

nian, familiar with from childhood to old age.

the morning of the 26th, we left Savannah and expected to see our relatives, whom we never seen before, and a desire whom formed one of the main reasons for our leaving home.

about sixty years ago a half brother mine, on the mother side, John Williams, struck out from Wilmington and the home of his youth his fortune in the West.— In Wilkes County, Tennessee was a way off then and there he and family settled. By industry and economy he succeeded in a class, and he accumulated a handsome estate before the late disastrous war, but that swept the greater portion of it away. He came to see me in North Carolina in 1846 with his son, Daniel, and I thought to return the visit many years before his death, but was hindered until that event occurred (December 1863,) and then I abandoned the idea. But for some years past the desire to visit his widow and children appeared to strengthen, until it was finally decided that in May 1874 I would see them if I could. His oldest son had also died, so that those surviving them were strangers to me by sight—I had not seen one of them.

After landing we made our way slowly up town and were first seen by our nephew Joseph Biggs Williams, who went with us to his brother James Williams' house. We found and met James and his wife. This was the oldest son of my father and more resembling him in size than any other. Here we deposited baggage and made it head quarters.

Rested and made acquaintances this day, with relatives and others. Continued visiting and forming the acquaintance of our relatives for six days thereafter, including the widow and children, and children's children of my brother. They lived both in town and in the country—were merchants, farmers, lawyers, &c., were all doing well and standing high in society. Sister Catherine, the widow, and all the children of brother are now living with their children and one great-grand child, together with the wives and husbands of some of them who number forty and we saw thirty-five of their number. We visited their dwellings, stores, &c., and became acquainted with their respective conditions and positions. Nearly all are professed christians and seemed to observe a very consistent walk as such.

On Monday night I endeavored to preach in the Methodist College building, to a large and interested congregation, also to a full house on Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. We regretted to part with our relatives so soon but time admonished that we must be hastening on, and on Tuesday June 2nd, nephews Henry E. Williams and A. H. Ross kindly took us twenty miles to the Mobile

& Ohio Railroad in McNairy County, whence we passed to Corinth, Mississippi, thence on the Mississippi & Charleston road, ninety-three miles to Memphis. Before leaving Savannah our nephews James, John J., Henry E., and Joseph B. Williams and A. H. Ross presented me and wife each with a tribute of affection which will be retained while we live in remembrance of their love and kind regard for us.

Wednesday, June 3rd, reached Memphis. Stopped at the house of our friend Mr. Wm. H. Tolar, formerly of Goldsboro, N. C. He and wife and children gave us a hearty welcome and we rested there for the day. Thursday we went through some parts of the city making acquaintance, &c., among them Mr. M. C. King and Elder Wiley W. Sammons. Elder W. had come from Hardiman County, Tenn., about sixty-nine miles to meet us. He stood by us through the remainder of the day and night. At night I tried to preach in a Missionary Meeting House, that is called "The First Baptist Church in Memphis," to a good-sized audience. The pastor, Dr. Lofton, acted very courteously towards us—opened and closed the meeting with singing, &c., and manifested the best of feeling. There were about a dozen Old School Baptists present. I was introduced to these after and before meeting, among whom were J. H. West, Wm. Daniel, and others. We were introduced up and made themselves known. We returned to friend Tolar's for the night. Friday 5th. Mr. Tolar and Elder Sammons kindly assisted us with our baggage to the office of the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad, where we left the most of it and took tickets for Forest City, Arkansas. We crossed the "Father of Waters" in a steamer and took the cars on the Arkansas side of the river, for Forest City. The bottom land situated between the Mississippi and St. Francis Rivers was about forty miles wide, and as the great overflow had but recently subsided, the scene was unpleasant to look upon and the odor quite disagreeable. After a tedious ride we reached Forrest City, and searched for a boarding house, as the hotel and one block of buildings had been recently burned down.

On enquiry I learned that brother Aldridge Andrews, whom we were in search of in part, had been up the day before in search of us and finding us not had returned home. We took a private conveyance down to Doctor Sparkman's, five and a half miles, and there tarried for the night. He and wife gave us a very cordial reception, and the longer we stayed with them the more endearing they became to us; though Missionary Baptists, they appeared to rejoice in the truth, and took much delight in rendering us comfortable.

Saturday June 6th Doctor Sparkman gave us the use of his fine cream horse and buggy, and himself on horse back led the way first to brother Lawrence Matthews' and then to brother Andrews'. We were truly glad to meet with these two veterans of the Fair—though in a far off land, who had moved from Martin County many years ago. Many friends called in to see us during the day at brother Andrews'. He was old and feeble and able to labor but very little. His wife was also in feeble health. His two sons and daughters remaining with him, were in fine health and looked as though they were prepared for the stern realities of life. Brother Andrews' membership is yet with the church at Spring Green, Marion County, of which I have the pastoral care.

Sunday 7th. We remained at brother Andrews' till about 2 P. M., when we retraced our steps in the direction of Doctor Sparkman's and stopped at the meeting house of our friend, the Missionary Baptist, where I endeavored to preach to the people there assembled at 4 P. M. Notice of it had been given in the morning part of the day in the neighborhood, and quite a number turned out.— These people (the members) seemed to eat the words as they came out of my mouth. They appeared to be feasting indeed and some of them affected to tears. Mr. Obenshane, their pastor, was in the pulpit with me and seemed equally interested.— He closed the service with prayer. We hope much good will result from the interview. After meeting we proceeded to the Doctor's and tarried for the night. Brother Andrews, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Daniel and a Mr. Rogers were with us, most of whom remained with us all night. Brother Andrews' was the farthest point we reached, and from his house we turned homeward. It was nearly sixty miles beyond Memphis.

Monday 8th. I and wife bid adieu to friends and were taken by the Doctor and brother Andrews to the railroad at Forest City, where we soon started for Memphis. Reached there about noon and took the cars for Bell's Depot, Crockett County, Tenn. Halted at Brownsville and met our friend Henry G. Winburn, Esq., who introduced us to brothers Wilder, Clark, &c., and then took a seat with us to Bell's. Aided us in getting to his Son Handy L. Winburn's store and then to his dwelling in the suburbs of the town, where we made headquarters again, designing to circulate for ten days in the country between Bell's Depot, Brownsville and Friendship and then return there for the cars to Nashville.

Tuesday 9th. Rested, received letters from home and wrote letters to friends in various directions. At night I tried to preach in the Methodist Meeting House, to a small and sleepy congregation. Only a few seemed to understand what I was

talking about. Friend H. G. Winburn and his son Joseph, were up to the meeting six miles from home.— Wednesday 10th. Were furnished by Mr. Winburn with horse and buggy and rode down to his father's.— Were warmly welcomed there.— He was a North Carolinian and an old school-mate of mine over fifty years ago, in the town of Williamston. In the afternoon he supplied us with horse and buggy and gave us directions to Friendship fourteen miles distant. We found the way without any trouble. Called on the way to see the widow of Joseph Reddick who was the sister of Mr. J. S. Terrell of Martin County. She was quite aged and had been a widow for many years. Two of her sons were with her.

To Be Continued.

FEBRUARY 5th, 1874.

Brother P. D. Gold:—

As it is raining to-day so that I cannot attend to my farm duties, it has come upon my mind with power that I cannot well resist to give you some of the outlines of the history of my life, and may the God of heavens guide my pen.

I was born of flesh and blood January 12th, 1834, and my father died when I was quite young, hence I was reared by a widow mother—a pious woman—till about the age of fifteen, when I verily believe I was born or converted by the mother of harlots, the abomination of the whole earth, or, shall I say it—The Methodist Baptists? Hence, being born or converted from my own wicked works to that of theirs—taking to myself seven spirits more wicked than my own—I joined their Church (so-called). So, being armed and equipped by the spirit of the power of the air, I went to fight the Spirit of Truth; and I went on in this mad career for eleven long years, so enraged against the true church that had I had the law on my side as Saul had, I doubtless would have put the disciples of Jesus to death, and would have persecuted them—even to strange cities.

Now, my dear reader, I was honest in my opinion, verily believing that I was doing God service, so, as there is a time appointed for man to die and thence to judgment—the command came, sin revived and I died to all the righteousness that I had attained to in eleven years. So, in the Winter of 1859, I was crucified unto the world and the world unto me. Now, was it anything that I had done that brought about this death? I say not! for it came upon me unthought for—for, while I was plowing in my field (making arrangements to live as I had been living) the God of heaven formed a circle in the sky and directed my mind to it, which appeared to be the covenant of redemption; and, the worst of all, poor unworthy me on the outside of this circle and everybody that I could think of on the inside. And, oh! what thoughts ran through my