

to their post office address before the war, but I invariably received the letters returned or heard no tell of them. Although your place is perhaps some one hundred and eighty miles east of the place of my birth, yet, your letter brought fresh to my mind, the scenes of my childhood. My father and mother were members of the Baptist church in Rowan county, (Salisbury the county seat,) on the Yadkin river. I was born in 1807 and removed to Lincoln county, Tennessee, when I was about 21 years old. It was there I got a view of the corruption of my poor wicked heart, and was made to loath and abhor myself, and repent, as it were, in dust and ashes, and at an unexpected time, I hope and trust, the Spirit of God unfolded to my view a crucified Redeemer, as slain for my sins and raised again for my justification, when I was enabled by an eye of faith to take hold of the promises and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I not long after received a hope in Christ; removed to Greene county, Illinois, where I joined a Regular or Predestinarian Baptist church and was baptised. A few years after, when I was somewhat over thirty years old, I commenced trying to preach the gospel of God's dear Son, and about a year after I was ordained by Elders Coonrod, Gimblen, Simms and Fitzjerrell. And in 1847 I removed to this far Western land; the country was then a wilderness, inhabited by savages, very few whites having emigrated previous to that time. I found two Old School Baptist elders, to wit: Elders Simpson and Turnage, and a little church of eight or ten members; both these Elders have many years ago landed in eternity. Since my arrival here I have a considerable portion of my time been engaged in trying to raise the Gospel Standard in various parts of the country; I have assisted in the constitution of, I suppose, some seven or eight churches, and in the ordination of near as many ministers, and have baptised, I suppose, over fifty subjects of God's grace, and have stood as moderator of our little association, some fifteen consecutive years. I hope I have enjoyed some precious seasons, but have encountered some sore trials. Some seven years ago our little association split on a point of order; I done all I could to prevent it, but all in vain; we split in near two equal parts; considerable hard

feelings grew out of it, and the two parties or associations have remained separate, without christian correspondence ever since. And some eighteen months ago a few scattering members in the churches of our association, who were radicals or very strong democrats, concluded that all the churches must put up political tests of fellowship, declaring non-fellowship against abolitionism, with the view of excluding all who vote the abolition or republican ticket from church fellowship. I took a decided stand against it; there were but four brethren belonging to all the churches of our association who voted that ticket, and they were orderly walking, and to all appearance, God fearing men. I insisted if the churches to whom they belonged could not fellowship them, let them exclude them, but not disgrace themselves by introducing political tests of fellowship into the churches. But the leaders in the measure seemed determined to carry out what they undertook; two churches has already split on it, one of them was all democrats and the other had only one republican. I wrote to several prominent elders in the Northern and Western States, and received very satisfactory answers on this subject from Elders Beeman and Hanover, Ohio; Elders Silas Durand and Wm. J. Purington, Pennsylvania; Elders Coonrod and Fitzgerrell, Illinois; Elders T. P. Dudley and J. F. Johnson, Kentucky; Elder Bell, District Columbia; Elder Benedict, New York, and yours also, was very satisfactory to me and a number of others who have read it. I have sent copies of these letters to different brethren, which, I think has done a great deal of good. I know of several brethren who a year ago was anxious to put up such tests in their churches, that now says it won't do at all. It was urged that the Old School Baptist churches of the Southern States had put up such tests of fellowship, and we must show them where we stand, and put up similar tests, or we would cut ourselves off from their union. It was also strongly urged that the Old School Baptist churches in the North had generally put up such tests, which I find is not the case. Now, my dear Brother, you are doubtless a lover of peace, and I hope I am, and feel thankful truly, that your letter will clear the minds of numbers here. If you can be of any

further assistance in the good cause of allaying the troubled water among brethren in this far off country, you will not lose your reward. I would be much pleased if you could write again, and direct to Roseburg, Douglas county, Oregon, as before; and I would be much pleased to open correspondence with as many of our Southern brethren (especially aged elders, that take a charitable view of the existing political differences) as I could, so if you could give me their names and post office address, of as many as you conveniently could, I would be glad. I would also like as many minutes of the Southern Old School Baptist Associations as I could get. I preserve all minutes and sow them together in bunches. I now have minutes of the Yadkin Association and Mountain District Association of North Carolina, that was held over fifty years ago. I suppose you don't know anything about the Associations in Rowan, Surry, Wilkes and Davie counties.— I would be much pleased to hear from them. It is growing late and I think likely I have written as much as you would wish to be bothered with. I suppose, from the card on your letter envelope, that you have a good deal of Caesar's business to attend to, as well as the things of our Master's kingdom. I am glad, however, to find that you don't believe in mixing the affairs of the two governments together. I will send you some minutes. I was not at the last Association, having moved some two hundred miles south of where it was held, and I have none of the minutes. Farewell, my dear brother; I shall long to hear from you again. May the Lord bless and prosper you.

ISOM CRANFILL.

CARROLL COUNTY, VA., }  
May 23, 1868.

Dear Brother in Christ:—By the blessing and mercy of God, I am yet in the land of the living, and I may say enjoying good health. I have not forgotten the time when we got lost and rode so late in the night by moonshine. I have met with many ups and downs since that time. This is the first Sabbath I have been at home and rested for I can't tell how long; and by chance one of Zion's Landmarks came into my hand. I think it was dated the first of April. I was well pleased with the communications and order of your messenger. I had had some information before of your editing a paper, but

I thought it had gone done. I am glad to find out it has not, and that its circulation is increasing, and that the Primitive Baptists can have a medium whereby they can correspond with each other; and I would be glad if it could be managed so as to get some account from all the Associations in the United States. When I write again I will give you some account of how Zion is travelling in this section. We have a refreshing time in our church and the prospect is good for a further continuation. I will come to a close for the present, hoping that God will be with you and make you to prosper. Farewell.

HUGH JONES.

I say, when I remember this precious text: I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed—(and not Esau)—and then meditate on the reason, I have to hope in Jesus and remember that I was myself a lost sinner, unworthy of God's notice; when I would have changed stations with the vulture and took his fare if I could; when I would have believed but could not; so poor I felt unfit to pray; when I felt like a helpless child—at a time I did not expect any favor of God, suddenly I believe I felt this electing love, which made every thing look new, feel new, and there was a great calm. I thought at that time I should never see any more trouble, every thing looked pleasant and sweet, and it seemed to me that I could show it to others; but alas! it was not long before I felt it had subsided—I mean that love. I could not tell what had become of it; I began to grieve because I could not grieve; I tried to pray to God to give me again conviction; I was willing to suffer more; I thought I had not suffered enough, and if I could feel that eternal electing love again, I would know more about it and be more careful. And so dear brother, from those times until now I have had my times of difficulties and times of refreshing; and I still love that doctrine that placed my name in the Lamb's book of life from the foundation of the world.—*Burwell Temple, 1836.*

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