

"christian experience," but I never sent it to our paper, the "Primitive Baptist," edited by Brother Burwell Temple, of Wake county, N. C. I attended the Little River Association, near Brother Temple's in 1864, at Neuse church, and was at his house, and this is enough for me to say (and not flattering) I love Brother Temple and his family, all that I have ever seen of them; and may that dear old Brother, be in his last days, like Abraham, when he shall give up the ghost, and be gathered to his people: join the everlasting song of redemption, by the blood of the Lamb, and crown Him Lord of all—and sing,

"O what a sweet, exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Him appear,
And join in one full chorus there."

But to my experience. I will try to embrace much in a few words. I was born September 14th, 1813. About my 18th year I betook to dissipation, cursing, swearing, and gambling; in fact every evil and forbidden path I come to, I took it, so much so that I caused my parents more trouble than all the rest of their children. (I am the oldest of twelve children.) I did not feel inclined to steal, nor hurt any one. I was fond of company, especially such as were wild, frolicksome, very profane, so much so that even the servants at times would reprove me, and they were very wicked. Time passed on, my wickedness increased. I had, as I thought, laid my plans, fixed my purposes to spend a long life in wealth and carnal or worldly honors. Thus was I exulting in pride and worldly glory. To be a great wealthy man was my chief desire. As to God and his beloved Church, I thought very little of, and cared less. I moved on, treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Making my way to the regions of eternal darkness and despair, I often have thought of those days of my vanity, even since I have been in the ministry, and trembled, and have said, can it be possible that I have been blessed. But to return: Some time in June in 1836, justice overtook me, conviction pierced my guilty heart, as with the instrument of death. Such an awful state of guilt! The tongue may tell a thousand things, but there are two things which I have never been able to tell, the state of condemnation, and the happy

state of justification. While in this awful state, my wicked course, with my guilt and condemnation seem to shut me up in the prison of judgment, looking every day, sometimes every moment, to be slain, and then my guilty soul to be driven from this earth, and from the presence of God and happy angels, and suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. Some of you, brethren, might here ask, What did you do while in that awful state? I prayed to God for mercy. I now look back to that memorable, that awful day, when justice seized me. I was laying on a bed, (some dozen of us were in the same house) I covered my face that I could not be seen, but too late, some saw me, and for the first time during my life, I "turned pale." Well, after a while, I took a walk by myself into a flat wood and then and there, for the first time, I bowed my wicked and guilty self before the Lord, to presume to ask for mercy; but how could I reasonably expect mercy when I knew that I had sinned against my better judgment, light and knowledge? I beg leave to digress a little. During my boyhood, up to the time of my conviction for sin, I was fond of reading the Bible, the new Testament more especially, and I had read the holy word not a little. There I saw my duty to my Creator, my parents and to my fellow men. I knew all this, but I cared very little about the "Ten-Commandments," so how could I claim mercy from God, and I thought it was a matter almost impossible for mercy to be shown me, yet I must go, again and again to beg; it was a matter of great necessity; I could not keep away from the mercy seat; I kept going, though no one in heaven or in earth seemed to have any sympathy or mercy for me, but seemed to say, "Let him die, for he deserves it—cut him off and bear with him no longer." O what awful appearances seemed to present themselves to me from every quarter; all above the earth seemed to me to look gloomy and very dark; no prospect for even one look of compassion from above; and look around me, here are my parents, many kindred and friends I have, but thought I, they have all turned against me; so here am I, (so I thought) without a friend in heaven or in earth, a poor miserable beggar. During this burden of sin, guilt, and condem-

nation, (which was some ten months, a few days over) I never the first time tried to look God in the face and charge Him with injustice; if I did I have no recollection of it. I saw, I thought, a little into the character, the holy and divine perfections of God, but how there could be a union and reconciliation brought about between us, was a mystery to me that I could not see. For such a holy God, and such an unholy wretch as I felt myself to be, and was, seemed almost, or quite impossible to ever meet together in sweet union; nevertheless, go I must and beg. As aforesaid, I had, I thought, no friend in heaven above, and no friend in the earth, a mere speck on the earth, in a more wretched condition than all the living, a wanderer in darkness without one ray of light to inspire me with a good hope that "my day of salvation will soon come." If I had then possessed the whole world, I would have given all, all freely, for one little promise from the Lord for his grace; in fact, I had given up the world, it was a mere nothing to me. I often said to myself, "It may be the Lord will have mercy," and "who can tell?" Thus I moved on; I continued going to the mercy seat, to and from (if I may so speak) until I stopped right there. I could not be forced away, there I must stay, waiting with a fervent hope that the Lord would hear my cry and speak peace to my poor begging soul. Thousands of times I have cried, Have mercy on me, oh Lord. (This sentence embraces all my prayers.) I had up to this time suffered a great deal, more than I can ever tell or write. I am now about to come to the great day of my deliverance; the day of my salvation; a day I shall never forget; which I think was the first day of May 1837.—I had made arrangements to visit my relations in Surry County, N. C., adjoining Stokes, west. In those days I generally stayed a week, and its true my father would frequently complain that the work at home would not be attended to all right, while I was absent. I was the foreman, as we sometimes speak. Well I had been in trouble a long time, (it seemed so to me.) Parents and friends had seen that I had become moral, as much so as any one in the neighborhood, and may be a little more so than others.—Well I was fixing up to start, my father was out in the field; but came in a few minutes before I started. "Well," said he, "which

away now!" I answered, I am going to Surry. "When are you coming back?" In a week, I reckon, I answered, may be sooner. Well my father sent his love to his brother and other kinfolks, my mother sent her love also to her only sister, more specially, Aunt Hallingsworth. I left home (it seemed all things consented it was the day of my salvation) by myself, travelled some fourteen miles, going west: and you may suppose that my principal thoughts were what had past during the ten months passed (and a few days over as aforesaid.) About twelve o'clock I made one more earnest request of my Lord, and in a moment and unexpectedly, I received pardon for all my sins, and a fountain of love seemed to flow through my whole soul. The glory of the Lord was revealed, the love of God was shed abroad in my soul to such an abundance that I spoke out in rapturous strains while tears of love were flowing from my eyes: Blessed be Jesus! Blessed be Jesus! Blessed be Jesus! How often I repeated these words I shall never tell. Oh! What a day that was! Before this, during the months above named, I felt to be one of the most wretched creatures on earth. But when the day above came, the day of my salvation for me, I felt almost certain, that I was one of the happiest creatures on earth, and would not have exchanged my happy state with any being on the earth. I had received that free gift, it was mine, and even to this day I cannot exchange. The gift of God is eternal life. (Let each of us have our proper gift and be content with the things we have received.) Beloved brethren, since that glorious day, May 18th, 1837, I have passed through many sore trials, all from various causes. After awhile I offered myself to Clear Spring Church, (I think it was) the 19th of April, 1839; was baptized by Elder John Wilson, the next day, Tuesday 20th. I cannot now speak of the opposition and the many enemies I have met with during my past pilgrimage, only this much: during the time I was in the Church a private member, I met with very little opposition, but soon after I commenced the public ministry, the hosts of enemies with their opposition commenced, and it continues to this day. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." (Acts. 20: 24.) I am a monument of mercy; God is my defence, and I am confident that He will continue to take special care of me, and therefore I shall come off more than a conqueror, Amen.

Grace be with Israel.

B. W. HILL.