

For the Biblical Recorder. SUBMISSION TO GOD.

BY NARCISSE B. DAVIS.

Father in Heaven high! My God divine,
So far, and yet so nigh,
Thou still art near,
Through all my years O still I see
A Father kind my God in thee.

Through all the world may take,
My heart is stone,
Because I could appear,
And make no moan,
But yet I know that thou hast given
To us a peaceful hope of Heaven.

Each's fleeting joys may take,
Their last adieu,
And friends may all forsake,
Thou still art true,
Thy holy love will never leave,
Give me as thou dost ever give.

Give faith to meet each hour,
Life's storms, to prove,
O God of Love!
With crosses here a crown is won,
Teach us to say "Thy will be done."

Oh when we bow beneath,
Thy chastening rod,
Oh may we find relief,
Just righteous God!
Our earthly idols might we take,
But thou wilt never let us forsake.

When life's short day is o'er,
With glory blest,
May I on Jordan's shore,
Find peaceful rest,
With cares and sorrows there all past,
Oh may I find a Heaven at last.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

PREACHED BY REV. R. B. OVERBY.

"For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." I. Chronicles XXIX: 14.

I think, my brethren, that the Baptists are the real descendants of the apostles. They can boast of apostolic succession; and I do not blame others for desiring such a privilege. The New Testament churches were Baptist churches and there have been Baptist churches in every succeeding age. But we have drifted from our old landmarks, especially in regard to benevolence. I propose to discuss to-day two propositions.

1. Giving is an essential part of practical religion and is a duty incumbent on every one.
2. Giving is designed mainly to benefit the giver.

Cain and Abel were required to bring of their own substance, the best they had, as an offering before the Lord.

Abraham gave one tenth long before the law of Moses existed.

Job offered burnt offerings, not only for himself, but for his sons.

Jacob vowed one tenth of his possessions for his safe return. We must not say God does not need this. It is enough for us to know that he requires it.

The Jews were required to give of their flocks, and to leave, for the poor, the corners of the fields, about one sixtieth of the whole. Every seventh year the fields were sown for the poor.

The Jews also gave a tenth to the support of the priests, and made three journeys a year to Jerusalem, and on each visit they made a contribution to the Lord's treasury. Sin offerings and trespass offerings were also required. Ah, says the objector, that was under the old dispensation, and we are under the new.

Does God require less of a Christian than he did of a Jew? Our Savior seems to take it for granted that the law of benevolence was understood. He merely tells how to give, warms his followers not to give for their own glory as the Pharisees did, but to give for the glory of God.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete with it shall be measured to you again. Luke vi. 38.

He said to the young man, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me." Mark x. 21.

He told Peter, "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life. Matthew xix. 29.

Now if so much was required of the Jews to propagate religion among themselves, can less be required of us to spread the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ over the entire world and make it the power of God unto salvation for all men? This is a new dispensation, requiring less, but more than the old.

No people ever gave so much as the Jews, and no people ever prospered so much. Their prosperity varied with their contributions, and so will ours. When people rob God, he sends poverty and leanness, but he promises to make the liberal soul fat.

We are cursed with a curse; for we have robbed him, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be seed in the mine, houses, and prove me faithful, saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel. Zechariah xiii. 9.

For the Biblical Recorder. REVISION OF THE ENGLISH SCRIPTURES.

BY JOHN W. WYCKOFF.

No. 9.

The subject of temptation by God has harassed many a pious soul, and urged on to scepticism, many more that were not pious. The Common Version positively informs us, in Genesis, that "God tempted Abraham" (Gen. xxii. 1). Yet the Apostle James declares that "God can not be tempted by evil, neither tempteth he any man" (James i. 13). A wise commentator may explain such a palpable contradiction to an humble Christian; but, unfortunately, those persons who are most exposed to the arts of the sceptic do not read commentaries on the Bible.

The Revised Version sets this matter at rest by informing the reader that "GOD TRIED ABRAHAM." Here the palpable contradiction of the Common Version is entirely removed, and the Bible is made consistent with itself.

The Common Version, in very many instances, seems to utterly disregard the distinction between the historical or aorist tenses, and the perfect and present. By this, it obscures some of the most striking passages of Scripture. Let us take an example. In the description of our Savior's crucifixion, at the ninth hour, when the atonement was finished and he was about to expire, the Common Version makes him exclaim: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." The Revised Testament has: "My God, my God, why didst thou forsake me." This is in strict accordance with the original.

The Common Version represents God as withdrawing the light of his countenance from the Mediator at the close of his expiatory sacrifice. The Revised Testament shows that this withdrawal was a constituent part of the suffering during those fearful hours of agony.

Another pertinent example involves the doctrine of prayer. We are taught that God hears his people when they pray. Zachariah had long lived childless. He had doubtless in early life prayed for offspring, but in advanced years he had ceased to indulge hope in the dream.

The Common Version represents the angel as announcing to him (Luke i. 13): "Thy prayer is heard." As though God had kept the matter in suspense for so many years, and at length had listened to the petition uttered so long before. This is not the revelation of God. The Revised Testament puts the matter in its true light: "Thy prayer was heard." When it was offered, it entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. This is the teaching of Scripture. Why should not every reader of the Bible be permitted to understand it?

The treatment of words used as names of coins, is a marked feature of the Common Version. In Matt. xvii. 24, we find: "They that received tribute money came to Peter and said, Doth not your Master pay tribute?" The Revised Version translates the passage thus: "Those who received the half-shekel came to Peter and said: Does not your teacher pay the half-shekel?"

Again, in verse 27, the Common Version has: "Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take and give unto them for me and thee." The Revised Testament says: "Go to the sea and cast a hook, and take the fish that first comes up; and opening his mouth, thou shalt find a shekel. That take and give to them for me and thee."

Here is a double miracle. Particulars like the ones here noted, fix attention and signalize the wonder. The rendering of the Common Version, "tribute money," "tribute," "a piece of money," is all general, indefinite, loose, compared with the "half-shekel" and the "shekel." And such a loose rendering gives no idea that the mouth of the fish contained the exact sum that was needed both for Peter and his Teacher, nor does it connect the transaction with the "half-shekel" paid by every Israelite for the tabernacle and temple service. (Ex. xxx. 13 and 15.) And thus the force of our Savior's reasoning, that He, the Son of God, was not required to pay custom, or tribute, for his Father's temple, is entirely lost to the ordinary reader.

So the Greek word, *denarius*, is translated in the Common Version "penny." With the same propriety, the translators might have rendered it "shilling." In fact, it comes much nearer in value to a shilling than to a penny. No coin among us is an equivalent to it. Its value is nearly fifteen cents. Therefore the Revised Testament anglicizes the word itself, making it "denary," and explains its value in a brief note. This is in exact accordance with the true rule of translation.

The rendering "penny" induces the most ludicrous ideas. Many readers of the Bible suppose that "a penny" was the full value of a day's work in the days of our Savior. (Matt. xx. 2-12.) Others conceive a very low idea of the liberality of the good Samaritan in Luke x. 35, when he gave two pennies for the support of the man who had been wounded by the thieves.

In two cases, the Revised Testament properly uses the word, "penny" (Matt. x. 29, and Luke xii. 6.) Here it is the equivalent in value of the Greek word which it represents. But in these very cases, the Common Version most strangely employs the word "farthing," which is not the proper meaning, nor does it approach to that meaning. Yet in two other cases (Matt. v. 26, and Mark xii. 43), the Common Version uses "farthing" properly, as the translation of a very different word, and of course the Revised Version retains it.

This loose, irregular, and improper use of terms designating coins is a decided fault in the Common Version. That it should have been perpetuated through so many generations, in what was constantly represented to the people as the word of God, proves an extreme laxity of principle, or ignorance of fact, on the part of those on whom the responsibility rested.

WM. H. WYCKOFF,
Corresponding Secretary.

For the Biblical Recorder. A PASTOR'S COURTSHIPS.

CHAPTER I.

The city of London (one of the old shire towns of England) was renowned for its antiquity, and the high character of its inhabitants. Though not free of paupers and persons who from low birth and the force of circumstances moved in the lumber walks of life, it yet boasted of larger wealth, and better refinement, than was common in cities of its size.

Blessed with a salubrious climate, and of easy access by several thoroughfares, merchants from neighboring towns and cities, with gentry of fortune from various parts of the interior, chose it as a desirable place either for a winter or permanent residence. Its admirable location, and abundant facilities for juvenile education, attracted parents, who were anxious that the tuition of their children should be imparted within the scope of parental observation.

Thus from one cause or another, many families of note and influence, were induced to remove thither, society became correspondingly elevated and polished, and fashion and gaiety held undisputed sway from the early autumn until the hot months of summer. If not the chief city of the kingdom, London was a rival in intelligence and literature, with her neighboring sisters, that was not to be despised.

Of course the demands on professional vocations were numerous and of a high order. Whether for the bench, the bar, or the pulpit, the best talents were in request. No mere sciolist need hope for success when opposed by the superior minds and ripe scholarship of that proud city. Hence, persons of dull faculties and meager attainments, were crowded off, as a thing of course, while, for aspirants of good native endowments with ambition enough to impel them to industrious application, this was the very field from which to reap an abundant harvest.

Nothing sharper wit or evokes the latent powers of the mind as do the presence of good models and the conflict of clever intellects. These are the circumstances that evolve the man, when there is a man to evolve, and by common consent, London was a fitting arena for conflicts between what might be termed professional gladiators.

No city had ever been better provided with edifices for public use. Churches, lycums, theatres, public halls, and other places for entertainment and instruction, were to be found on all principal streets. A lavish expenditure of funds and labor had provided most amply for the accommodation of persons in pursuit of philosophy, pleasure, literature, or religion.

Every church had its flourishing Sunday school, and every literary club or association, its ready debaters, or distinguished lecturers. But one necessity had long been felt by all Christians, and this was some feasible plan for supplying the leaders and siders in the suburbs of the city with the preached gospel of Christ. "How shall this desecration be met?" was the general inquiry. These wretched people could not or would not attend on the ministrations of the divine word at any of the city churches, and unless measures could be devised to convey the Gospel to their doors, they would be left to perish in their sins.

Consequently, to meet this pressing demand, the citizens, without regard to creeds or parties, evoked a mass-meeting, and organized a missionary society, whose province it was made to find a preacher for that quarter of the city. A committee, with Dr. Black of the First Presbyterian church, as Chairman, was appointed, to seek for the proper man, whose support was to be guaranteed by the joint contributions of Christians of all denominations, and of such other citizens as might feel willing to aid the laudable enterprise. The Catholics of course, and the High Church Episcopalians would have no part in the matter.

This was doubtless, the most important move that had ever been made in that place for moral and religious ends, and it was pre-eminently proper that Dr. Black, the oldest pastor in the city, and whose church was coeval with its first inhabitants, should be at the head of such a committee. He was a man of finished scholarship, deeply read in evangelical and patriotic theology, and perfectly familiar with the creeds and opinions of all Christians.

Moreover, he had, originally studied the various phases of the controversy between Catholics and Protestants, and was as well versed

For the Biblical Recorder. PAPAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

Papal history, and the decrees of councils, as were the most renowned of Catholic fathers. Besides, his church had a venerable ancestry in the line of its pastors and members, in whose veins flowed the blood of many generations, traced back even to the days of Noah.

The duty, therefore, of finding a man suitably qualified for so important a trust, was not only by courtesy and in respect to seniority, but most of all, in deference to his wide range of knowledge and long experience, very properly confided to him. It was the matured conviction of Dr. Black's judgment, that, unless a man of deep piety and unquestionable talents could be obtained, it would be better to employ no one. Nor could he divest himself of his conscientious scruples, that collegiate education was "absolutely essential to an efficient ministry. While all the committee acquiesced in these views of their venerable chairman, some thought, notwithstanding, that it would be better to take a man of even moderate abilities, with industry and a heart for the work, than to leave the field entirely desolate.

They very justly reasoned that since it is a conceded fact that no form of Christianity is better than none, and that the feeblest preacher may under God, be the means of converting sinners, any man who could announce intelligently and earnestly the great facts of the gospel, though not classically educated, might do much good as a missionary in that part of the city. All, however, were content to wait, and in harmony with the Dr.'s views, yet cautiously, hoping that God would in due time send a man, and indicate him as the proper person, by such unmistakable signs as to leave none in doubt as to his fitness for the position.

CHAPTER II.

A YOUNG PREACHER IN SEARCH OF A FIELD.

"The dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns triumphant o'er the conquered year!
How dark the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the traffic! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain."

The winter of 1840 and '41 was unusually blustering, and at times, intensely cold on the English coast, the tempestuous weather extending far into the interior. Rain, sleet and snow were the alternate varieties of that very inclement season, and driving winds. Many a noble ship was wrecked on the cliffs of the precipitous shore, compelling the luckless mariners, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship," to scrape to land as best they could. Thus opportunities were afforded the inhabitants near the sea to show "no little kindness" to those weather-browned sons of Neptune, who had unfortunately been flung, nude and breadless, or their bleak territory. And it is gratifying to relate, that never before were drafts on the hospitality of a people more promptly and generously honored. No public meetings were called, no committees appointed, no resolutions of sympathy passed, no forms of aid prescribed—but, by the spontaneous outflow of sympathetic benevolence, every man vied with his neighbor in efforts to furnish immediate relief to any ship-wrecked passengers and sailors who might be found destitute of food and clothing.

Scores of these, and sometimes hundreds, might be found on almost every morning, for several successive weeks, huddled together in groups, or wandering along the inhospitable beach, in search of food and shelter.

One of those stormy afternoons of January, 1841, then so prevalent as already observed, the hall-bell was rung at the parsonage of the First Presbyterian church of London. Dr. Black was in his library rummaging among his books. Mrs. Black and her two daughters were busy at some light work in their private chamber. The hired servants, consisting of Peter and his wife Hannah, were in their own apartment in a wing of the building, which extended directly back on the left of the main hall. To calm weather, every call of the bell could be distinctly heard, and it was always promptly answered, by Hannah. But on the afternoon in question, so violent were the gusts of wind that swept roaringly around the house in rapid succession, while the rain and sleet pattered and rattled in such wild commotion in the open air under her window, that she had heard neither the first nor the second call of the bell. Alarmed and more violent tinkle arrested the attention of the ladies in the chamber, and convinced them that some one was at the door, impatient to be answered.

"Carrie, dear," said Mrs. Black, "step to the hall-door and see who

For the Biblical Recorder. THOUGHTS ABOUT AN APPLE.

BY WM. H. WYCKOFF.

On passing a fruit store not long since, I espied a basket of very fine apples. Having secured one of the largest at the cost of only a dime, I retired to my office to enjoy the luxury. While inspecting its smooth, glossy rotundity; inhaling its inviting odors, and testing its delicious properties in the usual way, a train of unbidden reflections came rushing through my brain:

"This apple," said I to myself, "had its origin in a small and curiously wrought seed. That little seed was by some means cast into the ground. By a union of heat, moisture and sunshine with this seed, a germ burst forth, and a tiny, delicate blade followed. That blade was for many months exposed to storms, frosts, and the tramp of animals and men, but having been guarded by an invisible eye, it successively became a switch, a rod, a tree, with all the necessary powers for propagating its kind.

"This tree at the appointed season displayed its virgin blooms, investing tender branches with leaves and blossoms, and loading the atmosphere with sweet fragrance.

"A blossom on this tree had evolved its young leaflets. The busy bee had probed its heart for honey, while yet beneath the tempting nectar, a vegetative process, unseen by mortal eyes, was crowding the blossom out of its place, and preparing to replace it by a little green button, which, in the course of a few weeks, matured into the shape and size of this very apple, that is at this moment to gratify my palate.

"But how came this apple here? Why was it not blighted by a frost, or switched to the earth by a devastating tempest? Why did not some rude hand pluck it off, or some greedy mouth devour it? Why was it allowed to grow and ripen and remain in the midst of a thousand enemies?

"Some say, it grew in an orchard—was owned by some farmer, who sent it to New York, and thence it was shipped to the South, and sold finally, after passing through many hands, to the very man from whom I bought it, and thus it became my property and met its end. All this was doubtless conformable to the facts of its history.

"But, may I not discern a special Providence in the beginning, the growth, the maturity, and lastly, the transmission of this apple to me? May I not conclude that God watched over it, protected it, and by his obedient agents sent it to me? May I not go further and conclude that it was provided, from first to last, especially for me? I feel very much, worthless and insignificant as I know myself to be, like devoutly cherishing in my heart, that view of the case.

"If then the great and good God would be so careful as to supply man with an apple, ought not man to trust in that Savior, whom the Scriptures assure us, he has given for the salvation of sinners? And ought not man to rely as confidently on those means of grace which he has provided to prepare the soul for heaven, as on vegetative agencies to keep the body from famishing?

THINKER.

For the Biblical Recorder. FROM THE HOME AND FOREIGN JOURNAL.

DR. MANLY'S LAST WORDS IN PUBLIC.

On the first day of December, just three weeks previous to his burial, Dr. Manly, Sr., was present at the students' prayer-meeting of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which he had attended several times before.

After the sixth chapter of second Corinthians was read, an opportunity being given for some remarks, Dr. Manly rose, and in a very low trembling tone, began to give us some accounts of his conversion and call to the ministry. He stated that when he was a boy, neither of his parents was a member of any church; and at that time, the Baptists were an humble and despised people in North Carolina, where he lived; and especially was the mode of baptism practised by our people a subject of ridicule. When he was about thirteen years old the Baptists held a meeting in his neighborhood, and hearing one say that a baptism was to take place on the day following, he came in to his mother, and said to her, "mother, who is going to be dipped tomorrow?" (He stated this in the manner in which the ordinance was often referred to.) His mother turned upon him with eyes full of tears, and in tones of tenderness replied, "your mother, my son." This simple reply of the loving mother sent conviction to the boy's heart; and he became tormented by a sense of sin. The next day his mother was baptized, but he would not go to witness the scene. He remained in this state of mind, more or less oppressed at different times, until he was about sixteen, when he was sent off to school to a Mr. Bingham, in North Carolina. While there he was walking one day, thinking of his wretched state, when he heard some one talking in a loud tone, and approaching, he found it was a negro man, out in the midst of the corn-field, praying aloud. The desire immediately seized him of asking an interest in the old man's prayer; and going up to him, they knelt together, and the negro engaged in earnest prayer for him and presently became so much interested and excited that his tones attracted the attention of the family with which Dr. M. was boarding. Soon they were all around them. From that time light began to dawn upon his mind and heart, and in a short time he became a new creature in Christ Jesus: it was not long, I think, after his conversion before he began to think about entering the ministry, and when he made known his desire to do so to his mother she said, "Do your duty my son, I asked the Lord for you, and I am willing now to give you back to him." He then spoke of his early labors as a preacher, the details of which I do not remember. During the whole time he was talking, his feelings seemed very deeply moved; and once while speaking of his mother's conversion, becoming choked with emotion, he said, "Brethren, there was a time when I could talk and cry too, but I can't now." He concluded with the advice to us to talk often of our Christian experience, for it would tend to kindle anew the flame of holy love in our hearts.

It was a gratification to many of the students of the Seminary that his last words of public admission were to us. God grant that his many may fall upon some of us.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Enjoy what little you have while the foot is looking for more.

For the Biblical Recorder. MISS CAROLINE.

BY MISS CAROLINE.

There, this is now the third time I have heard that bell, and there seems to be no servant on hand to answer the summons.

Miss Caroline put aside her work, with which she had been deeply interested for the last two hours, and soon had opened the outer door of the entrance hall. She was startled slightly on finding a gentleman outside, enveloped in a heavy sack over-coat, with a fur cap drawn down closely on its stiff upright collar, so as almost completely to hide the features of his face. On his feet were a pair of coarse boots, soakingly saturated with water; while his buckskin-gloved hands held, the one a valise or small trunk, and the other a switch-like walking cane. Drizzling wet and flaked over with snow, his aspect was so woe-begone, that the kind-hearted Caroline instinctively invited him in before he had time to announce his business, but pausing in the door-casing, he inquired softly,

"Does the Rev. Dr. Black reside here, Miss, and is he at home?"

"He does, sir, and is within."

"Will you have the kindness to inform him that a gentleman from Scotland, with letters of introduction, wishes to see him?"

"Certainly, sir. Please step into this parlor, and find a seat, while I bear your message to my father."

"My father!" said Mr. Clark to himself. "What sweet words, and how exquisitely uttered!"

Miss Caroline could not avoid pausing at the chamber door to whisper to her mother that a gentleman from Scotland was then in the parlor. She had not been able to catch a full view of his countenance buried as it was between the collar of his over-coat and a vexatious fur cap, but elevating her voice under a visible animation, she exclaimed fervently,

"But, Ma, he has such fine teeth and such a rich, musical voice!"

"Very well, love. Inform your father immediately."

Having delivered her message, she returned to the chamber with a slight flush of the cheeks, and a restless impatience in her eyes.

Her mother saw the glow that mantled her daughters' features, but ascribed it to the native curiosity which the advent of a stranger in such weather, might well awaken.

In the meantime, Miss Mary, the younger daughter, perceived that her sister Carrie was picking out some stitches in her worsted work, and exclaimed in a tone of well-feigned surprise,

"Why, sister, did you put in the flowers wrong?"

"Only the last few stitches," was the careless reply.

"But, Sis, you are usually so accurate: pray what does it all mean?"

"It means, I presume, that I can make mistakes as well as other ladies."

"Certainly it means that, and it may mean something more. Has the young Scotchman with the 'fine teeth' and 'rich voice,' had anything to do with disarranging those stitches?" asked Miss Mary, looking shrewdly at her sister's face.

Caroline felt the warm blood creeping up the sides of her neck, and to conceal the tell-tale crimson, quickly buried her face in her lap, affecting a hearty laugh, exclaiming as she did so,

"Well done, Miss Mollie! you are a sharper quizz than I had given you credit for."

"No indeed, Sister, I do not lay claim to any superiority in that line. But it did seem singular that you should have found your work out of order, so soon after having heard that 'rich voice,' and seen those 'fine teeth.' Come, Sis, if you're in love, own up."

Caroline peered into Mollie's eyes with a sweet smile, such a smile as she only could give, but refrained from replying to her banter. She knew full well, that in a discussion of that kind with Mollie, she could only come out second best. Besides, she saw very plainly, that her younger sister was bent on having a little fun at her expense, in which purpose she must not be encouraged.

The remark about the stranger's "fine teeth," and "rich voice," she would gladly have taken back again, if that had been possible; but it was the natural utterance of what had, at the time, struck her very forcibly, and Miss Caroline could not see that much ought to be made of it. It was possible, she thought, that the vicinity of the expression had excited the suspicion of Mollie, as she felt sure that it had that of her mother; but she was in haste to reach the library, and possibly, expressed herself with more energy than she might have done, had she not been commissioned to announce to her

For the Biblical Recorder. DR. MANLY'S LAST WORDS IN PUBLIC.

BY MISS CAROLINE.

Had she really felt any peculiar interest in the young visitor, she would unquestionably have been more on her guard; and yet, out of pure mischief, if nothing else, Mollie, the little tussler as she was, would not fail to remind her of that voice and those "teeth," whenever she would find it convenient. Thus Miss Caroline Black reasoned on the innocent lapsus linguae, which certainly betrayed a latent emotion of her heart, as will more clearly appear in the progress of these pages.

For the Biblical Recorder.

DEAR BROTHER MANLY, I am very much gratified to know that sketches of the life and services of the Rev. Samuel Wait D. D. are about to appear in the columns of the Recorder. These sketches will be most acceptable to the Baptists of this State. I hope that no Baptist will fail to embrace the opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the character of one to whom, under the blessing of God, we owe so much as a denomination. I hope that Hon. John Kerr, who is so capable of doing justice to the subject, may find leisure to extend the sketch into a memoir and that we shall soon have in a more enduring form a history of the life of one whose memory is so tenderly cherished by thousands in our State.

Allow me to suggest to you, Mr. Editor, the propriety of striking off a large edition of the Recorder containing these sketches; as I am sure that the mere mention of the contemplated publication will create a demand for the Recorder.

Yours truly

W. WALTERS.

From the Home and Foreign Journal.

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