

the minister began to preach it seemed that the very first word he said was intended for me. I thought surely some one had told him what I said, and would hold my head down and wipe my eyes, and then looked around to see if my father was noticing me. I felt that I did not want him nor any one else to see me, for it seemed to me that everything I had ever done came up before me that night. Oh, how wretched I was when they called for mourners. I would not go up to be prayed for, but felt like I wanted them to pray for me. I sat there until preaching was over and then went home wretched, begging the Lord for mercy all the way. After I went in the house and took a seat by the fire I felt so mean and wretched that I went out in the yard and tried to pray, but all I could say was, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" After retiring I could not sleep; I asked my wife to tell me some of her travails from nature to grace. I was then afraid I would die in the wretched condition I was then in and be whirled into everlasting punishment. I shall never be able to express the feelings I had at that time. I was made to cry out, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner; if thou sendest me to hell it is just; but if thou wilt, oh, Lord, thou canst make me clean!"

Thursday night I did not go to preaching but Friday night I did, and when they called for mourners I did not go up, but felt like I wanted them to pray for me. I felt willing for any one to pray for me then.

Saturday night I went again, and when they called for mourners I felt so wretched and condemned I thought I would go up and be prayed for, and did go, and if possible, felt worse than I did at first. After preaching I went home and read my Bible, but every word seemed to condemn me. I went up to the mourner's bench to be prayed for nine times, but found no relief there. The meeting lasted five weeks. I stopped going to the mourner's bench, and went to the woods to look for peace with God.—While at the mourner's bench, the members and the ministers would tell me to have a little more faith, and would tell me that I was getting on very well and that I would soon have religion.

Oh, dear brother, how could I have faith unless the Lord would give it? My very breathing was, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner!"

Nearly every night the minister would repeat the tenth verse of St. Luke, and say we could get religion or let it alone. I don't believe a child ever asks for bread unless it wants it—unless it wants to throw it away as they believe they can do by religion. They can get it when they want it and lay it aside when they want to.

One evening when returning home from my work, it seemed that the earth would open and swallow me up. Oh, dear brethren, how awful I felt; for three weeks I did not sleep, and never eat but little. But I hope it was the Lord's will, one night when I was going home, when everything looked gloomy, and I was walking along asking the Lord for mercy,

that in a moment my burden was gone and the stars looked fuller than ever before; everything looked changed and I felt happy; and then these words were put in my mouth,

"Oh, how I love Jesus!"

I went on home feeling very happy. When I got there I would not tell my wife anything of what I had experienced for fear it was all imagination. In a day or two after this something told me I was deceived about the whole matter. If possible, I felt worse than at first. Then I began to ask the Lord for mercy again. One night I went out in the yard to ask for mercy and knelt down by the wall to ask the good Lord for mercy, and I do believe the Lord heard and answered my prayer that night. After I got up and looked around everything looked changed—the stars, the trees and everything looked like it was praising the Lord—and I felt like I could help praise the Lord with ten thousand tongues. After I went in the house I felt so happy I could not be contented, and went out in the yard again to look at the beautiful stars and trees, and there felt that I could claim Jesus as my Savior.

Up to this time I had not heard a Baptist preacher in about fifteen months, so concluded to go and hear Elder Purvis the first Sunday in February—and did go, and liked him very well. As I had been attending the Methodist meetings my mind got to wandering and I did not know what to do. My prayers were, Lord, show me thy Church and direct me! I do believe that he heard my prayers and directed me aright.

One night I awoke from my slumbers and thought I was in a crowd of Baptists, and felt happy, though continued to ask the Lord to direct me. One night soon after this I thought I was in the Methodist Church in this place, and thought a young Methodist preacher from Williamston was to preach, who said during the revival, that he once knelt by a sick man's bed and when he got up the man told him he had religion. I was torn to pieces and in trouble again, and believe that it was a warning to me that if I should offer to them I would be thus in trouble. I believe it was a warning for me not to join the Methodist Church.

On the 7th of March Elders Wilson and Baker preached in this place. I went to hear them, and oh how happy the members did look that day. And they preached to suit me—I wanted to be with them all the time. I could not rest contented until I heard them again; so I sent a note to Elder O'Berry to know if he would take me out to Cross Roads the next day. He sent me word that he would. So we went to hear them again, and I felt all the time while they were preaching like I wanted to follow them. It was there impressed upon my mind to be baptized, and every day something would whisper to me and say, "If you love me keep my commandments."

March 17th Elder Dameron passed through this place on a preaching tour. I went out to Lawrence's to hear him, but thought I would not

let him know that I was concerned about religion at all, but I could not keep it hid from him. After preaching Elder Dameron asked me to go to Williams' with him the next day. I went out to hear him; he preached to suit my feelings; he told my feelings at Lawrence's better than I can. I returned home from William's Saturday evening feeling happy; so I could not sleep for two nights, and felt that I could not wait for the regular meeting. My prayers were, Lord, if I am not fit to be with thy children send affliction upon me so I may not go to Church!

April 19th Elder Snider preached in this place. After preaching was over Elder O'Berry had the Church door opened. I did not see how I could go up before the Church, but the first thing I knew I was there; and how the Baptists could fellowship me I could not see. I told a few words and was received and baptized the same evening by Elder O'Berry. When I came up out of the water I thought my troubles were all gone—but not so. They soon came back and told me I was deceived. Oh wretched man that I was again. I went home one evening feeling wretched, and went in a room and shut the door behind me, and knelt down and tried to ask the Lord to undeceive me. These words were then forcibly impressed upon my mind:

Let not your heart within you grieve,
My dear, beloved friend:
Yea, trust in God—in me believe,
For I have borne your pain.

Dear Brother, I feel this morning that I can say there has been a change in me, and one that man could not cause; and, if not deceived, I love our Lord and Savior. I often think why he should spill his blood for such a wretch as I am. And I believe he has a people on earth, and they are a peculiar people. If I love any on earth it is the Baptists.

I will close, though I could write more. I desire an interest in all the prayers of the saints.

I am a sinner saved by grace, if saved at all.

In love,
J. E. C.

Brooksville, Blount County, Ala.,
July 18th, 1876.

Dear Brother Gold:—

I see a few things written in the editorials of ZION'S LANDMARK of July 15th, which seem to be rather hard sayings against the so-called Missionary Baptists, which I think cannot be applied against that people as a general thing. I am a Baptist, a reader of your paper, also a reader of the paper published by J. R. Graves, of Memphis, Tenn. I, as an individual, stand upon scriptural grounds, which brings me between the erroneous extremes of the two wings of Baptists.

Now, when John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness, he was called John the Baptist—not John the Missionary Baptist, nor John the hard-shell or Old School Baptist.—Hence names amount to nothing when applied to scriptural Baptists; for this reason, I claim a right to be heard by you and all the readers of the LANDMARK and all others that

claim to be Bible, obedient Baptists.

I now call your attention to a portion of the remarks of brother J. S. Collins, of Scottsboro', Alabama.—He says: "The Missionaries are stultifying the minds of the people of this country, by trying to prove that they were the promoters of the revolution under Washington, and that the liberties we have and now enjoy are trophies of themselves," &c.

Brother J. S. Collins seems to think that the Missionaries are telling falsehoods, and are befooling the minds of the people, &c.

Now, will brother Collins say there were no Baptists during the Revolutionary war? Of course not! Will he say or prove whether they were the present so-called Primitive Baptists? or, whether they were neither or both? He cannot say that the Old School principle did not exist in one body at the time of the Revolution. If he says so, he knows nothing of the history of Baptists in that thing. He cannot say that they were all Old School in their faith and belief; neither can it be said that they were all Missionaries in faith and practice; and yet they were one body then, as far as correspondence went.

Again, brother Collins, in speaking of the Missionaries, says that they went out from us, &c. As to a general view of the division of Baptists, brother Collins is wrong again; for it is well known that the so-called Missionary Baptists were very largely in the majority, which enabled them to hold their ground, and in a great many places held the Church houses and books.

The so-called anti-Missionary Baptists were forced to bring up their non-fellowship resolutions against the institutions, and left the body, as a general thing, themselves. Every Baptist historian knows this to be so.

Now, did this division cause one or both wings of Baptists to cease being a gospel Church or Churches, where both continued in the gospel ordinances? We think not! from the fact that erroneous extremes on both wings brought up the division; and if it were not for firebrands that are hurled at each other in an unchristian spirit and miserable extremes, we could be one people in correspondence again.

Again: Brother Gold seems to think that Fuller is our acknowledged leader in the way of missions, doctrine, &c. Now, I can say of myself, and I think of all South-Western Baptists, that the editor is laboring under a great mistake. We acknowledge no man as our leader, only the Great Shepherd of the sheep—Jesus Christ. The editor thinks we are ashamed of our origin. If he has an allusion to our true Bible Missionary spirit of going into the world and preaching the gospel to every creature, he is sadly mistaken.

We ought to be ashamed of our extremes where we transcend the limits of God's word. And the anti-Missionaries ought to be ashamed of their extremes in not coming to the measure of Christ's word, where he says, go teach all nations, &c.

Again, we have two Missionary preachers in Africa preaching to God's