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Free Will Baptist Advocate.

June 18, 1874

E. R. ELLIS, Editor and Proprietor.

Published in the Interest of the Original Free Will Baptist Church.

Published Weekly, at \$2.00 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. 1.

FREMONT, NORTH CAROLINA

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1874.

NO. 16

THINKING OF THEE.

Twilight lights
 And
 I
 The
 When
 And sat up
 For I'm thinking, yes, I'm thinking,
 Dear mother now of thee.

How in the day of helplessness,
 You taught my feet to walk,
 And how you smiled about me,
 And learned my tongue to talk;
 Such thoughts as these come thronging
 In my mind.

Upon my memory,
 For I'm thinking, yes, I'm thinking,
 Dear mother now of thee.

How like a guardian angel,
 You pointed me the way
 That leads to peace and happiness
 In the eternal day;
 Oh how can I unheed these scenes,
 Such kindness shown to me,
 For I'm thinking, yes, I'm thinking,
 Dear mother now of thee.

Though thou art dead and in that land,
 Vast as eternity,
 Yet to thy counsel wise and true
 O, let me faithful be!
 And when my pilgrimage is o'er
 I hope thy form to see,
 For I'm thinking, yes, I'm thinking,
 Dear mother now of thee.

KATIE'S BLESSING.

Katie had never been in the habit of eating, or of seeing the family partake of food—at the table—till after a blessing had been asked upon it. One day her papa was absent from the evening meal; a number had gathered around the table, and among the rest was Katie seated in her little high chair. Close beside her sat a dear old friend, a man who had passed the allotted age of human life, but who was still living without a hope of eternal life.

After all were seated, there was a moment's lull, as if we waited for something, and then one after another began to make preparation to eat, when Katie, who saw the movement with a perplexed and serious face, cried out: "Who is going to pray? Somebody must say the blessing."

"Can't you pray, Katie?" said the gray-haired man, who was feeling rebuked by the child. Only a moment, and she folded, the blue

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

Found in an attic from Itonium; after the Blessed was admitted from the Holy Jew; original Cuba's letter; and around a Cross, and a scapular; written and enclosed in a letter which he that shall turn me over to all people that saw it prayed earnestly and desired he would make known to them the meaning of this writing, that they might not attempt in vain to turn it over. In the mean time, there came a Child, about 6 or 7 years old, and turned it over without help, to the admiration of all the people that stood by; and under this stone was found a Letter written by Jesus Christ, which was carried to the City of Itonium and published by a person belonging to the Cuba's family. On the letter was written, the Commandment of Jesus Christ, signed by the Angel Gabriel, 98 years after our Saviour's birth. To which is added King Agbarus' Letter to our Saviour, and our Saviour's answer. Also his Miracles.

COPY OF THE LETTER.

Whoever worketh on the Sabbath Day shall be cursed. I command you to go to the church and keep the Lord's Day Holy, without doing any manner of work; you shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourself with superfluities of costly apparel and vain dress, for I have ordained in a day of rest, that you shall keep holy, that your sins may be forgiven you. You shall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them, written with my own hand, and written in your heart, and steadily observe this was written with my own hand, and spoken with my own mouth.

You shall not only go to church yourselves, but also your man-servants and maid-servants, and observe my words, and learn my commandments. You shall finish your labor every Saturday, in the afternoon, by six o'clock, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five Fridays in the year, beginning with Good Friday, and to continue for four Fridays, immediately following in remembrance of the Five Bloody Wounds I received for all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labor in respective vocations wherein it hath pleased GOD to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love, and cease them that are not baptized to come to church and hear the Holy Sacraments, namely the Lord's Supper and the Holy Communion; in which I have placed the keys of life and death, and shall be the reward of obedience, and shall be the punishment of disobedience. He that is given to the poor, shall not be profitable. Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day, for the seventh I have taken to rest myself. He that hath a copy of this Letter, written with my own hand and spoken with my own mouth, and keeps it without publishing it to others, shall not prosper, but be that publisheth it to others, shall be blessed of me, and though his sins be in number as the stars in the sky, and he believes in this, he shall be pardoned; and if he believe not this writing, and my commandments, I will send my plagues upon him, and consume both him and his children, and his cattle; and whoever shall have a copy of this Letter, and keep it in their houses, nothing shall hurt them, nei-

ther Pestilence, or Lightning or Thunder, shall do them any hurt. If a woman be with child and labor, and a copy of this letter be about her, and she firmly puts her trust in me, she shall safely be delivered of her birth. You shall have no news of me, but by the Holy Spirit, until the day of judgment. All godness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this Letter shall be found.

A HUSBAND'S CONFESSION.

"Really, Mrs. Hope," exclaimed a maiden friend to the wife of a journeyman, "I can't make you out at all. Ever since I've come into the house you've smiled, and laughed, and bustled about, as though some old stingy relative had died and left you a lot of money. Is it so?"

"No Alice, isn't; but I'm in spirits for all that—and the happy wife smiled again.

"Then what's put you in such an enviable humor?"

"Well, I don't think I ought to tell you. So far, it's a secret."

This rebuff only increased Alice Paine's desire to be enlightened, so she persevered till her friend Mrs. Hope, promised to satisfy her curiosity.

"The other day," began the wife, "I had to take John's dinner to the office; and you know it's one of those queer old buildings, with a good many ins and outs about it."

"Yes, yes, I know all that, Mrs. Hope," said Alice, impatiently; "but do be quick and tell me the rest."

"And quite by accident, I overheard my husband make a confession to one of the workmen;—

"The wisest thing you can do Harry," I heard John say, "is to get a young woman, and marry her. I was as poor and miserable and at last like a young fellow well could be, before I got my little wife—often without a sixpence when pay-day came, and couldn't tell how the money slipped through my fingers. Like you, I went in for 'pleasure and enjoyment,' but I never remember to have felt the better for it afterwards. In fact, you may take my word for it, Harry, that most of that sort of thing is humbug and selfishness. At least, I find it so, and it's a wonder you haven't before now. Talk about turning 'era free' leaf, keeping steady and saving."

"The only way to do that, Harry," said John, "is to get a good active wife, and to live with all your might, as I do now. Though poor and plain, I'm ashamed to bring anybody into little cell, because I know it's all clean and orderly. Then there's children—God bless 'em!—they warm a man's heart after a long work."

And low cheerfully and sweetly their mother manages to keep things straight and right, and to do about just what she is—one of the best of wives, and a real workman's friend. Get a helpmate, Harry, and depend upon it, if she's of the proper sort, you'll soon be a better, a richer, and a happier man. You may think I'm exaggerating, but I feel more when I can put into words. Good wives are our best and noblest reformers, Harry; and though I never told her so to her own sweet face, mine is worth a little fortune to Jack Hope."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Hope, "it is all true enough. I heard the man remark, 'but where can you find a woman of the same pattern?' They're rather scarce nowadays."

"I didn't hear what answer my husband made for just then the door near which I had been standing, and which I had been standing, and which stood a little ajar, was suddenly wide open, and I walked into the place as though I hadn't heard a word. On seeing me they both laughed, but I didn't appear to know anything of their conversation."

"And is that all?" asked Alice Paine.

"Yes; and if you'd felt as I have many a time," replied Mrs. Hope, "you would know that it was quite enough

to heart with gladness. At my husband doesn't talk much, but I know how that he is, and is made me feel that I could do anything for my dear John and our little home."

"Well, if I ever get a husband, Mrs. Hope," said Alice, "I'll be sure to serve him as you do."

"I'll be sure to serve him as you do," said Alice, "I'll be sure to serve him as you do."

TO PARENTS.

It naturally requires for the welfare of future years, and when I know throbs with love shall be cold in death, are laid, and many days anxious solicitude are living ways and means children prosperous and are wise in provisions which to make for their children; they always seek direction and counsel of God in this matter. The best inheritance for children is a good education, good and virtuous habits, and justice to the great human family. This is the best inheritance for children and which all parents should be anxious to lay up for them.

Let an unwise parent work hard, as if he were to live all his life, for the sake of leaving enough to give his children a good education, and to call a young man, what with his relatives, is like trying to carry water in a sieve; for he will lose his bladder and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will need the bladders.

Give your children a sound education, so that their morals are pure, and cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws of a good government, and you will have what will be more valuable than the dith of the Indies. You have in a man which no misfortune can take away. The earlier you depend upon his own and the blessing of God, for him.

SHADOWS.

but realize, sometimes, quietly smoking my some of us mortals go with shadows following us. Shadows of the dead half recognize and are reborn by some passing stranger. Some of the living who have shared the illness of our heart's best friends, who come no more to us. All gone—the great writer of Shadows quietly stealing and your chest when the reverse being twilight follows the corners of your eventual life; on you feel the gentle touch of a visible guest on the shoulder, and extended round your neck and hand, and you may do hard way to live a voice in the Shadows falling across the which you write dollars and Shadows that linger for your on the first respite from business when the laughter and merriment of a joyful hour has died away. Shadow, lingering all, you to hover over you, and the night like angel watch you wake at dawn of night, and the shadow of some dear old fellow appears in the dark-background, and you're sure for a more comfortable resting and till sleep with your companion's happiest smile upon your mind. Shadows, not hinders! Love shadows, that go to make the story of who and what we are, of who have been, and what we may be. Shadows—our identity.

ALL SORTS.

—He lives eternally.

—Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

—The oldest organ in this country is at St. John's Church, Portsmouth, N. H. It was imported to Chapel in 1715.

—Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of New York, has a pair of shoes on his feet for more than 12 years. She has 6 children, neither of them know a letter in the book. She never had a Bible nor any kind of book in her house in her life.—Asheville (N. C.) Epitaph.

—Abi Robbins, an honest old farmer of Randolph county, raised and educated at College, seven sons, all young men of talent, industry and integrity. Five were slain in battle during the late war, and the remaining two, Hon. Wm. M. Robbins and Hon. Frank Robbins, were married for life. Hon. Wm. M. is now in Congress and has won golden opinions, from friend and foe, by his bold oratory and fearless course.—Crescent.

—The Public debt, according to the statement just published, was reduced during the last month \$4,156,838. This is not equal to the monthly interest.

It is gratifying to know that there is a decrease of the debt, and that the Treasury Department is in a position to use spare funds for that purpose. The Treasury has recovered from the shock, as we hope the country, has in a great measure.

A BUSY MAN.—That young Christian and deservedly popular young man, William W. Harding, of Philadelphia, runs two newspapers, the Register and Evening Telegram, a Bible and album factory, a sewing machine factory, a piano factory, a paper mill, and is also a candidate for political honors, besides having a large and abiding faith in a Baptist church he may be considered well immersed in business.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A singular curiosity is found at Sadawga pond, in Wilmington, Vermont, consisting of one hundred and fifty acres of land floating on the surface of the water, covered with cranberries, and even sustaining trees fifteen feet high. When the water is raised or lowered, the clam of the pond, the fish falling with it, and fish boring a hole in the bottom, as through a similar island, small lake near there are many islands.

CHURCHES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Churches of all denominations, 2,683; edifices, 718,410; value of property, \$68,287,000. Christian churches, 60; property, \$24,377,000. Congregational church, 1; property, \$1,500. Episcopal (Protestant), 63; property, \$162,460. Friends, 27; property, \$31,155. Lutheran, 50; property, \$60,550. Methodist, 1,978; property, \$778,365. Presbyterian, 201; property, \$365,475. Reformed Church, 23; property, \$23,400. Roman Catholic, 9; property, \$64,000. Universalist, 2; property, \$700.

THE OLDEST VOTER.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN LIVING NOW IN FLEMING COUNTY SAW THE BATTLE OF BATTLE CREEK.

Father Ross is a frequently during the pleasant weather of summer, kills squirrels with his rifle, chops wood works his own garden, and occasionally follows the plow and says he feels as young as he did a half century ago.

Father Ross was not in the Revolutionary war, but was an eye-witness of the battle of Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and makes no claim having been a member of the military family of General Washington, or of even having seen the General. He has voted for ninety-four years, but does not remember how many votes he has cast within that time, but must have been well on to two hundred times; and has invariably voted the regular old Democratic ticket, and never fails to pay his taxes. He is certainly the oldest man in the United States, if not in the world.

WILMINGTON.—Under this head the citizens have been talking and things in our city by the sea.

We spent a few days in Wilmington last week, and were glad to note the onward progress of that place. The city has grown and added much to its business since we visited it a few years ago. Like many other Southern cities she has suffered from a most abominable local government, where people have been taxed and the money wrung from them instead of being devoted to the improvement of the place going to enrich officials who a few years ago were paupers. The citizens complain that it is impossible to get any improvements done, and in some instances out of their own private purses they have graded and made the streets passable, and even then the officials won't keep them in repair. With paved streets and walks, Wilmington ought to be, with its natural attractions and clever people, one of the most desirable cities in the South, but while under a city government, where be to rob the

We learn from the Clinton Reporter that an alligator was caught out of Mrs. J. C. Williams' will race on last Thursday that measured nine feet in length, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and said to be one hundred years old. Some of the oldest citizens say it was first seen about sixty years ago, it's mate was killed over fifty years ago.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.