

In Memoriam.

At the request of sister Belcher, I write for publication, in the LANDMARK, this memoir, of the death of old brother ABNER BELCHER, who was born March 8th, 1795, and departed this life at 1 o'clock, A. M., May 1st, 1876—aged 81 years, 1 month and 23 days. With the history of this good man many are conversant. He embarked in the ministry in 1825. He was never arraigned before a Church tribunal, nor had a charge preferred against him from the time he united with the Church until his death. As a doctrinal minister and Church disciplinarian, brother BELCHER had but few equals. It fell to my happy lot to associate with him a great deal within the last thirteen or fourteen months. He had attained the age of sixty-two years before I ever met him. He was then an aged minister; and I, a wicked boy.—From a description given me, I knew him at first sight. He was driving up to an Association which was held in 1857, with the Church at Old Sardis; where, now, his remains lie sleeping. Fearful of being mistaken, I noticed him very closely until he had taken his horse from his buggy; he then buckled up the shafts to keep them from being broken—this confirmed me in knowing that I had conjectured correctly. At that time his memory was very retentive. And, even after, when he became superannuated and had relinquished the care of the several Churches, he could quote passages, verses, and even chapters, verbatim. As a poet, Dr. Watts seemed to have been his favorite. Frequently have I heard him quote from his productions the following beautiful lines:

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room;
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in,
Or else I'd still refuse to taste,
And perish in my sin."

I hazard nothing when I say he was a perfect specimen of honesty. He often told me that he, knowingly and intentionally, had never wronged any person out of as much as five cents in his life. A sounder believer in the faith, and a bolder defender of the Primitive doctrine, I am confident, never lived. In short, he was a model, and set an example which we should all try to imitate, and most especially our young ministers, whose barques have just been launched on that tempestuous sea. It makes me feel so sad when I contemplate the very great rapidity with which our old soldiers of the cross are passing away. I know nothing of those very great trials through which the Church passed; but brother BELCHER remembered them all. And notwithstanding many went off with other sects, he remained steadfast and immovable. But he has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns. How consoling to the way-worn pilgrim are the following lines:

"Though evil counsels darken, and evil passions try—
Never give up the right way, 'twill brighten
by and by."

He called sister Belcher to his bedside and said, "I do not want you or any of the family to grieve for me when I am gone!"

"Weep not for me as you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear,
When I am gone! when I gone!"

Although his mind from old age was, as a natural consequence, impaired; yet, he never forgot his experience—and could invariably relate it in almost the identical language.

On Saturday morning at 8 o'clock he had a congestive chill, and on Sunday night he had another; which, at the time before mentioned, terminated in his departure from time to eternity.

Often have I heard him quote from Paul: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but, we know that when he appears, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." It seems but quite a short time since I was baptized by him (nearly thirteen years ago), and by him "plunged beneath the yielding wave, an emblem of our Savior when he lay in the grave." But he is no more! He whom we so much loved has passed from our view forever. And those who once knew him will know him no more.

"Oh, spirit, freed from bondage
Rejoice, thy work is done;

The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou, brighter than the sun.

"Awake! ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth:
The living God hath touched thy lips—
Thou, who hast done with earth.

"Awake! and breathe the living air
Of that celestial clime;
Awake! to love that knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time."

F. A. McWILLIAMS.

Enterprise, Ga., May 6th, 1876.

Painful truly, is the task, to record the death of Elder BENJAMIN BYNUM, who departed this life, Friday, April 28th, 1876, and was interred in Newbern Cemetery April 29th, 1876. He was born in Pitt County, February 3rd, 1811. He presented himself to the Primitive Baptist Church at White Oak, the first Sunday in November, 1851; was baptized the following day by Elder Ichabod Moore. In July, 1856, the Church gave him liberty to exercise his gift in explaining the scriptures, which he did with unyielding zeal, as long as his health would admit. He moved to Craven County in 1860, and his ministerial duties have been confined to that section. The subject of this notice had been an intimate friend of the writer for many years, and he bears willing testimony to the many excellent traits of character which he possessed. In him could be found the faithful and true photograph of the perfect christian man—sincere in his professions, warm in his attachments, and firm in his religious tenets.

His sickness was of long duration, and his sufferings were very great, though he bore them with christian fortitude and resignation. He leaves a wife and child and, a large circle of friends and relatives. To that bereaved family, to that poor, bleeding, heart-broken widow, I will breathe this comforting hope, that he is at "home at last" with Jesus! Yes, his spirit's barque has crossed o'er life's troubled ocean, and has now found mooring in the "still waters," and near the shining shore of the New Jerusalem. His voice is hushed to us on earth; but, it has been caught up in heaven and attuned to angels' notes in glory.

May this blow be sanctified to the good of those who remain; and when death's chilly night is o'er, may resurrection's glorious morn awake them to the redemption's glories of heaven.

P. E. HINES.

Elder F. HAYWOOD GODWIN died March 25th, 1876, of typhoid pneumonia.—He obtained a hope in Christ in May, 1864; was baptized by Elder Partin in October, 1864; elected Clerk of the Church in November, 1866; commenced soon after, with zeal, for his Master's cause, to exhort and preach the gospel. HAYWOOD GODWIN had his foibles. But where is the perfect man in the flesh? He was a man of no ordinary ability; having descended from obscure parentage with a limited means of education, he went forth the better prepared to battle with the turbulent elements of a sinful world. He felt that he was called with a holy calling to minister to the saints, and warn sinners of the wrath to come. He was a man of indomitable energy, and steadfast perseverance, worthy of imitation. We have encouraging evidence of his eternal rest in heaven.

May his bereaved family imitate his example and follow his precepts, so that the world may have evidence of their immortality when called by him who doeth all things right. CONN.

Departed this life July 21st, 1875, THOS. F. SWAIN, son of Daniel and Elizabeth Swain.

After a long and painful illness of about three months, he has fallen asleep in Jesus. Blessed thought! Just before his dissolution he told his parents he was prepared, and was willing to die. He has left an aged father, an affectionate mother, and a young wife and large circle of friends to mourn their loss; but not for one who is without hope.

Why do we mourn departed friends,
And shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms."

It was but the voice that Jesus sent to call him to his home. I think he bore his misery with unspeakable christian fortitude. He was never heard to murmur a word; but would often ask the Lord to have mercy upon him. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the

Spirit; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

Parents, let this thought console you in your deep afflictions—that it is well with your child. Pray that it may be well with you. Strive to meet your son in heaven, where God will wipe all your tears from your eyes. Be submissive to his will and say with the patriarch of old, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Cease, fond parents, cease your tears,
Your son lives above, he is free from cares,
And dwells where God is love;
He is pillowed on the Savior's breast,
He is free forevermore;
How sweet and peaceful is his rest,
On Canaan's blissful shore.
When God shall call his ransomed home,
And time shall be complete—
Then you will stand before his throne
And see dear Thomas F.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

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P. D. GOLD.

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Arrive at Goldsboro'.....	11:57 a. m.
" " Rocky Mount.....	2:05 p. m.
" " Weldon.....	3:50 p. m.
Leave Weldon daily.....	10:05 a. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount.....	11:50 a. m.
" " Goldsboro'.....	1:50 p. m.
" " Union Depot.....	6:05 p. m.

Night Train.

Leave Union Depot daily.....	7:30 p. m.
Arrive at Goldsboro'.....	1:30 a. m.
" " Rocky Mount.....	4:34 a. m.
" " Weldon.....	7:15 a. m.
Leave Weldon daily.....	7:00 p. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount.....	9:57 p. m.
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