

ment of a deist, an atheist, or a Turk, than such hell and men-made tyrants as these money-hunting craft men, who have stimulated the magistrates of the world to fill the earth with blood and cruelty. And the American unconverted factored priests are no better; all that is wanting is law on their side and then for dungeons, gibbets, flames, fine, and forfeiture, whips, and confiscation of goods and banishment—and for heaven's sake, my countrymen, never come even to a toleration, fight until you die, yea die by the pole of American liberty and under the banner of a waving eagle, rather than ask of the magistrate how you shall worship your God—for such a favor is not to be asked by the citizen, nor granted by the creature of human power, but is the right of all men.

Fifthly and lastly, I come to notice the religion of Jesus Christ, as having been established in the world, and examine that in a short way for crafts. Jesus Christ, the founder of this holy, humble, self-denying, world-loosing and God-depending religion, was born, according to the best accounts, on the 25th day of December, in the year of the world 4004, in a stable in a town called Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, but of poor parentage yet of royal extraction, from the family of David king of Israel.

Correspondence.

JOYNER'S DEPOT, N. C.,
January 12, 1869.

Brother Bodenhamer:—If one so unworthy as I am may so address you, I have been requested to write for your paper, what I hope has been the dealings of the Lord with me. There was a time when I enjoyed sin. In 1856 my whole heart was set upon the vanities of the world, but in the year 1857, I was invited to attend a dance, and thought I should enjoy it well, but did not. I cannot express what were my feelings on that night, but they were such as I never before experienced. I thought that it was to convince me that it was sinful to dance; and I thought I had never had a friend to advise me. But these feelings did not last long. I loved dancing so well, that I soon began to feel that I could not give it up; but I wanted the time to come when I could enjoy it as I had formerly. I continued in this way six months, and gradually lost my love for such things. I often

felt the enquiry arise, what can be the matter with me; my time must be short, and what must I do? At length I concluded that I must get my soul's salvation. So I began the work, and soon thought I was growing better; and I continued to grow better and better until I thought I was almost good enough to unite with the church. I felt confident that I was as good as several members that I could have named. But at this time, and not before, I hope the Lord showed me what a poor unworthy creature I was, without God and without hope in the world, and I was made to cry, Lord help or I perish; Lord have mercy upon a poor guilty sinner condemned to die. At times I felt that my distress was more than I could bear. I then had the opportunity of reading the Signs of the Times. I did love to read them, but did not want any one to know how much I loved them. They were a great comfort to me. I could see how others could claim the promises of the Gospel, but I could not claim them for myself. I felt that there was no hope for me. Still I could not help crying to the Lord for mercy. I would often find myself repeating the words,

"Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will bear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away,
I must forever die."

I continued in this condition more than twelve months, all the time growing worse and worse, and sometimes feeling that I must give up all for lost; but before I was aware I would find myself begging the Lord to have mercy on me. I had no set time to pray, but often my very breath was, Lord, have mercy on me. In November 1860, I was a poor miserable creature. I then thought there were some to be saved and some to be lost, and that I was one of those that were to be lost. There was no rest for me by day nor by night; and for about a week I felt that I had not a friend in this world, nor in that which is to come. Those who have had these exercises can express them better perhaps than I can. I felt too unworthy to stay in company, but desired to be where none could see me. I remember one time during that week, I left the room to avoid being seen shedding tears. I went in to my room and tried once more to pray the Lord to have mercy

on me. I felt as though every day would be my last, and when the sun would set, that I should not live to see it rise again. I felt that I must die and be cast into torment with Satan and his angels. On Saturday of that week my distress was very great; I thought that was my last day, and I set up very late that night in despair; I had done everything I could do; had begged the Lord for mercy time and again. I cannot express what were my feelings; there was no hope for me, and I should be in torment before day. I fell asleep and just before I awoke I had a dream which has been very sweet to me ever since. I dreamed of hearing these words: everybody don't understand passages of Scripture alike, but I am the true light which lighteth every body that cometh into the world; what world can that be? it cannot be this natural world; but Christ is the true light. I felt so much better than I had felt I could not account for it, and I continued in this state nearly a week, sleeping very quietly at night; my troubles seemed to be gone. At length I began to enquire what can this mean? I have given up everything; I have forsaken the Lord, and he has forsaken me. I will try to go back to my old trials, and beg the Lord to have mercy on me. But I was surprised to find I could not feel as I had felt heretofore. O, what would I have given to have had my troubles back again? but I have never since felt just as I had before felt; my troubles were great, but not the same. I would sometimes think, perhaps the Lord has begun a good work in me; and I would remember the assurance where God has begun a good work, He will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ, and this would afford me some comfort at times. Thus I continued searching for something to satisfy me, but could not find it until February 1861.—One day while spinning, I was greatly troubled, and could not account for it. Something was on my mind that distressed me, and I could not get it right. At length I resolved to put my trust in the Lord, and if it was His will, He would make all plain to me; and very soon I was perfectly calm. It appeared to me almost as plain as though I saw it with my natural eyes, the Red Sea and the mountain on the right, and on the left the children of Israel at the brink, and Pharaoh and his army pursuing

after them; there they had to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. I thought that there was the place where every one had to be before they could know what was the new birth. I felt that I was there, and that was the happiest hour I had ever experienced. I desired to praise the Lord. I then saw that if I were saved, it must be through Christ, and by him alone; I felt that I loved every body, and every thing I looked upon was lovely. Then I thought I should continue in that frame of mind all the rest of my days, and never have another doubt or fear, but these feelings did not last long; I felt a desire to tell all christians what I hoped the Lord had done for me. At first I wanted to go to the church, and see if they would receive me, but doubts and fears arose, and I felt too unworthy; then I come to the conclusion, that if I was a christian, I could live out of the church. I went on some time, often feeling that I was neglecting my duty. In August, 1863, I was troubled much, for several weeks, by day and by night. I made many promises, but broke them. But the Lord's good time came, and I was enabled to go forward in October 1863. I offered to the church at Williams' Meeting House, Edgecombe county, N. C., was received, and on Sunday was baptized by Brother R. D. Hart; then I felt happy and thought I had done my duty; and notwithstanding all the doubts, fears and troubles I have since had, I have never regretted that I was baptized. I cannot live as I wish to, and I fear that I do not love the Lord as I ought to. I wish to give Him all the glory, for it is due to Him alone.

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures."

I will close this scribble, and you may dispose of it as you think proper, also the enclosed letter from sister Evelina Gay.

May the Lord bless and be with you, is the prayer of your unworthy sister, if a sister at all.

JANE STEWART.