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The Lewis' Fork Baptist Association. Continued.

In my former article I referred to the Regulators War. Personal aversion to this subject in youth caused neglect to get and to keep valuable information. The Regulators war had its origin in a proper protest against the unjust charges made against the people by the public officers who held commissions from the Governor and he from the King of England. As here to fore stated the effort was made to tax the people to support the establishment. This was on the counties of Orange, Rowan, Granville and Anson in particular and all the province in general. The battle was fought at Alamance creek near where I now live, on May 16, 1771. On the 22, of the same month, the victorious Tryon camped on the waters of Sandy creek and fed down the fields of growing grain, laid hands on cattle, grain, teams, men and, after quartering these to his heart's content, moved his army to the next Baptist Church, the Jersey settlement, and laid them bare. As my eyes look over the Sandy creek grounds once every month, I instinctively survey the sorrows of Elder Shubal Stearns, and when I stand by his grave say, if your eyes could have seen what mine now see and your ears had only heard what mine now hear--But God gave you a rest as it is written, there remaineth therefore a (sabbath) Rest to the people of God. At last after 132 years of peace, we have erected a memorial chapel about like the present New Hope church near the spot where they buried him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from hence forth; yea, sayeth the Spirit that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow with them." (Am. Revision). His death occurred Nov. 21, 1771--six months after his flock had fled.

"The cause of this dispersion," writes Morgan Edwards, who at the time registered among the Quakers, "was the abuse of power which too much prevailed in the province and caused the inhabitants at last to raise up in arms and fight for their privileges but being routed May 16 1771, they despaired of seeing better times and therefore quitted the province. It is said that 1500 families have departed since the battle of Alamance, and, to my knowledge, a good many more are only waiting to dispose of their plantations in order to follow them. This is to me an argument that their grievances were real notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary." The Little River church, in Montgomery county, suffered in the same way. The church at Uwharrie was blotted out and some one or more moved in a body west of the Brushies or to Tenn. Major Joe Morehead in his Address on James Hunter pays these Baptists this tribute:-

"As to the Baptists, democratic and ever loyal to the people, then as now they were of and for the people. Argument in their favor would be like defense of a pure woman against whose character there had never arisen suspicion. The recorded, unvaried and bitter fulmination of Tryon and of the rectors of the church of England against the Baptist settlers conclusively their honorable positions, and would be subsequent apologists or others cannot detract from it." We thank Major Morehead for this his unsolicited view of a people among whom he has never sought an identity. Often in personal conversation on the streets Major Morehead says there never has been a question about you Mountain Baptists.

Their sufferings must have been very great for they were in many cases obliged to wait for more than a year for any crop of their own planting, but amid it all they preached and heard the gospel, and, clasped hands from time to time. The pathetic meeting of the senior McGlamery with his pastor

brethren from the Virginia side of the Kehukee Association about this time was pathetic. These brethren, after years of separation, met at the visit of Elder Meglamre to the Yadkin churches. Theirs was not the only separation. In some instances the family name was changed, in some it was varied for the better protection afforded from a death on Tryon's gallows. Meetings were held and churches organized but their doings were matter of memory and not matters of record. Associations convened but the minutes were not committed to print, if indeed they were reduced to writing and this had its origin in due Baptist regularity. *It had always been so.*

Our adversaries say we have no history, that is, a history that extends into antiquity. We can say the law of Presumption places the burden a proof on you. Our antagonists have destroyed our history and the burden of proof shifts to the Spoliator. Restore to us our torn and tattered records; give us back our broken and violated doors, take your stock from our trampled and wasted fields, give us our dead to life again, and we can show as rich possessions as the world has ever known, with houses and lands, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, granaries and barns, pulpits and Bibles, Churches and Associations, and *Bible Church order.*

—W. H. E.
Greensboro, N. C.

DEAR MOTHER.

Mother, dear mother I am weary and lone,
For I am thinking to-day of the years that have flown.
Since I drank in the smiles of a mother's calm face,

Who taught me to trust in the spirit of grace.
How different and cold this world now seems,
My life is passing like trouble and dreams,
Dark clouds often gather and thunder above me roar,
That makes me keep longing for the Evergreen shore.

The trees are now robed in their beauteous array,
And the roses are blooming as lovely as day,
The fields are all garland over with green,
And the soft clouds float over in their bright silver sheen.

Yet they seem not so lovely nor calm as of yore,
For the beauty that dazzled and charmed me before,
Has been seared and blighted and caused to pass away,
Since then my own mother was taken away.

Mother, sweet mother, I long to be there,
And to clasp thy dear hands in that land so fair,
And gather the flowers that immortal grow,
And listen to the music that forever flows.
To walk by that River that fountain of Life
That has so often cleansed their poor heart of strife,

To behold their bright tide that has never known death.
And it hastens along still, to gladden this earth.

Mother, dear mother, those fields thou hast seen,
Which we learn are forever immortal and green,
Thou hast sat beneath the shades of the Paradise trees,
And inhaled the sweet balm of their heavenly breeze.

Although my dear mother, I am so sad and lone;
And I'm thinking of joys that now have flown,
Yet, I would not, dear mother, call thee back, oh no!

To wrestle with sorrow, temptation and woe.

For now thou art happy, no trials or fears.
No kneeling in sorrow, to offer thy prayers,
For thou hast gained heaven, never more to roam.

Mother, I'm glad that thou hast entered a home.

Caroline Saunders,
Virgil, N. C.

Mrs. Saunders's mother has been dead many years, but she has not forgotten her. You who have lost mothers can understand the above sentiments; you who have not lost a mother, take warning from the above lines and love mother more dearly while she is yet living, and strive to make her more comfortable by letting her know that you do love her.—Ed.

THE SABBATH DAY.

I hope you will not think me an extremist. Each commandment that God has given us is given for us to obey. I am not astonished to see the many misfortunes that befall us as a people. I earnestly believe there is no commandment in the Bible that is held any less sacred than the commandment about how we should keep the Lord's day. Read Exodus, chapt. xx. In this chapter you will find what God says about it. In this chapter you will find that we should not kill. We think that to kill our fellow man is a high crime. Some of us can do a great many things on the Holy day and not think it any crime. I think we people look at a crime less and larger. Does the Lord look at sin as we do? How did you feel when you went over on the Sabbath day to see your neighbor about doing that hauling, that harvesting, plowing or some other work, or you wanted to see if you could buy his horse or his cow? You might not have thought any harm. I think we Baptists ought to guard our ways. I think we would do well to leave off many things that we have been doing. I will not mention the many items that we perform on the Holy day contrary to God's will. If you do not know what they are, I hope you may seek to find out. I would be glad to hear from any one who wishes to write on this subject.

A reader of the Baptist,
Miss Elmah Settle.

Benham, N. C.

AMBITION.

Biblical Recorder.

An old story tells about Phaeton, who wished to drive the chariot of Phoebus, his father, the sun-god. At school the boys made fun of him because he said he was the son of a god. He went to the temple of Apollo, and pleaded that some sign might be given in order that the world might know that he was the son of a god. He asked that he might drive the chariot of the sun only for one day. The old god tried to put him off with something less, but he persisted. The chariot was brought to him, and the horses, whose nostrils breathed fire, were harnessed to the chariot. The old sun said, "Be careful; I wish you had not asked to drive this chariot. The road is steep in front of the day, and it descends in a frightful precipice at the end. Be very careful that you keep the track." He seized the reins, jumped into the chariot, and the horses, breathing fire, felt they had a new driver, and went off as they had never done before. The track was lost, and the earth was nearly burned up. His father pleaded with Jupiter that with one of his thunder-bolts he would unseat his stupid and foolishly ambitious son. Jove then threw a thunder-bolt at the lad, who fell down. Do not imitate Phaeton, and be ambitious for wrong things. Ask God to fill you with His love, and that will keep your ambition in the right way.