Biblical Recorder.

J. D. HUFHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to Religion, Morality, Literature, and General Intelligence.

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BIBLICAL RECORDER,

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The Dignity of the Christian Ministry.

Did Moses occupy a noble position when he stood aloft on a rock 'amid the dying Israelites, and there, the central figure of the camp, on whom all eyes were turned, raised his rod, perhaps, to look on which was life? Nobler still his attitude and office, who, with his foot on this dying world, lifts up the cross, "Jesus Christ and him crucified"—that, whosoever looketh and believeth on him, might not perish, but have everlasting life. Give me the bleeding Saviour, make me the instrument of converting a single soul, and I grudge not Moses his "piece of brass," nor envy him the honor of saving a thousand lives, that are now all quenched in death. Great honor to the memory of the mighty men who swept like a hurricane through the camp of the Philistines, and, cleaving their way through opposing foes, drew the water of Bethlehem for their king; yet, rather than be one of David's mighty men, it would content me to be one of Christ's humblest, and hold the cup of life to a pauper's lips. All honor to the prophet who went up to heaven in a chariot of fire; an nobler still his departure, who, as he ascends to glory, leaves spiritual sons behind him to weep by the cast-off mantle of his flesh, and cry, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" What honors does this world offer? what are, what jeweled honors flash on her swelling breast, to be for one moment compared with those which they win on earth, and wear in heaven, who have turned souls from darkness to light—from the cursed power of Satan to the living God? Each soul a gem in their crown, they that have turned many to righteousness shall shine with the brightness of the firmament, as the stars, for ever and ever. How has the hope of this touched, as with fire, the preacher's lips, sustained his heart, held up prayer's weary hands, and prayed an ample recompense for those scanty records which God's servants too often received at the hands of men, for the poetry which has embittered, and the hardships which have pressed on their lot? Their master was rejected and despised of men—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and the disciple being no better than his Lord, they have shared in his sufferings. But, if fellow-sufferers, they are fellow-laborers with Christ—his associates in the noblest work beneath the sun. Despised as the teacher of the Gospel may be, the apostle raises him to an eminence from which he may contemplate this world, with all its grandeur and glory, rolling away into dark oblivion. Viewed in the light of eternity, the church stands on a loftier elevation than the palace, and the pulpit offers man a grander position than the throne of empires. To ministers of the Gospel belongs the high pre-eminence of being able to say, "we are fellow-laborers;" and, with such an associate—in such lofty company, devoting his life to such a cause—no wonder that Paul confronted a skeptic, sneering, scoffing world, and bravely said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—*Gospel in Ezekiel*

Importance of Christian Experience in a Minister.

We have somewhere read of a traveler who stood one day beside the cages of some birds, that, exposed for sale, ruffled their sunny plumage on the wires, and struggled to be free. A way-worn and sun browned man, like one returned from foreign lands, he looked wistfully and sadly on these captives, till tears started in his eyes, and turning round on their owner, he asked the price of one, paid it in strange gold, and opening the cage set the prisoner free; and thus and thus he did with captive after captive, till every bird was away, soaring to the skies and singing on the wings of liberty. The crowd stared and stood amazed; they thought him mad, till to the question of their curiosity he replied—"I was once myself a captive; I know the sweets of liberty."—And so they who have experience of guilt, have felt the serpent's bite, the burning poison in their veins, who on the one hand have felt the sting of conscience, and on the other the peace of faith, the joys of hope, the love, the light, the liberty, the life, that we found in Jesus—they, not excepting even the highest angels, are the fittest to preach a Saviour to plead with man for God, to plead with God for man. Each Sabbath morning the gates of heaven might have opened, and, sent by God on a mission worthy of seraphic fire, an angel might have lighted down upon this sanctuary, and, flying into the pulpit, when he had folded his wings and used them to veil his glory, he might have taken up the wondrous theme of salvation and the cross. No angel would have heaven to be a king and fill a throne; but, I believe, were it God's will, there is no angel there but would hold himself honored to be a preacher and fill a pulpit. Another and very different messenger appears—a frail, dying, sinful man—one who is bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh; and if his humanity made Jesus the better Saviour, it makes his servants the better ambassadors, that they also are touched with their people's infirmities, and are made in all points like as they are, and especially in this point, that we cannot add, "yet without sin."

Gospel in Ezekiel.

In the greatest men, some considerable defect is always visible to a discerning eye. We prize the best character, because we see them partially. Let us acknowledge excellence, and ascribe the glory where it is due; while we honor the possessor; but let us remember it is God has, by leaving His greatest servants to the natural operation of human frailty in some point or other of their character, written on the face of the Christian church, "Cease ye from man." He does perfection in character, as He did by the body of Moses,—He hides it that it may not be idolized. Our affections, our prejudices, or our ignorance cover the structure with a dazzling veil; but He lifts it up and seems to say, "see the creature you admire."

For the Recorder.

Pedobaptist Sects against Christ.

No. XV.

(*Continued—Two.*)

We shall now notice that spirit of arrogance in the sects by which they claim to be holy Christian churches.

Pedo sects are like the Man of Sin in spirit, hence against Christ, in assuming to be Apostolic, Catholic and Christian.

The titles, "Church of England," "Church of Scotland," "Presbyterian Church of the United States," "Methodist Episcopal Church South," &c., are a positive refutation of the arrogated claim which the sects assume, and of which they boast. They blow and assert that they are *catholic*, and that Baptists are not. We show that catholicism they ought. But we shall now prove that Pedo sects are neither Catholic nor Apostolic or Christian. We shall first show that they are not Christian, because not organized on the plan of the New Testament church.

There is no such thing mentioned in the New Testament as a National, Provincial, or Diocesan church organization like those defined and located by the titles we have just named. Therefore, there can be no offices or officers corresponding to such organizations; no Pope, no Diocesan Bishop, nor anything of the sort. There is no place made for such an officer in the church of God. It follows, then, that all canons, rituals, and Liturgies prescribed for the church of any nation, province, or so-called diocese, are destitute of Christ's authority. We read of "The Church at Jerusalem;" "the Church at Antioch;" "the Church at Corinth;" at Ephesus, Smyrna, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Pergamos; the "*Church in thy house*" &c. But nowhere do we read of the Church of a Nation, a Province, or of a Diocese, comprising several congregations. No such organization is mentioned, referred to, or implied. On the contrary, when a province, or district of country is mentioned, we read of the *churches* of that province or district; we read of "the churches of Galatia," "the churches of Judea," "the churches of Asia," "the churches of Macedonia." Had there been a thing like the "Church of England," the "Methodist Episcopal Church South," &c.; in a word, any thing at all like Pedo sects, it must have been mentioned. The only church organization of which the New Testament gives any account, is that of LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS OR CONGREGATIONS OF BELIEVERS, *joined together under Christ's rules, observing Christ's discipline over their own members.* It is well known that none of the sects fill this description of a church. Therefore, since organizations like Pedo sects are not mentioned in the Scriptures as Christian, those who demand of us a recognition of them as churches must be informed that they have come without warrant. Prove to us that such organizations existed in the next age after the Apostles (which cannot be proved)—that is no warrant. The Lord meant to have an end of law-making for his church, when he made an end of it in his Word. Then, it is clear that the sects are not Apostolic or Christian in their organizations, but like the Man of Sin, they have arrogated the claim. But what do they mean when they assert that they are *catholic?* Let us see. We are frank to admit that the sects are catholic, that is Roman Catholic. But we cannot admit that they are catholic in the Scriptural acceptation of the term. The word *catholic* means universal—the word Roman means something local and particular. Hence the title "Roman Catholic Church" is a contradiction, because nothing can be local and particular, and at the same time universal. To say the Roman Catholic Church of America, is just as absurd as to say the London Church of Baltimore—the New York Church of Raleigh—the Church of Scotland of North Carolina.

The very terms which the Man of Sin chooses for a name, proves that he is not catholic. So it is with Pedo sects, their very names prove that they are not Christian or Catholic—that they are local and particular, notwithstanding their arrogant boast of catholicism.

Having proved our position, let us enquire and find out the truth about those Diocesan church organizations, for which the rulers of this world, the Pope and his retinue, contend. What is alleged in their support? On searching in the standard writings of Prelacy, we have found the main figment on which the advocates of Diocesan churches rest their claim: it is that "the Church of Antioch and Jerusalem must have been too numerous to meet together; and, therefore, each *must have been* composed of several churches united in a Diocese." This is no direct evidence, the whole argument is a mere conjecture. "*Must have been too numerous!*" This reminds us of the child's reason, "its so case 'tis so." But we shall now show the sophistry of all such conjecture, and also the rottenness of those who made the figment, by proving that the churches in question did "come together." What say the Scriptures? In Acts xiv. 24, 27, Barnabas and Saul, having been sent from the church at Antioch through several regions on a special work, passing through Lystra, Derbe, Iconium, Pamphilia and Attalia, come at length to ANTIOCH, "from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled." "And when they were come and had GATHERED THE CHURCH TOGETHER."—This was after the time of the great ingathering of converts at Antioch. No necessity for a Diocese on account of the impossibility of the church's coming together yet; for they not only "gathered the Church together," but when they had done so, they "rehearsed all that God had done with them." But this is not all; the record goes on to relate that "*they continued a long time with the disciples.*" And in that long time, what further came to pass? Why, a dissension arose about the doctrine of certain Judaizing teachers from Judea. "THE BRETHREN" at Antioch determine that Paul and Barnabas, *and certain other of them*, should go up to Jerusalem unto the Apostles and Elders about this question. Trace these *ministers and delegates.* "And when they were come to Jerusalem, they were received OF THE CHURCH AND OF THE APOSTLES AND ELDERS." * * "Then *all the multitude* kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Saul." * * * "Then it pleased the Apostles and Elders with the WHOLE CHURCH to send chosen men of their own company."—Observe here, they wrote in the name of "the Apostles, and Elders, and *brethren.*" So when these chosen men were dismissed, "they came to Antioch, and when they HAD GATHERED THE MULTITUDE TOGETHER, they delivered the epistle." Then it is clear, that at the latest record, the church at Antioch and the church at Jerusalem *came together*, and acted IN A BODY as Baptist churches now do. From all this testimony it is plain that Pedo sects have no authority from the New Testament for their pretensions, and claiming as they do, the false assumptions of the Roman Catholic Church, they are like that Man of Sin in spirit, and therefore, as auxiliaries to him, are neither Apostolic, Catholic or Christian, but Antichrist in the broadest acceptation of the term. More anon.

B. G. BAYLY.

United Prayer for our Country.

A union meeting was recently proposed for the curing concert of prayer for our country, and for those who have gone to fight our battles. In some places daily prayer meetings are held. Of course nothing could be more commendable than this, yet as a plan for general adoption it is insufficient, because, owing to the sparseness of our population, there are comparatively few places where it is practicable; and even in cities and towns, but a small proportion of inhabitants can attend. In other places weekly prayer meetings are held. This plan is inadequate for the same reasons as the preceding, and is liable to the additional objection, that in these times of peril, when every hour is fraught with the utmost danger to our whole nation, once a week is not often enough to unite our prayers to God for his protection. If any plan for concert of action could be secured, doubtless praying men and women of all denominations and of no denomination, would gladly forget their differences, and unite their prayer to our common Lord in behalf of our common country.

To meet what is felt to be a public want it is proposed that at precisely one o'clock every day, until these calamities be overpast, a few minutes be set apart for prayer by each individual in the Confederate States, or in States which sympathize with the Southern Confederacy. There need be no meeting for prayer at any particular place, but let each one for himself wherever he may be, at one o'clock, spend a little while in devout supplication to the Almighty. Let the merchant retire for a moment from his counting room, or if this be not possible, let him lift up his heart to God in pious ejaculation; let the farmer stop his plow in the furrow; let the mechanic stay his hand from labor; let the physician pause for a moment on his errand of mercy; let the lawyer lay aside his brief; let the student rest from his toil; let the mother lay her babe in the cradle; let the busy housewife suspend her domestic cares; let every man, whatever his calling or pursuits, suspend them; let all business halt, and the whole land be still. In that moment of quiet, in very midday, when stillness is so unusual, when it will be there all the more impressive, let every praying soul remember his country and its defenders before God. It would be best if possible, to retire for the moment to some private place, and on bended knees give oral utterance to the desires of the heart. But if this cannot be done, the silent prayer may be sent up to God as we walk the street or pursue our journey, or even the midst of all the whirl and din of business life. Thus shall every heart be engaged, and every soul come to the rescue; thus shall all the devout of the land be brought nigh to each other, for

"Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat!"

Thus shall our praying energies be united, all our petty differences and party feelings be sifted out, and the pure desires of our hearts go up to God together. Thus let our whole nation prostrate itself daily before the Almighty with prayers and tears; and it is not presumption to believe that we shall enlist the God of battles in our righteous cause, and verily we shall be invincible.—"Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies."

In order to secure a more general observance of the plan proposed, and also as far as possible to notify all classes and conditions of people that the hour of national prayer has arrived, it is suggested that at precisely one o'clock, P. M., every church in the Confederate States, or in States wishing to join them, be rung. It would be well also for city and town councils, and proprietors of schools and academies, or other public institutions, to ring the bells under their control at the same hour. Even in the family let the bell which summons the inmates to their meals, summon each one, at one o'clock to the family altar or to the closet. Thus from Maryland to Texas, from Virginia to Arizona, from Florida to Missouri, shall the air be stirred with appeals to prayer; and thus from fireside to fireside, from steeple to steeple, from village to village, from valley to mountain top and from mountain top to valley, shall fly the echoes telling to the winds and to all the world, that there is here a great mighty union of hearts, and a prodigious putting forth of that faith to God, which "out of weakness makes strong, and puts to flight the armies of the aliens." Especially in down-trodden Maryland let our enemies hear on every side the peal of our bells—bells of rejoicing to us, but the death-knell of their wicked enterprise—and let them thus be reminded that though by brute force they may restrain the physical energies of that brave people, they have no power to stop their prayers, nor to check the omnipotent energies of a christian faith.

Even in the camp the same observance might be regarded by our soldiers; and in lieu of a bell, a signal gun might be fired at one o'clock to call to prayer; and the report of that dreadful gun would strike more terror into the hearts of our enemies than if it were loaded with grape shot and aimed at their midst.

As long as the prophet stretched out his hands in supplication, the armies of Israel prevailed against Amelek, but when his hands fell, the tide of battle turned. Let us profit by the example, and we shall not fail to secure an ally in Israel's God—in "the Lord of Hosts, mighty in battle!"

H. H. TUCKER.

Mercer University, June 30, 1861.

N. B. Will all papers in the Southern States, favorable to the above suggestion, be kind enough to copy the article? Will ministers of religion publish it from their pulpits, and if agreeable to their people, cause their church bells to be rung? The writer, himself a minister of the Gospel, has proposed it to several of his congregations, and having requested those who would pledge themselves to observe the hour set apart for prayer, to manifest their intention to do so, by rising, he has had the satisfaction of seeing whole congregations of praying men and women, both black and white, rise simultaneously to their feet. One instance has come to the writer's knowledge, where all the servants on a plantation assembled of their own accord at the ring of a bell by one of their own number, and united their prayers to God for His blessing on their country, and its defenders; requesting their master to allow them the privilege of assembling for the same purpose every day.—*Christian Index.*

H. H. T.

For the Recorder.

Proceedings

of the Union Meeting, at the Church of Christ at Warrick, June 29, 1861.

The introductory sermon was delivered by Elder A. M. Poindexter, Corresponding Secretary of the Home and Foreign Mission Board, Richmond, Va. Text, 2nd chapter and 10th verse of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. After the sermon, the Union assembled in conference.

Elder R. B. Jones was chosen Moderator. Prayer by brother Daniel J. Roberts.

The delegates from the churches were called for, which stands as follows, viz:—Warrick, the church; Ballard's Bridge, 13; Hertford, 2; Macedonia, 1; Piney Grove, 1; Sandy Cross, 11; Whiteville Grove, 3. None of the other churches were represented.

Letters from the churches were called for and read.

Letters of correspondence from sister Unions were called for. None.

Visiting brethren were invited to seats with us.

The proceedings of last meeting were read.

The Pastor and Deacons of the church were appointed a committee on religious exercises.

Resolved, That the next session of this Union be held with the church of Christ at Hertford, to commence on Friday before the 5th Lord's day in September next. Elder Q. H. Trotman to preach the introductory sermon; Elder J. B. Webb, his alternate.

The committee on religious exercises reported that brother H. H. Hobbs will conduct prayer meeting to-morrow morning, to commence at 9 o'clock; and that Elder R. B. Jones, will preach at 11 o'clock.

On motion, the Union adjourned till to-morrow. Prayer by the Moderator.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Preaching at 11 o'clock by Elder R. B. Jones.

After the sermon, the Union was called together by the Moderator. Prayer by bro. W. L. Fitcher.

Letters from Piney Grove and Macedonia were handed in and read.

Contributions in aid of missions were called for: Received from the church at Hertford, $3; Macedonia, $10; Ballard's Bridge, $2 50.

Brethren T. L. Foxwell, R. R. Hoffler, and Elder S. Norrel, were appointed delegates to the Bertie Union Meeting. Bro. W. L. Fitcher to write a letter of correspondence.

The committee on missions were called upon to report. A quorum not being present, the committee was granted until our next meeting to make up their report.

Resolved, That we celebrate the communion in the Lord's Supper on Sabbath after sermon.

Resolved, That we take up a collection to-morrow morning before preaching, in aid of missions in our bounds.

Essays were called for. An essay prepared by Elder R. B. Jones, upon the subject "Are we duing our duty for the conversion of the world to Christ?" was handed in, read and adopted; and a copy requested for publication in the *Biblical Recorder.*

Bro. Wm. Felton, who was requested at our last meeting to prepare an essay on the subject of the "Duty of the churches to their Pastors," not being present, was granted until our next meeting to prepare an essay upon that subject.

Resolved, That while we feel for the depressed condition of our Home and Foreign Missionary Board at Richmond, Va., in consequence of the shortness of funds, caused by the distracted state of the country, that we earnestly recommend to the pastors of their respective churches in our bounds, to lay the subject of the Foreign Mission Board before their churches, and raise all the funds they can and send it up to our next meeting for the support of our missionary in a Foreign land.

Bro. W. L. Fitcher was requested to prepare an essay upon the subject of "A call to the Ministry," to be read on Saturday of our next meeting.

The committee on religious exercises, reported that brother D. J. Roberts will conduct prayer-meeting to-morrow morning, and that Elder West Leary will preach at 11 o'clock. Elders Jones and Etheridge to conduct the communion exercises.

The Clerk was requested to forward the proceedings of this meeting to the *Biblical Recorder* for publication.

On motion, the Union adjourned. Prayer by the Moderator.

R. B. JONES, *Moderator.*

R. D. SIMPSON, *Clerk.*

From the American Messenger.

"Rich in Faith."

For many days I had been passing through "deep water." A great cloud had settled down upon me, and I felt assured it would never lift or rift—nor yet, in my own unbelieving blindness, could I see a "bright light in the cloud." So, desponding, I sat one morning in my darkened room, and wondered if any human being could be more miserable than myself.

The door-bell rang, and a neighbor entered. He was a poor man, but a consistent, devoted, happy Christian. Often had I met him, and as often had I been reproved for my own lack of faith in a covenant-keeping God. *His* faith never wavered, his love never grew cold. Outward circumstances, however untoward, seemed not to affect his inward peace.

That morning, as I looked on his face almost shining with the happiness in his soul, I asked him, impulsively, how he contrived to be always so happy. It was a thoughtless question, even a cruel one, and so I felt as soon as it had escaped my lips.

A shadow for a moment passed over his face, and a tear dimmed his eye; then I could not but remember his history—how a daughter, the pride and joy of his heart, whom he had tried faithfully to lead in the path of virtue, had gone astray, and brought shame to the poor man's home. I remembered too a son, his first born, on whom he depended for support in his declining years, but who had wandered far from his father's God into the ways of sin, till he was now an inmate of the state's prison. I thought also of a large family dependent on his daily labor for their daily bread.

These thoughts rushed through my mind as soon as I had asked the question, and I regretted that I had been so thoughtless. But his reply was such a rebuke to my own lack of faith, and such an exemplification of the

why should I not be happy?"

Poor man! Poor in this world's estimation, but "rich in faith," exceeding rich in the sight of God.

I counted over my mercies after he left the room. I enumerated friends, home, health, an open Bible, a living Saviour, an ever-present Spirit, a promised heaven; these, and many, many more. What if some had been removed? So much the higher might I prize those that were left.

Then I went out from my darkened room into the light of day, went out also from the state of dark unbelief into the bright region of an unquestioning faith. *Now* the cloud lifted, and I saw a "bright light in the cloud."

Yes, "all things work together for good to them that love God;" cannot we believe it? Ah when, when shall we learn to take God at his word? Shall we ever *entirely* trust Him, till we "see as we are seen, and know as we are known?"

A. F. R.

For the Recorder.

Bibles and Testaments for the Soldiers.

"Already has the New York Bible Society distributed 14,000 neat pocket Testaments among the soldiers and sailors in the United States service and the volunteer regiments." So says the N. Y. *Chronicle*; and who is not rejoiced to see that one wise thing has been done in New York since the beginning of the present reign of terror and folly among her people? How much good will be effected by these 14,000 Testaments!

But we have soldiers engaged in a more righteous cause. Noble men from all parts of the South are leaving their homes and flocking hither to defend Virginia's soil from the fiendish malignity of our enemies. In a few weeks we shall probably have among us 150,000 soldiers, ready to offer up their lives in defence of our common country. Many, very many, of these will have neglected to bring with them the Bible. We wish to supply them with God's precious truth. It can be done speedily if the means are contributed. A pious, laborious colporter in regiment might be of incalculable service to the cause of Christ. All who feel interested in this object are requested to make an effort to procure funds, and we shall be glad to hear from any who wish to act as colporters among the soldiers.

North Carolina is nobly sending forth her brave men to fight on Virginia soil freedom's battles. At Bethel her men have covered themselves with undying glory. We have sent a colporter to labor in Col. Hill's Regiment, and have every reason to believe that good will be done.

We hope and pray that the Baptists of the old North State will extend to us a helping hand as we are laboring to supply, not the soldiers of Virginia alone, but of every State of the Southern Confederacy. Dear brethren, by all that you hold dear as patriots and Christians, I invoke you: aid.

Address A. E. DICKINSON,
Gen. Supt. Bap. S. S. & Col. in Va.,
Richmond, Va.

Finish your Work.

Did Christ finish his work? Look to it, Christians, that ye also *finish your work* which God hath given you to do; that you may with comfort say, when death approaches, as Christ said, "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work thou gavest me to do; and now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self." John 17: 4. Christ had a work committed to him, and he finished it: you have a work also committed to you; O see that you may be able to say, It is finished, when your time is ended: Oh work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; and, that I may persuade you to it, I beseech you lay to heart these considerations:

If your work be not *done before you die*, it can never be done. "There is no work, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave, whither thou goest." Eccl. 9: 5, 10.—They that go down to the pit cannot celebrate the name of God. Isa. 38: 18.—Death binds up the hand from working any more; strikes dumb the tongue, that it can speak no more. The body, which is the soul's instrument to work by, is broken and thrown aside; the soul itself presented immediately before the Lord, to give an account of all its works. The night cometh; make haste and finish your work.

If you finish not your work, the season of *mercy*, as well as the season of working, will be over at death. Do not think, you that have neglected Christ all your lives, you that could never be persuaded to a laborious holy life, that ever your cries and entreaties shall prevail with God for mercy, when your season is past. No, it is too late: "Will God hear his cry, when trouble cometh upon him?" Job 27: 9. The season of mercy is then over; as the tree falls, so it lies; then he that is holy shall be holy still, and he that is filthy shall be filthy still. Alas, poor souls, you come too late: "The Master of the house is risen up, and the door is shut." Luke 13: 25. The season is over: happy had it been if ye had known the day of your visitation.

If your work be not finished when you come to die, you can never *finish your lives with comfort.* He that hath not finished his *work with care*, can never finish his *course with joy.* O what a dismal case is that soul in, that finds itself surprised by death unprepared! To be shivering upon the brink of the grave, saying, Lord what will become of me? Oh, I cannot, I dare not die. For the poor soul to shrink back into the body, and cry, Oh, it were better for me to do anything than die. Oh, I dare not go before the awful judgment-seat. If I had in season made Christ sure, I could then die with peace. Lord, what shall I do? How dost thou like this, reader? Will this be a comfortable close? When one asked a Christian that spent six hours every day in private devotion, why he did so; he answered, Oh, I must die, I must die. Well, then, look to it that you finish your work as Christ also did his.—*Fountain of Life.*

For the Recorder.

Safety in Prayer.

A few days after the battle at Bethel, I heard a private under Col. Hill's command eulogizing the Colonel: "We are safe," said he, "to follow him to the cannon's mouth, and we fear no evil, for our leader is a man of prayer. He seems to be always

and it was apparent that he spoke from the fulness of his heart.

There is safety in being near to God, safety from temporal as well as spiritual danger. God can "cover the heads of our soldiers in the day of battle." Let us pray that he will do so, and along with these prayers let us send pious colporters to labor and to pray in every encampment.

A. E. D.

Richmond, Va.

For the Recorder.

Notes of a Sojourner.

After twelve months of constant pastoral labor, ten of which were spent amid the vexatious cares of the school-room, we determined to institute a search for some quiet spot, where, with as "large a charter as the wind," we could breathe once more the air of liberty.

A short day's travel of twenty-three miles brought us, to the Piedmont Springs in Stokes county, a quiet little nest at the foot of the Sauratown Mountains. As a summer resort, Piedmont has already acquired a considerable notoriety. The magnificent scenery which surrounds it almost enraptures the beholder, while the strong mineral properties of its waters restore the color to the faded cheek of the invalid, impart elasticity to his limbs, buoyancy to his spirit, and invigorates his entire system. About the year 1851, the owner of the place became convinced of the medicinal qualities of the water and erected a few buildings for the accommodation of visitors. Since that time large numbers have visited the Springs annually, and testify to the valuable character of the waters.

The place has been considerably improved by the present proprietor, Mr. P. Smallwood. A large Hotel has been erected, the grounds laid out and ample arrangements made for the accommodation of three hundred visitors. On account of the disturbed condition of the country, the proprietor has declined opening the Springs this season, but will rent the rooms to families, that may choose to come and live a camp life for a few weeks. By a careful analysis of the waters, they have been ascertained to be strongly impregnated with *iron, sulphur* and *alum.* As a purifier of the blood they stand unrivalled by any mineral waters in the South. It affords permanent relief to cutaneous diseases, and produces a fine effect upon all persons affected with kidney or liver complaints. It readily cures violent cases of scrofula and ulcerous sores. Within a mile of this place is an alum spring which we have visited, but it is much weaker than the Piedmont waters. How grateful should we be to the great Creator, who has provided these natural restoratives to mitigate the pains and sufferings which afflict mankind. There are many interesting spots near this place, which we design visiting in a few days, and of which we will furnish you an account. Among these are Moore's Knob, the Cascade, Hanging Rock, Tory's Den, &c., &c. On next Sabbath Elder F. H. Jones, who forms one of our party, has an appointment to preach at the Springs, while your correspondent will endeavor to meet a congregation ten miles from this place. I could lengthen out my letter in description of the mountains that rise up around us like "earth's gigantic sentinels," but will defer until my next communication, any further notice of this delightful retreat and the magnificent scenes which surround it.

Yours, &c., N. C. P.

Piedmont Springs, 5th, 1861.

Reading his own Obituary.

Dr. Baker, the celebrated Presbyterian Evangelist, relates the following amusing incident concerning himself:

He had been traveling in a region in Texas in which the Indians had been committing depredations, when it was suddenly "spread abroad in all the papers, and generally believed too, that I was dead—cruelly murdered in cold blood! My wife's sister, hearing the intelligence, put on mourning. My own brother kindly wrote a letter of condolence to my wife, beginning with these words, 'My dear sister—what shall I say? &c.' and Dr. Laurie, of Washington City, wrote me that he had prepared to preach my funeral sermon—had actually risen to his feet and announced his text, when some one handed him a note in the pulpit, stating that it was a mistake. Dr. L., in his letter to me, winds up with this remark, 'I was glad to have the report corrected, but certainly it spoiled my sermon.' This affair gave me the rare privilege of reading my own obituary."

A Patriotic Minister in Alexander.

The Rev. Mr. Leftwich, one of the Pastors in Alexandria, stands at his post of duty, and, undismayed by the dangers that surround him, prays from his pulpit every Sabbath for the success of the South and the overthrow of Lincoln and his armies. He is a minister of the "United Presbyterian Synod," which in May, 1858, was divided upon sectional grounds. Mr. L. of course, going with the Southern Branch. A gentleman, who recently left Alexandria, says that Mr. Leftwick not only prays for the success of the South, but also boldly preaches in the presence of the Hessian soldiers and officers such "treachery and rebellion" that they start upright as if their seats had been struck by a cannon shot.

Where shall I spend Eternity?

A lady had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour glass in her garden house, the following simple verses from one of the poems of J. Clare. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory.

"I think of summer: yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be.

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card.

Well would it be if all would ponder upon the question,—act in view of and make preparations for, an unknown state of existence:

"To think when heaven and earth are fled
And [illegible] seasons o'er,
[illegible] can die shall be dead,
[illegible] die no more!
[illegible] portion be?

The Bible and the Bible.

I was conversing not many years ago, with an aged man who for more than forty years, had been an infidel, so firm in his belief, that he said, "Not earth nor heaven could convince him of the truth of the Bible."

"The truth of the Bible!" I said, awe stricken at the presumption. "Then you do not believe in redemption, judgment, heaven and hell."

"No, I do not," he replied with emphasis. "I believe and think I am right—know I am—that the whole thing is false."

I saw it was useless to attempt reasoning with him, and left, desiring him to read attentively one passage, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." He fixed his large eye upon me and said—

"Do you pretend to say that is in the Bible?"

I told him where it might be found, and begged him to bestow a thought upon it.—He promised me he would, and with this promise a petition went up for God's blessing.

One week after that I met him at a prayer meeting held in the woods (for it was at an Indian settlement that this scene occurred,) and he said to me at the close of the service, "I have read that passage, and thought of it, but am not convinced."

"Have you practiced it?" I asked.

"What is his will?" he replied.

"That you should bless him with all your heart for what he has done for you?"

"Then what?" he asked.

"Acknowledge yourself a sinner for not doing it before."

The thought had not occured to him. He had been upright, but to thank God for anything never came into his mind.

"You live," said I, "thank him for that.—You have a soul immortal which shall live for ever. Are there no thanks due for that?" I asked tenderly. He made no reply. I continued, "when you have done that cast yourself at his feet as a sinner; and seek for pardon.

He left me. Early the next morning he came to our mission station, trembling with emotion, and said, "Pray for me, I am an awful sinner."

Are you ready to tell God that? I asked.

"Yes," and he dropped upon his knees, and raising his trembling hand upward, cried out, "O Lord, I am a wretched sinner, have mercy upon me!" Soon after he said, "O, I know of the doctrine—the Bible is all truth. Thanks be to God, I see it; I know it!"

A few days after, at one of our meetings, he said, "O what a sinner! what a Saviour!" He lived to verify his experience in a godly life. Some months after, on a similar occasion, when alluding to his conversion, he said, "I am a miracle of mercy! Brethren, the grace of God did that."—*Watchman & Reflector.*

☞ A man may find much amusement in the Bible—variety of prudential instruction—abundance of sublimity and poetry; but if he stops there, he stops short of its great end; for *the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.* The grand secret in the study of the Scriptures, is to discover Jesus Christ therein, *the way, the truth and the life.*

☞ In imitating examples, there are two rules to be regarded: we must not stretch ours beyond our measure; nor must we despise that in another, which would be unsuitable to ourselves.

☞ The Church has endured a *Pagan* and a *Papal* persecution. There remains for her an *Infidel* persecution—general, bitter, purifying, cementing.

☞ What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter, is the unwearied language of God in his providence. He will have *credit every step.* He will not assign reasons, because He will exercise faith.

A Wonder.

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, Bart., was for some years minister of the parish of Blackford, prior to his translation to St. Cuthbert's Edinburgh. During his incumbency at Blackford, he had, one Sabbath, opened Divine service by giving out a portion of the 71st Psalm, at the seventh verse. In those days (about 1774,) each line of the Psalm was read aloud by the precentor before being sung; and on this occasion the conductor of the psalmody followed the usual practice. He enunciated the opening line—

"To many I a wonder am."

The congregation seemed to be overpowered by an inclination to indulge in laughter, which, indeed, some were unable to restrain. The precentor faltered, but proceeded to repeat the line. This tended only to increase the excitement; and while some quickly withdrew from the church, others concealed their faces under the pews, or buried them in their handkerchiefs. Sir Henry rose up, and looking down on the precentor, called to him, "So you are a wonder, John, turn your wig." The oddity of the precentor's appearance, with his wig misplaced, viewed in connection with his proclamation, had produced the mistimed merriment.