, I was glad one day when a preacher intimated to me that I would have to preach; I was glad of it, because I believed that if I had to preach, that I would not die; and it seemed to me, at times, that I was willing to do anything that I might live. I have heard of preachers who wanted to die to keep from preaching, but with me, I was willing to preach to keep from dying—I was that much more carnal than they were, and they were that much better than I was. And I am glad of it; it does me good to know that there are many who love God better than I do, and have a greater reverence for his holy name. I thank God! And I remember that I had this sort of a thought when it was intimated to me that I would be a preacher, and that was, that I would be an able preacher, because of my education, and a credit to the denomination. I am ashamed of it, but it is true. But there was another time—bless God for his mercies!—that I felt differently. We had buried a little babe, a month old, and there were but a few present, and most of them negroes, and they buried him for me, and I felt whilst they were covering him up in the ground, that I was not worthy that they should do me such a kindness, and that I was willing and preferred to be the least of all God's people; to be on the ground, so to speak, to be walked over—in a word, at their feet. And God knows that that is my preference to this day, and I believe it is my place, and in it I pray to stay while I live in this world.

I had promised and promised and failed to do what I

had promised the Lord to do, if he would spare me to the next meeting, until it seemed that I could go no further. It seemed to be so hard to do—to have to say something without having anything to say—that I could not do it. And besides, I did not know how to start about it, so I went one Sunday to Mt. Carmel, in Crawford county, Ga., and thought I would ask Eld. Cromwell Cleveland, then the pastor of the church, and now in heaven, to say, after he got through preaching, “will any brother close?” so as to give me an opportunity, but my heart failed me, I could not do it, and returned home with my unfulfilled vows upon me. That day Bro. Cleveland asked me to take dinner with him, and I was hungry, and had ten miles to go, but I would not stop to dinner for fear that he would ask me to say grace.

Soon after that I went on Sunday to Bethlehem Church, Upson county, Ga., then served by Eld. Dickey; and I felt that day that if I did not say something that I would never get home again alive. I sat during Bro. Dickey’s sermon with these thoughts going through my mind: “This is your last opportunity, and if you fail to speak to-day you will die.” I had gotten two or three verses of scripture by heart to start with, and thought I would say them. I sat and suffered, and my agony no tongue can tell. It seemed to me that my chest contracted until it was not thicker than my hand; my feet were cold, and a cold sweat spread over my body; my face felt pinched and drawn, and my mouth and tongue were dry, and my breath short and faint. I did not hear a word, as I remember, of Bro. Dickey’s sermon, but when he got through—revered be his memory!—he threw the hymn-book into my lap and said “close.” I got up and talked, I know not what, and sung and prayed. I returned home happy, and thought my troubles were over.

The next Saturday was the regular meeting day at Ebenezer, my own church; and after preaching, Eld. Dickey, the pastor, stated in conference to the church that he believed that they had a gift among them. I did not know what he meant by having a gift, nor what a gift was, so ignorant was I of the ways of God’s people. But I soon found out that he meant that I had a gift of some sort and that the church should give me

opportunity to exercise it when I felt to do it. The next day he called me around to the pulpit door and asked me into the pulpit; and it amazed me that I should be asked to go into such a holy place as I then deemed a pulpit to be. I would not go in, but after Eld. Dickey got through preaching and he called upon me, I made an Arminian speech to the congregation. I felt when I got through that my tongue and lips were paralyzed, and that evening I told my brother to drive me home fast, for it seemed to me that I would die before I got there. My tongue felt dead, and my lips also, and I took to my bed for 3 weeks, and suffered beyond description. I had no pain at all; indeed a pain would have been a relief; but I was down in the depths, and the waters went over my soul. I got so I could walk the floor of my room, and it seemed to me that all that kept me from dying was in being willing to die, and that I would be saved if I did die. Then did this verse roll sweetly through my mind:

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ears,  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fears.

I got up and went, as I sometimes hope, about my Father's business, at which I have been ever since, and can adopt the verse of another song, and say:

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy grace I've come.

I began to speak in public, but knew nothing at all of doctrine. It seems to me that I must have been brought into the house of God as Samuel was, before I knew God in doctrine, and have learned what little I know since I joined the church. Samuel was brought in by his mother's faith, and the church has been to me a patient and indulgent mother, and has borne much with me, God bless her! I think I have realized the truth of Christ's word in John vii. 17, to some little extent, where he said "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me, and if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CONFESSING OUR SINS.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.—Prov. xxviii. 13.

Among the various sinful traits of character discovering itself in fallen man, the disposition to hide his sins is one of the first. And that this sin has been permanently entailed upon all the progeny of Adam is abundantly manifest, not only among the ungodly men of the world, but even among the godly in whom we have confidence that they have passed from death unto life, and are born into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Like Adam, men cover their sins, or seek to do so—evading the truth by falsehood, or by some palliating or justifying circumstances; or they will evade and shun those whom they have wronged, as Adam did when he hid himself among the trees of the garden, saying, “I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid, because I was naked.”—Gen. iii. 10. Sin brings guilt, shame and fear, yet none who cover their sins by other wrongs can ever prosper in justice, equity and truth. If they prosper in this life as the wicked are said to do, it is only a prosperity in wickedness, by adding sin to sin and heaping up wrath against the day of wrath. Such prosperity as this is a curse upon any people rather than a blessing.

But while men are dead in sins, and walk according to the course of this world, we cannot reasonably hope for better things; but among those whom grace hath separated from the world and brought into an experimental relation and spiritual fellowship with Christ, we reasonably look for better fruits than that which carnal nature can yield. It should, however, be remembered that they, too, have a body of flesh, in which no good thing dwells. With them there is a continual struggle between right and wrong, truth and error, sin and holiness. “To will is present with them, but how to perform that which is good, they find not.” This is a terrible, unceasing warfare, never to end until the chosen soldier of Jesus lies down in death. It is often so terrible as to make him feel that he is a miserable and wretched man, and this sense of wretchedness, and a consciousness of the source from whence it comes, makes the

poor man cry out in anguish of soul, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—Rom. vii.

But let us look at our sins in the church relation. If one has done his brother a wrong by falsely accusing him, or by misrepresenting him, ascribing motives and sentiments to him of which he is innocent, and then seeks to cover, mitigate, excuse or palliate his sin by saying, "If I have done wrong I am sorry for it," or if when he finds that he is about to fall into the same snare that he set for others, or be left almost alone, he should make a kind of indefinite and general confession of sins, without referring to any particular thing he has said or done, what will all this ramble of words amount to? "Whoso *confesseth* and *forsaketh* his sins shall have mercy." But if it is truly a genuine, penitent confession of sins, there will be some sins felt and specified by the penitent in his confession of them. This way of one brother injuring the standing, reputation and character of another, or seeking to make him look mean and contemptible in the eyes of his brethren, and then at last, through mere policy, to come up with a kind of indefinite acknowledgement, and in a general way to say he is sorry for all that he has done that is wrong, but yet specify no wrong that he has done in anything, nor to any brother, you may set it down that such a confession amounts to nothing, and he who has confessed only in this way, will not forsake his sins, and he has no promise of mercy.—M.

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### EXTRACTS.

WELCH, ALA., March 29, 1891.—*Beloved Bro. Mitchell:* While alone this evening, I will write a few lines with regard to poor weak and wandering mind, which often makes me go bowed down with grief and sadness. These troubles and tribulations of life cause me, at times, to fear that I have never been born of the Spirit. But at other times, when I can remember and look back thirteen years ago, in August last, when I felt to be delivered by grace from the burden of my sins, I get fresh courage and go on my way rejoicing. I have a name among the brethren and sisters at Mt. Pisgah, and esteem it a great privilege to be with them when assembled for worship, to hear them sing, pray and preach. We have good preaching, and I hope we are in peace.

JAMES SMITH.

CARROLLTON, GA., March 27, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Mitchell:* After greeting you and the dear readers of the MESSENGER, enclosed you will find money order for three dollars to be credited as directed. And I also feel impressed to give a sketch of a trip taken last August in company with a brother, a cousin and his wife, to the State of Arkansas, where I had three brothers, some of whom I had not seen for thirty years. I have always been very cowardly about traveling on the cars, so that my impressions to visit my brothers and my fears seemed to be about on a balance; but knowing that I was getting very old and feeble, I felt that unless I availed myself of this opportunity I might never more see them. While struggling between these two impressions I felt rebuked for my distrust in thinking that God had protected me these seventy odd years, and yet I was fearful to trust him on that trip. I then realized the truth, that he could take care of me on the train as well as when sitting at home. All fear of danger left me, and Wednesday before the first Sunday in last August, bidding farewell to wife and children, I boarded the train at 1:30 and landed at Jonesboro, Ark., next day at 2:00 p. m., having traveled 513 miles, finding my three brothers and families all well. Their families had increased so that there were a good many of them. One brother who had left Georgia in 1865, a single young man, I found there with a married daughter. Language cannot express my feelings on that occasion, and I was made in spirit to cry out, "O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Now, my dear brother, I am going to tell you something of what my eyes saw, my ears heard and my poor heart felt while there. One of my brothers there is a Primitive Baptist, and after our happy greeting I was informed that a Primitive elder from Illinois was to preach at a Primitive Baptist church near there on next Saturday and Sunday. Immediately I determined, if not providentially hindered, to go there. We were favored to go, and I was introduced to more Primitive Baptists than I had expected to see there. Among them were Eld. Han, of Illinois, and Bro. Garner, their local preacher. Eld. Han preached to a large and attentive congregation, and I then and there realized with double force that "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." There I sat and heard Eld. Han preach Jesus as the sinner's only hope of salvation, and though some of us were a thousand miles from home, all rejoiced together, and not one sentence was uttered that I did not endorse. Eld. Han baptized two brethren Sunday, after which he preached, followed by Eld. Garner. Next Saturday night I arrived home, finding all well.

Surely, this was the most pleasant trip I ever had, not being sick one minute. Pray the Lord for me, that I may be humble under so many blessings.

Bro. Mitchell, I write this not exactly for the MESSENGER, but leave it to your discretion.

GILBERT COLE.

VIOLET, GA., April 26, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Mitchell:* Doubtless you will be surprised to get a letter from me, though since you were at Emmaus, Troup county, last first Sunday in April, I have felt a desire to write you, as I could not then be much with you to hear you talk. It was a great pleasure to us all to have you visit us, and when you came Saturday morning, I felt somehow like we would have a good meeting. Your text in 124th Psalm—"If it had not been the Lord who was on our side," etc.—was so appropriate to my condition and feelings that I was greatly strengthened thereby, for I have felt that if there had not been some power greater than man to check and subdue me, the proud waters of sin and corruption would have overcome and swallowed me up. You spoke of some deceiving themselves. This seems strange, though I can call to mind many instances when I have deceived myself. But, while you were preaching Saturday, I would ask myself why we were, at times, so confident of victory in the end? Instantly the answer was, "Because the Lord is on our side."

Bro. Mitchell, if I could always remember your admonition and advice to us when you were at Emmaus I think I would be greatly benefitted, though I am often covered with gloomy darkness and my way seems exceedingly dark and dreary until I become burdened in spirit almost greater than I can bear, causing me to wonder if I am truly a Christian and a Primitive Baptist. True, I have a name with them and love them, but I feel to be the least of all and more sinful than others, and this gives me a great deal of trouble, though at times I greatly enjoy meeting with them for worship, for I can realize, by faith, that we have a bright future beyond the grave. While you were preaching at Emmaus on Sunday, you spoke of the oneness of the Lord's people in Christ, and I felt encouraged that we were all on our journey traveling home to God.

At this time my future prospect seems brighter than usual, though I do not know how soon it may be changed, as I find that I am a stranger to myself.

Bro. Mitchell, I hope you will excuse the bad writing and other imperfections you see in this letter, as I never had much educational opportunities, and have not used the chance I had to proper advantage.

C. F. HURST.

We are glad to have even a short letter from our young brother, C. F. Hurst, whom we have known from a child, and rejoice to know that members at Emmaus regard him as an humble Christian brother.

M.

The high prize of heavenly bliss is at the end of the gospel race: So run that you may obtain. To neglect the race of holiness is to reject the prize of happiness. He that made you without your assistance, will not crown you till he has saved you from your disobedience.

## OBITUARIES.

## MRS. MARY WORDEN.

Died, April 21, 1891, Mrs. MARY WORDEN, wife of Daniel Worden, and daughter of the late Samuel Little, all of Lincoln county, Tenn. In the death of this model woman the church has lost a most devoted and earnest member; her husband a loving, faithful companion; her children an affectionate mother and wise counselor, and the community a generous, self-sacrificing friend. With this humble follower of Jesus religion was no holiday attire to be donned on special occasions, but an abiding, vital principle that led her daily to seek the Master's will, and to strive to walk in accordance with his statutes. While firmly established in her convictions, she harbored no spirit of intolerance, and her whole being seemed imbued with that "charity that thinketh no evil." Her very presence seemed to shed a benign influence on those around her. The bereaved family will sadly miss the meek, gentle face which ever beamed with the mellow light of a spirit at peace with God and man. On the household rests a shadow which Divine power alone can dispel. Yet, we would commend the stricken ones to that gracious God whom she so implicitly trusted in life, and by whose sustaining grace she was enabled, at the very brink of the dark river, to proclaim the joyful triumph of the Christian's faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. S. L. L.

[Appended herewith is Mrs. Worden's experience, written three years previous to her death.]

## EXPERIENCE OF MRS. MARY WORDEN.

I was born in Lincoln county, Tennessee, November 19, 1835. When fourteen years old I felt that I was a sinner against God, and where He and His people were, in the condition I was I never could go, and where the devil and his people were I did not want to go. My impulse was to do good, to get good. So I set about the work. The more I tried to do good the farther off from God I seemed to get; the more I tried the more failures I made. It seemed to me that I stood alone in the world—salvation for all but me. O, had I died when an infant, or had never been born; but alas! I am here. How can I live or die in this condition!

In October, 1853, I felt that I could not live any longer. I had tried the prayers of God's people in my behalf; I was without God and without hope in the world; all creature help had failed. I laid myself down on my bed in the dark hour of midnight, never expecting to see another sunrise. The very breathing of my soul was that the Lord would save me. All on a sudden (I cannot tell how), unexpectedly I was enabled to believe on Christ as my Saviour. I could praise him aloud for his goodness and mercy to poor sinners. My mind was led out to earth's remotest bounds in behalf of sinners. I felt that if I could have had the whole Adamic race before me I would have pointed them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," not that we loved him, but that "He loved us and gave himself for us," and that "while we were sinners Christ died for us." I felt my troubles all gone forever—not knowing the tempter of souls, who is always traveling to and fro seeking whom he may devour. Next morning bright and early the tempter was before me and said, "What was all that praising God for last night? It was all imagination, and now gone—better never said anything about it. You are deceived and have deceived others." O, what a dark cloud had risen over me! Once so happy, yet so short a time! But, blessed be the Lord! the sun of righteousness arose and the cloud vanished. I was so happy, for I felt I had a second manifestation of the

presence of my Saviour. I felt it my duty now to search the Scriptures to learn what God would have me do.

In 1852 I united with the Primitive Baptist church from principle. My mind was led to that people, but I felt so little and unworthy; yet, I loved them, and continue to love them. The older I grow the closer the tie that binds us so firmly. Salvation by grace is a glorious theme; a whole Saviour, a surety, a Redeemer! A finished salvation in Jesus is found; no other name is given. "I am the way, the truth and the life," sayeth Jesus. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." "For it became him in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory? "For of him and through him and to him are all things." "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under earth." "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." "But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, forever sat down on the right hand of God; for by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" "who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." So let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith. "Who being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." He said, "It is finished."

#### JOSEPH AMIS.

Our dearly beloved brother, JOSEPH AMIS was born in Oglethorpe county, Georgia, January 29, 1817, and died in the city of Griffin, Ga., January 25, 1891, aged seventy-three years, eleven months and twenty-six days. He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Price, October 13, 1836, with whom he lived happily until his demise. They were not blessed with any children to make glad their hearts and to cheer them in their declining age, but two more devoted people to each other I have never seen. The dear brother was better to his beloved consort than "ten sons," being a husband in the strict sense of the word.

He received a well-grounded hope in Christ while quite a youth, and in obedience to his blessed Master joined the Baptist church at Big Creek, Oglethorpe county, Georgia, and was a consistent member of Bethel church, in Meriwether county, until his death. Among the great and good men who have lived and died in the past, perhaps none ever excelled our lamented brother. As a citizen he was a man of sterling worth—one of integrity, of good repute among all classes of right-thinking men. As a Christian he labored indefatigably in the cause of Christ; at his post, discharging his duty at all times, seldom ever failing to fill his seat in the house of God, and was, indeed, a sweet singer in Israel; but alas! that sweet voice which, with its melody, has cheered and rejoiced so many, is hushed in death; but no doubt in spirit to-day is chanting an immortal song! Yes, he is with the Lord—gone home to be forever with Jesus.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Truly, it is a blessed thought, that Bro. Amis is resting—sweetly sleeping in Jesus, nothing to mar the tranquil repose, while his

labors of charity, yea, of a long and well-spent life, follow him; so much so that he will long live in the love and memory of friends who survive him. Peace be to his ashes!

A. B. WHATLEY.

*Hogansville, Ga.*

#### BENJAMIN STRIPLING

Departed this life on the 22nd day of March, 1891, at his home in Marietta, Cobb county, Ga., at the age of about eighty years, after an illness of only a few hours. He was taken with bilious colic at about 11 o'clock at night, and breathed his last at about 12 o'clock the next day, having been in the enjoyment of his health and energy to a remarkable degree up to the time he was attacked with the fatal disease. He was a Georgian, having been born, reared and died in this State. His parents resided, in his early youth, in Monroe county, where he was married to Miss Mahala Clay. Thence he removed to Mt. Airy, in Harris county, where he resided for a number of years. From thence he removed to Houston county, near Perry, where he lived during the late war, and for some time afterwards, going from there to Marietta, Cobb county, where he died. He lost his wife about twelve or fourteen years ago, and afterwards married Miss Lou Cook, who alone survives him (having left no children). He received all the attention that could be given him to make his last days comfortable by an affectionate, devoted and now grief-stricken wife.

His was a useful and consistent life—possessing, in a large measure, all those noble traits of character that go to make up the good and useful citizen. He was unusually hospitable, his house being a home for his brethren and friends. He was a faithful member of the Primitive Baptist church, and served as a deacon for forty years or more, and was a firm believer in the doctrine of that church—indeed, a pillar and support of the church. Truly, a good man has fallen. We can but exclaim, Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord, thou good and faithful servant.

F. M. DURHAM.

#### JAMES ROWELL,

Born Sept. 6, 1802, in Darlington district, South Carolina. At the age of ten years, his parents moved to Bibb county, Ga., where he was brought up and educated. He was married to Lucinda Wheelons in 1825. He subsequently moved to Florida in 1830, and in 1833 he joined the Baptist Church of the Primitive Faith and Order. He served as a soldier in the Indian war 32 months. In 1857 he moved to Alabama, and united with the Church of Christ at Good Hope, in Covington County in 1858. He was in the Constitution of the Church at Pilgrim's Rest, where he remained a member until God took him away, Feb. 27, 1891.

Being personally acquainted with Bro. Rowell, I desire to say that from the time he united with the Baptists until the day of his death, he lived a Christian; unflinching in his opinions, sound in faith, perfect in practice. prompt to his meetings, loving and kind in his christian dealings, upright in his transactions with his fellow man his whole soul was engaged in his devotions. A greater lover of sound gospel truth never lived, or one that abominated false doctrine more than he did. He was a bright example in the church, and a perfect model everywhere. He visited the sick and comforted them in every way that lay in his power. He affiliated with nothing but his church; them he loved and fondly cherished. He was one of the greatest lovers of peace I ever saw. He never tired in his labors to settle disputes. The last twelve years of his life was entirely spent in laboring for the peace and prosperity of Zion, and comforting them that were in distress or cast down in mourning. He visited all the churches in his reach. If they were in trouble he was there to aid by his loving counsel; If in prosperity, he was there to rejoice with them. He loved everybody, and everybody loved him; he had a home and welcome everywhere he went. Truly "Jesus was with the man." About six

weeks before he died his dear and loving companion was called to leave him behind, but he was not conscious of it at the time, his own sickness was so severe. They lived together and raised five children that the writer knows of. His wife was a Methodist by profession, and a woman highly noted for piety, patience and christian sympathy. They loved each other dearly, often going with each to the others, meeting. They leave behind two sons and two daughters and a number of grand children to mourn their death, and we truly sympathize with them in their sorrow, for truly their loss is great, and we would say to them, weep not for them who have fallen asleep in Jesus.

*Hudson, Ala.*

J. D. HUDSON.

MRS. CYNTHA JANE KNIGHT,

Wife of Eld. G. B. Knight, and daughter of Joel and Catherine Johnston, was born in Walton county, Ga., December 10, 1819, and died in Clay county, Ala., April 22, 1891. She was married to G. B. Knight January 2, 1840, and received a hope in Christ, and her and her husband were received into the fellowship of Liberty Church of the Primitive faith and order Saturday before the third Sunday in July, 1845, and were baptized the following day by Eld. Benjamin Jowers, and continued a faithful member of that faith till her death, always being ready to give a reason of her hope, and continually contending for the faith. She always made her home a blessed place for the Baptists, and delighted in their company. She was always ready to distribute, to the extent of her ability, to the needy. She was not only a helpmeet in temporal things, but a spiritual helpmeet to her husband, for though often afflicted, she would encourage her husband to go in the discharge of his duties, saying the Lord would take care of her. She was the youngest of twelve children, all but one of whom preceded her to the grave. She leaves one brother, M. W. Johnston, one daughter, her only child, three grand children, a sorrowing and lonely husband, and a large concourse of relatives and acquaintances to mourn their loss, which we feel assured is her gain. The church has truly lost a mother in Israel. The writer has often been partaker of her councils and encouragement, having visited her frequently in her afflictions, which she bore without murmuring, but rejoicing in hope, saying, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful goodness," and that the Lord hath done for her what no one else could do. She said she had fought a good fight, finished her course, and kept the faith, and there was a crown of glory the Lord, the righteous judge, would give her, and all that loved his appearing.

During her afflictions, she as often as three times requested her husband to preach her funeral before burial, to which he replied, the task would be too great, and she answered, the Lord would make him able. So on the 24th of April, at Shiloh Church, Clay county, Ala., at 10 o'clock A. M., after singing and prayer by the writer, to a large and sorrowing congregation, from Rev. xiv. 13, her husband preached an able and feeling discourse of about one hour, followed by the writer, and concluded by Eld. R. C. Morrison, after which her remains were laid away in the cemetery, there to await the resurrection morning, when she shall come forth in the glorious likeness of Christ, where the sorrowing relatives will again join in praising God.

I can say of Sister Knight, I always found her enjoying her hope, having strong faith in God's promises, and rejoicing in hope of the glory that should be revealed. I would say to Bro. Knight to weep not, but look forward to the time when he may go to her; and to her daughter and relatives, to heed her admonition, obey the Lord, and do your duty in following his commandments, that it may be well with you.

May the God of all grace comfort the bereaved and sorrowing husband

and relatives, affording them grace for every trial, and at last give us all a home above, where we shall enjoy perfect happiness forever.

Bro. Knight asks an interest in the prayers of the saints, that he may continue to be faithful to the end.

H. G. HARRIS.

#### MRS. NANCY HAMBY,

Daughter of Moses and Dorothy Melton, was born October 15, 1811, and departed this life January 28, 1891. Truly a mother in Israel is gone. She was married to Eld. Isaac Hamby, September 17, 1829, with whom she lived a peaceable, quiet life, though a good deal of her time was spent in loneliness, in consequence of her husband's absence in serving churches, as he has had the care of four churches for many years, but she was reconciled with her lot, realizing that it was for Christ's sake. She united with the Primitive Baptist church at Mt. Zion, Newton county, Ga., about 1832, and was baptized by George Daniell. In the division of the Baptists, she, with her husband, got their letters, and shortly after united with Bald Rock Church, where she has been an exemplary member ever since. The disease that ended her mortal life was la grippe, with which she suffered for several days, though she was ready and waiting the Lord's time for the change to come. A short while before death, she became calm, and passed off quietly, like going to sleep, and I believe fell asleep in Jesus. Her husband was down at the same time, with the same disease, and at the time of her death, was unconscious. It looked like they would both be released from this sinful world at about the same time, though he is yet spared. She was one of the most meek and quiet women I ever knew, and she seemed at all times to have that abiding faith that should characterize the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. She seemed at all times to have a word of comfort for any in distress. She attended her meetings regularly when able. She was deprived of that privilege for some time before her death, in consequence of feeble health. She rejoiced in the doctrine of salvation by grace. Her fears were that she was not embraced in the redeemed number.

She was the mother of twelve children—six boys and six girls—eight of whom have passed away, leaving three daughters and one son, who are members of the Primitive Baptist church, who, with her aged husband and many friends mourn her loss, though they have that consoling word of inspiration, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Though she is dead, she yet speaketh, and may we, who knew her in life, be prepared by grace divine to emulate her many Christian virtues, is the desire of the unworthy writer,

*Conyers, Ga.*

ARNOLD WHITAKER.

#### CALVESTUS CROXTON

Was born February 24, 1838, and departed this life February 14, 1891. He was the oldest child of Bro. E. M. and Sister Nancy L. Croxton, who preceded him in death several years. Bro. C. CROXTON joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Harmony, Crenshaw county, Ala., September 14, 1872, and was baptized on Sunday following, by Eld. Wm. Hayes, living a consistent and useful member of that body until death. He was of an agreeable and quiet disposition; swift to hear, slow to speak and slow to wrath; noted for his integrity in all his dealings with his fellow man, and especially noted for the great precision of his judgment. He served through the late war, proving himself a brave soldier; he received a wound, from which he suffered a great deal. He leaves a wife and five children, one brother and four sisters, together with numerous other relatives and friends to mourn his death. He was a loving and devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, and an affectionate brother. To his wife, children, brother and sisters, 'tis sad to think that husband, father and brother is dead, but he lived the life of a Christian, and died

in the full triumph of a living faith in Christ. You should not mourn, but rejoice, for, Blessed are the dead which die in Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. God alone can comfort you in this hour of great trial. May we all be prepared to meet him in heaven, is my prayer.

A. H. WILLIAMSON.

#### SITHANY MOON.

SITHANY MOON, our dear mother, wife of Eld. Isaac N. Moon, and daughter of Robert S. and Margaret Bullard, was born in Walton county, Georgia, May 12, 1833, and after an illness of about four months, of heart dropsy, died near Powder Springs, Cobb county, Ga., May 14, 1891, aged fifty-eight years and two days. When about four years of age she moved with her parents to Cobb county—to the old plantation on which the burying ground that now holds her remains is located. The ground was donated by her father, who was buried there just forty-six years ago to a day, when mother was placed to rest. She was united in marriage to my dear father October 14, 1858, from which union nine children (seven boys and two girls) were born, all being grown now except one little boy, born and died December 10, 1865.

She received the manifestations of a blessed hope in Christ when about twelve or fourteen years of age, but never made a public profession until July 12, 1873. She, with my dear father and three others, went forward while the church proposed an open door, and while singing that cherished hymn, beginning,

"In all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I'll pursue,"

related what great things the Lord had done for their poor souls. They were received for baptism, and on Sunday, August 10, 1873, she, with my dear father and seven others were baptized in Powder Creek, by Eld. John G. Eubanks, into the full fellowship of the Primitive Baptist church of Christ at Sorrell Springs, where she remained a consistent and devoted member until her death. She was, indeed, a mother in Israel and a dear companion to my father, who still survives her, often encouraging him when he would almost drop under the weight of his ministerial duties. Many are the times when his presence at home seemed greatly needed would she take his place in the field in order that he might go to his appointments. Being of a quiet temperament and mind, she was not an open talker, but a strong believer in the doctrines of the Primitive Baptists. She led an humble Christian life, and never appeared happier than when doing all she could to make others happy—especially the brethren and sisters who visited her—by her kindness and genial hospitality towards them. Her great desire and ambition was to raise her children morally and respectably, teaching them that "a good name is to be chosen rather than great riches," but that the strictest morality would not do to rely upon for life eternal. She was very economical and industrious.

Having no photograph of her, we often insisted on her having some taken, but not until during her last illness did she consent. So we arranged for a family re-union and had a photographer to come out and photograph the family in a group, March 28th. There were twenty-seven in all, and as mother took her place in the group we, noticing her feebleness, felt that our family would never again all be grouped together this side of the Great Artist in heaven.

Eld. B. M. Camp, who conducted the exercises at her burial, visited her and preached for her during her illness. She told him that, if it was the pleasure of the Lord to call her away, she was ready, waiting to go. In her death we have sustained a great loss. The Master has plucked one of the fairest, purest jewels in the cluster of women to deck his crown. Folded are the busy hands; silent are the lips that made joy in

the household. But God knoweth best; he has taken but his own to dwell with him in a fairer, brighter home. Had we the power we would not call her back to this world again. We must look to God for comfort; he can heal our sorrows and tell of a joyful re-union in heaven. Though mother lies in the cold grave, yet she liveth in a more beautiful home than this. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Oh! for the death of those  
Who slumber in the L rd;  
Oh! be like theirs my last repose,  
Like their's my last reward."

JOSEPH B. MOON.

ELD. R. W. CARLISLE.

ELD. R. W. CARLISLE, died of cancer November 3d, 1890, at the home of Mrs. Mattie Brown, his youngest daughter, who lived near Goodwater, Coosa county, Alabama, in the 55th year of his age. He was born, raised to manhood, and married to Miss Clasisa Owens, in Morgan county, Ga. Joined the Baptist there in 1830, before the division, and was soon thereafter set apart as deacon, and subsequently moved to Chambers county, Alabama, and thence to Tallapoosa, and was ordained to the ministry at Darien church by Elders Moses Gunn and John M. Duke in 1845, and in 1859 he moved to Coosa county, Alabama, serving from three to five churches, till the infirmities of age forbid his continuance. For more than twenty years he was moderator of either the Wetumpka or Hillabee Associations. Elder Carlisle was regarded as a sound, consistent and able minister, and after faithfully serving in that capacity for near fifty years, he attended the Hillabee Association and on October 12th 1890, he bid the brethren all farewell to meet no more on earth, and in twenty days from that time he passed away to his long and eternal home to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. M.

MRS. MOLLIE A. MOORE.

SISTER MOLLIE A. MOORE, wife of Bro. J. T. Moore of Tempie, Ga., died at the residence of her son, Dr. Olin Brooks, in Blount county, Alabama, April 5th, 1891, in the fifty-second year of her age. She was the daughter of A. F. Copeland, well known in Chambers county, Alabama, and her first marriage was to Thomas Brooks by whom she had two sons, but had no children by her second marriage. Though Sister Moore had the early advantages of a liberal education, owing to declining health in after years, her enjoyments were but little in earthly things. At times, however, she seemed greatly to enjoy meeting with the people of God in worship, and feasting upon the preaching of the gospel of Christ; yet she had very humble views of herself, and in her last letter to the writer of December 25th, 1890, she says: "I am so changed in feelings, so little aim in life, so little religious zeal, at times I feel to be morally dead—if I ever was here for any good it has been accomplished—yet my heart often pants as by still waters for a heavenly ray of light: some way in which I can feel that I can live my last days as my first." Thus the Lord has taken her to himself to that "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." M.

JACOB W. PARKER.

JACOB W. PARKER, son of James and Nancy Parker, was born June 12th, 1851, in Stewart county, Georgia. Jas. Parker was a licensed minister of the Primitive Baptist Church and his wife also a member, both of whom died a number of years back, leaving their little children, two sons and three daughters, to the mercy of the world, and Jacob being the oldest son the care of the family fell on him, and he managed by the help of the other children, and so lived, as to be an honor to the community in which they lived. On December 26, 1878, he married Miss Fannie M. Mayo, and they lived happily together a few years; but alas, Jacob is not,

for he is dead. Jacob was a strong believer in the Primitive Baptist doctrine; he was a strong friend to the church, and always ready to help the church in anything that was to do that took money or labor; but he never attached himself to the church on account of his unworthiness. He had a well grounded hope in Christ, and was always ready to help the poor of his neighborhood. Time and space will not admit of telling all his good qualities. He was ever true to his promise with his fellowmen; his word was his bond in all his dealings and transactions. He was taken sick unto death December 28, 1890, with a complication of diseases that baffled the skill of the best doctors of our land; and after all that could be done by man, on February 6, 1891, he died at his home in Stewart county, leaving a wife and three little children together with many relatives and friends to mourn his death; but we are not as those without hope, for his faith in Jesus was strong and unshaken. The writer of this sketch has spent many pleasant days and nights with Jacob and his little family that will never be forgotten by him, and will say to the dear heart-broken and grief-stricken family that we know that it is a sore and trying affliction, but let us remember that the God of Israel, which was the God in whom he trusted, is too good and too wise to err; he does all things right, and he has been pleased to call our Jacob home to rest where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. May the Lord bless the dear family with every blessing needful in this time of their sore trouble, and prepare them in time for a re-union beyond the grave. Jacob was buried in the old family burying ground near Red-hill, Stewart county, Georgia.

I will say in conclusion, that his house was a Baptist home where the dear way-worn people of God who stopped there were kindly cared for by himself and wife, who also is a believer in the Lord Jesus.

W. T. EVERITT.

#### E. J. POUNCY.

In attempting to write in memory of departed friends acceptably to ourselves and others, we feel, perhaps, the least competent of any one professing godliness. But as the dear old brother has been so consoling to us in bearing with our weakness and remembering us on his dying bed, we feel that it would be base indeed to refuse writing something in his memory, especially after having been requested to do so by the bereaved family.

He was born in Twiggs county, Georgia, January 6, 1811. He left there with his parents, Jno. and Mary Pouncy, when he was seven years of age (1818), and moved to the town of Montgomery, Montgomery county, Ala. He afterwards moved to Butler county, and married Miss Elizabeth Corley, June 25, 1831. In 1850 he came to Union Parish, La., and settled near Spearsville. His little son, John, died on the way December 12, aged thirteen months and twelve days. November 4, 1860, his oldest son died, aged twenty-one years, four months and twelve days. His oldest daughter, Sarah Jane, died August 26, 1870, aged thirty-two years, four months and twenty-four days. She was a member of the Primitive Baptist church, which she faithfully adorned. The heaviest bereavement of all was the death of his companion, August 13, 1874, aged fifty-six years, two months and seven days. She was a member of the Primitive Baptist church, also.

He was the father of ten children—five male and five female. Seven of them survive him. Three daughters are Primitive Baptists; the others, except one, are Missionaries. He was a farmer and wagon-maker by occupation. At the age of thirteen he obtained a hope in Christ, but for fear of reproaching the cause of Christ (which is often the case with those who fear the Lord), he never openly professed until the year 1857,

when he and his wife united with the Primitive Baptist church at New Hope, Union Parish, La., and were baptized by Eld. J. T. McAdams. He ever afterwards lived faithful to the cause which he loved so dearly. He was always punctual to attend the conferences and meetings of his belief, and did everything in his power to promote the welfare of Zion. His house was ever open for the reception of his brethren, who called upon him frequently, especially in going to and from Associations. Those who frequented his hospitable house, and became acquainted with the faithful old brother, will remember him. Time and space prevents us from saying many things about him that we desire, but suffice it to say that he was firm and unshaken in his views of Christianity; so much that no one acquainted with him would argue with him expecting to change his views.

He had been afflicted in various ways for several years, which, in his declining years, caused him, at times, to be very near helpless. Several years ago he selected the text for his funeral (Eph. ii. 1), and the hymns "Amazing Grace" and "O, for a Closer Walk with God." On January 17, 1891, he was taken with a severe pain in the ear, which finally run into pneumonia. A physician was obtained, but his aid, together with all that his loving children could do, did but little good. Another physician was sent for, but he, too, was unable to arrest the disease. Meanwhile, anxious friends and neighbors crowded to see him and relieve him, if possible. He did not fear to die, but it grieved him to part from his dear children. "My hope! my hope!" were frequently his words while suffering. He told his daughters to "Cling to the old church." Thus he suffered and longed to leave this world until 3 o'clock P. M. January 22, 1891, when mortality gave away. His remains were buried in the cemetery at Spearsville, Eld. R. M. Gathright preaching his funeral on the 10th inst. to a large and attentive congregation.

May the grace of God be with his bereaved ones and cause them to submit themselves to Him who doeth all things well.

*Spearsville, La.*

N. B. BIRD, JR.

#### MRS. MARTHA L. TOMLIN.

SISTER MARTHA LOUISIA TOMLIN died at her home near Monticello, Drew county, Arkansas, February 9, 1891. She was the wife of Deacon W. L. Tomlin, (who is the son of Eld. A. Tomlin, formerly of Georgia), and the daughter of James Murphy. She was born in Walker county, Georgia, whence her parents moved to Drew county, Arkansas, in her childhood. She was married to W. L. Tomlin September 6, 1860, and the fruits of that union were eight children, six daughters and two sons, who all survive her. In 1865 she came to the church at Ephesus, Drew county, Arkansas, and related her experience, was received and baptized by Eld. Stephen Berry. Her disease was typhoid fever; all that physicians and friends could do could not relieve her. She firmly believed in the doctrine of absolute predestination. She was a great comfort to her dear husband in trouble and in his dark seasons, and the writer can say surely it was a consolation to care for her brethren and sisters. How can we part with one so loving and kind! She was a kind and affectionate wife, mother, and neighbor; while her dear husband, children, kindred, friends, brethren and sisters, mourn over their loss, their loss is her eternal gain, if it be the will of the Lord. Blessed be this dispensation of his providence to the good of the bereaved, is the desire of the writer, and all the praise be unto his holy name the Lord of Lords.

*Monticello, Drew Co., Arkansas.*

G. W. CALDWELL.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 9. BUTLER, GA., SEPTEMBER, 1891. Vol. 13.

## THE HEBREW MIDWIVES.—EX. I., XIX.

DEAR BRO: I have concluded to give, if you think profitable, a little bit of my experience. To me and with me there is something very strange in reading and understanding any portion of the Bible. I have frequently read some of its verses that at the time looked very strange indeed, and oftentimes this very strangeness has almost led to doubt of the entire genuineness of the verses; and then another strange fact is, that in process of time those very verses would open to my mind with such conviction of truth that it would seem then that if they were not in the Bible I could not believe it, and these very passages would become texts for me to use for a long time in trying to preach. Why this is so I cannot tell, and it may be so with all or many, at least of the Lord's people. If Jesus had not said that he would send the Comforter who should or would take the things of His and show them to us, it now looks like it would be impossible for me to trust the Bible as God's word. That one saying is the connecting and explanatory link of the whole book; it obviates doubts engendered by physical impossibilities. For instance, how could His disciples tell what He said in prayer in the garden of Gethsemane when they were fast asleep and at a stone's throw distance. How could Luke tell what Agrippa, Festus and Bernice said, when they, by themselves, held a private consultation in regard to Paul? And not only these instances, but of the many recountings by its writer of circumstances that took place in their absence. But with this saying all becomes satisfactory and believable, hence we see that our belief, if one at all, must be a spiritual one, and the

Spirit sanctifies the letter to our understanding, and this shows that God alone is the author of the Christian's belief, whether in Georgia or China; and without this spiritual conviction neither the Georgian or Chinaman know of the truthfulness of Scripture, for in its teachings there are physical impossibilities that no man can intelligently reconcile by any ability save that of the Spirit; hence Paul says "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," (which was clearly shown while Christ was here in the flesh.) And then again he says, "how can we preach except we are sent?" and if God does not call, qualify and send the preacher by His Spirit to preach, how can he preach in Georgia or Africa? For a long time after I began trying to speak in my Lord's name there was a portion of Scripture that I thought surely was wrong, and had you have come to me and said: "Bro. Wilde, there is one portion of Scripture that is wrong and I now leave it to you to select it," I should certainly have turned to the place where Pharaoh told the midwives to destroy the male children of the Hebrews, and especially their answer to him. I could see no sense whatever in their answer that "the Hebrew women were not like the Egyptian women; that the children were born ere they arrived." I knew when a woman was taken in labor she had no discretion about the time of delivery or birth, and that the midwives' answer implied that the Egyptian women did control the labor and not the labor them; I could readily see why the Hebrew women, from prudential reasons, would wait so long that the children would be born before the arrival of the midwives, but not so with their story of comparison. But after so long a time God showed me the meaning of the Scripture, and the showing has gone as far to convince me of the truthfulness of Scripture as any portion that He has ever given to me, and that that Scripture as fully shows the true and false church of this day as if it had been written in this age. The midwives told the truth in the Spirit at least. The children of God are born before the arrival of the preacher; yes, they are born when God only is present; there are none to deliver them but Him. He is at the conception and the delivery, and only He. On the contrary the Egyptians are born now as then, after the arrival of the preacher. Stated times

for revival meetings are given out from pulpit and press, and all seem willing to wait for the religious birth of the religious children until the appointed time for the revival to begin, and then begins the birth of the children; and when the revival is over we are told from pulpit and press that so many are happily converted to the Lord. But you will remember that these are the children of time—the midwife, (the preacher), has plenty of time to come, either by rail or buggy, to engage in their deliverance, and is then ready to announce to the astonished world the great number of souls that have been saved. Such is my interpretation of this text.

Yours in love,

WILDE C. CLEVELAND.

*Culloden, Ga., June 10, 1891.*

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### EVANGELISTS.

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DEAR BROTHER: I am not in the habit of writing anything for publication, because I cannot write, having to burden others with it as I dictate to them. Will you grant me—the least of all God's little ones, if one at all—this favor, to publish in the GOSPEL MESSENGER some things that I wish to say to you and to all the readers of the dear MESSENGER. I find in the May number a piece written by our aged and much beloved Elder W. M. Mitchell, upon the subject of traveling preachers. It is short, but it is the longest, broadest, and fullest in its meaning of anything on this subject that I've ever seen. 2. The reason I wish to be heard by our people is, that the explanation given by our father and brother, Eld. Mitchell, has given me so much relief that at once I concluded that it would do good to the household of faith generally.

I am a sort of local preacher down here in the backwoods, and I do not feel capable of giving any advice or counsel. For a long time I have felt there was something wrong some way about traveling preachers, and I will try, by the help of the Lord, in my weakness to tell *why*. It has often been the case with me to receive a letter from some brother preacher asking me to publish for him a long list of appointments, and of course I must do so. I did not, nor did any of these

churches send for him, and perhaps his church and the churches of his charge, (provided he had any,) did not say go; neither did they know he was going. The reader may now see that I have been at a great loss to know whether the Lord sent him, or that he was hunting loaves and fishes. If the Lord sends us a preacher I want to help encourage him. I am willing to do so. But if he has gone out to feed himself and not the flock, and is one of these fat cattle that is hooking and jamming the lean ones, God says of such shepherds that He will take His flock from them, because they feed themselves and not the flock. In the place of feeding the flock they have commenced eating up the flock. Please turn with me to Ezekiel xxxiv., commencing with the 3d verse, and there read what this inspired man of God says: "Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost, but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them. And they were scattered, because there is no shepherd, and they became meat to all the beasts of the field when they were scattered." Read the rest of the chapter.

Now I will turn aside from the Prophet a moment and give you some of the strange doings of our day, also a few of my thoughts. We had an old preacher to come into our midst once—he came several times. For some cause known to the Lord I met with a deacon who belonged to a church that this old preacher had been its pastor. This deacon asked me if I could not come and preach for them. My reply to him was that I was too weak and unworthy to go off and attempt to preach where the Baptists had such able gifts, and the deacon answered they had no preacher at all; that their pastor (this same old preacher) had given up his church and all the rest that he had had in charge, without the consent of these churches, and he had gone traveling, and that it was the most desolate time that he had ever witnessed among the Baptists, and that many of the members were being decoyed away. It occurred to my mind that the greedy dogs were having full sway with these

poor scattered sheep, for the reason that their shepherd was gone. I have also heard from Baptists in different parts of the country where they are destitute of preachers to supply the churches, and at the same time in other parts the Baptists are overstocked with preachers. Now, let me say to the Baptists, I am fearful that the reason why some places are overrun with preachers is that there is more fat and more wool in some places among the Baptists than there is to be had in other places. Should this be correct, that fully answers why there is at this time so many fat cattle, and why they are hooking and jamming the lean cattle. I wish to say here that I have many invitations from the Baptists, some distance from me, to come and see them. Sister Annie R. Phillips sent me a pressing invitation to come and see them in her county. I have a great anxiety to see her and also Bro. Respass, also the dear brethren in Alabama, North Carolina, Texas, etc.; but I feel unwilling to go, as I am so weak and unworthy. Also, I fear to make these visits that something would be donated to me to help me on my way that rightly belonged to some old helpless members and the pastors of the churches that I should visit. I want to feed the flock wherever I may be blessed to meet them. If I know my heart I do not desire the fat nor the wool of God's people. I am a very poor man, and I was wounded in the late war and am entirely unable to do any manual labor, and I have become part paralyzed this last winter, and at this time not able to travel to my churches. Perhaps I suffer as much as any wounded soldier. My people for five winters have expected me to die, and I will now say, as I never expect to write any more, that I have served four churches twenty years—the same churches except one—and have baptized two hundred and fifty-eight persons, and did all this service with this broken arm; have raised eight children, and have kept my debts paid. The Lord has blessed me with plenty; have lacked nothing of food and raiment.

In conclusion, must say to all of God's dear preachers, that if you will attend strictly to the work that God has assigned you in His body, *which is the church*, you will get all you need if you do not get all you want. You are to measure, the temple and the altar, and those that worship therein. Remember, you have nothing to

do in the outer courts. If you will accept any advice from an old worn out soldier you will abide in your calling. If you will feed the flock, as you are commanded, God will feed you. But if you quit feeding the flock and go to feeding yourselves, God will take His flock from you and He will not suffer you to feed yourselves. I wish it understood that I am not trying to hook or jam any of God's dear people. I have written this in order to help give timely warning. Never have I witnessed such disunion and confusion among the Baptists as at this time. There is not a church in the circuit of my acquaintance but what is having more or less trouble. There are more men being called to preach than I ever knew of, and the greater part of them had to tell the church that they were called to preach before the church found it out. To illustrate, can it be possible for a woman to conceive, travail out her time, bring forth and not know it. I speak of the church. The preacher of God's choice is the gift of God to the church and the church conceives in her mind that there is a gift in the church. Some of the ablest preachers I've ever known could not do any service to any profit when they were first discovered to be in the body, and they had to realize great sorrow and pass through deep trouble. This is true of the travail of the mind of the preacher. We must remember that the church is in trouble at the same time. The church sees that this poor brother has a second travail, and as such the church is drawn out in sympathy for him and must pray for his deliverance, and when he is vomited up by that wonderful deliverance then he is raised up in the church and is blessed with a door of utterance. God loosens the stammering tongue, and this new born preacher commences to speak as with the pen of a ready writer, and the church rejoices that her deliverance has come. Here I had better stop for fear I have scared all the preachers. With loving kindness I have often said to my brethren, (and many of them joined in with me,) that we wished that Brother Respass would come to see us; also want old father Mitchell to come once more, the Lord willing, into our humble homes. To one and all of God's little children, farewell.

In tribulation,

T. W. STALLINGS.

DEAR BROTHER RESPES: It has been some weeks since I have attempted to pen anything for the columns of the MESSENGER, and, as a general thing, everything needful has been so well said by others, that there appeared to be no further need. The excellent articles you have published in regard to evangelists, their calling and duties, etc., must, I think, result in a general concurrence in sound and scriptural sentiments on the part of both preachers and churches. A better understanding of all the points involved must tend to more harmonious and profitable action. Among those who have taken part in this discussion is Eld. H. Bussey, whose letters I have generally admired. Of late he has written on another subject, and I now propose to offer some remarks or criticisms upon it, that of *washing feet* as a church ordinance. I do not recollect ever writing anything for the press on this subject, and I have all along been under the impression that our Primitive Baptist papers had agreed to not agitate it. For this reason I have felt to refrain, even when, time after time, some one has started a discussion about it. I have had another reason for refraining, and, perhaps, that reason ought to prevent me from saying anything even now, and that is, that those Baptists who observe this as a church ordinance, have not seemed to take kindly any presentation of the other side. I have never noticed the introduction of any point of doctrine or order as a subject for investigation, about which brethren have seemed so irritable, and to so quickly get excited as this about public feet washing. It is not my object now to discuss the questions involved, but merely to try to remove some impressions that appear to have obtained, to a considerable extent, among those who practice this as a church ordinance. Bro. Bussey suggests that the Baptists are much more numerous in those sections of the country where this practice prevails. I don't know how this may be, or whether, as an argument, it would be worth while to look up the statistics, but while I have traveled extensively among the Baptists for many years, and I have never yet witnessed the observance spoken of, nor met with any church that believes it. It is only on one point that I propose now to deal, and that is in regard to its being designed as a church ordinance, leaving the importance of the lesson

inculcated, and its significance undisturbed. Bro. Bussey virtually says that no other denomination, except the *ignorant Hard Shells*, observe feet washing. He is laboring under a mistake about this. I know of another denomination who, not only practice it publicly, but lay a great deal of stress upon it. They have a number of other things along with it, to which they attach more or less importance. They use only unleavened bread, have communion, love feast and foot washing all at night. I say *foot* washing because they wash but one foot. They also call people by their given name, refusing to *Mister* anybody; and they refuse also to call the names of the months, or of the days of the week, calling them only by the number. They also let their beard grow long, and dress in what may be known as Quaker style. These people are not Hardshells, unless it be in some other sense than that used by Bro. Bussey, but they are Arminians in doctrine, or as claimed by some, Universalists. I mention these things to show that there are others who are even ahead of the *Hardshell Baptists* in zeal in the matter of observing all the things commanded. I do not propose to question the sincerity and honesty of these people, nor of those of the Baptists that observe these things in the same way. Why should they question ours? Cannot the Baptists of the South and West believe that those of the North and East are as honest and conscientious as themselves? I feel to claim this for myself, and for all the Baptists with whom I stand identified, that we are as honest in this thing as they can claim to be. That we do what we believe to be right, and to do otherwise would subject us to the challenge, "Who hath required this at your hand?" I have witnessed the observance of the ceremonies above alluded to a number of times, and invariably it was thrown out as though others were neglecting a known duty. *Unessential* was a term that was freely thrown out as the excuse that others resorted to for neglecting to obey this injunction. The meaning, of course, was, because it was not considered essential to salvation, they would neglect to observe it. I have never thought of so using this term, neither have I so heard it used by others. I have too much faith in the Baptists to believe that they would wilfully neglect any known duty because their salvation did not depend

upon its fulfillment. All the discourse that I have heard, and much of the writings that I have seen, assume that it is not even a debatable question, but that it certainly was enjoined to be publicly observed in the churches, and that they all know this to be so; consequently, that they are all neglecting a known duty.

I am not trying to persuade or convince anybody, nor do I wish to detract in the least from the satisfaction that may be found in the observance of this thing, in the way spoken of by Bro. Bussey. All I want now is to set ourselves right with regard to our own convictions, and he ought to be as willing to know that we are as honest and conscientious as he is; that we should believe him to be so. The point is simply this: That it never was designed to be maintained and observed as a public church ordinance. Its place is among the rites of hospitality. I said I would not argue the points, but I want to set ourselves right on the question of neglected duty. We fail to find anywhere in the Acts of the Apostles, or in any of the many letters written to the churches, or in any record of the frequent instances of their breaking bread, a single mention of the observance of feet washing as forming a part of the performance. Neither precept nor example can we find in all the New Testament, not even a hint that it was so understood or so observed by any of the churches. Even the messages of the spirit to the seven churches in Asia make no mention of such an ordinance. The two ordinances—baptism and communion—we find on nearly every page. The Apostle gives us a whole chapter of instructions in regard to the solemnity and sacredness of this ordinance, but says nothing of any other. Once, indeed, we meet with the expression, "If she has washed the saints feet," placing it among the acts of hospitality that should characterize a worthy and faithful member. The effect of this expression can only be to take the whole subject away from any claims to its public observance. I have read the Baptist confession of faith, concurred in by most of the Baptists of England and Wales, and adopted and republished in this country. My impression is that we do not find it there as a public ordinance; and I know that the Baptists who came over and settled in this part of the country did not bring it with them.

In the histories that I have read, I fail to find account of an observance of this thing in the Primitive churches, even subsequent to New Testament times. Where, when, or by whom it was introduced for public observances I am not going now to inquire. And I want it distinctly understood that I do not wish to agitate the subject, nor am I dissatisfied with the course generally pursued and acquiesced in among all Primitive Baptists to not allow this question to interrupt our correspondence and fellowship.

If any one has arguments to offer, or Scripture to present, I am willing to see and read. If I am in error let me be convinced. It has been in the way of defending ourselves and vindicating our course that I have now written. If we are rightly understood Bro. Bussey and all others with whom we differ in this thing, will henceforth think more favorably of us.

I submit these reflections, as I suppose all are willing to be righted if they are wrong, and I only ask for my remarks to be taken for what they are worth.

In gospel bonds,  
E. RITTENHOUSE.

*State Road, Del.*

ELD. W. M. MITCHELL.—*Dear Aged Bro. in Christ:* I often think of you and the many trials and afflictions you have had to pass through for these many years. Your measure of suffering is filled up, and you are drawing near to the land of rest and perfect peace. But you yet stand upon the walls of Zion, on the battlefield, with armor on “girt about with truth,” having the sword of the spirit and the word of God as your weapons to fight the battles of the Lord. And while you thus stand you hear the cry on every side, “Watchman, what of the night, what of the night!” A minister of Christ, a soldier of the cross, stands in a responsible place, has a high and noble calling. The day of battle is a fearful time. To be a true, valiant, unflinching soldier when the enemy is near, it takes more than moral courage to stand when the enemy is to be met. With God’s servants and people it takes the power of his spirit to hold them up and make them valiant for the truth. The power of Jesus is the only strength of His servants and people in all ages, and through Him the victory will come most glorious.

My dear brother, what are the signs of the times? To many the clouds look stormy and threatening, much confusion and strife in many localities; striving about words to no profit; evil speaking and surmising; jealousy and envyings; falling out by the way—gold and silver and lands seem to be of more value than

the truth of God and the love of Jesus. What is the matter? Is it carnal-worldly-mindedness that has brought this terrible state of things where it is seen and felt? Where, O, where is that spirit of the Pentecostal day, when love and holy fellowship abounded? Where is the spirit of our precious and adorable Redeemer? When this it felt and realized, then welcome trials and tribulation, sacrifice is then willing to be made, even to giving up life itself, for the love of Jesus flowing in the soul overcomes every difficulty. When the soul is humble and feels the power of Christ's love, self-sinks and Jesus rises all and in all. It takes His power and His work to bring us to this place. I long, my dear brother, to feel and realize the overwhelming power of His love and grace. I often fear that I know nothing about this wondrous love. So little is manifested in my life and conversation. I am still servile and sinful—in me, that is, “in my flesh dwelleth no good thing.” I long and pant for the love of Jesus and “feeling sense of His spirit power. At times I can say, my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God,” in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. God is visiting in love some of His tried and destitute people, and we are sure He will revive His work in His own time and way. The promises of our God are sure. Zion is engraven upon the palms of His hands, and her walls are ever before Him; the work is not left in the hands of men. We again repeat, “Watchman, what of the night?” In what state or period of time is the church now?

I trust, my dear aged brother, you feel strengthened to endure the trials and afflictions that fall to your lot, your feebleness of body and every infirmity. I trust you may be still spared to give the watch word and sound the alarm, and speak words of comfort to the weak and feeble, many of whom are almost ready to faint by the way. A glorious rest is ahead. O, how blessed when freed from sin and made like Jesus. For this I long, for this I sigh. Many trials yet encompass me, and I feel lonely and desolate. The memory of by-gone days still presses my heart, but my heavenly husband is good and merciful. I want to adore Him with all the powers of my soul, but I cannot, for I am clogged with dull mortality, a body of sin and death. How is it with you, my precious brother, and your dear companion, and all of your dear ones? My love and kind remembrance to them all.

My stepson, Eld. S. Hassell, has been quite feeble for two weeks past, but he has improved somewhat, so that he went Saturday to fill an appointment yesterday. I trust the Lord will yet strengthen him for all He has for him to perform. He holds His servants in his own hands and disposes of them according to His own will and purpose.

I hope, Bro. Mitchell, you will excuse this hasty written letter. It is extremely warm and I am feeling quite feeble. My children's families are in usual health, but not well. If you should feel able,

and disposed, I would be glad to hear from you. When it goes well with you, pray for me and mine.

Excuse the imperfections of the blind and weary.

Your humble sister in the hope and love of Christ,

Williamston, N. C., June 25, 1891. MARTHA M. HASSELL.

*Remarks.*—We felt glad at the coming of your letter, dear aged sister. It was to us like cold water to a thirsty soul, for we had for many days been almost helpless in body, and somewhat cast down in spirit. In you, Sister Hassell, the promise of God is verified, that the "righteous shall flourish like a palm tree," and "still bring forth fruit in old age." Psa. 92, 14. W. M. M.

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## FELLOWSHIP.

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[CONTINUED.]

7th. Also, where members indulge in neglect of duty, vacate their seats, rail against the church, or live lives that are injurious to us as a body, indulge in profanity or excessive drinking, etc. In all this the sin is against the body as a whole, and should be dealt with by the church as a body. Where the church can, with safety to her credit, bear with a member, she should do it and should use all the means in her power to reclaim the disobedient. The parable of the one hundred sheep.—Matt. xviii. 12, is intended to teach us that we should seek to reclaim the disobedient. Sometimes we see a brother or sister go astray, become cold and careless about their duty. We should use all the means in our power to reclaim them; remove their jealousy by convincing them that we love them and desire their happiness and peace. As a shepherd would pursue the estraying sheep so you should pursue the dear child of God and reclaim him from the ways of sin. But there is a time when prudence says "cut them off." Let the church maintain her true dignity in the end by plucking out right eyes or cutting off right hands that will not obey the laws of the Great King. On this subject Paul says, 1 Tim. v. 20, 22: "Them that sin rebuke before all that others also may fear. I charge thee before God \* \* \* that thou observe these things without preferring one above another, doing nothing by partiality." Churches are apt to show partiality to their

*rich* or learned members in these things, which is a grievous sin and should be carefully avoided. "Lay hands suddenly on no man." We should never in a rash and hasty manner exclude members; give them time to "bethink themselves," use suitable means to retain them and save them. He then adds, "Neither be partakers of other men's sins." While we should use care not to be too hasty and rash, we should not retain the offender to our own ruin. We may hold a member in our body until we are "partakers of other men's sins," and against this we should guard. "Keep thyself pure." Steer clear of rashness on the one hand and undue indulgence on the other. I think it right for brethren to confer with each other about what is best in such cases. I have heard dear brethren ask with deep concern, "What ought the church to do?" "Are we doing wrong to let this or that one alone in their neglect?" These are often very serious matters to them that love the house of the Lord. Oh, dear reader, let me exhort you never while you live to give the church and your brethren such trouble. If you have been neglecting duty go to the next meeting and confess your error, and ask pardon of the church. Think how precious the cause, how deep the trouble that your course is giving, and be persuaded to do right. God is to be feared, and your course is against him and his people and in harmony with Satan. Be persuaded to obey the Lord in all things. If you have sinned God will forgive you; your brethren will forgive you and receive you to their arms and hearts in fellowship again, and your own happiness will be promoted by it.

8th. The Scriptures do not furnish us the manner of proceeding in public offenses as in private trespass. We are told to "cut them off" and "pluck them out," and "deliver such an one to Satan," etc., but we are not instructed just how this is to be done. In matters of private trespass we are instructed to "tell him his fault between him and thee alone," etc.; but all this is understood to relate to one brother dealing with another. As there is no particular method given we are left to adopt such method as seems most appropriate. I think where one of our members is guilty of a grievous sin, demanding exclusion, that the matter should be first taken up and considered by the church, and a *suitable* committee

appointed to visit the accused and give him or her notice of the complaint and cite him to the next meeting of business. In case he or she fails to be present the church may, with proper testimony, exclude. The greatest possible pains should be taken not to exclude in a rude, passionate manner. The judge who passes sentence against the criminal is not *angry*; he but discharges his duty in obedience to law; neither should the church be when it executes the law of the Lord. By manifesting rashness you are likely to disturb the particular friends of the excluded, and you may, while rooting up the tares, "root up the wheat also." The kind of evidence to be taken is a question of some interest. Where church evidence can be had it is far better, and some good brethren have held that we should never exclude unless it be on the testimony of church members. It sometimes occurs that persons are esteemed by the whole community as guilty of gross sin, and yet no church member is able to state that he knows the party to be guilty. Persons have been tried for theft and sentenced to the State prison, and yet no brother in the church was able, from his own personal knowledge, to say that the person was *guilty*. In cases of this kind it is held by some good brethren that the most appropriate course would be for the church to select a committee of judicious brethren to investigate the facts and circumstances connected with the matter, getting all the evidence they can and report to the next meeting, and let the church act upon their report. I think this is a prudent course. In such cases I am aware that we should exercise great care not to suffer our brethren imposed on by those without. But unless we do receive the testimony of those that are without, in some degree, we may retain in our fellowship those who are guilty of grossest crime and even sentenced to the State prison.

In cases where our brethren habitually neglect their meetings and indulge in railing against the church, etc., I think the brethren should appoint a committee of brethren or sisters, as prudence would dictate, to visit the person and learn the cause of such neglect, find out the nature of their complaint and seek to remove the difficulties, making every effort possible to induce them to resume their duties, and make a report to the church.

They should be induced to remain in the church if it can be done honorably, but if not let them be excluded.

The church should seek to keep the house of the Lord in an orderly manner by looking after her members and their conduct, endeavoring to demonstrate that there is power in religion to make men live upright lives. In this way she becomes the light of the world, and her presence and influence are felt for good in the community.

It is the duty of the church to see that the doctrine preached in her pulpit is sound and in harmony with God's word. "A man that is an heretic after the first and second admonition reject."—Titus iii. 10. A minister who preaches heresy should be discountenanced and his authority called in. I hope that what I have written on the subject will lead to an investigation and in that way, if in no other, be a blessing.

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: The above article on Fellowship is one of the twenty-four chapters of Eld. J. H. Oliphant's "Principles and Practices of Regular Baptists." I have his consent to send it to you, and if it should be your mind to place it in the MESSENGER it may prove of service to dear brethren in places where counsel is desired. And even where peace seems lasting and secure these views may promote an earnest, watchful spirit against the adversary, lest he take advantage of some weak hour or unguarded spot. The enemies of Jacob were round about him, and so of Israel now. Many a weak church, as a few sheep in the wilderness, must wrestle with enemies that would gladly swallow them up. May the dear Lord give his people grace for the dark and cloudy day. May he enrich their hearts with much of his love, and while they exercise a jealous care and true faithfulness, may these be tempered by a patient, kindly spirit, long forbearance and the charity that comes from heaven.

Brother Oliphant's book treats upon many subjects and is a valuable work. It contains 444 pages, is well bound with gilt edges, and will be mailed, prepaid, on receipt of seventy-five cents from Bro. O.'s home address, Crawfordville, Ind.

I could dearly wish to subscribe myself your brother and a lover of Zion,

S. B. LUCKETT.

## A DELIGHTFUL TOUR.

On the 15th of May I left home to fill a tour of appointments in the Zion's Rest Association of Alabama, the Bethany, and Good Hope of Mississippi. I visited six churches of the Zion's Rest, sixteen of the Bethany, and four of the Good Hope Association. The tour began at Jefferson, Ala., on the 17th and 18th of May, and ended at New Chapel, near Pulaski, Scott County, Miss. The churches visited of the Zion's Rest Association are located in Marengo, Sumter County, Ala., Kemper and Lauderdale, Miss. Those of the Bethany are located in the counties of Leake, Newton, Neshoba and Scott, and those of the Good Hope in the counties of Jasper, Smith and Scott. Eld. John Brown is the moderator of Zion's Rest Association, and Bro. W. R. Brooks clerk. Eld. J. G. Crecelius for years has been the moderator of the Bethany, W. W. N. Banks, clerk, and the Good Hope, a newly constituted association of five churches out of the Bethany, has for her moderator Eld. A. J. Stewart, and A. B. Amason clerk. I had the pleasure and satisfaction of meeting the following named elders, whose names and postoffice address I give for the benefit of any who may wish to correspond with any of them, to-wit: Of the Zion's Rest Association, Eld. Ed. Williams, Jefferson, Marengo county, Ala.; J. A. Cobb, York, Sumter county, Ala.; J. C. Williams, Suckanoochee, Kemper county, Miss.; N. S. Pace, Spinks, Kemper county, Miss.; John Harbour, Spinks, Kemper county, Miss.; John Brown, Bailey, Lauderdale county, Miss. Of the Bethany, J. G. Crecelius, Steele, Scott county, Miss.; W. J. McGee, Chunkey, Newton county, Miss.; J. R. Willis, Williston, Leake county, Miss.; J. S. McCauley, Coosa, Leake county, Miss.; D. Alderman, Coosa, Leake County, Miss.; A. J. Craig, Meridian, Miss.; W. S. Ferguson, Hickory, Newton county, Miss.; T. F. Gardner and T. J. Stamper, Stamper, Newton county, Miss.; A. Hollingsworth, Decatur, Newton county, Miss.; S. E. Pennington, Hickory, Newton county, Miss.; L. Joiner, Morton, Scott county, Miss., and H. R. Tolbert, Edinburg, Leake county, Miss., and of the Good Hope, A. J. Stewart, Pulaski, Scott county, Miss., and S. V. Ford, Bezer, Smith County, Miss., numbering twenty-one in all. If I have overlooked the names of any of our elders with whom I met it is not intentional, but an oversight, and the name has slipped from my memory. In all my travels and preachings for the last six years I have never visited churches that are better supplied with good preachers, and, as a general thing, peace abounds among them. I found some little trouble of a local nature, which I feel to hope will soon all disappear. I was cordially received and welcomed by the brethren at every appointment. The congregations were generally large, orderly and attentive, and so great was the interest taken and manifested in the preaching that I was made to feel that the Lord truly had gone before me and

prepared the hearts of His people to receive me gladly, and not only they, but many of other orders, and many who have never identified themselves with any order were so deeply impressed and moved by the blessed truths of the gospel, that I feel constrained to say that I found many witnesses to the work of grace in the heart, who, I hope, will soon become identified with us. The prospect for an increase among the churches visited is the best I have ever witnessed in all my travels. The brethren seem all alive, and hungering and thirsting after righteousness. With feelings of gratitude and thankfulness I look back upon their great kindness to me, and did it not take up so much space I would mention the name of every brother who so kindly conveyed me from one appointment to another, and who, with their beloved companions, so generously shared their hospitality with me and cared for me at their homes. Surely I can never forget the loving kindness manifested towards me everywhere on the tour, and at every appointment I was most cordially invited to visit them again. This tour has confirmed me in what I have felt all the while to be the duty of every one called, qualified and sent of God to preach, and that is to go just wherever *God sends* him. If He sends him to churches well supplied with preachers, it is because he has a use for him there, and there they must go. If it be to destitute regions, he must go there and look alone to the Lord for temporal support, who has the power over the hearts of all men to open them to minister to his temporal necessities. All Primitive Baptists profess to believe that God calls, qualifies and sends whom He pleases to preach the gospel, and that he sends them when and where he pleases to preach, and there they ought to be willing to leave it. Trying to set bounds to God's work, and prescribing fields of labor for his servants is an assumption of power and authority warranted no where in the Bible. I feel to hope and believe that my steps are ordered of the Lord, therefore, I *must* go where He orders my steps, and for any to oppose me is not fighting against me, but against God, for it is to Him I stand or fall. "He that receiveth you receiveth me," is what Jesus told his disciples as he sent them forth, and by which they were to know who had received Christ in their hearts, and in whom he was formed the hope of glory. What we do to the heirs of salvation we do, in effect, to Christ himself. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least one of my brethren, ye did it unto me." It is well to be very careful, then, how we speak and how we act, lest we hurt "the oil and the wine," or "offend one of these little ones" and become an offender before God, and subject ourselves to His displeasure and to His judgments. Another thing I learned from this tour and that is, that things written against me and false rumors afloat against me, have rather turned out in my favor. Brethren who had become aware of the opposition against me before they saw me and heard me preach, and who felt that they would possibly

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dislike me very much more after they saw and heard me, being unfavorably influenced toward me by the opposition they had seen against me in our papers and from flying rumors against me, have become warm sympathizers, and fully and freely endorse me. "A man's gift will make room for him." And God is making room for me in the hearts of his people by the gifts he has been pleased to bestow on me, I humbly trust, and it fills my hitherto aching heart with a peace and a joy that I cannot describe.

In conclusion, I want to say to all who have written kindly about me, and to all who have spoken in my behalf, that I appreciate their fraternal interest in me, and their regard for me, far more than I am able to express in words. Such causes me to "thank God and take courage;" and for those who oppose me I try to have the best of feelings, but I must confess that I am so weak in the flesh that I cannot fully keep down the same bad temper and bad feelings they display in their writings against me. Our words in print carry with them our feelings, whether good or bad, whether we know it or not, and those who oppose me will never make me love them any better, but I do hope it will humble me so that I will not have malicious and revengeful feelings toward them, and if any words written or spoken by me in the past have hurt and wounded the feelings of precious brethren, as I have had mine hurt and wounded by the opposition that is against me, I here from the bottom of my heart confess my wrong and beg them to forgive me, and pray God to so control my tongue and pen that neither will ever be used again to hurt my brethren. But if it is God's will that I should be wounded and bruised by brethren I want to be able to bear it in silence, meekness and patience. There may be a necessity for it, and when that is accomplished it will result in great good to me, though I may not be able to see and understand it that way now. I earnestly ask an interest in the prayers of all God's people, that the Lord may lead me to overcome my fleshly nature, and use me to the honor and glory of His name, and the comfort and upbuilding of His people.

*Selma, Ala., July 15, 1891.*

J. H. PURIFOY.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I herewith send for publication an excellent letter from our dear brother Eld. J. E. W. Henderson, which will doubtless be of interest to all readers of the MESSENGER, as it presents in plainness and simplicity the realities of this mortal life, both retrospective and prospective; and then, also, it presents to us that blessed hope in Jesus of that life which is eternal.

It is well for all Christians at times to call to remembrance the former days of their pilgrimage and think of all the way which the Lord their God hath led them these many years, while in this wilderness of sin, that they might land safely at last in a city of habitation whose maker and builder is God.

The letter of Eld. Henderson was received and read by me at a time well calculated to call to remembrance the former days of my childhood and youth, and though I had no particular religious training, according to what is generally now considered as the standard method, yet I had serious thoughts and enquiries about God continually impressed upon my childish mind as far back as I can remember anything. When I saw the clouds move, the lightning flash, and heard the loud peals of roaring thunder from above, I often wanted to know who caused all this to take place. I was told by my precious mother it was God, and though we could not see Him we were seen by Him all the time. And now when "I remember the wormwood and the gall" that I have been made to drink, in much of my history, and still see that I have been sustained by the good hand of God till I am far advanced in my 73d year, my soul is humbled within me and I yet have hope that I shall praise Him through life, in death, and forever in the eternal world.

The 4th Sunday in this month, (June 1891), I preached my 48th anniversary service at Mt. Olive, where I am a member and pastor, and with which church I preached my first sermon on the 4th Sunday in June 1843. My father, mother, sisters and brothers in the flesh were then present, together with several brethren and sisters in Christ, besides nearly the entire neighborhood, old and young, to hear the youthful man and still more youthful member, as I had not then been a church member quite eleven months. But now most of them are gone to their long home, and I have, for many years, had neither father, mother, sister or brother in the flesh left me.

I was one of the six members in the constitution of the church at Mt. Olive in February, 1843. During that month I had got badly hurt at a "log rolling," as the country was new and much hard work had to be done. I was hurt internally in my left breast just above my heart, and from this hurt I have never recovered till this day, nor have I been able to do a good day's work since, though I was raised to work. When I preached my first sermon, besides the mental strain, the pain of body was beyond all description, having a bandage around my chest which I continued to wear for near four years, during which time my left arm perished away considerably less than the other. From this time my general health declined and soon a complication of afflictions were upon me, so that from extreme sufferings I have passed many nights both at home and abroad without sleep, and many other nights could only sleep a little as I was sitting up on the bed.

Now, when I look back upon all these things of the past and see, and feel, and *know* that the Lord has been with me even in the furnace, I am astonished at my distrust and weakness of faith by which I am so often subjected to the rebuke which Jesus gave his disciples when he said, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

There is one peculiarity in the history of my life to which I often call attention of my family and special friends, and that is that I never had before me what I considered a reasonably bright prospect of success in any worldly business but what that prospect has been blasted with defeat, and I have been turned some other way, that I would not have chosen, but from force of providential circumstances. And in more than one instance I have found that these very defects in my worldly prospects and hopes have been great blessings, for they have brought me into such straits and driven me to my "wit's end" that I have been from necessity cast upon the Lord, and sustained with food and raiment in such way that I have been bound to ascribe even my temporal support and success to the Lord.

Why is it that Christians will worry so much in thinking what they shall eat and wear when Jesus has commanded them to "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and then promised that "all these things shall be added unto them." I did not think of writing in this manner when I commenced, but I submit it for publication in connection with Eld. Henderson's letter.

W. M. MITCHELL.

*Opelika, Ala, July 1, 1891.*

ELDER W. M. MITCHELL, *Venerable Brother in the Lord*: Although feeble and debilitated I have an impression to write something, I scarcely know what, for the circumstances surrounding me to-day are of a peculiar and strangely impressive character. I am exactly fifty-two years and five months old this day, much younger than yourself, truly, yet I am an old man according to the average life of the present age and generation; having passed the meridian of mortal life I am a subject of steady decline and mortal decay. Youthful hope and ambition are no longer the ruling element of my feeble mind, but these are absorbed by the more sober reflections and sadder experiences of real life—mortal life—a life that is fraught with trials, afflictions and disappointments. My thoughts range backward—backward to my vigorous manhood when nerve and muscle were adequate to the toils and turmoils of which I have experienced a very large share. Backward I roam to the days of hopeful youth, when, although not entirely free from harassing cares, I had power to dismiss them for a space and engage in the follies and deceitful pleasures incident to premature age. And backward still to my childhood, and oh! how the world seems changed. But the tide of time by its steady motion has wafted me on to the present point, and I find myself, as it were, on a rude raft borne on the bosom of a turbulent stream, bearing me down its rapid current toward some unknown, farther on destination. The question is, where shall I land? I fain would halt and rest, but in vain I endeavor to cast my anchor, (hope), if indeed I am supplied with one; for in a moment I am entangled with the thorns and briars that fringe the banks of this narrow channel. But something whispers half consoling, this

rough voyage will end ; but how and when ? Is this the way to the ocean of God's eternal rest, and are these storms and billows employed as necessary agents to prepare us for the haven of everlasting peace ? Faith and hope must answer these anxious inquiries.

At a glance the time seems short since I was a youth, strong and hopeful, with pleasing fancies of better days to come ; yet our second son is thirty-two years old to-day, and we are celebrating his birthday by a family reunion. All our surviving posterity are present, consisting of nine children and seven grandchildren, while our deceased consists of one child and five grand-children. Four of our children, three sons and a daughter, have professed a hope in Christ and become members with us of the Primitive Baptist Church. Our trust for the salvation of the rest of our children, as also that of ourselves, is the promise of God that "the promise is unto us and our children, (all that shall succeed us in the faith of Jesus Christ,) and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Thus my mind ranges from childhood down to the present time, and flashes forward to what I hope for and desire, a family reunion on the bright celestial shore ; and when my mind is directed to this subject, and my thoughts are in this channel, I begin to lose sight of this terrestrial landscape, and my soul sometimes seems to sip a little foretaste of the joy and blessedness of the sweet bye and bye. Yea, when our thoughts are of the Lord how precious they are ! When our very thoughts are influenced and directed by the Spirit of the Lord they reach the depths beneath and soar to the heights above, and up there, bless the Lord ! not down here, the anchor, hope, rests in the rock of eternal ages, sure and steadfast as the throne of God, the giver.

So, dear brother, you see that it is good for us to have our minds forced out by these adverse circumstances to explore the dark regions in which we must so transiently sojourn, for although so dismal at times that every ray of light seems to be shut out, and every avenue of comfort and encouragement seems closed around us, it is but reasonable that we should look up by faith for some friendly star to guide and save us from despair. And although it is so often the last resort, we are enabled to lift our languid eyes to Heaven, and behold, the twinkling orb, the wanderer's beacon light, smiles sweetly and soothingly down upon us, and faith lifts its voice in David's song while the night wears slowly on, "O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." It comes to pass—the day dawns—darkness recedes before "the Sun of righteousness" when He "arises with healing in His wings" Yours in hope,

J. E. W. HENDERSON.

*New Providence, Ala., June 23, 1891.*

Another principle that a Christian should walk by, is this : That inward purity is the ready road to outward plenty.

MERCY DEERING; or, Faith against Infidelity, by Eld. David Bartley, author of "Man Redeemed." John B. Alden, New York, publisher; 268 pages, small pica type. Price, eighty-five cents, post-paid.

The work is inscribed to "The Children and youths of America, the next custodians of the Morality and Religion of their loved Home land." It is religious truth, presented in the interesting form of a story or parable.

The scene of the story is laid in the town of C——, in a romantic valley in one of the Western States, and in the latter half of the 19th century. The heroine, Mercy Deering, is a pure, sweet, and gentle girl, intelligent and educated, entering upon her twentieth summer, whose parents are worldly and unbelieving, but who has been recently aroused to serious thoughtfulness in regard to spiritual and eternal things. The chief characters are several couples, just verging upon radiant manhood and womanhood, who meet, on successive or alternate evenings, at the home of Mercy Deering and her parents, to investigate and discuss the deep and vital questions of natural and revealed religion. Mercy, fervently seeking Divine light and guidance, feels in her own soul, and reasons with her friends, that there is an Eternal Spiritual Being, of infinite power, wisdom, holiness and goodness, who created and sustains all things, and who will judge His intelligent creatures in righteousness; that human beings are not mere animals, created for the mere gratification of the animal nature and instincts, in amusements, pleasure-seeking and thoughtless levity; that they are not merely earth-born and earth-bound—made only for themselves and for the present life—but that they are intellectual, moral, and accountable creatures, who are under the highest obligations to obey and worship their Divine Creator and Benefactor with loving reverence, to contemplate His attributes, and imitate His perfect character, in leading lives of purity and kindness towards all their fellow-creatures. Her unbelieving friends and relatives are gradually drawn to respect and admire and adopt her true and elevated sentiments, while some believing friends aid her in her excellent undertaking; arguments from the book of Nature and then from the book of Revelations are admirably introduced and persuasively urged; the strongholds of unbelief are courteously yet effectually demolished; the evidence and attributes of the Deity are candidly admitted; the blessedness of personal salvation is realized, first by Mercy, and then by her friends and relations, one after another, in the midst of touching scenes that move the reader to tears; then regard for each other becomes more personal; delightful walks are taken by the happy pairs in a neighboring forest; excellent advice is given as to the selection of a companion for life; and the narrative closes with the mellow peal of the golden wedding bells, and the rapturous notes of angelic voices welcoming the dying but now believing parents of Mercy to the pure and eternal pleasures of heaven.

The work, though earnestly Christian in character, is entirely unsectarian, like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Next after the Bible and Bunyan's spiritual allegory, it would be difficult to find a more suitable and excellent book for parents to put into the hands of their children in this vain, worldly, mammon-worshipping age.

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

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Reader, consider seriously, that it is sin which in this life debases a person, and in the next life destroys him. Their state must be awful whose end is damnation, because their damnation is without end. No condition can be so intolerably doleful, as that which is unalterably painful.

## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

## UNRIGHTEOUS MAMMON.

In obedience to request of J. N. Gibson, of Thomas county, Ga., we offer a few remarks on the following text, viz.:

“And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.”—Luke xvi. 9.

This verse partly explains the design of the parable of the unjust steward who, after finding he was to be put out of his office for wasting his master's goods, acted very wisely for himself, though unjustly, in making friends of his lord's debtors, by reducing the amount of their indebtedness; not because he cared so much for them, as he did for himself to have an easy and comfortable home among them at the expense of his former master. Now, we do not understand that Christ enforced the thought or inculcated the idea in the minds of his disciples, that they should ever do wrong, or in any way be disloyal to God or to any authority of men having his divine approval. But the thought is this: That as men of the world, in their worldly business, act wisely in having an eye single to success in their business, and make it the one single object of all their toil and labor, so the disciple of Jesus should learn wisdom therefrom that when he puts his hand to the gospel plow, if he expects to share in the everlasting habitation of God's promises to the faithful and obedient Christian, his whole life must be devoted, and he must have but one aim, one design, and one motive—that “whatsoever he does in word or deed,” in things temporal or things spiritual, to “do all to the glory of God.”

Now, we think if the reader will carefully examine the first fourteen verses of this xvi. chapter of Luke, he will see that the design of the parable is to show that no man can hope for success with a divided mind or in trying to serve two masters. “Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” “A double-minded man is unstable in

all his ways.”—James i. A formal, half-way religious service is no service at all. “Where the treasure is there the heart will be.” If our chief treasure is in the world or the things of the world, our heart’s desire will be there to such extent as to conform us to the world in its popularity, pleasures, vanities and lusts. But on the other hand, if our chief treasure is Christ, his word, his doctrine, and his ordinances, our heart will be in the gospel kingdom to such extent as to cause us to “seek first,” and seek last, and seek all the time, the things that pertain to the gospel kingdom of Christ. Even the mammon of unrighteousness, or those riches which the ungodly worship, will be made subordinate to the worship of God, so that if we are crucified to the world and are blessed of God with riches, money, or this world’s goods, these riches will be our servant and not our master. Or, in other words, we will follow the divine law of Christ to “use this world’s goods as not abusing them,” that is, to use them to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, administer to the sick, help the gospel ministry, assist in building houses where churches and congregations may assemble for the worship of God with composure and thankfulness. In short, it seems that the same thought as to making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness is presented in other words by the apostle when he says, “Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.”—1 Tim. vi. 17.

There is such a tendency in poor human nature to be high-minded, or puffed up with pride when men have a little more riches or money than others have, that Christians who are rich in this world need, not only to be warned and reminded, but to be solemnly charged before the Lord that they be neither high-minded nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God. The Lord’s people here in this world are in one sense but servants and stewards, put in trust with their Lord’s goods, and though some of them have more of this world’s goods committed to them than others have,

they are thereby put under greater obligations and more is required of them, on the principle that where much is given much is required. Yet, so far as relates to the gospel principle of honesty and equality, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?"—Luke xvi. 10. Worldly riches, or money, is denominated in the above text as the Unrighteous Mammon, not because the wealth of this world is of itself an unrighteous thing, but because of the unrighteous and bad use that people make of it. It is not a sin to be rich, but the sin lies in the bad use that is made of it to foster pride and haughtiness, to oppress the poor, or to trust in it to bring us the true riches of peace and comfort at the expense of truth, justice and right. "He that is unjust in the least is unjust in much," and the riches of this world are certainly of far less importance than that which pertains to the true riches of an acquitted and clear conscience. The things of this world are at best but "uncertain riches." They are the "Unrighteous mammon," the god in whom the ungodly trust, and whom they worship. "If, therefore," the disciple of Jesus has not been faithful in the proper use of these things, who will commit to him the true riches, or the answer of a good conscience toward God and man? No amount of money withheld for our own use, or for our covetous greed, when it ought to be faithfully given and distributed according to the command and word of God, can bring a Christian the true riches of peace of mind, acquitted conscience and rest of spirit in believing in our Lord Jesus, whose word and command he disobeys. The apostle warns Christians that it is a "fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God"—that is, to fall under his chastening rod. How fearful indeed it is to sin wilfully, even by an improper use of the unrighteous mammon that often drowns men in perdition and destruction of all peace to themselves, to their families and communities; breaks fellowship among Christians, mars or destroys the peace of churches, and causes many Christians to err from the faith, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows.

O! is there not a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation often resting upon the mind and heart of those who thus sin wilfully against the Lord, and against his church and people! No wonder then, that the apostle should rise to the height of a pathetic warning, and cry out with loving emphasis "But to thou man of God, *flee these things*; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience meekness."—1 Tim. vi. 11. If indeed the man of God follows after these things faithfully as the one single aim of his life, he has but one Master, and he gives account of his stewardship, having an everlasting habitation of joy and peace which the world can neither give nor take away from him.—M.

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### EVANGELISTS.

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This subject has been pretty thoroughly discussed in the MESSENGER and in a good spirit, and I trust with some profit. And with two or three well written articles on the subject on hand left over not to be published, at least at present, because the substance of them has been already published, I think it just to the readers of the MESSENGER to drop the discussion, unless some additional light should be thrown upon it.

There is little if any material difference in brethren's views on the subject. All agree in substance that an orderly minister so inclined has the privilege of visiting churches that may be willing to receive him; and it seems to be the general opinion that evangelistic work is more properly work among the destitute, and may be done also by pastors of churches; that in fact it is his work ex-officio, (as the Apostles were ex-officio elders of the church) though not his prime work, but a subordinate one. For there is no doubt that the pastor's office is now the highest, most responsible and sacred one in the church, and as such not to be superseded by any other. But pastors may do in addition to their pastoral work the work also of Evangelists. Eld. Durand and other pastors have done considerable evangelistic work. He has established as many as four churches in destitute places. It has not been shown

from the Scriptures by any writer on the subject that it is the work of an evangelist to visit churches exclusively, and churches supplied with pastors; nor does it seem scriptural that any minister is called now or was in the past to preach exclusively from church to church, or that would tend to the establishment of an episcopacy over churches and pastors, a thing repugnant to Christian principles, as Baptists have held in all ages. And while this is true, there is nothing to forbid ministers visiting from church to church; and no doubt it is profitable in forming acquaintances, interchanging views and promoting unity and uniformity of practice.

But the pastor or bishop is, after all, the main stay of a church. No other man can possibly have the same care of the church that he has, nor is the same care required of any other man.

But the work of an evangelist may be done by one unqualified for the work of a pastor; and no doubt brethren not ministers do sometimes the work of an evangelist in writing, thus reaching the needy and destitute with words of instruction and comfort.

There is no class of people in this world that show such unselfish devotion to Christ and his people as good pastors of Primitive Baptist Churches do in this age. God bless them and sustain them, for the world is not worthy of them. They approve themselves ministers in necessities and distresses as no other ministers do.

As for my own part I am perfectly willing for ministers who have no charge to preach as much as they can, and wherever they may be impressed to go, but would be glad, if it was God's will, to see them impressed to go to the destitute places, and the time will come maybe when they will go.—R.

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### SICKNESS.

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I have been much torn up in mind and body by the serious sickness of my oldest son, and have not, therefore, written my usual article for this issue.—R.

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Another singular action of a sanctified Christian, is, to be more in love with the employment of holiness than with the enjoyment of happiness.

## BOTH SIDES.

I have felt in conducting the MESSENGER that it was right to give brethren of different views a hearing, because the truth has nothing to fear, and it often occurs to me that if anybody is wrong that perhaps it is more apt to be me than anybody else. The opinion of an editor of a paper is worth no more than any other minister's opinion, and it would be a bad day for God's people to fall under the censorship of the editors of the GOSPEL MESSENGER or any other paper.—R.

## EXTRACTS.

LAGRANGE, GA., May 24, 1891.—Is there a living child of God in the day in which we now live that does not pant after the Living God as the hart pants after the cooling water brook? Where is one that cannot tell of some moments of sweet communion with God? How precious are these moments to every one who is poor in spirit, and trembles with breathless awe and reverence at the word of God? And how strange it is that all who feelingly know what it is to walk in darkness and have no light, shall also know what it is to enjoy the light of God's countenance. The bright and morning star shall arise in their hearts, and all those who have been brought to know and feel the plague of their own heart will also enjoy the forgiveness of their sins and feast on the milk and honey of the land of promise. They shall all know the Lord, from the least to the greatest, and enjoy the promised rest which he hath promised to his chosen and redeemed people. Those who sold and mistreated their brother Joseph, as well as the younger brother who had no hand in it, must all come and bow down to Joseph and all be made to feel that he is their brother, and all feast and rejoice together. Our spiritual Joseph gives unto all his brethren eternal life, and they shall never perish nor be plucked out of his hand. "Give ear, O heaven, and hear, O earth, for here is the doctrine of God that drops as the rain, and here is the speech that distils gently as the dew." Jesus is the faithful and loving mediator between God and men, and he makes the cause of his people his own, watching over them night and day in all stages of life. He will always triumph and trample Satan under foot. If his poor and afflicted ones are weeping he has promised to wipe away all their tears, and if they are looking and longing for a more perfect view of their Saviour he will come and manifest himself to them. And when his dear children are made to mourn over the hardness of their hearts the Lord's promise comes nigh,

saying, "I will give you a heart of flesh," "I will take away the stony heart," "I will give you a heart to know me that I am the Lord and that you are my people." Just here I feel like saying I get a drink out of the pure fountain of God's love; "Behold, what manner of love." This subject has become so deep in my view I will close.

H. L. STEVENS.

NO. 1212 JACKSON STREET, PADUCAH, KY.—*Dear Father in Israel, Eld. W. M. Mitchell:* By the grace of God I have been restored to full fellowship with the dear Old School Baptist Church. Like the prodigal son, I was received and placed on a level with the rest of the family, and there was rejoicing in the household over the poor unworthy one. I am the poorest Christian of all, if one at all. Last Saturday week I tried to preach Christ for the first time in about ten years, having a full congregation and reasonable liberty. I feel to be so entangled with the things of the world that I have no time to study the Scriptures of eternal truth. In this particular I am to the reverse of the commandment of the Lord to "seek first the kingdom of God," but I am seeking first to pay all my debts and then to give myself wholly to the Lord. O, how little we do rely upon the promise that when we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness all these worldly things shall be added unto us. Those who have forsaken all for Christ and his kingdom shall receive manifold more in this present world, and in the world to come everlasting life.

J. M. DULEY.

OPELIKA, ALA., June 4, 1891.—*Dear Bro. and Sister Adams:* I am not well, but I think I will be relieved before a great while. It is said by the apostle "To live is Christ and to die is gain."—Phil. i., 21. How is this? It is the living that die daily, bearing about in the body the "marks of the Lord Jesus," being crucified to the world that the life of Jesus should be manifest in our mortal body—walking in the Lord and being conformed to the image of our Lord Jesus. But we never can come up to our full measure of desire in conformity to the likeness of Jesus until it is gained in death. "To die is gain." Death is not loss to the humble Christian. It is gain. He gains a freedom from toil, pain and sorrow, and from henceforth and forever he is exempt from a hard and unbelieving heart and from the cruel temptations of the wicked ones. He is freed from perplexity with the goods of this life which are often used to gratify the pride or ambition of sinful nature. "To die is gain"—gain exemption from murmuring at our poverty—and gain an everlasting repose and admittance at the right hand of the Father and to be as holy angels are. To die we gain the resurrection of these vile bodies from the grave, and have an immortal and incorruptible body given us which can die no more. And *in* death, and *through* death, we gain a crown of righteousness and glory which the Lord, the righteous judge,

will give unto us, putting in our hands palms of victory over all troubles and over death itself, that we may be with the Lord and with the blood-washed throng who have come out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Then, dear Bro. Adams, in this view of what is gained in death it is not to be dreaded, but should be hailed with welcome delight. Solomon affirms that "The day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." When one is born into this world it is unto trouble and sorrow, but in death the child of God ceases from trouble and is put in possession of an incorruptible inheritance that is reserved of God, the Father in heaven, for all who are kept by the power of God through faith. Thus they receive that which they have, and do now so ardently hope for. In this earthly house of our tabernacle we groan, being burdened. We desire to be moved out of this old corrupt house, and to be put in our home—"a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." Here we are hoping and waiting, and it is God who has wrought us for this self-same thing, and for encouragement he has given us the earnest or sure pledge and support of his Spirit that all of his promises will be fulfilled.

Your Bro.,

J. N. HURST.

BLOOMING GROVE, TEX., July 5, 1891.—*My Dear Brethren*: I feel inclined to say I am made glad to read from the pens of some of the scattered of Israel news from a far country, ordered, I feel, of the Lord; and especially, dear brethren, the experiences of God's people. When, Bro. Respass, I read and re-read your very dear experience unto me I am reminded of my arrearages, and would love, if enabled of the Lord, to send you ten to one of what I am due you; but brethren, I am a man forty years of age with a wife and six children, and have given even my bread corn up to my just debts. I never owned a foot of land, and brethren I expect, as my physical ability has so rapidly decreased, never to be able to do much hard labor any more. But, dear brethren, sometimes I am built up, I hope, in faith, so that the longer I live the more I hope to embrace the Apostles writing in Galatians saying, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." And I am reminded, dear Bro. Respass, when I read your experience that mine, if of the Lord at all, seems very small to yours, and I hope you will give it in detail. Dear brethren, I am not afraid that your God will fail, and I can say I want your God to be my God, and where you live I want to live.

I desire to express my love to you and family, Bro. Mitchell, and to let you know how I would rejoice to meet you on earth, and how I love the dear editorials of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER. Now, after writing this poor scribble, I feel that it will take the strong to bear with it, but this I know, I love you. S. YATES.

## EVANGELISTS.

One of the purposes for which evangelists, with others, were given to the church, was that we may all come in the *unity* of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God.—Eph. iv., 13. If now it can be shown that an evangelist so labors as to *unite* the people of God in the right knowledge of Christ and against error, and that in a given case his labors are especially blessed of God to this end, and further, that his traveling from State to State prepares him for the work performed, we may safely conclude that the church has need yet of this class of servants, and that this servant in particular is sent of God.

Now for certain facts. After Eld. Clark died certain ministers, since become notorious, visited the churches in the Kettoctan and Ebenezer Associations so frequently that the introduction of plausible methods for "reviving religion," along with the theory that "the Gospel is God's means in regeneration," became easy. Our people were falling in, almost without a protest, and with the notion that "gentle Christ-like brethren could not err," we were sailing along smoothly toward the Arminian rapids.

Nine years ago, at the Ebenezer Association held with the Hawksville Church, in Page county, Va., a brother who had been traveling and preaching in other States, having seen the distress arising wherever this heresy had been introduced, fired the first shot into the enemy. "Means in regeneration," with its consequent unscriptural organizations, were exposed, and for the first time a check was placed upon the "zealous."

We were all shocked more or less. The best of our brethren thought Bro. Purifoy unnecessarily harsh and some, who now are ashamed of their weakness, turned from him as from an evil doer.

The warning was given, however, and from that day the tide turned, the result being that instead of a general acceptance of "Means" less than a hundred in Virginia, and *none* in Maryland, have forsaken the old Baptist cause. So much are we convinced that Eld. Purifoy's work is of God that all sound Baptists here feel a debt of gratitude to him as a faithful servant of Jesus, and the Hawksville Church has recognized their obligation by making an especial request that he attend their Association this summer.

C. H. WATERS.

## SPECIAL CALLING.

If I could write intelligently my own views on the most glorious doctrine, God's Special Calling, I would, for it does occur to my mind very forcibly that this grand item in the economy of grace is almost overlooked or ignored. Christ Jesus came into the world to die for sinners, which is, in a sense, believed by all; and it is recorded in the Scriptures that He is exalted to give repentance

and the remission of sins to Israel. The Lord calls from darkness to light, from the power of sin to holiness, from serving sin to serve the Lord.

O, how wonderful are the works of the Lord Almighty! With me the greatest of all is, that He, the great God of heaven, should look in mercy on and save a poor, vile sinner like me. "Not of work, but of him that calleth." It was said unto her, "the elder shall serve the younger." "As you bear the image of the earthly ye also shall bear the image of the heavenly. I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved which was not beloved. Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them I also must bring." The gifts and calling of God are without repentance; God hath concluded all under sin, that he might have mercy on all. It is wonderful indeed that God set his heart upon a sinner like me and saved me by his grace, and wonderful that he should require of me that great work of preaching the gospel to poor, perishing sinners. This, very dear brother, is too wonderful for me; its height I cannot attain unto. Lord help! Dear brother, pray for me. As ever, yours truly,  
J. E. FROST.

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## OBITUARIES.

### JOSHUA FROST.

Died, at the home of his parents, near Shelbyville, Tenn., J. W., son of J. G. and Mattie J. Frost, November—, 1890, aged about five years. Little Joshua was an exceedingly bright child, and much doted upon by his fond parents. He was large of his age and of fine form and manly appearance—the very picture of health. He had only been sick a few days and was not considered in a dangerous condition; yet his parents were uneasy about him all the time, especially his mother, who watched her darling very closely. I saw him on Friday, and I thought he would be up soon; still, there was a strangeness in his appearance that made me more uneasy about him after I left. He seemed to be aware of his death from many things he said. He died Sunday night, leaving his father almost crushed in heart. This is the third child they have lost.

Death! O, cruel death! to come and take father and mother's darling child! But for the hope of meeting them again where death never can come to mar the peace of the family—God's children in heaven—no parent could bear up under such a heavy blow. Two more grandchildren that I have seen pass away! O, Lord! bless the poor broken-hearted parents and give grace to comfort them in this their great distress, and help them to discharge their every duty while they live, and may they die to their children in glory, is my humble prayer. I could write many words about my dear little grandson, who was always first to run to me when I visited them. I hope to meet him in his sweet home in heaven, where death can never come, Amen!  
J. E. FROST.

### ZACHARIAH WATKINS.

BRO. ZACHARIAH WATKINS, husband of Sister Martha Watkins, whose obituary appeared in the October number of the GOSPEL MESSENGER, and which will abbreviate this notice, was born in South Carolina, March 22, 1813, and died of lagrippe, at the residence of his youngest daughter, Sister Mollie Bloodworth, in Taylor county, Georgia, March 18, 1891.

Bro. Watkins was united to Sister Watkins in wedlock in youth, with whom he lived happily, as stated in her obituary, about fifty-seven years. After her death (April 15, 1890), he lived quite lonely, with one little granddaughter, the remainder of that year. His children living around him then prevailed on him to leave his home and live with any of them, according to his pleasure. He accordingly yielded, and placed his granddaughter in the care of another granddaughter, Mrs. Johnson; and Bro. Bloodworth moved him to his house in January last, where he lived until his death in March following. He, like his wife, obtained a hope and was baptized into the fellowship of the Primitive Baptist church, and was an orderly, consistent and beloved member until his Master called him home to rest with him. Bro. Watkins lived an honorable, upright life as a man; set an example of industry, honesty and economy well worthy of imitation by his children, and which will doubtless long live in their memory. May God bless and save the seven surviving children.

J. G. MURRAY.

DAVID E. CLABAUGH.

DEAR BRETHREN: After a long illness with that dread disease, consumption, my oldest son, DAVID E., aged twenty-three years, six months and fourteen days, passed peacefully away on June 26, 1891. He had never made a public profession, but from what we know, we have hopes of the mercies of the Lord. He told me a few days before death, that he was willing to go, and that he felt to hope in the Lord. This he also told my dear brother, Eld. R. A. Oliphant, who visited us a short time before. He had been, all his life, an obedient son, very kind to all he met in life, and died without an enemy. Thus he passed away in the bloom of life, blighting many fond hopes of mine and others, and leaving me and mine bowed down in deep sorrow. His life was, in many respects, a model one, but he is gone and we would not wish him back to suffer more. Prof. Allen Moore, of Chilicothe Normal School, writes me: "In all my school work, I never knew a better boy, a kindlier, manlier man than he was. There is much consolation in the fact that his life was pure; that no dark spot mars the picture of life which he painted by his every act," etc. To all the brotherhood who ministered greatly to our comfort by word and act of kindness, I feel to thank God for.

I remain yours in sorrow,

*New Hampton, Mo.*

I. J. CLABAUGH.

MRS. ISABEL M. DUMAS,

Wife of Hon. E. Dumas, closed her eyes in the blessed sleep of death on the eve of April 1, 1891. She was the daughter of Samuel and Margaret Gibson, and was born April 8, 1816. She married Edmund Dumas Nov. 24, 1830, with whom she lived for more than fifty years in peace and love. She was the mother of thirteen children, three of whom have preceded her to the grave. She joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Union, in 1837 or 1838, and lived an exemplary member up to the time of her death. She grew stronger and stronger in the faith of the Primitive Baptists, though she was charitable and kind to all Christians of other denominations who professed the name of Jesus, always ready to confer a favor or an act of kindness to the needy. She had been a great sufferer for years with the aches and pains that are so common with one of her age. Dear mamma, how much you suffered during your latter days no one but your immortal spirit knows. Oh, how anxiously you waited for the hour when your spirit could take its flight to that bright world above to join husband and children, and all the saints of God, in singing praises to Him forever. Oh, may it be the happy lot of us all to meet you in "The sweet by and by," never to die any more. Her funeral was preached by Eld. Cleveland, after which her remains were interred in the

cemetery at Goggansville, by the side of her husband, there to await the resurrection morn. Dear mamma, I am so lonely without you. I do miss you so much. I go to your room now so often for a bit of advice or information, which you was always so ready to give so lovingly and kindly ; but alas ! alas !

Sleep on by the side of our father.  
I trust that the loving words of you both  
May never be forgotten, as round thy grave we weep.  
Yet why should we thus mourn and weep,  
Since God has said, Thy work is done ;  
It is enough—come up higher.  
Farewell on earth, dear mamma !  
May we meet beyond the chilly waters of Jordan,  
And repose where there is rest in heaven's bright light,  
Under the bower of the "Tree of Life,"  
With the angels of God, forever and ever.

TAMMIE.

## MRS. F. V. TURNER,

Daughter of J. W. and Sarah Ray, and wife of F. M. Turner, was born November 31, 1858, married to Mr. F. M. Turner on July 11, 1880, died January 31, 1891. She had been a constant sufferer many years, and some week or ten days before she died she made the following request of her father: "Father, I am not going to get up this time, and after my death and at the grave I want Bro. Green Henderson (referring to the unworthy writer) to preach at that time, if you can get him, and if not to have the funeral on the next regular meeting day at Bethlehem," of which church she has been a consistent member for about ten years up to the time of her death. She leaves a husband and two children, one boy and one girl, father, mother and five brothers, of which her husband, father, mother and one brother are members of the same church she was, which is the Primitive Baptist Church at Bethlehem. She also said to her father: "When I am gone you look in a certain place and you will find some writing that I desire you and Bro. Henderson examine, and if you think it worthy of a place in the MESSENGER have it published and keep for my dear little babes." Enclosed you will find her experience and some poetry, which was written soon after the death of her little babe, Dee, which was born July 13, 1889, and died September 11, 1890.

GREEN HENDERSON.

## HER EXPERIENCE.

NORCROSS, GA., Nov. 5, 1884.—*Eld. J. E. W. Henderson, Dear Bro :* I have been impressed for some time to write some of the dealings of the Lord with me, but when I think of my sinful nature I can hardly undertake it. But I feel it so impressed, and I will try, with the help of our blessed Redeemer, for I know without his aid I can write nothing that will benefit any of his dear children.

When I was about seventeen years old I first viewed myself a lost and ruined sinner. I had been that day to see my father baptized. I had never thought very much about my condition until we had returned home that evening, when I met my mother coming from the spring, and she made some solemn remarks to me about my father joining the church. Then and there it seemed that great mountains of sin hung over me. I saw my lost and ruined condition. I went on to the spring and there, for the first time in my life, I tried to pray ; but it seemed like my prayers would rise no higher than my head. I would steal the Bible off and try to find some comfort in reading it, but every line seemed to condemn me. I would often steal off to the silent grove and try to ask God to have mercy on me, a lost and ruined sinner, for that was all I could say. My father took a Baptist paper at that time and I wanted to hear them read it, but could not listen without shedding tears, so I would hide behind my brothers to keep them from finding out that anything was the matter

with me. There were a great many Primitive Baptists who came to visit my father, and I wanted to hear them talk, but I did not feel worthy to ever listen at them. I remained in this condition about two years when one night I had been studying over my condition, and it seemed I went to sleep and I thought I was going to die, and I saw Jesus coming to me. He came and carried me to the spot where I first felt my load of guilt; he laid his hand on my head; I fell down to beg mercy for the last time, for I thought I was going to die and be banished from his presence. But he said, "Daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee," and it seemed that I could hear my sins leaving me. Oh! how I felt when I awoke; everything and everybody seemed to be praising God. My load of condemnation was gone, and the things I once loved I now hated, and the things I once hated I now loved. I thought I would never have any more trouble, but it was not long before something said, "You are mistaken; you have caught at a shadow and missed the substance; there is nothing of it." But, dear brethren and sisters in Christ, I felt that there had been a change in some way. My prayers were, Lord if I am deceived undeceive me. If I only could have got my load of guilt back and then knew how it went, but the Lord is mighty, his ways past finding out.

I remained out of discharge of my duty about five years. I would go to hear all denominations, but my mind was led to to the Primitive Baptists. I was made once, while kneeling in a Protestant Methodist church, to say Lord I know the *power* is all in thee. They had a great revival going on and they had been trying to get me to join, and when they knelt in prayer something seemed to take hold of me and I could not move, and something seemed to say, "The power all is in God, not them." So I was made to say, Lord give me strength to rise and I will trust in thee; and I have never kneeled to them again. I lived on out of my duty until I was married, and in March following I was taken to my bed sick and remained sick until fall, when I had a severe attack of fever, and my dear little baby died, and it all seemed to me to be on account of my not discharging my duty. I promised the Lord if he spared my life as soon as I got able I would take up my cross and follow him. And in May, 1882, myself and husband went to Bethlehem and offered and were received and baptized on Sunday. And oh! what a peace of mind I felt as I came out of the water. Oh! if I could always feel as I did then I would not have so many doubts and fears. But

Sometimes I am in the valley,  
And sinking down with woe;  
Sometimes I am exalted—  
On eagle's wings I fly,  
I rise above my troubles,  
And hope to reach the sky.

F. V. TURNER.

#### BARTLEY D. TOWNS

Was born Sept. 3, 1837, married Miss Lizzie J. Ford Dec. 24, 1867, was baptized by Eld. John L. Lambert, Oct., 1867, and departed this life June 4, 1891. Bro. Towns left to mourn him an affectionate wife and seven children, besides many relatives, friends and brethren, who will miss him. Next to his family and relatives, I suppose his church will feel the loss greatest. May the Lord supply his place in the church, but his place cannot be filled in his family. Bro. Towns was what we call a consistent Baptist; his life and daily walk agreeing with his profession. The writer has been intimate with the deceased over forty years, and I found him an upright man, and I feel, while I mourn the loss, a desire to bow to the divine will. He left a character of which his children may be proud, and well worthy of emulation. May the Lord give the family that degree of grace as will enable them to bow with humble submission to His divine will, knowing he doeth all things well.

*Fish Pond, Ala., June, 1891.*

A. G. HOLLOWAY.

## SALLIE M. TRAUGHBER,

Daughter of A. W. Pitt, and granddaughter of the late Eld. Joseph Pitt, was born Aug. 12, 1865, married to George W. Traughber, Dec. 18, 1884, professed a hope in Christ about two years ago, and died in the triumphs of a living faith, March 27, 1891, at her home near Adairville, Ky. Just before her death, being fully conscious of her true condition, she expressed regret at not having performed her duty, saying, "About two years ago I seemed to be conversing with my mother at night, and told her that I was so glad that Jesus had pardoned all my sins." When asked by her stepmother that if she never got well, did she have any hope, she answered, "Sometimes I have, and Sometimes I have not; sometimes I feel like I could shout all day, and sometimes I don't feel that way. In the end I lay all at Jesus' feet, and if He don't save, none of you can." After repeated expressions of hope, she said: "My not having been baptized punishes me more than anything else." She then earnestly exhorted her husband to do his duty in joining the church, and soon after expired. Her dear husband obeyed her dying exhortations, and gave to the church at Friendship, Sumner county, Tenn., an experience of grace on last Saturday, and, as requested by his wife, was baptized by the unworthy writer on Sunday morning.

She leaves two children, one an infant, while two others have preceded her to the home of the blest. May her dying exhortations to duty, and regrets at not having performed duty herself, be sanctified by the Lord to the good of all disobedient ones who may read this.

*Reddick, Tenn.*

J. W. REDDICK.

## MRS. CAGLE

Died March 10, 1891. A dear friend has just passed away from us.

And when the evening shadows gather,  
And the long day's work is done;  
When we reach that unknown country  
Out beyond the setting sun,  
Aiter all the weary waiting  
In their peaceful life to share,  
No more need of anguished partings—  
We shall know each other there.

Cherished forms that walked beside us  
Down the aisles of by-gone years,  
How we watched them fade and vanish  
Through a mist of falling tears;  
Loving voices hushed in silence,  
Joining now the angel band,  
Singing glory hallilujah,  
Over in the Beulah land.

But if Jesus bids us enter  
Through the pearly portals wide,  
They will be the first to meet us  
Over on the other side,  
Safe within our Father's mansion,  
Clad in robes so bright and fair,  
Shining out a joyous welcome—  
We shall know each other there.

Hush, then, each rebellious murmur,  
For we, too, are going home—  
Going to find our household treasures  
When these tired feet cease to roam.  
On the Resurrection morning—  
Free from toil and free from care—  
With our tear-dimmed eyes made perfect,  
We shall see each other there.

She lived a member of the Primitive Baptists. Please publish the above for the gratification of God's dear children, and all who may read.

*Lithonia, Ga.*

JOSEPH H. HUNT.

## MISS AMANDA L. BRANAN.

MISS AMANDA LANE BRANAN, daughter of Wiley C. and Martha Branan, departed this life Nov. 21, 1890, in the twentieth year of her age. She was born and raised in Putnam county, Ga., and was one of its most lovely girls. She leaves a kind father, mother, brothers, and many loved ones to mourn her loss, but we mourn not as those without hope, for we have all evidence to believe that she is now at rest. But, oh, how sad to think that one so lovely was so soon taken from us; but the Lord has seen fit to take her from this world of trials unto himself. She never had joined the church, but was a strong believer in the Primitive Baptist. She was afflicted for some months before her death, and often told her parents that she would never get well. She sent for me one night, and when I got there she was very weak, and said to me, "I am very sick,

at I am not afraid to die, and I don't want you all to grieve after me, but I want all of you to pray for me." I was present when the summons of death came, and all present say they never witnessed such a death-bed scene. The Lord enabled her to talk and she said, "I am not afraid to die; that her Saviour was with her, and he would shield her from all harm," and then threw her arms up and said, "Oh, pa, I am so happy! Oh, what a blessed hope that reaches beyond the grave!" Thus she wearily passed away. We sympathize with the dear parents in their deep affliction. But they will only have a few more days of trials and afflictions here before they will be called home to that rest that remains for the people of God. Oh, what a glorious thought; no sickness, no death, no sorrow there, but one eternal day.

By one that loved her.

M. L. CARTER.

#### R. J. TURNER

Was born in Wilkes county, Ga., April 17, 1815, and departed this life Oct. 12, 1889. He came to Jones county when a young man, and followed the business of overseeing, and applied himself to business and succeeded well. He first married the widow Goddard, who was a good Primitive Baptist, and he went with her to all her meetings, and enjoyed the preaching of the Baptists, which I am sure he did as long as he lived. But this wife died, and he married the second time a widow Cowan, by whom he had one child, a daughter, and she, the second wife, died, leaving him bereaved again, and he next married a Miss Humphreys, by whom he had three children, one son and two daughters, and she died, leaving him with these little children to care for, which was a great trial. He married his fourth wife, a Miss Elliott, who survives him. The writer was well acquainted with his last two wives, and they were estimable ladies, devoted to their husband. The last was a good Baptist and a good step-mother. Our friend was truly a good friend to the Primitive Baptists, and it was his delight to entertain them, and his house was always open to them. Although he never made any profession, his sympathies were with our people. When we were called to the care of Mt. Zion Church, he took as great interest as if he had been a member, and regularly attended until his health failed him. He was truly a substantial friend of ours, and also of the poor generally. He lived, by economy and good management, accumulated a good property, and assisted the poor by helping those who were trying to make a living honorably. He left a sufficiency for his widow and children to be well cared for. May the Lord bless his dear companion and children, and comfort them with every needed blessing. He is greatly missed; we miss him so much when we go to Mt. Zion, for he was always so kind, and thought so much of us, always telling us to consider his house home, and when he could not attend, he would send me word to come by and see him. We have often thought that he had a hope, but would not claim it, for he appeared to enjoy gospel preaching as much as any one. He was afflicted for many years, but we feel sure that he filled up the measure of his days, and if he possessed that hope it securely entered him within the haven of eternal rest, where there is nothing to give trouble—where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

*Pippin, Ga.*

J. H. GRESHAM.

#### MRS. SARAH H. MARKETT.

Sister MARKETT, widow of the late John F. Markett, departed this life November 18, 1890. She joined the church at Ebenezer, Upson county, Ga.—the same church which I afterwards joined—May 9, 1829, and was baptized by Eld. Jack Barker. She was married in 1832, and moved to Sumter county in 1848, and joined Providence Church, where she remained until death. Brother and Sister Markett were two of the best people I ever knew, and always felt to me like kinfolks, and so do their

children, with whom I went to school in my boyhood. God bless them, some of them are getting old, like I am, especially Stephen, with whom I parted last October at the Harmony Association, thinking it most likely that we would meet no more in time. But we do not mourn as those without hope, for we trust to be reunited where parting will be no more. Though gone from us, thank God they are gone to a better world.

J. R. RESPESS.

#### BROTHER NOEL NELSON

Was born July 11, 1832, in Morgan county, Ga., and moved to Merriwether county, and there was married to Martha Jane Williams on the 3d of January, 1850. From thence they removed to Carroll county, Ga. There were five children born to them. One daughter died at the age of ten, and four are yet living in Cleburne county, Ala., two sons and two daughters. BRO. NELSON received a hope in Christ in 1872, and related his reasons for his hope to the church at Mars Hill Church in Cleburne county on the 24th of August, 1878, and was received and baptized on the 25th by Eld. R. L. Speight.

Bro. Nelson was a consistent and orderly Christian, always filling his seat in the Church or Association, when able, and enjoyed the duties of the same. He was a loving and kind husband and father and had the respect of all who were acquainted with him. He had not been in the enjoyment of good health for several years, but was taken sick on his way to the New Hope Association last fall, but went on and remained at the Association until it adjourned. He returned home and lingered on for six weeks, when death relieved his sufferings. He appeared perfectly resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father, and talked to his wife and children of his faith in Christ and the hope of a blessed immortality. He departed this life on the 23d of November, 1890, and was buried on the 25th at Mars Hill burying ground. Bro. Eld. John M. Buttram, after singing and prayer, made a very feeling address to the relatives and many friends gathered on the occasion. It appears to us hard to give him up, and we miss him in the church and family and neighborhood, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but feel confident that our loss is his eternal gain, and that the Judge of the whole earth will do right. And may the good Lord comfort his bereaved family and many friends, and may they all try to live as he did, and if it is his holy will may we all meet where sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more.

A. A. KERR.

#### AUNT BECKY RICHARDSON.

My dear aunt departed this life July 7, 1890. She was the youngest daughter of Isaac and Sarah Pippin, and was born in South Carolina, and thence they emigrated to Jones county, Ga., where she spent her early life and was married to a Mr. Bowen, when they moved to Russell county, Ala. Nine children were born to them—only one daughter—and during the late war she lost four sons and her devoted companion. The young aunt was married to a Col. Richardson, who soon died, leaving her to battle through life with her only three sons. In 1886 she and her youngest son, Edgar, moved to Claiborne parish, Homer, La., to her son Charlie's, and in 1881 her other son, Jimmie, moved there also.

She first joined the Methodists, but became dissatisfied and went to the Baptist, where she lived a faithful member until her death. It was the happy privilege of the unworthy writer to spend one year with her. As a Christian matron she sought to lead her children in the golden paths of wisdom and virtue. Her deportment in every relation in life was a continual display of practical religion worthy of emulation. Her health was declining fast during my stay with her. Ofttimes at night when we were alone she would read the Scriptures to me, and sing the old familiar hymn: "Jesus my all to heaven has gone; he whom I fix my hope on."

son," etc. Then she would offer up an humble prayer to God. I can never forget her kind admonition to me and the many happy hours we spent together. Her illness was severe, being confined to her bed for two months. For two weeks she did not eat or drink, yet she bore her afflictions with Christian fortitude. Often, as she drew near the gates of death, she expressed herself resigned to God's will and ready to depart. A short time before she expired she called on her daughter-in-laws to sing and read the Scriptures, then her spirit passed away in peace. She leaves three sons, five grand-children, one brother, sister, and many sorrowing friends to mourn her loss.

*Strouds, Ga.*

LIZZIE PIPPIN.

#### WILLIAM T. CONNELL.

WHEREAS, God in his providence, has been pleased to remove from us the death our much loved brother, W. T. CONNELL, we feel it due to his memory that we, as a Primitive Baptist church at Little Flock, note his eventful life in our record.

He was the son of Eld. James Connell, and was born in South Carolina, and raised and married in Jefferson county, Fla., where he was received to the fellowship of the Primitive Baptist church at Mt. Zion, August, 1862, and baptized by Eld. S. Jones. Some time last year he moved to Metcalf, Thomas county, Ga., where he died February 20, 1891, from a wound he received in raising a house one month before he died. His age was sixty-six years, two months and six days. He was married to Miss Missouri Neal, October 20, 1845. By his request his body was buried beneath the sod in the Neal cemetery by the side of his deceased children and friends, to await the summons when the last trump of God shall awaken him to enjoy perfect bliss forever.

The church sustains a great loss in the death of Bro. Connell, the country one of its best citizens, and his family a faithful husband and father. He leaves a wife, five sons, three daughters and several grand-children. May the Lord give grace sufficient to them in this sore bereavement and sanctify it for good.

While we greatly deplore the loss of our dear brother it is a source of comfort to know that his life was well worthy of imitation. He left evidence to family and friends of future happiness. To such a man death comes not as a grim and ghastly monster to frighten and torment, but it comes as a welcome messenger of Christ.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv., 13.

Done by order of the church in Conference, April 25, 1891.

ELD. R. M. GILBERT, Moderator.

S. SURLES, Clerk.

R. M. GILBERT, J. S. MASSEY, Committee.

#### DEACON BENJAMIN G. ATKINS

Was born in Harris county, Ga., July 8, 1824, and died at his home in Grayson county, Tex., January 21, 1891. He had been feeble in health for several months, but was able most of the time to attend to his domestic affairs, until about four weeks before he died, during which time he was confined to his bed most of the time. When his hour came to pass through the trying ordeal of death he passed quietly and peacefully without a struggle, and I feel assured he died in the triumph of a living faith. Every word or expression during his sickness, concerning his hope in Christ or his faith and belief in the plan of salvation by free and unmerited grace, was characterized by solemn and unwavering confidence in the power and certain fulfillment of the Lord and his promises to his believing children. He remarked several times during his sickness that he wanted to be patient, wanted to feel humble, and on one occasion said, "if the Lord doesn't humble a man he can't be humbled." It was

my sacred privilege to be with him and wait upon him during his last days, and one evening, a few days before he died, I felt some impression of mind to hear him express his feelings and I said, "Father, how do you feel about your condition?" says he, "Harvey, I have no fears; everything is clear, and I feel willing to trust in the Lord, for he will do right."

Deceased moved from Georgia to Alabama in early life and married Martha Todd (who still survives.) They settled in the vicinity of Notasulga, Macon county, Ala., and lived there for many years, raising his family—four sons and five daughters—and lived to see all married except the youngest. His children are all living except one, his second youngest son, Benj. F., who died in April. Father and mother were baptized by Eld. J. J. Dixon and were members of Bethlehem church near Notasulga, until they moved to Texas in 1882. He was set apart by said church as Deacon, and served in this capacity until about a year ago. He was excluded from the fellowship of the church where his membership was on account of his contending for true principles and Apostolic practices. I feel safe in saying that I believe he was a God-fearing man and was willing to trust in the Lord for all blessings, whether temporal or spiritual.

His life is a pattern worthy of imitation; sober, industrious, obliging, kind to all—ever ready to give a word of comfort to those in distress and while he never was permitted to accumulate much of this world's goods he seemed to enjoy what he did have, and was naturally of a most cheerful disposition. Was plain in his apparel, yet decent and neat. He was a great lover of vocal music, and we might rightly say he was a sweet singer in Israel.

He first went to Bell county, this State, and remained there two years then from there to this place, where he died. I think I never in all my life saw a more beautiful corpse than his. A placid, solemn, heavenly smile rested upon his countenance, and his stately form, though dead while lying upon his couch, was a living monument of all that is pure, true and noble in this life. His remains were decently put away at Dripping Springs cemetery on the 22d of January, and will there sleep till the trump of the Mighty God shall call forth the dead from their graves.

Oh, may it be our happy lot to realize in all the course of our lives that the Lord is our help, our refuge and our shield, and at last when our cup is full may we, too, gently pass and enter that blissful habitation where sin and sorrow is not known. With this feeble hope, I remain,

J. HARVEY WEBB.

#### MISS JULIA HICKS.

Miss JULIA HICKS, daughter of John and Sarah Hicks, was born in Richmond county, North Carolina, Nov. 23, 1832, and died in the town of Ennis, Ellis county, Texas, April 26, 1891, aged fifty-nine years, five months and three days. She never attached herself to any church, but was a good, moral, pious woman, and we entertain some hope of her better existence. She was my only living sister, and was staying with us at the time of her death. May the dear Lord prepare us all for this great change.

REBECCA HARRISON.

#### BRO. JOHN H. PHILLIPS

Died May 9, 1890, at his home, near Hogansville, Ga. He was born February 28, 1810, in Wilkes county, Ga, moved to Jasper county at the age of six years and lived there till he was married to Miss Hettie Beeland, and then moved to where he died. BRO. PHILLIPS and his wife, who preceded him to the grave ten years, were baptized into the fellowship of Providence (Primitive Baptist) Church in 1860, by Eld. Emanuel Britain, where they both remained in love and fellowship, adorning the doctrine of God, their Saviour. They had eleven children born unto them, of whom six are living. Their house and hearts were always open to entertain the brotherhood, and strangers as well. E. C. THRASH

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 10. BUTLER, GA., OCTOBER, 1891. Vol. 13.

## REPENTANCE, BAPTISM, REMISSION, AND THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

In the June number of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER, Elder I. J. Clabaugh, of New Hampton, Mo., in a letter to me, says: "Please write for the MESSENGER an article on Acts ii. 38, with especial reference to the clear understanding of the word 'for' as there used in the construction of the sentence."

In his work entitled "Religion in England from 1800 to 1850," vol. 1, pp. 117 and 118, Mr. John Stoughton, speaking of Thomas Scott's "Family Bible," uses the language of Daniel Wilson, who says: "The capital excellency of this valuable and immense undertaking perhaps, consists in following more closely than any other, the fair and adequate meaning of every part of Scripture, without regard to the niceties of human systems." Sir James Stephens says: "Thomas Scott would have seen the labors of his life perish and would have perished with them rather than distort the sense of revelation by a hair's breadth from what he believed to be its genuine meaning." By this *exact spirit of truth* I wish that every Primitive Baptist was actuated in every article of doctrine and in every case of discipline, no matter what the consequent sacrifice might be. The truth alone can be of real and lasting benefit to any of us; and if the Scriptures are not literally and perfectly true, we have no standard of faith and practise. Impressed with a solemn and implicit belief in the verbal and plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and looking to the unerring and gracious Spirit of truth for guidance, let us approach the examination of Acts ii. 38, with a simple and sincere desire to under-

stand precisely what the Apostle Peter meant to teach us by this exhortation of his on the day of Pentecost: "*Repent, and be baptized, everyone of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.*"

In the first place, every intelligent and candid reader sees that the great central living truth in the second chapter of Acts, without which all the remainder of the narrative would be nothing, is the *presence* and *power*, and *work* of the *Holy Ghost*—"the grand blessing of the new covenant, which was to descend upon the church from the risen and glorified Savior"—"that signal event which was reserved to grace the Redeemer's triumphs, and to attest His resurrection and ascension to heavenly glory."—Isa. xlv. 3; Joel ii. 28, 29; Zech. xii. 10; John xiv. 16, 17, 26; xv. 26; xvi. 7, 8-14; Luke xxiv. 49; Acts i. 4-8.

I cannot do better than quote in this connection the language of Mr. Philip Schaff, in his "History of the Christian Church," vol. 1, pp. 225-245: "The ascension of Christ to Heaven was followed ten days afterwards by the descent of the Holy Spirit upon earth and the birth of the Christian Church. The Pentecostal event was the necessary result of the Passover event. It could never have taken place without the preceding resurrection and ascension. It was the first act of the mediatorial reign of the exalted Redeemer in heaven, and the beginning of an unbroken series of manifestations in fulfilment of his promise to be with his people 'alway, even unto the end of the world.' For His ascension was only a withdrawal of His visible local presence and the beginning of His spiritual omnipresence in the church, which is 'His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.' The Easter (that is, the resurrection) miracle and the Pentecostal miracle are continued and verified by the daily moral miracles of regeneration and sanctification throughout Christendom. We have but one authentic account of that epoch-making event, in the second chapter of Acts, but in the parting addresses of our Lord to his disciples the promise of the Paraclete (the Holy Spirit) who should lead them into the whole truth, is very prominent, and the entire history of the apostolic church is illuminated and heated by the Pentecostal fire." "The Pentecost

in the year of the resurrection was the last Jewish (that is, typical) and the first Christian Pentecost. It became the spiritual harvest feast of redemption from sin and the birthday of the visible kingdom of Christ on earth. It marks the beginning of the dispensation of the Spirit, the third era in the history of the revelation of the triune God. On this day the Holy Spirit, who had hitherto wrought only sporadically and transiently, took up his permanent abode in mankind as the Spirit of truth and holiness, with the fullness of saving grace, to apply that grace thenceforth to believers, and to reveal and glorify Christ in their hearts, as Christ had revealed and glorified the Father." "While the apostles and disciples, about one hundred and twenty (ten times twelve) in number, no doubt mostly Galileans, were assembled before the morning devotions of the festal day, and were waiting in prayer for the fulfillment of the promise, the exalted Saviour sent from His heavenly throne the Holy Spirit upon them, and founded His church upon earth. The Sinaitic legislation was accompanied by 'thunder and lightning and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, and all the people that were in the camp trembled.' The church of the new covenant was ushered into existence with startling signs which filled the spectators with wonder and fear. It is quite natural, as Neander remarks, that 'the greatest miracle in the inner life of mankind should have been accompanied by extraordinary outward phenomena as sensible indications of its presence.' A supernatural sound, resembling that of a rushing mighty wind, came down from heaven, and filled the whole house in which they were assembled; and tongues like flames of fire distributed themselves among them, alighting for awhile on each head. These audible and visible signs were appropriate symbols of the purifying, enlightening and quickening power of the Divine Spirit, and announced a new spiritual creation. 'AND THEY WERE ALL FILLED WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT.' This is the real inward miracle, the main fact, the central idea of the Pentecostal narrative. To the apostles, it was their baptism, confirmation and ordination, all in one, for they received no other (they were baptized with water by John, but *Christian* baptism was first administered by them on

the day of Pentecost; Christ himself did not baptize, John iv. 2.) To them it was the great inspiration which enabled them hereafter to be authoritative teachers of the gospel by tongue and pen." "But the communication of the Holy Spirit was not confined to the Twelve. It extended to the brethren of the Lord, the mother of Jesus, the pious women who had attended his ministry, and the whole brotherhood of a hundred and twenty souls who were assembled in that chamber. They were 'all' filled with the Spirit, and all spoke with tongues; and Peter saw in the event the promised outpouring of the Spirit upon 'all flesh,' sons and daughters, young men and old men, servants and handmaidens. The beginning was a prophetic anticipation of the end, and a manifestation of the universal priesthood and brotherhood of believers in Christ, in whom all are one, whether Jew or Greek, bond or free, male or female." "The Holy Spirit was certainly at work among the hearers as well as the speakers, and brought about the conversion of three thousand on that memorable day." "In these first fruits of the glorified Redeemer, the typical meaning of the Jewish Pentecost was gloriously fulfilled. But this birthday of the Christian Church is in its turn only the beginning, the type and pledge, of a still greater spiritual harvest, and a universal feast of thanksgiving, when, in the full sense of the prophecy of Joel, the Holy Spirit shall be poured out on all flesh, when all the sons and daughters of men shall walk in his light, and God shall be praised with new tongues of fire for the completion of his wonderful work of redeeming love." As Mr. F. W. Farrar remarks: "This new dispensation was no exclusive consecration to a separate priesthood, no isolated endowment of a narrow apostolate. It was the consecration of a whole church—its men, its women, its children—to be all of them 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people.' This miracle was not merely transient, but is continuously renewed. It is not a rushing sound and gleaming light, seen perhaps for a moment, but it is a living energy and an increasing inspiration. It is not a visible symbol to a gathered handful of human souls in the upper room of a Jewish house, but a vivifying wind which shall henceforth breathe in all ages of the world's history; a tide of light

which is rolling and shall roll from shore to shore, until the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."—Isa. xi. 9; lxxv. 17, 25; lxxvi. 22, 23; Psalms lxxv. 2; Acts iii. 21; Rom. viii. 21; Dan. ii. 35; vii. 14; 2 Peter iii. 13; Rev. xi. 15; xxi. 1-5.

Now, Peter and all the other apostles and disciples of Jesus had already been born of the Divine Spirit (Matt. xvi. 17; xi. 27; John i. 12, 13; iii. 3, 5, 6; xx. 22; 1 Cor. xiii. 3); and, on the day of Pentecost, they were *additionally* and *specially* endowed with that Spirit to be, unto all whom the Lord should call, effective witnesses for Jesus (Luke xxiv. 48, 49; Acts i. 4-8; ii.). After being thus endowed, Peter, on the day of Pentecost, preached Jesus and the resurrection, the Gospel of the Son of God, with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven (Acts ii. 22-30; 1 Peter i. 12). And thousands were pricked in their hearts and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—Acts ii. 37. They felt that they were murderers of their Lord and Messiah, and justly deserved his terrible vengeance (Acts ii. 23, 36, 19-21), and in sore distress they ask what they shall do. To these awakened, convicted, penitent and distressed souls, Peter answers: "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; for the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—Acts ii. 38, 39. From the testimony of the Scriptures, there is nothing more certain than that the Holy Spirit, before Peter thus answered them, had already quickened and convicted these inquirers of their sins (Zech. xii. 10; Ezech. xxxvii. 1-10; xxxvi. 26, 31; Jer. xxxi. 9; John xvi. 7-11); and Peter, being himself filled with the Holy Ghost, exhorts them to do what the Holy Ghost was already working in their hearts—to repent—to change their views and feelings and life toward Jesus of Nazareth; this gracious change already going on within them under the power of the Divine Spirit (Zech. xii. 10; John xvi. 7-11; Psalms cx. 3; Philip ii. 12, 13; Acts v. 31; xi. 18); and, as the perfectly appropriate and divinely commended outward symbol of this inward spiritual change, he exhorts them, everyone of them, to be baptised, immersed in water, in or *upon* (as

the preposition *epi* literally means) the name of Jesus Christ—resting *entirely* upon him, the Rock of Ages, upon which he builds His church, and not resting at all upon anyone or anything else for the remission or forgiveness of their sins; and then they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, some of them in His miracle-working power (Acts viii. 15-20; x. 44-48; xi. 17), but all of them in his comforting and sanctifying power (Acts iii. 19-26; John xiv. 16-28). Peter's exhortation in Acts iii. 19, 20, 26, seems to me almost exactly equivalent in substance to that in Acts ii. 38-40; the word *opos* rendered *when* in Acts iii. 19, seems more properly rendered in the revised version, "that so." Unless the inward baptism of the Holy Spirit precede, outward baptism in water is a mockery and delusion (Acts x. 47, 48); but if one has been inwardly and spiritually renewed, it is his bounden duty and highest privilege to be buried with Christ in the liquid grave and raised therefrom with Him, and he will enjoy more of the refreshing and saving presence of His Holy Spirit afterwards than before. The brightest and gladdest day of my life was that day on which I was baptized—publicly espoused to my Divine Bridegroom, my adorable Redeemer; and, as he hates putting away and never changes, and loves his own unto the end, His ready bride shall, at the close of the present dispensation, be welcomed to the eternal marriage supper of the Lamb.—Isa. liv. 5; lxii. 4, 5; Mal. ii. 16; John xiii. 1; Rev. xix. 9; xxi. 2.

The phrase rendered "for the remission of sins," in Acts ii. 38, is, in the Greek original, *eis aphesin amartion*, and is rendered more literally in the revised version "unto the remission of sins." Exactly the same original phrase is found in Matt. xxvi. 28; Mark i. 4; and Luke iii. 3. In the last two passages it is used in connection with John's baptism; but in Matt. xxvi. 28, it is used in connection with the shedding of the blood of Christ. Now we know plainly from other Scriptures that "without shedding of blood there is no" real "remission" of sins (Heb. ix. 22), no real "atonement for the soul" (Levit. xvii. ii.); and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us really from all sin (1 John i. 7; Ephes. i. 7; Colos. i. 14; 1 Peter i. 18, 19; Rev. i. 5; vii. 14), and therefore that the remission or washing away of sin by water baptism (in Acts ii. 38; iii. 19, and xxii.

16) is only *symbolical* and *experimental*. Just as in the other ordinance of the Christian Church, the Lord's supper, when Christ says of the bread, "This is my body," He means, "this is the symbol of my body," and when He says of the wine, "This is my blood," He means "this is the symbol of my blood;" and, when his Spirit is in our hearts while we partake of these emblems of His sufferings for our sins, our souls partake experimentally by faith of His broken body and shed blood, and the holy life of heaven, the Spirit of God, who is our life, pervades and purifies our inner being. Thus, and thus alone, do we die to sin and live to God; and "the life which we now live in the flesh, we live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us" (Gal. ii. 20); and we are "constrained by the love of Christ to live no longer unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15).

As for the expression in John iii. 5, "Born of the water and the Spirit," and in Titus iii. 5, "The washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," John himself tells us (vii. 37-39) that the water means the Spirit, or is the symbol of the Spirit, of course, because of its indispensability to life, and its purifying and refreshing power, and so we might have easily gathered from Isa. xlv. 3; Ezch. xlvii. 1-12; Rev. xxii. 1, in connection with Matt. xxviii. 19. The word rendered *and* in John iii. 5, and in Titus iii. 5, is *kai*, and has two meanings, as Liddell and Scott tell us in the seventh edition of their Greek-English Lexicon, that of the Latin *et*, *and*; and that of the Latin *etiam*, *even*. In the latter sense it may be used to *explain what goes before*, as it certainly is used in reference to "God, even the Father," or "God and our Father," in 2 Cor. i. 3; Gal. i. 4; Ephes. i. 3; Philip iv. 20; Col. i. 3, and 1 Thes. i. 3.

The preposition *eis* rendered "for" or "unto" in Acts ii. 38, refers in different passages to place or time, measure or limit, relation to or towards, or an end, purpose or object. In Acts ii. 38, it has, I believe, this last meaning of an end, purpose or object, as shown by Acts iii. 19; and it signifies, I am sure, *not the real*, but *the symbolical and experimental remission of sins*. For Peter, the speaker in both these passages, says in his first Epistle, iii. 21, that baptism is "*not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience*

toward God." The conscience, made good or pure by baptism in the blood of Christ, answers or responds to that internal saving work of the Holy Spirit, by following Jesus in the order of water baptism.

The great importance of believers being baptized in water is shown by such Scriptures as the following: Matt. iii. 13-17; vii. 24-27; x. 32; xvi. 24; xxviii. 18-20; Mark xvi. 16; Acts ii. 38, 41; viii. 12, 38; x. 47, 48; xvi. 33; xix. 5; xxii. 16; John x. 27; xiv. 23, 24; Rom. vi. 3-6; Colos. ii. 12. But the fact that water baptism is not essential to eternal salvation is proved by such Scriptures as the following: Matt. v. 3-12; vi. 14; xxv. 31-46; Luke xxiv. 47; John i. 12, 13, 29; iii. 3, 6, 16; v. 24, 25; vi. 40, 47-50; xi. 25, 26; xvii. 3; Acts v. 31; xvi. 31; Rom. iii. 23-26; v. 19-21; vi. 23; viii. 28-39; xi. 5, 6; Ephes. i.; ii.; 2 Tim. i. 9; 1 Peter i. 1-5; 1 John i. 7; Rev. i. 5, 6; xxi. 6; xxii. 17.

I will close with a very important additional proof of the correctness of my explanation of the phrase, "*receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost.*" Jesus was begotten of the Holy Spirit (Matt. i. 18-23; Luke i. 35), and, in his youth, "the Grace of God was upon Him," and He was "in favor with God" (Luke ii. 40, 52); but, after he had been baptized by John in the Jordan, the Holy Spirit descended visibly like a dove and lighted upon Him, and a voice came from Heaven saying, "Thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 16, 17; Luke iii. 22), and thenceforward Jesus was more fully and consciously "anointed with the Holy Ghost and power" (Isa. lx. 1-3; Luke iv. 1, 14, 18, 22; Acts x. 38). So it was with the apostles and disciples and their devout hearers (Acts ii. 5) on the day of Pentecost; they had already been *born* of the Holy Ghost; but, on that day they were more abundantly and consciously gifted or endowed with His heavenly power, illuminating, comforting, strengthening and sanctifying them; and the presence of the Divine Comforter was especially manifested to the hearers after their baptism (John xiv. 21, 23).

SLYVESTER HASSELL.

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One reason why Christians do more than others, is because they stand in a nearer relation to God than others.

"Is there no balm in Gilead: is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Jer. viii. 22.

The above is the pathetic language of Jeremiah, one of Israel's weeping prophets. He seems to represent Israel as being greatly afflicted and diseased, and in need of a physician who could administer the healing balm, and therefore he propounds this question: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" etc. Gilead lay east of the river Jordan (Num. xxxii. 26), and was noted for the best of balm. I reckon the prophet had reference to the inhabitants of this country. There was, no doubt, cause which produced such lamentable diseases among the people of Gilead, and the cause was disobedience to the divine instructions and laws of God. "For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns; broken cisterns that can hold no water."—Jer. ii. 13. This, with many other passages, shows the cause of their diseased state. They had forsaken the Lord by disregarding His divine instructions, and trying to quench their thirst in cisterns hewed out by their own hands, broken cisterns which could hold no water. When the dear children of God turn a deaf ear to divine instructions and begin to predicate their hopes upon themselves, or their own works, their foundation is no better than a hewn out, broken cistern. I am thoroughly convinced that the dear children of God can be guilty of such departures. "Truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains: truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel."—Jer. iii. 23.

They seem to wander upon every high hill and under every green tree, seeking earthly pleasure, and it was Israel, yes, the *chosen people of God*, who were guilty of these abominations; and should we not fear, brethren, lest we be guilty also? "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace."—Jer. vi. 14. Have we not realized the sad consequences of such healing as this, brethren? Sometimes we vainly hope that certain church troubles are settled, and we begin to cry peace; but, alas! how soon it is again resurrected worse than ever. Such healing is worthless; the trouble

is only buried for a short time, and it appears again, assuming a more alarming appearance—it has swollen to larger proportions, it has become deeper seated, and the church becomes a patient sure enough. Christ is the great Physician, and true discipline is the healing balm. As the natural patient is required to observe directions of earthly physicians, so is the church required to strictly observe the directions of her great example. A deviation from his divine instructions is the mother of diseases, and will soon produce a copious crop of troublesome diseases.

When our brother trespasses against us, and we go and tell his fault to every one else before we go to him, is this according to gospel order? Paul to the Corinthians says: "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."—I. Cor. xi. 31. May the Lord enable us, brethren, to seriously consider these things, for they are certainly worthy of our prayerful consideration. I am persuaded that the controversies existing among our dear brethren are detrimental, and are causing weakness, diseases, etc., in Zion. Ancient Israel was punished for disobedience, and should we not fear, lest we also be punished? "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace?"—Heb. x. 28, 29. "Let us fear lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." May the Great Physician, according to His abundant mercies, apply the healing balm to poor, bleeding and afflicted Zion. I hope we have some weeping Jeremiahs yet, whose prayers and cries to Almighty God are for the restoration of the daughter of Zion to her former state of health and beauty. It should be remembered that divisions, contentions, strife, variance, covetousness and the like are the fruits of the flesh. They are also diseases in Zion. We should labor to remove such things from among us, for all such fruits are nothing but enemies to the good of Zion.

*Slick, Ala.*

J. D. McELROY.

## FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

MR. C. W. STALLINGS—*Dear Brother*: Having promised to write you the reason of my hope, I now try to do it. I have several times before tried, but before I could write much so many doubts and fears arose that I would quit. When a child I desired to be good, but I did not like the idea of giving up worldly pleasures, but thought when I got older I would do better and be a Christian. I heard some people say going to Sabbath school made Christians. I wanted to go. My mother is a Primitive Baptist, but I got her consent to go, though of course she had no faith in it; it was to gratify me. I went for a good while, but grew tired and quit; but I can truly say it made me no better—no nearer a Christian. The first serious concern I ever had was on the first Sunday in July, 1886, at Cat Creek Church, Lowndes county, Ga. I was very anxious to get there that morning, as I heard there was to be baptism and that one dear brother was you. I went only to have a gay time and cared nothing for the preaching; but at the baptism a sad feeling came over me, and I thought it a strange but pretty sight. I felt sad, though did not know why; I felt sad nearly all day, but I said nothing about it. At times the baptism would rise up before me and I went into the meeting house a few minutes (for I seldom ever went in). But I did not feel satisfied there; and this gloomy feeling clung to me several days, though I told no one of it; and then it left me for awhile and I was as cheerful as ever. But it returned again and I wanted to be alone; I cared nothing for company, not even of young people. And soon my health began to fail and I grew weaker all the time. A physician was called in in August, but I improved only for a short time and then grew worse, and continued in that way for several months. I would get better and then worse, and nobody seemed to understand my disease. I was gloomy and low-spirited all the time. I had some dreams that bothered me, and that I could not understand. I dreamed three times that your pa baptized me in the clearest water I ever saw. In my dream I was so happy that I thought I knew no one was happier than I. Those dreams worried me and I tried to forget them, but I could not, and I wanted comfort

from somewhere, I was so miserable. I decided I would read the Bible to see if there was any comfort there for me. I did not want any one to see me reading it, and I would steal off to myself to read it. I got a Bible that would not be missed, because it was but little used and kept rather sacred in remembrance of a deceased grandfather. But instead of finding comfort in it, it seemed to condemn me everywhere I looked, and I felt to be so vile a sinner that I would try to pray, but I could find no relief in that. As the weeks passed away I too seemed passing from earth with them, growing worse daily. I lost interest in almost everything. I cannot tell what I suffered, but I thought that I, a wicked sinner, would soon be gone from earth. The 15th of December I took my bed—before this I was up most of the time—and I was soon given up to die, for I daily grew worse. I was treated by three physicians. I watched the sun set many a time, thinking it would be the last time I would ever see it. O! sad thoughts to me! One day I was anxious to read in the Bible, but could not get it without asking for it, and I made some excuse to one of my sisters to get it for me, and from then until I left my bed it stayed with me under my pillow, but I don't think any one ever saw me reading it; for if I heard footsteps approaching I would put it down. Why I did not want anybody to see me reading it I did not know. I was in bed from December, 1886, until August, 1887, and I never left my bed only to sit up a few minutes at a time. My mother could carry me in her arms like a child, and I eat but very little, and my mind, too, was weak as well as my body. When spring came some thought I would soon recover and a different physician was called, and he said I could not live, and I was so low at one time that I was thought to be dying, but again I revived.

I dreamed one night I was well and out walking with some girls, going a broad white road, and I thought one of the girls and myself left the others and we went ahead and came to an old church house, and as we turned to go to the house we saw a shining light, and we then went to the light and stood in it, and we could see the leaves on the trees and everything was so bright. I heard a voice say: "If you want to be saved follow after righteousness." I looked to see who spoke and

there sat an old man, and when I looked at him he pointed in front of him, and I looked that way and saw the most beautiful man I ever saw, and he motioned me to come to him, and as I turned to go the old man said: "Follow in his foot-prints." I looked down and saw the man was barefooted and I could see his tracks in the sand, and he began to ascend a hill, and as I was trying to place my feet in his tracks I awoke. I cannot describe my feelings. I thought this dream meant death and I did not want to go to sleep, so great was my fear; but sleep overpowered me. I did not tell any one my dream for several days. One day shortly after this dream, when alone in my room, I closed my eyes but not for sleep; I was thinking over all that I had suffered and my troubles, and wondering how much longer I had to suffer, when I heard (or I thought I did) a voice say, "You will yet arise." I sprang up in bed, weak as I was, to see who spoke, but lo! I was alone. I noticed the room looked brighter than ever before, and I drew the curtain from the window and looked out. Never, it seemed to me, had I seen everything so bright and beautiful. My trouble seemed gone and I was so happy and surprised, too, and the tears began to fall. Ma came in to bring my dinner; I told her I could not eat, and I then told her some of my troubles. I felt sure I would then recover, and I craved to go to church and offer myself. O! how I longed to be baptized. But my happy feeling did not last long before I was in fears and doubts that it was all an imagination. Several good brethren heard I desired to live with the Old Baptists and they came to see me, and would sing and pray around my bed. I began to improve slowly. I wanted to go to the annual meeting at Cat Creek the first Saturday in July, but I improved so slow that when the time arrived I was too weak—I could then sit up a little. Saturday night we had company, young people on their way to church then, and Sunday, with tearful eyes, I watched them and my sisters leave, and I thought how I had spent the day there just one year before, and how different it would be if I could be there again.

But God blessed me that day, for He sent one of His humble ministers to see me, Eld. J. C. Rogers, and O! how he comforted me! I then decided I would try to

go to Unity at the annual meeting there the fourth Saturday and Sunday in August, and the week for meeting arrived and I was still in bed, though could sit up. My parents and sisters thought I was too weak to go, and the physician said it would kill me to go, and it was thirteen miles; but I would not and could not give it up, and it was then arranged I should go on the train to the station nearest the church, but that was given out and I still said I must go. One of my sisters carried me out to ride twice for a short distance. When the fourth Saturday in August, 1887, arrived, I started with my mother to the church, thirteen miles, and I had not then sit up a whole day and could not dress myself alone; but I went, though I was badly worried when we reached the church. I was given a comfortable seat near the pulpit, and when I looked around at all the brethren and sisters I knew I was not worthy to be among them; but when conference opened I could not stay away, and I offered and told them the best I could part of what I have here written, and was received and baptized the next day by Eld. Stallings, your father. There was talk of baptizing me in a chair, but God blessed me with strength without having to use a chair.

At the water I there saw the girl I saw in my dream, and I knew it was her as I saw her led in the water and buried in that watery grave. O! that was a glorious day to me; how happy I was! I thought all my troubles over; but since that time I have so many doubts and fears until I wonder why I ever joined the people of God. But I must say, from the day of my baptism I was sick no more; the ride, the water never hurt me, but cured me enough so that I took my bed no more—that is, from that spell of sickness. God has wonderfully blessed me, but there are oftentimes when my little ray of light, "spiritually," seems under a cloud. I am sure I love the brethren and sisters, but I feel so unworthy to be among them. If I could only walk that godly walk that I see in others; but, alas! I fear I never can as I desire.

Now, dear brother, I have told you how I came to be living with the people of God, if you can call this an experience of grace. Your little sister, I hope,

*Valdosta, Ga.*

FANNIE K. SHUNAM.

OPELIKA, ALA., July 28, 1891.

*Dear Bro. Respass:* I have received a letter from a man who was once a member with the Primitive Baptists, but for disorderly conduct was cut off from fellowship several years ago. He writes me now in seeming penitence and distress; and as I trust it is the Lord's dealings to bring him home to his friends, I have felt inclined to write him, not for his benefit alone, but for others, also, who are in similar condition and have requested that I write them. And as time and strength are limited I have chosen to write through the MESSENGER, with a hope that all concerned may regard it as an answer to them, without writing private letters to each individually. I send you copy of what is written to one (omitting his name), as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER: Since receiving your kind letter of July 19, I have not had opportunity of replying till now; and even now I fear I shall not be able to say much of interest or comfort to you, though I would gladly do so.

"I am glad to know that you still have me and other brethren in remembrance, even as we often think of you and pray the Lord to help and instruct you; and I have hope that the good Lord is instructing you, even though it be in some degree by trials and sore bereavements and death of your tender and lovely little ones. By these things we learn that God rules in righteousness, and that we are poor, dependant creatures upon him and cannot always have things our own way. Indeed, it is not best for us that we should, for we do not know what is for our good or for God's glory. But if we love God, we have assurance that all things work together for good.

"You seem to greatly appreciate the Lord's gift in giving you a good wife, and this should be a token to you of the Lord's care for you. But while there are many things which we regard as comforting and good for us, there are also many bitter herbs which we regard as evil. But remember the resigned and humble spirit of patient Job when he said, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?'—Job ii. 10. The same kind hand that deals out that which we regard as good for us, deals out also that which we regard as evil, and designs that both the evil and the good shall work together for good to them that love God, and to them who are the called according to his purpose of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“If we never had sorrow we never would need comfort, and if we had neither appetite or hunger we could never know how kind our God is in providing food for us; and if we never had natural thirst for water we could never desire it, or know how to appreciate God’s blessing in providing water for us. So, also, if we had been born blind we could never have known darkness, nor would we ever have mourned over the absence of light. If we do not know the evil we cannot know the good. The law of God is good, and holy and pure, and it makes manifest that which is bad, impure and unholy in ourselves. And now I specially ask that you apply this, in a religious sense, to your own case. If you had never known the love of God in your own heart, would you ever grieve over its absence or mourn over your sins? If the Lord had never shown you your blindness and sinfulness, would you ever have desired his Spirit to give you light, or his grace to put away your sins? And if he had not given you a little hope in his mercy, would you ever have faith to pray to him for mercy?

“You speak of a certain distress of mind coming upon you soon after you were married, and how that distress drove you to a throne of grace to ask the Lord, in the humblest manner you knew how, for help and deliverance. But deliverance never come with joy to you till first your own strength was gone and you thought even death was upon you; but unexpectedly the Lord gave you such comfort and joy that you have felt ever since to be at a loss for words to speak forth his praise and glory. But why all this joy? Ah! it was simply because you had one more evidence that the Lord loved and cared for you, and that he had heard and answered your prayers. But why, my brother, does the great God ever hear and answer the prayers of such poor, vile and worthless sinners as we are? Surely it is not because we either deserve or have merit to be heard and answered by him; but it is because of the riches of his mercy, through the merits of Jesus Christ. He has died to save sinners from their sins, and we ask God, for Christ’s sake, to deliver us from sin and trouble, and the gracious Father, for Christ’s sake, forgives sin. And it is worthy of our consideration, also, that God, for Christ’s sake, gives his poor, ignorant and erring children repentance for

their sins, so that they desire to confess and forsake them. And is not this a great mercy, that the Lord has proclaimed to the poor penitent that, "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy." This is God's method of forgiveness, and He would have his church and people to go and do likewise one to another. And if they are living Godly in their church relations and acting in a Godlike manner one to another, they will show that mercy and forgiveness to their erring brother when he confesses and forsakes his sins, that God for Christ's sake has shown unto them. This their Heavenly Father commands them and works in them by his Spirit both to will and to do the things he has thus commanded.

Now, when we confess and forsake our sins by the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord, we then do the will of God from the heart. This is Godliness, because it is Godlike, that is, it is prompted by His Spirit. And now I must close this hastily written letter. Hope it may find you enjoying some tokens of the Lord's blessings, and desiring in heart to worship and serve him all your days. Remember, that the Lord hath said to his Israel, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding."—Jeremiah iii. 22. Here is a gracious and merciful promise from the Lord to heal all the backsliding of His children, and I trust that you and all others who are embraced in this promise, may be enabled to feel its heavenly healing power and to say in your hearts, as these backsliding children did, "Lord, we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God."—Jeremiah iii. 22. Regards to your wife, though a stranger to me. Hope to hear from you again.

Affectionately yours,

W. M. MITCHELL.

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Every gracious spirit is public; but every public spirit is not gracious. God may use the midwifery of the Egyptians to bring forth the children of Israelites. An iron key may open a golden treasury; and leaden pipes convey pleasant waters. Though earthly blessings may be communicated to a spiritual man, yet spiritual blessings will not be communicated to a carnal man.

(2)

## MARY PARKER.

For the information of our brethren concerning the condition of this dear, suffering sister, I will send some extracts from a letter received by my sister this morning, for publication in the MESSENGER. Expressions received from many brethren and friends convince me that all will be interested in such particulars as can be given. It is clear to me that the interest of our people in her does not abate, but rather grows deeper; and that there is no abatement, but rather an increase, in the manifestation of interest and sympathy for all the suffering and afflicted, and of a desire to render such help as is possible. This is to me an encouraging and comforting evidence of a revival of the Spirit's work; for when that Spirit, by which all the Saints "are baptized into one body," exercises or quickens us, we shall feel the sufferings as well as the joys of every member of that body in such measure as they are known to us.

Concerning the "Reminiscences and Letters," I want to say that their publication by us at this time is thus explained: About a year ago Sister Mary requested of my sister Bessie that she take charge of her letters and publish them after her death. The reasons for this are given more fully in the preface to the book. The reply was, that should we publish them at all, we desired to do so while she is yet with us, so that the profit, if there should be any, would be for her benefit and comfort. She strenuously opposed our taking such a task upon us on her account, but it was undertaken, nevertheless, with that purpose in view. She then, at my solicitation, began to write of her past life, and these "Reminiscences" are truly of absorbing interest. They will occupy nearly one hundred pages of the book. About twenty-five pages will be occupied by extracts from letters that appeared in the "Collection of Gems." The rest that is in this book did not appear in that volume, having, with some exceptions, been written since that was published. There are few books in which there is so much to stir the heart to tears, awakening emotions of deepest sympathy for sufferings almost unparalleled, and for joys that are unspeakable, caused by the light of the Lord's dear and loving presence in the heart.

Upon hearing of our purpose to publish this book, many dear friends have encouraged us in it, and have urged its early appearance. To them, and to others who may have the same feelings, we make the request that they will help us, by sending on their subscriptions as soon as possible, in order that we may be able to pay the first expenses of publication by September 1st, and also that we may know how many to make at first.

The photograph which will be in the book was made expressly for it, and is a better likeness than the others I have seen. It was taken under great difficulties, as she had to make all prepara-

tions, even to the dressing of her hair, the day before, so that she could recover from the fatigue sufficiently to have it taken.

Little did our dear sister think of any part of this letter being published, but I do not think she will object to letting others of her kindred in Christ know how it fares with her. It has been about eleven years, I think, since she was able to stand upon her feet, or to lie down. The one position possible is to sit upon the edge of a hard lounge or couch. She can lean her head against pillows arranged back of her right shoulder, and can sometimes get a little sleep by leaning her head forward. When I saw her in May of last year I thought I had seldom, if ever, seen a case so pitiful, for protracted suffering, nor one where the strength of a spiritual mind, and the supporting power and comfort of the grace and love of our dear Saviour, were more clearly manifested.

*Southampton, Pa., August 7, 1891.*

SILAS H. DURAND.

EXTRACTS.—I have just come out of another chill, with its attendant distresses; but weak and suffering though I am, I feel that I must write a line to you and your family, each member of which has become so near, so inexpressibly dear to me. \* \* \*

I am so glad that you do make such erasures as you deem proper in going over what I wrote. You see I sent it just as the thoughts occurred to me, as I could not tax my strength to copy and revise. How I pity you all, for it must be exceedingly tiresome to go over my stupid sentences so often. Often it comes to me that it will cause you all to tire of me, so clearly will you see my imperfections, and the vileness and deceitfulness of my heart.

Sister Bessie, I would most gladly have recalled my last murmuring letter to you before it left the village, had it been possible, it seemed so dishonoring to the cause I think I love, to the Friend I wish to honor and obey. But, O! my sister, I was so ill, so lonely, so full of self-loathing, so far from Him who is a present help in every trouble. Surrounding circumstances seemed to gather a dark cloud around me, like an east wind blowing against an exposed nerve, while all my pleasant places seemed laid waste. My chill lasted fifteen hours. Coming on early in the night, I was alone, and though externally shivering with cold, I had great thirst and internal heat. Obstinate vomiting followed, which nothing but ice will relieve. I waited for the morning as a famishing soul waits for the light of day, but when it came it brought no relief, as the ice could not then be procured. Then all during the long, hot day, in the gloom of my sick room I suffered in body and mind, while the sounds from without seemed to burn like fire in my heated brain. Never did I suffer so, never felt so friendless and heart-broken. \* \* \* Since then I have felt more tranquil. Sister Lottie has been able to stay with me more than usual, and has been so kind. It brings us nearer together, and I love her very dearly. Oh! how I prize a kind look or action; and, best of all, I again feel that underneath are the everlasting arms.

I write all this, dear Bessie, to explain some of the reasons why I wrote in the desponding, complaining tone I did.

Eld. Durand spoke in his last note to me of feeling so cold and dark at your last meeting. It was such a comfort to me, not to learn that he suffered, but to know that the Lord does, indeed, chasten whom He loveth, and scourge every son whom He receiveth. But, oh, how grievous it is to feel the frowns instead of the smiles of our blessed Redeemer; to go down into the awful depths of one's vile nature, instead of standing on the Mount, with Moses, viewing the glories and beauties of the Promised Land.

Do not hurry about the book. Do not work on it after night. When it is ready I would like two dozen sent me. I think that many are spoken for. I will send the money right to your brother, so that the debt can be paid off as soon as possible. Send none of the proceeds to me unless it brings over what pays the indebtedness, and be sure not to pay any money out yourselves. Oh! how very deeply I am indebted to you all; how deep is my gratitude, how fervent my affection.

*Wednesday*—My limb became so painful last evening I could not finish. We all had a bad night. Brother John has been quite sick, and is unable to leave his room this morning. Oh! the long, wakeful nights of pain; the wearisome days. When will it all be over, and sweet, longed-for rest be mine at last? Surely these afflictions do "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" Will you not all remember me in your prayers? It is so good of you to continue to write. I know of nothing you can do for me more than you are doing, which is far too much for one so undeserving. Your unworthy friend and, I hope, sister,  
MARY PARKER.

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## EXPERIENCE.

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DEAR BRETHREN: I have been so much comforted by reading the experiences of others that I have had a desire for sometime to write some things that have happened to me, which I take to be the travail of the soul from nature to grace, and if I only knew that what I have to tell was from the right spirit and would give the comfort to others that I have received from some of them, and would not be an offence to any one, I could more willingly undertake it. There are some things that at the time experienced seemed very pointed, and at times yet I am permitted to look back to them with comfort. But at most times now when I behold my sinful condition and the great distance I seem to be from an orderly Christian walk, it almost

makes me lose sight of my experience and think that I had better be dead than to miss a Christian walk so far and be tempted as I am. I was raised by Primitive Baptist parents and given good moral training and an exemplary walk by both of them, for which I still feel very grateful. When I look back to my boyhood I see that there were some things that I now realize as being providential dealings toward me; yet I am afraid to assume them as constituent parts of my experience. Being raised as I was I was not given to dissipation as some youths were, so that I was flattered by some of the neighbors speaking highly of my morality and then I flattered myself that I was a good boy, and thought my family (though they did not rank in the high circles) was a little better than most people, and I would contend along for the Primitive Baptists, but it was just for my parents' sake, for I can now see that I was an Arminian Pharisee and hypocrite. For I really thought that some day I was going to be a mighty good Christian, and I would avoid going to Primitive Baptist meetings much, and even to Primitive families, for fear the people might desire or accuse me being one, like Peter when he followed Christ into the high priest's mansion, and I did not want to be one yet awhile. I thought I must be something great in the land and to be thus I must obtain a fine education; so all of my mind for awhile was directed that way. But I suppose the Lord knew that my nature was such that I could not stand an education and honor Him, for after I had gone to school a short time (with the intention of going several years), my mind was almost instantly taken from my studies, and instead of making progress in them I was actually losing ground. So much was this the case that I quit school and went to work, and in a year or so I was given a wife and settled and, as it were, began life anew. But I had not been married long before some things began to happen that I thought might be the hand of providence upon me, and I began to have some thoughts as to my condition before my Maker and gradually the goodness that I had been seeing in myself began to vanish and a sense of condemnation to come over me. But it was all so gradual that I have never been satisfied just how it really took place; for at times I could take pleasure in sin and jocularly as ever

without much weight of condemnation, and at other times I was made to grieve, seek solitude and to ask the Lord for forgiveness. Several times I have left my house at night and while being all alone I would behold the grandeur of the heavens, the moon in all her majesty and the stars sparkling through the blue sky with the scattering clouds, which seem to set them all in motion, and all of which seem to display the mighty power and handiwork of the Lord to me and then I would think of the weakness of man away down here on the earth, subject to so many devices, especially sin. So I would have a great desire to get on my knees and pour out prayer to such a Being as I could then regard him as being, and then I would think that that would be assuming the form of a Christian, which would not be right for me to do, and so I would think it best for me to lie down and in my meditation ask the Lord to have mercy. I would like to know if anybody else ever had such thoughts as these? I am afraid it was not genuine. Then I would think that I would shape my course better, and if I did not be a Christian, I probably would escape chastisement, which I thought would be certain to come upon me if I did not do better. But I could not get any relief by my efforts. After awhile I began to think I loved Christian people, and desiring some evidence of a hope I would sum up all the serious thoughts I ever had, and see if they would do for an evidence of a hope, but would still feel condemned, until one night after I had read awhile and become sleepy I thought I would retire as usual, but before I had got to sleep my mind was riveted on my future destiny more than ever before. So much so that sleep entirely left me, and O, the anguish of my soul that long night! I would try to become reconciled to God's providence with me, and would, in my meditation, ask the Lord that if it was my doom to be lost, to let me be reconciled to it. But no relief could I get until I became almost exhausted in mind and body, and I was so restless that I could not lie in one position, and this condition continued till a few minutes before day, when, almost before I knew it, there came a calm, quiet feeling over me, and I could feel my limbs relaxing; and presently I never felt better refreshed in my life, and in a few minutes it was day and I got up, and as I

opened the door and walked out, the first thing I beheld was the ground around the steps, and I thought it looked more lovely than ever before; and then I looked up, and all things looked different to what they had before, and I thought that, though this country was poor, it was lovely enough for any one to live happy in. Everything went on pleasantly with me that morning, and at noon I took the Bible to read, and where it had been a sealed book to me before, it now seemed easy to understand. I read awhile and went to the field to pull fodder, and just before I got there I felt sleepy, and as I had not slept any the night before I thought I would lie down and take a nap, when, just as I closed my eyes in sleep, I saw myself and a neighbor lady at the pond where they usually baptized, making preparations to be baptized, and it seemed so plain that I awoke, and I then began studying about joining the church and thought I would soon; but, when returning home one night, the thought struck me that this may be imagination, so I began to pick what I thought might be flaws in it, and went home with a heavy heart. After supper I left the house to be alone to meditate about the matter, and, while lying on my face, my mind all absorbed, I had some pleasant reflections and my hope began to strengthen. But the doubt was never removed and I began to procrastinate as to when I would join the church, and did not for nearly a year; but, being afraid of chastisement, I ventured and related a portion of what is written, and was received; but the most of the time my way is dim and cloudy, and, in conclusion, would ask the brethren to pray that I might have a closer walk with God. Yours in hope,

*Decatur, Miss.*

JAS. S. STAMPER.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: Will you excuse me for writing to you on note paper? This is all I have at present, and you are a stranger to me in the flesh, but from reading your experience in THE GOSPEL MESSENGER, July and August numbers, I can't believe we are strangers in spirit, so precious, so comforting, for I thought in all the world there was none like me; and I wanted you to know that my soul hungered and thirsted and found the words and did eat them. You asked in

the July number, "Was there ever such an unsubdued sinner before who claimed a hope?" Yes! my dear brother, here is one that has been led pretty much in the same way as yourself. Oh! I feel so thankful to God that He put it in your heart to write your experience, and felt like I must write and tell you how sweet it was to me, and I hope you will excuse me.

Yours in the bonds of Christian love,  
*Washington, N. C.* MRS. W. B. WHITLEY.

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"And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water; but when he saw the wind boistrous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried, saying, Lord, save me."—Matt. xiv. 29, 30.

I have read this often with the impression that while we look to Jesus, i. e., trust in him, all our troubles are easily managed. Peter seemed for a time to forget the waters beneath his feet and looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners; but by and by he lost sight of Jesus, and his mind was turned to the wind and waters about him, and immediately he sank in despair and cried "Lord, save me."

How often do we look around us at our foes, our ills, our sins, our losses, our troubles and sorrows, and we feel that we are clean gone forever, and we sink in despair. Sometimes Zion's enemies fill us with despair; we see unfaithful men turn their weapons upon our dear Zion; we review their number and strength, and we grow sick for poor, oppressed and down-trodden Zion, but when we look up and see the arm of Omnipotence stretched out to save, and count her towers, and mark her bulwarks, we rejoice in the feeling of perfect security. So our own personal sorrows and misfortunes become light as nothing when we are looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. In times of tears let us look to the Saviour and think how dear his people are to him; think who died for us; and remember that all power in heaven and earth are in his hands. Thus we shall find our severest trials provided for.

Affectionately,  
*Crawfordsville, Ind.* J. H. OLIPHANT.

## WHAT SHALL I DO?

DEAR BRO. RESPESS: This blessed Sabbath evening, while at home, I have just finished the second time reading Naaman, the Syrian, and to my best judgment there is not a single word in all that discourse that is out of its place, but is so consolidated with the keynote of the gospel of our salvation that I think that the lovers of truth will be edified and comforted by it. I was not looking for it, and did not know it was due me, as a worker for the circulation of the MESSENGER, for I always feel like doing all I can to circulate it anyway; but it certainly brought good news to me from the far country, for which I feel thankful to you, my dear brother, and thankful to God for enabling you to prepare such a discourse for the good of His people. I wish I could do more for you, and also for the circulation of the MESSENGER, than what I do, for the truth is, that nothing in this life will do us good but the truth, and I would to God it was circulated more and more.

I was in trouble when I received your pamphlet, and had thought that I would ask you what to do (I am asking my church here now). I have but one brother in the world (in the flesh), and we were born and raised together and slept together all our lives, and never were apart scarcely any until he married and went West. Since then he has professed religion and joined the Missionaries, and has turned against all his people—father and mother, myself and sisters, and all his connection pretty much; and the worst of all is, against the true Church of Christ and its glorious doctrine, and is fighting us and all old Baptists. Last winter he came back here to see us all on a visit. I met him at Knoxville and brought him out. He had been gone fourteen years. I was glad to see him and embraced him. We had a good time and talked over old times together. He was the oldest of us two, and I had received his counsel many times as the older one; but our church had ordained me since he left here, and he jumped me on the doctrine of our people before we started home, and I kept him pushed off, and did so on and on at several times, until at last he, in my own house, asked me if I believed that any sinner was an elect or was elected to salvation before they were converted or born

again; and I told him that if I did not believe that, that I could just lay my Bible down, for if I could disbelieve any of it I could as well disbelieve it all, and especially that part of it that secured to me an eternal inheritance in the better country, free and unmerited grace to me, a poor, lost sinner; and I cited a few passages of Scripture, but he said: "Will, you couldn't make me believe that," and started to leave me. Well, he was my brother, and I loved him, and do yet. He also told us that there was not a Primitive Baptist in the State of Missouri—that they were all old Hard Shells; and since he has gone back the Missionaries have ordained him to the full work of the ministry. I have always worked soft and easy with him as I could, knowing him as I did, and wanting no interruption between us; but in a letter recently I felt moved to write him that a man might feel that he was called to the work of the ministry, and feel very much impressed, and yet be ordained to it by a so-called church, which was not the church of Christ, and all his official work as a legal, ordained minister not be known in the great day; and I referred him to I. Cor. iii., to where it is said, "Every man's work shall be tried by fire," etc.; and I also referred him to Jeremiah, to where it is said, "To inquire for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye therein." I also cited several passages, but named no man, of course, and he is writing, misrepresenting what I said, spreading it to our people. So I have thought of the Saviour's language, where He said, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." And now he is coming again, and what shall I do? As I have the care of our church he seems to strike at me, and I do not feel like I can let the cause of our church suffer, if I can help it, if it does expose my brother, or father or mother, wife or child, or any one else. What shall I do?

W. H. OLIVER.

*Cade's Cove, Tenn.*

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Could many men find the mercies of God, they would never seek the God of mercies. Could they tell how to be well without him, they would never desire to come to him. God hath but little of their society, except when they can find no other company.

## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

## REPLY TO ELD. J. E. W. HENDERSON.

On page 285 of the MESSENGER for July, 1891, Eld. Henderson says:

“Should the Lord so impress your mind I would be glad to have your views, through the MESSENGER of Titus i. 10 to 13, inclusive. Who is Titus required to rebuke sharply that they may be sound in the faith? If it be those unruly and vain talkers, liars, evil beasts and slow bellies, are we to understand that such men were children of God? If not, could the preaching of Titus, or any minister of the gospel, make such base characters sound in the faith? Or was it the whole houses or families who had been subverted by these men who were to be sharply rebuked that they might be sound in the faith?”

We cheerfully comply with the request of our dear Bro. Henderson according to ability given us, but we feel assured that the readers of the MESSENGER would be much better entertained and instructed to have his own views and understanding of the text than with anything we can write upon it.

In order that each reader may have the full benefit of the Scriptures upon which Eld. Henderson's questions are predicated, we will here quote them to save the reader the trouble of turning to the New Testament to read them:

“For there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, specially they of the circumcision; whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake. One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true; wherefore rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith, not giving heed to Jewish fables and commandments of men that turn from the truth.”—Titus i. 10-14.

Now, without consuming time by preliminaries, it seems most consistent with the general connection of the text to understand that Titus and all other faithful gospel ministers are required to sharply rebuke those “whole houses,” or churches, which are subverted and turned from the truth by unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, who deceptively come to them in the

assumed name and character of gospel preachers. As to rebuking these deceivers in order that they might be sound gospel preachers, instead of unruly, vain talkers and deceivers—gospel rebuke was never intended to accomplish any such results. No amount of rebuke, however sharply it may be given, will ever make a vain talker and deceiver a sound gospel preacher of that faith which he never had given him of the Lord. And, so far as we are able to learn anything about these talkers, from the description given of them by the apostle, there is not one solitary mark indicating that they are children of God, or even had the faith of God's elect wrought in them by the effectual working of the Spirit and power of God. But to the contrary: they are "unruly"—not willing to be ruled or governed by the Scriptures or by the authority vested in the Church of Christ. They are "vain talkers," having a high opinion of themselves, and though they do not preach the gospel, they are glib on the tongue as talkers and eloquent speakers, increasing vanity and lightness in their hearers instead of solemnity and gravity. And a further description is given of them by the apostle, which covers the whole ground of their character as "deceivers, subverting whole houses" or churches—"teaching things which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake."

Now, when we take into consideration all these fruits and marks of character, and that filthy lucre is what draws out all their unholy teachings, we cannot conclude that any gospel rebuke, however faithfully administered by sound gospel preachers, will ever cause these deceivers to be sound in the faith of that gospel which they have never known, and the power and spirit of which they have never felt.

But those "whole houses" or churches of Christ, which have been troubled and turned aside from the truth by the "good words and fair speeches" of these vain talkers, should be sharply rebuked for their folly, and tenderly admonished not to give heed to the idle talk and fabulous tales of these deceivers, or to any of the doctrines and commandments of men which so often turn Christians away from that meekness, gentleness and simplicity of worship which characterize all

those who "worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh."

Now, it occurs to us that the Scripture submitted by Bro. Henderson and the questions propounded for our consideration are of vast importance for Primitive Baptists to carefully consider at this very time. In several places in the United States we have distressing illustrations of the effect produced upon churches by their "giving heed" to fables and to the doctrines and institutions of men that turn the mind, time and attention away from the true worship of God. Under various pretexts and excuses brethren and sisters are running after these deceivers. "Wherefore rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith."

But, with regard to administering sharp rebukes even to erring brethren and churches by faithful gospel ministers, we do not understand that they are to assume any greater perfection in their nature than those whom they rebuke; nor are they in any instance to go beyond the authority given them in the Word of God. It is true that Paul said to Titus, "Rebuke with *all* authority," but that does not signify that he should assume any authority beyond what the Scriptures give to the minister of Christ. His sharpest rebukes are given when he comes to his erring brethren with the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. In wielding this sword he comes in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, saying, "The Lord rebuke thee."—M.

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### THE EXPERIENCE OF A SINNER.

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I think it was in 1858 that the church at Marshalville called me to her service, requesting Ebenezer Church, where my membership was, to have me ordained if found fit. Elds. Cromwell Cleveland, John Dickey and Samuel Bentley were requested by Ebenezer Church to act as presbyters in setting me apart to that high and solemn work. I did not feel qualified for ordination, and think to this day that I was ordained several years too soon, if I ever ought to have been ordained at all; but at the same time I know that the elders who ordained me were better and more faithful men than I have ever been. I asked the church to make the day

one of fasting and prayer in my behalf, which was not done, but I tried myself to fast, both in soul and body. I wanted to be right, and hope that I had the same manner of spirit that Esther had when her time came to go in unto the king. When her turn came she wanted nothing but what the king's chamberlain appointed (Esther ii). That is, while she could not help desiring the high place to which she was called, and feeling that a great deal, in fact that her all depended upon her getting it, yet at the same time, she did not want it if she had not been called to it by the right spirit; nor was it in me, if I am not deceived, to have the name of a minister of Christ without the spirit of Christ. Esther was deeply conscious of her unworthiness and unfitness for the high calling to which she aspired; she could not hide it from herself that she was an impoverished Jew and a captive slave, and made so by her own sin and the sins and disobedience of her people. She realized the almost infinite distance between her low and despised estate and the throne of the mighty king whose queen she aspired to be; and no doubt felt that her aspiration to be his queen was as presumptuous and impossible as would be the aspiration of an ignorant negro slave to be president of the United States. But she could not put it down; she could no more free herself of it than the distressed mother could of her anxiety for her wretched child who sought Jesus on the coast of Sidon, crying to him in face of her own unworthiness, the silence of Jesus, the discouragement of his disciples, still crying, "Lord, help me!"—Matt. xv. And of all the fair young virgins aspiring to that lofty position, she was the only Jew of them all; the only one conscious of her poverty and unworthiness from sin, and the only one who felt that she could not live without that which it seemed impossible for her to get. She was doubly needy, and yet with this knowledge she wanted nothing except that which was appointed her. Now, I am not certain that I had that spirit, for if I was I should be certain that I was a called minister of Christ and a Christian, for that spirit is of God. And I have, therefore, never been able to understand why any member of the church, who was a Christian, should thrust himself into the ministry whom God had not called to the work. Because if God has

alled him, some of God's people will know it as certainly as Mordecai knew of and encouraged Esther's aspirations; and they will be concerned with him about his work as Mordecai was about Esther, "and he walked every day before the court to know how Esther did and what should become of her." The member in God's spirit requires, like Esther, nothing save that appointed for him by the Lord; and in that spirit no man will call himself, nor will members or ministers call him to reach. In that spirit the church will be in peace, unity and love. God's ministers, in that spirit, will not seek their own exaltation, knowing that "he who exalteth his gate seeketh destruction."—Prov. xvii.

My two years' service to the Marshallville Church was, I honestly believe, very poor, and of little if any profit to anybody, in the church or out of it; and the church became extinct in a few years. There were but few members, but they were good people, and would have gotten on as well, perhaps, without my service as with it. If there were any spiritually sick folks attending my ministry there I never knew it, for none ever sought remedy of me; and if there had been any doctrinally sick ones, it would have been beyond my faith or ability to heal them; because, in that respect, I was a sick man myself, and would therefore, have been to them a physician of no value. My preaching then, if it ever has since, would not have strengthened the ankle bones of the doctrinally lame man at the gate, and have lifted him up and made him stand on his feet and leap for joy, because I had no doctrinal strength myself to impart to him. And that is why I have thought I was ordained too soon.

But notwithstanding that, I have thought that it was there that the spirit of the Lord first began at times to move me as a minister. Having scriptures on my mind as a text for sermons was something that, before then, I had had no experimental knowledge of, but within those two years I had two or more such texts from which I tried to preach. I do not mean that I did not try to preach from other scriptures, but if I did I generally preached as if I had taken these texts. The first time I tried to preach from these scriptures—the first in Deuteronomy, xii chapter, viz.: "What thing soever I command you observe to do it; thou shalt not add thereto

nor diminish from it," and the other in connection with Matt. v.: "For I say unto you that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven"—it seemed to me that a ray of light penetrated my darkened mind, and that my eyes were opened to things I had not before thought of; not that I saw clearly, but enough to see that I could see a little. It was the dawning, so to speak, of what was made plainer and plainer as I grew in grace and the knowledge of our Lord. The sin of Israel was in adding to God's command, and it was a worse sin, if possible, than diminishing from it; because it blinded their eyes, making them believe that they were verily doing God service when in fact they were doing evil. It was a sin that inflamed their self-righteousness and self-dependance, separating them further and further from God or the kingdom of heaven, so that in Christ's day publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before the Pharisees, with all their ceremonial and traditional righteousness; and they trusted in themselves and despised others.—Luke xviii. They were exceedingly zealous in establishing their own righteousness—the righteousness of tradition or the commandments of men. They even had a mission system, and compassed sea and land to make proselytes, and made them two fold worse than they themselves were, for they grafted their own vices into the vices of the heathens. And while some of them were sincere, like Paul was, the great body of them were no doubt hypocrites; for such religion can but, in the main, promote hypocrisy, because it is conceived in sin and disobedience to God. They were ostentatious in their alms and paraded their sanctity on the street corners to be seen of men and further their carnal purposes. The rich Pharisee who boasted in the temple of his religious excellency and thanked God that he was better than other men, and who, no doubt, contributed largely in compassing sea and land for proselytes, if he was not the identical man, he was of them who, while giving of their means to proselyte foreigners, suffered their own sick brother Lazarus to starve to death at the rich man's gate. And may it not be true in this very day that

men give money that they owe to save heathens, and thus oppress the poor at their own gates.

Adding to God's command enslaves the church to the world. And this God had warned them of, commanding them that they should not go aside from any of his words to the right hand or to the left; and the Lord shall make thee the head and not the tail; and thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath.—Leut. xxviii.

To add to God's command is to borrow from the world, and the borrower, God teaches, is servant to the lender (Prov. xxii), and thus the church is made subject to the world, and the wisdom or commands of God are subordinated and put under the wisdom and commandments of men; and the church is beneath and not above—the tail and not the head. But in obeying God she should lend unto many nations, but should not borrow from them. And Israel had no grounds whatever to resort to the world for anything; for God had redeemed her from Egyptian slavery, and wonderfully displayed his power and love in opening a passage for her in the sea; and had guarded, fed and preserved her in the wilderness, giving her food from heaven in the desert, and water from the flinty rock; and in tempest and darkness published to her his law from heaven, so that she had good statutes and commandments, such as no other people on earth ever had; and had by his own power, put her in possession of the best of the lands—land of corn, and wine, and oil, of valleys and hills, whose stones were iron, and out of whose mountains you might dig brass. There was nothing lacking to her. And now in the face of all his wonderful works for her, and the blessed favors he had given her, to turn from his commands, in which was the wisdom of God, to the commands of men, was the basest ingratitude, and worthy of the severest punishment of heaven. It was to honor man above God; to honor men who knew not God in his goodness and mercy as they did, and set their wisdom against his; it was to call men master when God only should be their master; to call men father when God alone was their father, as they had experienced. It was, in short, to become servants of men, and confess that man's wisdom was superior to God's wisdom.

And this is what the religious world in this day has done; they have innovated, so to speak, the sanctuary of God with the traditions and commandments of men; they have set up institutions for which there is no authority in God's word, and, like the Pharisees, have set aside God's command by their traditions. They have instituted religious schools to teach Christ's religion as if it were but a natural science, and in this have perverted God's order; for the parent is the divinely appointed instructor of the child in morals, because no other person has or can have the same interest in the child that the parent has; nor can the parent shift that responsibility from his own shoulder upon somebody else. It is in the family circle that the child should be trained, and to destroy the family government is, in the long run, to destroy good government among men.

Societies are formed, and often secret ones, to do what God's grace alone can do, and to supply the lack of his grace; and even men who have experienced God's grace enter into these secret societies, and join even with unbelievers to secure for themselves that which they will not trust God for. It is a reproach to God. These societies are formed as means of grace, and to do things which Christians should do as obligations of grace, and thus to the honor and glory of God. Do we believe Christ? We say we do; do we believe him when he says he has numbered the hairs of our heads, that he knows what we need, and that a sparrow does not die without him, and that certainly we shall not, because we are more value than many sparrows? Do we believe this doctrine of Christ when we join with unbelievers in oath-bound societies to secure from men and their wisdom and love, favors and mercies that God will not give us? What can be a worse denial of the faith!

Thus, it began to dawn upon my mind that the Old Baptists, though a comparatively illiterate people, were endowed with a wisdom higher than all mere worldly wisdom; a faith that enabled them to stand steadfast with God against the innovations and additions to God's order, prompted by the wisdom of the world; and that though they were charged with ignorance in opposing these things, that it was the wisdom of trust and confidence in God's word, power and purposes. They were

wise in requiring "a thus saith the Lord" for their faith and practice. It is a hidden wisdom to the wisdom of the world, and revealed only to those made babes in worldly wisdom and strength. God does hide himself from natural wisdom, and, search as it may, it cannot find him out; he hides himself from it even in revealing his truth in those in whom the wise world would least expect to find it. True, it was, and yet is, that Christ was and is now in the world, and the world knoweth him not; because the world will never look for the wisdom of God in a manger, unless guided thither by the star or wisdom of heaven; because no natural light can ever reveal the babe in the manger.

About this time I had some sort of prompting to leave my native county of Upson and take up my abode in the piney woods of Schley county, about forty miles south of where I was then living. Looking back at that time now, it does seem to me that I must have been spiritual; for it was not to make money that inclined me to go, but to get where the people were poor and more spiritual. I wanted to get where I could live an humble and obscure life, and bring my children up to humble farm labor among God's humble poor people. I was not then tempted with worldly aspirations, for I really cared little for the world, only I wanted better health and a long life.

So I left the hills and valleys I loved, and the associations of my childhood and youth, and landed on Buck creek, in Schley county, about Christmas in 1859. My first year in Schley county was in 1860, and in 1861 the war began.—R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## EXTRACTS.

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HALSEY, ORE., July 19, 1891.—*Esteemed Brother in the Covenant of Promise:* The MESSENGER comes to us regular, and truly is a very welcome visitor. When I subscribed for the MESSENGER I did not think I could afford to take it longer than six months. I have never had the privilege of seeing either of you, but I do believe with all my heart, Bro. Respass, I do love you both for the truth that is in you, and by the time the six months was up I had begun to become attached to the contributors to the MESSENGER, and thought I would let it run one year, and by that time the acquaintance I had formed had become more endearing. I

found that dear Bro. Hassel occasionally wrote for the MESSENGER, and my much esteemed brethren, Cbick and Durand, write occasionally for the MESSENGER, whose able and comforting articles often appear in the old *Signs of the Times*, for which paper I have been a subscriber for twenty-five years. And now, notwithstanding I am a poor man, comparatively so, I cannot now give consent of my mind to stop the visits of all the dear ones that write for the MESSENGER. As to the price of the paper, that is nothing, and money cannot be taken into consideration at all as to the real good and benefit and comfort I receive in reading the MESSENGER. My dear old Bro. Respass, the "Experience of a Sinner," now being continued in the MESSENGER is, indeed, a feast to me; it is rich; it is such a plain, honest, uncovered, naked, child-like confession that it makes tears flow from the eyes of this poor old sinner. And dear old Bro. Mitchell is so comforting and instructive; may the good Lord bless us all with an humble and forgiving spirit, and restore peace, union and sweet fellowship among His dear children everywhere is my prayer. May the Lord bless His truth for Jesus' sake.

J. P. ALLISON.

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BLACK ROCK, MD., August 3, 1891.—*Dear Brother:* For enclosed \$2 please bring forward my subscription to MESSENGER to July, 1893. I may not live to read it to the expiration of my subscription, but hope it may fall into the hands of some one who may take the same interest in the perusal of its pages as I do. I have been taking it some eight or ten years, and the longer I take it the better I am pleased with it. Its editors and contributors seem to strive together for the things which make for peace and things whereby one may edify another. Yours in love,

JOHN P. KELLEY.

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MARIETTA, GA.—*Dear Brethren:* It has been my desire to write you for some time. Three years ago I joined the Missionary Baptists, thinking that I could live with the worldly things among them—the secret institutions and other organizations of the day. But the pressure was too strong and the word of God too plain for me to say, by my actions, that I had fellowship for such. But that has passed, and forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, so about six weeks ago I joined the Primitive Baptists and was baptized. I feel that I have found my people, and that they are the true followers of our Lord and Master. And may I at all times be found pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, when I consider the parable reading. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full they drew to shore and sat down and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.

Now, my dear brother, in that great day when the Lord shall

come to make up his jewels, and to make the final and last stroke with his net, and draw to the shore and sit down and gather the good into vessels, I pray that I may so live by grace in this world that when that day shall come, that I may be counted with the good and put into the vessel, and be numbered with God's dear children, there to enter in and hold sweet communion with the Father, and enjoy His presence, and glorify Him with the rest of the good, forever and ever.

And now, my dear brother, and to the true followers of our Lord and Master (who may chance to read this), I beg you to be watchful, ask God to sustain you and guard you, and not allow the seeds of worldly things to be sown upon hallowed ground and among the children of God, to germinate and grow in the church. If so, it will cause strife, and where there is strife there is no union and fellowship.

We have had some little trouble with the new organizations of the day, but by taking the word of God for our guide, and by applying the discipline of the Primitive Baptists, the decayed branches have been cut off, and we are in peace, so far as I know. I feel to thank God that we still have some good old fathers in Israel, standing upon walls of Zion, proclaiming the glad tidings to the children and contending for the faith that was once delivered to the saints. I ask for myself and family an interest in your humble petitions to the father.

May the Lord be with you in all of your deliberations, and may you so divide the word that it will be as bread cast upon the waters, to be gathered many days hence, is the prayers of, as I hope, your humble brother,  
G. L. DANIELL.

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## OBITUARIES.

### ELD. JAS. W. FIELDS.

Died, at his home in Emanuel county, Ga., May 20, 1890. **ELD. JAMES W. FIELDS.** He was born in Jefferson county May 25, 1822, being sixty-eight years and five days old. He obtained a hope and joined the church at Bethesda, Jefferson county, Ga., in May, 1851. He was soon, in the same year of his joining, chosen one of the trustees of the church, and in May, 1885, he was ordained to the gospel ministry by Elds. Isaac Norris and D. J. Lamb, and served in his Master's cause very zealously until in his later days his mind became very much impaired. He was loved by all the brethren who knew him; he was a very charitable neighbor, a good husband and a very affectionate father. Though he is dead, we believe and trust that his influence and good name will ever live in the hearts of those who knew him. Pray for us.

THE BEREAVED WIFE AND OLDEST SON.

### AMANTHA BOSTICK.

**SISTER AMANTHA BOSTICK,** daughter of Mr. C. H. Branam, was born in this county July 1, 1846, and died May 9, 1891. She left four children, all daughters, her husband and many friends to mourn her loss. I do not know of any one who seemingly suffered more, or who seemed to

bear it with more fortitude. From August, 1887, until November, 1890 she was fully half her time confined to her bed. Then she was taken worse, and being told by physicians she could not live long, she expressed a desire to be baptized; but, from the nature of her afflictions, no one thought she was able to bear it. However, seeing her faith in the Lord was so strong, the church at Ramah assembled in her bed-room on the first day of January, 1891, and organized themselves into conference Bro. John H. Gresham, Moderator, when she told of many of her troubles and distresses; how her Saviour found her while thus in trouble how she desired to follow Him in the ordinance of baptism, being impressed to do so, though at that time not able to sit up; all of which was told in such a calm, submissive, confident manner that none could doubt her having been changed and accepted by her Saviour—her face reflecting that of Jesus in such sweetness that she was received by the church; they being constrained, consented to proceed to baptize her taking her to a stream close by, where she was baptized by Bro. Gresham she receiving strength at the time to be immersed in the usual form. She was then carried to her room, the distance of half a mile, none the worse for having done what she was impressed was her duty. Sister Bostick having been afflicted so long, was not able to attend church for several years, but delighted in reading her Bible and the MESSENGER, from which she was enabled to take courage and was much strengthened. Finally the disease prevailed and she was taken to rest, surrounded by loving friends and relatives. Being sensible of her near approach to death, she called her children to her bed and bid them a final farewell, pointing to Jesus as the way and the Saviour of sinners. Her resignation during her sickness was remarkable, and showed to those who witnessed it how good it is to trust in the Lord. It was impossible to visit her and not become interested and instructed, seeing what an abiding faith she had in the Lord. On the second Sabbath in July last, Bro. John H. Gresham preached her funeral, from 1 Thes. iv. 14: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

*Gordon, Ga.*

JOHN McARTHUR.

DR. JOHN M. McDOWELL,

Dr. McDOWELL was born March 16, 1861, and departed this life Sunday morning, April 5, 1891, at his mother's, in Barnesville, Ga., after several weeks of much suffering with consumption. He was a thoroughly educated physician, as his father was before him, and after graduating at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in April, 1883, he was married to my daughter, Minnie, June 21, following.

He was an unusually intelligent gentleman, of generous impulses, and bade fair to attain to a high place among men. He was a most affectionate husband, and seemed much more concerned about how his poor wife would bear his death than about dying himself. I got to his bedside on Saturday morning, and he died the next morning at 3 o'clock; and he was so emaciated that I hardly recognized him; and when I took his poor wasted hand into mine he drew me down to his face and kissed me feebly whispering, "I am so glad you came, for I had rather see you than anybody in the world."

He had joined the New School Baptists in his early youth, but had left them and belonged at his death to no church, but was a believer in the Primitive Baptists. I believe he was changed and is now in heaven.

He has left a poor weakly widow, with four little children, to struggle with the adversities of a depraved world. She is the only one of my children who is a member of the church. May God bless the widow and orphans.

J. R. RESPESS.

## MARY A. LONG.

The subject of this sketch, MARY A. LONG, wife of James Long, was born in Henderson county, Tenn., November 25, 1827; departed this life at her home, six miles south of Mt. Vernon, Franklin county, Tex., May 2, 1891, aged sixty-three years, five months and seventeen days. She had been in feeble health for over a year, but able to go about most of the time; was well as usual at supper, and till bed-time; after taking a nap of sleep, complained of a smothering; died in less than one hour; supposed to be heart trouble. She was not buried till Friday evening, 5th, awaiting her aged husband's return from Western Texas, he having left home the Sunday before her death. He met her remains at Providence church, where a large concourse of sympathizing relatives and friends had met to pay the last tribute of love and respect to the one who had lived so long among them (forty-five years.) After an appropriate and feeling talk by Eld. W. B. Stringer, she was laid to rest by her two children, who had preceded her to the spirit world. She had been a faithful and devoted member of Providence Primitive Baptist church for over thirty years, being the first of our father's family to join any church. Her husband became a member of same church about ten years later. He left an aged (an almost heart-broken) husband, seven children, four boys and three girls, all grown, one brother (the writer) and one sister to wait and mourn, but, thanks be to God, not without hope, for we have reason to hope, trust and believe she is at rest from her labor here below. She was both a sister and mother to the writer in my boyhood, being five years younger. We were very much devoted to each other. Her children are none of them members of any church, but highly respected. The writer can but hope and trust that this irreparable loss may cause each one of them to think and meditate upon the uncertainties of time and timely things, and the absolute certainties of heavenly and divine things; and may the giver of every good and perfect gift give to each one of us sustaining grace, that we may bow in humble submission, and say thy will, and not ours, be done, oh, God; and may we become reconciled to His providential dealings with us, and be able to say at last, all as well. Amen. Her brother,  
JASPER THOMAS.

*Sulphur Springs, Tex., August 12, 1891.*

☞ *Primitive Baptist please copy.*

## IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of our beloved brethren J. H. PHILLIPS, JAMES THOMAS, NATHAN NALL, and our esteemed sister, MARY ANN NALL, all of whom were beloved members in good standing with this church at the time of their demise. Brother J. H. Phillips (well known in this section as "Uncle John,") lived to be eighty years of age. All the latter part of his life he was a devout Christian, sound in faith, a true lover of Christ and His kingdom. He died, as we believe, in the Lord. Bro. James Thomas, who died Feb. 14, 1891, was born July 4, 1812. He lived to be near seventy-nine years of age—was a true and tried soldier of the cross. He lived for many years a beloved member of Providence Church, and died without a blot on his character as a Christian. We believe he is now sweetly sleeping in Jesus. Bro. Nathan Nall lived to the ripe old age of ninety-two years, three months and four days. He was converted to the Christian religion in his youth, and joined the Baptist Church at Lebanon, in 1825. He was an honest, sincere, uncompromising soldier of the cross, walking in the fellowship of Christ and all the household of faith, not having an enemy on earth. He was truly as a shock of corn, fully ripe and ready for the Master's use, and without doubt he is with the Lord now, resting from all his labors, while his works follow him. Sister Mary Ann Nall was born April 16, 1831, and died May 22, 1891, aged sixty years, one month and six days. She received a hope in Christ many years ago, and was received and baptized into the fellowship of

Providence Church by the late Emanuel Britain. From the day she became identified with the church until her death, she lived an honorable devout, Christian life. In her conversion she had a view of Jesus, and through him she had an interest in that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. She died a triumphant death, and is to-day with the blood-washed throng.

In the death of the above members, the church has sustained a great loss, but we submissively bow to the will of our Heavenly Father, believing that He, in His love, has called them away from the kingdom of heaven militant to the kingdom of heaven triumphant. To His name be all the praise, now and forever. Amen.

A. M. KEITH,  
J. G. PHILLIPS, } Committee.  
H. J. LASSETTER, }

*Providence Church, Meriwether Co., Ga.*

NOTE.—The Church at Providence, after having adopted the tribute of respect as prepared by the above Committee, requested me to add to it a few lines in memory of Sister Nall; also to make such changes as I deemed expedient. I have, therefore, made some changes, and have left out the resolutions in toto as adopted by the church.

A. B. WHATLEY.

Since preparing the above tribute of respect, our beloved brother, R. P. TURNER, another precious member of Providence Church, has gone to his long home—his body to the “earth, as it was, and his spirit to God who gave it.” It can truthfully be said of him that “a great and good man has fallen in Israel.” He was born in Morgan county, Georgia, September 8, 1821, and died at his home near Luthersville, Meriwether county, Georgia, July 12, 1891, aged sixty-nine years, ten months and seven days. He was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Pullin, November 13, 1845, with whom he lived happily until his demise. He was the father of eight children and thirty-two grandchildren; six of his and twenty-seven grandchildren still survive the tomb. He received a well-grounded hope in Christ the second week in November, 1854, and joined Providence Church July 21, 1880. He was greatly afflicted for months before his death, but bore his sufferings with great patience and grace, his mind being active as long as he lived. On Friday before he died he told his Christian experience to the writer and others, and said that he would not give his hope in Christ for all the money of this globe. He died as he had lived—in fellowship with the people of God and in loving esteem of all who knew him. He is gone to be forever with the Lord. May God, in his infinite mercy, graciously sustain his aged and beloved wife and save his children, is my prayer, for Christ's sake.

A. B. WHATLEY.

#### DEACON L. B. BROWN

Died in Emanuel county, Ga., March 17, 1891, after suffering a long time, supposed to be from a hurt received in boyhood. He was an orphan boy, and was from childhood a quiet, good boy. His parents were born and raised in this county, but moved to Bryan county and died there. He was the only son; they raised three daughters—but one living. He was married to Miss L. V. Yeomans May 16, 1870. They were much attached to each other, but he leaves her with five bright, intelligent children to battle with the cares of this life. God bless them. Bro. Brown joined the church at New Hope, Emanuel county, November 27, 1875; was chosen clerk of that church January 22, 1876, and afterwards was chosen deacon and ordained July 27, 1879, and faithfully filled until death. His experience was published some years ago, which I was requested to send with this notice of his death, but I can't get hold of it.

S. M. ANDERSON.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 11. BUTLER, GA., NOVEMBER, 1891. Vol. 13.

[I take the liberty of publishing this private letter without consulting the author —R.]

MY DEAR BRO. RESPESS: Your very interesting and precious favor of the 24th reached me last night. As always, I was very glad to hear from you, and to see that, although you feel to be in the furnace, the Son of God is working by His Holy Spirit so powerfully in you, and conforming you more and more to His meek, and lowly, and self-denying image. My dear and tried brother, I believe that I have realized that it is far better to be in the furnace with the Lord Jesus than to be in a palace without him. And if your exercises do not show that He is with you, I must confess that I know nothing about the operations of His blessed Spirit. The most favored servants of God, in their most favored moments, when the Divine Spirit was most abundantly with them, have most felt their nothingness and unworthiness. The opposite feeling is the very essence of pharisaism, which is most false and most abominable to God. Christ indeed made Himself poor that we might be rich; and those who have most of His Spirit will most imitate Him in this respect, both for His and their brethren's sake. The spirit of Christ, like self-denial, is exceedingly rare, not only in the world, but also in the Church; and the ministry are expected to make the most of the sacrifices for truth's sake. The Apostle Paul, knowing that the Lord had a wise purpose in permitting such things, learned to be abased and in want, and hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and painfulness, and frequent fastings, and cold, and nakedness, in scourgings, and stonings, and perils of many kinds, even among false brethren, in more abundant labors and imprisonments and deaths, and besides these out-

ward trials, in the care of all the churches. O, for the rich grace that sustained him, and enabled him to reflect the unearthly, the heavenly glory of his crucified and risen and exalted Lord! For all the outward and inward trials of earth are but fleeting and momentary when compared with the eternal glories of that sinless and sorrowless land, that better and heavenly country which is just a little ahead of us, which surely awaits us when this poor feverish dream of life is presently ended. And, in bearing the heavy cross which He who died for us puts upon us, we are but treading in His holy footsteps, and being prepared by His Spirit for the glories of an incorruptible crown.

“My feet are worn and weary with the march  
Over rough roads and up the steep hill-side;  
Oh, city of our God! I fain would see  
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

“My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on,  
Day after day for perishable meat;  
Oh, city of our God! I fain would rest;  
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

“My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,  
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,  
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,  
Spotless and white in heaven’s unclouded ray.

“My eyes are weary looking at the sin,  
Impiety, and scorn, upon the earth;  
Oh, city of our God! within thy walls,  
All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.

“My heart is weary of its own deep sin,  
Sinning, repenting, sinning still alway;  
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,  
And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away?

“Patience, poor soul; the Saviour’s feet were worn,  
The Saviour’s heart and hands were weary, too,  
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old,  
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

“Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod;  
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;  
O, city of our God! we soon shall see  
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest!”

I was very much interested to learn of the whereabouts of your children, in whose welfare I feel greatly concerned, and for whom I believe that the Lord has given me a spirit of prayer. O, that He may bless them not only with temporal, but also with spiritual and

eternal mercies! You did not speak of dear widowed Sister Minnie and her dear little fatherless children. I would like to hear where they are, and how they are getting along. I would desire to be remembered in love to dear Sister Respass and mother, and all the children, as well as to all our dear brethren and sisters in your section. Often do I think of them, and with abounding love. Surely I never mingled with a more lovely and loving people. While life and memory last, they will occupy a warm place in my poor heart. I can hardly hope ever to see them again on earth; but I do have a precious hope that we shall meet again in heaven.

Through the great mercy of the Lord, my health seems to be gradually improving under the use of the Electropoise. Sister Cordelie has been decidedly benefited by its use, in the case of her long-standing nervous dyspepsia.

I have baptized three persons at my own church this summer; and I attended a delightful Union meeting in Pasquatauh county, not far from the ocean, the fourth Sunday in July, and hope, if spared, to attend another near Nag's Head (a summer resort on the beach) in September. I was at the Skewarkey Union, at Marattalt, near Plymouth, in May; and hope to go to-morrow to the same Union at Kehukee, near Scotland Neck, thirty-five miles northwest of Williamston. Mother expects to go with me by rail to-morrow; her health is about as usual. She is in her 77th year, and sends her love to you.

An Episcopal "Evangelist," in a lecture here last Sunday night, stigmatized all who believed in immersion as the only baptism, as "tyros and ignoramuses who have more brass than brains;" so I wrote off, a day or two afterwards, and sent to the Episcopal rector here, a list of one hundred and twenty of the greatest scholars in the world, who maintain that the Greek verb *baptizo* does not mean to sprinkle or pour, and means only to immerse.

Yours in love,

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

*Williamston, N. C., August 22, 1891.*

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If truth were more believed, the world would be less adored.

BELTON, TEXAS, July 18, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Respass*: I send enclosed the experience of Bro. and Sister Smith, more familiarly known to us as Uncle Sammy and Aunt Mary. I had the pleasure of meeting this aged couple again on a recent tour in Southern Texas. They are well known in Bullock county, Alabama, from whence they came to Texas. Uncle Sammy is almost totally blind. He has been a man of great energy and firmness and a devoted Primitive Baptist, sharing the confidence and fellowship of many dear brethren and sisters wherever he has lived. He celebrated his 50th nuptial anniversary a few years ago with a family reunion, and the same servant (Aunt Rosa) who served the nuptial feast, served on this occasion. May the Lord bless them in their last days.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

A. V. ATKINS

#### EXPERIENCE.

My maiden name was Mary Foscue, daughter of William and Mary Foscue. I was born 12th October, 1809, in North Carolina, and was married January 16, 1834. I became concerned at about the age of twenty-four, and one Sunday I was at meeting where Bro. Ben Foscue was preaching, and I was much distressed, and I continued in this deep conviction, and dreamed in the Spring of 1840 that the Saviour appeared to me, and one evening while trying to pray out in the yard, I realized the forgiveness of my sins. Everything appeared to be new; I was filled with joy and comfort, and all nature seemed to rejoice with me. I soon related my feelings to Eld. Foscue, who gave me much encouragement, and my desire was to go to the church, but procrastinated until May, 1841, when I was enabled to go to the church. And as I went first I was astonished that as I went forward to find my husband to join me, for we had not any knowledge of each other's intentions. After our relation to the church we were unanimously received, and were baptized next day by Eld. Benjamin Foscue. I have had my trials and deep afflictions; many doubts and fears, and now am bowed down with many years, and can say in the language of the patriarch, few and evil have been all the days of my pilgrimage on earth, my hope is yet resting in Jesus, my Saviour, to whose name be honor and glory given now and evermore.

MARY SMITH.

## EXPERIENCE.

I was born 9th June, 1815, in Onslow county, N. C. My father's name was Caleb Smith; my mother's maiden name Penalope Fields. I became concerned about my future state at the age of twelve years. In 1832 I moved to Florida with some relatives, (as my father had died when I was a boy,) where I married Mary Foscue.

The 5th Sunday in May, 1840, I attended a meeting of Primitive Baptists, and Eld. Benjamin Foscue and Eld. James Eden were present, and while Eld. Foscue was preaching Eld. Eden was looking at his Bible, and I thought to myself you had better be listening to preaching instead of reading, and a pang of guilt pierced me, for who was I to pass such judgment? I became anxious to hear the man preach as I had never met him before, and I attended the meeting next day, it being communion and feet washing, and while witnessing this, deep conviction seized me, and I said: "Where am I?" Eld. Eden gave opportunity for any who desired prayer to make it manifest, and I was among the last to ask prayer, feeling so unworthy. I went home with a heavy heart and desired night to come, so I could find some lonely place where I could pray. Up to the time mentioned above I considered myself as good as anybody, and thought when I got ready I could serve the Lord. I now resolved to live a better life, and my resolutions were soon broken. In my deep distress I, together with Eld. Foscue, moved to Coosa county, Ala., and I left my family to return to Florida on business, and while there I was taken sick and concluded I would never see home again, but returned home in two and a-half months and then relapsed, and while in bed one evening I decided this was my last day on earth, and I almost sank into despair. I still sought pardon, and for a time I have no recollection, but I came to myself and asked to be turned over and I would tell all about it. I was now easy in body and mind. I now had a different feeling, and was full of joy and comfort and had a great desire to go to the church, which I did in 1841. My wife and her brother, Caleb Smith, also joined the same day. We were received and baptized next day by Eld. Benjamin Foscue, near Rockford, Ala. We repaired to the house and engaged in communion and feet washing, which service I

have ever cherished for fifty years, and my fellowship is great for those who yet practice this duty. I was in the constitution of Elam Church, Macon county, Ala. (now dissolved.) I then went to Union, Pike county, Ala., from thence to Ephesus, Gonzales county, Texas.

I am now blind and well stricken in years, and soon must quit this house of clay, and I will be clothed upon with my house from above. I have been journeying for these fifty years with my companion in the church below, but soon we will lay our armor by to join, we hope, the church triumphant. SAMUEL SMITH.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: Your letter came to me as a sweet comfort and blessing sent by the Master's hand calling to my mind the wonderful source of encouragement that it is to be remembered by our dear kindred in Christ. How often have I been led to take courage by the coming of a letter from some fellow traveler when all things have seemed to be against me; when dark and trying times are upon me and bitter waters are mingled with my cup, and even the feast of the passover is eaten with bitter herbs. Precious it is at such times to learn and be assured that we are not alone in these things; that it is the common "lot of those who fear God's name," and realize that "If endless life be their reward, I shall possess the same." Well do I remember, in the most earnest and solemn hours of life, of finding it in my heart to pray the Lord to give me the life of his own dear people here on earth; to let me "Travel home to God in the way the fathers trod," no matter how dark, how wild and dreadful the way. Oh, let me walk there, and not leave me to lead a vain and silly life with those who have their portion in this world; and often have I felt "'Twas him who taught me thus to pray, and he I trust has answered prayer." And now, after the long years of trial have been endured—after having had so much to feel that "My cup seems filled with gall"—even yet I feel to "Choose affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Though the flesh may be weak, yet in spirit I still feel to say, Let me drink of the Master's cup; let me be baptized with his baptism. Though the crown of thorns may be

for me—cruel lashes, shame, mockery and derision may be my portion, yet my prayer is still before the Lord that he will lead me on and in mercy leave me not to love the things of this present world, to the losing of those bright joys and sweet realizations of the precious promises that come to us as we are passing through the flood—as we are walking through the fire. Though often overwhelmed, yet we can still cry unto the Lord. Though often in the furnace burned by affliction, “Yet he in the furnace loves us. ’Tis expressed in words like these: I am with thee, Israel, passing through the fire.” Though so sorely wounded and distressed we sometimes feel to ask, “Is there no balm in Gilead’s mount, no great physician there?” yet, even in this we learn, as in no other way we could, the healing sweetness of that balm; only by the most heart-sickening anguish and suffering, can we learn the matchless skill of that hand which alone can “all our sorrows heal.”

Dear fellow travelers, wherever you are, this surely is the way of life—that life which cannot die. Not so very long ago, I felt a thankfulness that my years were fast going on. I counted the years that might possibly remain and thought surely I have come over the hardest places on the road, now there will be a smoother pathway, and as it were, an easier thing to come down the hill than ascend it. O, but I little knew what a great gulf of trial was just before me. I have learned that on the descending side there can be awful and dark caverns, precipices, perilous rocks and slippery places, even to the bottom. No place of rest here. I am always looking for the place where there will be no more for me to do. I grow so heart-sick and weary of self, I think surely these is nothing required of such an one when work in the Master’s field is considered. Then my mind goes back to the time before I was baptized, when I began to be about thirty-four years of age—I was not baptized until thirty-six—but about two years before, it was so plainly shown me that all the first fruits or half of my time had been spent in idleness, so far as the work in the vineyard was concerned; I had never opened my mouth in praise to the Lord for what he had done for my soul, nor declared his name among his people, but now, “The rest of my days I must spend in his praise, who hath died my poor

soul to redeem." I must work out what the Lord had wrought in my heart, and when at last I took the yoke, I was followed by these words:

"And now, O Christian, take thy cross,  
Nor think, *till death*, to lay it down;  
For only they who bear the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown."

All these things have come before me this morning as weak and languid in body and extremely dull in mind, I felt I must write this letter, and yet turned me every way for an excuse to spend the day in idleness and try to rest me; also, the life of the Master rises before me. There was no quiet sunset of life for him. His sun of life—this life I mean—went down in blood and death. Before him was no gentle eventide; no soothing ones around him; no gentle fading out of life's failing lamp. Oh no; but sweat, and tears, and blood; the dreadful cup which in agony he must pray that if it were possible might pass from him, must be the closing scene; yet submission was there, "Not as I will." O, may I but learn this.

"Lord, submissive make me go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou my leader be.  
And I still will follow Thee."

Dear Bro. Respass, I have been so very much interested in reading your experience, I feel that you will allow me to tell you that in some things, you were a little like myself, or rather, I am something like you. I, too, have always been a day-dreamer, and in former years I suffered the temptation to write out these silly dreams; and all my life I have suffered the temptation, more or less, to write upon natural things, and have sometimes gone so far as to be seated for that purpose. In former years a wordless something would restrain me, and in later years I have been restrained by the words: "Labor, not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life." Often my thoughts will be so engaged upon the subject that has possession of my mind, that I am ashamed to have any one look at me, lest they should see the foolish thoughts showing themselves through my face. Often my mind is so full and intent upon its subject that it is impossible for me to engage in conversation with any one;

and often a night will pass away as a moment, just as I was (in mind) witnessing some exciting drama. (I never really witnessed one, so please, dear reader, don't understand me as ever yielding to such folly, but in mind.) How many sleepless nights have been passed this way, leaving me so worn out and tired, being robbed of the needed rest. I have always considered it one of my greatest afflictions. I have lived (in mind) in many countries and in many sections; I can be a queen or a servant, rich or poor; I can rise to ecstasies of delight or sink to depths of sorrow, just whichever way the horrible imagination takes me. Often have I gone to the Lord, "In mercy, in mercy let this depart from me; only let me come to myself once more;" and sometimes I tremble when I pray for this. I must always remember there is one sure remedy, and that is a real sorrow, a real trial; that will shake me out of myself every time, and so I think, perhaps, this is why I am so afflicted; it seems a necessity. But there is one thing I cannot imagine, I have no power of imagination to bring to me that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." I cannot bring one single emotion of heavenly joy or love "as it is written eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of things whereof the Father hath laid up for those who love him; but he hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God." O, how precious this is, to think the Spirit searcheth the deep things of God, and reveals them unto us; otherwise, how blind would we be to all his dealings with us. Is it not by this spirit we are to search or to prove our own selves, to see whether we are in the faith or not? We may be very confident that we are in the faith; but the searching comes. Have we, indeed, that faith that works by love and purifies the heart? Is not this a place for "great searchings of heart?" We may say we are strong in the faith; that we are sound in the faith; but are we purified in heart? here is the question. We may feel that the heart never was so black before; the plague never so unbearable; but we must feel that it is something to know it. It may be better than to think, "My heart is all right," and yet this feeling came from blindness to our true condition. We may be all the while showing our sort of

faith by our works. If we should find ourselves loving that which is unholy, ungodly, that which is filthy or unclean, no matter how pleasing it may look when seen through "Satan's glass," may we not well question whether or no we possess that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart? The working of this faith causes us to love whatsoever things are pure and of good report; causes us to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, and to endure the loss of worldly goods for the possession of pure and heavenly joys.

"In vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death,  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say, and all they do.

"The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys the precept, keeps the word,  
Commits his case to God alone  
And seeks His will before his own."

Your sister,  
*Woodstock, Mich.*

KATE SWARTOUT.

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DEAR BRO. RESPESS: I have just returned from the Echeconnee Association, held near Knoxville, in Crawford county, Ga., and the Upatoie Association, held about eleven miles from Butler, in Taylor county, Ga.

The week before the meeting of the latter, a Missionary Baptist Association was held in Columbus, Ga. I attended the last at the opening and on the next day, and at night, when the subject of missions was discussed by various persons present. The Introductory Sermon was preached by a member of the Georgia Legislature, the President of a county Farmers Alliance, and on the next day (Saturday) the pulpit was filled by a D. D., from Troy, Ala. There are five Mission Baptist churches in and around Columbus, and I suppose two thousand members living near enough to hear the bell ring where this Association was being held, and yet, outside of the messengers from the country churches, and their families, and persons from other denominations, I don't think there were one hundred persons present on either of the first two days out of these two thousand Mission Baptists. On the first day the choir and organ led the music, and on the second day these appendages were suppressed, and the pastor led the singing which, though scientifically executed, lacked spirit, and sounded very much as if the singers were environed with bad catacoustics, resulting, I suppose, from the absence of the organ. On Sunday the house was splendidly decorated, a band of music was brought in, and a politician, who is also a preacher,

lled the pulpit; and I understand the house was filled to overflowing.

At the Upatoie Primitive Baptist Association, the crowd was immense from day to day, although held on days not embracing Sunday, and at the Echeconne, on Friday and Saturday, every available seat under a large bush arbor was filled, and on Sunday standing room on the outside of the arbor, in hearing of the preaching, was in demand. At these two Associations there were four sermons preached daily, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, by unlearned men, non-graduates of colleges, and men all of whom eat bread literally according to the Scriptural rule, in the "sweat of the face."

I do not mention this as intimating that we are in any way opposed to graduates as preachers, or to churches relieving their pastors, as far as possible, from worldly cares, but to emphasize the fact that the people were not attracted to these meetings on account of the worldly attainments of the men who did the preaching.

At the Association in Columbus, I did not see a tear fall from a single eye, heard no hearty amens, but everything was formal and studied, from the closely buttoned coat and scientific sermon of the preacher to the announcement of the benediction at the end of a formal service. At the two Primitive Baptist Associations, from the beginning to the end, there was an outward manifestation of that humble rejoicing and meekness which characterizes inward devotion and godly sincerity. The preaching was confined to quotations of Scripture, with short, simple, expoundings, and dignified, chaste scriptural illustrations and admonitions, and delivered in an humble, unostentatious manner, unaccompanied with any effort at oratorical effect.

I have contrasted these Associations, not for the purpose of casting aspersions on the Missionary Associations, or in any way to wound the feelings of the most sensitive member of it, but to beget an investigation among their true believing members as to the cause of the non-attendance of a greater portion of their members, and this great seeming lack of spirituality among them. Paul, in speaking of the early Christian Churches, said, "We are the circumcision who worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh;" and that his rejoicing was in the fact that his preaching was in simplicity and godly sincerity, and not vanity and fleshly wisdom; and lest any flesh should glory in God's presence he said, God had not called many great, noble and wise men, but the humble and foolish to confound the wise—the small things to bring to naught the mighty, etc.

The key note of all the preaching at the two Primitive Associations, was godliness, holiness of life and conversation, backed up by just such lives in the preachers, and manifested by their simple, humble manners, and non-conformity to worldly practices in dress, gesticulation, modulation of voice, and the absence of

great swelling words of vanity, in an evident effort to display worldly attainments.

My opinion is, the tendency of true believing Christians is to separate from these worldly, vain things in public worship, and the unbelieving, or nominal Christians to go further into them, and to convert their places of public worship into places of amusement and the gratification of worldly, fleshly lusts after those things which are most pleasing to our fleshly natures. This tendency will unify the people of God in one common cause, and I hope bring a reformation in the morals and corrupting tendencies of the times.

If this does not do it, and we continue to descend the steps of retrocession, there is a dark future for this country, and we are not far from its gaping mouth.

H. BUSSEY.

NANKIN, Sept. 15, 1891.—*Beloved Bro. Respass*: At the urgent request of some of the dear Baptists with whom it was my pleasure to meet on my recent visit to your section, I proceed to give to your readers a brief account of the same; knowing, at the same time, that such articles are usually very stale, and of but little interest to the common reader; however, this, as well as all other articles that I may write in the future, is subject to the far better judgment of the MESSENGER'S faithful editors

I will preface what I shall write by saying that my tour was most eventful—that I experienced some of the bitterest bitters and some of the sweetest sweets of my life. To begin with; I will say that I left my humble home under great affliction of mind and heart. My father, well advanced in his 80th year, and who had been suffering sometime from heart disease, told me before leaving that he hardly expected to be alive when I returned, and my thought was at first that surely this is a lawful excuse, and I am sure yet that any natural mind would suggest the same. But I remembered that poor fellow who besought Jesus that he might pay the last earthly tribute of respect to his dead father, and whose plaintive pleadings the Saviour would not hear. (Matthew 8th chapter.) My children too had been exposed to measles, and I *knew* they would be sick in my absence. But these excuses could not acquit me, and I counceled with my dear burden-bearing wife and she, with an aching heart, bid me "go on" I tried with all the powers of my soul to commit them all into the hands of my ever faithful Master, and so in tears bid them all farewell.

On my way, at or near Thomasville, I lost or was robbed of all the money I had except one lonesome little dime that chanced to be loose in my pocket. O, my soul! I know it is not expected of me to detail the commotion here set in with my poor mind. I had paid my fare to Albany, and there to be thrown upon the cold charities of the world, without anything to reward anyone for any kindness that might be shown me. In fact I looked for no

favors there as all were strangers to me. I ventured at length to speak to the conductor about my distress, but he with an air of independence, and a scornful look that I wish I could forget, said: "I'm busy; I'll see you later." He saw me later, 'tis true, but he said not a word to me, nor I to him. Poor fellow! I know not his name nor his place of stay, but my fervent prayer is that God will be more merciful to him than he was to me. At Pelham a gentleman by the name of Hurst boarded the train for Albany and something seemed to whisper "try him," and with two old letters in my pocket from brethren, (one from Eld. Rufus H Jennings, of Dawson, the other from Hon. J. D. Smith, Senator from the Sixth district, and who also is a deacon of a church in my care,) succeeded in convincing him that I was not a "dead beat." He asked how much it would take to carry me to my first appointment, and cheerfully loaned me the amount. I then insisted on him to keep my watch until I returned his money and he—accepted it. Thus I was enabled to reach my first appointment. But here a new trouble set in. I dare not tell even my brethren of trouble. Why not? Because I remembered a dear brother had been robbed in Jacksonville, and I remembered, too, that some people were mean enough to say that he had only made that report to get more help where he went. I preferred to beg rather than be so charged. The matter I felt was to be tested that night at my appointment in Sas-sar. And dear Bro. Marshall will remember I told him as we walked to the church that night that I had longed to reach my first appointment that I might know whether my coming was of God. And be it said to the praise of my God, and even at the expense of being charged with egotism, that my tongue was loosed and I was enabled to speak in such sweetness as I had not enjoyed for months past. At the close of the meeting the few brethren present and friends gave me about five dollars. I was glad I had to walk home in the dark, so I could conceal my tears of gratitude to God. I felt in my soul to thank Him for having led me to the home of my Master's brethren. At Macedonia church next day I met Elders Everett and Jennings, and we had a pleasant meeting. The same is true of our meeting at Chickasawhatchee church the day following. From here I was taken by Eld. Jeff King, a young and gifted brother, to a three days meeting at Poplar Springs Church, Webster county. There I met several Elders I had never seen before. All the preaching seemed to be in the Spirit, and I enjoyed the meeting very much. I was taken from this meeting to Preston by Eld. S. F. Phillips. My appointment for the next day (Monday) was with the church in Andersonville, Ga., but I was not to leave Preston without feeling afresh my dependence upon the Lord. I had to wait four hours for the train, and there was a negro camp meeting in session right near the depot, and the like of negroes I never saw together before in my life. They swarmed around me, but where could I go? I knew not a person in the

village, but I could see from the depot a house where a white family lived, and would they receive me? They lived in such a public place I fancied that they would regard me with suspicion and drive me away, which I knew would nearly kill me. But the incessant roar of negro talk was confusion to me, and at last I arose and with Esther I felt I will go, and "if I perish, I perish."

No one was about the house except ladies, (it was the home of Mr Isaac Naylor,) and they seemed a little alarmed when I entered the house, but I lost no time in telling them who I was and why I was there. To my joy and great relief they bade me welcome, and manifested such kindness towards me that I could hardly refrain from tears in their presence. Indeed, they were so sympathetic that I was constrained to tell them (for the first time) of all my troubles since leaving home; of the loss of my money, etc. I shall never forget that sympathetic, motherly and Christian look that ornamented Mrs. Naylor's face as she listened to my sad story. Of her religious profession I know nothing, as I did not question her on that subject, but I was made to feel while there that I was in the delightful company of a child of God. And I love her, I think, as one Christian should love another. When I bid her good-bye she placed a dollar in my hand and invoked Heaven's blessing upon me. By this time all my fears about money matters had been removed. The brethren with whom my lot had been cast had been unusually liberal with me, and that too without any knowledge of my needs, and I had been helped in so many *unexpected* ways that I felt now in my soul that God would take care of me.

Andersonville is a small place of two or three hundred inhabitants, and here was my appointment for next day, (Monday.) I reached the place about an hour before day and not a soul was there to meet me. It was a strange place to me, and I did not know where to find any one, and no one was about the depot from whom I might get directions. The night was cool and my clothes thin, and coming out of a warm coach into the cool night air I was soon shivering with cold. I sat down and cried, and listened at the roaring train as it left the most miserable wretch on earth. (The reader may think I am saying too much about crying, but I promised to write up the *bitters* as well as the sweets of my trip, and besides tears are the only antidote I have ever found to alleviate the pains of an aching heart.) I arose at length, gathered up my "grip" and umbrella and started in search of a home, but had not gone but a few steps when I met a brother, Williams, coming to meet me. I was sorry for him, as he had intended to meet the train and had overslept himself. I enjoyed the meeting at this church and felt that it was "good to be there." I filled my appointment at Powersville next day, and again enjoyed the meeting.

This little church has suffered some very sore and unavoidable trouble, but I thought I could see the dawning of a better time

upon them. 'Twas here a dear woman expressed a desire to unite with the church and told her experience, but felt "too unworthy." Oh! how my heart throbs in sympathy for all such, and how I would help them if I could. I was met early Wednesday morning at Butler by Elds. Respass and Murray, and preached to a good lively body of Christ-like Baptists that day. Oh! how I love you, brethren and sisters.

But my letter is already too long, and I must skip over a great many things I wanted to mention. I filled my appointments at Bethel, Mount Nebo and Phillippi, and enjoyed them all. I attended the Upatoie Association, and I must say, to me, it was among the best meetings I ever attended. More corresponding ministers in attendance than could be preached. The preaching-entire was in much simplicity and love, and I do not think I ever heard more good things said right at a meeting in my life. But having received a summons home I could not be present the last day, so I bid the dear saints farewell on the close of the second day's meeting, and turned for home.

I telegraphed Mr. Hurst at Pelham from Smithville to meet the evening train with my watch, which he did, and I paid him back his money and rewarded him for his kindness; reached home about 12 o'clock that night and found my father in a very low condition, and he is now fast pining away. He realizes that his time on earth is short, but does not want to get well. He said to me to-day: "Son, I'm tired of life; I want to go home and rest." God be praised for such a hope.

Your little Brother,

A. V. SIMMS.

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## ADOPTION.

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"Even we ourselves, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit: the redemption of our body."—Romans viii. 23. The 15th verse of same chapter reads: "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." Again, ix. 3, 4: "For I could wish that myself was accused from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh, which are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises." Gal. iv. 4, 5: "But when the fulness of 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." Eph. i. 5; Eph. iv. 5: "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will," "in whom also after that ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise," "which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of

the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory," and iv. 30 says: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

I have quoted all the scriptures in which the word "Adoption" is found, the Apostle Paul being the only one who has used it. There are various notions with regard to that important subject, and the question will naturally arise, what is it that is adopted? One may answer that it is the Adam man and another the spiritual man, and most generally they will say the adoption is made in the second birth, but what we want is the truth. Some say "a man cannot adopt his own children and neither does God," then whose children does he adopt? and one may say "the devil's children," another "the children of Adam," etc. To say it is the children of the devil would be putting God as a kidnapper, and we do not believe that the Great Creator does anything of the kind. Then these thoughts present themselves: As he cannot adopt his own children, and it is not the children of the devil that are adopted, it must necessarily be the children of Adam. What! the Adamic man adopted into the spiritual family? That will not do, for if the Adamic man was adopted into the heavenly family they would be heirs of God and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ, and flesh and blood would be the heirs of heaven, and we are taught that that cannot be. In the first quotation the inspired apostle classes the Adoption synonymously with the redemption of our body, and in the next he says "ye have received (not adoption,) but the spirit of adoption." In the third instance he says: "Israelites to whom pertaineth the adoption," etc., etc. In the next instance he shows that God's purpose in sending his Son was that we might receive, (not the spirit of adoption,) but the adoption itself—"having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, and that according to the good pleasure of his will." So then in the next place he shows us that after they believe they are sealed with that holy spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance, until (which is of course in the future) the redemption (which he uses synonymously as adoption,) of the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory." Then again (as previously quoted) "whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

Now this taken altogether makes it clear to my mind that it is neither the children of the devil, the Adamic man, nor yet the spirit man at the spiritual birth. No, indeed; but this same writer speaks extensively of the resurrection of the body in the xv. chap. I Corinthians, and shows clearly that at the resurrection everything that is Adamic is left out of the spiritual body that is to be raised, and I am fully convinced that that spiritual body will be adopted. Then it is a purchased possession, and that to the praise of his glory. It is also redeemed from the earth, and the redemption price was paid on Calvary. How can a man adopt his own child? There are two cases in which I have known it to be done. First, for a son's bad conduct his father legally disinherited him, and when his son repented his father adopted him; and in another instance a man adopted an illegitimate son. So also God's children have sold themselves for naught and are redeemed without money, and when and how did the sale take place? The sale took place in the garden. The serpent (or Satan through the serpent) was the purchaser. We were sold in Adam for naught through vanity. For "the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope." That is, the serpent thus reasoned with Adam (through Eve) saying: "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Then making the creature subject to vanity, implanting the vain desire to be as gods "in hope" of becoming wise, and as gods knowing something that he did not know he sold himself for nought. And now behold; his posterity are subject to vanity and continually selling themselves for naught. "Always learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." But to whom did Adam belong when this sale took place? Luke tells us (iii. 38,) that Adam was the son of God. Then if Adam is adopted (for I reckon that all of the elect that arose at the resurrection of our dear Saviour are already adopted) God has adopted his own son. But man, God's son, first forfeited his inheritance and sold himself, and thus became the servant of sin. "O, that all men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works towards the children of men." I wish I had sufficient space to make all points that present themselves in this subject more clear, but will be bound to

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pass some beautiful items to arrive at the end of the subject more direct. This is one of the most beautiful themes that I have ever meditated on. Those glorious and soul-cheering thoughts roll through our minds, that we can look forward to the time when these sinful bodies will return to the earth and again be resurrected spiritual, glorious, powerful, incorruptible, sinless bodies, to be like Jesus and to be forever with the Lord. Thanks to the giver of all good gifts; all of the redemption price is paid and we are redeemed (not actually, but purposely,) from all sin, from all temptations to sin, from the earth, from all sorrow and pain, to praise and adore our God and Redeemer, not in a broken, sin-polluted and earthly way, but to praise and glorify his holy name, perfectly and eternally, world without end. Amen!

*Regency, Texas.*

Yours in hope,

J. D. ALLDREDGE.

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### FEET WASHING.

DEAR BRO. RESPASS: I admire the spirit in which Eld. Rittenhouse writes on feet washing in GOSPEL MESSENGER of September. He only asks liberty of conscience for himself and others of like opinion, while he freely grants the same liberty to those differing in opinion. There is too little of this spirit of forbearance among Baptists. We fail to remember that we are as liable to be wrong as other brethren. I have wondered if our brethren weighed their words fully when they claimed to be the least of all saints. Our opinions are as little as we are, and would yield to the better opinions of others if we felt to be the least; and no man feeling that way would tear up churches or associations rather than yield a mere opinion.

But I desire in love and kindness, and, I hope, in Christian forbearance, to tell our dear Bro. Rittenhouse why we observe feet washing as we do. We feel sure that our Lord washed his disciples feet, and called it "an example unto them," and an example means, "do it this way." He also added, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." This, we consider, the highest authority. The question with us is not so much what

the apostles did and said concerning this thing, but is what Jesus did and said. This is sufficient for us. Religious traditions as found in church histories [or practiced among us.—R.] are only good when at agreement with the words of Jesus. We do not think that feet washing is an ordinance in the same sense as the bread and wine, but is associated with it as good works or Christian duties are with regeneration, and as Christian duties "ought" to follow immediately after the new life in Christ. So the emblem of good works ought to follow immediately after the emblem of his broken body and shed blood for us. Thus the holy communion points to the Lord's offering made for us, and feet washing to *our* offering as obedient servants.

Again, "Jesus riseth from supper and laid aside his garments," etc. Whether this was the holy communion supper or not (as some have questioned), it was evidently a supper where Jesus and his disciples were together; and when we meet in communion we call it supper, and feel to hope that these are our Lord's followers in the presence of his broken body and blood, and hence the most appropriate supper from which we could arise to be in line with his example.

We have no objection to classing feet washing with "good works," but one thing is certain, it was of such importance as to move our Lord to give his disciples special charge concerning it, in contradiction from other good works. About no other good work did he take such special pains to impress them. Moreover, he tells them there is yet something more about it that "you shall know hereafter." Here is the kernel of it: Peter at first saw nothing in it but our Lord's condescension, which he would not allow, and many good Christians see nothing more in it now than Peter did—a mere act of kindness. But when our Lord began to tell Peter how close akin this was to their interest in him, Peter then thought everything was in it. But our Lord taught him that there was nothing but foot work in this; "that they were clean every whit," and only needed to exemplify the walking. The close relationship between the internal cleansing and the external walking was to be known "hereafter." "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." Greater seasons of rejoicing I have never seen among brethren than while washing

one another's feet, and in this the promise is fulfilled, and we have the witness of the acceptableness of our offering. The Missionaries, or New School Baptists in this country, with few exceptions, do not wash feet; they say it does not belong with the communion, and is only a good work as "bringing up children and lodging strangers;" but they continue to bring up children, lodge strangers, but do not wash each other's feet. Thus their practice condemns their own admission. They cannot afford to argue the entire abandonment of feet washing, for the scriptures are too plain.

And now I would ask dear Bro. Rittenhouse what is the practice of Baptists in his country? Do they have any stated time or place to wash feet, and do they make a specialty of it among other good works, and are they careful to observe it at all as a Christian duty? For of all the arguments I have seen separating it from the communion, none have informed me on this point. If they do especially observe it as above questioned, and we could know it, the want of leniency intimated by Eld. Rittenhouse would probably cease.

In love to all the household of faith,

*Towns, Ga.*

M. SIKES.

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This is a very forcible letter of Eld. Sikes, and here let the matter rest. I would say to brethren that I do not wish this question further discussed in THE MESSENGER at this time, because it will do no good. Brethren's minds are settled upon it and it is not likely that any will be changed by a discussion, and, therefore, it is better that it should remain as it is, and has been, ever since the great apostacy, or the split among the Baptists half a century ago. It has never affected the fellowship of brethren, and should not now do it. Feet washing is something that I wish kept up, for it was in the church when I joined it and I have seen the sisters especially greatly enjoy it. There can be no conflict between Christ's teaching on the subject and the teaching of the apostles, for they are the authorized expounders of Christ's teaching, and as they interpreted his teaching so must we receive it. If brethren wish to discuss it, it would be better to do it privately.—R.

## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, WM. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

NOT IN WORD ONLY, BUT ALSO IN DEED.  
2 COR. x, 11.

[This was written about a year ago—R.]

There are a great many people, both in the church and out of it, who seem to talk and write well enough on most any subject, but their deeds are not in harmony with their words. Now it seems quite clear to most people that what a man is in word he should be also in deed, and his whole practical life should be a living epistle and example of his own teaching. Were it otherwise he would either condemn himself, or be suspected of not believing his own teaching. Referring to something of this kind the apostle says: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things. But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things. And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same that thou shalt escape the judgment of God."—Rom. ii. 1-3. "Men and brethren" may flatter themselves, or be flattered by Satan, into the belief that it is sufficient for them to see and faithfully point out the defects of others, while they themselves are doing the very same things which they condemn in others. Now this "ought not so to be." It is being in word what we are not in deed. If a man teaches and preaches that men should not steal, he ought not to steal himself.—Rom. ii. 21. If he teaches that his fellow-man should be honest and pay his "*little* debts," or his *big* debts, his life ought to be a living example of honesty by paying his own debts. "Render to all their dues" is the divine standard for Christians.—Rom. xiii. 7. And we cannot see why it should not be the standard of right for all men as citizens of our common country.

It is in little things men generally show what they are and what we may expect of them in big things. Christ Jesus laid down this general principle in this way: "He

that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.”—Luke xvi. 10. And we know of no teaching either in the “Law or in the Prophets” that comes in conflict with this. Christ Jesus was a living example of his own teaching. Faithful in all things; faithful as a Son and faithful as a Mediator. How often have we known brethren to speak or write against unfaithfulness or neglect of others to pay their little debts and faithfully comply with their little promises, yet they themselves were justly chargeable with neglect in these things. They insist and send it abroad, perhaps through our papers, that brethren ought to be prompt and faithful to comply with their promises and to faithfully pay all their *little* debts, or if unable to pay, to make an honest and satisfactory showing to their creditors. But when it is known that they are themselves unfaithful, and that they owe *little* debts which go unpaid year after year, how will their teaching be regarded, or rather how will they be regarded? “As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.”—James ii. 26.

We may gather from what has been said above, and from the scriptures quoted, that it is of the highest importance to Christians that what they are in word they also be in deed. This is the doctrine taught and enjoined on believers in the primitive age of the gospel church. It is true that it was charged once against the Apostle Paul that “His letters, say they, are weighty and powerful, but his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible.” Now this was rather a severe and false charge, but the apostle meets it in quite a mild and candid manner by saying: “Let such a one think this, that, such as we are in word by letters when we are absent, such will we be also in deed when we are present.”—II Cor., x. 11.

Would it not, brethren, be very fortunate for us indeed, and much to our credit as Baptists of the Primitive faith and order, if we all could in truth say the same things? We write and admonish one another to faithfulness to each other, and to the church, and to all men, but while we are so in word when absent, how is it in deed when present with our brethren?

If in writing for THE GOSPEL MESSENGER the Editors

and correspondents are warned against such articles as will produce strife, it would reasonably be expected that those who warn us should themselves be free from introducing the very thing they condemn in others. But is it always the case? Therefore, brethren, what we are in word when absent, let us try to be in deed when at home and present with our brethren. It is vain to cry out "Peace, Peace," so long as we are promoters of strife among brethren. We cannot always have everything just as we desire, neither with ourselves nor others, and many things that brethren fuss over would die of themselves if let alone. We cannot originate brotherly love among Christians, neither are we commanded so to do, but we are admonished to "Let brotherly love continue."—Heb. xiii. 1. Put no obstruction in its way and it will continue to flow out spontaneously from one to another, as pure and undisturbed as when God first gave it to you. It was charged upon one of the seven churches that they had left their "first love," and because of this departure they were called on to "Remember from whence thou art fallen and to repent and do the first works."—Rev. ii. 4. The first works are doubtless works of faith and labors of love shown toward the name of God the Father in ministering to the saints by word and by deed. Such, therefore, as we are in word or by letters when absent, let us be in deed when present with one another.—M.

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#### ELD. MITCHELL.

For nearly 40 days Eld. Mitchell has been confined to his bed in sickness. He has suffered a great deal, but is now, I am thankful to say, mending a little with some prospects of being further spared for the good of God's people. His life has been one of great affliction, but bless the Lord, it has been one wonderfully blessed to God's people. He is old, and his dear wife is old, and both are almost helpless, and I do trust that God will move the hearts of his people far and near to minister to them in their helpless and needy old age. His labors have been blessed to God's people all over this whole country, and I am sure that many will esteem it a privilege to remember them after a godly sort in this hour of affliction.—R.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF A SINNER.

Phillippi church was within less than three miles of where we settled in Schley county, and I and my wife were received by letter into that church, of which we remained members for about twenty years. Eld. James Murray was then the pastor of the church, and continued pastor until he removed, after the civil war, to Brooks county, Ga. He was an humble man, a sincere Christian and a good minister, and died a member of Phillippi church, for he returned in a few years to Schley county. I saw him close his eyes in death. He was dear to me for more than one reason. He more than once, as I believe, appeared to me as an angel from heaven strengthening me.—Luke xxii. 43. At one time when I was sick and very low with fever, so low, in fact, that my life was despaired of, and the report had gone out that I was dead; in that hour of gloom and darkness Bro. Murray came to see me, bringing with him a message from heaven. After sitting solemnly near my bed for a few minutes, he said: "Bro. John, you are not going to die now, for the Lord showed it to me to-day while I was praying for you." And I believed him; it seemed to me the same as if the Lord had said it to me. I could not help believing it any more than the marchers around the walls of Jericho could help shouting when the Lord bade them shout. And it strengthened me in mind and body, and I soon got well. Now I am that much of a believer in faith cure.

I said in the close of my last chapter that the civil war began in 1861, and so did my spiritual warfare. I should not say, perhaps, that it began then, for I had had conflicts before, but that it began then in real earnest. The civil war was terrible, but it ended in about four years, but my warfare has continued increasing in intensity until this present hour, and I am often made to say, in a spiritual sense: "I both hunger and thirst and am naked and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place."—1 Cor. iv.

My health was very poor and seemed to grow worse, and as a remedy for it I set to work in the field and continued at it until I broke, in about three months, completely down. One day after dinner, when going to the field where the "hands" were at work, I had, all of

a sudden, an indescribable feeling, a feeling as if I was dying, but with no pain at all. It seemed as if I was as light in my head as a feather, and would fall, or as if everything had suddenly stopped and my blood stood still. I think it was a light stroke of paralysis, for I did not get over it in several years. I became more gloomy and despondent, with my mind almost constantly on death, of which I had an increased horror. And the war then on hand added to my spiritual troubles, for I was opposed to it, and it grieved me sorely to see Primitive Baptist ministers buckling on armor and advocating the shedding of human blood. It seemed to me to be so contrary to the teaching of Christ that I was made to doubt if there was any truth in the earth or not. And for nearly a year I had one text from which I preached upon almost every occasion, and that was, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and stay on horses and trust in chariots, because they are many; and in horsemen because they are very strong; but they look not unto the holy one of Israel, neither seek the Lord."—Isa. xxxi. It seemed to me that the old Baptists, even in this civil strife, were not looking unto the Holy One of Israel; and other people I did not expect to look to Him, but that they would rely upon horses, horsemen and chariots for success in the war, as they relied upon their own strength, wisdom and efforts in religious matters. My father and brothers were advocates of the war, and I seemed to be almost alone; and when it began I aided the poor and needy all I could, and that was a great deal. But still I preached, "Woe unto them that go down to Egypt for help;" and have lived to see my prophesy verified. For it was given me to know how the war would end before it began. The number of our young men that perished in the bloody strife will, perhaps, never be accurately known, for in my own neighborhood there were but few left. And the trials of our people in the South, their destitution and poverty, the broken up and impoverished families, the heart-broken fathers and mothers, wives and children brought in their old age and helplessness from opulence to destitution, would, if it were possible, bring tears from a stone. God bless their children, and may those of them that were left of the sword find grace in the wilderness.—Jer. xxxi.

I will mention a little incident of my life at that time that may seem silly, and, in fact, be silly, but it wrought much in me to the good of others. I had been for my health to the Indian Springs, and was returning home after leaving the railroad in my carriage, a distance of about forty miles, and late in the afternoon, about sun-down, when within three miles of home, the driver carelessly drove the horses against a precipitous bank washed in the road, and the horses, two spirited ones, balked, and threatened to overturn the carriage. I was very feeble, and my wife helped me out and I lay down on the ground, panting in sheer exhaustion, to await the righting of things, and darkness drew on whilst I lay there wondering if I should live to get home. And I thought of the scripture that says, All things work together for good, etc., and if I loved the Lord how was it for my good to be in the condition I was then in; and it occurred to me that it was to teach me something, to teach me to do something that I ought to do that I had not done. Just on the hill, near where I was, a poor widow woman lived in a cabin, and she was a Baptist; and I thought it may be for her good that I was stopped there; and I resolved that I would venture in the way indicated by giving her, the next day, two bunches of cotton yarn, and I sent them to her the next day, I think. I was part owner of a cotton factory, and the people were in great need, universally, for thread to make clothing, as they were cut off from buying it, having neither the money to buy nor access to goods to buy. From that little incident began the supplying and giving away of thousands of cotton yarn to the people of that country round about.

R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### LOOK AT YOUR DATES.

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The printed figures after your names will show you when your time expires and the time to send on to pay for THE MESSENGER. Some of you are two years and over behind. Please renew and get all the new subscribers you can when convenient. You will feel better when you do it.—R.

## ELD. JOSEPH L. STATON.

Eld. Staton preached at the Corresponding Meeting of Virginia, near Kerneysville, W. Va., on the 14th of August passed, concluding his sermon five minutes after 12 o'clock, and was dead at 3 o'clock. He had gone from his home, Newark, N. J., to that meeting, and after preaching, was severely attacked with neuralgia of the bowels, which reaching his heart, terminated his earthly career in his 56th year. One of his dying remarks has caused the writing of these lines. He said, while dying:

“THIS IS THE END OF AN UNPROFITABLE LIFE!”

These words, when I read them, most solemnly impressed me, and at the same time gladdened my heart. because had I been dying myself, in my right mind, and had spoken from my heart, I would have said the same thing. My life has seemed to me to be almost wholly unprofitable; and yet, in the main, I have done the best I could; but my life has been so far short of my desires, that it seems to have been idly wasted.

But Eld. Staton's life had really been a most useful and self-sacrificing one; he had been the faithful and beloved pastor of four churches for many years, and therefore his life was a most profitable one to others, but to him it seemed as if but wasted. Christ, speaking in the prophet (Isaiah xlix.) when the Lord said, “Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified,” responded, saying: “I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain.” And in the same spirit our deceased brother, no doubt, spoke in his dying hour; and God was glorified in him in that hour. He spoke as the righteous are said to have spoken in Matt. xxv., when the King said to those on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? or a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or sick, and visited thee? or in prison, and came unto thee?

They had done all these things and did not know it, but felt, most probably, as our deceased brother did, that their lives had been spent unprofitably; and yet they had many times ministered in their humble way to Christ in ministering to his lowly people. Like Jacob, who was a plain man, and dwelt in tents with his mother, Eld. Staton's life was spent mostly with his churches, over which God had called him; and he had taken no venison by his own prowess as Esau did, with which to feed his flesh in a dying hour. He died humbly as he had lived, feeling that he had achieved nothing. And yet great spoils he won, in realizing that after all he had done, he was but an unprofitable servant. He came to the grave with no boast on his lips. Now, Sam Jones, and many men of his type, would not have met death in that spirit; but they would go down to the grave trumpeting their own wonderful works, of what they had done for the Lord, when, in truth, they had never fed, clothed or comforted one solitary child of God in all their lives. But they would say that their lives had been most profitably spent in God's service. With all the fame, wealth and honor that such men achieve, with all the good they vainly imagine they had done, there would not be one soul to shed a single sincere tear at their death. But God only knows how many hearts are made sad and how many tears are shed at the death of Eld. Staton. By some poor souls his memory will be fondly cherished until they, too, shall close what will seem to them to have been unprofitable lives.—R.

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The following lines have been handed us by an aged brother :

“This is the best world we live in,  
 To lend, or to spend, or to give in,  
 But to borrow, or to beg, or to get a man's own,  
 It is the worst world that ever was known.” M.

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In last MESSENGER, under the head of “From Death Unto Life,” the name should have been Fannie K. Shuman instead of Shunam.

## EXTRACTS.

## A TOUR.

BLANCO, TEX., Sept. 23. 1891.—I left home on the 4th of August in company with Eld. James Wagner, for Decherd, Tenn., and got there on the night of the 7th, and spent one week with those good people very pleasantly, in the bounds of Wagner Creek church, and was with the said church at her regular meeting on the second Sunday, and tried to preach, morning and evening, to a goodly number of people. And those dear people have my heart-felt thanks for the kindness shown me. May the good Lord continue his blessings to them.

On Friday morning Bro. Wagner and I took the train, on which we met Elds. Wood, Frost and McClain, and we were all on our way to the Association on Crow creek, in Jackson county, Ala. When we arrived on the ground Eld. Respass was preaching, and this was the first time I ever had the blessed opportunity of seeing this dear brother and hearing him preach. It was a great solace to me. And there I met for the first time with Elds. Willis and Been, and we spent a pleasant time with those dear saints and was well cared for, for which we felt to thank God. Our dear Bro. Hackworth took no small pains to make all comfortable who staid with him, and it seemed there was a feast of fat things, both naturally and spiritually. Sunday morning dear Bro. Respass' preaching was wonderful indeed to my poor soul; it made me feel that it was good to be there, for it seemed to me that the heavens were declaring the glory of God and the earth was full of his praise; and I did feel of a truth that I was glad I was born to die. It was a heavenly place for awhile to me, and for this I desire to thank and praise Israel's God for his mercies that endure to all generations.

I left them and Bro. Wagner on Sunday evening, and went to Walker county, Ala., by way of Birmingham, and spent one week with my dear kindred in the flesh, and I hope in the spirit. It was a time to be long remembered by me. I met three dear elders, and heard them preach in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, and I tried to preach three times with the ability that God gave, and in tears took leave of those dear ones, in company with two sisters and brother-in-law Barton, left for Mississippi, and landed at Kosciusko Monday evening after the fourth Sunday. I spent two nights with my brother, and tried to preach at his house Tuesday evening, feeling that our blessed Saviour was my support and stay. I spent near two weeks in visiting around among my dear children, and relatives and friends.

I was at the Primitive Association, held at Lebanon Church, embracing the first Sunday in September. There was a gospel feast to me. I met a great many dear ones, for that was my old church I first tried to preach to, and it brought old things to my memory,

and my poor heart was caused to overflow with love to those dear ones. I was called on to preach the Introductory Sermon, and I felt that the Lord was in the matter, for which I hope to be humble and at the feet of Jesus. I had the blessed privilege of hearing our dear brothers Wilkerson and Lewis, from the lower part of the State, and I was glad to hear them, for it was all of grace from first to last. I also heard Bros. McCauly, from Leake county, and Morris and Guess, from the northern part of the State. All of these brethren were laden with heavenly news, and it was a wonderful meeting, attended by a large congregation of people. And three dear ones were added to the church by experience, and baptized on Sunday morning by William Guess. The names of the candidates for Baptism were Dr. Cotton, of Durant, Mrs. Thrasher, and Henry Richardson.

I took leave of these precious kindred on Sunday evening with a sorrowing heart and weeping eyes, for my home in Blanco, Tex., and got home the 9th of September, and found all well and doing well, for which I hope to thank and praise the Lord. Oh, that I could praise the Lord now and forever. We had a good meeting at our church here last Saturday and Sunday, and received one dear sister by experience and baptism. Yours in hope,

*Primitive Baptist* please copy.

W. B. McADAMS.

CENTER POINT, TEX., August 8, 1891.—*Dear Bro. Respass*: I was eighty-two years old the 9th of January last, and my wife seventy-seven the 13th of March last. I was born in South Carolina and from there went to North Alabama via West Tennessee; and to East Texas for three years, and then to West Texas, in Caldwell county, Williamson county, Lavaca, Lampassas, Hamilton, Comanche, about twenty years in these counties. I professed a hope in Christ in 1838 and joined the Primitive Baptist church in 1846, and was ordained to the ministry in 1858 while a member of Zion Church in Williamson county, Texas. Since I have been a member of the church I can truly say that it has been a mixture of joy and sorrow, and during the last five or six years I have had some of Paul's trials with, it seems to me, strange brethren, to say the least. But I am preserved and wonderfully blessed; my eyesight has returned, and in my weak way I try to defend my Master's cause. Some of my good brethren say my views are strange, and I know that they are to the world, but I can't see why they should be to Primitive Baptists, who are called strangers and pilgrims, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people in doctrine and practice. Now all scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect and thoroughly furnished with all good works. The Saviour promised to send the Comforter—the Holy Ghost—to remain with us forever and guide us in the way of all truth; and Paul exhorted Timothy to take heed to him—

self and the doctrine, and in so doing save himself and them that heard him—not in an eternal sense—but from false ways. And now are we complying with this teaching of Paul; in taking heed first to ourselves and the doctrine?

Your unworthy Brother in Christian bonds,

E. C. MAULDIN.

LINCOLN PARISH, LA., August 26, 1891.—*Dear Bro:* I have been taking THE GOSPEL MESSENGER six or seven years, and I have never spent any money that I was better satisfied with the way it was spent than that spent for THE MESSENGER. I see that you are a man of about my age, and while I do not feel that I can interest you, yet it may be that I can relieve myself a little in writing to you. Now, I would be afraid to write to such a man as Sam Jones, but you I hold to be one who can bear with and pity the ignorant and correct their mistakes. I have enjoyed reading THE MESSENGER, the editorials and contributions to its pages, especially of Elds. Hassell, Chick, Bartley, Simms, Swartout, and others. I have had a name among the Baptists only about two years, but I had a desire to be baptized by a gospel minister for over twenty years, but have never felt like I was fit for church membership. But I do believe I got my desire in the baptism part, for I was baptized by Eld. Spinks, and I do believe that he is a gospel minister, let me be what I may be. When I look over my past life and see so much sin and ingratitude in it, my hope seems almost groundless. Now, this does not arise from my business transactions with my fellow-man, or personal conduct. Now, as I can't write anything that is worth reading, I will close, asking to be remembered in the prayers of God's people.

Your unworthy brother, I hope,

M. M. CHANDLER.

FISH POND, Ala., Sept 7, 1891.—*Bro. Respass:* \* \* \* These are daughters that have married and gone away and have joined the Mission Baptists; and O, how I am inclined to reproach myself and charge many bitter things against myself. I sometimes feel that it was because of my lukewarmness and that I have not lived up to the standard of a Baptist; that I was not as devotional in my family as I should have been. I am sorry to say that in giving the information of their joining neither of them said a word about an experience of grace, which makes me fear that they are deceived, and I can only trust that the good Lord will some day show them their error, if indeed they have received a change. I must confess that I had never enquired of them about a hope in Christ, and I fear I am reaping some of the fruits of neglect and disobedience. While they were with me I had no evidence of any change and therefore excuse myself, but I must confess further I have a married daughter who I believe has a hope, and I have not said a word to her on the subject, and she may construe my seeming indifference to mean that I have no con-

fidence in her, and become discouraged and excuse herself from duty on that account. This, my dear brother, is one of my crosses that I have neglected, and I fear that many poor little stumbling saints are excusing themselves from that duty. O, if I could get up courage to encourage, and admonish to love and good works those that I believe have a hope in Christ. May the Lord bless you, my brother, in your declining years

Yours in gospel bonds,

A. G. HOLLOWAY.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., September 22, 1891.—*Eld. J. R. Res-  
pass, My dear precious Brother in the Lord:* There are in this world messengers and messengers. Sometimes it is the messenger of Satan given as a thorn in the flesh to buffet the poor soul to insure humility; it may be to smite the body with sore boils, or to bind with infirmity some daughter of Abraham for many years; and these messengers do their bidding with alacrity. They can harass poor souls with doubts and fears, and seem sometimes to set hope at defiance and bring in despair. But there comes sometimes a Gospel Messenger, bringing balm and spices sweeter than any from the Orient. It were not easy to tell what joy, and peace, and comfort, spring out from the bright pages of your little journal as it spreads to the four winds of heaven to bless and make glow many waste and desolate places. The magazine grows better and better, if that can be, and we feel sure the Lord is in it. Bro Allison's few words in the last number seem as if they were flowing from my own heart and lips, so much in unison do they seem with my own feelings. The true gospel messenger will seek to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, will abound in gentleness and love, will excel in edifying will be rich in the things of Jesus, and the spirit of charity that cannot be described will shine in every utterance and every word.

How rapidly have the days gone by since we saw you and since we last heard you. We greatly sympathize with you in all your trials, which we know to be many. But our sympathy is a poor thing. There is one able to comfort him that is cast down. We commend you to his unfailling grace. One thing is true the time is now short. Whether it gleams with celestial joy or be dark with sorrow, it is well nigh slipped away, and things of greater moment are close at hand. What a strange and solemn interest does age throw over our pathway. May the dear Lord help us to be resigned, and grant that in quietness of soul we fill up the little remaining measure of our time. Ere long the mystery will be solved, and the end and purpose of our life will be made known. Dear, dear brother, no words can tell how much we love you and the flowings of your pen. My dear wife and myself make our present family. Bruce is in New England, Aunt Kate near Louisville. Your friends are generally well and revere your name.

We saw Eld. Nowels this morning. He says he wishes the

“MESSENGER” occupied all the land. Excuse this hasty scribble and remember us, your weak friends, when before the throne.

In the very best of bonds,

S. B. LUCKETT.

ARDMORE, INDIAN TERRITORY, August 28, 1891.—*Editors Gospel Messenger*: Reading the MESSENGER has created a desire in me to make some inquiries, but before I do I will first try to tell you who I am, or at least something about myself. I was born in McMinn county, Tenn., November 18, 1855, of Missionary Baptist parents. When I was seventeen years old I, through the excitement of a protracted meeting, professed a hope in Christ and joined the church of my father, and lived an orderly member for about twelve months. The requirements of my church were irksome all the while, so I was dropped off on some trifling charge. Then in 1881 when that “comet” could be seen in the North, and the astronomers throughout the world were commenting on the possibility of the comet falling to the sun, and in that event the possibility of the earth being burned up, I tell you, kind friends, my imagination was highly wrought upon, and I betook myself to my Bible and prayer more earnestly than any time before. My grief became intense, and I believed I would be lost should the comet strike the earth on the 20th of August, as was possible. On or about the 15th of August, after I had spent about three hours in prayer in the middle of the day and in the middle of the corn field, my grief left me, and why it did I could not tell, only I had come to the end of my own strength and was resolved to let God do with me as he might see fit. Then came a calm peace of mind that I never had had before. Now, tell me, do, was that God’s way of manifesting himself to a sinner whom he speaks peace to, or was it just a change of mind? I have ever since loved Christian people, and especially the firm, though child-like innocence of the old Hardsbells, as they are called. But in the year 1883 I attached myself to the Missionaries and was baptized by them again, and I enjoyed the church again for about one year when some of our members became involved in a dispute. One of the brethren had told a falsehood, and myself and two other brethren preferred a charge against him for it, but he, with the pastor of the church, had concocted not to hear the case, so they done nothing with him for his falsehood, and I quit going to church because I could not fellowship that brother. After four meetings I was excluded for non-attendance. Oh, my friends, did they do wrong or was I wrong? I have not been real happy since, and I have become skeptical, almost an infidel; but yet there is something that says you cannot put Christ away. Oh, how I love him no one but myself knows, yet I am made to doubt and even to deny that Christ is God, and then that plunges me into darkness that my mind cannot penetrate and I am lost in bewilderment. Now, gentlemen, will you or some kind friend through the MESSENGER, or any other means you may think suitable to my case,

tell me what course I had better take? I have read the Bible until my mind is almost torn to pieces.

I do honestly believe that if any people on earth have true religion you Primitive Baptists have; and if any people can give good counsel you can. You will find me determined as much as in me is to trust God "though he slay me." But I want to know how to serve him. If it is through the name of Christ I ask you to pray for me that my eyes may be opened that I may see. Please excuse my intrusion. I could not rest until I had done so. I might give you my greatest trouble. It is this: I am unable to see why the righteous law of God should require the death of the innocent for the guilt of the guilty; and without the shedding of blood there should be no remission of sin. Now, dear friends, if you feel it too much for me to ask a full explanation of what I herein set forth, please just send me a card. My mind is bothered. Yours in hope,

JAS. L. MORGAN.

ROOPVILLE, GA., August 17, 1891.—*Dear Bro:* I have just returned from Poplar Springs Church, Carroll county, where they had their annual communion and feet washing. I think there were more brethren and sisters present than I ever saw at a communion before, and that it was a joyful meeting to them all. Ministers present were, Elds. H. S. Burson, of Heard county; William Robinson, of Haralson county, both aged and able ministers; also the pastor of the church, Eld. E. Phillips. These servants came in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ to the comfort and edification of God's dear children. Eld. Phillips has served this church for many years, and I think God has abundantly blessed his labors, so that, I think, there are something like eighty members, and all seeming, and, I believe, are pleasantly dwelling together in unity and love. I have never had the pleasure of attending a more pleasant meeting. This is the sixth meeting of the kind that I have been blessed with the privilege and pleasure of attending in the last six weeks, and peace, union and fellowship did abound in each and every one of them, for which I do feel thankful to our heavenly father.

The object I had in view in writing this letter was to say a few words of encouragement to the little unworthy ones. I talked at the above meeting a few minutes from the words of Jesus, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—Luke xii. The Saviour was speaking to his children, and what was for the comfort of them 1800 years ago will be so now, for God is unchangeable, and we have the same nature that his disciples had then. Jesus was teaching them that the Father was ever mindful of them, that even the very hairs of their heads were all numbered, and fear not, therefore. He knew how that we are fearful about the things of this life, and therefore, tells us to consider the ravens, how that they don't labor and store away, but God feeds them, and how much better

are ye than the fowls. So he commands his little flock to first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then we have the promise of such things as we need, not such as our depravity calls for. I am satisfied that if we could have all our natures call for that we would lose all the joys of his salvation. But fear not, for all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Then, little doubting one, that I meet so often following after and bleating around the little flock, I wish to ask you a few questions. You say you hope that you have a little hope and that there was a time when you were not particularly alarmed about your future state, but felt able to do something to bring God under obligation to save you? "Yes." Well, after awhile you became alarmed from some cause or other, and that you felt to be a vile sinner in the sight of a just God? "Yes." And that if you died in this condition you was lost, and your condemnation was just? "Oh, yes." And you tried until all the strength that you formerly had was exhausted, and some how or other about this time a calm feeling and a song of praise to God was put in your mouth and you trusted Jesus as your saviour and redeemer? "Yes; but I was so soon doubting the reality of it." Well, had you been doubting in the same light before this time? "No." Well, why don't you go to the church and be baptized in obedience to the commandment? "Oh, I am too unworthy." Then, if I can meet your objections by the scriptures you will do your duty, will you not? "Oh, it seems like nothing in the world would give me more pleasure than to be worthy a place in the little flock of Jesus." Do you not remember the centurion who went to Jesus and told him of his afflicted child, and Jesus told him he would go and heal him, but the man said to him, "I am not worthy that you should come under my roof, but only speak the word and my son shall live." Now are you any more unworthy than he? I think you will say "No." Well, do you not believe that he can raise the dead and quickeneth whom he will just as much as that man did? You say, "I hope; yea, I believe I do." Now, hear what the glorious son of God said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." So fear not, for your feeling of unworthiness is evidence that you have the worthiness of the glorious Saviour; then fear not. But you say, "you are so poor," but in what respect? Is it not in being able to contribute to the temporal wants of the little flock? "No, I am so poor and weak in spiritual things." Well, if I prove to you that this feeling of poverty is a blessing direct from the Lord, will you believe, accept and rejoice in it? "I think I ought to, for I feel a great desire to believe in what comes from Him." Well, he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of God." So, you see, that this poverty is an evidence that you are blessed of God. The light of grace enables you to see the imperfections of yourself, and also the holiness of God, and the contrast is so great it makes you

feel poor and unworthy; and that light that you have is life eternal, for in Him was life and that life is the light of men. Then look back a little and see if there was't a time when you felt both rich and worthy, and you lost both, and since the losing you have had no confidence in the flesh. Then, fear not, for these are some of the evidences that you are poor in spirit, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. Well, we are agreed so far, and what else? "I have so many doubts and fears that I've never been changed." I will say in that to fear not, for by reference to the travels of the children of God we find that they had the same conflicts that you have, and these things were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope. Then, don't you remember the doubts that John had while in prison. You know that John was sent of God to make ready a people prepared for the Lord. He preached Jesus, and Jesus did come to him and demanded baptism at his hands, and you see that John was just like you and I about his unworthiness, and right here is a lesson taught by our Saviour that our unworthiness does not excuse us from doing his bidding. John forbid him, and said, "I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me?" And Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now, for it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness, then he suffered him." John didn't feel worthy even to unloose his shoes; but John baptized Him, and they came up out of the water and the spirit of God gave John evidence, saying: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

We see, after having all this unmistakable evidence from heaven, when he was in prison for Christ's sake, he doubted. If I be one of his why is it that I am here in this dungeon. In his distress he sent to Jesus, asking, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" And you say, "has he come and given me a hope, or do I look for a better one." Well, did Jesus say, "Yes, I am he." No! He always answers in a different way from what we expect. Now, suppose Jesus had answered him in the way I think you desire, which is, "Yes." And had just said, tell him, "Yes, I am he." Do you think John would have been strengthened much? No, I don't; but at the same hour that these disciples of John were there, Jesus healed many—something that John knew that no other power could do. Then he gives the message to renew John's spiritual strength, "Go shew John again how the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them; and blessed is he that is not offended in me." I am satisfied that answer was sufficient to bear him up in the severe trial that was just before him. You remember two of His disciples, after His crucifixion, were doubting when they said, "We hoped it had been he that should have redeemed Israel." In these doubts Jesus opened to them the scriptures, and then their hearts burned within them with love, faith and assurance. Now, do you ever

have any of these feelings, and are cast down, and read some portion of the word and it is opened to you? If so, fear not; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. If these are your feelings I think you can claim Him as your father; and O! glorious thought; gone to prepare a place for us, and will come again and say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

W. P. MERRELL.

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## OBITUARIES.

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### TYRE MATTHIS,

An old and respected citizen, died at his home, four miles north of DuPont, Clinch county, January 8, 1891. He was born in Appling county, Georgia. His father moved to Lowndes county when he was a small boy. He married a Miss Nancy Lee, a daughter of Joshua Lee, the builder, or first owner, of the noted Banks' Mill, in Berrien county. He settled on a farm in Lowndes county, about the year 1830. He then removed to Ware, now Clinch county, in or about the year 1846. He was soon elected Judge of the Inferior Court of Ware county. He served four years. At the expiration of that time Clinch county was organized out of Lowndes and Ware counties. He was re-elected in 1850, Judge of the Inferior Court for Clinch county. He served four years, giving ample satisfaction. He was a carpenter by trade. His work is everywhere to be found in Clinch county. He was a strict member of the Primitive Baptist Church; he was baptized sixty-five years ago. He was a good neighbor, a kind father, loving husband and an honest man. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-five years. He is gone to return no more until that great day shall come. "We know that if our earthly home of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor.

May 16, 1891.

R. B. J.

### EDGAR JACKSON BRANAN.

EDGAR JACKSON BRANAN, the son of Thomas Branan, departed this life, of typhoid fever, May 30, 1890, aged twenty-two years and eight months. He was born and raised in Putnam county, Ga. He leaves a kind and loving father, a good and noble step-mother, two brothers and two sisters, and many friends and loved ones to mourn his absence. He was confined to his bed only two weeks, and was delirious most of the time. All was done for him that loving hands could do, but, alas! could not stay the hand of death. He was a very near and dear nephew to the writer, and words fail us to express our love for him and his many good and noble qualities. He was indeed a noble young man, worthy of imitation, and although he had never made a public profession of religion, we have evidence to believe he is now at rest. He was a sound Baptist in belief, and his every-day walk was that of a Christian; and while we are made to feel so sad, and to mourn our loss in his death, we believe he has gone from a world of sin and death to one of life and peace. He was a great lover of home, and was the only child his father had with him; and oh, how hard it was for him to give up his darling boy! His seat is vacant around the fireside, and at our church where he attended so regularly, we miss him. The funeral service was conducted at the family burying ground by our pastor, E. J. H. Gresham, who spoke words of comfort to the bereaved ones, and to a large congregation of sorrowing friends. His body was then silently laid away to await the resurrection morn. By one that loved him,

M. L. CARTER.

## MADISON T. BAZEMORE AND WIFE, ELIZABETH S. BAZEMORE.

This dear brother and sister were members of New Hope Church, Jones county, Ga. He lived to be past the meridian of life before making a profession of religion, but had obtained a hope for several years before uniting with the church; but it pleased the Lord to bring a revival to the old church in 1874, and a goodly number were brought to the fold, and along with them the dear old brother was constrained to come forward and declare what great things the Lord had done for his poor soul. It was on the fourth Saturday in September, 1874, that we met at the water, when the dear old brother, with nine others, were buried in the liquid grave by his nephew, Eld. T. J. Bazemore, and the dear old brother went on his way rejoicing, delighted in attending his meetings, and was a good and useful member. But he moved to North Georgia, where he died in 1876, in October, we believe, and he now rests with Christ, free from all his labors and trials.

Dear Sister BAZEMORE was the daughter of Stephen D. and Elizabeth Renfroe, who were both Primitive Baptists, if I am not mistaken. She was born March 14, 1823; was married to Madison T. Bazemore Dec. 1843, and they lived happily together and raised a family of eight children—four sons and four daughters. But her dear husband was taken by the hand of death in 1876, and left her a widow with several of her children under age, but she was blessed to raise them up and see them doing well. She was afflicted for some time, and was living with her youngest son, W. L. Bazemore, in Pine Castle, Fla., at the time of her death, which occurred November 25, 1890, when she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. This dear sister was truly a great and noble woman, and a mother in Israel; devoted to her family and her church; patient and meek, always with a pleasant face and word, to be useful to all around her. Sister Bazemore was baptized sometime before her husband, and into the fellowship of Walnut Creek Church, in 1848, by Eld. Luke Knowell, where she remained a consistent member until the church was dissolved, when she was received by letter in New Hope Church, where we were always glad to meet her, and it was her delight to meet there with her brethren and sisters. She is gone, and we shall never behold that dear one in the flesh any more, but we would say to her dear children as our dear Saviour said to the women weeping: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." She has gone from the evil, and she realizes that precious promise fully, which says, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away." Oh, that the Lord would lead her dear children in the same way, and that he would comfort and console them with every blessing; and that we, too, may hear, as we believe she did, the voice of God, Child, your Father calls, come home. When we have done our duty in glorifying God in our body and spirit, which are his, then we, too, may; and may we all feel as she did, that we have fought a good fight, and that we shall receive the crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give us in that day.

*Pippin, Jones Co., Ga.*

J. H. GRESHAM.

## MISS SUSAN WRIGHT.

MISS SUSAN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Wright, died June 26, in her twenty-sixth year. She had been a sufferer from infancy with rheumatism, and during the last seven years she was confined to her bed in a most helpless condition. Her sufferings were of the most excruciating kind, but were borne with great Christian fortitude. Her dying declarations and admonitions were impressive, indeed, and sufficient to convince the most confirmed skeptic of the reality of the Christian religion. She

welcomed death as a release from earthly affliction, confident of a happy home in heaven. She composed and sang some lines to the tune of Sweet Home, requesting that tune to be sung at her burial. Then calling her parents, relatives and friends to her bedside, she asked the final kiss be given her, begging all to meet her in the sweet home above. Her illness was soothed by the most unremitting love and attention from family, friends and physicians. The mercy and goodness of an allwise power, in giving sustaining grace to the sufferer and devoted family, was a striking instance of love divine. May the great bereavement be sanctified to the good of all.

FRIEND.

And now she has gone to rest  
From all her trials here;  
Her spirit with the Saviour rests,  
Free from all earthly care

Affliction's rod no more she bears  
No troubles seize her breast;

To Christ for refuge she repairs,  
With Him will ever rest.

Ye weeping ones, no longer mourn,  
But pray to God on high,  
That you may meet around His throne  
With Susan, when you die.

D. R. R.

## H. C. CHESSEK.

BRO. CHESSEK was born in Montgomery county, Ala., January 25, 1857, and died at his home in Uvalde, Tex., May 27, 1891, of consumption. He, with his family, went to Texas last fall, hoping to get some relief from that disease, but found none. He was married in 1877 to Lucy J. Wilson; united with Mt. Pleasant Primitive Baptist church in 1881, (the writer not having the exact dates, cannot give them,) where he remained until he died. Being no church near him in Texas, he let his membership remain at Mt. Pleasant.

Bro. Chesser ever lived in the love and esteem of his brethren. His doors were ever open to his brethren and friends; was kind and accommodating to his neighbors. He was ordained to the office of deacon in May, 1889, which office he filled to the satisfaction of the church; and we believe he was a deacon, indeed. The church has had to give up a true and faithful member, one who loved the truth and cause of Christ. To his family there was never a more kind, true and devoted father and husband. But God in His wisdom was pleased to remove him from all that dwell below to better joys on high. In a letter from Sister Chesser to me she says: "He was confined to his bed seven weeks, but never murmured or complained; but said he was ready and willing to go at any time; wishing to be remembered by his dear brethren and kindred that he left behind in his native State" (Alabama). May God enable us to bow in humble submission to His will, and say: The Lord giveth and taketh away; blessed be his holy name.

*Olustee Creek, Ala.*

J. A. MILLS.

## MRS. ALICE G. OLIVER,

Wife of the late John Oliver, of Hogansville, Ga., was born August 16, 1850, and fell asleep in Jesus, as we believe, June 20, 1891, aged forty years, ten months and four days. Her maiden name was Foster, a beloved daughter of our lamented Sister J. N. Hurst, and granddaughter of Deacon William Hogan, deceased. Sister Oliver was converted to the Christian religion years ago, and united with the church at Emmaus, Troup county, Georgia, 18—, and was a devout member until her death. In her youth she was noted for her piety, at all times demeaning herself well. She was a good neighbor, an humble wife, a kind and tried Christian. She was much afflicted for more than a year previous to her demise, but bore her suffering with Christian patience, believing that the Lord doeth all things right, and being so overpowered by his grace as to be perfectly reconciled to his will in taking her away from her orphan children. For a day or two before her death, her expressions, at times, seemed to be almost superhuman. Being perfectly happy she smilingly

said, "I am going to my mother." Her faith was so vivid that she could realize that her sainted mother was with the Lord, and that she would soon be with her, to join with all the redeemed who are gone before, in an immortal anthem of praise to her Lord and Master forever and ever. We believe that her spirit is now basking in immortal glory. May the Lord save her children, is the desire of the humble writer.

A. B. WHATLEY.

SALLIE B. SHUMAN,

Daughter of W. F. and Barbara Shuman, was born March 27, 1864, and died at her home near Valdosta, Ga., November 21, 1890, being twenty-six years, nine months (lacking six days) of age. She was a great sufferer for several years, her disease baffling the skill of several physicians. She taught school for several years, commencing soon after she was grown, and it was greatly against her health. She was able to go about but very little for several weeks before she died, and was not confined to her bed all the time. She was taken worse November 17, and continued to grow worse until Friday evening, the 21<sup>st</sup>, when God called her spirit home. Though she never joined any church, she gave us evidence to hope she knew the Lord in pardon of her sins. It is useless for me to try to tell of her many noble qualities, for she was kind and good to everybody, and to know her was to love her. Her friends were many, her enemies few. She bore her suffering with the most patience I ever saw. She said, while almost in the agonies of death, she "wished she could bear it all and never murmur, but then," she said, "my suffering will soon be over; I am not afraid to die." She told mother she had felt it her duty to have been baptized, but she always felt too unworthy. She seemed warned of her death for several weeks, and she told mother before she took her bed the last time that her next sickness would be the last, and that no physician could cure her; and she even told how she wanted to be dressed.

She was the betrothed wife of a young lawyer, a worthy and, I believe, a Christian man. He only saw her once in her last illness; and O, how sad it was to see him as he looked on her pale, sweet face in death. May they be re-united in that better world. Her remains were laid away by loving hands the next day, November 22, at the cemetery at Cat Creek Church, there to await the resurrection morn.

Though we miss her company, her sweet face, yet we know it was God's will, and may he give us grace to be resigned to his holy will, especially our aged parents.

HER SISTER FANNIE.

*Valdosta, Ga.*

MRS. PASSIE A. MOUNT,

My sister, and daughter of H. D. and S. L. Curtis, was born April 9, 1858, near New Providence, Ala., and died at her mother's, where she was born and raised, August 16, 1891. She was married to James W. Mount, August 22, 1887, who died September 6, 1888, and on the 8th, the grief-stricken Passie gave birth to a daughter, which precious little one seemed a solace to her in her troubles for the space of two years. less one day, when God saw fit to take it to himself, from which time her health continued to decline. During the illness of her husband our dear father died, and Passie took all those troubles hard, yet without murmuring. Fully conscious of her approaching death, she gave instructions to mother as to the disposition of her worldly possessions, and when the time of her departure drew near she called for us all and kissed us goodbye, bidding us be calm and quiet, and assuring us she would soon be in heaven, that happy home. Her happy face shone with a radiance that bespoke the joys of heaven within her soul, and she seemed to stand on the very threshold of glory as she bade farewell to earth and earthly friends, who testify that they had never before witnessed such a death-bed scene.

Sister Passie had never united with any church organization, but believed the Primitive Baptist was the true church, and I believe she would, had she lived, have become a member of that church. She was buried at New Providence cemetery on the 17th, where a large circle of friends and relatives had met to pay their last tribute of respect to our departed loved one.

TILLIE A. MOUNT.

#### JAMES WEED

Was born in South Carolina, July 24, 1800, and died August 16, 1891. Some two years ago he had a severe spell of sickness, and thought, as did his physician, that his sickness was unto death. During his sickness I visited him, and he seemed glad to see me and said he wanted me to write his obituary, and commenced to narrate many important events of his life, with as much deliberation as though he was giving a sketch of some other person's life. Seeing he was so cool and deliberate, I called for paper to take down many things that he related. He was living with his son-in-law, and when I began to write, as it were, his obituary, the family seemed so much affected that he noticed their grief and remarked that he was not obliged to die then because of the writing of his obituary; that he might possibly survive the writer.

He lived only three days after he was taken sick, and died almost without pain; indeed, he seemed to "fall asleep in Jesus." He laid his armour by, and I believe as a ripe sheaf was gathered into the Father's and enjoys that rest that belongs to the people of God.

Bro. Weed lived an orderly and consistent Baptist over sixty-three years, and the feeling and sympathy manifested at his burial by a large concourse of his neighbors and friends gave stronger evidence of his high standing where he had lived for over forty years, than I could give in words. If I know what it takes to entitle one to the name of Baptist, I think he possessed, to a large degree, the qualifications of a Baptist. About two months before his death a favorite granddaughter came to the church and related a very satisfactory and comforting experience, and O, how it did rejoice his heart to hear it. It seemed he could say with good old Simeon, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." But his seat is vacant at the fireside, and the seat he occupied at the church over forty years is also vacant. May he rest in peace, and may his good works follow him.

A. G. HOLLOWAY.

*Fish Pond, Ala.*

#### BARNEY F. MADDUX.

MR. BARNEY MADDUX was born June 5, 1840, in Jasper county, Ga., and died of heart dropsy in Spalding county, Ga., near Griffin, May 21, 1891, aged fifty years, eleven months and sixteen days. He married Miss Nan Waldrop January 2, 1868, and leaves a dear wife, four sons and one daughter, a loving mother, two sisters, four brothers, and many friends to mourn. He was a true father in Israel. He suffered a great deal for fifteen years with this dreadful disease, but he bore his afflictions with great fortitude. Bro. Maddux was a good mechanic, had good business qualities, and was very useful in the neighborhood in which he lived. He joined the Methodists, but he believed in the Baptist doctrine in his last days, but he was so afflicted that he was deprived of the privilege of going to the church where he could hear preaching. His dear wife sent for the writer to see him one night, as he was very sick and spoke of dying. I asked him how he felt about this matter, and his answer was, "Sometimes I feel like all will be well with me." Said I, "Mr. Maddux, when was it that you felt that your sins were forgiven?" "Well, it was in Jasper county, in my father's old woods lot; I was out there in time of the war, 1864, and then it was that I viewed Jesus on the cross as my Saviour; then it was that I could see how God could be just and save sinners. Then again doubts come up, and I feel like I am not willing to

risk death; but when the love of God burns in my soul I think I would be glad to know that death had come and released me from pain." I visited Bro. Maddox the night of the 19th, before he died on the 21st, and he asked if I was in the room, and said that he wanted to talk some; that he "had not lived right in his past life," but "my last days are my best days." Oh, methinks I could see him as he lands on the peaceful shore of bright immortality and join in the sweet songs of deliverance with the dear ones gone before. We humbly pray that God may grant repentance to his surviving brothers and children, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and that He may keep his aged mother, dear wife and two sisters low and humble at the blessed feet of Jesus. Dear children, you yet have a kind mother to care for you, and may your obedience and kindness gladden her heart in her declining years, and may God make you his children by adoption and regeneration is the prayer of the writer.

JAMES W. WILLIS.

#### JOHN ROACH.

BROTHER ROACH was born December 28, 1823, was married to Martha D. Parks March 7, 1843. Joined the Primitive Baptist Church in 1859, and departed this life July 1, 1891. Bro. Roach served as deacon of the Church for a number of years. His steadfastness in the faith and punctuality to duty was known to all the Baptists in the country. His loyalty as a citizen, perhaps, has never been excelled. He was always ready to render all possible aid to the afflicted. He learned where help was needed and rendered aid without being asked for it. He regularly laid by in store what his honest heart purpos'd (which was very liberal) to defray church expenses. He never forgot the temporal wants of his pastor. We are sorry indeed when such men leave us. Bro. Roach was a safe counsellor. In church discipline he had but few equals. He was afflicted for many years, but we have good reason to believe that he is now enjoying an eternal rest. The good Lord knows how to deliver the righteous out of all their afflictions. Bro. Roach has left behind a dear companion, the wife of his youth, together with six children and several grandchildren, to mourn their loss and miss the counsel and sweet companionship of one so kind. The church has sustained a great loss. Oh! may the evidence of things not seen comfort all our hearts, and may the vacuum in the family circle and the church be filled with the presence of the Lord.

E. W. WALKER.

*Fayetteville, Tenn., August 5, 1891.*

#### LOUISE FULLER,

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Fuller, departed this life at 2 o'clock, June 29, 1891.

She had just passed her thirteenth birthday when death laid his cold hand upon her most vital parts. Tighter and tighter did he hold her in his grasp, until God, to relieve the little sufferer, called her unto Himself. She was carefully attended by her loving parents and her many dear friends. She lived but two weeks after being confined to her bed.

She will be missed at home, at school, and by her many loving friends. She was the light and life of her home, and with her bright life the light has been extinguished:

But thou art gone, our darling child,  
And left us sad and lone;  
But we will meet (this thought gives joy)  
Around the Great White Throne.

*Grantville, Ga.*

#### KATY OLENY SEGLER.

J. H. W.

My dear little daughter, and the only one I had, KATY OLENY SEGLER, was born September 29, 1839, and departed this life, October 24, 1890, aged one year and twenty-five days. She was sick three weeks with bilious infantum and inflammation of the head and stomach. How can I

write these words? Katy is dead in the flesh, but liveth in Jesus. It seems only yesterday when she would walk around my chair and look up in my face with sweet sparkling eyes and say "mama." Oh, my God, when will I ever meet her in her glory? He alone knows what I have suffered in the loss of my dear little darling babe. She was so loving, and all loved her that knew her. She was the pleasure of my heart. Then why should I wish my darling baby back again in this world of sin and trouble, but say dear babe with God remain.

Remember her sufferings are all over,  
Remember her pains and sickness are no more,  
Remember her joys are full and complete,  
Remember she sits in praises at Jesus' feet.

#### STEVEN WEST

Died, of the flux, at the residence of his son, February 27, 1891, in Johnson county, Ark. He died in the full triumph of a living faith. Before he died he called his children to his bed and got on his knees and prayed that he might go easy, and so he did. As soon as he lay back on the bed he went off without a struggle. Before he died he told them to get the writer to preach his funeral at the school house, on the third Sunday, at eleven o'clock and chose the text, "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."—1 Thes. iv. 13-18. I met them at the appointed time, and did the best I could for them, with some liberty, as I hope, to a large congregation. We believe the brother has gone to rest, and we pray God's blessings upon the bereaved children, and may they and us all be permitted to meet him in that happy land to join in praising God for redeeming grace forever and ever. Amen.

JOHN T. MIDDLEBROOKS.

#### MARY LINDLY

Departed this life on August 7, 1891. She lived to a ripe old age. The facts of the record of her birth are not known, the records having been destroyed many years ago. She joined the Baptists before the split, and was in the constitution of Ephesus church, in Talbot county, June 27, 1839. Her husband, Charles Lindly, was received the same day. They both took letters in January, 1848, and joined Ebenezer church, in Meriwether county, where they both lived until they died, consistent members, living a Godly life, and worthy of imitation by all their children.

She was a great but patient sufferer for many years from a cancer, which brought about her demise, which was a happy one, dying in full hope of a blessed immortality. The writer spoke on the occasion of her burial from the text, "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." May her death be sanctified to the good of all that were dear to her.

T. J. HEAD.

#### MANDY A. DENNEY.

She was born in Chambers county, Ala., September 16, 1854, and was married to George Denney December, 1883, and joined the Primitive Baptist church at Macedonia and was baptized by Eld. A. B. Whatley in September, 1875, after which she lived an orderly member, always rejoicing in the welfare of the church. She had many trials in affliction, which she bore with great patience. She often said if it was the Lord's will to take her from this world she would gladly go. She gave birth to two children, a son and daughter, of which both died in infancy, which seemed more than she could bear at the time; but she humbly said, the Lord knows best. When it pleased the Lord to take her away it was very sudden. She was subject to severe spells of headache, and on the 4th of April, 1891, she had a severe spell and her husband called a physician in and he inserted morphine in her neck, and she began to get easy and she insisted on her husband and sisters lying down as she thought she could rest, so they did so, and at twelve o'clock her husband asked

her how she felt; she told him she was some easier, but some time between then and daylight she passed away with a smile on her face. She died at her home at West Point Cotton Mills, Ga., and her remains were carried back to Macedonia and laid in the tomb there to await the resurrection. She was a faithful and loving wife, a devoted sister. The greatest joy we ever witnessed her seeing was when her husband joined the church. She leaves a husband and six sisters and several nephews and nieces to mourn their loss, but our loss is her eternal gain. He has taken but his own to dwell with him in a fairer, brighter home. Had we the power we would not call her back to this world again. We must look to God for comfort, and he can heal our sorrows and tell of a joyful re-union in heaven.

Done by her sister,

H. V. HAWKENS.

#### MRS. N. FRANCES ROSS.

Mrs. N. FRANCES ROSS was born August 31, 1828, (in the State of Georgia, I think.) and departed this life with brain fever and paralysis at her residence, four miles from Camp Hill, Ala., August 18, 1891, aged about sixty-three years. She had a slight stroke of paralysis early in the spring, but to some extent recovered from the shock, but only to attend preaching about twice during the present year. About ten days before her departure she was taken with cold and high fever, which prostrated her, and she gradually grew worse till about 8 P. M., August 18, when she closed her eyes in death and her spirit took its flight to God who gave it.

In many respects Sister Ross was a remarkable woman. At the time of her death she was living with her third husband. She was first married to Jake Holly; her second husband was Wm. Rowe, and her third and last was Mr. A. G. Ross, who still survives her and is left desolate and lonely. Her two first husbands were members of the same church with her—Canaan Church of the Primitive Baptist faith and order. Her surviving husband is identified with the Universalists. Though Sister Ross was three times married she left no children and never had any, if I am correctly informed. She was strong in the faith of the Primitive Baptists, and showed her "faith by her works." She united with the church about the year 1856. She was blessed with an abundance of this world's goods and knew how to use them as not abusing them. She was kind, sympathetic and obliging to all classes of people, especially toward the household of faith. The heights of her ambition seemed to have been attained and gratified when she had administered to the wants of the poor and needy. It seemed to be a leading trait in the character of this dear sister to minister to the comfort of others. It was my privilege to enjoy only a twelve months' acquaintance with her, but I have known her long enough to share her hospitality and liberality. But she is gone to her reward, and her place in the church and at home is vacant. The church will miss her and the poor and needy will miss her, but most of all will her sorrowing husband miss her kind and gentle voice now hushed in death.

Eld. W. M. Mitchell was telegraphed for at the time of her death, but was unable to attend, and the writer was called upon to speak on the occasion, which I did with the ability God gave me, using as a text the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of Revelations, and I have reason to believe that the Lord was with me. A large congregation of relatives and friends were present, who followed her remains to the family burying ground, where she was laid away to await the glorious "Resurrection of the just," where "this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and death shall be swallowed up in victory."

In hope of this glorious resurrection,

H. J. REDD.

# THE GOSPEL MESSENGER

Devoted to the Primitive Baptist Cause.

No. 12. BUTLER, GA., DECEMBER, 1891. Vol. 13.

## DEATH—LIFE.

BELoved BRETHREN IN CHRIST: It is in the rich mercy of God our Father that I am favored to speak to you again with pen and ink, as the Spirit may give me understanding in the knowledge of God and of Christ, who said to the Father, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—John xvii. 3. "That they might know thee," embraces as many as the Father gave the Son, that the Son should give them eternal life, as He states in the preceding verse.

Therefore, all this people of Christ were without life, and also without the knowledge of the only true God and of His Anointed Son, whom He sent into the world in the flesh of His people, that He should be their Redeemer, their Resurrection, and their Life. The mere statement of this truth carries in it the solemn fact that all the countless people of Jesus were under the law of God, under the dominion of sin, and under the power of death; that is, as transgressors of the righteous law, they were all justly condemned by it unto death everlasting, and in themselves hopelessly lost forever. "For the wages of sin is death," wrote the inspired Paul; and death is *death*, on and on, world without end, as to itself, or as to the power of all who have sinned to deliver themselves from it. For they have no life—they are dead—neither have they any knowledge of this fearful state they are in, nor of their awful separation from God by death; therefore, they are not sensible of their helpless ruin. Between them and God is the dreadful gulf of Death, which they never can bridge over nor cross to return to Him; for He is **LIVING**, but they are *dead*.

It may be held that the children of men are born with life, and that this endows them with understanding and volition or will, knowledge and moral ability, which is true in a merely natural, worldly and moral sense, as to the earth, time and sense; but, let it be remembered, that this so-called first life of man is not the true life, but natural existence only, because it is corrupted, and is forfeited by sin unto death. Therefore, every natural man is dead while he lives—dead in trespasses and sins.—John v; Eph. ii.

As thus dead, the sinner does not know God, and cannot know Him; because he is as much separated from the knowledge of God as the living tree, or bird, or other animal is separated from the knowledge of man. The tree has organic life, it is true, but it is dead to the animal life, which is above it; and so with bird and beast, which are dead to the man-life; which is far above or superior to the mere animal life with its instincts. Equally so is man with his natural life, as first born or born of the flesh, dead to spiritual life; for he no more has it than a living plant has the life of the bird, or than the bird has the life of man.

*Spiritual* life is infinitely above animal or human life, and the one who has it is raised far above every one who is born of the flesh only; because this one "is passed from death unto life," and is the blessed possessor of incorruptible and eternal life. This spiritual life is divine, holy and undying; for it is not the Adam-life, but the Christ-life. So the one who has it is one with Christ in His holy and spiritual life, and is a son and heir of God in and with Christ, and shall live because he lives; and He lives to die no more. Therefore, said Jesus, "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The life and the faith are both in Him; therefore, whosoever liveth liveth in Him, and whosoever believeth believeth in Him, for He is the life, and He is also the author of the faith. So Paul could truly say, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me*, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."—Gal. ii. 20. Then the life and faith of Paul were the life of Christ and the faith of the Son of God; that

is to say, Paul received them of Christ, as the gifts of God's grace or free favor.

Now, the question arises, How are the dead made alive? Can that which is dead raise itself up into life? This is impossible, as both Revelation and Science show. Whatever is dead is cut off and shut out from the life which it has not, or to which it is dead; therefore, it cannot reach up to the life which is above it, and raise itself up into that life. It is impossible for the stone to change itself into a living plant, or for the plant to raise itself up into a living bird or animal, or for the animal to convert itself into a living man; for each of these, in turn, is *dead* to the life next above it, and knows nothing of that life. For there is an impassable gulf from within or below between the dead and the living, as between the mineral and the plant, or between the plant and the animal, or between the animal and man. So, then, the higher must bend down to the lower, the living to the not-living, and raise it up into its own higher plane and superior life. The plant-life must lay hold upon the un-living mineral and raise it up into its own organic state, as a part of itself, before the inorganic mineral can ever live; so must the higher animal-life bend down to the vegetable and take it up into itself, if the vegetable ever becomes a partaker of animal life; and so, too, must the man-life reach down to both the animal and vegetable and assimilate them to itself, before they can possess the life of man. This is a fixed law of Nature, as Science has positively proven. For science has absolutely demonstrated that there is no spontaneous generation—no life without the previous touch of life, or only as the result of antecedent life. That is, the not-living cannot of itself become the living. For, as in the beginning, everything brought forth after its kind, whether tree, or fish, or fowl, or beast, or man; so life only can give life or make alive, and the life which it gives to another is its own life—*itself*.

Now, this is as true of spiritual life as it is of organic or natural life. And it is also true of the natural man, who is born of the flesh only, that he is as dead to the Christ-life as is the lump of clay to the plant-life, or the plant to the beast-life, or the beast to the Adam-life. How is it possible, then, for man voluntarily, of

his own will, to rise above the natural and become spiritual? As easily might a thorn tree bear figs, or the Negro change his skin white. Yet, what the natural man needs and must have, before he can enter into the kingdom of God and have the knowledge of the Father and the Son and correspondence or communion with them, is eternal life; for he is dead in sin. How, then, shall man come up out of death into the exalted state and heavenly possession of spiritual life? There is only one way, for he cannot ascend up to Christ, who is the Life, because he is dead to this life; therefore, Christ must come down to him and give him life—Christ must live in him, or he has no life. “He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.”—1 John v. 12. “And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.” Therefore, those only who have eternal life can and do know the only true God and Jesus the only Saviour; and only those who have the life of the Son of God have life. All others have only natural being, but they have not life.

Finally, how does the holy and life-giving Son of God give Himself and His life to as many as the Father gave Him? This is a question of much controversy, but there is really no ground or room for it. For not only is it the voice of Science that all life comes down from above to the un-living, but it is the voice of God. “The gift of God is eternal life, *through Jesus Christ our Lord*.”—Rom. vi. 23. Therefore, this life is not given through any other, whether angel or man, apostle, prophet or teacher. *Teaching* has never yet given life to the dead; yet all that the ministry of Christ can do is to *teach*. To them He said, “Go ye, therefore, and *teach* all nations; \* \* \* *teaching* them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.” This is the utmost that they can do. But let it be emphasized, that while true and good teachers are a great blessing and help to the *living*, the *not-living* have never yet received life, either natural or spiritual, through teaching; for not the dead, but the living only, can be taught to know the things pertaining to the life which they already have. Paul, therefore, said, “Now, we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit

which is of God, *that we might know* the things that are freely given to us of God; \* \* \* \* but the *natural man* receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he *know* them, because they are *spiritually* discerned.”—1 Cor. ii. 12, 14. How plain and forcible this truth is! The natural man can neither receive nor know anything of spiritual things, however learned he may be in things natural, because he is dead to spiritual life and knowledge; therefore, no gospel preacher or teacher can possibly teach him to know the gospel or anything spiritual, until Christ first gives him spiritual life and light. I include the gospel among spiritual things because it is not natural. And so Paul says, as quoted, that we have received “the spirit which is of God, that we *might know*.” The spirit, then, is given before knowledge, and it quickens us into spiritual life, and thus gives us spiritual understanding and discernment, “that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God,” and knowing them, rejoice in the Lord and glorify Him. Of these spiritual blessings Paul says, “God hath revealed them unto us by His *Spirit*.”—1 Cor. ii. 10. And Jesus says, “It is the Spirit that quickeneth.”—John vi. 63. “God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son *into your hearts*, crying, Abba, Father.”—Gal. iv. 6. The one who thus cries is spiritually alive, and is born again, or from above, born of the Spirit, and is therefore a child of God. And so, following up the endearing names, “Abba, Father,” Paul continues in the seventh verse, saying, “Wherefore, thou art no more a servant, but a *son*; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.”

In closing let me say, this new and spiritual relationship to God is as wonderful as it is exalted and glorious; for, as Paul shows, it raises up those who were servants to sin under the law, and brings them into the holy and blessed estate of glorified *sons and heirs unto God!* “This my son was *dead*, and is *alive* again; he was *lost*, and is *found*. And they began to be merry.” The salvation of sinners fills the holy Heaven with joy and praise. In this hope, yours to serve,

Indianapolis, Ind.

D. BARTLEY.

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Would you do more than others? then deny yourselves more than others.

ROCK MILLS, ALA., August 16, 1891.

EDITORS AND READERS OF GOSPEL MESSENGER—*Beloved Brethren and Sisters*: When reading the precious messages from the contributors of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER, I sometimes feel inclined to throw in a mite by way of approval and encouragement of those who are better capacitated to edify and instruct the dear children of God than myself; but feel so weak and unworthy I am at a loss how to begin or what to say. I was born in Putnam county, Ga., June 29, 1834. Mother was a member of the Primitive Baptist church from early life; father was inclined to the Methodist, but was an upright, moral man, and on his deathbed expressed a hope of eternal life. Mother used to carry me with her to meeting regularly Saturday and Sunday in my youth, and here I will state that parents make a great mistake in that particular. Train the child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it. Dear brethren and sisters, carry your children to your conference meetings, and carry them Sunday also, for as we educate our children as they grow up, so they are apt to go when grown up. But I am sorry to say I see very few young people and children at conference meetings, and likewise a number of members are absent, and how can a child of God, who has had so much done for him, feel so indifferent. When I was about fifteen or sixteen years old I became sufficiently interested in my soul's salvation to fall upon my knees to ask God to have mercy on me. It was one night when my parents were from home, I went down in the horse lot and there tried to implore God's mercy on me, a sinner, but felt no benefit from it. And at intervals I would have those feelings, and would try to pray, but with the same result. On the 22d day of December, 1858, the good Lord gave me a helpmate in that of Eliza Wood, daughter of Eld. Allen and Rebecca Wood, and a helpmate, indeed, has she been, by whom the Lord has been pleased to give us two dutiful sons, who are both members with us at Salem church, in this (Randolph) county. When I was married it occurred to me that now I might seek the Lord, and that he might be found of me. I had left my old associates and gone to live with my wife's mother, a distance of forty miles, among strangers. Wife and mother were both Christians, therefore I tried

to renew my energy, but met the same sad disappointment. In 1862, in obedience to the call of my country, I enlisted in the army, in the Fifty-sixth Georgia Regiment, and being thus taken from all that was near and dear to me at home, it occurred to my mind that the trials, hardships and dangers I had to undergo would be sufficient to humble my hard and stubborn heart that I might seek the Lord aright, and he would hear and save me. I continued, at intervals, to implore with all the powers of my soul his mercy and forgiveness, but seemingly grew worse. I was finally captured and cast into prison in Camp Chase, Ohio. I there fell sick and thought I was going to die, and promised the Lord if he would spare me and suffer me to return to my loved ones at home, I would be a better man. He cared for me and brought me home, but I found myself the same vile, or worse sinner, but at intervals would still cry for mercy, but could find no relief; and, finally, concluded that the day of grace had passed for me, and I might as well submit. But bless His great and good name, on Monday morning after the fourth Sunday in June, 1867, he found me in a desert land, and a waste, howling wilderness. I was hoeing cotton, and the parable of the ten virgins came into my mind with such force that it shook me from head to foot. It occurred to me that I was one of the foolish virgins that had no oil in my vessel, etc. I could work no longer, and left my work to hunt some secret place to ask God to have mercy on me once more. I walked near a quarter of a mile and concealed myself behind a patch of bushes and briars, and there fell prostrate and tried to pray, but all I could say was, Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner; Lord, save or I perish, and unexpected to me this scripture came into my mind, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." I felt a rejoicing within, and an inquiry, What does this mean? I was a mile from home, and had a desire to go at once and tell my wife, but before I got back to my work I became doubtful, and that I was deceived and mistaken, and kept it until Wednesday night, when I could keep it no longer. I told it to my wife, after getting her to promise not to tell any one; but I could not be content until I told it to the church at County Line, Heard county, Ga., on

Saturday before the fourth Sunday in August, 1867, and was received, and baptized in the Chattahoochee river on Sunday morning by Eld. H. S. Burson, after which I felt an ease of conscience that none can realize but those who have experienced the same. I felt for some time that I had done all that the Lord required of me, but after awhile I became uneasy when at meeting, for fear the preacher would call on me to offer prayer, which I felt that I never could do; but, finally, was called on. Sometimes I would make the effort and fall so short that I would resolve never to attempt it again. Sometimes I would refuse, and feel so bad about it, I would resolve never to refuse again, and have finally resolved to trust the Lord and do the best I can when called on. In the fall of 1869 the church at County Line chose, and had me set apart to the humble position of deacon, in which I have, in quite a feeble manner, been trying to serve them through doubts and fears; trying to pray God to so direct and keep me that I may not bring a reproach upon his cause; but many be the times that it appears that my feet are well-nigh slipped, and I find myself almost ready to surrender.

But though I have Him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.

I feel that I have realized that it is alone in His strength that I am enabled to stand, therefore, I earnestly solicit the prayers of all His children, that he will sustain me by His grace the remainder of my days on earth, which, I feel, will be but few, to faithfully discharge the duties required at my hands. Now, dear reader, who hath an ear to hear and can, from your heart, testify to the truth of what I have written, let us take courage, for the Lord is indeed good and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth all His children and will never forsake them; and forsake not the assembling ourselves together as the manner of some is, but put on the whole armor of God, that we may stand against the wiles of the devil. I like to read and hear the views of different brethren on the doctrine of the gospel when argued in the spirit of Christ; but oh how heart-rending when the spirit of anti-Christ predominates. Let us remember we are fallible creatures, and should exercise charity one with another, otherwise, we

will have coldness and indifference among us. I have made this scribble too lengthy, but have not said all I would like to. Hoping I have hurt no one's feelings, I subscribe myself your little brother, in hope of perfection beyond this vale of tears. J. J. HEARN.

P. S.—Bro. Mitchell, come to our Association if you can.

The above letter was received more than sixty days ago, when we were suffering most excruciating torture of body, from which we have not yet (Oct. 22) sufficiently recovered to be out much, or do much writing.—W. M. M.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

## CONSTITUTION OF THE OLIVE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION,

Organized with the church at Mount Olive, Lee county, Ala., in April, 1882, W. M. MITCHELL, Moderator.

ARTICLE 1. It is understood and agreed by the churches composing this Association, that each church, if it so choose, may send not more than three brethren, with a letter certifying their appointment, the number baptized during the year preceding, received by letter, restored, dismissed by letter, excluded, or dead; also the total number in fellowship at the time of sending said letter.

ART. 2. That this Association shall be known as THE OLIVE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

ART. 3. It is also understood that no church, on becoming a member of this Association, parts with, or surrenders any of her rights, duties or responsibilities given her by the Great Head of the church, and made binding on her in the New Testament.

ART. 4. It is further understood that all disciplinary power and right pertaining to membership or fellowship in the church, belongs exclusively to the church or churches, and that this Association shall not assume the right to dictate to, advise, or in any way interfere with the internal rights of the churches.

ART. 5. Any church of this Association can withdraw at pleasure, either by letter or without it; but in either case it will be expected that said church first give notice of her desire in this particular.

ART. 6. Any church may be dropped from this Associational compact by request of two or more churches; but this, nor any other act of the Association, shall not of *itself* be regarded as officially impairing or breaking church fellowship among the

churches of this union, or among the members of churches. We regard all matters pertaining to church fellowship as belonging exclusively to the church or churches, and requiring their official action to make it valid.

ART. 7. This Association shall not form any alliance, correspondence or relation with any institution, secret or otherwise, except to correspond with other Primitive Baptist Associations, the churches of which are known to be of the same faith and creed as the churches of this Association.

ART. 8. Churches petitioning for membership will be received on giving satisfactory evidence of their being of the same faith and order with the churches of this Association.

ART. 9. This Association being formed by the churches as their chosen method to cultivate acquaintance and promote unity and correspondence among Primitive Baptists, will have no other articles of faith than that which each church already has, and which each member of this body has already endorsed, and to which he is amenable in the church of which he is a member.

ART. 10. Whatever may be the deficiency in the wording of this Associational agreement, nothing herein shall be so construed as to imply that this Association is in any way a separate and distinct institution from the churches; and no amendment shall ever be made constituting it a body separate from, or independent of the churches of which it is composed.

ART. 11. Visiting brethren of the same faith and order with the churches of this Association, known to be in good orderly standing with their churches at home, may be invited to seats, either from churches of this Association, or others, and members of churches of this Association may have their names enrolled as correspondents from this to other Associations; but none shall be allowed to vote except brethren sent by the churches.

ART. 12. Correspondence with sister Associations may be withdrawn or suspended at discretion.

ART. 13. This Association shall have a Moderator and Clerk, of the body, and chosen by the members present, and hold their offices until the next election.

ART. 14. This Association may adjourn to any time and place she may think advisable.

The following short form was adopted as the Associational Decorum:

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall open and close by prayer.

ART. 2. The Moderator shall invite visiting ministers and members to seats.

ART. 3. The Moderator shall have the same privilege of speech with any other member of the body, provided his seat be filled; but shall have no vote except there be a tie, then he may.

ART. 4. The principles of order as embodied in these words, "Let all things be done decently and in order," and "unto edify-

ing," will be expected and required of each member, visitor or correspondent.

In presenting the foregoing Constitution of the *Olive Primitive Baptist Association* to the readers of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER, it may be proper to say that it is by repeated requests of brethren in various localities, and more especially at this time by request of Bro. Hardie, of Texas, which was received near two months ago, and during my late severe torture and heavy affliction, from which I am now (Oct. 16) partially recovered. This statement is made in order that brethren, whose correspondence I highly appreciate, may know why there has been no reply or response to their esteemed letters during the past two months.

To-day the Olive Association convenes with the church at Mount Olive, where I have long been a member, but I am not able to attend, though it is within four miles of this city. It is the eighth session of the Association, and during the seven previous sessions the utmost harmony has prevailed, and not one negative vote cast.

The correspondence to this little Association of ten small churches has generally been good, and each year increasing, and so far as we are informed brethren generally who have attended are favorably impressed with the manner in which the Association is conducted under the above form of constitution. Associations are not disciplinary bodies to discuss or investigate disorders of either churches or members of churches. Neither should they ever attempt to re-investigate any point of gospel order or discipline touching fellowship after a church has already investigated and decided upon it. If there is anything wrong in the act of a church in a matter touching fellowship, or supposed to be wrong, the church itself, and not the Association, should right that wrong, and if it refuse to do so, some orderly sister church should call attention to it and labor with such church, and if need be, call for the assistance of one or two other churches, to labor with them to save and reclaim their erring sister church. If they fail, then church fellowship is broken and withdrawn, and all that an Association should have to do with such erring church is to erase the name from the scale of churches. See *Article 6, Constitution*.—M.

PATTEN, GA., August 17, 1891.—ELD. W. M. MITCHELL, OPELIKA, ALA.—*Dear Brother:* I have just received MESSENGER for September, and have read with pleasure and, I hope profit, your kind reply to my request for views on a certain passage of scripture. I am much pleased with the same, but would have been so glad had your mind led you to extend your remarks further, especially to the latter clause of said scripture, "That when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." From some cause, perhaps my surroundings, I have been led to study and ponder over the said scripture a great deal, and if not asking too much, I would be glad you would write to me and give me something on that part of the text, that is, if anything has been given you on the same.

I don't know why, but for some cause, known only to God, I have long desired to write you, and tell you some of my troubles in this world, and now that I have begun, I hardly know how to proceed. I think that Paul speaks of a place wholly given to idolatry. I think this part of Georgia is as near as any place that I ever knew. I live twelve miles from the church at which I have a name. There are no Baptists in this part of the county, but the most "religion" and "religious people" that I ever saw. Now I don't object to religion that is, as I believe, "pure and undefiled," but I am afraid that there is a great deal of religion in this country that is not of that sort. I feel to be more unworthy to bear the name of Primitive Baptist than any one that I ever knew, and feel that I fall farther short of what God has demanded of the children of God than any one. And when I am approached by kind neighbors and requested to meet with them in a Sabbath school, and take charge as superintendent of the same (as I have been requested to do), I can't do it. I feel that it would be denying the power of the God that I profess to worship, and would be dishonoring his great and matchless name; and then to be slandered, misrepresented, and even lied about, and not only me, but the cause that I so dearly love, and the doctrine that is the doctrine of the Bible; I say to hear that, and that continually, makes me mourn and lament, and wonder if I am not a stumbling block and a hindrance to the cause of the dear Redeemer. You may wonder why I live where I have to contend with such things. The reason is this: I am a very poor man, have to work hard for the support of my family; and here I have a good position and doing better than I ever have before, am making a living and paying some on my debts besides.

I often find myself murmuring and complaining in mind, "Surely there is none like me." But occasionally I am enabled by faith, as I hope, to realize that our God is a God of love, too good to be unkind and too wise to err. Then for a short while I can say all is well.

Dear brother, I have written in a hasty and disconnected way, and am as far from expressing my feelings as when I began. If

you can find it in your heart to reply, will appreciate Pray for me and mine, when you have a spirit of prayer. May God bless you. J. N. GIBSON.

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### EVERLASTING HABITATIONS.

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It will be seen by Bro. J. N. Gibson's letter in this issue of THE MESSENGER that he desires a clearer explanation of the phrase, "Everlasting Habitations," than is given in our editorial of September, 1891, on page 359 of THE MESSENGER. We would be glad to satisfy our brother in this particular, but we often feel in reading or meditating upon the Scriptures, or in hearing them expounded, or in our feeble attempts to expound any text, that we only "know in part," and like the Queen of Sheba, when she beheld the wisdom of Solomon, "The half has not been told." When Christ said to his disciples what is recorded in Luke xvi, 9: "Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations;" it may be that the primary and most direct application of the phrase "Everlasting Habitations" is to prepare the minds of these Jewish disciples for the coming change from the legal to the gospel dispensation, when the "middle wall of partition should be broken down" between Jew and Gentile, and when the Jewish Christian should no more regard Gentile sinners, whom God had cleansed, as common or unclean, or as unfit for them to associate with; but that they should cultivate friendship and equality that "when ye fail," or when the Jewish nation should fail, and all these Jewish rites and ceremonies of temple worship be forever abolished, and the disciples as well as the whole of the Jews, should be scattered among all nations, that they might receive you into "Everlasting Habitations," that is, during the whole period of their stay here in this world. The gospel dispensation is the last day, and the last dispensation till time shall end. And God hath concluded all men, Jew or Gentile, as under sin, and the same plan of salvation that embraces a Jew embraces a poor Gentile sinner, and they are both made one in Christ, where there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all classes, ranks, conditions and nationalities are one, having one Lord,

one faith and one baptism, one God and Father of all the election of grace, thereby making one body, animated by one spirit, even as they are called in one hope of their calling.—Eph. iv. Now, here is an Everlasting Habitation for Christians till time shall end, and they are forbidden to construe the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, as having respect to the persons, rank or station in life, whether rich or poor, wise or ignorant.—James ii, 1.

But, in conclusion, we say that whatever may be the sense and meaning of the words "Everlasting Habitation," as used by our Lord in that connection, we have no thought that it applies to any one thing, or to any period of time beyond this present mode of existence, or beyond this last day, which is the gospel day and dispensation.

But we still believe as indicated in our former article in September last, that to use the good things of this life properly, not worshiping nor trusting in them, but in the living God, and having an acquitted and clear conscience is an Everlasting Habitation, where each believing child of God may enter and safely dwell, though the earth be removed. If any brother has anything he might desire to say upon this point, even though it should differ from what we have written, we hope he will not hesitate to write.—M.

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Man was formed the last of the creation, that he might contemplate upon God through every creature. Beloved, when you survey the spacious firmament, and behold it hung with such resplendent bodies, then think that if the suburbs be so beautiful, what must the city be. What is the footstool he makes, to the throne whereon he sits! When you view the evening star above you, then reflect upon the morning star within you.

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Such professors do not make gain stoop to godliness, but godliness to gain, which is, as if a man should fit his foot to the shoe, when he should fit the shoe to his foot.

## GOD TO THE RESCUE;

Or, from the Depth of Sin to the Heights of Mt. Zion, into the Glorious Light and Liberty of the Children of the Most High.

I was born of Christian parents, members of the New School Baptists, and I was taught from earliest childhood the beauties of the bright world and how I must live to obtain an inheritance there. Almost before my lisping tongue could plainly utter the words, I was taught to go to God in prayer. I was learned the proper prayer to say before forgetfulness in slumber, and again the one to say when awakened by the joyous carols of the feathered songsters to a realization of God's great mercies during the night. And I was also taught of my kind parents that I must be a good little girl, and at an early age was sent to Sunday school, and I always learned my lessons well and loved my classmates. There was a protracted meeting held at Central Academy, near my parents; so we attended regularly, and I was then about seven years old. The meeting, as well as I can remember, was a very good one, at least there were large crowds and much excitement, and as usual the people were exhorted to repent and cry unto God for mercy, and the "mercy seat" was crowded and all the children of my class went up for the preachers and good brethren to pray for them, and I suppose to help them get religion, and so I went along with the others and was excited, scarcely knowing what I did. I cried a great deal, prayed just what the minister told me to, and felt very miserable. After services were over I felt like I had done something that was approved by older people, but hardly knew what I did. Afterwards I thought that as I had made a beginning, I must be very good ever afterwards, and I made all manner of good resolutions, only to break them. I would pray earnestly, and didn't mind people seeing me pray or thinking that I was very good indeed, and I was quite a Pharisee, but I didn't fully realize the fact. As I grew older I attended both the Methodist and Missionary Baptist churches and heard and liked all of the preaching, but decided that if ever I joined any church that it would be the Missionary Baptist. I often heard people speak of the joy in Christ Jesus and in the religion of the most high God; and as I saw the joy and peace

in the faces of those who followed in the footsteps of the Prince of Peace, I earnestly desired to be one of them, and I did all that I knew to do to obtain the great blessing. I prayed often and persistently, as I was told to do, and tried to do good, but let me tell you, my dear readers, it was a great failure. So I at last began to think that this blessing wasn't for me; for had I not prayed, read the Holy Bible a great deal and tried to be good, but alas! it seemed as if only the empty air heard my entreaties. And the Bible became a dull history, with little interest to me, and the world became more and more attractive. As I grew up into maidenhood I began to participate in worldly pleasures, and I delighted in dancing and all carnal and worldly pleasures, and bye and bye they began to crowd out my goodness. But sometimes I did beg God to pardon my transgressions. I was thus praying one bright morning about three years ago, when a sudden darkness seemed to settle over my soul, the ploughshare of that repentance which comes from God alone, was sunk deep into my bleeding heart, and as furrow after furrow was turned over, showing me my sins in all their hideous deformity, my utter depravity, and what a miserable woman of the earth I was, and my audacity, as it seemed, in appealing to the Most Holy One for mercy, when clearly I deserved death and torment as my everlasting portion, my just rewards for evil deeds, I felt that I was dying, and oh, my awful case! I dared not raise my voice against that decree which I now know to be just and holy; and though I must die under this dark cloud of sin, my last anguished cry would be, "Lord, Thou art just; I deserve this punishment." My last hope was gone; I was sunk in the depth of woe and misery; and though I was not conscious of praying, my soul must have gone out in that one prayer, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," when oh, the joy! Suddenly a face most glorious to behold, far beyond any feeble pen to picture—a face with great sorrowful eyes, full of infinite pity, compassion and everlasting love, surrounded by a halo of golden light—broke through the dark cloud and chased all gloom from my soul, and words of peace and forgiveness were spoken by those sacred lips around which hovered a smile like brightest sunshine. And as I stood, lost in rapture,

this vision disappeared, but joy, peace, gladness and thanksgivings were left in my heart, and all the dark forebodings of evil in store for me were gone, for I knew that God had healed my wounded heart and that he had granted me forgiveness. My soul leaped for very joy; I ran out of the room singing praises to God, the Maker of all things; for by his grace alone can any man be saved. Everything seemed to possess a new beauty; how the sun shone and the birds seemed to join all nature in singing praises to God. I thought of joining the church then, and my desire was to be with the Primitive Baptists even then, but I knew very little of them or their faith. I don't think that I have ever heard more than a half dozen sermons preached by their, or as I believe, God's ministers, in my life, and at that time I knew but little of them. They were said to be an ignorant, selfish people, that told unreasonable fabrications and held to a very dangerous faith, and so my impressions of them were not very favorable. I did not tell any one of the great blessing that had been bestowed upon me. I hid my light under a bushel, for the time at least. But the joy and peace of my first love were soon broken by the tempter, who is ever ready to beguile us with fair speech into the paths of sin; "you are mistaken; it was a fancy, a delusion, purely imaginary; the Bible is a book gotten up to deceive the ignorant, and is there a God?" Such thoughts gained a foothold and something almost like infidelity was striking at my soul's foundation. Ah! dark trials were before me. I, as of old, mingled with the world, but the pleasure was gone and the charm broken. It was but a hollow sham and a mockery. I saw the world in its idolatry and I partook of the meats offered to idols, and I was like unto the man who, after he had been cleansed of the evil spirit, again took unto him his old associates in sin. But all this season of darkness my soul had no rest; there was ever a crying out of that still small voice, conscience, or my white angel would not be quiet; I tried to put all these things from me, but ah! I could no more hush that accusing voice than I could stop my heart's beating; every time I opened the New Testament some words of condemnation were before my eyes, such as "no man lighteth a candle and places it under a bushel;" "the seed that

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fell among the thorns and briars, the unfruitful vine," and many others, and I wondered how long God's mercy would let me go on thus. I now know that his mercy and love endureth forever; that he is long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but all come to repentance. I often hastily closed my Bible, fearing and trembling, and at last I became thirsty for that sweet draught given from heaven by God's hand, the comforter to again "visit his plantation." I felt that my hope, if I had ever had one, was all gone, and I was walking in the desert, and oh, who would give me to drink. I was sick in soul and body, yet there seemed no physician to heal my wounded, broken spirit, and I turned my face to the wall and thought surely this is death, and how miserably, without hope, I was to perish. Lying thus with my sinful nature all before me, moaning out my soul in anguish, I suddenly lost sight of self, and in a moment there appeared before me in a vision a great mass of people, wildly excited; all faces were turned in one direction—to the cross, on which hung my Redeemer, suffering, dying, groaning out his precious life, bearing all of our sins, agonizing for the souls of the sinners whom he had come into the world to save. I think my heart's blood must have frozen at the sight of this terrible sacrifice—the God of righteousness dying for sinful man. And while I looked he raised his head, which had drooped to the right side, and once more he smiled upon poor me, and I seemed to know that this sacrifice was for me; that this ignominious death was that I might live. And as this vision of Mt. Calvary and the scene therein presented vanished, my soul was melted with thanksgivings, praise and love of Christ, the blessed Saviour, and I could sing with the poet, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he suffered thus for me on Mt. Calvary." Oh! I was inexpressibly happy; my mouth, heart and soul overflowed with a refreshing shower of God's wonderful grace, and I could only praise his mighty power, his victory over death, the grave and satan." After this I was impressed that there was something for me to do; my Lord had said that "whosoever confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father," and many of his precious words came to me with startling force, and gave me no

little uneasiness, for I had told myself that I would never join any church; I did not have the courage to confess Christ, and I thought all churches were good, and there are a great many good people living out of the church; I will try to be a Christian outside. So I put off, or tried to, my impressions to join some church, and I decided, or I think God helped me in it, to read the New Testament through, and I prayed my God to let in the light of understanding so that I might see aright, and surely 't was he that doeth all things well who caused the beauty of his word to shine in a new light in God's entire power, to have mercy on whom he would have mercy; and salvation by grace alone seemed to speak to me as the living truth; and many other things which seemed to be followed only by one church that I knew of, and that was the one all the world hates, the dear old Primitive Baptist. But I think this is a good sign that they are right, for God's only begotten Son was hated and crucified by the world. Scripture says the world will love its own, so we have a sweet consolation in this, and let us rejoice if we be persecuted for Christ's sake, for our reward is great. Well, this glorious vision appeared unto me about the middle of last July, and after this I had some rest in Christ Jesus. I had found out by God's aid his church, as I firmly believe the Primitive Baptist to be, and I resolved to some day enlist under the one-starred banner of King Emmanuel, for I thought there alone will my soul find a resting place on earth; and if God would give me sufficient grace I would some time, whenever it was convenient, join the church at Shiloh. I thought that I would perhaps join during the Association in September if an opportunity was presented; but God must have hardened my heart, for I felt cold and unconcerned until the last day, and I enjoyed the preaching that day and felt a strong desire to give them my hand in parting; for was I not a friend to them and did I not dearly love all of the dear saints assembled there? But I felt that I had no place among them, so I returned home and began to say again that I would never join any church. But God knew better; he or she whom God loveth is chastened by him; so I went on then, hardening my heart and living in disobedience to him, and I passed some time in this care-

less state, until a few days before Christmas of 1890, I was assisting mother in making preparation for a merry Christmas, when suddenly before me there appeared an accusing, reproachful face, and these words came forcibly to my mind, or rather were spoken to my soul by the blessed Christ, who is ever near us, "But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished!" There seemed to be an angel hovering near me with drawn sword and in a threatening attitude, ready to destroy me for my disobedience, and how I trembled; I was terribly afraid, and began to make excuses. I vowed to God that I would do his will hereafter, if he would only spare me this time. This angel or spirit, however, continued to hover around me with that voice in which there was keenest reproach, anger and condemnation, "But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished;" rang the accusation "you have me disobeyed," and oh, how desperate, how miserable, unworthy! Oh, God! be merciful, forgive my past disobedience and strengthen me to do thy will in the future, and I vowed to him if he would be merciful this time, that I would gladly go and tell all men of his wonderful mercy to every soul that he saves, and the great blessing that he had bestowed upon me, the chief of sinners. After this my troubled soul was suffered to rest for a season, while I was bowed to the dust in humility, I was so unworthy and God so merciful to me; and I thought, "I am now ready; what need I of further evidence of His will? Surely the good Lord had shown me my duty." But every preaching or meeting day would pass without much effort on my part to go to church, and how guilty I felt afterwards; my heart would sometimes be hardened, and again the infinite goodness and everlasting love and incomparable mercy toward all men, and especially to unworthy me, made me see myself as I was, and how I despised my own cowardice, my weakness. Could it be that I was ashamed of Jesus, my Saviour, Redeemer from sin? No, no; I prayed, "Give me the courage to speak of thee, my God, and shew me the way, the time, lead me on that narrow way that ends in brightness beyond that of any day," and God heard my prayer, and he always hears when we pray aright. God is not

slack in his promises, and he "worketh in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Now, I had decided that if the Lord wishes me to join his church he will surely open the way and help me in it. I wanted to go to church at Shiloh during the three days' meeting in June, and if there was an opportunity presented I would avail myself of it and see if the dear brethren and sisters of that place thought me worthy of a place among them. But the days of meeting went by until on Sunday, when I had an opportunity of going to church, and I went, without one thought of joining the church, or even presenting myself as a candidate for admission there, that I might feed with that precious little flock of Jesus. I thought that as I hadn't got to go before, the time had not arrived yet for me to proclaim the "glad tidings," and I didn't even know that the doors of the church were ever opened on Sunday, without they were requested to do so; so I went all unconscious of the duty before me. I arrived at Shiloh church rather late; the house was full to overflowing, and there were a great many outside, and at first we thought we wouldn't be able to get in, or get seats, but we were lucky in getting a place right near the minister. I was glad of this, for my escort was a Methodist, and I wished him, as well as myself, to hear the true words of life as they are given to us by inspiration and from God. After being seated I looked around on the dear saints of God, and how sweet, and calm, and restful they were to me. My attention was strongly drawn to Bro. Morris, who had just taken his text and begun to preach. Ah, how my soul drank in those precious truths that he was expounding to the people. And so he began to speak of the duties of a Christian. I trembled as did Felix of old at the reasoning of Paul. I was so agitated that I felt somebody would notice it. "Now is the accepted time," rang in my ears; something seemed to say, Now is the day; here, see Christ has opened the way, go. It was a command direct from God, and how I trembled; yet, was willing, ready to obey God. I could scarcely wait until the doors of the church were opened. I was so eager to tell what God had done for me. So when the invitation was given I, with one more dear sister, went forward, and I, with faltering, stammering speech,

tried to tell some of God's dealings with a poor sinner, and to my surprise, was received with tears of joy. Ah, to me that day will ever be one to be remembered, for I felt so light-hearted, so free from the burden that I had been carrying so long. The day appointed for my baptism was the second Sunday in July. It seemed a very long time, for I was eager to follow my Saviour down into the watery grave, and to do all things whatsoever he has commanded us to do. But the time arrived at last and I went, feeling very unworthy, but, withal, perfectly willing, and glad to do what I knew God had commanded me to do. I went down into the water feeling that this was a duty imposed on me, and coming out of the water I was very happy; all of my burden was gone. I felt the sweet consolation of obeying my dear redeemer, and for some time I was quite happy. But soon temptation, trials and afflictions beset me, but I remembered that the God whom my soul loveth was thus tempted, and in my darkest hour was comforted, for the words of him that said, I will not suffer you to be tempted over and above that which you are able to bear. He seemed to say to me in my doubts that "out of afflictions have I chosen you." Those words were sweet food to me, and many others came to my mind, until my soul was made to rejoice, and all within me rejoice, and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," for I realized that he doeth all things well, and that by his own hand he had led me through all of these things. My mouth was filled with his praises, for his mercy endureth forever. I have thus been brought out of nature's darkness into the light, and my prayer ever is to walk in the light of God. I have been made to see Christ as the only way, and to feel that he is a living God, whose tender care of us in all spiritual and temporal things far exceedeth that of father or mother, and that our Redeemer sticketh closer than any friend, and should all of the world turn from us in scorn, and heap calumies on our heads, if we be innocent, let us rejoice; let all else, every earthly tie be severed if need be. We are one great family, with God for our father, Jesus Christ our friend, and the everlasting promises, what need have we for more? Is not his love sufficient? Let us love one another, doing good to all men, but especially to the household of faith; for so willeth the All-

wise Ruler of the universe, running with patience the race set before us, for in patience possess we our souls.

It is the prayer of a poor, unworthy sinner that every dear saint of God may pass through this time of our sojourning here in love and peace.

Dear brothers and sisters (if I may thus address you), I ask your prayers for poor, unworthy me, for the prayers of the righteous availeth much. Pray that I may be a true soldier of the cross; that I may not walk the paths of ungodliness, nor walk or stand in the way of sinners, or sit in the seat of the scornful; that I may walk nearer to my God, keeping my garments unspotted from the world.

I remain in much love to all of the dear saints of all the great household of the family of God. I am your little sister (if any at all), in and through the loving intercession of my Redeemer, through the blood that I hope He shed for me on Calvary's brow, for this to God, only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ forever. Amen.

*Mississippi.*

EMMA ELIZABETH CLARK.

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## EDITORIAL.

J. R. RESPESS, Wm. M. MITCHELL, J. E. W. HENDERSON.....EDITORS.

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### CLOSE OF VOLUME XIII.

Little did we think when first entering upon the duties of Associate Editor of THE GOSPEL MESSENGER in April, 1881, that our mortal life would have been lengthened out to write an article for, and see the close of, its thirteenth volume.

But such is the fact, that after having at times been in the fiery furnace of trial, and even during this present year, having been "pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we (as well as others), despaired of life," the blessed God had mercy upon us, so that after about seventy days we are again at our post, and once more write a closing article for the outgoing volume.

But while we write this brief article we are reminded, as we trust every reader will be, that all things earthly must have an end, and no living thing, whether man or

beast, fish or fowl, is an exception to this rule. The Lord God of Israel commands his people to "lift up their eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner, but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished."—Isa. li. 6. What comfort and consolation there is in the blessed hope that God has given his believing children that though they die, and though all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of the grass, yet there is something that is durable for the Christian. Worms may devour our flesh in the grave, but our Redeemer liveth forever, and saith, "Because I live ye shall live also." Beloved brethren, these mortal bodies will soon fall in death, but still there is something that lives, else it could not truthfully be said that "Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father hath given us *everlasting* consolation and good hope through grace."—2 Thes. ii. 16. If there is not a future mode of conscious existence beyond this present time state, how could the consolation which God hath given his people be called our "Everlasting Consolation?" It is like the salvation of the Lord, to remain forever, and like that righteousness that our God hath said "shall not be abolished." In looking over the index to the obituary list, it will be seen that many of our brethren, sisters and friends, have been called away to their long and eternal home; many houses have been made desolate, and many hearts have been wrung with anguish and sorrow by the death of some member of the family, but still we trust that the good hope through grace, which God has given, will cheer their hearts.

THE MESSENGER, by the blessing of God, will continue to be published as heretofore, and we shall continue to need the aid of brethren to extend its circulation and usefulness, by promptly remitting dues and obtaining new subscribers.—M.

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Correspondents will please address me at Opelika, Ala., and not at Butler, Ga. I live eighty miles from Butler.

W. M. MITCHELL.

## THE EXPERIENCE OF A SINNER.

I was kept humble by sickness, and have looked upon it as a grace, for without it I do not know what would have become of me. My trials, though mostly of a natural sort, had a tendency to make me spiritual; and whether I loved the Primitive Baptists or not, I had confidence in them and could hardly have been made to believe in those days that one could knowingly do wrong. But I have found out from my own experience that if left to himself a Primitive Baptist is like Samson with his hair shorn, and has no more strength than any other man.

I had the opportunity and the means during the war to have made great sums of money; for, as I have said, it was given to me to know how the war would end. I knew that the Confederate currency would in any event be worthless, and that slavery would be abolished and our wealth destroyed, and that all that we should have at the end would be such property as represented labor. I knew that cotton would be valuable and of increased value on account of its scarcity, and I had means to have bought thousands of cotton and land, for I had almost unlimited sums of Confederate money at command. But I did not do it; because the knowledge I had was given me as a trust that should not inure to my own pecuniary benefit, nor be used to the detriment of others. Like David in the wilderness, who was not allowed to harm the flock of even the churl Nabal, but rather was made to protect it, so I was not allowed to get rich and build up on the downfall of others. Christ was poor, but could have made millions of money and could teach us to make it, to know where the diamond lies hidden and where the vein of gold is, and if it were for our good he would do it. The apostles were poor, but they could have made millions of money from the knowledge they had, by raising the dead and curing the sick and blind; but they did not use the knowledge God had given them for such unholy purposes; but on the contrary, with all the knowledge and power they had, they went in suffering and poverty all their days.

This is Christ's teaching or doctrine just as much as election and predestination are, and in this age of covetousness should as much command our solemn consid-

eration. If any age in the past history of mankind was ever more given to greed after money than this age, it was an age of gross darkness indeed and one most awfully forsaken of God. I have before me a lecture of a very learned and able man, John Brisben Walker, titled *The Church and Poverty*, in which he tells of a very rich orthodox New England Christian (!) who said to a newspaper reporter on the completion of a large work out of which he is said to have made millions: "We have been peculiarly favored by Divine Providence; iron was never so cheap before, and *labor* has been a drug in the market." That so-called Christian presuming to say that God had conspired with him in getting the labor of the poor at such starvation rates for the purpose of making him rich! In the middle ages when the Roman Catholic church dominated the world, he says the bishops chanted songs of praise to God for the victorious return of mailed thieves from expeditions of plunder, arson and murder. And in this age, when wealth combines to plunder the poor and reduce their wages so low that they can hardly rear their children respectably and above want, shall Christians engaged in such plunder and oppression dare to say that they have been favored in it by Divine Providence?

But what remedy have God's poor people against this oppression of wealth? Shall they combine with alliances against them, and do themselves what they condemn others for doing? We should hear what God the Lord speaks, and he says my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. (Jas. ii.) Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. "If thou seest the oppression of the poor and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province; marvel not at the matter, for he that is higher than the highest regardeth."—Ecc. v. None of these things can come without God's permission, and he will permit nothing save that which shall work in the long run for the good of his people. I have no doubt but that I was covetous, and it is a sore plague. I believe I was, because this scripture was impressed upon my mind for years, "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth and smote him;" I felt that it applied to me personally and

I desired to be freed from it, for it was a captivity from which I could not free myself; and it is at times a bondage to this day almost as sore as the bondage was to the Jews in Egypt. But I was comforted in the latter part of the sentence, "I have seen his ways and will heal him."—Isa. lvii. I hoped that God would be merciful to my unrighteousness, and that is my hope now. It is a sore disease, and Christians afflicted with covetousness can be but sickly Christians, and steeped in sleep almost as one steeped in alcohol. But I was always liberal with my money when I had it, to the poor, and especially to ministers. And if I have become poorer for Christ's sake it is well; but that it is for Christ's sake I do not know, in fact I doubt it very much. One friend told me one day when I had been saying that what I had was the Lord's and to be used as his word directed, and when I had been giving something to one perhaps unworthy of it, he said, "You see if the devil's children don't get some of the Lord's money that you have got." And I reckon people did impose on me, but I cast it upon the waters and am content to leave it as it is. I had a struggle of course to keep the trust committed to me; I had strong temptations to make money when I could make it so easy. One day a large investment was offered me of over thirty thousand dollars, and I desired to make it; I tried to pretend to myself that I ought to do it for my poor kin and poor brethren; and I counseled with some brethren about it, and they encouraged me in it, not seeing anything wrong in it. But I did not feel right about it, for there was something in me that seemed to forbid it. But I counseled with brethren as we do when we desire to do something that we feel like we ought not to do; as a minister might advise with his brethren about going to the Legislature, and in heart felt like he ought not to do it, but wanted them to encourage him to do it; and generally he gets what he wants; they tell him to "go up and prosper;" that we ought to have good men to make laws for us, and all that sort of carnal talk, and thus they may be separated from the service of the churches and made eunuchs in the palace of the king of Babylon. I thought about it and prayed about it, as if trying to get the Lord to consent to my covetousness. It is

almost a wonder that I was not smitten to death; but instead, the Lord showed me the right way about it; for with a desire to know I opened the Bible for instruction, and this scripture was given me with power, "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men servants, and maid servants?"—2 Kings v. I felt delivered and as if I had escaped from a snare. Remembering these mercies in the past, I am made to hope that I may be a Christian after all; for would the Lord have shown me these things and then kill me or destroy me in the last day?

It was in those days, about '61, I think, that the Lord led me into some little understanding of the Book of Ruth, as I have sometimes hoped. This verse in the third chapter was going at intervals through my mind for a week before our regular meeting at Phillippi: "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day." It came and went as one intently engaged at work in laying off, say, a straight line, or carefully smoothing a plank, would at the same time, almost unconsciously, repeat a line of poetry, or hum a song. It left no impression on my mind, save that I knew it had come and gone, and returned again, and again, and went again, and again. I did not meditate upon it, and saw no sense in it. When meeting day came, Eld. Murray asked me if I would preach, saying, Have you any Scripture on your mind? and as I began to say no, "Sit still my daughter, etc.," came darting, so to speak, to my mind.

And I arose with great fear and trembling to speak in the name of the Lord. I was certainly before the Lord as an "empty blank," for I knew not one word to say. But I read the text, and began to speak, and thoughts and words came rushing out of my heart that I had never dreamed were in me. My mind was illuminated, and my heart was filled with love to God and confidence in his word and purpose. It seemed strange to me that the brethren and sisters, and even the weakest of them knew the truth, that I was preaching as I uttered it, for I thought it was brand new, and I had found it out first; but I saw that they had understood it before I had. I did not speak as if uncertain of its

being true, but felt assured as our father Jacob did, when he carried the savory meat in to his father, Isaac, who, asking him how he got it so quickly, replied: "Because the Lord thy God brought it." So I felt assured that the Lord had brought it to me. It was an experience to me, and in those days when a sermon was given me in that way I could afterwards write it out pretty much as I had preached it. And what few sermons I have preached in my ministry of now over thirty years, have been given me more or less in that way; for, though I have read the Scriptures a great deal, and in those days I read scarcely anything else of a religious sort, lest my faith should stand in the wisdom of man and not in the power of God, I have never studied up a sermon to preach. But I think there is danger in relying at all times upon everything that may come to us in that way, because we may be impressed by a spirit that is not of God; and, therefore, what we preach should always be tested by the Word of God. And thus God was beginning to answer my prayer to him to teach me the truth, and whether the Primitive Baptists were his people or not; and he has so led me and taught me, if I am not deceived, that it is as much a part of my experience that the Primitive Baptists are his true people, and that the doctrine they believe is God's truth, as that I am a Christian; so that I am assured that if their doctrine is not true that I am not a Christian. And, therefore, I have by grace held on my way and have grown stronger and stronger in belief of the truth, and can believe nothing else but what they teach.—R.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS OF MARY PARKER

BY ELD. S. H. DURAND AND HIS SISTER BESSIE,

Is now out and ready for delivery. I have not yet seen a copy, and will speak further of it when I do. Address for a copy Eld. S. H. Durand, Southampton, Buck county, Pa., sending \$1, and it will be a good work to buy it.—R.

## MERCY DEERING.

This is a well written book by Eld. D. Bartley, 77 East Walnut street, Indianapolis, Ind. Eld. Bartley has shown much research and thought, as well as learning, in this book; and it is written in pure and simple English, and can be easily understood by the most unlearned reader. I think it will be helpful, especially to those inclined to skepticism. It is true that it does not dissolve all doubts, for nothing short of divine revelation can do that, but it will be found helpful. See advertisement.—R.

## EXTRACTS.

BLOOMING GROVE, TEX., August 23, 1891.—*Brethren Editors of the very dear Messenger*: I would love this morning, if the will of God, to pen you a few lines in his spirit, but I am not gifted with the pen or I would give you some of my travails. I am just in receipt of the September number of the MESSENGER and have read and re-read a good portion of it, and I have only to say as Nicodemus said unto the Saviour: "Thou art a teacher from God, for no man can do the miracles that thou doest except God be with him." Owing to circumstances by which I am surrounded I am at home to-day and not meeting with the Pilgrim's Rest Association at Zion's Rest Church, of which I am a member. I never yet have been blessed with the privilege of assembling with the Primitive Baptists at an Association since I was received among them on Saturday before the third Sunday in May, 1887. Dear brethren by the tie, I humbly trust of the Lord, I am exceedingly glad that the Lord has just such men on the earth, men who live at the feet of Jesus and clothed and in their right mind; valiant soldiers of the cross of Christ who have hazarded their lives for Christ's sake. Dear brethren, did you know that while you are dying for the gospel's sake, that many of the saints are living on your labor of love? My heart's desire and prayer to God is that I may be fit meat for the Master's use to the honor and glory of God. I have had a desire for a long time to visit the brotherhood generally, but I feel so little in the cause that I fear if I were to go it would be a burden upon the Lord's people instead of imparting to them some spiritual gift. Moreover, I labor hard nearly all the time and havn't for years obtained unto a living for my family of a wife and six children. At times this vain world's store loses its charms with me, and I find myself in mind among the dear saints elsewhere. Brethren, I have thought on this matter a great deal, and sometimes am

fearful it is not of the Lord, or he would open unto me as he did to Paul. But I do feel at times that it would be my chiefest delight to be consecrated entirely unto his great name.

Dear saints, with dimmed eyes I would fain lose sight of all things else save the name of Christ for your sakes, and admonish you to more and more abound in that grace which ye have received; and now remember the exhortation of the apostle, that for the space of three years I have not ceased to warn you day and night.

Thank the Lord for his indulgent hand over me while in the meshes of Babylon, where I neither could stay nor go to my beloved until famine pinched me sore. But one thing now grieves me sore. After that I was bid of the Lord, I humbly trust, to go and tell my friends what great things he had done for me whereof I was glad; and that is I do, it seems unto me, exhibit the least of the fruits of righteousness since I have got home that a child could exhibit, and yet I can exclaim with Ruth, your God shall be my God, and where thou dwellest I will dwell.

Yours in love,

STEPHEN YATES.

WALNUT GROVE, MISS, Oct. 26, 1891.—*Dear Bro. in the Lord:* I have felt for some time to write you a few lines to try to express the love I have for you. I have found so much comfort from reading your articles in THE MESSENGER, and also Naaman, the Syrian. They have no lack nor nothing over. I do believe you preach and teach the doctrine that our blessed Saviour taught while he was here, and that is the doctrine that keeps time in existence. I have not been a reader of THE MESSENGER long, but I say that I never have read one of your articles but what my heart swelled with overflowing raptures of delight. I feel like I was visited with the day spring from on high. My dear brother, I feel like you have strengthened the weak hands and confirmed the feeble knees.

Dear brother, you mention your feeling of unworthiness; that you could see no beauty in yourself. Remember, dear brother, that no man taketh the honor unto himself. Remember the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.

Dear brother, I received a hope in Christ in my seventeenth year, and was received in the church at Antioch (Scott county, Miss.) I have been an invalid ever since, and do not have the pleasure of being with the dear people of God; but I do not deserve that much pleasure in this life. But if I know my heart it is my desire to be in company with them, and hear them talk or read the word of our blessed Saviour. I feel that we are hedged in all around with various kinds of doctrines, pouring out floods, trying to drown the child; but I hope the good Lord has strengthened us through THE MESSENGER, that we may be able to stand

against the wiles of the devil. Mixtures of joy and sorrows I daily do pass through. We are strangers in the flesh, but I hope not in the spirit. I was twenty-nine years old this past September. Your little sister in hope of eternal life.

SALENA A. USRY.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., October 9, 1891.—The one hundredth and twenty-sixth annual session of the Kehukee Primitive Baptist Association was held on the 3d, 4th and 5th of this month with the Great Swamp church, near Greenville, Pitt county, N. C. Out of forty churches thirty-five were represented, and all were in peace, love and fellowship, and all the deliberations of the Association were perfectly harmonious. We were blessed of the Lord with fine weather, good order, and excellent preaching. Thirty ministers were present, including nine from other Associations. The Kehukee corresponds with twenty-six sister Associations. Seventy-two members were added by baptism during the past year, and the whole number of members is 1773. It was estimated that three or four thousand persons were present on Sunday. Trading and money-making of all kinds are strictly forbidden on or near the grounds occupied by the Association. I delivered the introductory discourse from Luke xviii, 8, "When the son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Elds. Andrew J. Moore and D. A. Mewborn, of the Toisnot Association, preached the same afternoon. Elds. Gold, Chick and Hardy preached on Sunday, and Elds. Adams, Gardner and Wooten on Monday. The Kehukee Association, the oldest Primitive Baptist Association in the world, stands squarely and uncompromisingly on the platform of the Holy Scriptures as expounded in the old London Baptist Confession of Faith of 1689, and utterly discards all the new religious inventions and innovations of men. We propose, *by the grace of God*, to continue to walk in the good old paths of the Baptist fathers, the prophets and apostles, and to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. The aberrations, confusions and divisions of many whom we have called our brethren, but confirm and establish us the more in the faith of God's elect. For this wonderful blessing we would render all the praise to the God of our salvation. Our next session is to be held, if the Lord will, with the church at Conetoe, Edgecombe county, North Carolina. Yours in love,

SYLVESTER HASSELL.

BLANCO, TEX., Oct. 7, 1891.—*Bro. Respass*: With your consent and approval I wish to address briefly my brethren whom I met on my recent visit to Tennessee, my native home. As I write alone from memory, I don't expect to be explicit as to details or names of brethren. On the 4th of August last, in company with my esteemed brother, McAdams, I started for Dechard, Tenn., where we arrived on the night of the 7th, and on Sunday follow-

ing attended meeting at the church where my membership had been for many years. We both tried to preach to a very attentive and, seemingly, interested audience, but as I felt much impressed with incidents of the past, failed, as I think, to speak either to the interest or edification of those present. Bro. McAdams, however, seemed to speak with much warmth of feeling, and we had a good meeting. On the ensuing Friday morning we took the train at Decherd to go to the Sequatchey Valley Association, in Jackson county, Ala. On entering the car we met our much esteemed brethren and true-yoke fellows, Brethren Frost, Woods, Woodfin and McLane on their way to said Association. There I met with many old acquaintances, friends and brethren, of the latter, our much esteemed brethren of the ministry, to-wit: J. R. Respass, of Butler, Ga.; A. J. Willis and J. P. Ivy. The preaching at this Association, in the main, seemed harmonious, yet, it seems there were exceptions to some points made by the writer by Bro. McLane, for which he, I have no doubt, thought himself entirely justifiable, as the points to which he excepted may have been very obscurely stated and explained so that he did not fully understand me, for with very slight exceptions I indorsed all he said in his discourse. I often say things when trying to preach of which, on mature thought afterwards I am ashamed, and so it was on this occasion. At the close of this Association, Bro. McAdams left for Birmingham, Ala., and in company with Brethren Woods, Frost, Woodfin and Willis, I went to South Pittsburg, Tenn., where the brethren had preaching three days and nights, but as the heat was very oppressive, and I did not feel very well, nor had for several days, I did not attend their night meetings. Here I tried to preach one day only. From this place I visited at their respective homes, my two aged and esteemed brethren, T. E. Douthit and S. Beene. After remaining here several days, I returned to Decherd in company with my daughter, Eliza Willis, and some of her children, and on the fifth Sunday and Saturday before I, according to promise, tried to preach at my old church, and it then, and yet, seems that the Lord did wonderfully bless poor, unworthy me on Sunday of that meeting, so much so that I seemed to be so entirely freed from earth and the flesh, that with the inspired apostle, I seemed to be caught up to the third heaven. It was to me the greatest feast of my life while trying to preach. We had a good meeting. On the fourth Sunday of September I tried to preach again at the same place, but seemed to be wanting in everything in light, or insight in liberty of speech and unction of the Spirit. In view of my deadness and imbecility on this occasion, how forcibly I was impressed with these declarations of holy writ, The Lord will be sanctified of those that approach or come nigh him, and that man in his best estate is altogether vanity.

On the first Sunday and Saturday before in September, in connection with Bro Woodfin, their present and much appreciated pastor, I attended the Elk River church, which, in much meekness,

I tried to serve for over thirty years. Here I met with the cordial greeting of the brethren of this, I suppose, the oldest church in Elk River Association; but being unwell and feeling rather disconsolate in view of the absence of some of my almost life-long and intimate friends and esteemed brethren, T. M. and W. L. Wilkinson, and dear old Sister Willis, of this church, that I was not in much frame of mind to preach, especially on Sunday, but wished to speak a few words to the people, which I did, though in much weakness, after which Bro. Woodfin preached. On Friday before the second Sunday in September, in company with Bro. Cleburn Woods, who conveyed me and James Walker, of Wagner Creek church, I set out for Elk River Association, and on next morning arrived at the place appointed for its sitting, where I met, after five years' absence, many of my intimate and highly esteemed brethren of this, and some brethren of other Associations, and as I had been meeting yearly with these brethren for over thirty years, our meeting on this occasion was very pleasant. In this connection I wish to say of those precious brethren that as to the faith and order of the gospel, for candor, for generosity, for liberality and freedom from bigotry and intolerance, in a word, as to all the social virtues, including the golden virtue of Christian forbearance, this Elk River Association is not excelled, perhaps, by any body of Baptists anywhere. So, that when I am among those brethren, although on some points I differ with some of them, yet I feel at liberty and like I am at home when among them, and can but feel grateful for their kindness and Christian forbearance. Here I met several preaching brethren I had met before, but as I don't remember the names of all, will not give any of them. I tried to preach here but once. The preaching was, in my view of it, with very slight and indifferent exceptions, harmonious. We had a good meeting, and one long to be remembered by me. I left here with the promise that if I could make suitable arrangements, I would move back among my brethren of Tennessee to spend my few remaining days on earth, but whether Divine Providence so orders it or not, I expect to ever have you all in grateful remembrance. On the third Sunday and Saturday before I attended and tried to preach to a few brethren at Bethlehem church, in Bedford county, Tenn., we had a pleasant interview, at least to me. Having heard of the very ill-health of my dear and aged Bro. Holman, on my return from Bedford county, I took the train for Fayetteville to see him, and found him better, though still in very feeble health. Our dear and highly esteemed brother has been engaged in the Christian warfare over sixty years. May the Lord, as heretofore, continue to sustain him, and enable him as he nears his approaching end to realize not only that the time of his departure is at hand, but may he also have the assurance that he is ready to be offered, that he has fought a good fight, that he has kept the faith, and that henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will

give him in that day. On Tuesday, the 29th of September, I left Decherd for my home in Texas, where I arrived the following Saturday, October 3, and found all well, for which I desire to be thankful.

Now, Brother Respass, in response to the requests of brethren, I have prepared this imperfect sketch which I send you for publication, if you like. In doing so you will doubtless oblige many of your readers, and also your unworthy brother, I hope, in gospel bonds.

JAMES WAGNER.

P. S.—Your visit to the Sequatchey Valley Association was very much appreciated by your brethren. J. W.

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## OBITUARIES.

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### S. D. BROWN,

Son of George W. and Eliza Brown, *nee* Givens, was born in Pantococ county, Mississippi, August 24, 1838. (His parents came to Texas in an early day for Texas.) He grew up to manhood, and in 1861 enlisted in Captain J. C. Oldham's company, to share the fate of the Confederate States, and soon found himself in Gen. Walker's famous division. As a soldier he performed his duty well, participating in the battle of Mansfield, La., and other active engagements. On January 24, 1867, he was joined to Miss Julia A. Adams (daughter of Dr. T. J. Adams and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Adams, *nee* Oldham) in marriage, from which union were born three sons and six daughters, of whom two sons and one daughter preceded him to the grave. He settled eleven miles north of Palestine, Anderson county, Texas. His wife soon became a member of the church at Holly Spring, and while Mr. Brown (or Sam, as he was familiarly called) labored industriously for the maintenance of his family, he always remembered his companion in her church relationship, and appeared a husband "fit in the Lord" to all who became acquainted with him, and though he never united with the church, there was nothing lacking on his part to receive and encourage the ministry and others who were truly identified with the Primitive Baptists. His residence with all the surrounding benefits of his farm, was open to the comfort of the Old Order of Baptists, especially the aged ministry, as Elder B. Young who yet lives, can truly testify, and could the late and lamented Elder Thomas Roscoe speak from Paradise he could give us a volume of testimony to the careful treatment he received at the hands of "Sam Brown," together with his beloved companion and our sister, Julia Brown. But the best of all, Sam gave us many evidences that he had been with Jesus, and one can't think that all these evidences of love and kindness toward the Old Baptists were prompted by simple humanity, but were deeply settled and grounded in the grace of God, and many, very many were the evidences manifested by him while under the ministry of the word by those servants of God in and about whom he had so much concern that God was in him of a truth. Soon after his decease, Elder L. T. Roden, then a licentiate, wrote me thus: "That even under my poor stammering tongue while trying to preach, Mr. Brown would fill to overflowing, the large tears trickling down his cheeks, while he gave by look and actions unmistakable evidences that the grace of God was in him." We would say to all that Sam was a dear lover of the Old Baptists, and nothing but a feeling of unworthiness and a fearfulness that he might in an evil hour dishonor the cause kept him away, as many

others than myself have had many proofs which cannot be criticized or doubted, notwithstanding the deception which was attempted to be practiced on some of his children to decoy them to Babylon. Mr. Brown was not only kind toward the church he so dearly loved, but to all with whom he had to do. Ever ready to condemn vain religion and all manner of falsehood and wrong doing, yet none more ready to forgive a returning penitent. His sense of honor and good order in all the relations of life could not be excelled. His manifest interest and untiring zeal for the education of the poor children of his community has not been surpassed. His good sound citizenship is well established in the minds of all his acquaintances. But this good man must die. The summons came on April 7, 1891, after an illness with typhoid pneumonia for nine days. His physician, Dr. P. Poyner, and three other physicians, viz: Drs. T. J. Adams, — Link, of Palestine, and Sartor, applied their skill, but to no purpose. He also had the kind offer of many loving, helping hands, but God had summoned him to a healthier and happier clime, and we must part for a short time with one of our dearest friends, while sister Brown must be bereft of a faithful and affectionate husband and her children of a loving and devoted father. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope, and we would say to the broken-hearted, Look up! He who has called your husband and father to Paradise is a Father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. He will never forsake nor fail you. Trust in Him whose arm is strength. He will save you, and just a little while and we shall likewise pass over the river to rest with him under the shade of the trees. O, may the good Lord abundantly bless our sister Brown and her children, that they may be resigned to His will in this and all other dispensations of His providence, and save them all with an everlasting salvation, is the prayer of the unworthy writer.

J. S. COLLINS.

#### HETTIE VICTORIA JACKSON.

Little HETTIE was born the 18th of July, 1886, and departed this life June 30th, 1890, having been sick four weeks. She was a dutiful child, never giving any trouble. It was hard to give her up, but seeing her suffer so much I became resigned to the will of God to let her depart and be with Jesus, believing that she is better off, and where pain and suffering can never enter. We would not wish her back here in this world of sin and death, and that our loss is her gain. I was made to say, Blessed be the name of our heavenly father; the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be his name. The day following her death she was buried amid a number of relatives and friends, when appropriate remarks were made and prayer offered by Eld. J. H. Cook, and there left to await the resurrection, when we hope to be reunited with all the redeemed of the Lord.

J. R. JACKSON.

*Riverdale, Ga.*

#### BENJAMIN PIPPIN.

My dear brother BENJAMIN, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pippin, passed quietly away September 19, 1891, forty-one years of age. He was taken with measles and then typhoid fever, and for five days he suffered untold agonies. He said during his illness that he saw heaven and Christ. He said to his uncle, Lump Haygood, I want my funeral preached first Sunday in October, by Eld. Wilde Cleveland, and for his obituary to be in THE GOSPEL MESSENGER. For eighteen years past he had professed a hope in Christ, yet he had never offered himself to the church. From his infancy he has always been afflicted, both mentally and physically, yet he was a good, moral boy. He did so often call for sister Fannie and brother Ikey (who have gone to the far West); said he was going home, and wanted them to meet him there. He said to

mamma, You will miss me; then he said to me: Lizzie, cooking don't bother me now. His last words were to sister Lula, I see Christ just as plain as I do you.

It was hard to give him up, but we must bow in submission to God's will, for he knoweth best. We have the assurance of his dying testimony, that he is now resting with the pale sleepers of the silent city.

He leaves a father, mother, two brothers, three sisters and many relatives. He would say that he was strong in the faith, and rejoiced in the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. He ever acknowledged God as his primal source of enjoyment. All his thoughts, up to the hour of his death, seemed to be celestial, constantly marching onward to the realms of bliss ineffable.

LIZZIE PIPPIN.

#### W. H. BERRY.

We regret the death of our relation, W. H. BERRY. He died at the residence of his grandfather, W. M. Milner, which has been his home ever since a small boy, when his father died. He was the oldest of three sons of Mrs. Emily Berry, and grandson of the departed Eld. Elja Berry. He was born November 10, 1870, and died July 20, 1891.

Willie was a young man of promise, and his death is mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. Being in his twenty-first year, he was pressing forward with great energy, that he might gather the fruits of industry. As a son, he was very respectful, devoted and obedient; as a brother, kind hearted and instructive; as a friend, he was reliant, confiding and true.

He being perfectly moral, was never known to use a vain word. His fondness of children seemed natural to gain their affections. Willie, after bearing his much suffering for about five months with patience that excited the admiration of each one that saw him, seemed to pass away with ease. He, at his surprise, about two hours before his last, was warned of his death. Without any excitement he immediately began to talk of his Saviour and future home. He then called for his two brothers and talked to them. "Jim, I want you and Jack to take good care of ma; stay right with her and take care of her so long as she lives, and commence now while young and do better; live right; don't go out into wild company; keep that right path and try to prepare to meet ma in heaven. I want you all to go to heaven. Jim, don't you and Jack waste your time grieving about me. I hope I'll go to a better world, for my life here has been very short, and with few pleasures. Jim, I want you and Jack to take good care of grandpa so long as he lives. You must all be good to grandpa; respect the old."

"He informed his mother thus: Ma, it matters not where you bury me; anywhere that suits you will do me, but I want you to be buried on one side and Jim and Jack on the other side. Don't spend all you have to bury me, but save it for your own comfort. There is nothing but heaven that will do me any good now. Oh, if I could but know I am prepared I could die so happy. If I could call back these twenty-one years I would try to live better, and try to pay ma for all she has done for me. Jim, you pay the debt that I owe ma."

"Oh, if God would but spare my life even one more day, so that I could talk more. I want to talk to all the boys. I wish I could see uncle Geo. St. Clair's children; I want to talk to all of them." (They are his cousins, with whom he almost daily associated). They all came to his bedside, and he at once began to talk thus:

"Rice, you are very young, just started out in life, and you commence now, be a good boy, live right, keep the right path, and try to meet me in heaven."

He talked in like manner to each one, taking one by one, and coming to the oldest, said: "Henry, you are all boys, and you are the oldest;

you commence now while young and do better; try to live right and set good examples, so that the rest may follow you. Follow your father and mother, keep the right path, and try to meet me in heaven."

Some of his friends being present he advised them likewise. His voice was now growing very faint, hardly above a whisper, and he said: "I am dying now; I am breathing very short. Jim, you and Jack remember what I have told you. Ma, if they don't remember it you make them remember it, but I hope they will remember it without making."

He then passed into eternity, leaving good evidence that he has gone to that rest where all the people of God will some day meet, rejoice together and sing the same sweet song.

A FRIEND.

#### MAHALA CROUCH.

Sister MAHALA CROUCH, wife of Bro. George W. Crouch, departed this life September 6, 1891, and was about sixty-nine years old at the time of her death. She was a Miss Cummings, daughter of B. S. and M. Cummings, and was born in Putnam county, Georgia, in 1822, and married to Bro. Crouch in November, 1854. She joined the Primitive Baptist church at Mount Moriah, in August, 1871, and was baptized by Eld. Nathan Bussey. Sister Crouch was a modest, quiet woman, faithful to all the duties of life, both as a member of the church, wife and mother. She leaves a husband and six children—two daughters and four sons.

She was buried at the family burying ground near her residence, where she died, and was followed to her last resting place on earth by a large number of friends. The writer led in public worship, and spoke from the 15th chapter 1st Corinthians—"Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preach unto you, which also ye have received and wherein ye stand, by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain."

If the testimony on which our belief is founded is the revelation of God, through the spirit, then we are saved from the trouble and error which false teaching produces, or is intended to produce, if we keep in mind what we have heard preached under the lead of the spirit of truth. But if our belief is a fleshly belief, founded in fleshly testimony, or the wisdom of men, it cannot stand against such assaults.

H. BUSSEY.

MR. J. W. LONG—*Dear Nephew and Family, and Brothers and Sisters:* I was greatly shocked to hear the sad news of your mother's death. It is only to us one more evidence that all living must die, and we too must shortly lie down and arise no more here.

If we could be, we ought to be resigned to God's will, who doeth all things right and for our good. For in Adam all die—there is no mistake about this declaration—then can we doubt the next: "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive." So sure as death, so sure the resurrection of the dead. And they that have done good will be raised to life eternal, which ought to be a consolation to all of you children, for if your mother did not do good I don't know where we will ever find one who does. Although she never claimed to do the good that she wished to, having a consciousness of evil present with her, which is a sure evidence she had passed from death in sin to life in Jesus, that enabled her to see her shortcomings and realize in her, that is in her flesh, dwelt no good thing; so when she hears the welcome command to inherit the kingdom of heaven prepared for her from the foundation of the world—for she had administered unto the needs of her Lord and Master, that is when he hungered she fed him, when he was thirsty she gave him drink, sick and in prison, she administered unto him—then all the unworthiness of the poor child of God comes up and the inquiry: When did I ever do anything for my Saviour, much less administered unto him in all the ways he here claims? But the child is informed inasmuch as they have done

it to one of the children of God, you have done it unto me; that is, if you have given a cup of cold water in my name to one of the least of my children, says the Lord, you administer unto him. If your mother has not administered unto the saints, there is no mortal on this earth that I have any knowledge of who has. So then, dear children, don't grieve for her, for she is relieved of all earthly cares and gone home to that kingdom of perfect rest, where sorrowing and sighing will be no more, and not the least ripple of trouble to mar her perpetual peace. Children, can you wish her back here to labor, toil and trouble in this troublesome world? No doubt but you think if you had had warning of her approaching end it would not have hurt you so bad; but I think the Lord was gracious to you all in that he removed her from you without suffering for weeks, or perhaps months, on a bed of affliction. So let us not grieve as those that have no hope, but rather rejoice in that she is gone from our earthly home to her eternal home, exchanging a short home of trouble and distress for eternal joys and bliss.

Why will we mourn for departing friends,  
And grieve at death's alarm.  
When it is the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms?

But when God removes our loved ones from us, sorrow fills our natural mind and we are ready to cry:

When sorrow encompass me round  
And endless distresses I see,  
Astonished, I cry, can a mortal be found  
Surrounded with troubles like me?

But, my dear relatives and friends, it will soon all be over with us; our sorrowing will cease and we, like those gone before, soon forgotten in the paths of life. So let us all try, like your dear old mother, to do all the good we can while here in this world, and especially to the household of faith. Yours truly,

GEO. M. HOLCOMBE.

*Walter, Ala., July 16, 1891.*

#### ELD. J. N. TIPTON.

He was born in Decatur county, Ga., married first a Miss Baker, of Florida, and they lived together about eleven and a half years, at which time they were separated by death, leaving seven children, four of whom are now living and three dead. Next he married a Miss Evans, of Early county, Ga. They lived together twenty years and had seven children, all now living. He departed this life January 21, 1891, about fifty-eight years old. He joined the Primitive Baptist church in 1879, and was baptized by J. T. Everett, at Olive Grove church, in his native county and State.

His youthful training was under the Free Will Baptist discipline, a religion that he persistently tried to believe, but when his eyes had been opened, as it were, by revelation, he saw plainly, as set forth in the Scriptures, that none could come unto the Saviour except the Father draw them. He then was ordained and called to the care of Olive Grove church, where he ably expounded the Scriptures to his hearers for about ten years prior to his death. He died with chronic inflammation of the stomach. He had been a sufferer from this disease for many years, and bore his afflictions with untiring patience. His mind grew faint pertaining to things of this world before his parting hour, but the great Jehovah he never forgot, constantly asking his mercy and protection on his dear household, at the same time asking forgiveness in behalf of those by whom he had been sorely persecuted without a cause.

His family and relatives have our deepest sympathies in the loss of such a noble father and husband.

J. D. CHARUN, M. D

## MRS. LELAR D. LAIRD

Died at her home in Falls county, Texas, July 12, 1891. She left a little babe a few days old, and in a short time it fell asleep in Jesus. Mrs. LELAR LAIRD was born in Lowndes county, Ala., July 27, 1847, and moved from there to Butler county, Ala., from there to Covington county, Ala., where Bro. E. Laird and Miss Lelar Gilcrist were united in marriage April 14, 1867. From there they moved to Falls county, Texas. She received a hope in Christ in 1866, was received in the Methodist church, and from some cause failed to receive baptism by them. After visiting the Baptist a few times and hearing the writer try in his weakness to tell the dealings of the Lord with his people, she confessed to her husband "If there was a church on earth it was the Primitive Baptist." Her spiritual mind was called back to 1866 to view the dealings of the Lord with her; the same loving kindness she could witness in the Lord's people, being taught by the Spirit of God; she could confess the Lord's people. She left five children to mourn the loss of their dear mother. May the Lord call their minds back to 1866 to view the dealings of the Lord with their dear mother again to the calling of her into that world of bliss, and that they sooner or later will have to depart this life, prepared or unprepared. May the Lord unite in one spirit of love the family to that into praise and glorify God. The dear father in his bereaved state, may the Lord comfort him in the silent moments of trouble, that his affection may be fixed in the heavens above, where we hope his loving mate's spirit dwelleth.

*Bremond, Texas.*

L. J. GRESHAM.

## MRS. AMANDA HINDMAN.

Knowing your interest in Primitive Baptists of every clime, the desire to write you of the death of my mother, Mrs. AMANDA HINDMAN, which took place on the 6th instant, has been with me since the, to me, sad event. She was a devoted reader of the MESSENGER, and after her health began to decline and she could not attend church, she lived upon the spiritual food the MESSENGER afforded her. She was wholly unconscious for six days, and did not realize that the end was so near, but she had frequently told us before her final illness that her days were numbered and the end was not far away.

Pardon me; I do not wish to bore you with a long letter. I am not entirely unselfish, however, in writing it, for I would beseechingly claim a remembrance in your prayers. Very respectfully,

*Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 28, 1891.*

JULIA HINDMAN.

## WILLIE ROBERTSON.

Died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Robertson, on October 28, 1890. little Willie, their first born, aged ten months and twenty days, of inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The sweet child was a great sufferer for four months, but seemed to be improving up to about four days before his death, when he suddenly grew worse. All was done that could be to alleviate his sufferings by kind parents, relatives and friends, but none could stay our Father's summons; he calls and we must go. We miss our darling, but believe he is with the blessed. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." May we all live so when death comes we may be received in the arms of our Saviour, where there will be no sickness, sorrow, pain or death.

From one who dearly loved him.













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